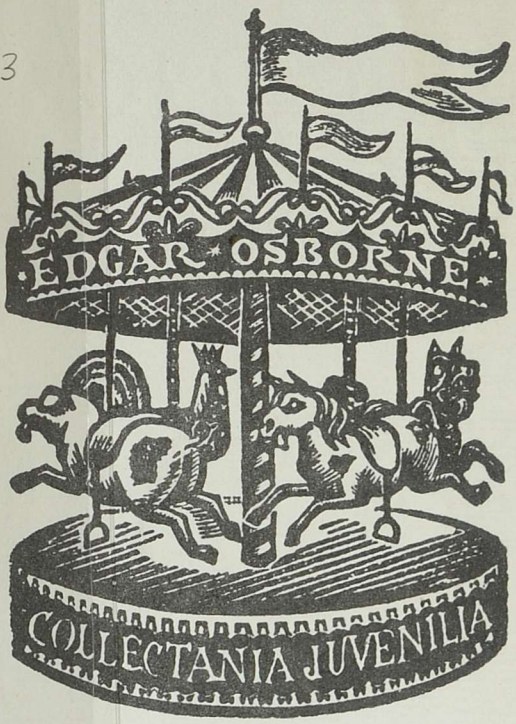

Emma Labonarche

THE PET LAMB.

Close by the Stone Wall she found a poor little Lamb half dead with cold and hunger.

AMERICAN STORIES

FOR

LITTLE BOYS & GIRLS.

SELECTED BY

MISS MITFORD.

VOL. III.

LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER TREACHER & Co

AVE MARIA LANE.

1831.

AMERICAN STORIES,

FOR

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS:

INTENDED

FOR CHILDREN UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE.

EDITED BY

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

IN THREE VOLS.

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AMERICAN STORIES.

I'LL RISK IT.

CHAPTER I.

"Now see, which of you will catch this one," said farmer Eldridge to his two children, as they stood under a tree, loaded with blushing Baldwin apples, against which he had placed a ladder, for the purpose of filling a little basket.

Walter held up his hands, but little Mary more prudently took hold of the corners of her apron, and presented that to receive the falling fruit.

"You had better get your hat, Wal-

ter," said the farmer, "the surest way is the best, my boy."

"No, father, I'll risk it," said the careless boy.

The smooth apple slipped through his fingers, and fell into Mary's apron.

"Now, my son," said the farmer, "remember from this little incident, what I have so often told you, the surest way is the best. It would have hindered you but a few moments, to run and pick up your hat from the grass yonder, and then you would have made sure. Now I must give you a smaller apple to make you remember."

"He may have this," said Mary, "and I will take the little one." Prudent people can afford to be generous on occasion.

"No, no," said Walter, "keep it, I am willing to pay for my carelessness."

But Walter was not so willing to reform himself and correct this growing fault. When his father, or his mother said, "Take care, Walter!" "I'll risk it," was his favorite answer.

It is true that when he had run a risk and failed, he paid the forfeit manfully; but he was just as willing to run the risk anew as if he had never suffered by this careless, reckless spirit. The admonitions of his parents were hitherto productive of scarcely any amendment; and although he acknowledged his fault frankly, when he had just suffered by it, he forgot the whole affair when a new temptation offered.

Mary was one of those quiet, sedate, womanly little girls, who are seldom elated, and never remiss in an appointed task or duty. She never uttered the maxim herself, but her mother said

that "careful and sure" was Mary's rule.

John Eldridge, their father, lived in a very small, humble looking cottage in the environs of Boston. It was but one story high—but then the walls were painted white. The farm, garden, and orchard were in the neatest order, and the barn was a noble large one; which, the country folks say, is a sign of a good farmer.

At any rate, John was a good and kind father. He sent his children to the town school all the year round, and what is more, he paid the most scrupulous attention to their conduct at home. For John believed that one of the first duties of a parent is to see that the heart and temper, the disposition and morals of his children are properly cultivated, and, above all, that they are taught the fear of God.

CHAPTER II.

At school, Mary suffered a little at first, from her diffidence. But presently the master began to perceive her merit. She was not a bold, loud reader, and she never was known to dispute for her place ; but every lesson which was given her, she learnt perfectly, and she used to ask her mother to explain things which she did not perfectly comprehend. She did not suppose that she had done with a lesson when she had learnt and recited it, but read over the whole book at home, and endeavoured to retain every thing which she had studied.

In consequence of this prudent course, when the class went through the geography or the grammar a second time,

and had a double lesson every day, she rose to the head of her class. Her writing-book was one of the neatest in school, and the little maps which she drew, were marked with the highest note of approbation, although she had no colours to put upon them. Every little crook or turn in the coasts and rivers was drawn exactly, and the whole had the appearance of a finished work. The master told Mrs. Eldridge that her daughter was a pattern of a scholar.

I wish that I could say so much of Walter. He carried his adventurous, careless spirit into school, and the marks of it were plain enough. He never anticipated a lesson, nor reviewed the book till it was ordered. On the contrary, he put off the stated lessons till the last minute; and when his sister told him that he would lose his place

in the class, he replied, as usual, "I'll risk it."

His writing-book showed frequent blots, and he never had patience to finish a map, or get through with a book which told about the places mentioned in the geography.

The consequence was, that although he was two years older than Mary, and had been through the geography, and parsed a long time before she began, yet when she had been one year upon those studies, she could parse sentences which he could make nothing of, and could tell the situation of ten cities and towns to his one.

When things had come to this pass, Walter felt sadly ashamed of his negligence, and resolved to be more studious; but habit was so powerful, that he had very frequent returns of the old fault.

His reformation, even at school, where the effects of his carelessness were most visible, was still very imperfect.

Out of school he was as adventurous and careless as ever, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER III.

MARY had a single grape-vine, which had been given her by the gardener at a gentleman's seat in the neighbourhood, as an acknowledgment of her kindness, in teaching his little daughter a particular kind of needle-work. She had trained it up against the south side of the cottage, where the garden spread out its neat little squares of vegetables, strawberries, and flowers. It had now been two years under her care, but had, as yet, borne no grapes.

Walter was rather inclined to laugh at his sister for what he considered her hopeless labour. And when she began to weed about its root and break up the soil on the third spring, he carelessly

asked her "what she would take for her harvest next autumn." She replied that "she was not a very good hand at making bargains, but she would tell him when the autumn should arrive."

He had a garden of his own, planted with vegetables and strawberries, which he had insisted upon having separated from his father's by a fence, so that it might seem more like an independent freehold and possession of his own; and to do him justice, it presented quite a tidy appearance. The beds were all neatly weeded, the alleys were clean, and the plants looked fair and flourishing.

One morning in summer, as they were setting out to go to school, Mary observed that the fence of this garden had got broken down in the night, and told Walter that he had better stop and put it up.

"Oh, it is no matter now, I will put it up at noon," said he.

"But the breach is next the road, and it exposes your garden very much. You ought not to neglect it for three whole hours," said Mary.

"There are no cattle in the road," replied Walter, "and besides, I can't stop now, we shall be late at school."

"It is very dangerous, I assure you, Walter, to leave it so. I would put it up myself, if it were suitable work for a girl!" rejoined his sister.

"I should laugh to see you putting up a fence, Mary," replied he. "There is not the least danger in the world. If there is, I'll risk it." So saying he swung his satchel over his shoulder, whistled a merry tune, and trudged off towards the school-house. Mary followed him with slow steps, and casting many a lingering

look behind at the fair garden, which she feared would suffer by her brother's carelessness.

It so happened that in the course of the forenoon, a large drove of cattle were driven by, on their way to the Brighton weekly fair, and meeting a carriage just opposite the cottage, they were thrown into disorder. An unruly ox threw off the top rail of Walter's broken fence with his horns, and jumped into the inclosure, whither he was followed by twenty more, and in two minutes' time the pretty garden was a perfect scene of desolation. Every bed was demolished, and almost every plant torn up.

When the children came home at noon, Walter surveyed his ruined garden with an aching heart. He tried to carry off the matter with an air of heroism, but a tear started in his eye, in spite of

his best efforts, and his kind-hearted sister was ready to break her heart with crying.

In the autumn, when her own vine produced an abundance of grapes, she insisted on sharing them with her brother, and fairly gave him half the produce of her own patient and long continued care.

CHAPTER IV.

BETWEEN the cottage and the school-house there lay a deep valley, through which ran a rivulet—a pleasant little stream, which for the most part coursed along through its green, flowery banks "with mellow murmur or fairy shout." The children had often stopped to play on its margin.

"Then, as they built the little dam and mill,
Their tongues went prattling with the prattling rill,
As if the babes and stream were playmates three,
With cheerful hearts and singing merrily."

The next spring after the ruin of Walter's garden, there came a long succession of heavy rains, which occasioned what is usually called a freshet. The little rill was swollen into a torrent, and

long after the rains had ceased, it dashed and foamed along through the valley, and sent its roar through the groves to a great distance.

While the stream was rising, it was thought prudent for the children to go up to the village, about a quarter of a mile, and cross on a strong stone bridge, in order to go in safety to the school-house, instead of passing over, as usual, on a plank, which was thrown across the rivulet, directly opposite the cottage.

One day, as, on their return from school, they came to the plank, Walter proposed to cross upon it.

"It is dangerous," said Mary, "besides you know, we were told to go over the bridge."

"I know that," said Walter, "but we were not forbidden *to return* on the plank. There is not the least danger.

Here the plank has weathered all the storm, and been two or three feet under water, and is now just an inch or so above it. Come, let us go over, I will go first, or I will take you in my arms and carry you over. I am not afraid."

"But I am," replied Mary. "The brook is deep enough to drown us both, and see, how swift it runs! I would not step upon the plank for the world. It is loosened and might slip. It would be very wrong to expose ourselves so foolishly, only to save ourselves a walk of half a mile."

"Nonsense!" said Walter, "I'll risk it;" and catching his sister in his arms before she was aware of his intention, he ran towards the plank, which at that moment was struck by a heavy log, that came drifting along, and taking the frail bridge with it, was borne down the rapid

torrent. Another step of the careless brother, and his frolic would have cost them both their lives.

Walter was struck with an overpowering sense of his sin and folly. All the past admonitions of his parents came upon his mind in a moment. He placed his terrified sister on the ground, and kneeling reverently, he thanked the merciful Disposer of events for having granted him the preservation of his life, and for having rescued his little sister from perishing by his adventurous daring. He prayed for strength to reform, and rose with a chastised and humble spirit.

As they resumed their way towards the bridge, he declared his firm resolution never again to indulge that reckless, careless spirit of adventure by which he had so often suffered, and which had almost rendered his parents childless.

His endeavours and resolutions were blessed. He became a prudent and careful youth, and by consequence, a respectable and useful man, and never, from the day of his adventure at the rivulet, was he heard to use the expression, I'LL RISK IT.

THE SHOWER.

"THIS is a *silly* doll, and I won't play with her any longer," said little Mary, peevishly throwing down her waxen baby which she had been dressing and undressing for the last half-hour, "I have not been able to make her do what I wish all this day."

"And do you expect your doll to understand your wishes Mary?" said her mamma gently.

"No indeed, mamma, I am not so foolish as to suppose my waxen doll can *know* any thing, but I mean that every thing goes wrong,—one dress is a great deal too large, and the other is so small

that I cannot put it on; only see how I have torn the sleeve with trying; it does seem as if every thing was determined to trouble me to-day. In the first place, I could not go to Brighton with papa in the morning, because of this little, fine, ugly rain, though I had depended so much upon going,—and then, at breakfast, I spilled my coffee *all over* my nice, clean, favourite frock, which I had put on on purpose to go and see my cousin—and then, when I was obliged to put on this French dress, which is the ugliest that ever was made, I must break the string only tying it, and when I had the trouble of sewing it again, I pricked my finger most sadly, it aches yet,—and then, I tried to play with my cup and ball, it would not go once into the cup all I could do,—and now my doll behaves just as badly."

"Stop, stop, my little girl, and take breath, while I tell you, that in all this long list of misfortunes, there is but one which you might not have prevented, and you should not complain of those which you invite."

"*Invite*, mamma!" exclaimed Mary, "I am sure I don't know what you mean;—I did not wish to spoil my pretty frock, or to break my string, or to prick my poor finger so; and above all, I did not wish it should rain such little, still, soft rain, just to disappoint me; I had a great *deal* rather it would have poured down as hard as it could, and then it might have cleared away by this time, as it almost always does, when it rains so violently, and I might have gone after all; but it keeps on just so—patter, patter, patter—how it does vex me to hear it."

"I am very sorry, my little girl, to see you so discontented and unhappy; and I repeat to you, Mary, that when you speak of the rain, you mention the only misfortune which you have not brought on yourself."

"I wish you would tell me what you mean, mother."

"You foolishly and *wickedly* lost your temper Mary, and suffered this naughty, angry spirit, to fill your heart, because the rain prevented your expected pleasure; you came to breakfast with this ill-humoured feeling, and you pulled your cup of coffee to you with so much violence, that it could not fail to be spilled over you; do you remember this?"

Mary hung her head, "Yes, mamma, but I did not think it would jerk over me so."

"No, Mary, but you did not try to govern your temper. If you had quietly submitted to the disappointment which you could not avoid, this accident would not have been added to your troubles; you see, then, that this was of your own creating—then you went to change your dress, with all this ill-humour in your heart, and pulled the string of your frock with such force, as would have broken it, if it had been much stronger; this second misfortune, then, you might also have prevented, it you had restrained your temper tolerably. Do you remember this?"

Mary did remember, and she knew that all her mother said was true, and more; Mary remembered—(what she had been ashamed to complain of)—that she had pulled her string with such violence, that when it broke her hand

came with such force against the table as to hurt her very much—but she did not answer her mother, for she had not yet subdued her angry feelings, and was not yet ingenuous enough to acknowledge her fault—she hung her head in silence.

"The *next* misfortune, Mary," continued her patient mother, "was the wound on your finger, which you feel now; was not this also caused by the quick and pettish manner in which you attempted to sew your string?—If you had been gentle, and careful as you ought, would your needle have been forced under your nail so far as to cause you so much pain?—and, even then, my dear little daughter, had you but reflected that you were suffering all these repeated punishments for your bad temper, and that probably

they would continue to multiply, till you did repent and conquer yourself, the remainder of the day might have passed very happily; your cup and ball is the very same which you caught yesterday, with so much skill and pleasure, ten times in succession, but then your hand was not made unsteady by your angry feelings; and your doll, which your kind aunt gave you but a few days since, is as beautiful and as rosy as it was then, and her dresses fitted admirably but yesterday; what can have altered them, and made them go on so badly to-day, but your own impatience.

"*All* these misfortunes, then, as I assured you, are of your own creating,—you might have prevented every one of them by submitting placidly to the first disappointment of the morning."

"Well, that at least I could not help," said Mary, "or I am sure I would; 'tis all owing to this tiresome shower; it always rains when I wish to go any where."

"Did you not walk with me but yesterday in your uncle's gardens?" said her mother.

"Oh, yes," replied Mary, "I had forgotten that, but I am sure I did not enjoy it at all."

"How happened that my dear, you have always admired those fine gardens; it has usually been a great pleasure to smell the sweet flowers and jump about on the green banks."

"Well, but it is all spoiled now, I think," says Mary; "every thing seems dead, and the flowers, instead of being bright and sweet as they used to be, smelled so dusty, that they made me sneeze; and the trees and bushes are

all white with dirt, and the leaves are withered; and then the beautiful grass-plat, where Ellen and I used to play at ball, looks as dry as straw, and it soiled my stockings when I was jumping on it, as badly as if I had been jumping on the gravel walks; I am sure I was sorry enough to see it look so differently. Besides, the hot sun seemed as if it would burn me up, all the time I was there, nothing looked green and pretty as it used to do in that pretty place."

"All this is certainly true, Mary, and your uncle thinks that even his fruit—the delicious fruit of his garden, will be destroyed."

"*Oh!*" exclaimed Mary, "*Oh,* all the delicious fruit of my uncle's garden? And shall we not have any? Why, last year he sent us more than we could eat, and I do love fruit better than any

thing. Why did he not take better care of his garden ?"

" He did all that he could, all that it was possible for him to do, my dear; he has dug, and planted, and weeded it most carefully."

" Well, what is the matter with it then, mamma ? I am so sorry."

" The sun, Mary, has shone so brightly, so very intensely, and so long upon it, that it has almost parched every thing up."

" Oh, is that it," said Mary, thoughtfully, " well, to be sure, he could not shade such a great garden from the sun, but could he not water it, as you do your plants when they become dry ?"

" All that he could, he did, Mary; but it would take a great quantity of water to moisten such a large piece of ground."

"And could nothing be done then," said Mary, sorrowfully,—"that beautiful, and that good garden, too, mother; for you know how all the poor families round him used to depend upon the nice vegetables that my uncle gave them. And could nothing be done?"

"Not by your uncle, my dear Mary," said her mother seriously, "I told you he had done all he could,—but God has kindly relieved the parched and thirsty earth, by sending this blessed soft rain, which, falling so gently and so steadily, will penetrate to the roots of the plants and the trees; and I hope it is not too late to restore them to life and vigour, and that we shall not have to fear lest there should not be vegetables enough for man and for cattle, and we may yet rejoice while we eat these good things, that there is enough

for all of us; but had not this rain been sent us, in great goodness, I think all would have been lost."

"Oh, mamma!" said Mary, bursting into tears, "I see now that I have been very, very naughty; for this very rain that I have been so ill-humoured about, as to cause all my other misfortunes, is, it seems, the best, and greatest, and kindest present that could have been made us; for what could we have done, how could we have lived, if all the things that grow had been dried up! The cattle would not have had any thing to eat, to make them grow fat, and then we could not have had any good beef and mutton, and the cows could not have given us any sweet milk for want of the good grass and hay, and we should not have had any delicious corn. And mother," continued

Mary, "is not Indian meal made out of corn?—then we could not have had any of Betsy's nice bread, that I love so well—and now this rain that I thought was so bad, and so tiresome, will save us from all this."

"I am truly glad, my dear little girl, to find that you are sensible of your folly and ingratitude; I hope you will never murmur at the weather, or at any disappointments which your heavenly Father sends: because he knows much better than we do, not only what is best for us, but what will make us happiest, and I hope you will bring no more misfortunes on yourself by wilfulness or petulance."

Mary was convinced, subdued, and repentant. She resumed her good humour; and now she found, as her mother had told her, that her troubles

had been of her own creating:—her doll again pleased, her dresses fitted, she caught her ball in the cup better than ever before, for she was patient and her hand was steady; she had soon the pleasure of visiting again the gardens of her uncle, which, revived by the gentle and continued rains, wore now a verdant and brilliant aspect;—and whenever the changes of weather, the heat or the cold, the rain or the snow, came to disappoint her of promised pleasures, she recalled the "day of misfortunes," as she called the day of her *best* instruction, and smoothed away all her impatient and angry feelings.

I very much wish that all little girls would learn from Mary's experience, how much better it is to bear disappointments cheerfully, than to fret about

them; and then they would be spared the pain and mortification, with which she always remembered her fault and its sufferings.

THE SKATERS.

CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER may I go and see the skaters on the river?" said Henry Fenton one holiday morning during the Christmas week.

"You are too young to go so far from home alone, my dear," was the prudent answer of his mother.

"I am seven years old, mother, and am able to run about the streets and take care of myself whole days in term time. Why not in vacation?"

"I think boys are more apt to get into trouble in vacation than when they

go to school every day. However, if you are very desirous to see the skaters, I can oblige you this time. I intend to go to Mr. Harper's this morning myself, and will take you with me. It will be a delightful walk, and we shall pass directly by the place where the skaters are sporting on the ice of the river."

"Thank you, mother. Now you shall see how patiently I will wait till you are ready."

Accordingly Frank took a book and sitting down very quietly by the parlour fire, he amused himself with reading for half an hour. He was then interrupted by his little brother George, who came to him, and desired him to mend his cart. Henry was in the middle of an interesting story, and did not like to break off before he had finished it. However, he recollected the golden rule, to

" do as we would be done by," and immediately set about mending his brother's cart, which he soon accomplished, and resumed his reading.

Just as he had finished the story, his mother came in, with her pelisse and hat on, and told him to get his hat and mittens. Henry sprang up from his chair, and hastened to obey his mother, and they soon set out.

It was a sharp December morning, and a slight snow lay upon the ground. The trees were all bare, and every half dozen yards they were passed by sleighs, which, although it was yet early in the season, had been brought out to improve the earliest opportunity for a sleigh ride. They glided by with the greatest rapidity, the bells jingling, and the gay ladies and gentlemen, who filled the sleighs, laughing and catching up handfuls of

the snow from every drift they passed, to sprinkle upon each other.

Henry and his mother soon left behind them the town, which was a pleasant little place in the environs of Boston. On approaching the river, merry shouts were heard from it, and the ice resounded with the ringing noise occasioned by the skates as they cut into the newly formed, dark-coloured ice.

Presently they came to a rising ground where the whole scene burst upon their view. The river was covered with men and boys, some skating and others sliding. Some of the skaters were wrapped in bright-coloured cloaks, and wore beautiful fur caps, others sported their fur-trimmed coats, and cloth caps with gold bands and tassels. Each held a stick in his hands, with which he balanced himself, as he marked out his curved

track, now darting like the eagle on his prey, and now gliding and circling with measured movement, like the soaring sea-bird, as he coasts along on the borders of the ocean. Sometimes they pursued each other, and the fugitive showed his skill, in permitting himself to be almost touched, and then unexpectedly wheeling round just as his pursuer had sprung, so as to go in an opposite direction, when he would have to make a wide circuit in order to overtake his laughing adversary.

At one instant, a shout would bring the whole company together on one spot, and in a few moments they would scatter in every direction like a flock of birds frightened by the sportsman's gun.

Near the shore were troops of merry children, some of whom had fastened bits of bone or wood to their shoes, and

were mimicking the motions of the skaters; others had picked out their sliding place, and worn it as smooth as glass, so that when they all ran in a row after each other, and slid across, holding on by coats and comforters, if one fell, the whole party came tumbling on the ice in a heap. Then rose the joyous laugh, so loud, that the air rung with the sound.

On the high sloping bank of the river, a group of boys were coasting with their painted sleds, now toiling up the steep ascent, and now descending with the rapidity of an arrow shot from the bow, and gliding far along on the frozen surface of the river.

As Mrs. Fenton's road lay along the bank of the river, they enjoyed this scene a long time. When they had left the main body of this gay company, and had

come opposite to a part of the river where but a few of the skaters were seen, an old woman, wrapped in a coarse great coat, with an old hat on her head, and a handkerchief bound round her ears, was standing under a dry tree, looking like an emblem of winter.

"Mother," said Henry, "only see that old woman! How desolate she looks, and I think the tears are standing in her eyes. She cannot be staying there only to look at the skaters. Do ask her what is the matter."

"Why do you stand here in the cold, so long, good woman?" said Mrs. Fenton.

"I am looking out to see if I can find my grandson, ma'am; he has run away from me this morning to play upon the ice. He is a sore trial to me. Did you see a boy with a tarpaulin hat and brown jacket on, down below?"

"Yes, I saw such an one. His hat torn, his jacket ragged, and his shoes in very bad condition, and he was the boldest among his companions in his exploits, and the hardiest in bearing the cold, without mittens or cloak. He is just below, among the other urchins on the ice, and he will not come this way for sport, while his companions have such a good sliding place there. I hope you are not in any degree dependent on his labour or care."

"Indeed ma'am I am," said the woman. "I am too old to labour much, but when he is dutiful and brings me fuel from the woods yonder, and carries my work to the village, I get along very comfortably. But since the river was frozen over, he has done nothing but play, and I am now in want of the necessaries of life."

"Take this bank bill," said Mrs. Fenton, "and buy what you are in immediate want of, and to-morrow come to the white house opposite the hay-market in the village, and I will see if I can do any thing to render your condition more comfortable."

"Mother," said Henry, pulling his mother's arm so as to gain a hearing for a very earnest whisper, "mother, you know you have got half a dollar of mine in keeping. Give it to her."

Mrs. Fenton did as she was desired, and they passed on.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day, the old woman, whose name was Brown, came to Mr. Fenton's, and told her story more fully. She had lost her only son, the father of little Jerry Brown, two years before, by an unfortunate explosion of a powder-factory, in which he was a workman. The little boy's mother had died when he was an infant. Since his father's death he had had no protector but his grandmother.

He had been at school but seldom of late, and had got into such idle habits as to be of little use to the old woman. She had been obliged to cultivate her little garden herself, the last summer, and, except running on a few errands, Jerry had done scarce any work.

Yet the old woman could not think of parting with him, when Mrs. Fenton offered to take him and bring him up. She thought, that if some employment could be given to them which would occupy both in their little cottage through the winter, Jerry might be induced to do his part, and perhaps be thoroughly reformed.

Accordingly Mr. Fenton's servant was dispatched to bring master Jerry into the parlour. He was found on the ice, as usual, and prevailed on, with some difficulty, to come to the village. When he entered the room, his hair was peeping through the gaps of his hat, there was a long rent in the elbow of his jacket, where his red skin was visible, his feet had found their way through his tattered shoes, and, together with his hands and face, showed the

colour of the ripened cherry, from the sharp and piercing breeze in which he had been gambolling, in apparent delight, at his power of defying its keenness.

Now he was bashful enough. His eyes were fixed on the carpet, which he kept continually poking and rubbing with his toe, while the following examination went on.

MRS. FENTON. Well, Jerry, are you not cold, after playing so long in the wind?

JERRY. No ma'am.

MRS. FENTON. Won't you come to the fire and warm yourself?

JERRY. No, ma'am, thank ye, a'n't a-cold.

MRS. FENTON. Are you not tired of playing so long on the ice?

JERRY. No ma'am.

MRS. FENTON. Should you not like to have some useful employment, which you could follow in the cottage with your grandmother, and help to earn your living?

No answer.

MRS. FENTON. Were you not a great deal happier than you are now, when your poor father was alive, and you went to school with the good children of the village, and only played half a day in the week?

No answer—but the tears began to trickle down Jerry's red cheeks, and he rubbed his foot on the carpet with a greater expression of uneasiness.

MRS. FENTON. If we should provide some employment for your grandmother through the days, and furnish you with good clothes and books to go to school, would you go there constantly,

and help your grandmother in the evening, and do all her errands, and try to be a good and useful boy once more ?

JERRY. Yes, ma'am, if you will speak so softly and so kindly to me once a year."

It was evident that the poor boy's dispositions were good, and that he only wanted encouragement.

Accordingly, Mrs. Brown was furnished with needle-work of a coarse kind, and Mrs. Fenton allowed her to knit stockings, comforters, and mittens, for all her family. Jerry was arrayed in a nice suit of clothes, and attended the town school, where his punctuality and attention gained him a very good name with his master and school-fellows.

In the spring, the town school was discontinued, to be resumed at Michaelmas. Mrs. Fenton furnished Jerry

with a new set of gardening tools and a grand supply of garden seeds, and paid for ploughing up a large piece of ground for potatoes. She also furnished him with strawberry roots, from her own garden, so that, at some future time, Mrs. Brown might have strawberries to sell to the parties who would go to sail on the river, or stroll out of the village as far as her cottage.

Thus encouraged, Jerry became a most industrious gardener, and it was Henry's favourite amusement of a holiday, to go out and see him cultivate his garden, and learn all about the arrangement and economy of it. So interested did he become, in his new friend's success, that he would sit down very patiently and weed carrot and onion beds, by the hour together, talking all the while with Jerry, sometimes

telling him the stories he had read to his mother at home, sometimes listening to Jerry's personal adventures in the woods, or on the ice, and not unfrequently trying his skill in arithmetical questions, which were to be done without a slate.

CHAPTER III.

When Henry Fenton was sixteen years old, he entered college, and at the Christmas holidays, he came home to spend a week.

One morning, he went on the river to skate, with no other companion than a favourite pointer dog. After circling and curvetting about, and describing a thousand fantastic figures on the ice, he thought he would take a long run up the river. He first, however, prepared for the expedition, by gliding along under a tuft of shrubs which overhung the river, and picking out a long pole, with which he could balance himself, and increase the length and ease of his circuits.

Provided with this instrument, and poising it gracefully, he set off in high glee, and darted away like a swallow. The ice was smooth, new, and black. It cracked a little, but Harry said to himself in his hardihood, "As long as it cracks, it holds!"

At last, he came unawares upon a place where the river was shallower, and having taken one of his long sweeps before he perceived this circumstance, the ice broke under him, and in a moment he was up to his neck in water.

Then it was that his long pole did him good service, for although he found it impossible to get out of the water, yet the ends of the pole reached to a firm place on each side of the opening, and by holding on, he avoided being carried under the ice by the current.

No one was near enough to hear his cries for help. His faithful dog made many fruitless attempts to rescue him, and at last ran off towards the village. The first person he met was Jerry Brown, whose coat he immediately laid hold of with his teeth, and began to pull him towards the river.

At first Jerry was alarmed, and would have disengaged himself, but the dog looked up into his face with an expression so kind and significant, and endeavoured to pull him along so gently, that he began to think there was something extraordinary in the case; and when he recollected to have seen the dog often with Mr. Henry, he suffered himself the more willingly to be conducted to the spot where his friend and benefactor was hard struggling for life. He threw a board, which he took from the nearest

fence, upon the ice, and pushing it to the opening, ventured upon it near enough to draw him from the water, so nearly exhausted as to be unable to speak. He then bore him upon his shoulders to his mother's lowly habitation, where he was soon restored to warmth and comfort.

This incident gave to Henry's mind a turn of unusual seriousness. He regarded it as a remarkable interposition of God's mercy, that saved his life through the instrumentality partly of a dumb animal, and partly of one whom he had himself distinguished by acts of kindness. He drew from it a practical lesson, which lasted him through life, and made him a useful, happy, and pious man; namely, that he should not only exercise benevolence to his fellow men, but remember his constant dependence

upon his Creator, through whose good providence he had been so singularly preserved.

THE PET LAMB.

It was towards the opening of spring, but the day was bleak and cold, when the young Mary Henderson, in returning from a visit to one of her little neighbours, thought she heard the bleating of a lamb. Mary had been taught to be kind to all dumb creatures; and her heart felt for the sufferings of any animal exposed to cold or hunger: nay, she never ate her simple repast without her kitten, Pink, and her little dog, Ranger, coming in for their share. So as I was telling, she thought on this wintry day, that she heard the faint bleating of a lamb; and her little heart

instantly yearned tenderly over the suffering creature. She stopped and listened; and when she found from what direction the sound came, she went to the spot, and there, sure enough, on the cold snow, close by the stone wall, she found a poor little lamb, half dead with cold and hunger. Friendless and homeless it was; for, when the flock to which it belonged was driven to the fold, the day before, after being permitted to enjoy for an hour or two the pleasant spring sun, this lamb, having strayed a few steps from its companions, was left behind; and then, at night, the clouds gathered, and the snow began to come down, so it crept close to the wall, and there laid itself down to die.

Little Mary thought of the good Shepherd, of whom her pious widowed mother had often told her; and she

took the poor lamb into her arms, wrapped her little red cloak about it, and hastened home. Her mother met her at the door of their peaceful cottage; and when Mary had told her about the poor dying lamb, she warmed some milk for the poor thing, and put a basket in the corner; and, after a while, the little animal revived, and began to look round; and when it had eaten a little warm milk, it followed Mary round the cottage, calling baa, baa, as if she had been its mother. The little girl was delighted, and began to tell how happy she and the lamb would be the next summer, when the fields would be so green, and the flowers so beautiful, and the birds would sing so sweetly, and all nature look smiling and happy. But her mother said, "my little Mary! this lamb belongs, doubtless, to one of our neigh-

bours; and it would not be honest to keep it without trying to find its owner." Mary felt sorry at the thought of parting with her little new friend; but she saw in a moment what she ought to do; for her mother had taught her what was right. She tended, and nursed, and fed the poor lamb till her bed-time, and then she fixed it comfortably in the basket, and the next morning, after she had given it its breakfast, she set out to find its owner. The first house she stopped at was farmer Harrison's.—"Good morning, little neighbour," said the old gentleman, as he opened the door to her. "Have you lost a lamb, sir?" she asked. "No, my dear," he said; and then she trudged on to farmer Jenkins's. There, and at two or three other houses, she received the same answer: and at last she began to hope that she

should be able to keep the lamb; but the next moment she was afraid the feeling was a dishonest one; and she determined to keep on till she had asked all the neighbours about this same lost lamb. Well, at the very last house she came to, Roger, the farmer's boy, said that, in counting over the sheep and lambs, he had missed one lamb, and that it was the one which had lost its mother a few days before. Mary felt sorry; but she resolved to do the thing that was right; for her mother had often told her that nothing could make a little girl happy unless she was good. So she said, "I have found a poor lamb, and have taken care of it; and I will bring it right home to you, sir." "No, my little honest girl," said the kind farmer, "it shall be your own, because you are a good child; and Roger, get as many

nice pippins as she can carry home." Mary thanked the farmer, and hastened home with her pippins, to tell her mother the joyful news. "I have found the lamb's master, and he has given it to me, and now it is mine," said she, skipping into the house. The mother was glad, because her little girl was glad; and from that day forward Mary and her lamb were constant companions.

Well, the next summer, when berries began to be ripe, Mary, followed by her lamb, walked out one day into a wood near her mother's cottage. She strayed on, and strayed on, sometimes singing a little song, and sometimes running after a butterfly, till she found that she had wandered a good way, and had lost the path. So then she tried to find her way out of the wood; but when she had got clear of all the trees and bushes, she

could see nothing of her mother's cottage; and after looking, and looking, till she was tired, she saw that night was coming on. She called her mother again and again; but she could not hear her dear mother answer her; and at last she sat down and cried. Her little lamb laid itself down at her feet, looked up in her face, and seemed to pity her. But the evening came on fast, and little Mary said, O my poor Lily!" (that was the name she had given the lamb,) "my poor Lily! we shall never get home, we shall never get home any more:" and then Lily, as if to shew that it knew what she meant, and wished to answer her, set up a pitiful bleating: and in a few minutes Mary's dear mother came out of the wood, and ran to her darling child; for she had been looking for her a long time, and calling through the

wood, " Mary, Mary," when Mary was too far off to hear her. But when Lily called baa, the mother had just come within hearing;—so by the means of this poor grateful lamb, Mary Henderson, the little lost girl, was found by her dear mother.

THE

LITTLE TRAVELLER.

EDWARD was a little boy about eight years old. He had always lived in the country, amongst the green fields, and beautiful trees, and the sweet smelling flowers. And he used to pick the berries off the bushes in the woods. He had been accustomed to see his father's labourers shake down the ripe fruit, and gather the nuts that are shut up so close in their hard shells. He loved to go and help to drive the cows home, and to see the sheep and lambs in the pastures, and to feed the chickens. All these things he had been accustomed to see and to

do; but he had never been in a city, where the houses are built close together, and where there is nothing to be seen but streets, and houses, and people going about their various business; where there is no room for green fields, or trees. He thought all other little boys and girls lived just as he did; he had never seen the great ocean, nor the ships, with sailors in them, dressed in jackets, and large trowsers, and hats made so that the rain cannot hurt them.

Edward's father, though he lived in this delightful, quiet country, could not enjoy it much, because he was ill. He had a cough, and the doctor said he had better go to another country, where it was warmer, and try if a voyage would not make him well. Edward's mother was going with his father, and they thought they should be much happier to

have their little son with them, than to leave him at home; for they loved him very dearly, and he had no brother nor sister to stay with, while they were gone. Edward was very glad his parents were good enough to take him with them; and he thought he should be very happy; but he was sorry to leave his favourite birds, and the good dog that followed him about. At last the happy day arrived; the coach came to the door; all the trunks were ready, in the entry. Little Edward went all round the house and garden, and bade every body good bye. When he came back to the door, his father and mother were waiting for him. "Come, my boy," said his father, "make haste, jump in, and we will drive off." Edward jumped in, as his father bade him, and they were soon on their way to Boston; where they were

to wait for a steam-boat to take them to Charleston. It was a long time before they left the woods, and hills, and fields; for the coachman did not drive very fast, because Edward's father was ill; not ill like people who cannot walk about, and have to keep in bed, and take physic, and see the doctor every day: but he was soon tired, and had a pain in his breast. So Edward remembered it all the time, and tried not to make a noise; but when he saw any thing in the road, of which he did not know the name, or if he saw any thing which he thought was very beautiful, he spoke softly, so that his father was not disturbed with his questions, but liked to answer them.

Sometimes he saw on the bushes very curious flowers, such as he had never seen before. His mother told him they were wild flowers, which had not been

planted by a gardener, nor watered with a watering-pot; but God made them grow there, without any care, and watered them with his rains. When his mother told Edward this, he thought of the beautiful hymn which he had learned when he was at home; his mother told him he might repeat that part of it which was like what she was saying to him. "This is it," said he, "I believe."

"'Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of man hath not scattered the seeds, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade!

"'Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb; in shaking bogs, and deep forests, and desert islands; they spring up every where, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

"'Who causeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the seeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with soft rains, and cherisheth them with dews? Who formeth them with the pure breath of heaven; and giveth colours and smells, and spreadeth out their transparent leaves?

"'There is little need that I should tell you of God, for every thing speaks of him. Every field is an open book.'"

"It is a beautiful hymn, my dear," said his mother, "and I am very glad you can repeat it. It is very useful to learn things in this way, because, when we are without books, they will make the time pass pleasantly. Do you know, Edward, that some kinds of wild flowers are made to grow much more beautiful, by being transplanted; that is, dug up

from the place where they first grew, and planted in a garden, where the gardener takes a great deal of care of them; he cuts off the old leaves, and the branches that do not grow gracefully; and the next season, the flowers have a great many more petals. You know that I showed you the other day, that the little coloured leaves were petals. These flowers will live much longer in water, than the wild flowers, which do not live long after they are broken off the bush. One of the most delicious, the wild honeysuckle *, dies immediately, if it is broken off the parent stem."

"Is the wild honeysuckle like the beautiful one that grows over our windows at home? mamma," said Edward.

* The American honeysuckle, the white azalea of our gardens.

"No, my dear, it is smaller, and perfectly white, and you can smell the delicious perfume, before you can see the flower. While it is growing, it is quite stiff, but as soon as it is broken off, it hangs down, and looks as if it had been trodden under foot."

Edward thought his father might be tired, and he did not like to have him say, "do not talk any more now, Edward;" so he looked out of the coach window, and was quite silent for some time. He watched the white clouds moving about in the beautiful blue sky, and the bright sunshine. And while he was looking at them, he saw a great many more clouds than he did at first, and they were thicker, and not so white, till at last, he could only see the sun now and then between the clouds; and afterwards he could not see the sun at

all. It grew as dark in the coach as if the window-blinds had been shut.

"Do not you think, mamma, it is going to rain?"

"Yes, my dear, and we will tell the driver to stop at the first house he comes to, till it is over. I think it will be only a summer shower."

"Why, is a summer shower shorter than a winter one?" said Edward.

"In winter, my dear, we call the rain a storm, because it lasts longer, and the wind blows very cold; but in summer, the sun is so hot upon the clouds, that they can easily open, and let out the rain, and, therefore, in summer it rains so often that the clouds have not so much rain in them, and cannot rain so long as in winter. See, it is raining a little now."

It soon rained very fast, but there was

a house near, so they stopped there till it was over. Edward looked out of the window of the house, and saw the grass almost covered with little spider webs.

"Look, mamma, at these webs, although it rains so fast, they do not break."

"Yes, my dear, I see them, and now it does not rain so much, we can see large drops of water on them. They are the spiders' houses, they go under them, and are kept from getting wet; some people who have watched them, say, that the spiders always spread their webs, when it is going to rain; and so it is sometimes said, that when the grass is covered with webs, it is a sign of rain."

"But, mother," said Edward, "how can they know when it is going to rain? they never seemed to me to know much, excepting how to catch flies in their webs."

"That is because you have not watched them, and read about them. We cannot tell how they know when it is going to rain; but, I suppose, it is by instinct that they feel the rain coming, and guard against it by using the substance in their bodies, which they thus draw out into webs."

The rain had stopped, and the sun had again begun to shine a little; but Edward was looking at the webs, and thinking how cunning the spiders were to go under them when it rained, so that he did not see the sun, till his father called to him to look up in the sky.

"What do you see there, Edward?"

"Oh, papa! a beautiful rainbow; how many colours are there in it?" His father told him there were seven colours in the rainbow. "Edward,"

said he, "do you know who first saw a rainbow?"

"No, papa, but, I suppose, every body has seen one."

"No, my dear, in the blessed book which you sometimes see your mother and I read, called the Bible, there is a story of a very great rain, which God sent because the people were very wicked; but there was one good man who was saved from the water in an ark, a sort of vessel which floats upon the water; and after the rain had stopped, and Noah kneeled down to thank God that he had stopped the rain, he saw a bow in the sky, with a great many colours. Then God told Noah, that it should be a sign that it should never again rain so hard, nor so long. But see, there is another rain-

bow, not quite so bright as the other; that is called a reflection."

"A reflection, papa! I thought only looking-glasses reflected."

"Yes, my dear, the air is sometimes so thick, and so wet, that it reflects; some people have seen three rainbows at once. They are made by the sun, shining on the falling drops of rain. I once saw a rainbow in the night, made by the moon shining on the drops of rain. But the carriage is ready, and we will continue our journey." The coach went on, and they soon reached Boston, where every thing Edward saw was new to him. He had never seen such high houses; some were built of bricks, made of clay, and some were built of stones cut into square pieces larger than bricks. The houses were close together, excepting when there was a street between

them; and the streets were not like those he had seen in the country, covered with grass or dust, but they were paved with round stones, put down into the earth so hard that they stay there a long time. But when the coach wheels went over them they made such a noise that Edward thought his father would be worse instead of better. And he could not hear what his parents said to him. But his father had been in a city many times before, and it was not new to him, as it was to his little son.

Edward saw so many people in the streets, that he thought if he were walking too, he should be knocked down, or lose his way. He saw a great many shops on each side of the streets, some with beautiful picture-books at the windows, and some full of painted playthings; he had never seen so many

things together in his whole life, and he thought every body must be happy in such a fine city. But his mother told him that there were a great many poor people, who had no home nor comfortable bed, nor enough to eat, as God had given him; and who were too hungry and tired to look at the shop windows; and who would be glad to live in the country, where they could not see these fine things. Edward was not yet tired, and he thought it was very strange that people should be unhappy in such a place, where every body was so busy, and there were so many things to make them happy.

When the coach stopped, they all got out, and Edward knew that it was the house where they were to stay till the steam-boat was ready.

It was near night; so Edward soon

went to bed, very glad to sleep, after his long journey. The next morning his father told him, when he came down, that after he had eaten his breakfast, they would walk to the wharf, where the boat lay. Edward soon finished his breakfast, and took his father's hand; he liked the thought of a walk in the city, and was very glad his father felt well enough to walk with him.

The wharf is a sort of stone street, built out in the water, and the ships come close to it, so that people can walk from the wharf into them, or from the ships to the wharf. Edward saw there a great many men, very busy carrying boxes, or rolling barrels, and calling to each other in loud voices. And there were a great many vessels of different sizes, some were just ready for sea, with their sails, which are strong, large sheets,

spread out like wings. And some looked as if they had nobody in them, and would lay there a great while longer.

After they had walked some time, Edward's father stopped, and asked a man who was standing still, when the steamboat Lion was going to sea. The man said that the captain was near, and could tell best. The captain of the boat was a kind, good-natured man, and he said he should sail the next day, if he could get ready, and he asked if that little boy was going with them in his boat the Lion? Edward's father told the captain he was going with them, and that they would be ready to go the next day. The captain asked them if they would walk on board, and see the inside of the vessel; and when he found that Edward had never seen a vessel before, he showed him the different parts of it,

and told him what use they were for, and showed him the little berths, as the sailors call them, where he would have to sleep. It was a kind of box, made like a crib, such as little babies sleep in, only it was fastened up against the sides of the boat, so that it could not be moved. There were a great many of these berths, one above another, all round the sides of the cabin, which is a large room, where people live, when they are in the vessel. Besides these berths, there were little closets called state rooms, with berths in them. Edward thought it was a strange way to sleep, and he was afraid he should tumble out when the vessel rocked on the water. But he liked the looks of things pretty well, and the captain was so kind that he wished to-morrow was come, and wanted to go and tell his mother about

it. When they walked home, Edward's father showed him the market-house, which is a long large building, and very handsome, with beautiful stone pillars. The farmers who live in the country near the city, bring their fruit and vegetables to the market to sell; and the butchers who have sheep and oxen, kill them, and bring the meat there to sell.

Any thing which is good to eat can be bought at the market, so that it is a very important place in a city; for if any thing should happen, to prevent the farmers, and butchers, and milk-men, from coming into the city, the people would die, for the want of something to eat. When Edward got home, he told his mother all he had seen, and showed her what strange beds they would have to sleep in, on board the Lion. His mother listened to her dear boy a long

time; although she had known all about such things long before, because she was very glad that he remembered what was told him, and attended to what he saw. She told him that was the way to gain knowledge, and become a clever man.

After dinner, a friend of Edward's father came to see him, and while he was there, he saw that Edward behaved well, and was silent while his father was talking, and therefore he told him, that he was going to walk, and if such a little boy would not be tired, he should go with him. Edward said he was not at all tired; and they set out together. They soon saw a large brick building, painted white, with a great many stone steps, and a beautiful stone fence all round it, with high stone pillars, where the gates were; and there

was a large round dome on the top of the building; and at the top of that, a cupola, where people could look out and see the whole city. This was a larger building than Edward had ever seen, and he did not know what it was. Mr. Grey, which was the name of his father's friend, told him that it was the State House, where gentlemen met together to make laws. Mr. Grey said he would go in, if the doors were not locked; so they went into the hall, which is a very large room, with high pillars; and then they went up a flight of stairs, till they came to a large entry, with doors on both sides. Mr. Grey opened one of the doors, and told Edward to go in, and see the senate chamber, where some of the older gentlemen meet to make laws also. It was a very large room, with a great many windows, and there were

tables all round the room, with chairs for the gentlemen to sit in, and one small table was higher than the rest. Edward asked whom that high seat was for? Mr. Grey told him it was for the president of the senate, and he told him that all the other gentlemen, when they spoke, stood up and turned towards the president, and spoke to him.

After they had looked at this room some time, Mr. Grey said, "we will go into the representatives' room now, which is on the other side of the entry."

Edward thought this room would be just like the other, but when he went in he saw benches all round the room, like forms in a school, and there was one seat, which looked like a pulpit. Edward asked if that pulpit was for the president? Mr. Grey told him that the gentleman who sat there was called the

speaker of the house, and that all the gentlemen in the other seats looked at, and spoke to him, just as they did to the president, in the senate-chamber. All this was more knowledge for Edward, and he thanked Mr. Grey for bringing him to see this fine building. Mr. Grey told him that there were many more rooms, but he could not see them. In some, gentlemen were writing, and in others, books and papers were kept.

As they walked home, Edward saw a great many fine and large churches, some were built of brick, and some of stone, with high steeples and clocks on them. He saw too, some buildings, which were not large enough for churches, and he did not know what they were. Mr. Grey told him they were public school-houses; which means, schools where boys and girls can go

without paying, so that they are a great benefit to poor people who cannot pay for their children's schooling; they are called free schools.

Another larger building which he saw, was a court-house. Mr. Grey told Edward that he would not explain to him what a court-house was then, because he would forget other things he had been telling him. "But," said he, "ask your father some other time."

Edward looked so smiling and happy, when he went home, that his parents knew he had enjoyed his walk very much, and they asked him what he had seen, and where he had been; and he remembered enough to tell them distinctly, so that they could understand him. After he had told them all, he asked his father what the court-house was for. "You

are too young, my dear," said his father, " to understand all it is used for; but I will tell you what you can understand. Several gentlemen, called judges, go to the court-house, to try those who have done wicked things, stolen, or treated others badly; sometimes people are so very wicked as to kill some person they are angry with; if any body sees another do any such wicked thing, he gets some men, called constables, who carry the bad people to the court-house. The judges hear what those who have brought the culprits have to say, and then those who have done wrong give the reasons for being so angry. Then the judges consult together, what punishment would be best, and then send them to prison, or make them pay money to those whom they have injured, and some-

times, when any body has been so very cruel as to kill another, it is necessary that they should suffer death to punish them, and to make others afraid to act so wickedly."

When the sun came into Edward's chamber window the next morning, he waked up, and remembered that he was going on board the steam-boat that day; so he got up quickly, and dressed himself. After he had eaten his breakfast, he was looking out of the window, till his father and mother should be ready, when he saw a sailor come up the steps, and knock at the door. When John opened the door, the sailor said that the captain sent him to say, that he should go to sea immediately, as the boat was quite ready. The coach drove to the door, they rode to the wharf, and went on board the steam-boat Lion. Every

thing was in order, although the sailors were all very busy, putting things on board, and getting the boat off. In the cabin, there was a piano-forte, and every thing looked comfortable, so that Edward's father thought he should be better very soon.

Steam-boats are carried, by having great fires in a place where they cannot be seen, in the boat; and over the fires, large boilers full of water, boiling all the time, and the steam is so powerful, that it makes the machinery work, and turn wheels, and the wheels go down into the water, under the boat, and move it forward. Edward was very glad to see these curious things, and to ask questions, when he saw that he was not in people's way, and they were at leisure to answer him.

After they had been on the water

eight days, the boat arrived at Charleston. It was nearly winter, but it was not cold in Charleston. Edward staid there with his father and mother all the winter. When the spring came, and all danger from cold was over, his father, who found himself a great deal better, told Edward they should go back and see their own dear home. Edward was very happy to think he was going to see his little dog, and the beautiful flowers and trees. At length, when they thought it was warm enough, they went on board another boat, and arrived at home after nine days. When the boat came up to the wharf in Boston, they jumped out, and walked through the streets to the house where they staid before they went to Charleston. The next day they went to their home in the

country. Edward could not help thinking all the time they were in the coach, how much happier they were now, than when they were leaving their home; for then, his dear, kind father was sick, and could not talk much, but now, he was almost well, and could answer his little son, and tell him all he wished to know.

At last, Edward could see something white between the trees, with green blinds, and four tall white chimnies; and he clapped his hands, "Oh, mother," said he, "there is our house, I see it between the trees; we shall soon be at home!" He remembered every fence and tree they passed, and when they came to the neighbours' houses, they knew the faces at the windows, that bowed to them as they

rode quickly by. Edward thought it was better to be among friends than strangers.

Presently he heard the bark of a dog; "that is Tiger's bark, I know it."

"Yes," said his father, "we are at home now, the carriage stops."

The trees had just put out their new, green leaves, and some little flowers were just coming up; and the grass looked beautifully green. Every body looked happy, and glad to see them again; and Edward, too, was happier than ever.

If those little boys and girls who read this story, are not tired, and wish to read more about Edward, we will tell in another story, what he saw, while on the great ocean, and when he was in Charleston. All that we can

say more about Edward now, is, that after he got home, every body said, that he was a better boy than before he went.

THE FOUR APPLES.

One day, Mrs. Mandeville called James, and Eliza, and Edward, and little Mary, her four children; and they all came running round her. "Come, here is an apple for each of you," said the kind mother, and as she spoke, she laid four red apples upon a book which she held in her hand; now one of these was a very little one, and all the children thought that it was just large enough for little Mary, who was the youngest of them all; and the one that stood next to it, was a little larger, and the next larger still, and the last one was such a beautiful apple, with

such pretty yellow streaks, that all the children fixed their eyes upon it, and thought it must taste much nicer than the rest. Then Mrs. Mandeville said, "James, as you are the eldest, I shall first give you the pleasure of showing that you love your dear little sisters and brother better than yourself."

Now James was not a selfish child, but the large red and yellow apple looked so nice, that he turned to it again, and again, but at last he put his hand upon the smallest apple of all; and James looked up in his mother's face, and the smile he saw there was much sweeter to him than the apple he was eating, and the kiss she gave him, was better than the fine red one would have been.

Then Mrs. Mandeville told Eliza to choose next, as she was the next oldest;

now I dare say my little readers will all of them suppose, that Eliza would do as her generous brother James did, but I am sorry to say that Eliza was a very selfish little girl; she loved herself better than all her mother's smiles and kisses, and she took the fine red apple which they all liked so much; but Eliza did not look up in her mother's face as James did, for she knew she should not see a smile there, but she went away in a corner, and ate her large apple. But it did not taste so good as Eliza expected, because she had not been generous and kind; and she could take no pleasure in eating it. Meanwhile, little Edward seemed to be a long time thinking, whether he should do as his brother James did, and gain a kiss and a smile from his dear mother, and Mrs. Mandeville felt afraid she should have but one

child who was not selfish; but she was mistaken, for Edward soon found out that he could not be happy without her bright approving smiles, and he left the largest of the two apples to his little sister Mary, who sat upon her brother's knee, and laughed and played with him, and put her little fingers through his hair, and then she would laugh again, and give him a sweet kiss; and Edward was a great deal happier than all the big apples in the town would have made him, if he had been selfish.

Now it happened that in the afternoon, a lady brought some little white rabbets in a basket, for Mrs. Mandeville's children, who liked such pretty creatures; and the lady said, she was sorry she had only three of them, and that little Mary would be obliged to go without any. But Mrs. Mandeville, who

wanted to give her little Eliza a chance to show that she was sorry for being so selfish in the morning, called her, and James, and Edward, and asked them which of them was willing to give up their rabbet to their little sister. "I am;" "I am, mamma," said James and Edward, but Eliza only said "I wish I was the youngest;" then her mother was grieved, and she said, "Before your dear little sister Mary, and brother Edward were born, you were the youngest, and then you had all the pleasures which she now has, but I find they have made you very selfish, and you will never be happy while you are selfish; but as your brothers are generous, I shall give a rabbet to each of them, and the other will be little Mary's, and you must learn that selfish children are not so happy nor so much

beloved, nor have they so many pleasures as those who are generous and kind; and this is not the first time to-day, that my little girl has shown herself selfish."

Now my little friends will all see, that Eliza would have been much happier had she been like her brothers, and pleased her good mother; for then she would have had a pretty white rabbet to play with, and to feed, and she would have seen that her mother loved her, and felt that she had been good; and even if she had had a little rabbet, and her brothers had not had any, still they would have been happier than Eliza, because good and generous children always feel happier than those that are selfish.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A GOOD RESOLUTION.

Sarah and George Mansfield were the children of a poor man, residing in the town of ———; they loved each other very much, and were generally well behaved.

John Mansfield was a kind father, and gave his children enough to eat and to drink; and he let them run about wherever they pleased; yet he took no care of their minds, and did not

teach them to read or to write, so these poor children were not so fortunate as most of the little boys and girls that I know; and what is worse than all, they had no dear mother to lead them in the right way, and to make them good; so that they did not always say what was true, nor did they always spend their time as they ought, for they often passed the day in idleness, or in running about the streets, while their father, who was a carpenter, was at work in his shop. So this poor little boy and girl were growing very ignorant, and would, perhaps, have been so all their lives; but God, who loves children, and is a father to those who have no earthly parents, had watched over them all the time, and had seen them when they were good, and when they were naughty. God took care of these poor neglected

children; and you will soon see what he did for them.

There lived in the same town, a rich gentleman, who was very benevolent and kind to the poor; he had a wife and one son, his only child, who was about fourteen or fifteen years of age. One day as this boy was walking home from school, he saw little George Mansfield playing marbles upon the steps of his father's door; so he told George to stop his game, and let him pass; now George had never been taught that it was good and right to give up to those who were older than himself; and he did not mind Henry Payson, (that was the great boy's name,) but kept on with his game. Henry was a very passionate boy, and when he found that George did not go away, he struck him on the head with a stick which he held in his hand; he

did not mean to hurt him, but when people are in a passion, they do not know what they do.

When Henry saw George fall on the ground, and when he saw his eyes shut, he thought he had killed him, and he felt very much frightened, and took him up in his arms, and carried him into the house. Sarah Mansfield, who had been standing by, seeing her brother play marbles, screamed and cried very loud when he fell, and when she saw Henry take him away, she ran after him, and before she knew what she was about, she found herself in a handsome parlour, and saw her brother lying on a sofa, and a lady and gentleman standing near him; but they did not bid her go away, as some proud, bad persons would have done, but they took hold of her hand, and spoke very kindly to her, and told

her not to cry any more, for her brother was better; and would soon be quite well again; and presently little George opened his eyes, and stood up, and stared about him, not knowing where he was. Then the lady said, "you have been hurt, my dear; do you feel better?" George said he did feel better; but the gentleman saw how surprised he was to see himself with his sister in a strange place, so he said, "My son struck you, but he did not mean to hurt you, my dear, and he is very much grieved about it; you were stunned by the blow; and he brought you into my house."

Then George remembered all about it, and he made a very awkward bow, and said he would go home; but Mr. Payson said he must wait till the chaise was ready, as he felt afraid to have him walk so soon. Then George sat down

again, as the lady told him, and by and by a servant brought in some cake and wine and water; she told him he had better take a little, as he had been faint.

While they waited there, Mr. Payson asked their names, and where they lived, and what their father did; and they answered much better than he expected they would. But when this good man found that they did not know how to read or write, he pitied them very much, and he thought that God had thrown them in his way so that he should do them good, and make them better and happier.

When George and Sarah had been sent home in the chaise, Mr. Payson did not forget them, but he thought about what would be most useful to them; and at last he determined, if their father would consent, to put them to a gram-

mar-school, where they would be under his own eye, and he could teach them to be good.

So the next day he went to their house, and asked their father if he would allow his children to be placed at the grammar-school, of which he was one of the trustees. Now John Mansfield, though he did not take any pains with his children himself, was very glad to have them kept out of mischief, as he called it, and thanked Mr. Payson very heartily for his kindness, and said he should have put them to school himself, if he could afford it.

Mr. Payson had soon the pleasure of seeing these poor children learning how to love and serve God, and to obey their parents and teachers; they were taught how to read and spell, and all that is proper for such children to know.

No person would have thought, when George fell down much hurt, that the accident would have been the means of making him, in the end, good and happy; but so it was; and God, in his mercy, allowed Henry's blow to stun George for the moment, that Mr. Payson might pity and take care of him and his sister. The ways of Providence are always good ways, though men do not see them so at first.

George Mansfield was a good-tempered boy, but he had a great many faults, and he did not profit so well by Mr. Payson's kindness as Sarah, who became very amiable and industrious, and was much beloved by her teachers and schoolmates; he was very thoughtless, and *proud* besides, which, for a poor boy, above all, is very silly; and though he did nothing from a bad heart, yet he

often caused his good friend, Mr. Payson, much trouble.

There lived at a short distance from the grammar-school, a poor widow woman; she owned, however, a small house, with a little piece of ground attached to it, which she valued very highly; there was on it a plum-tree, which in its season was generally covered with fine large purple horse-plums; these the good widow never tasted herself, but carried them all to market, and the money she gained by them was considerable. Now some of the boys at the grammar-school used often to trouble the poor woman, by threatening to rob her plum-tree; but they really seldom dared to do so; as whoever did it was generally found out, and severely punished by the master.

About a year after George had begun

to go to school, a boy came there but little older than himself, who had been brought up in very bad habits, and who had besides a cruel disposition; this boy at first used to laugh at poor George, because he did not know as much, and dress as well as the rest did; and he tried to make him ashamed, and to make the other boys hate him. Now George was very much afraid of ridicule; he did not remember that God, who sees the hearts of all his children, loves those of them who do good in his sight, the poor as well as the rich; but he used to please this bad boy, by doing every thing he wished him to do, and agreeing with him in all he said.

When Hammond, (this was the bad boy's name,) found that he could make George do any thing he pleased, he often asked him to act as George had

now learnt was very wrong; at first George would refuse, but when Hammond began to ridicule him, and call him coward, then he would do any thing the naughty boy wished, because his pride could not bear to be laughed at.

One day Hammond took George aside, and told him that the widow's plum tree was full of large ripe plums, and that if he was not a fool he might have some of them; and when he saw that George listened to what he said, he told him, that if he was willing, they would go at night and take some of them. Now George thought within himself that this plan was a very wicked one, but he did not dare to tell Hammand so, and he only said, "We shall be found out, and then we shall be whipped."—"Very well," said Hammond, in a contemptuous tone, "if you

are such a coward, I will ask Jack Benson to go, and I will tell him and all the boys what a fool you are."

He was then going away, but George stopped him and said, " I will go with you;" but it was in a feeble tone of voice, for George knew that he was doing wrong, and he felt ashamed of himself; but he had not courage to refuse; and after settling the time with Hammond, went away.

Now George showed himself much more of a coward by acting against his duty, because he was afraid of being laughed at; and rather than bear a little ridicule, which *really* brave boys do not mind, he consented to offend God, and grieve his kind benefactor.

When evening came, Hammond and George stole softly out of the house, and when they got to the widow's garden

Hammond climbed the wall, while George remained outside, to see that no one was near; but he thought when his turn came to get some plums, he would make some excuse, and hurry home; but when Hammond had got some himself, he did not care whether his companion had any or not, so he said that he was not going to wait any longer; and George went away quite light-hearted, and tried to think that he had not done any thing wrong, because he had not himself taken any of the fruit; but it is almost as wicked to help another to do wrong, as to do so ourselves.

Now Hammond did not offer George any of the plums he had taken, as he only wanted George to go with him, so that if he was found out, he should not be punished alone; for the wicked

always want others to be as wicked and miserable as themselves. And George did not wish for the plums, but he could not help thinking within himself that Hammond was a very selfish boy, and he felt quite surprised, for George did not know that bad people are always selfish, and he began to wish that he had never had any thing to do with Hammond; and as his companion walked softly along, he fell into deep thought, and studying how he should break off all acquaintance with him, he did not perceive that after a little while Hammond had left him alone, till seeing a shadow in his path, he looked up suddenly, and perceived by the light of the moon, which shone full upon him, that his good friend Mr. Payson was coming towards him.

Then George felt ashamed, and for

the first time feared to look at Mr. Payson, who said, "What, George, are you out at such an hour? It is eleven o'clock, and such little boys as you ought to be fast asleep by this time."

Now George had long since found how delightful and good a thing it is to tell the truth; besides, as he had not taken any of the plums himself, he thought that Mr. Payson would not be very angry with him; so hesitating and stuttering, he at last said, "I have been with Hammond to get some plums, Sir," "Some plums! and at this time of night! I am afraid you have been taking what did not belong to you."

Then George saw that Mr. Payson looked very much grieved, and displeased, and he would have given the world if he had not seen him on such a disgraceful errand; for he loved his

benefactor dearly, although he did often what was not right; and he now began to feel more than he had ever done before, how wicked and ungrateful he had been to this kind friend, in showing himself undeserving of all his goodness; and he thought too, how grieved his dear sister would be, were she to know of his conduct; and all for what? because he was too proud to own himself afraid of doing wrong; so he resolved to tell Mr. Payson all his feelings, and all his thoughts, and to go to him as his best earthly friend; for his father, as I have before said, paid no attention to the minds and morals of his children.

While these thoughts were passing through George's mind, he had been going with Mr. Payson, nearer and nearer towards his school, and when they had nearly reached it, his bene-

factor, who appeared also to have been thinking, said, "Now, I suppose, you are afraid to go boldly up to the door and knock, but intend to get into the window, like a thief; did you not go out by the window?"

"Yes, Sir, but I am determined to be afraid no longer of any thing, but doing wrong and losing your favour;" said George, in a bold resolute tone of voice, "that is, I am determined to be proud no more, and then I shall not be a coward."

Mr. Payson saw how George trembled, even while he made this good resolution, for fear cannot be conquered all at once; but a determination to do so is the first and most important step, and as George marched up to the knocker and touched it, he stopped his arm. "No," said he, "you will only

rouse the scholars; you had better go in, as you came out to-night, and to-morrow I wish to have a little talk with you; I love and approve you for your good resolutions, be assured." George bid Mr. Payson good night with a happier heart, and when he stepped into the window of his room, he felt like a new person, so much power has a good resolution over the mind; and if all little boys knew how joyful George was that night, and how soundly he slept, they would all make a determination to be good, and resolve to keep it.

The next day George went to the house of Mr. Payson, and that good man took him into his study, and there George told him all his former fears, and all his resolutions and hopes. "Upon the strength of these resolutions, my dear boy," replied Mr. Payson, "depends

much of your present and future happiness; of your favour in the sight of your heavenly Father, and with me; I was going to say a great deal more to you, but I will not do it now; I will see what a week will bring forth. I shall take care that the poor widow is repaid for her loss, and you need say nothing about it; I should be sorry that Sarah should see her brother punished for theft."

George saw the smile on the lips of his benefactor; and as he took the way towards school, he prayed in his heart, that God would assist him in keeping the resolutions which he then made, and above all things, to keep him from pride; his prayer was heard, for God loves children who pray to him, and assists them, and though Hammond only a day or two after tempted him to sin, yet, strong in

his resolution, he resisted his attacks; and what surprised the bad boy more than any thing, ridicule no longer affected him. George soon found too, that when he no longer showed a *fear* of being laughed at, he was *laughed at* no longer; and this first step assisted him afterwards in other good resolutions; and George is now beloved and respected by every one who knows him.

LITTLE AGNES

AND

BLIND MARY.

"MOTHER, mother," cried little Agnes, running after Mrs. Hammond, as she was leaving the breakfast-room one morning, "will you let me walk with you to-day? and will you take me to see poor blind Mary? See, I have saved for her the orange my father gave me last night; she needs it more than I; do, dear mother, go with me."

"Is the handkerchief finished, my little daughter, which your brother George asked you to make for him

yesterday? You would not disoblige him, and leave that undone, for the sake of a walk this morning, even to see Mary."

"I would not disappoint my brother, mamma, for he is always kind to me, but I have nearly finished my work. I will this moment get my basket; do, dear mother, wait one half hour."

"Well, on the condition that your hems are neatly made, and you lose no time, I will defer going till nine o'clock."

Agnes was soon busily engaged, and did not raise her eyes from her work till it was almost completed. As she was threading her needle, she could not help saying to herself—"Well, I am very glad I have learned to keep my things in order, as mamma advised me: I dare say I should not have been

able to finish this handkerchief in time for George, if I had not cured myself of leaving my thimble, and needles, and scissors about the house. 'Tis a good rule—

"A place for everything;
And everything in its place."

At nine o'clock Mrs. Hammond, punctual to her appointment, looked into the parlour, and found Agnes just putting the last stitch to her work.

"It is done, mamma," said the little girl: "may I not go with you?"

"Yes, I shall be glad of your company; for you have tried to deserve your reward. But lose no time: tie on your bonnet and follow me, I shall walk very slowly."

Agnes joined her mother, and they were soon on their way to the humble dwelling where Mary Allen, a blind

orphan, had found a home, and almost motherly affection, under the kind care of a worthy woman who, though poor herself, could not see the helpless child left to suffer among strangers.

It was a beautiful morning in June, and Agnes thought the little birds had never sung so merrily as they did now, among the high branches of the elm trees that shaded the Mall. She was perfectly happy herself; and everything looked happy around her. Can you tell me, little children, why Agnes was so gay and cheerful? It was because she was good. When she did wrong, which was never wilfully, she always frankly confessed her fault, telling at once the truth, and the whole truth. She pitied every child who had not, like herself, kind parents to teach them how to do well, and she felt a particular pity for

blind Mary, for whom she had reserved her orange and had added to it, with her mother's permission, some sweet biscuits.

As they came near the house where Mary dwelt, they heard her singing. She had a sweet musical voice; Agnes thought more melodious even, than the little birds to which she had been listening.

They entered the room so quietly that the singer, unconscious of their presence, continued her plaintive notes.

"What friend have I in Heaven or earth,
What friend to trust but thee?
My father's dead,—my mother's dead,
My God, remember me!

"Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
And bid my troubles cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Mercy, and grace, and peace.

" I've not a secret grief or pain,
But he that secret knows :—
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity an orphan's woes !"

Mrs. Hammond spoke to Mary as soon as she paused, and asked if she were not happy now, with kind Mrs. Bennet.

" She is very good to me, ma'am," replied Mary; " very good indeed, but I think of my father and mother, as I sit here alone with my knitting, and I cannot help mourning for them, though I have so many blessings left: but then again, I remember what the good minister said to me when they died; that they would now both be free from pain and trouble for ever, and that God would take care of me, and that I must look to him for comfort.

" I think sometimes, ma'am, that I

should be very glad if I could see, and learn to work enough to support myself, but I am not discontented, though I miss my mother's voice:—it was she who taught me first to pray; and she used to read from the Bible, and other good books for my instruction and amusement; and now it is a comfort to think of those things which she did for me, and of the beautiful stories in the Scriptures; I wish I could hear them again."

"Does not Mrs. Bennet read to you?" inquired Agnes.

"She has little time to spare from her work, Miss, and can only give me a kind word or two now and then; she has three young children to support, and all their work to do besides. It is little I can do to help her; except to knit, and that is not much. Perhaps

one of these days I shall find something else to do that will turn to more profitable account for her."

"And have you always been blind?" said the little sympathising Agnes. "Were you never able to see the beautiful flowers, and the green grass, and know your dear friends?"

"I lost my sight by severe sickness, when I was but two years old, young lady, and if I ever saw those things, I have forgotten all of them now. I sometimes fancy that I know how they appear, when I hear others talking about them, but I feel most acquainted with the little singing birds, who wake me with their music in the morning, and cheer me often through the day, when I am sitting alone by the window."

"I have heard, mother, of people who could have blindness cured," said

Agnes, turning from Mary;—" do not you think it might be done for her?"

" Ah, no, Miss," said Mary, without waiting for any thing to be said; " I have been carried to the hospital, but nothing could be done to help me, and I know I must always be deprived of sight; but then I can hear, and learn a great deal in that way, and I can speak, and have good health,—Oh, I know I have many more blessings than troubles."

" You think well, to remember the comforts of your lot amid its deprivations," said Mrs. Hammond. " It is natural that you should mourn the loss of your affectionate parents, and if your feelings are properly controlled, I should hope you would often think and speak of them; but always remember, that as they were both honest and religious,

they are without doubt now much happier than if they were still on earth. You, if you are good, will never want friends; your heavenly Father will provide for you, and you must continue to love and serve him."

"Thank you, madam, for your good advice; I will not forget it."

"You may, I think," continued Mrs. Hammond, "learn to braid straw, which will vary your employment, and be likely to yield you a better support; though you will be taken care of, I commend your desire to do all you can; I think you will be happier to know that you can do something for yourself, than to be quite helpless. I know a kind young woman, who lives in the next street, and who I dare say will not only teach you, but find you work. You shall try to-morrow, if you will."

Mary joyfully accepted this offer, and repeated her grateful thanks. Her visitors now rose to go, Agnes having first given her the orange and biscuits, and promised, with her mother's consent, to read to her from the Bible three times a week, which was as often as she should be able to leave home.

Mrs. Hammond readily gratified Agnes by approving her design of reading to Mary, and they bade her a cheerful good morning.

Agnes was silent as they walked along for some time, at last she asked some account of Mary before she had known her, and her mother told her all she knew of her family.

"Mr. and Mrs. Allen were an industrious couple, and lived till a year before their decease, in a retired town in New Hampshire: the offer of higher

wages than he could receive in his native town induced William Allen to remove with his family to Boston. For some time, all went on prosperously, and he hoped to make some provision for his blind child, should any thing happen to take him from her. This virtuous desire he did not live to accomplish, being taken suddenly and violently ill: he died after a week's suffering. His wife, whose health had been rather declining, took the fever of which he died; and, weakened by the uninterrupted nursing she had paid during her husband's sickness, she too fell a victim to its attack, and within less than a fortnight Mary Allen lost both father and mother. She had now no relative except an uncle, her father's only brother, who had been at sea several years. Nothing had been heard con-

cerning him for a long time; many people supposed that he might be dead, and Mary felt herself almost alone in the world."

The tears rolled down Agnes' cheek while she listened to this brief history of the blind girl.—"And who," inquired she, "first took care of Mary?"

"It was some time after the death of her parents, before the afflicted child could be soothed and quieted; she hardly comprehended the nature of death—she had never seen the change which it makes on all, but she felt that her parents would never speak to her again, and while she thought of their dying words, that they 'humbly trusted they should go to heaven,' to that place where Mary had heard her mother say, every body who was good would one day be happy, she only long-

ed to go to them; but she was told that if it was the will of God that she should live many years longer in this world, she must be resigned and contented. In a few weeks she could think more calmly of all her parents had taught her; and she resolved to do what she believed would please them were they now alive and with her.

"Mary never was heard to express discontent or peevishness. She received most thankfully every little attention that was paid her by the kind-hearted and sympathising neighbours. Those who had known her parents, and respected them for their piety and industry, felt for the desolate situation of the child thus left without an earthly relative or guardian; they were most of them too poor to be incumbered with the additional support of a helpless

child, and they consulted what was best to be done for her.

"Many plans were proposed and rejected, and they were still doubting what provision should be made, though they thought it might be well that she should live a month in turn with each of them, when Sarah Bennet, the good woman with whom Mary lives, said that, though she was a lone widow with three children, the eldest but five years old, and nothing but her own labour for their support, she would herself take Mary Allen home. 'She can sleep with my Ruth, though the bed is small," said she, 'and little John shall lie with Eunice and me: as for her food, it is but little that she eats, and the few clothes she needs I will trust in Providence to find.'

"Many remonstrated with Mrs. Ben-

net for encumbering herself with such a charge, but she was determined now, and said she only did as she would be done by; that if she had a blind child she should not feel happy to have it changing from place to place, with no one to look after it with steady care; and that if her own children had a little less they would never suffer for it. So blind Mary was taken that night to Mrs. Bennet's humble dwelling; but though poverty was there, it was united to peace of mind, honest industry, and active piety."

Agnes was all attention to the narrative; "And did the little children feel glad, mother," asked she, "that Mary was to live with them?"

"They were too young to think much about it," replied Mrs. Hammond, "but they soon became fond of her, and their

childish, affectionate prattle amused Mary as she sat by the window with her knitting. Sometimes she could please the youngest, and lull her to sleep by singing hymns, and in many little things of that sort, she was quite helpful—'Oh?' she would say, 'if I could see to walk about, I would wait upon you, instead of making you take so many steps for me.'

"Mrs. Bennet always answered cheerfully—'never think of that, Mary; you may sing to the little ones, and that will keep them from hindering my work; you can help me in that way.'

"Still with all her economy and care, it was hard to provide for the necessary wants of the family, and as winter came on, the difficulty of keeping out of debt, and not suffering from cold, daily increased. Yet the winter passed away

and no extreme suffering came upon this poor family. Though in the spring many wants were to be supplied, these wants a kind Providence relieved, as you shall hear.

"The widow was not without her deserved reward; one day a carriage broke down before her door, and a lady and child, who were riding, were thrown from it and slightly hurt. The child's hand was cut and bruised, and Mrs. Lawrence, that was the lady's name, accepted Mrs. Bennet's offers of assistance, and entered her small but clean kitchen. When the wound was dressed, and they were waiting for another carriage, Mrs. Lawrence asked of her humble friend if the children she saw there were all her own. 'No, ma'am, the three youngest are mine, and yet I may say the other is too, for she has no pa-

rents, and I have taken her till a better home offers, and I love the poor orphan even the more for her very helplessness; she is so good and so grateful too, ma'am, that it quite does one's heart good to give her any thing.'

" ' But have you no other dependance for support than the work you are able to get from day to day?' asked Mrs. Lawrence.

" ' Not any, madam, but I have always found, that when I put my trust in God, he has never failed to comfort and provide for me. I sometimes doubt how we shall get through the cold weather, but then I remember the blessed words of Scripture, ' Cast thy burthen on the Lord, and he will sustain thee,' and am cheerful again.'

" ' Providence I feel has directed me to you,' said the lady, deeply interested

in the scene, ' and I consider the accident which has caused my delay as most fortunate. You shall hear from me again to-morrow.'

" To-morrow came, and two ladies at an early hour knocked at the door of Sarah Bennet,—she was busy as usual, and orderly too; and there was no confusion when they entered; if poverty was there in that quiet apartment, there also was humble thankfulness and pious content.

" Mary Allen had the youngest child in her arms, which was still and happy under her gentle care; the other children, Ruth and John, had been collecting a basket of chips from a carpenter's yard near by, and Mrs. Bennet was busied in ironing and washing clothes to be sent home in an hour.

" The ladies would not suffer her to

leave her employment, but desired her, while she was finishing her work, to tell them her situation and need.

"'I have been a widow six months,' said Sarah Bennet; 'while my dear John was alive and hearty, his labour, with what I could do, kept us all comfortable. We were never in debt, and contrived to lay up a little money against a day of need. John would often say, 'Spare now, Sarah, that we may not beg by and by.'

"'As I was saying, we laid by a little money, and when John was taken sick it was a real comfort to be able honestly to provide him with what he needed. I could not bring my mind at first to give him over, but it was the will of God, and I closed his eyes while yet a prayer for his family was on his lips, and these words of hope were his last,

'I die in peace, and look for a blessed life beyond the grave.'

"'You have done your duty to the best of your power,' said Mrs. Lawrence, when these few particulars were thus plainly related; 'and your reward will be given in part, even in this world. My friend and myself will never allow you to want, and we will clothe Mary Allen, and give you for her board any sum that will be a sufficient recompense for your care of her.'

"The grateful tears of Mrs. Bennet prevented her expressing her thanks, and after settling a few things we left her one of the happiest, and most grateful of women. My little daughter, you know that I was the friend who accompanied Mrs. Lawrence to the lowly home of Sarah Bennet. This is the third time I have been there, and Mary's

desire to earn something for herself is so manifest, that I think it right she should be aided as much as possible."

By this time Mrs. Hammond and Agnes had arrived at their own door, and the former, mindful of her promise, sent for the straw braider, who undertook for a trifling recompense, to teach blind Mary how to plait.

As for Agnes, she sought George and gave him an animated account of her visit, and then hastened away for her books, that her lessons might be well learnt, and she deserve the indulgence of going the next day to read Bible stories to Mary.

At dinner, Agnes again recounted the incidents of the morning, to her father, and begged that he would give her some books for the Bennet family. "Do, dear father," said she entreat-

ingly, " they are so good, so very good; even little John, who is not four years old, is not idle, but helps Ruth to get bits of wood, which the carpenters are glad to give away to any who will take them; indeed, father, they deserve to be praised," continued the happy child.

Mr. Hammond gave his daughter hopes that her request should be granted, on condition that she should deserve the pleasure of giving books to others in proportion as her own were profitably used.

To do Agnes justice, I must say, that she rarely was found deficient in her lessons; and, on this occasion, stimulated by a worthy desire to benefit others, her diligence was doubled, and she was delighted the next day, by the gift of a Bible for Mary, which she was to keep, that those who were so kind as to read

to her, might receive the book from her own hands.

"She cannot read herself, mamma, I know," said Agnes, "but she will like to feel that she has one of her own that may always be near her."

The smaller children were not forgotten, and Ruth, who was now to be sent to school, was furnished with a spelling-book, and little John also, who was to go with Ruth, had a small book, containing the first lessons for children.

Agnes arrived, after a pleasant walk, at Mrs. Bennet's, and found all things managed with the customary order of industrious neatness, which so much raised the widow in the esteem of all who visited her dwelling. Mary was trying to braid straw, and had made some progress in the work. Her touch was so delicate, that she easily arranged

the small slips on the proper sides, and had less trouble in joining the ends than one would suppose, from her very short experience in the business. Agnes seated herself, and opened the Bible.

"I will read any thing you like," said she to Mary.

"If you please then, Miss Agnes, I should like to hear the story of the blind man to whom the Saviour restored sight, and that one about raising the little girl to life."

"Oh, you mean Jairus's daughter," said Agnes. "Yes, I can find them easily; mamma read them to me last week."

The stories were found, and read to Mary, who listened with fixed attention. She could understand every word that Agnes spoke; for this little girl was

not sitting there merely to get quickly through with what some would have thought a weary way of spending time, but with a real desire to comfort and instruct the blind child.

She read slowly and distinctly, and when she had done, told Mary all the things her mother had said, when she read these affecting stories to her at home.

She had just closed the book, and given it into Mary's care, when Ruth came in. She held in her hand some beautiful flowers, which a gardener had given her, where she had been to take home a small basket of clothes; for Ruth, though but five years old, had been early taught by necessity to do such little errands. She came eagerly and offered to Agnes the sweetest buds of all she had.

"Do take them, Miss," said she; "they will live a long time in water."

Agnes could not refuse, for the earnest look of sincerity on the face of Ruth, told her how pleased she would be if her gift were accepted. In return she received her new spelling-book with thankfulness, and promised to learn as well as she could, all the time that she should go to school. They were thus seated near the open window, when a loud knock disturbed their conversation. Mrs. Bennet sent Ruth to the door, but the child quickly came back, casting behind her a look of timid fearfulness.

She was unceremoniously followed by a rough, hard-looking sailor, who walked into the kitchen, and looked inquiringly about him.

"Does not William Allen, with his wife and child, live hereabouts, good

woman ?" said he, addressing Mrs. Bennet, who did not feel very much pleased with his familiarity, as he threw himself without invitation upon a chair.

" Here have I," continued the sailor, " been tossed upon the ocean these five years, and hoped, now that the gales of fortune had favoured me, as well as the gales of wind, I should put into snug port under my brother and sister's roof —but a weary time have I had of it. After travelling more than a hundred miles into New Hampshire, in one of your stage coaches, that makes the head dizzy, worse by far than a seat on the mast head of a ship riding out a storm; I say, after putting my life in jeopardy, and my limbs in durance, I had my labour for my pains—for no brother and sister were there; and I only received the information that they had long since

moved to your city. I was fain to come back, though something sorry to see the neat farm neglected, where William and Mary lived happily and kindly together, as man and woman should do when they are moored in the harbour of matrimony. The fences are now falling down, and the garden is grown over with weeds, and it seemed like a bad omen, when I looked upon the wreck, and it made a sort of dreary feeling come over me, more dismal than the wailing of the blast through the rigging of a ship before a gale. Now, I ask, good woman, once more, if you know where my kin have cast their anchor; for I have a mind to lay my ship alongside of theirs."

During this harangue, Mrs. Bennet, with each member of her family, including Agnes, had remained silent,

gazing with fixed attention on the sun-burnt visage of the honest tar.

The widow at last found voice to speak. "I have known William and Mary Allen," said she; "it is true, they did live in this neighbourhood." Here tears impeded the utterance of the kind-hearted Mrs. Bennet, and the sailor, who had earnestly regarded her, now turned his eyes upon blind Mary, who was sobbing aloud.

The truth burst upon his mind at once. "You would tell me if you could," said he, in a hoarse voice, "that my brother and sister have loosed from the shores of time, and launched on the ocean of eternity."

"It is even so," said the widow, who now wept freely; "they departed in peace, and are now in heaven, we doubt not."

The sailor leaned his head on the

table for a few minutes, as if ashamed his grief should have any witnesses; then suddenly rising, he advanced towards the still weeping Mary. "And this is the nursling," said he, "whom I have carried for hours in these arms, and sung to rest, poor thing, many's the time, since her sight was lost. Do you quite forget your uncle, child?" continued he, drawing her to him.

Poor Mary could hardly speak; when she was more composed, she said, "Oh, I remember your kindness to me well; and the many songs you used to sing, and the cakes you used to bring me. My dear father and mother, too, spoke of you every day, and they prayed night and morning that you might escape the dangers of the sea, and come home to dwell with us; but, before they died, all had given you up for lost. Oh, how

glad they would have been to see you once more."

"I've had a hard time, Mary," said her uncle, "and passed through great perils. We were nearly wrecked twice on our home-bound passage; but He who ruleth the winds and the seas, stilled the tempest; and I am here with no relation in the world but you, Mary. You must live with me, and I will take care of you; it shall never be said that the sailor, old bluff Tom, as my mess-mates call me, left his brother's orphan to the bounty of strangers, while he had a dollar to share with her."

"And are you going to take away our Mary?" said Ruth and John, acquiring confidence to approach the sailor. "Who will sing like her, and talk gently to us, and rock Eunice to sleep, while mother does the work? Oh, do not take Mary."

This earnest appeal affected the uncle. "Do you then love blind Mary?" said he.

"Oh yes, as well as we do each other," replied the children in one voice; "don't we mother?" appealing to Mrs. Bennet.

"Mary is as one of us," said the widow; "she shares our bed and food; and I may say she is now as dear to me as either of my own children. Nevertheless, if it be for her good, dear child, that we part with her, why, it would be sinful to keep her here; though miss her we all should, and that with sorrow."

Mrs. Bennet then related the particulars concerning Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and Mary's helpless state after they were dead—with which my little readers have already been made acquainted—and ended by again saying, if Mary was to

be better off, then she would not oppose her going, though she would rather work yet harder for the little ones than lose her.

We now leave Mrs. Bennet's family awhile, to follow Agnes, who found it was already past the time her mother had appointed for her return. She walked hastily home, and eager to relate the events of the morning, forgot that she ought first to account for her late return.

Mrs. Hammond questioned her, and, on learning the cause, excused the delay, as we think all mothers would have done under similar circumstances. Just then George came in with his father, and Agnes enjoyed the pleasure of recounting to them the story of her morning visit to Mary Allen. All listened with interest, and were anxious to know whether Mary would leave her faithful

and generous friend, who had been a second mother.

"She will not go," said Agnes, deciding in her own mind what she wished should be the result; "she certainly will not go."

"You must be less positive," said her father; "if her uncle can take care of her, she ought not to remain a burthen on Mrs. Bennet, who has already children enough to take up her time and care."

"But, father—" continued the little girl. Here she was interrupted by George, who said it would be much the wisest plan to wait a week or two, and then they should know certainly what was to be done.

They had not long to wait—for about a month after Agnes returned from spending her usual hour with Mary Al-

len, and her speaking countenance proclaimed that she brought news from the family of the widow.

"Mary is going away, mother," said she, "and I am both glad and sorry. I am glad for her sake that she is to have a more comfortable home; and sorry, that I shall not read to her any more. But this is not all I have to tell you. Her uncle has bought the farm that Mary's parents used to own, and now George, you are good at guessing, what else do you think is to be done?"

"Why, I already know," replied George, laughing; "I have seen Thomas Allen himself, this morning."

"Well then, tell my mother," said Agnes, too good-natured to be disappointed that she alone had not the secret.

George then said, that the farm was

to be put in good order, and that in a few weeks Mrs. Bennet would be Mrs. Allen, and that the children were half wild with joy that they and Mary were certain of living together.

"Oh mother, you do not know how happy they all are," said Agnes; "and they will have such a good home. Mary is still to braid straw, because she will not be idle, and she can do that better than any thing else."

Mrs. Hammond expressed the pleasure she felt in the good fortune of the widow; and George, with Agnes, was permitted to call on Mrs. Lawrence, their mother's friend, who had first interested them in the widow's family, and inform her of the favourable change which had taken place in their present circumstances and future prospects.

Mrs. Lawrence received them affec-

tionately, for she loved all children who, like George and Agnes, were careful to obey the directions of their parents, were respectful to their older friends, and obliging and social with those of their own age. Mrs. Lawrence listened with interest to their account of the Bennets, and said she should see them before their removal.

They returned home in an hour; and here we must take leave of our young friends.

POSTSCRIPT.

About a year has passed since these events occurred. I have learnt that Thomas Allen is happily established on his flourishing farm,—that Mrs. Allen is the same industrious, neat, orderly housewife in prosperity, as she was in adverse circumstances. The cheerful disposition of Mary makes her a general

favourite,—the other children are doing well at school, except little Eunice, who is still too young to learn much. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are happy in the constant improvement of George and Agnes, who make friends wherever they go. To the advice and wishes of their parents they pay the strictest attention; and are likely to make good children, good friends, and good members of society.

GEORGE MILLS.

"THERE is no use in learning—there is no use in looking at this tiresome book," said naughty George, as, with discontented, uneasy looks, he left his book on the table, his lesson hardly looked at,—"I don't see any use in learning."

"I am very sorry for that," said his mother, who had silently remarked the indolence of George during the last half hour,—"I am sorry you do not like your books, and I think you will be sorry too, when you are grown to be a man, if you do not repent even before that time."

"I can learn when I am a man, and better and faster than I can now," said George; "I want to play now, and so I will go to the play-room," and he went towards the parlour-door.

"Stop a minute, my son," said Mrs. Mills, "do you think, when you are a man grown, should your life be spared, that you shall find time to learn reading, and writing, and spelling? Do you not think that other employments will claim your time and attention? And what society do you expect to enjoy meanwhile? The company of the ignorant is not sought by those whose good opinion and friendship are at all valuable."

George heard his mother, but he was not in good humour, and instead of thanking her for the good advice she gave him, he stood awkwardly twisting

a corner of his handkerchief, and not in the least more disposed to take his book, and study for half an hour, the lesson which Mr. Price had appointed him to learn.

Mrs. Mills resumed her work, and, after some time, George walked up to his brother Henry, who was industriously applying his mind to his lesson, and asked him to go and help him to make his kite; but Henry told him he could not play till his lessons were learned, and advise dhim to give up the idea of making his kite then, and sit by him, and he would help him to get his lesson, if he could do it better with his assistance.

You will think now, my little friends, that George could not resist this kindness of his brother's, but I grieve to say that it made no impression on him;

for, finding that Henry would not be enticed from his duty, he left him, and went to search for, and collect the twine, paper, and cross sticks which were to compose his kite: these found, he wanted paste to fasten the paper together, and fix it to the frame which he had, with some labour, shaped to his mind.

To the kitchen went George, to beg the cook would boil him some paste, but she was too much engaged about her own work to find leisure to satisfy his wants; so George got the flour himself, and mixed it with water in a tin cup, and put the cup on the fire, that the mixture might boil, and become what is called adhesive, or sticky. He was not used to this employment, and while he was clumsily stirring it, he burnt his hand; then he cried a long time, and

when he next thought of his paste, it was all dried to the cup, and good for nothing.

George was now cross with the cook, because she had not left her work to make his paste;—he was cross with his brother, because he had not left his lessons to help to make his kite; and lastly, he was cross with himself, in consequence of his own wayward folly, though he would not mend his fault, by acknowledging, and, though late, attempting to repair it. In fact, he, as you will believe, felt altogether uncomfortable and unhappy.

He thought, after standing some time before the fire, that he would make some more paste; so he scraped from the cup that which was burnt, and made the vessel fit for use, but now the cook was out of the kitchen, and he could not ask

her to get him more flour; and, instead of waiting till she came in, he attempted to get it for himself, but his foot slipped while he was reaching for the box, the cover came off, and he fell on the floor, covered with its whole contents; he got up, and tried as well as he could to repair the mischief; meanwhile the cook returned, and finding what was done, took from him the cup and flour, and insisted on his leaving the kitchen directly, at the same time telling him that he knew his mother would not choose him to be there, giving so much trouble.

George saw it would avail little to stay longer there, so he sought the play-room, with his partly finished kite, and sat down alone, and without pleasure. Nothing could be done without Henry, he found; and he returned to the par-

lour, in the hope of persuading him, this time, to come with him and play.

Henry was still by his mother's side, learning, with her kind assistance, a geography lesson: his mother did not speak and smile kindly on George when he entered, as she always did when he had been deserving and attentive; and, afraid to disturb his brother, he went again to the solitary play-room, and there sat quite listless and idle half an hour; then he attempted to put his dissecting, historical pictures together, but this resource failed; he completely interchanged the kings of France, Spain, and England, making queen Elizabeth govern France, king Lewis, Spain, and king Ferdinand, England. He threw them aside in disgust, forgetting that all his unhappiness arose from himself, and his own wilful indolence.

Presently he heard the voice of his mother as she passed down the stairs, and looking from the window he saw her go abroad with his father and brother; George hoped he should be invited to join them, but he was not noticed, and was obliged to sit down again alone and weary; weary of having done nothing, and most of all miserable from neglecting the counsel of his mother.

Henry, on the contrary, who had learned his lessons very perfectly, was happy and in good humour: he was a kind-hearted boy, and though his brother George had been naughty, he was sorry that he could not go out with his parents and himself to walk, and see every thing that was new and amusing.

They first walked through the Mall, which is pleasant at almost all seasons, then down School-street to the head of

State-street, to look at some new and handsome prints and paintings which were there for sale. Henry's father bought him a pretty book full of historical engravings, and an elastic ball nicely covered with woven hair, and a large clasp knife; these latter articles Henry had wanted a long time, and he now, as he thanked his father for them, resolved that he would use them with care, and guard against losing them.

Henry loved play very much, but not so much, as you have already seen, as to dislike his books; indeed, I think that the reason he played with so much spirit and pleasure was, because he did not play all the time, but at the proper hours was a studious and attentive boy in school and at home.

As they were returning home, Henry

ran gaily before his father and mother, when they were in the Mall, throwing up his ball, then bounding with all the activity of happy boyhood to seek it, enjoying himself till they reached home, where they found idle George, neither happy at play, nor the wiser for his books.

Henry, whose feelings were all kind, would have shared with him his presents, but his father forbade him, saying, that those who would not work, must not share the reward of those who did; adding further, that when George could learn his lessons without giving so much trouble to his friends, or would remember to follow the counsel of his mother, he too might look for encouragement and favour, but that now his punishment was just, and must not be mitigated.

Henry had a little cousin who lived

very near his own home; he was a good child, and the two little boys often played together, and were never seen to quarrel or disagree in any way. If Henry had a plaything which his cousin liked, he always lent it to him, and so of the other; thus mutually contributing each to the other's diversions.

To see his cousin Frank, now Henry hastened, and they played ball together till dinner-time, and then parted; for they knew they were required to be punctual or they should lose their meal, for the table was not kept waiting for them, and they were not suffered to sit down after the rest of the family were seated. By being always punctual in this respect you will rightly suppose that they were so in others, and it is but doing them justice to say, they were never tardy at school or elsewhere.

George, meantime, had been moping round the room, and now that dinner was ready, had no appetite for eating, while Henry, on the contrary, having first faithfully studied his lessons, and then refreshed and enlivened himself by exercise, had an appetite for his meal and enjoyed it: at the same time he was improved by the conversation of his parents, and tried to profit from all they said.

Dinner being ended, the boys set off for school, but with very different feelings;—Henry went prepared to recite his lessons; George knew that his were yet to learn.

Henry ranked high in his class, and before his recitations were ended, stood first: his class-mates were glad for him when their master bestowed on him the deserved commendation of an in-

dustrious, steady boy, and this he felt was reward enough for his constant application.

Not so with indolent George; his neglected lessons caused him to be at the foot of his class, and indeed so little did he know of them, that while the other boys had their recess for play, he was obliged to remain in his desk, and though unwillingly, apply to his books. His master could not praise him, and thus he lost his credit and his pleasure too.

When school was ended at night, and the boys had returned home, George, who now felt some shame for his conduct, took his book when Henry did his, and thought he would study like him at proper times, and then play with him during the hours allotted for their recreation.

He felt his folly the more when his little brother Lewis, who was not quite three years old, showed his knot of pink ribbon as a testimony that he had learnt all the letters of the alphabet which were so nicely painted on his little square blocks of wood, and could pick out those which spelt "good boy," and said further, that all the little boys at school could do as much; and he asked his brothers Henry and George to come and see how well he could build up his wall of letters, and he called over each, as he picked out the blocks, in great glee. Soon after this was done, his weariness gave evidence that it was time for him to kiss them all, and bid good night, and he left the parlour happy and quite satisfied with having done so much; lisping as the door was shut, that he should soon read for himself the pretty

stories which Henry sometimes was kind enough to read to him.

The boys resumed their lessons, and Henry, who was patient and assiduous, was fast learning his, when George gave manifest signs of impatience and dissatisfaction. His eyes often wandered from his book, and at last he quite forsook it, and began twirling a top in his fingers.

"Had you not better study now, my son?" said Mrs. Mills, "you will soon know that short lesson if you try to fix your attention upon it. Consider how much you have to-day lost of rational enjoyment, by neglecting your book, and how much you must continue to lose if this indolence be persevered in. When Saturday comes, you know your review comes with it; and how will it be possible for you to acquire a week's

lessons in one evening: and how mortifying to bring home week after week evidence of your deficiency—while so many other boys of your own age are noted only for diligence and industry. Ah George, believe me, your repentance will be vain by and by:—'the present time,' says the proverb, 'is the only time,' and you will find, as you grow up, it is no easy matter to repair the faults of early years. They gain power and strength over you by long indulgence, and it will be vain to commence at the age of manhood, that work which should have been finished in earlier life. Come, imitate your brother, and your attentive companions; conquer at once this unwillingness to study, and begin the work of reformation this evening."

George listened to his mother, and

for a time looked on his book, and thought it would indeed be better to follow her advice and imitate his brother Henry's industry; but idle habits are not to be destroyed at once, and George, unhappily, had too long nourished his to have the power of throwing them off without repeated efforts; he felt for a time the trouble it would cost him to free himself from their evil effects.

With reluctance he continued a little while to study his lesson, but for a few moments only did he give such heed to it as was necessary. His thoughts wandered; he recollected that his bow wanted a new string, and despite of his mother's grave looks, he went in search of it, saying it would take but a few minutes to string it, and after that he would return to his book.

Henry said if George would wait till

the morning he would help him to fix his bow, and give him his own new arrows. Mrs. Mills looked as if she doubted whether, after all this, George would be willing to study more that night.

All would not do, and the bow took the place of his lessons in the mind of George.

The children were never allowed to carry open lamps about the house in the evening, and each was always provided with a small glass lantern. George had lighted his, but when he got to the play room where he expected to find his bow, the lamp did not give as much light within the lantern as he wanted, and he opened it and took out the lamp; he knew this was wrong, but he hoped to find his bow-string quickly, and then he meant to replace it. He had made a heap of shavings in the morning while

planing a piece of board, and as he stooped down to see if the string had fallen among them, a spark fell from the lamp, and the dry shavings immediately caught fire and blazed, threatening to burn every thing in the room, for many combustible articles were scattered there.

George screamed loudly, and the whole family, alarmed, hastened to the spot just in time to prevent greater mischief. George was led from the room where he had been thus improperly employed, and though his clothes were scorched, and his hands burnt in attempting to extinguish the fire, he found little sympathy from any individual; even Henry, who was so good to his brother, could not feel sorry for him now, and his parents were seriously displeased with him, for he had not endangered

the house only, but the lives of all the family.

There was no excuse for him, for he had often been cautioned against carelessness in the use of a lamp, and his father told him that since he could not be safely trusted with one, he must suffer the inconvenience of going about the house without any, and that he must also go to bed in the dark, and if he could not undress himself readily and find his night clothes at once, he must remember that he merited the punishment of this inconvenience.

George was desired to go directly to bed, and his parents did not bid him good night or look as affectionately upon him as they did on Henry, and he departed without the usual motherly kiss.

His hands, though the burns had been

dressed with cotton and olive oil, smarted very much, and he could not sleep for a long time; be began to think of the events of the day, and perceived how entirely all his disappointments and sufferings had arisen from his own heedlessness and indolence. He thought with terror of the fatal effects he had been near producing in setting fire to the house, and he now distinctly, too, remembered all his mother's good advice, and how little heed he had given to her warnings.

He thought likewise of Henry, and felt how much more worthy he was of love and respect than himself, and he once again thought he would try to be more like him,—to merit like him the approbation of his friends and his own self-approval.

After this period there was a sensible

change in the character of George; he began to try to subdue his habits of indolence, and advance in his studies. It is true this was no very easy task, and it required more resolution than he possessed to enable him in any degree to approach that excellence which characterised Henry, who, having never cherished ill habits, had none to correct; not that I would say that Henry was faultless, but his general habits were good, and his love of study increased with his years. Henry's happiness kept pace with his advance in knowledge, and his pleasures with his usefulness. He made his excellent parents happy by his industry and right improvement of all the advantages they bestowed on him, and endeavored to repay their tender care, by dutiful attention and mindfulness of all that could contribute to their ease or satis-

faction. His example to all his associates was worthy of imitation, and he took every means of interesting and assisting George in his studies, but I fear he never had the pleasure to see him really love them.

Henry grew up to be an eminent and useful man; a blessing to his parents, and an honor to society; active and energetic, his valuable influence was widely extended,—and his reputation rested on a sure foundation.

George too grew to manhood, but his days passed almost unnoticed, and the good he did was small indeed in comparison to what it might have been had he early loved his books, and applied to learning.

I trust that those children who read this story, will not hesitate which of these two boys they will take for their

pattern; and while they avoid the faults which marked the character of George, be equally careful that they make the virtues of Henry their own,—early distinguishing themselves in goodness, and seeking to lead lives of usefulness and piety; never suffering a day to pass without witnessing some advance in virtue, and some good done to their fellow beings,—keeping in mind the commandment with promise, "Honor thy father and thy mother:"—and also these teachings, "By *slothfulness* the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands the building droppeth through:"—"but the soul of the diligent shall be made rich."

THE RISING SUN.

ALICE CLIFFORD was a little girl very much addicted to sleeping in the morning. Thus she lost some of the best hours of the day. She was generally behind-hand with her lessons; and every thing she did went on in a heavy and wearisome manner. While her little companions appeared at school with their cheeks blooming like the rose, and looking so cheerful and happy, Alice was pale, and dull; and the difficulty was, that she never suspected this arose from her continuing in bed, when she should have been up, and active.

Alice had long been expecting her

cousins, Aurelia and Elizabeth Austin, living in a distant town, to pass a few weeks with her. She had never seen these young cousins; but she had an affectionate heart, and she felt that she should love them.

One beautiful evening in the month of June, a note arrived to the parents of Alice, from their sister, Mrs. Austin, saying that she had journeyed on, with her young daughters, to within a few miles; but that as she was fatigued she should defer the remainder of the ride until the morning; "and as my little girls are early risers," she continued in the note, "we shall probably be with you by six o'clock."

Alice, who considered that hour about midnight, scarcely believed it possible that any one could rise and journey so early; but so much did she

wish to receive her cousins with cordial hospitality, that she begged her mamma to call her by five o'clock.

When we think, at going to sleep, of an expected happiness for the morning, we are apt to awake at the hour which we had set in our own minds. Alice was even earlier than her thought; for it was scarcely half-past four when she awoke. The light of morning was peeping in at her nearly closed shutters; and not knowing how light it ought to be at five o'clock, she arose, not, it must be confessed, without gaping; but still, when Alice was *determined* to do a thing, she did not want for resolution and perseverance. She dressed herself, and unclosed her shutters;—but what was her astonishment at the glory which burst upon her enraptured sight! The eastern

sky, rich beyond all that her imagination had ever painted, was altogether indescribable in its effect upon her feelings.

"What can this brightness be?" she asked herself; and beginning to be frightened at an appearance in nature so new to her, she ran to the chamber of her mother, to beg that she would come and see if she could tell the cause. Mrs. Clifford, half suspecting the truth, looked from a window fronting the east, while Alice timidly peeped over her shoulder. The view had a little changed within the few moments passed by Alice since leaving her own chamber. A glorious luminary now appeared rising, as it were, from a sea of gold.

"You simpleton, it is sun-rise," said Mrs. Clifford, smiling.

Yes, my little readers, it is but too true, Alice Clifford had never before seen the rising sun.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that I have so many—many times lost the beauty of an hour like this?"

Alice was not an unreflecting child; and when she considered how much time she had lost in sleep, she felt that she had sinfully wasted the hours which had been given her for better purposes; and she asked in her morning prayer that she might be forgiven, resolving that in future she would endeavour to do better. She then walked into the garden. It appeared more beautiful to her than ever before. The flowers, as if in gratitude, put forth their loveliest charms, and glistened with drops of crystal dew. The birds of heaven uttered their songs of joy and praise; and

all nature was full of music, of life, and of happiness.

"O how much have I lost!" exclaimed Alice, regretfully. "I shall never, I hope, be so foolish and so naughty again."

After a little while her mother called her in, lest walking long, at an hour so unusual, should injure her health; and Alice devoted the remaining time, till six o'clock, to her lessons. By the appointed hour she found, to her great satisfaction, that she had learned them perfectly; and in a few minutes afterwards the carriage of her aunt drew up to the gate, and Mrs. Austin, followed by two charming, blooming little girls, looking as happy as sister fairies, alighted. The meeting between the family and their guests was a joyful

one; and the little girls soon became cordially acquainted.

In the afternoon they walked out, and as they were passing a poor hut, Aurelia asked if children lived there.

"Yes, three or four," replied Alice. "They are very poor, and often come to our house to beg. Mamma always gives them something."

"I wonder if they are not in want of clothes," said Elizabeth. "Our mother lets us work for the poor little children in our neighbourhood, in the morning, early; and in the course of a week we can finish several garments."

"How early?" asked Alice.

"We sew from five to six," was the reply.

"O how much time have I lost!" thought Alice.

On their way home they entered the hut, and saw one poor little girl with a ragged frock, and another with no frock at all; and a third with an apron completely in tatters. The mother of these poor children had been sick; and so they had come to be very ragged.

"How pleasant it would be," whispered Aurelia to her cousin, "to make some clothes for these poor children. Let us ask our mammas to buy materials, and permit us to go to work tomorrow morning."

Alice, who had a kind heart, was much pleased at the thought; and when, on reaching home, the little girls mentioned the subject, Mrs. Clifford, as well as her sister, very readily came into their plan; for Mrs. Clifford was a kind hearted woman, though her methods of almsgiving had not always

been so judicious as those adopted by the mother of Aurelia and Elizabeth.

On the following morning Alice arose as early as her cousins; and her eyes were again delighted with the beauties of morning. She at first, indeed, found her habit of sleeping late almost too powerful for her resolution; but she determined to conquer it by perseverance in a better habit, which, in the course of a summer, would save, for valuable purposes, so many hours. After breakfast, the ladies sent to the neighbouring town for articles proper to make clothes for the poor children. They cut and prepared them; and on the following morning the three cousins engaged in the pleasant work.

Alice had never been so happy in her life before. She found that in the course of a week she could accomplish

much; and O, when she, with her little guests, went to array the poor children in the neat and comfortable garments which they had prepared for them, she felt that she had cheaply purchased the heartfelt joy of doing good, by the sacrifice of slumber which she did not need. She became cheerful and blooming, enjoyed her hours of recreation better than ever before; and so vigorous had become her mind that she was now always ready with her lessons, at the proper seasons.

After her amiable little cousins left her, the subject of their letters was often the charms of early morning. They became accomplished and elegant young ladies; and, active in the performance of every duty, were beloved by all who knew them, and were happy in themselves; and Alice Clifford, through life,

blessed the remembrance of that morning, when the expected early visit of her cousins, induced her to leave her bed in time to witness the glorious hour of sunrise.

THE CABIN BOY.

Captain Wilson, of the brig Julien, was standing one morning at the end of the Central Wharf in Boston, waiting for a boat to come from his vessel, then lying in the stream, just ready to sail. He had paced to and fro, across the end of the wharf, several times, when he was accosted by a man in a mean dress leading along a little boy, who held a small bundle of clothes in his hand.

"Sir," said the man, "are you the master of that brig?"

"Yes, Sir, for want of a better," replied the captain.

"I wish you would take my little boy here, with you, to wait upon you in the cabin," said the man.

"Do you wish to make him a sailor? It is a hard life," said the captain.

"He has always been desirous to go to sea;" replied the man, "but I would not consent. Last week my house was destroyed by fire, and as I am a poor man, and have several other children to provide for, I am now willing to have him go. Mr. Courson, the owner of the Julien, told me last evening that he thought you would take him; and so I have brought him down this morning to see if you would be kind enough to let him go with you."

"I hope he is an honest and well-behaved boy," said the captain, casting a scrutinizing look at both father and son.

The man seemed a little embarrassed at the question, as if he thought his sincerity might be doubted where his interest was so much concerned; and he felt considerably relieved, when the boy pulled out of his bundle a neat pocket Bible, and opening it at the blank leaf in the beginning, held it up to the captain. He took it, and read,

"Presented to WILLIAM HARTOP, for constant attendance and excellent behaviour at the H—— Sunday school.

By S— E—, Teacher."

The father, feeling that he had a sort of voucher, for what he should say, now added, "I have never known him tell a lie, or do a dishonest action at home."

"Very well," said the captain, with an encouraging look, "you may go, my little fellow."

The boat now came off from the vessel, and Mr. Courson and one of his clerks came down from the store to deliver letters, and bid the captain farewell. Mr. Courson confirmed John Hartop's recommendation of his son, and in a few minutes William shook hands with his father, and stepped into the boat with the captain.

John Hartop remained sitting on a barrel, at the end of the wharf, gazing at the vessel which was to take his son from him, till her sails were spread, and she was moving majestically out of the harbour. He then rose and slowly returned to his dwelling.

After going on board the brig, William's first duty was to assist in putting the cabin in order. Trunks, packages, clothes, and furniture, were scattered about in every direction, and he found

abundant employment in placing them according to the steward's directions.

After a short passage the vessel arrived at Monte Video. This city is the capital of a province called the Banda Oriental or Eastern Province, on the east side of the great river La Plata. The business of the voyage required that they should remain there a long time; and William being required frequently to go on shore to wait upon the Captain, had considerable opportunity to observe the customs of the country. At first he was startled at the dark, swarthy visages and keen black eyes of the inhabitants. There was an oddness in their dress, and a vehemence in their manner of conversing, which, united with their rapid gestures, and the strange language they used, (for William had never heard the Spanish spoken before,)

made them appear like a strange and fierce set of beings.

But a few visits to the shore accustomed him to their manner, and enabled him to observe their habits more calmly. At that time the south American ports, which, for ages, had been shut against all nations but the Spanish and Portuguese, were just thrown open to foreign vessels in consequence of the revolution which made those countries independent. Foreigners, and particularly North Americans, were received by the inhabitants with the greatest politeness and cordiality. Indeed it was not unusual for the respectable people of this port to open their doors, as they saw a well-dressed foreigner pass in the streets, and invite him in, to partake of their hospitality.

One evening when William was fol-

lowing the Captain from his merchant's compting-house to the boat, which was waiting to take them to the vessel, they passed by an elegant house, which was splendidly illuminated, and filled with gay company. A gentleman standing in the door and seeing them pass, came out and invited the Captain to enter, which after some persuasion he did, bidding William wait for him in the entry.

It was a birth-day entertainment—and where he stood, William had a glimpse of the brilliant groups of ladies and gentlemen as they collected in different parts of the hall, or joined in the dance. He could hardly help sighing at the unequal distribution of riches, when he reflected that any one of the many ladies whom he saw, probably wore jewels enough to purchase a new house for his poor father. But he

repressed the thought. "Perhaps my father and his family are more blest in their poverty, than these gay people in their wealth."

As these thoughts were passing in his mind, a lady and gentleman arrived at the door. They seemed to have come late, and passed hastily through the entry. William thought he observed something fall on the floor as they went by him. He stooped and picked up an ornament glittering with diamonds. No one observed the action, for he was standing in the shadow of the door. He held in his hand enough to make his father's whole family rich. There was little reason to suppose it would be inquired for, till the entertainment should be over, and he safe on board the ship.

It would have been a strong temptation for one whose principles were not

well established. It was not strong enough, however to make our cabin boy hesitate a moment. He followed the gentleman and lady, who had advanced to the middle of the apartment, and going up to the lady, held the sparkling ornament before her.

"My diamond cross!" exclaimed the lady, taking at the same moment and devoutly kissing it; "Oh! if I had lost it." A dozen voices at once were raised to question William, as to where he had found the ornament, and how he came there; but he understood not a word of what was said to him. Guessing, however the object of their enquiries, he pointed towards the door. At last, attracted by the bustle, Captain Wilson came forward from another part of the hall, where he had been observing the dancers, and found poor William in the

greatest perplexity, the lady overwhelming him with thanks, and several gentlemen addressing him in Spanish, French, and Portuguese, without being able to understand a word of his plain English replies.

The Captain, being well versed in Spanish, acted as interpreter, and was not a little gratified to find that his cabin boy had laid one of the first families of the city under obligation, by restoring an ornament not only immensely valuable in itself, but supposed to possess a sort of sacred character, on account of its form, and the long period during which it had been owned in the family.

Many civilities afterwards passed between this family and the Captain, who assured William that he should have no occasion to repent of his honesty. William modestly replied, that he did not

think it was any thing praiseworthy to refrain from stealing.

The Captain used occasionally to go on shore, for the purpose of shooting partridges, which abound on those immense plains, which extend for hundreds of miles around the city of Monte Video. On these excursions he was generally accompanied by William, whose modesty, good sense, and good behaviour had acquired him no small degree of favor: so that he was treated as a sort of companion, and frequently received instruction from his kind master concerning the productions and manners of the country.

Besides partridges, doves, and several other smaller birds, the plains were frequented by ostriches, and William often returned to the vessel laden with their eggs, which were found upon the

sand. The rude hunters and herdsmen, whom they sometimes encountered on the plains, afforded matter of wonder and astonishment. These people, who were called *gauchos,* were dressed in a shirt and trowsers, with a sort of cloak called a *poncho,* which seemed to be a thick blanket with a slit in the middle to thrust the head through. They rode fleet horses, and each one was provided with a knife, a *lasso,* and a string of *bolas* or balls. The *lasso* is a thong of raw hide about twenty yards long, with one end fastened to the saddle. It is used for catching wild horses, oxen, and ostriches. The *gaucho* makes a slip-noose in the loose end of the *lasso,* and rides after his game ; when he is near enough he throws it over the creature's head, and thus catches him.

The *bolas* are three hard balls, about

as large as oranges, attached to the ends of a cord in the form of a T. The *gaucho* takes the knot in his hand, and swings the balls over his head as he rides after the wild horse. When he is near enough, he throws it with such a sure aim, that he scarce ever fails to entangle the horse's legs, and bring him to the ground. William saw one of these wild hunters catch an ostrich in this way.

When they had passed several months in Monte Video, the vessel sailed for Boston.

On their arrival, it may readily be supposed that William embraced the earliest opportunity of going on shore to see his friends. He was dressed neatly in his shining black hat, blue jacket, and white trousers, with a stick of bamboo over his shoulder, and a bundle slung

to it, he landed and proceeded to the house into which his father had moved after the fire. It was occupied by another tenant, who could not tell where John Hartop resided. Not a little disappointed, William returned to the wharf, and inquired of Mr. Courson, where his father was, but he could not tell him. He had not seen him for a long time. At this moment, William saw a man pass by the door of the store where he was standing with Mr. Courson, who he thought resembled his father. He ran after him, and found that it was indeed his parent, but wasted by sickness, and in miserable apparel.

To his son's earnest enquiries after the welfare of the family, he could only reply that every thing had gone wrong with them since the fire. Sickness had visited them, and John Hartop himself

had been prevented for some weeks from following his trade as a cooper, by a fever. He was now just recovered, but in the greatest apprehension of being sent to jail for debts which he had contracted during his illness.

William wept at the sad recital. It was hardly concluded when Captain Wilson called to him from the window of Mr. Courson's counting room to come in. He went, accompanied by his father.

"I have called you," said the Captain, "to inquire how you will have the proceeds of your adventure invested?"

"Adventure!" exclaimed William, "I never knew that I had any."

"I did not mean you should know it," replied the Captain, "until you should get home." You remember Don Francisco Zamora, whose daughter was

so much obliged to you for restoring her diamond cross ?"

" To be sure I do, Sir. He always smiled and nodded to me when he saw me with you," said William.

" He did something better than nodding and smiling. He gave me some money for you, which as the vessel was not full, I laid out in hides as a sort of adventure for you. They will give a neat amount of five hundred dollars, and I want to know how you will have it invested ?"

William was so overjoyed that he could hardly speak, but at last made known his wish to have it applied to his father's relief.

By this timely relief John Hartop was restored to prosperity. The world went well with him afterwards, so that he was enabled to give his son a good

education, and to refund the money which he had received from him.

William Hartop is now a captain, sailing from one of the Southern ports. He has accumulated a comfortable competence, and he continues to deserve his prosperity.

SOPHIA MORTON.

"MOTHER, I wonder how you can bear to sit all day at needle-work! I'm sure I am tired to death with only just stitching this one pair of wristbands," said Sophia Morton as she was folding up her work to put it into her basket; "and I do believe I should die, if I had to be all day poring over stupid shirts, and darning old cotton stockings."

"I try never to be tired of doing what I ought to do, my dear," said her mother; "and as I am not a little girl like you, perhaps I should not be much happier if I were to throw down my

work, and jump or dig in the garden with you."

"No, I suppose not, I shouldn't think you would want to play; but you could be reading, mother, and you could walk and ride, and go abroad, and see company; it would be a great deal pleasanter, I should think, to spend your time so, than in working."

"It would be pleasanter, no doubt, and I do these things sometimes, though not all my time; for how do you think I should like to see your father with his coat out at the elbows, to know that your brother's shirts were in tatters, and his stockings full of holes, while instead of attending to them I had been amus ing myself!"

"Oh, but mother, you could get somebody to do such things for you, couldn't you? and besides, I don't see

the use, for my share, of making such a fuss about clothes. What matter is it how we look, if we only behave well, and are good-tempered and obliging? I'm sure there is a great deal more sense, mother, in studying, and reading and writing, than there is spending all your time in working over what will wear out the next minute."

"But you know I do not spend all my time so. I am not *always* working; and would you have people go without clothes entirely?"

"Oh, no ma'am, to be sure not; but it is easy to hire people to work for you, there are enough who are glad to do it for their living, and it's very well for them; but I do not see the use of my being obliged to do it. I do hate it worse than any thing else in the world. I wish I could never see a needle and thread

again as long as I live; and for my own part, I had rather go in rags, than waste my time so foolishly any more."

"Very well, my dear," said her mother, "we have talked this matter over a great many times before, and I have told you all that can be said about the use and necessity of needle-work; so I shall say no more, as I see plainly that you are determined not to be convinced. I shall leave you to find out by your own experience, what all the talking in the world will never teach you. Give me your needles and thread, your scissors, thimble, work-basket, and every thing that belongs to it, and I will lock them up, where you shall not be troubled with the sight of them again, until you ask for them."

"Till I ask for them? Oh, dear mother, thank you! That will be never;

but are you really willing and in earnest, mother ? and will you not be angry with me ?"

" Yes," said her mother, " I am really willing and in earnest, and not in the least angry; but wait before you thank me, and hear all I have to say. Your clothes have been in your own care you know, for more than a year; of course I have nothing to do with them; you must abide by your choice, with all its consequences. No one else shall be allowed to touch them, nor shall I allow you to borrow any of the materials for sewing of any body. I shall not permit you to do any thing of the kind for me, nor for yourself, until you ask for your basket, and return to your old habits."

" Oh, certainly not, ma'am," said Sophia joyfully; " it will be a great while before that time comes I believe. Never

work any more! I cannot believe it. Oh dear, how happy, how very happy I shall be."

"We shall see," said her mother, as Sophia put the odious work-basket into her hands, and flew down stairs to tell the joyful news to her brother Julius.

"Only think how much more time I shall have to work in the garden with you, Julius," said she. "My flowers and vegetables will soon look as well as yours, and I shall plant some more strawberries; and then I shall soon get up to you in Latin, and I will ask papa to let me begin Greek directly. I shall go on as well again, I know, when I have not to think of leaving off every moment to do that horrid needle-work."

"Yes, indeed, it is delightful," said Julius, whose contempt for all kinds of girls' work was as great as his sister's;

"I am glad you have got rid of all that foolish nonsense at last. So let's make the most of it. I want you to come now and help me plant my border, and then I will go and help you plant yours."

Although Sophia disliked needle-work so much, her mother had always accustomed her to do it, and as she was thoroughly obedient, she had never neglected any thing she knew she ought to do; therefore her clothes were all now in excellent order. She had not a great many, because as she was growing fast, her mother thought they would be too small for her before she had half worn them out; but they were all nearly new, and perfectly good, and seemed likely to last very well through the summer.

Not long before this time, Mr. and Mrs. Morton had moved into the coun-

try, where the children had never lived; and as every thing was new to them, they were unusually happy even for them, and seemed hardly able to find words to express their delight and surprise at every thing they saw. After they had satisfied themselves, however, with examining every flower in the large garden, and with peeping into every bush, and behind every tree in the grove before the house, they were quite willing to return quietly for some hours every day to their studies, as they had always been used to do.

They were both fond of study, and quite forward for their age; and although Julius was two years older than his sister, she had been able to keep up with him in almost all his studies without much difficulty. They had always learnt, read, and played together, except

at a particular time every day, when Sophia had been obliged to sit and work with her mother; the only part of her life in which she was not perfectly happy. She was unhappy, partly because she disliked needle-work so much, and partly because it was the only thing in which her brother could not join her. He spent the hours, when she was sewing with her mother, in studying Greek, which she wished very much to learn also. "Now," thought she, "I have nothing else to wish for; I shall never be unhappy again."

They used constantly to work in their little gardens an hour before and another hour after breakfast, and then spent all the rest of the morning in their father's library. He took the sole care of their instruction, and they never were happier than while he was teaching them.

They were very studious, and obedient, and attentive to what was said to them. When by themselves they behaved as well as while their parents were with them. They were always good-natured and obliging, always ready to give up to each other in all their plays; to lend each other their playthings, and to help each other in their studies; so that they gained the entire love of their parents and friends, of the servants, and of every one who came to the house.

In this manner, the summer was passing quickly away. Sometimes, they received visits from their friends, and then they gave up their own plans for their amusement; but at other times, they were entirely taken up with their books and their garden; and Sophia almost forgot that there were any such

things as needles and thread in the world. Her stockings often wanted a little mending; but she thought that was no matter, as the holes were in the feet, where nobody could see them. Her frocks, too, began to wear away in sundry places, where she had caught them in the bushes, or torn them in jumping over a fence. A few minutes' work done as soon as the rents were made, would easily have repaired the injury, but this she could not do.

Every time the clothes were washed, they of course became worse and worse; but she would pin the holes together, or tuck them under her sash, so that, as she thought, they would not be observed. "And, after all," she would always say to herself, or her brother, "what matter is it how I look, if I only behave well?"

Her parents took no notice of all this, for they were resolved to leave her to find out for herself the consequences of her folly. Her brother was as indifferent about her appearance as she was herself, and as at this time they had very little company, she was not obliged to think much about it, except while she was dressing.

Every week, however, brought fresh difficulties. One thing after another she was absolutely forced to lay aside, which from constant neglect had become unfit to wear. Shoulder-straps, strings, and buttons, were continually coming off, and she could hardly make pins supply the place of them all.

Sometimes her slip hung an inch below her frock, and her frock was hanging loose about her shoulders, the strings off, the belt burst out, and awkwardly pinned

together, or, perhaps, merely *kept* together by her apron.

At last, only one common frock remained whole, and fit to be seen. It was Monday morning, a beautiful day, about the middle of October, Sophia had on this only remaining frock, and was busy in her garden, picking the flower-seeds, which were just ripening, when Julius came running violently towards her, out of breath, calling out, "Sophia, Sophia, my dear, make haste, come, come quick, here's my Uncle and Aunt Haines, and all our cousins, a whole carriage full—they are getting out now, come, come quick." Down went the bag of seeds, and away flew Sophia through the walks—up the steps —when, just as she reached the last, her foot caught in a tuck that was partly ripped, she fell, and the whole front

breadth of the frock was torn quite across. What could she do now? It was impossible for any pinning, even the most judicious, to hide this; she could not, she knew, appear before her aunt in such a condition; and she really had not another frock to put on, excepting one or two clear muslin ones, which, besides being very improper, were much too thin for the season. One of them, however, must answer, and she accordingly dressed herself in it as well as she could, and hoped that nobody would mind how she looked, or that her dress was quite too fine for the occasion.

She was overjoyed at meeting her cousins, and they were equally glad to see her. They had just returned from a long journey; they had been gone all the summer, and had never been at their uncle's new house; so there was every

thing to be seen and to be told, on both sides; and Sophia very soon forgot that her dress was any thing but what it should be.

The visitors were impatient to see the garden, and the river, and the grove, of which they had heard so much, in the many letters which had passed between them; and Julius and Sophia were full of the delight of shewing them all the beautiful places which they liked so much themselves.

They wandered on through the grove, stopping to admire every flower, and to pick every remaining berry, till they forgot that it would ever be time for them to go home. They had reached the farthest extremity of the wood, and were just entering the village, when the sight of the sun just sinking behind a cloud, brought them to their recollection.—

They turned to go home immediately; Sophia said she was afraid they would be late at tea, and they must walk a little faster, and leave the gleanings of the barberry bushes till to-morrow.

"Yes, I think you had better walk a little faster," said John Howard, the oldest of the cousins; "for it looks to me as if we were going to have a shower; that cloud is coming over very fast, and it looks as black as thunder, and as heavy as lead."

"Well, march on then yourself, and we'll keep up with you," said his eldest sister, Emily, who had hold of Sophia's arm; "Sophia, my dear, where is your shawl? Did'nt you wear any? Nor any bonnet either? I never minded till now, that you were without."

"Oh, I never wear any shawl," said Sophia, "except in the middle of the

day, to keep the sun off; in the country, you know, we needn't mind how we look."

"But I'm afraid you'll take cold, its growing quite cool and damp."

"Oh! never mind, Sophia, cousin," said Julius, "she never takes cold, since we lived in the country. She is as tough as any of the farmers' daughters, and doesn't mind wind or weather."

"Well, I'm very glad of it, but I'm sure I should catch my death, to be out so late without a shawl; and we must make haste, or I shall as it is; I begin to believe you, John, it is going to rain certainly."—And in truth, though they hurried home as fast as possible, they had hardly reached the house, before it poured down tremendously.

Sophia, although Julius declared she never took cold, soon began to find that

the sudden change in the weather, together with her thin dress, had been too much for her. She sat shivering all the evening, and could hardly keep comfortable even by the fire. The next morning she awoke with a sore throat, and was so hoarse that she could scarcely speak. She was not sorry for this on the whole, as the excuse of being too unwell to get up, saved her the mortification of going to breakfast in a muslin frock. But after breakfast, her face lengthened, when she heard Julius say that they would all go out chesnutting.

"Chesnutting! Oh that will be delightful," said they all at once; "we never picked any chesnuts in our lives; we shall like to go very much, it will be charming." "But poor Sophia will have to stay at home," said John.

"Never mind that, I can go at any time, you know," said she.

"But not with us, cousin," replied John; "it will be hardly fair for us to go away and leave you ill."

"Oh, I'm not very ill, and I dare say I shall enjoy myself almost as well at home; I have hardly seen my aunt yet, or looked at the beautiful presents you have brought me."

All the children kindly offered to stay at home with her, but she insisted on being left alone with her mother and aunt, saying that they would enjoy themselves just as well without her, and that she could not be happy, if she thought she was preventing them from the pleasure of chesnutting, which was so new to them all.

They accordingly went without her, and she passed the time slowly but very

pleasantly, with her aunt and mother, and the occasional visits of her uncle and father, till two o'clock, when the children came home.

They burst into the room, with eyes sparkling, brimfull of some extraordinary matter; so full that they all broke out together, and so loud and fast, that it was impossible for any body to tell one word they were saying. For some time, nothing could be heard but, "Oh, Sophia!" "My dear cousin," "Oh, you don't know what you've lost!" "Oh, if you had only been with us!" "You can't think what a glorious time we've had!" "Oh such a time!" &c. &c.

"What is the matter? do make haste some of you," said Sophia, "and let us know what it is that has happened to you, so very delightful. What can have put you into such a fever?"

"I'll tell you cousin," said Louisa, pressing forward, "if the rest will let me speak. In the first place, you must know we all went into the hill pasture, as Julius calls it, where the best trees are."

"Yes, yes, I know where it is, and all about that, and I suppose you found the sea-serpent there, or the land dragon."

"How silly! do let me tell you properly. Well, we gathered round the trees, Julius and John poled them for us, because they were the tallest, and Emily and I—"

"Picked away with all your might, at the rate of a gill an hour," interrupted John.

Louisa turned her back to him and went on. "They were as thick as they could possibly be. I never saw so many

chesnuts together and such beauties, too, in all my life; we picked a peck I should think—you know it takes a long while to get them out of the burrs—when all of a sudden, a great dog sprang out of the bushes, right in amongst us, barking most furiously. I screamed and ran away, and Emily screamed and stood still, and the young gentlemen stood there laughing at us."

"Yes," said John, "and well they might; you would have stood and screamed till this time, I suppose, if it had not been that the dog was more scared than you were, and ran yelping to his master."

"His master? who was his master?" said Sophia.

"I'll tell you, cousin," said John. "Louisa was so frightened, that she couldn't see; but I saw two gentlemen

walking in the woods all the time, so I did not believe the dog would eat us up. Well, these gentlemen came immediately to us, and bowed to Emily, who seemed to be more in her wits than Louisa, and made a thousand apologies for their dog being so uncivil as to frighten the young ladies, and drive them away; and Emily blushed and looked like a fool, and so we all did, till the gentlemen offered to pole the trees, and that made us feel easy. At last they said that we must be tired, and that as their house was only a little way off, we must go in there and rest ourselves. We would not go at first, but they pressed us so kindly, that at last we could not civilly help it; so we all marched off, about a quarter of a mile, through the fields, over fences and brooks, till we came to the house."

"And it is a most beautiful place," exclaimed Emily; "they carried us into the parlour, and introduced to us Mrs. Murray and her sister, (Mr. Murray was one of the gentlemen,) and his daughter Cornelia. Sophia, she is the prettiest girl I ever saw. How happens it that you never met them?"

"Why, we have only lived here this summer, and they have been gone ever since we came."

"Yes, now I remember they said so, and how much they wished to be acquainted with you, and my uncle and aunt; and I'm sure I think they are worth being acquainted with, if it were only that one might see such a beautiful place, so full of taste. It was as much as I could do, to look first round the room at the splendid ornaments, and then out of the window at the fine gar-

den, and orchard and shrubbery. But after we had rested a little, Mrs. Murray asked Miss Cornelia if she would show us her play-room; she smiled, and asked me if I should like to go. I was sorry at first that they should think me such a child, as to want to be amused with play-things; but I thought it would not be civil to refuse, so we went; and I found that the gentlemen and ladies were following us.

"Walk up, walk up, young gentlemen," they said to the boys, who hung back, as if they were half ashamed, "you need not be afraid to venture into such a play-room as Cornelia's; I dare say you will find something that will entertain you."

"And so we did indeed, mother;" said Julius, who had long been impatient for his turn to speak; "but first

we passed through several very handsome rooms, all hung round with paintings, which I wanted to stop and look at, and then through a noble library, which I just longed to overhaul, and then we got to the play-room. It was a very large room, and the first things we saw were all kinds of games, such as swings, battledores, skipping-ropes, backgammon, and chess-boards, and a great many others we never saw before. While we were looking over these, I observed, for the first time, that the room was circular, and that it was completely surrounded by one immense painting. Mr. Murray told us, that it was a Panorama of the world. He went up to it with us, and explained the whole. It was divided into four parts, one for each quarter of the globe, and in each quarter there were a great

many separate paintings, representing all the natural curiosities, the manners and customs, and national dresses of the inhabitants of each particular nation, and the remarkable animals, and every thing that is worth knowing of every country; I mean every thing that can be put into a picture. I am sure I could learn more geography there in one day, than by studying a whole year out of a book. I mean I could have a better idea of the manners and customs of the people of the different countries; I should feel better acquainted with them."

All the children now broke in, and began to describe to whomever would hear them, what each one remembered and liked best. One told about the North American Indian women carrying their children on their backs, and

of the elks and buffaloes roaming through the forests, with the Indian hunters pursuing them; and another told about the Hindoo woman burning herself on the funeral pile of her husband, and of the battle between the tiger and the boa, a huge serpent who winds himself round the tiger and crushes him to death. John described the bull-fights of Spain; Louisa the pretty picture of the French vine-dressers. It seemed as if they could not be tired of telling how much they had enjoyed.

"I am sure, mother," said John Howard, "I know, aunt, you would say it was the most beautiful and ingenious thing you ever saw. I did not see half I wished after all; and I believe we should have stayed there a week, if it had not been for Emily."

"Oh, Emily didn't care half so much about seeing it as we did," said Louisa; "she was listening to what the gentlemen and ladies were saying. I didn't understand it, nor care any thing about it."

"But you would if you had listened, Louisa. Mr. Murray was telling the other gentleman, Mr. Powel, I believe his name is, how he came by this beautiful Panorama. He had it made in France. He has just come from France, I believe. He had been acquainted, when he was there before, with a young painter named Brouchet; he was a very industrious man, but very unfortunate. He was married, and had been going on very well, till by some accident he lost all he was worth in the world; and when Mr. Murray found him out this last time, he was almost starving.

Mr. Murray wanted to give him some money, but he was too proud to take it; he said he was able to work, and would work gladly; if he could get no employment, he would starve; but he could never eat the bread of idleness. Mr. Murray said that he then tried to get some employment for him, but he could not. At last he thought of the plan of this Panorama; he described it to Mr. Brouchet, and he told him he thought he could do it without any difficulty. Mr. Murray paid him as he went along, so that it saved him completely, and set him up again in business at once. Every body flocked to see this curious painting, and people were so much pleased with it, that he soon had as much work as he could possibly do. That was the right way of being generous, wasn't it mother?"

"Yes, my dear; as he could afford it so well, it was certainly the most generous thing he could have devised, and it did the young man more good than twice the sum of money would have done. There is no way of doing so much good to the poor, and with so much certainty too, as to give them employment."

This morning's amusement gave the children something to talk about through the rest of the visit, which lasted till the next morning. They repeated over and over again, as children always do, all that they had seen and heard.

Sophia could hardly conceal her vexation; but as long as she could throw the blame of her disappointment upon any thing else, she was resolved not to give up her foolish resolution, which was the real cause of it.

Soon after this time the weather, which had been as warm as summer, became much cooler, and showed that autumn had really come, and that winter was fast approaching.

Sophia now found her thin frocks very uncomfortable. She tried on those which she had worn the last winter, but she had grown so much that they were quite too small; the sleeves were far above her wrists, and the belt would not meet, leaving a wide open seam behind. She was really not fit to be seen; and although her brother said all he could to persuade her, "that it would do very well, and that it was of no sort of consequence how she looked if she only behaved well; and that she was the best scholar of her age any where;" still she could not help feeling ashamed of herself, and kept entirely out

of sight, if there was any danger of being seen by strangers. She shut herself up with her books in her father's study, and while she was reading or studying she forgot her troubles, and was perfectly happy.

As the winter approached, however, and she was deprived of the pleasure of working in her garden, she was sometimes at a loss for employment. Fond as she was of her books, she could not be always reading; to do nothing else all day long and all the evening, became tiresome even to her. Her brother had many amusements out of doors, in which she could not always join; these took him away from her during some hours of every day. And there was one thing which troubled her more than all the rest; she could not now, as she used to do, spend any of the

time with her mother. Her mother never allowed her to be for a moment idle; if she was with her, she must be employed. But what could she do? She tried in vain to think of something; there was nothing but to read, and if she did read, it deprived her of what she wanted most, her mother's pleasant conversation. For she always contrived to make every thing pleasant, even her instructions.

Sophia thought of all these things more and more every day. She was fairly tired of looking like a slut, and she might at this time have been easily brought to return to her duty, if it had not been for the constant entreaties of her brother. He begged her not "to be so foolish as to give up, and be just like all other girls, caring for nothing but dress and such nonsense. My mother

is perfectly willing you should do as you please, dear Sophia," he would say; "then why need you think of any thing else?"

An event happened about this time, which soon determined her what to do.

She was one morning sitting at her studies as usual, when a carriage drove to the door, and she saw two ladies and a girl about her own age, whom she did not know, alight from it.

It was not long before a maid-servant came, to call her down into the parlour.

"Who are those ladies, Nancy?" said Sophia.

"I don't know ma'am, but they are mighty smart folks, and they asked for you, and your mamma says that you must come down."

"I can't go down, Nancy. I don't look fit to see any body, I'm sure. My

frock doesn't meet behind, and my tippet won't half cover it, and it's above my ancles, though I let down a tuck this morning. I can't go down; what shall I do?"

"Why I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure," said Nancy: "if there was time, I don't know but I could fix your frock so that it would do; or if you'd just let me step into your room and prepare one of your others——"

"Oh, no," said Sophia; "mamma has forbidden that any body should do any thing for me, and I cannot disobey her."

"But, Miss Sophia, I will never tell her, she'll never know it; only just let me set a stitch——"

"Nancy, for shame. How can you try to make me deceive my mother? Go down to her, and tell her I cannot come."

Nancy left the room with this message very unwillingly; and Sophia sat down again to her books, more sad, and more vexed with herself, than ever.

"Well, Sophia," said her mother, when she went to dinner, "you have lost a great deal by your studying fit, this morning.—Mrs. Murray and her daughter made me a very long pleasant visit. I like them very much. They have left an invitation, for you and Julius, to a little dance at their house, to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening! a dance!" said both the children, "oh, delightful! And may we go, mother?"

"Yes, I promised Mrs. Murray that you should both go. They are to send a carriage for you, at half-past four; so remember to be ready."

"Yes, yes, we shall be ready, mother,

no fear of that. I would not miss seeing that beautiful place again for any thing," said Julius.

Poor Sophia found it no very easy matter to get her dress in readiness. But something must be contrived. She took every article of her clothes out of her drawers and laid them on the bed, that she might choose from among them what would suit her purpose best.

First, she selected a beautiful dotted India muslin. This was in a better condition than any other frock she had. The belt was a good deal worn with pinning, for the hooks and eyes had burst off, and the string at the top of the body behind was broken out; it was a full body, and pinning it gave it a most untidy appearance. But she had a broad blue sash, and this she thought she could put on by crossing it

behind, so as *almost* to hide both these defects.

The slip which she usually wore with this dress—it was a nice cambric—had been a little torn behind. A moment's work would have mended it, but it was left from week to week, every day adding a little to the length of the rent, till now it was slit from top to bottom. She must, therefore, wear a coarser one; but she hoped that nobody would mind it, and that the holes in it would not show through her frock.

I cannot tell how much difficulty she had with every article she took hold of, in contriving ways of hiding little defects, that met her eye wherever she turned it; nothing was exactly as it should be, and she was tempted many times to give up the attempt in despair.

"But if I had only a needle and

thread," said she to herself, " how easily all these things could be put to rights. Ah, dear mother, if you did but know now miserable I feel at this moment, I am sure you would pity me; perhaps you would forgive me; for I know now, that I have been doing wrong. I will go to her this moment, and ask her to forgive me. But no; she will think it is only because I want to appear a little better at this party; she will not believe that I am really convinced of my folly. I will wait till this is over, and then I will—yes, I certainly will ask her for my work-basket."

At half past four precisely, the children were dressed and waited for the carriage. Sophia looked round for her mother, for she always wanted to see whether she was properly dressed, before going away on a visit. Her mother

was not to be found, though she searched all over the house and garden; and she had just given up the hope of finding her, when the carriage came to the door. They both jumped in, and rode off in high spirits.

Sophia was quite as much delighted with Mr. Murray's house, and especially with the play-room, as she expected to be, and that is saying a great deal. She had been sent for early, that she might see it as much as she wished, before the other children came. Cornelia Murray was very kind to her, showed her every thing which she thought would entertain her, and was so good-natured and obliging, that Sophia began to love her very much, and was almost sorry that any other children were coming.

After tea, however, they all arrived, and were carried into a large room

without a carpet, where a boy with a violin was waiting to play for them to dance.

Sophia seated herself among the little girls, some of whom she had not seen for a great while, and began to talk to them. She was surprised to find that they all, for some reason, tried to avoid speaking to her, and seemed unwilling to have any thing to do with her, or even to sit by her.

One after another, they got up and walked across the room, where they all stood talking together, very busily. They often looked toward the place where Sophia was sitting, and laughed; and she could not help thinking that they must be laughing at her. Before she decided about it, however, Cornelia's mother came and sat down by her, and talked for some time with her; so that she thought no more about it.

Meantime the dancing began. Sophia was very fond of dancing, but one cotillion and another were finished, and nobody came to ask her, though she well remembered that at the dancing-school she was always among the first to be taken out.

Mrs. Murray at last took pity upon her, and asked her to dance with her, which she was very glad to do. But she was so much vexed by the neglect of her companions, that she could do nothing well; she made many awkward mistakes; and though she knew the figures perfectly well, she often disturbed the whole set.

When she sat down, Mrs. Murray was obliged to leave her, and was soon afterwards called out of the room.

Sophia was sitting alone near the fire, and a large party of girls, who hap-

pened not to be dancing, stood round it, laughing and talking very loud, so loud, that she could not help hearing what they said.

"Did you ever see such a figure?" —"How shabby!"—"How untidy!"— "Shouldn't you be ashamed to go abroad looking so?"—"I wonder what Mrs. Murray thinks!" were sentences she heard repeated, till she was sure they could mean nobody but herself; especially as some of the smaller girls would occasionally take a sly peep at her.

"Yes, I'm sure I should be ashamed to go into our own parlour in such a dress as that," said one of the older girls— "Do look, Lucy Roper! I wonder if she thinks her fine dotted muslin hides her ragged petticoat?"

"Or if her nice pink slippers cover all the holes in her silk stockings! I

should rather wear good cotton ones for my share; there's a hole in the heel, I saw it when she was dancing, didn't you, Miss Barclay? It was as big as the palm of your hand; I saw your brother laugh at that, didn't you?"

"Yes, indeed, he laughed well at her and her ragged finery," said Miss Barclay. "And her gloves too, did you see them? there is a rip in every one of the fingers, and they are torn half-way up the arm besides."

"But did you hear what was said about her tucker? See! her beautiful Mechlin lace is hanging half off her neck, and William Chatterton said, he supposed as it was a *tucker*, it was only meant to be *tucked* on!"

The girls all laughed loud and long at this witty speech, and then they began to whisper together.

At last, Miss Barclay's voice was heard above the rest, "I tell you I will go, I must and I will. Come along, Lucy—I must tease her a little."

"Oh, how can you be so rude," said some of the little girls. "Miss Barclay! Lucy Roper! Don't, pray don't! For mercy's sake."

"For mercy's sake! As if I were going to do her any harm! I say I will go, stop me if you can!" said Miss Barclay, breaking away from them, for they had caught fast hold of her hands and her frock.

She sat down quietly by Sophia, with Lucy Roper on the other side, and began talking to her very pleasantly about the dancing, the rooms, Cornelia, and the rest of the young ladies. At last she began with, "What a beautiful

dress you have on, Miss Morton; how sweetly it sets, especially behind! Who made it? Do just turn round, and let me see how the back is cut. This is quite a new fashion, I declare, is'nt it Lucy? Pray, Miss Morton, do you mend your clothes yourself, or do you keep a maid on purpose?"

"I hate to see any thing after it's mended," said Lucy; "I had rather wear my clothes in rags, hadn't you, Anna?"

"Miss Morton, where do you buy your gloves?" said Anna Barclay, taking hold of her hand, so as to display all the holes to the greatest advantage; "Did they come from New York, or London, or Paris?" continued this unmerciful tormentor. "They have such a foreign look with them!"

Here the little girls, who one by one had gathered round to hear what was going on, burst into loud and repeated fits of laughter, while this witty young lady ran on in the same strain, trying every means to keep them laughing, and to torment poor Sophia as much as possible *.

How long she would have gone on, I cannot tell; but at last, when it seemed as if the poor child could bear no more, Mrs. Murray, who had but just perceived what was going on, looked over the heads of the little group, and fixing her eyes upon Miss Barclay, said in a most severe tone, "Young ladies, it is time for you to leave off this game; come down to supper!"

* In my mind, these young ladies behaved very ill —*Note by the Editor.*

These words, and still more the severe look which Mrs. Murray gave as she said them, sobered the whole party instantly; and they looked very much ashamed, when taking Sophia kindly by the hand, she said, "You shall come with me, my dear; I can love a sweet-tempered, modest little girl, even if she has behaved foolishly: and I am much more disposed to pardon her faults, which I am sure she will soon correct, than the folly of those who have been trying to torment her, because she happens for once not to be dressed as neatly as she ought to be."

Sophia had borne all the cruel mockery of her companions, without saying a single word, to excuse herself or to provoke them; but as soon as she heard the kind words of Mrs. Murray, and felt that she should be forgiven, she

burst into tears; and taking her hand, she entreated to be sent immediately home, begging Mrs. Murray to spare her the shame of sitting down to supper with those young ladies.

Her request was instantly granted. —Mrs. Murray ordered the carriage, and sent Cornelia to bid her good night.

Cornelia ran to her, threw her arms round her neck, and kissed her, and then told her how sorry she was that she had been so rudely treated. She said it was as much as she could do, to keep her promise of not speaking to her all the evening.

"Who made you promise that?" said Sophia.

"I can't tell you now," replied Cornelia; "don't ask me. I dare say you

will know all about it soon. Good night, dear Sophia, I'm sure I shall love you very much."

As soon as they got into the carriage, the children both exclaimed at once, "Oh, brother," "oh, sister," "what an evening have we spent! How different from what we expected!" "Oh, how foolishly, how wrongly, I have acted!" said Sophia.

"Not any worse than I have, dear sister," said Julius; "I encouraged you, I told you to persevere. If it hadn't been for me, I don't believe you could have held out so long. But I'm sure I have been well punished, by what I saw you were suffering. I won't tell you all I heard—"

"Oh yes, dear Julius, do tell me; you ought to tell me, I ought to know every

word, and it cannot be worse than what I heard myself."

"You don't know, and I didn't know myself till to-night, how boys will talk; they said a great many things about you that I would not tell you for the world."

"But you must tell me some of them at least: what were they?"

"Why, they all said, they wouldn't dance with such an untidy girl; and they all laughed at you. One boy said he wouldn't touch such ragged gloves; and another said he never knew a girl before, who went to balls with holes in her stockings. Some said you had better learn to darn them, than to fill your head with so much Greek and Hebrew, which were only proper for boys. And then they all began to laugh at your being so fond of study; and that made me angry, because you

know that is right, though I do think now, it is wrong to neglect other things altogether. I didn't know before that you would be so much laughed at for such neglect."

"Well, I am glad we know it now," said Sophia, drying her eyes; "I believe I shall be better for it as long as I live."

"But the worst thing of all I havn't told you yet," said Julius. "I happened to be standing behind a door, and Mrs. Murray and an old gentleman came and stood before it, so that I could not get out, and they could not see me. And I heard the gentleman ask Mrs. Murray who that little girl was, with a broad blue sash, sitting alone? 'It's a pity she's so untidy,' said he; 'she would be a very pretty girl, if it were not for that.'

"'She is a very sensible little girl,' Mrs. Murray said, 'and a good scholar besides.' I loved her for saying that; but the gentleman went on. 'So much the worse, ma'am, so much the worse. I hate to see girls brought up to care for nothing but books. It wasn't so in my day, ma'am; then the girls learnt to mend their own stockings and make their own frocks, and left Latin and Greek to their brothers and husbands. I can tell you, ma'am, they looked a great deal better than that shabby little lady, with all her book knowledge.'

"'Would you have girls care for nothing but dress then,' said Mrs. Murray, 'and grow up ignorant, and vain, and foolish?'

"'Why, not quite so bad as that,' the gentleman said. 'They ought to be

taught to read and write of course; but they are more apt to be conceited, I think, if they have a smattering of one thing and another, than if they did not pretend to go beyond their sampler and their spelling-book.'

"'There I agree with you,' said Mrs. Murray, 'if they have only a smattering. They must know a great deal, or else, as you say, they had better know nothing. Enough at least should be taught them, to make them feel that though they may study for ever, there will still be abundance left to learn. And this may be easily done, without neglecting any thing else of real consequence.'

"'That's very true, ma'am, very true,' said the gentleman; 'but you don't uphold this young lady, I take it, in neglecting every thing else for the sake

of her books? But what sort of a woman is her mother? Perhaps I have blamed this poor girl too much, after all; it may be that her mother does not take proper care of her. She may be a very odd woman, and perhaps not very clever.'

"'No, that is unjust,' said Mrs. Murray; 'the mother of this child is a very excellent woman, though people will be ready to blame her for the faults of her daughter. She told me that her daughter had taken a great dislike to needlework, and that she had forbidden her to do it, in order that by suffering for the want of it, she might learn its value. She suffered her to come here in this improper dress, and requested my daughter not to take any notice of her, but leave her to the mercy of her little friends, that she might find out by experience,

that her conduct would certainly expose her to ridicule. It is an experiment you see, but I think it will succeed.' "

" Only think, brother, how dreadful it is," said Sophia, " to bring disgrace upon our dear mother, as well as on myself; for though Mrs. Murray told that gentleman how it was, other people will think as he did, and there will be nobody to correct them.

" Oh, it's all shocking, I know," replied Julius, " I can't bear to think of it; but I must just tell you, that this gentleman went on talking about it for some time. Then he told Mrs. Murray how fond he was of young people, and finished by asking her to invite the children that were there to-night to a dance at his house a month from this time. ' All,' said he, ' except that young lady with the broad sash. I can't have her, it

would spoil all my pleasure, unless you can bring me word that she has reformed; then I shall be more glad to see her than any of the rest.'"

When they reached home, they went immediately in search of their mother. They found her alone in the parlour, waiting for them. Sophia could not speak. She threw herself sobbing into her mother's arms, and as soon as her tears would let her, asked her forgiveness.

"Indeed, mother," said Julius, "I think she has been punished enough; especially as it was partly my fault. She would not have been so much to blame, if it had not been for me."

He then related all that had happened through the evening, and ended with saying, "Oh, she has been punished enough, and more than all the rest,

by what we never thought of before, that the blame would be thrown upon you."

"I have no thought of punishing either of you, my children," said Mrs. Morton. "You have indeed punished yourselves, and that very severely. It is a harsh lesson, but it is one which I could not have taught you so thoroughly in any other way; and I think that you will neither of you ever forget it. I can assure you, that I have suffered quite as much as you have, and I could not have kept my resolution, but for the hope that it would be a lasting benefit to you.

"You will, one of these days, my daughter," continued she, turning to Sophia, "become a woman; and you will then perceive, better than you can now, how happy you were to have been

taught and to have practised when you were young, all those things which every woman ought to know, and without which she can never be either respected or happy. Let her be ever so learned or so wise, she will always be laughed at, if she is found to be ignorant of them. But this, I hope, will never be the case again with my daughter."

"Never, dear mother; I shall never be so foolish again, I am sure; and I shall never forget how kind you have been to me, and how much you have suffered for me. I cannot do any thing to reward you; but I am sure that I will never do any thing, as long as I live, which I know will make you unhappy."

I am glad to be enabled to inform those of my little readers who wish to know what

became of Sophia Morton, that she kept this resolution faithfully; and that at the end of the month, she and her brother were particularly invited to the house of the old gentleman, who had declared it would spoil all his pleasure to see such an untidy little girl in his house. He had learned from Mrs. Murray that she had reformed, and he was as much pleased with the neatness of her appearance on this evening, as he had formerly been disgusted with its want of propriety.

END OF VOL. III.

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