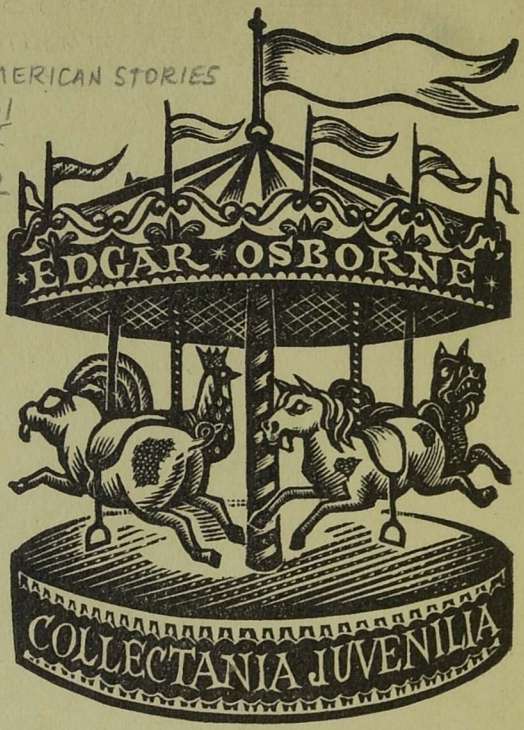

THE DAINTY BOY.

But here is half my Crust, I have broken it at last.

AMERICAN STORIES

FOR

LITTLE BOYS & GIRLS.

SELECTED BY

MISS MITFORD.

VOL. II.

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.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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AMERICAN STORIES.

TEMPTATION;

OR,

HENRY MORLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"DEAR mother, do let me go to play on the common with James Sandford and the other boys this evening," said little Henry Morland to his mother.

"No, my son, this is the hour when all the bad and idle boys in town collect there for mischief as well as play; you would learn nothing good; and I wish

no day to pass in which my little son does not become a better boy, for then I am sure he will become a happier boy."

"But, mother, I need not be bad if they are; I do not wish to do any thing naughty; only to play."

"I am sure you do not, my love; and if we had any retired and proper place where you could have one or two good boys to play with you, I should be pleased to indulge you; but as we have not, you must be content to take your exercise and play out in the day, and find some amusements within doors for the evening. Sometimes, you know, you have the Russels here to draw with you, and you have quite a pretty taste for drawing and painting; and since kind Mrs. Ormond has given you that excellent paint box and brushes, you have

every thing needful for that enjoyment; then, besides, we have frequently a game at bagatelle, at which you are quite expert. This is a useful game, because it teaches you addition, and to count readily; then you have books of prints, paintings, puzzles, and peg-boards, and a great variety of entertaining books to read, which is a most rational and amusing employment; I have here a charming story, which I propose to read and explain to you this evening, for it is not quite simple enough for you to understand entirely alone; now, my little son, ought you not to be contented with so many pleasures, and a kind mother ready and willing to give her precious time to your instruction and enjoyment?"

"But, mother, I do hate bagatelle; I liked it very well at first, but I am quite

tired of it now; and, as to drawing, I have nothing in the world to copy; I can't draw without copying, can I? and your pictures are all a great deal too difficult, excepting a few that I have copied a hundred times over."

"Here is one which you have never tried, my son; it is simple and beautiful, and I dare say you would draw it quite well."

"Beside," said Henry, not heeding his mother, "my pencil is a bad one, it wont shade well at all."

"You shall have my box of drawing pencils, my dear, if you will be careful of them."

"Well, but I have not any drawing-paper," again murmured the dissatisfied boy.

"I will furnish you with paper too, my child; I do not advise you to any

amusement without providing you the means of pursuing it," said Mrs. Morland.

"Mother," said Henry, "I do not wish to draw at all; I don't see why I may not go out to play in an evening, as well as other boys; James Sandford's mother lets him do just as he has a mind; he never asks her where he may go, or what he may do; and he says, 'I'm a fool to do it,—he won't.'"

"And is James Sandford a good boy, Henry?"

"No, mother, I'm sure he is not half as good a boy as I am, and yet his mother is kind, and lets him do just what he likes, and go out and stay as long as he pleases every night. He says she puts a light on the table for him; and does not even ask him what he does, or

where he goes; and she never punishes him either."

"And do you think all this is kind in James's mother, Henry? Is it kind never to tell him what is right and what is wrong? Do you not see, my son, that it is because James's mother will not take the trouble to do her duty, to instruct and to correct him, that he is already so bad a boy? Poor child! he is indeed to be pitied; if his mother will not do this, who will? Even the little birds, Henry, your own fowls in the yard, have more kindness than this; they take care of their young children, and gather them under their wing, and keep them safely, and when they venture out the mother goes with them, and watches over them, and calls them round her when any danger seems near,

and guards them carefully till they are old enough to take care of themselves; and all animals set us the same example, even wild and ferocious beasts; and shall a rational mother, who sees and understands the dangers which surround her child, be so cruel as to let him run into every snare and temptation, without telling him, without guarding him?"

"Well, but mother, I am old enough, I am sure, to take care of myself. I am now almost as tall as James Sandford."

"My dear Henry," said Mrs. Morland, "you are tall enough and old enough to take care of yourself in many respects; you can guard yourself against all the dangers with which you have become acquainted; and will be daily trusted more and more, but there are some dangers of which you have no experience yet, and from these you are

not old enough to guard yourself; your resolution is not strong enough; your judgment is not old enough; your knowledge of what is right and what is wrong, is not clear enough to preserve you from the destructive influence of bad example; to guard you against the many snares which wicked boys will spread out to entrap your virtue, and make you as bad as they are themselves; for there are some so wicked as to wish to see other boys naughty, because they are so themselves; and they will tell you that a thing is right, which they know is very wrong; and they will laugh and call you silly for doing another thing, which they know all the time is just what you ought to do; thus James Sandford told you 'that you were a fool to ask your mother where you might go, and what you might do.'"

"But, mother, I don't wish to do any thing naughty; and if you should let me do just as I wish, and act of my own accord, as other boys do, I should not do naughtily; I do hate to be obliged to come and ask you every thing just like a baby, as James Sandford said. If I did play out of an evening, I should take care, and never say bad words; I think I am tall enough, and old enough, to do as other boys."

"I am exceedingly sorry, my son, to find you thus restless and discontented under the mild and gentle restraints which your early years and want of experience require. I wish you to be independent, and to follow your own plans of amusement as far as you can with safety, but to suffer you to be sauntering the streets in the evening, hearing bad language, and seeing rude and im-

proper manners, or to play on the Common with a crowd of boys of all ages and descriptions, this is liberty, my son, which I dare not grant you."

"Well, I should not care so much if the boys did not laugh so, and call me 'baby,' for not doing as I have a mind, without asking you," said Henry.

"Depend upon it, my dear Henry, the wicked and perverse will always try to ridicule the good out of their correct principles and virtuous habits, which they cannot or will not imitate. Remember that this false shame, which makes you blush for doing what you feel is right, because you are laughed at, is the worst enemy which can cross your path. But come, let us attend to our story, my dear boy; I think you will say that it is very interesting."

The story which Mrs. Morland read

to Henry this evening, was a most affecting narrative of a poor little boy, whose mother followed in the rear of the French army, during their very disastrous expedition to Russia, where their great commander, Bonaparte, not only found the grave of his glory, but thousands of his miserable soldiers sunk to theirs, overwhelmed with countless sufferings: the father of this little boy was of this sad number; and his famished mother, while hurrying with her little son in her arms, from the slaughter of the Russians, fell a victim to the cold, hunger, and fatigue, which she had endured. The poor infant lying on the cold and lifeless body of his mother, was mercifully rescued by a French soldier, who preserved, amidst all the horrors of a hurried retreat, in the depths of a Russian winter, this little child of his adoption.

The story followed the boy from these scenes of early suffering to manhood. It told of the kind care of his protectors, the good instruction and advice by which they preserved him amidst temptations and vice, and brought him up to virtue; and how, at the close of life, this good soldier, who had thus saved him from destruction, had cause to bless God for having put it into his heart to perform this deed of mercy, for one who so sweetly repaid him for all his care and trouble. Henry's evening passed delightfully, for the story was long and charmingly told, and he hardly thought it was eight o'clock when the bell rang nine, and Henry's mother told him it was time for him to retire.

CHAPTER II.

About a week after this, Mrs. Morland was called out of town by the illness of a sister. In parting with her son, she besought him to remember his duty, and be good. She desired her servant to look after him attentively and supply his wants, and she left several amusing books for his evening entertainment. It was not without much anxiety, however, that she left him after all her arrangements, for she knew he would be lonely, and she feared he might do wrong.

Henry was a good, sweet-tempered little fellow; he had always been a docile and obedient boy, and till Mrs. Sandford had moved into the neighbourhood, he never had a wish to do any

thing which his mother disapproved; but Mrs. Sandford was one of those weak mothers who never have firmness to deny their children any thing they ask for, whether it will be right or wrong; she had not the good sense or good judgment which was necessary for the management of a clever boy. James, her only son, became master of the whole house long before he had learned any thing beside the determined gratification of his own will;—the consequence was, that he became a wilful, selfish, artful, and mischievous boy; he was, however, very amusing when nothing crossed his wishes; he was full of funny tricks, and droll stories; and he had, beside, always a pocket filled with nice things, with which he coaxed and persuaded, when he could not threaten, the other boys into doing all he desired them to do.

James Sandford had taken great pains to win little Henry, because he said "his mother thought that Henry could never do wrong; but it was only because his mother *watched* him so closely; he did not believe Henry would be any better than he was, if she would but let him alone, and permit him to do as he had a mind;" and thus it seemed as if this wicked boy really wished to make Henry as naughty as himself, because his goodness reproached him for his own ill conduct; he had always some amusement for him, and was with him much more than Henry's mother would have permitted, had she known how bad a boy he was, and how much he had tried to weaken her influence over the heart and conduct of her son. On the evening after she had left town, James loitered round the house in the hope of

seeing him, and when Henry seated himself at the window, he went immediately up to him.

"Come, Henry, come out to play with us, we are all going into the great field behind Mr. Dalton's garden, to have some fun, come."

"No, I cannot," said Henry, "I am reading."

"O well, never mind, there's another day coming for that, but we shall not have such a fine evening again ever so long; the moon shines so brightly, it is just like day; come, never mind your book, I would not be a 'book-worm,' come."

"No, I cannot, James," replied Henry.

"And why can't you? I should like to know," said James.

"Because, I do not go out of an evening," replied Henry, hesitatingly, for he

did not like to tell the truth, lest James should laugh at him.

"O, your mother won't let you, I suppose; I say it is a shame, and I would not mind her, in that; I would not be tied so to my mother's apron-strings."

"I did not say that my mother would not let me go," said Henry, blushing deeply.

"O, ah! before I would be such a great baby! its mamma won't let it go out, for fear it should hurt itself! It must ask its mamma before it can put its foot out of doors!" said James, tauntingly, as he saw Henry's colour come when he spoke of his mother's keeping him in. "It must ask its mamma if it may look out of the window, I suppose, before it will dare do such a naughty thing!"

"No I must not either," said Henry,

indignantly,—" I can't ask her, she is not at home to ask. I am not a baby any more than you are."

" Then why don't you come out like a man, I say, if you are not afraid ? what do you sit in the house for, these fine nights ? Come, come, the boys are all waiting ; they are expecting you, for I told them I should bring you if you were not afraid.'"

" I am not afraid," said Henry, " but"—

" Come, none of your ' buts,' " said James, " come at once, if you ever mean to be a man as long as you live ; they will all think it is because you are afraid of mamma if you don't—so come quick."

Henry did not wish to do wrong, but he had not resolution to do right ; he felt ashamed because James called him

a "baby," and because James laughed at him for obeying his mother; he felt as if it was something disgraceful, instead of being proper and commendable, to fear to disobey and offend a kind parent; he knew that James would now laugh a great deal more if he acknowledged that his mother had forbidden him to be out in the evening, and he had no other reason that he could give for refusing; besides, James hurried him as soon as he saw him hesitate a little:—so Henry put down his book and took his hat, and followed his unworthy tempter to the play-ground; but with such an uncomfortable consciousness that he was sinning, as destroyed, even at the moment, all pleasure in the indulgence; for Henry's conscience did not now speak in a whisper, it was loud and strong in his heart; but a

false shame had risen up to drown the warning voice, and he yielded to the tempter.

The boys were rude and boisterous; Henry was much the smallest of the number, and they handled him roughly, but he bore it all, for he was now afraid as well as ashamed to resist, or to retire: he heard coarse, vulgar, and profane language, but he dared not reprove them, and lest the boys should laugh at him, he laughed at all they said and did.

"O what fine apples those are," said one of the boys, pointing to a tree in Mr. Dalton's garden, which hung loaded with rich fruit over the wall which divided it from the field.

"How good they look," said Henry, "they are as yellow as gold on one side of them."

"Yes, and they taste good too," said

James, "I know, for I have had a bite before now, for I found out that tree as soon as we moved into town last summer, and I soon had some."

"Who gave them to you?" said Henry, innocently; "I wish they'd give me some."

"I gave them to myself, boy, to be sure," replied James.

"What, without leave," said Henry, with surprise.

"Oh! do hear that little simpleton," said James, sneering and pointing at Henry; "he thinks we must ask mamma before we may take an apple from a tree."

"I don't," said Henry quickly, for he began to feel absolutely ashamed and unwilling to acknowledge that he was afraid to do any thing wrong. "I don't think I must ask my mother, but how

should I know that somebody did'nt give you leave."

All the boys burst into a broad laugh.

"What, did you never take an apple that was not given to you, my little man? Well it is time you learnt the ways of the world a bit, so we will soon have a few," said a stout, bold-looking boy, taking hold of Henry's arm, and pulling him towards the tree.

"If you mustn't wait till you run and ask mamma if you may eat it," said James, still harping on this string, which he saw plainly mortified Henry more than any thing.

"I don't wish for any of the apples," said Henry, drawing back.

"O, but you said you did a moment ago," replied the persevering James, "and I know you do, too; come, come, you are in for it, my boy, you have

joined us now, and must go for the whole; we shan't let you off so, to run and tell that we stole the apples, and get us flogged for it; no, no, that won't do, master Harry, you must not go tell mamma."

"I'm not going to tell mamma, I tell you," said Henry, "what do you say that for? I don't want any of the apples."

"I'll tell you what 'tis, my boy," continued the subtle James, "you have begun now, and it won't be any worse sin to go through with it; 'tisn't worse to take the apples than to wish for them; besides, 'tis not stealing to take apples; you need not look so frightened; every body takes apples; there's no harm in taking apples, only you are such a little mamma's baby-boy that you don't know how manly boys act; you an't fit to play with big boys, you spoil all the fun; you

had better go sit on mamma's knee, and play with her apron-string; O, before I'd be afraid of every little thing that other boys do! you are a proper coward and a baby."

Poor little Henry! when he yielded to the first temptation, and disobeyed his mother's injunction by going out with James, he had no thought of adding to this any other sins; he had no idea that so much evil could follow this one wrong step, just playing a little while, with the other boys; to be sure he did not forget that he was doing what his mother disapproved, and had given him her reasons for disapproving, "that his principles were not yet firmly fixed, to resist temptation;" he did not forget, that he was giving a proof that he could not resist temptations by yielding to the very first; but he thought he

could take care and not get hurt by them, and as to bad examples, he did not believe there would be any, James Sandford was so good-natured and kind; besides, he should only stay a very few minutes.

Now, however, all these great boys stood round him, and looked very threateningly, and one of them laughed at "mamma's baby boy," and another told him that "there was no sin in stealing apples, he need not be frightened;" another said "if it was sin, he was in for it now, and it would not be any worse to go through with it; he had begun and could not help himself;" and James said, he might as well go on, for if he did not, and was so cowardly as to refuse to join them, he would tell Mr. Dalton that "it was Henry Morland who stole all his apples," and then he would trim him

nicely; and then another flattered him, and told the boys "they should not laugh and call him baby, he was as clever as any of them, and would be the first to climb the tree, he knew."

They were all clamorous, and so they persuaded, frightened, and flattered Henry out of all his principles and good resolutions; and as it grew dark and the moon had gone down, he suffered them to help him up into the tree to throw down the apples, while they caught and collected them. This was exactly what these cunning and wicked boys wanted, to get Henry to steal them, while they stood ready to run, if there was any one came from Mr. Dalton's house to catch them.

Now, as it happened, Mr. Dalton had been reading in his summer-house, just under the garden fence, when the boys

first came to the field. He heard all their conversation, all their threats and persuasions, and of course, had Henry resisted, he would have known the truth, even if James had gone to tell him that ‘ he had robbed his tree;” he ardently hoped that he would resist, and had planned a reward for his firmness if he did; for he was a good man, and he was exceedingly grieved to find this little boy was joined to so wicked a set of companions; he thought, however, that it might be best to wait and see what they would do before they discovered him; but when he found they had actually put Henry on the tree, he waited no longer, but came out of his concealment upon them. The boys heard the rustling of the leaves, and with a bound they cleared the fence, and were off, leaving poor Henry to bear alone all the

punishment which they presumed Mr. Dalton would inflict. Wicked and selfish boys! they had decoyed the weak Henry into this deplorable and degraded situation, and then left him to get out of it as he might, — they thought only of themselves.

But what thought Henry at this moment!—this terrible moment, when he called to his companions to help him down, and not one remained to stand by him in his extremity;—for now he did think, and he felt too, like a miserable thief! yes, notwithstanding all they had told him about its not being stealing to take apples, he saw and felt now that it was nothing less than that dreadful sin; and he saw too, the man he had robbed standing under the tree, waiting for him to come down, with his cane in his hand, ready, if he pleased, to break it on his

unsheltered head. He thought of his poor, his beloved mother, and of the deep grief of her soul when she should know all his offences; he saw that his principles and his resolution had been fatally weak; that he was not able to guard himself, and had disregarded and disobeyed that best and tenderest of friends who would have saved him from all this, if he would have attended to her counsel, and trusted to her judgment; he felt that he had not listened to his conscience as she had advised, though it had spoken with a loud voice; and that, because he had been laughed at for submitting to that dear mother's authority, a false shame, and an unworthy pride, had risen up in his bosom. All this did Henry feel and think in the moment in which he was hurrying down from the tree, for thought is quicker

than lightning in passing through the mind, and a wounded conscience is not slow in piercing the heart with its deadliest pangs. In this little space of time the poor boy thought and felt more than in all his life before. He stood weak and trembling before the offended master of the garden, his head sunken upon his breast, and all the feelings of a miserable culprit pictured in his figure. Mr. Dalton was a merciful and a good man, and he thought only of arresting Henry in the career of vice, and making an impression upon his mind, which he might remember and feel for ever. He looked upon him sternly, and spoke solemnly.

"Miserable child," said he, "what have you done?—know you not that there is an Eye looking down upon you, that sees, amidst the shadows of the evening and the thick darkness of night, all that

you do as perfectly as when the noon-day sun shines upon you in its brightness ?—know you not that all you have done, and said, and felt, here this evening, has been watched by that Being from whom you cannot hide yourself; that He who has said 'thou shalt not steal,' has beheld you breaking His holy law ? that He who has forbidden you to take 'His name in vain,' has heard all the wicked and profane language which has passed among your wretched companions, within this hour ? that He who has bidden you to 'honour and obey your parents,' has seen you breaking this and almost every other command He has given you ?

Mr. Dalton spoke slowly and distinctly, but with great earnestness ; poor Henry sobbed aloud—he could not speak, but he sunk on his knees before Mr.

Dalton, and the warm tears flowed without controul.

"Tell me," said that good man, "tell me, poor boy, do you see how you have sinned?—do you resolve never to repeat your wicked acts?"

"O yes indeed, I never, never will; do but forgive me this time, sir; indeed it is the first time,—and I did not want to do it, but the boys made me," said Henry.

"No, no," said Mr. Dalton, "no one can make you do wrong, unless you choose to do it yourself; but I have heard all their threats and persuasions; I hoped you could resist their temptations; I thought you would, for your conscience struggled with you, it did not sleep; but shall I tell you why you would not listen to its dictates?—It

was because you did not sufficiently feel that your parents were your best friends, and suffered yourself to feel ashamed of your respect and obedience to your mother, when those wicked boys laughed at and ridiculed you for it."

"O, I know it, I know it all," said the sobbing boy, "I'd give all the world I had not done so; 'tis just what my mother told me; she warned me enough not to be laughed out of my principles."

"Why then did she suffer so young a boy to be strolling about in the evening with such bad companions? these are the worst set of boys in town,—why did she permit you to be with them?"

Henry again wept bitterly. "O do not blame my dear mother for that," said he, "she does not know it; she is away with my sick aunt."

"Unhappy mother!" said Mr. Dalton

mournfully, " and while she is watching and suffering by a sick friend, bearing all the fatigues of body and anxiety of mind which attends the chamber of illness, her son takes that sad moment to break her laws, disobey her injunctions, run into temptation, and be laughed out of his respect for her authority; indeed my heart bleeds for her."

" O don't, don't," said Henry, " do not talk so, I had rather a great deal that you would beat me.—O, I cannot bear to think of it!"

" Poor boy," said Mr. Dalton, " I will say no more; I hope you have suffered enough, and that you entirely repent of your fault; but you must forsake these bad companions, and try to avoid temptation. Go, and tell your mother, (for she is, believe me, your best earthly friend,) tell her all your faults, keep

nothing back, my child, she will love your truth, and help you to guard yourself in future from falling into the snares of the wicked; go repent and amend, and may God forgive you as I do."

It is difficult to express the complete misery of Henry's feelings as he walked toward home; he felt that Mr. Dalton had been merciful and kind, but his goodness made him the more deeply sensible of his own unworthy conduct. He felt astonished and horror-struck at his own degraded and abject situation; and then his poor mother—how was he to tell her his transgression? how could he break that kind heart by such a humiliating confession?—nevertheless she must know all—but how can I expect her to forgive me?—and to-morrow she will be here.

Henry at last undressed himself, and laid his aching head on his pillow, but

for a long time he could not sleep; he was thinking how he could make his painful communication to his mother, and what excuses he could bring: but at last he remembered Mr. Dalton's words, "she will love your truth," and he resolved he would tell all, and make no excuses; "for I know," thought Henry, "that she will say as he did, that nobody could have made me do wrong, if I had not myself consented, and I know it is so; I will tell her all the truth; for she does love the truth." Henry felt easier when he had resolved upon this course, and after a while he sighed, and wept himself to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

HENRY awoke in the morning, but little refreshed by a night of turbulent and feverish dreams; his head beat hard, and his eyes were swollen, his limbs ached, and his stomach was sick. The woman whom Mrs. Morland had desired to watch over her son, had once looked into the room after she had taken away his supper, and not seeing him, concluded he had gone to bed, and thought no more about it. How much suffering and evil would be prevented, if every one would be faithful to their own humble duties! But Sally had company come in, and she thought no more of Henry till she now brought him his breakfast.

"Why, what's the matter, master Henry?" said she, "you look quite dull and sick this morning; I suppose it is lonely without your mamma; shall I go and ask James Sandford to come and play with you; he always makes you laugh."

"No, no, Sally, I had rather be alone; but do you know what time my mother is expected to be here, Sally?"

"The stage don't get here till near night," replied Sally; "and I wouldn't sit moping here alone all day, and your vacation is not up till next week, is it?—you had better let me call in James, for you look so dull, I'm afraid your mamma will think I haven't taken good care of you:—why, you have slept your eyes out almost, going to bed so early."

Henry again assured Sally that he had rather be alone; for the thought of

seeing James Sandford again was dreadful to him; he felt too unwell to go out, and too unsettled and listless to employ himself; the day was long and gloomy; he wandered from room to room, and no one can imagine, who has not felt the penalty of sin, how distressing it is to carry about for hours a wounded guilty conscience, and the knowledge of secret sins, which we know must be brought to light. It was a feeling new to Henry, for he had hitherto shewn but few faults, and they had always been confessed, repented of, and forgiven, almost as soon as committed; now, however, he had to endure the burthen during a long night and an almost endless day.

Toward seven in the evening, Henry saw the stage turn down the street which was to bring his mother home; he saw her glad and happy face, bright with

expected pleasure, looking about for him, and expecting, as he knew, to see him as usual on her return from abroad, waiting on the threshold of the door, ready to meet and welcome her. Henry groaned at the sight—and he ran up into his little chamber and shut the door, and bolted it, but in a moment more he knew that this would not do; that his mother would come to him if he did not go to her, and that would be worse; so he ran as quickly as before to regain the parlour before she should come in, and he seated himself in a corner, and tried to look easy and unconcerned,—he was able to answer with tolerable steadiness "pretty well, mother," when she spoke to him, but he could not go up to her and stand by her, and let her take his hand, and look him in the face, as usual—O no! he felt

the warm tears gathering in his eyes; he felt such a swelling in his throat as was absolutely painful, and his heart beat with violence against his bosom, and he wished he had remained up in his little chamber;—his mother looked earnestly at him, she saw the struggle of his soul, she noticed his manner, and his changing countenance, and she read there, "that all was not right within;" for a moment she became faint, and could not speak. For what mother, who has felt the sickening anguish steal over the heart when it is first convinced that a darling child has sinned, but would willingly exchange that pang for any which the mortal body can sustain. Mrs. Morland watched Henry attentively for a few moments, and then she said gently:—

"Henry, come here, my love," and she took his hand kindly, and seated

him beside her. "Now tell me, my son," said she in her sweetest voice, "why is that light and happy face so clouded this evening? what is it sits so heavy at your heart, my child?"—Her kind tones melted Henry, his lips quivered, and he hung his head on his bosom, but he could not speak, though he thought his heart would break.

"You cannot tell me, my son," continued his mother,—"well then, I must tell you why it is, my dear boy, you have done something wrong! yes, I am sure of it,—I am sure there is nothing but a consciousness of guilt can make my affectionate child thus receive his mother, thus shun her looks of love, and shrink from her embrace;—open your heart then, my dear Henry, tell me all your faults; I am confident that you are penitent, be they what they

may; confess them then, without fear or disguise."

"O, my dear kind mother," at last sobbed Henry, "if it had not been for James"—

"Stop, stop, my dear Henry," interrupted his mother, "remember it is your own fault, I wish you to confess, and not James's; I wish not to hear what James has done, but what you have done."

Henry hesitated,—he did not know how to speak of his own transgression without prefacing it with James's temptation.

"Take time, my dear son," said Mrs. Morland, "before you speak; you know how much I love truth; take care, therefore, not to depart from truth to frame any needless excuses; my own heart will be ready to make every pos-

sible allowance; tell me then, with confidence, and if I mourn your fault, I shall value your truth and candour; it is the only recompense you can make me for any offence; speak, therefore, of yourself, and not of James, or any one else."

"I was only going to tell you how much he tempted me," said Henry, softly.

"Henry," said Mrs. Morland, impressively, "when we neglect to do what we know to be right, or permit ourselves to do what we know to be wrong, we must not think to excuse ourselves by weighing the temptation;—when we resolve to be good, and have learned what our duty is, we should set it before us with a resolute determination to look neither to the right nor the left, but to walk straight forward to that object; and

temptations on the one side or on the other, be they great or be they small, will be alike unable to draw us from it; God gives us power equal to conquering the stronger as well as the lesser temptations, if we but resolve to use it; so, my dear son, leave speaking of the temptations, at least for the present, and come directly to the point; tell me a straight, unvarnished tale of your own faults,—think, what did you begin with, wrong—what was your first step?"

It was with infinite pain, notwithstanding his mother's exceeding kindness, that Henry obliged himself to tell all he had done, and when he saw the big tears stand in his mother's eye, he thought for a moment that he could not go on; but he resolved that he would do as his mother said, 'set the object of duty' (which was to tell the plain truth)

directly before him, and suffer no kind of temptation to persuade him to waver from it; his mother saw that he did so, and that he no more tried to favour himself by making excuses, and accusing others, but spoke plainly of all that he had done, however culpable it proved him to be.

When he had finished, she kissed him tenderly, and smiled upon him through her tears.—"My dear Henry," said she, drawing him affectionately nearer to her, and parting the curls from his burning forehead, "your fault has been indeed a dreadful one; I tremble at the bare thought of the danger you have been in, from these profligate companions, and the fearful extent of your transgression; but the anguish it has caused me is sweetly tempered by your bold and resolute adherence to truth, however painful

it might be to communicate it; and the sincere and deep penitence it proves you to feel for your faults, is an assurance to me that you will never be induced to repeat them; in this assurance I will freely and entirely forgive your offences against me; you have asked pardon already of Mr. Dalton, who has been merciful and kind; and now, my dear boy, you will humbly and devoutly implore the forgiveness of that great and holy Being, whom you have most offended, whose righteous laws you have violated, and whose commands you have broken. I will join you, my child, in rendering the most heartfelt thanksgivings to Him who, notwithstanding your offences, has so graciously arrested your steps in the path of vice, and impressed you so deeply with the conviction that sin is misery."

CHAPTER IV.

It was, perhaps, three weeks or a month after the events we have related, that the death of Mrs. Morland's sister, again obliged her to leave home for a few days.—"I must once more quit you, my darling boy," said she, "I shall be gone when you return from school, and must give you my parting blessing before you go. I leave you with much less anxiety than I did before, my son, though you so sadly departed from your duty at that time;—you have felt the bitterness and misery of sin, and I trust will be more firm in your resistance of temptation: I wish most earnestly, nevertheless, that the situation of your

uncle's family would permit my taking you with me; these separations are painful. Be careful, and shun bad boys; take your walk after school, that you may be contented to pass your evenings within. I leave you plenty of books, and you must make yourself happy with them, and the thought of doing your duty; that, believe me, is the purest kind of happiness, for it is that which comes immediately from Heaven. Farewell, my dearest friend; yes, you smile, my dear, but a good child is always a mother's friend, even if he be very young, —I am sure I may call you mine."

Henry felt delighted at the idea of being a friend of his mother's, and he resolved to deserve the honour and the pleasure of being considered such.—He took his walk after school, and went home in good season, and when the

candles were brought, he took his book and studied his lesson ; then he read, and he drew, and tried to amuse himself: but the evening seemed lonely and long, for he missed his mother's entertaining conversation, her kind looks, and affectionate manner. He heard the clock strike at distant intervals, while the laughter of the boys at play came upon the evening breezes. The weather was fair and mild, the heavens were spangled with a thousand stars, and the moon shed her mellow lustre on all the fair scene below. A hand organ of remarkably soft tone was sending forth sweet music in the next street. Henry longed to hear it more distinctly, and the thought passed through his mind, would there be any thing wrong,—any possible ill-consequences, from just stepping to the corner, to enjoy this music more

perfectly? would not his mother herself say yes, if he could ask her?—But Henry's good conscience was listened to; he attended to her voice, for he wished to know his duty. "My mother said, 'Do not go out after dark!'" said he to himself, "she did not add, 'unless something particular makes you wish to go;' but she said plainly, 'don't go,'—I will set this command as she said, before me, and I will not listen to the temptations, because they are strong;" and Henry got up and shut the window, and barred the shutter, and went away from the sound of the sweet music, and the sight of the fair moon, and the bright stars, and the melting softness of the evening air,—but a more blessed softness, and a brighter star seemed to shed its holy radiance through his bosom as

his conscience sweetly whispered "You have done right."

At this moment Frederick Russel came to the door, and was shewn in. "Henry," said he, "where are you? come, I want you to walk with me, will you?—here is that charming organ, which belongs to the circus company, playing at the next corner most delightfully. Oh, how you are shut up here, how close and warm; why, you can have no idea how perfectly pleasant it is out of doors! come walk with me, will you?"

But Henry felt strong now to resist temptation; he had conquered the first, and felt its reward; it was much easier now to continue right, though this was the greatest temptation of the two, for he knew that Russel was a good boy, a companion that his mother approved,

and he thought it very probable, that if she had been present she would have permitted him to go; but he said to himself, "in obedience there is safety, and that is all I have to do, to obey. It is not possible for me to tell, certainly, if she might not object to it, though it does seem so innocent a thing." All this passed quickly through Henry's mind, and he replied accordingly, "No, I cannot go, Frederick, because my mother does not like that I should be out in the evening; she has gone away, and the last thing she said to me, was to keep in after dark."

Now Henry thought that Frederick might laugh as James did, when he said his mother would "not let him go," and he had at first thought of making another excuse, and saying that "he did not wish to go," but his principles were

better now, and the distinctions of right and wrong more clearly impressed on his mind, and he felt that such an answer would not be the truth, and he obliged himself to say what was the truth. But Frederick did not seem to think of laughing as he replied, "Did she? well then, you ought not, to be sure—but I will tell you what we can do, and that is much better, we will go down in your summer-house, and there we can enjoy the evening, and hear the music quite plain. I dare say my mother would rather I should not go among them myself, for there will be a crowd of idlers, as there always is, round the player."

They accordingly went into Mrs. Morland's charming garden, and the flowers sent forth a rich fragrance and the moon shed a softened lustre through

the trees; the music came clear and distinct on the still air, and the boys both felt that it was much pleasanter than to be in the dirty streets, and with a rude crowd of boys. Presently the music was suddenly drowned by loud and discordant noises; there seemed to be a rush in the street, and great hallooing and confusion, and they felt very thankful that they were in the lovely and quiet garden. "But it is near nine o'clock, and I know you always go to bed at nine," said Russel, "so I will not stay any longer. Good night, Henry." Henry bade him good night, and went to his chamber, he felt that he had done right; he thought over all the events of the day, and could remember no act of self-indulgence, nothing but what he would like his mother should look upon, and he felt happier than any music could have made him.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Henry arose, refreshed with his sweet slumbers, and went to school. His heart was light, and he bounded over the distance with elastic steps; he had studied his lesson with care, and felt confident of his master's approbation; as soon as Frederick Russel saw him in recess, he exclaimed, "only think, Henry, what happened last night; how thankful I am that I stayed with you!" "Why, what did happen?" said Henry, eagerly, "I have heard of nothing." "Not heard of the riot!" replied Russel; "why, there was, as I thought there would be, a great crowd of boys and stragglers, gathered round hearing the music,—and don't

you know when we heard those loud noises and hallooing, just before I left you?—well then—it was found that there was a pick-pocket among them; one poor countryman had lost his pocket-book, with all his money in it, and so there was a cry of 'stop thief,' 'close in,' and then there was searching, and wrestling, and fighting, and swearing; and some were seized, and carried before a magistrate; and one drunken, ill-looking fellow, was so violent, that they took him to the watchhouse, for the night; and I'll tell you who was there, in the midst of it all,—and some folks say, that he was suspected, from some cause or other; but I don't think it can be; and that was that boy I used to see you with so much;—who has just moved into your street,—that Sandford boy; don't you know? They had a shocking time of it;

our James says, he was there too; our James, the coachman; I was glad enough that you stopped me, for I should have been there if you had gone; so it was your example, your saying, that your mother did not think well of boys being in the streets of an evening, that prevented me, Henry, and I thank you." What delightful sensations of gratitude and joy filled Henry's mind at this moment; he had not only been preserved from a great danger, of which he could have had no idea, and of course could not have guarded himself against it; but his example, together with those words which he had been tempted not to say lest Frederick should laugh, as James did; those very words, and his example, had saved his friend also! "yes," said he to himself, as he walked thoughtfully home after school, "yes, my mother did

say truly, that " happiness goes hand in hand with goodness, for I never felt half so happy in my life."

The organ which the boys had heard, and a fine band of music, had been brought into town by a company of rope-dancers and circus performers, who proposed exhibiting their feats for a few nights. Their handbills were posted up on every lamp-post which Henry passed on his way from school ; and when he reached home, he found one, which had been thrown in at the street door, laying still on the floor. Henry had never seen or heard of any thing so enchanting as the proposed performances; and he wished most ardently, that he could go to see them. In the afternoon, the school-boys could talk of nothing else in the recess, but this company and their exploits;—some had

seen them the week before, in a neighbouring town, and drew the boys all round them, with their glowing descriptions of the surprising feats of balancing, and tumbling, and dancing on the rope and wire, and horsemanship which were exhibited. All the lads who could muster cash enough, or whose parents could indulge them, said they should go.

Henry thought of it all with sadness and discontent, as he walked slowly home at night; never had any thing taken such hold of his imagination, as the wonders which the handbills promised.—Soon after his return, and while he sat pondering upon this absorbing subject, a billet was brought to him Henry wondered exceedingly who it could be from; his mother had promised to write to him, but he knew this could not be from her, because it was so small

He hastened to break the seal, and read the following lines from Frederick Russel's mother: "My dear young friend, —Frederick tells me, that you would like to see the performances at the Circus this evening, but that your mother is not in town to go with you; I intend taking my boys there, and I have a spare ticket for you, if you would be pleased to join us, and think your mother would have no objection. Frederick and William are very desirous of your company, because they say that you are a good, obedient boy: this is high praise. I hope you will come at six precisely, as we wish to go early."

Henry's first thoughts were only of joy; he had an invitation to go, and with his best friend, to this delightful exhibition; the boys wished him to go, —and Henry read on, "because he was

a good, obedient boy." As his eyes fell a second time upon these words, his countenance lost its gaiety, and his heart sunk within him,—he sat for some time, thinking deeply, and then again read, "because you are a good, obedient boy," —"and shall I be good and obedient if I go out this evening, when my mother's positive commands were, 'don't go out after dark, however tempted?' Has she not told me, again and again, that if I am really resolved to be good and do my duty, I must set that duty directly before me, and not be drawn away by a greater, more than by a small temptation; and do I not know that obedience is my duty, and have I not determined ever since that dreadful night, that I would be good and obedient?—I certainly shall not obey if I go, and yet I do want to go so much; what evil would

come of my going under such protection as Mrs. Russel? I do not believe that my mother herself would object, if she were here for me to ask her;—but she is not here," said he after a moment's longer thought, "and how can I certainly know that something bad may not happen?—Yes, one thing bad will happen, for I shall feel guilty all the time, and unhappy; and then when my mother comes I must tell 'that I could not resist any temptation, notwithstanding the punishment which followed my disobedience before.' I must tell her 'that I am not to be trusted,'—oh no, that would be too bad; I cannot go, I see, and I may as well give it up at first as at last."

Henry ruled his paper, and wrote his answer to Mrs. Russel in his best hand. "He thanked her very much, but as his mother had forbidden him to go out in

the evening while she was gone, he could not go to the Circus with them, without disobeying her."

When Henry had written his note, and sent it, and all was decided, he almost ceased to regret that he could not go; so delightful was the happy consciousness which he felt that he had done right.

CHAPTER VI.

Soon after Henry had written and dispatched his answer to Mrs. Russel, he heard the post-man's horn; and as there was time before tea, he took his hat and ran to the post-office to get his mother's promised letter; for he knew his mother always kept every promise sacredly which she made him, and he felt glad in his heart that he had kept his to her. He found the letter had really come, and he hastened back that he might read it. He broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"My dear son,

"I write in great haste, and only because I promised you that I would do so. I should be sorry to disappoint

you; but I shall probably be with you by seven this evening. Having finished all my melancholy duties here, I am impatient to be once more with my dear son, who, I feel certain, will be waiting for me at the door with his own bright and happy smile of welcome; he will not, I am sure he will not, as when I last returned, shun the eye of his mother because he dreads its scrutiny; I delight in the confidence I feel that his good principles are now fixed, and that he is strong enough in his integrity to resist temptation, and that henceforth he will be only the delight of his fond mother's heart."

Is it necessary that I should describe to my young friends the glow of delight which flushed Henry's cheek, the deep feeling of gladness which filled his heart, as he read again and again the affec-

tionate letter his mother had sent him. No, no, I am sure it is not necessary; I hope and trust that they all have experienced how delightful it is to feel that they deserve a mother's love, and the confidence she reposes in their virtue and obedience; they have felt how sweet it is to meet after a trial well sustained, a temptation well resisted, to stand confident and unblushing before her inquiring eye. Henry was happy, beyond expression happy, when he remembered that he could do all this; when he recollected that had he accepted Mrs. Russel's invitation he should have been gone when his mother returned; that she would have sought him as she approached in vain, and her heart would have been chilled with sorrow before she could know what were his inducements to disobedience.

As the hour drew near for his mother's arrival, he forgot the Circus, and all but the anticipated pleasure of meeting her; —he washed his face and combed his hair, brushed his clothes and his shoes, and then seated himself on the piazza, to watch for the stage. His mother had been absent but a few days, yet never before had he thought of her return with such emotions of delight. As soon as the carriage turned the corner of the street, he saw her looking from beneath the curtain in search of his well known figure. She waved her hand to him as she drew near; and he saw, though she looked pale and weary, that her face was lighted up with the purest satisfaction.

"O mother, I can kiss you now," said Henry, throwing his arms round her neck as she entered the room; "you may look me in the face, I can stand it

now, for I have had temptations, mother, and I resisted them; I have had what to me were great temptations, but I did not mind them any more than little ones; for I did as you told me, I set the duty of obedience before me, and held it fast; now an't you glad, mother?" Then Henry recounted to her all his trials, all he had felt and thought, and wished and done, during their separation, and his cheek glowed, and his eye sparkled, as he watched the smile of joy on his mother's face, as he felt the warm pressure of the hand which held his, and knew that the happiness which filled her bosom was his work.

When Henry had done speaking, and had told his mother all that had passed, she continued to look at him for a moment in silence, with that sweet expression of love which always reached his

heart, and caused it to thrill with joy whenever it beamed upon him. Then with a softened voice, which was music to his ears, she said, "Now in truth, my darling son, I have a solace for all the woes and distresses I have encountered in my absence from you; now have I tasted of the purest joy that can glad a mother's bosom, in the sweet conviction I feel that your principles are fixed and pure, now that I see my child walking, and determined to walk, in that straight and narrow path of duty which alone can lead him to happiness, durable and perfect; continue thus to consult your conscience, my son, continue to watch thus over your own heart, and I may safely trust you in the wide world alone.

"And now let me tell you about this company of performers, who seem to

have come here but to try your firmness. I know all about them, for the subject was fully discussed in the stage this very day, by those who were well informed. The company was originally a very good one, and they were perhaps able to do all that this remnant now promise; but the best of the band remain at Charleston, in South Carolina, to complete a term of performance there; they have dismissed these as a worthless and dissolute portion, from their employment, and 'tis this *refuse* part of the company who have presumed to come here, and set up for themselves; they are all of the poorest class of performers, as well as of characters, and should meet with no kind of encouragement from the lovers of good order and decency; you will have a much better opportunity, before long, of seeing all that is worth seeing

in this line. Mrs. Russel would not have visited them this evening, I am confident, if she had waited to know more of them; and now let us dismiss them from our thoughts, and talk of more pleasant things.

"Your uncle was exceedingly anxious that I should accompany himself and Ellen on a charming journey which they have planned. I was myself desirous to be with them both, as neither of them are in good health, but I was quite resolved not to leave you behind, and as firmly determined, if I found you had weakly failed in your duty, after all your resolves, that I would not take so troublesome and feeble a child to interrupt the harmony of the party; it was then on you that my decision rested; on what I should find had been your conduct, and the strength of your good pur-

poses, would depend the answer I should give your uncle the next week. You have conquered and won the prize. The journey will be long and most interesting. We shall visit the noble falls of Niagara, and probably Quebec, before we return. Ellen is most urgent for your company; and you will, I trust, be a true brother to this dear motherless girl. Is not this reward worth fifty Circus's, and as many strolls through the dirty streets, even on the fairest evening? is it not worth all that could be offered you, when combined with a guilty conscience?"

"O mother," said Henry, "I cannot tell you—I don't know how to tell you, what I feel; how many rewards I have! only just for doing my duty. In the first place, it was a reward, a great reward, to feel that I had done right, and

should please you; that made up for all my disappointments; and when I read your kind approving letter, that was another reward; though it would have been a punishment to be praised and loved so, if I had known that I did not deserve it;—and then it was a reward when you did come home, to have you look and speak so affectionately to me; I thought I could not be happier than that made me—and now to take this delightful journey with you and my uncle, to see those great Falls that I have read about, and thought of so much, O that is a reward indeed—only think how many." And Henry jumped and bounded about the room with a heart light as the thistle-down which floats on the summer air; for what gives such pure gladness as a good conscience? It gilds every object with its own bright

and glowing charms; all is sunshine without, when there is no dark cloud of sin settling on the young heart within. Henry felt this truth, and as he met his mother's fond gaze resting upon him with so much hope, confidence, and joy, he thought he never more should be even tempted to do wrong while he lived.

THE

CHRISTMAS VISIT.

"COME hither, Emily," said Mrs. Osmond to her daughter, a little girl about six years old, who had just returned from school; "come hither, for I have something to tell you."

"What is it, mamma? Have you had a letter from papa? and is he coming home soon?"

"No, that is not it, though I hope your papa will now very soon be home again; but it is that your friend, Mrs. Curwen, has just been here, to invite you to spend the day with her on Christmas-day, to meet your friend Julia."

"Oh! how delightful; how very kind Mrs. Curwen is!" said the little girl with great animation.

"She is, indeed! And though the object of this invitation is to give Julia a treat before she leaves the country, which you know she will now soon do, as her mamma has sent for her, to return home with her uncle, who is to set off in a few days; yet it will, I am sure, be quite as great a pleasure to yourself; for though Mrs. Curwen has no children of her own, you know how much pains she always takes to make her house pleasant to her little visitors."

"Oh, yes! I remember the last time we were there, she had a great doll for us, that she had dressed herself. And it had a beautiful frock and cap, and a pair of socks, just like those that my little sister Emma wears; and we played

at its being ill, and then Mrs. Curwen made a scramble of raisins and sugar-plums, and a great many other good things, and we had such fun in picking them up! Oh! it was delightful. I hope you will let me go, mamma!"

"Yes, upon one condition."

"Oh! I know what that condition will be. It will be about my tickets for good conduct."

"Yes; you are quite right. You know, Emily, your great fault is idleness. You are apt to spend your time idling when you ought to be attending to your lessons. But if you get——"

"A ticket every day for good conduct," interrupted the little girl.

"Yes! I am sure you will not receive a ticket for good conduct unless your lessons have been properly attended to, and your behaviour in school has been

such as it ought to be; and therefore your going to Mrs. Curwen's must depend upon your tickets for good conduct. It only wants two days to Christmas-day, and if you can bring me a ticket each day for good conduct you shall go; but if not, you must be content to stay at home. It is a very short time for you to keep watch over yourself; so that if you fail, I am sure even your friend Mrs. Curwen herself will not think that you deserve to partake of her kindness."

"Oh! if it only depends upon my getting two tickets for good conduct, I am sure I shall go," returned the little Emily, clapping her hands with pleasure. "Let me see! this is Monday evening; there is only Tuesday and Wednesday; and on Wednesday we shall have school only half the day; so that I

shall have to watch myself only a very short time."

"True, Emily, it will only be a very short time, and therefore the terms on which your going depends are not, you see, very severe; but yet that time, short as it is, may be of great service to you, as every time you try, you do something towards forming a habit of attention; and besides, if you succeed, you will both please me, and prove to your friend Mrs. Curwen that you know how to value her kindness."

"I will go directly and learn my lessons for to-morrow," said Emily, and taking up her bag of books she hastened into a little back parlour, in which she was in the habit of studying her lessons. For some time she kept her attention very steadily fixed on her book; but

just as she had taken her geography, and opened her map to trace the boundaries of North America, a lady, who frequently visited her mother, and who sang very well, began at that moment in an adjoining room to sing a song of which Emily was very fond. The little girl had a good ear for music, and was so exceedingly partial to it, that it was with great difficulty that she could keep her attention fixed upon what she was doing. Over and over again she was on the point of leaving her lessons, and going into the parlour where the fair songstress was; but she recollected how soon it would be bed-time, and how little time there was, whilst the mornings were so very short, to learn any lessons that had been neglected the evening before, and determined to persevere; and clasping her little hands, and laying

them on the book before her, as if to hold fast her resolution, she repeated, "North America is bounded on the north by the Arctic ocean, on the west and south by the Pacific ocean, and on the east by the Atlantic ocean." It is true, that as she repeated this, and found answers to the rest of the questions which were contained in her lesson, her feet beat time against the chair, and her head moved in unison, whilst she sometimes found herself trying to make the words of her lesson accord with the measure of the music, as she spun out the words eighty-five degrees of north la-ti-tude, yet still she contrived to keep her mind fixed upon what she was doing till she had impressed it on her memory, so as to be sure of being able to call it forward, when required, the following day. "Now I know all my lessons perfectly,"

said she, as she replaced her books in her bag; "I am sure of not losing my ticket to-morrow on account of my lessons." So saying, she hastened into the other parlour, but the music was over, the lady was gone, and the room was empty. Emily, however, was seldom at a loss for means of amusement, and she skipped about the room, singing, "I'll be a butterfly," as if she were indeed that light and airy creature of pleasure. Satisfied with herself for the resolution that she had exercised, the rest of the evening was spent in more than even her usual cheerfulness, and she laid her head down upon the pillow with repeated resolutions of attention the following day. When the little girl opened her eyes the next morning, it looked so gloomy and dark that she very willingly persuaded herself it was too soon to rise, and had

just turned over to compose herself for another nap, when the clock struck eight. In an instant she was out of bed. She had only a single hour in which to dress herself, to eat her breakfast, and go to school; she had not, therefore, a single moment to lose. Yet a strong temptation assailed her, for on a chair by her bedside lay a small paper parcel, directed to her, which on opening she found to contain a cap, that her friend Julia had made for her doll, and which had been sent to her after she was in bed the night before, and placed by the servant near her bedside, that she might see it as soon as she rose in the morning. "Oh! what a beautiful little cap," exclaimed Emily. "How pretty my doll will look in it. I must try it on directly. But no," added she, recollecting herself, "I must not stay to try it on now, or I

shall be too late for school, and then away goes my ticket for good conduct at once." And, with an effort of self-denial, that would have done credit to a much older mind, Emily put the tempting cap into a drawer, and hastened to finish her dressing. Her breakfast was soon swallowed, and she was in the school-room before the school-bell rang. "I think now I am safe for to-day," said she; "only I hope Julia will not be in one of her funny humours, and try to make me laugh." To the credit of our little heroine, however, though Julia was in a funny humour, and did frequently try to make her laugh, and though Emily's gay, and even volatile temper, was ever ready to receive a lively impression, yet still she succeeded in keeping herself so far within bounds as

to escape reproof, and she returned home in the evening with the wished-for ticket. "Here it is, mamma! here it is!" cried she, running to her mother, and holding out the testimony of her good behaviour. Her mother took the ticket, and congratulated her upon having got over half the time successfully. "More than half, mamma," returned Emily, "for to-morrow will be only half a day, and I have very few lessons to learn to-night."

"I am not sure that you are any more safe on that account, Emily," replied her mother; "for you know I have often remarked to you, that you generally prepare your lessons the worst when you consider them the easiest; as then you are apt, from the idea that they can be learnt in so very short a time, to put

them off until you have no time for them at all, instead of learning them first and amusing yourself afterwards."

"But I will not do so to-night," said the little girl, and away she went directly to study them. And fortunate it was that she did so, for she had scarcely finished the last thing that she had to learn before her friend Julia came to play with her. She could now, however, play with safety, and the rest of the evening was passed in amusement. The new cap was tried on, and found to fit beautifully; the doll was dressed and undressed, put to bed and taken up again; declared to be very ill, and obliged to take medicine; taken out to visit; sent to bed for being naughty; and, in short, passed through all the vicissitudes of a moderate life-time before the friends parted for the night.

"It is eight o'clock," cried Emily, capering about the room, half dancing and half-jumping as she spoke: "I am safe for to-day, and I have only till twelve o'clock to-morrow, and then I shall get my ticket, and then I shall be safe; and then I shall go to Mrs. Curwen's."

"And then," rejoined her mother, "I hope you will have learned how much better it is to work first and play after, than to play first and run the risk of the work being neglected altogether."

"Oh! yes, mamma! I intend to remember that in future," said the little girl; and away she went to bed, singing as she went, to a tune of her own composing—

"How pleasant it is at the end of the day,
Of no follies to have to repent."

"Emily!" said her mother, rousing her little girl from a sound sleep, as she spoke; "Emily! do you know it is nearly eight o'clock?"

"Oh! it is time enough, mamma," said Emily, starting up as she spoke; "it struck eight o'clock before I was out of bed yesterday morning; and yet I was in the school-room some minutes before the bell rang."

"But if you trifle in that way, it will be nine o'clock before you are out of this room," continued her mother, as Emily, taking hold of her little night-gown instead of a frock, began to practise her dancing steps. "You see, my dear, you have yet only got your stockings and shoes on; so, at this rate, it will certainly take you more than an hour to finish your dressing."

"Oh! indeed you are mistaken,

mamma, you will see how soon I shall be out of the room, and roused to recollection by this remonstrance, the rest of her dressing was very quickly finished. Her breakfast too was dispatched with equal rapidity. "Now I am ready," said she, starting from her chair, and putting on her little brown beaver hat as she spoke; "and now for my coat; but stop," she continued, throwing her coat carelessly over her arm; "I have not my bag: where is it, I wonder? Oh! I remember! I left it in the piazza, when I went to look what sort of a morning it was;" and off she went dragging her coat, which still hung over her arm, after her; and on the piazza she found her bag, her mittens, one of her books, and her slate, all laying as she had thrown them out of her hand, to run after some trifle that had at the moment attracted

her attention; but as she took up her bag with the intention of putting her book and slate into it, her favourite kitten, which had followed her to the piazza, running after her coat as it dragged after her along the floor, now caught at the bag, and tugged and scratched at it, as if it had been intended entirely for its amusement. This was too congenial with Emily's own frolicsome disposition to be resisted, and there she stood, at one moment drawing the bag away, and the next throwing it back again, to the sportive little animal. And we must be permitted here to pause and describe our little friend, as she looked while thus engaged. It was one of those fine mild mornings, which of late years we have so often witnessed in the very depth of winter, and the sun, which had just risen, sent forth his

beams to gild the landscape behind her, defining her figure more clearly by the contrast. To the eye of fancy and affection, that rising sun might have been thought to represent her whose orb, like his own, was just rising; and though a few mists yet obscured the bright rays of mind which had already begun to beam, yet no one could look at the face, which, though not formed according to any of the acknowledged rules of beauty, was bright with innocence, animation, and happiness, without feeling assured that, as it gained its meridian heights, it would shine forth with pure unclouded lustre, and prepare the way for a clear and glorious evening. Though Emily, as she thus stood, presented a picture that a painter might study, it was but of short duration, for whilst she yet played with her favourite, the clock struck nine,

and at once recalled the little girl to a recollection of her folly.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed, "it is nine o'clock, and I am not ready. Get away, kitty! do not come near me again," she continued, as the kitten, which had received no warning from the stroke of the clock, still tried to catch at the strings of the bag whilst she was putting in its usual contents; "get away! for if you had not come near me I should not have staid so long. I should not have been tempted by any thing else. Oh! how difficult my coat is to get on this morning. I cannot tell what is the matter with this hook and eye! it will not fasten. Yes! now it is fastened, and I must run." But though poor Emily did run, and put herself into a violent heat; and though she went into the school-room puffing and

blowing, the words, as she entered, of "Miss Emily Osmond — you are too late," told her at once that all chance of visiting her friend Mrs. Curwen was over.

A few tears chased each other silently down her cheek, as she took her seat at the desk, and for the rest of the day it was little effort to poor Emily to be silent and attentive. Julia tried a thousand ways to excite a smile, but in vain; for the idea that she had not only deprived herself of so much pleasure for the morrow, but had disappointed her mamma and appeared ungrateful to Mrs. Curwen for her kindness, weighed on her mind, and every now and then filled her eyes with tears.

"Do not cry, Emily, I beg of you," said Julia, as they returned home together, after the school hours were over,

"I am quite sure your mamma will let you go to Mrs. Curwen's after all. I feel quite certain of it; for you know this is almost the last day we have to be together; and I am sure she could not find in her heart to deprive you of the pleasure for such a trifle."

"No! my mamma never changes her mind after she has promised me any thing," said Emily, "and I am glad she does not, because it always makes me sure that if I am good I shall get the reward I expect."

"Oh! well, but she may change her mind just about such a trifle as this, after all," returned Julia.

"I am quite sure she will not," was Emily's quiet reply, and the friends parted, as their roads now lay in different directions. As Emily entered the

house, she felt almost ashamed of meeting her mamma, and she blushed at the idea of the reluctance which she felt; but she soon found that, for the present at least, she was saved the pain of seeing her, for she was told that a very short time after she went to school, her mother had been sent for to a very particular friend, who was dangerously ill, and that she was not yet returned. Emily always thought the house very forlorn and dull when her mother was not in it, but now that she was out of spirits herself, she felt it more so than ever, and she hung about, listless and uneasy, and unable to enter into any of her usual amusements. She tried to sing, but her voice was husky and out of tune. She began to practise her steps, but it was impossible to dance without music, and Emily that

day had no music in her soul. She took out her doll, with the intention of amusing herself with it, but it brought to her recollection the pleasure she had expected to enjoy in playing with the great doll at Mrs. Curwen's the next day; and she put it aside, and forgot that she had expected entertainment from it. Even her little kitten, which, from its fondness for play, seemed to be so nearly allied to herself, played with a ball of cotton, or ran after its own tail, round and round the room, in vain; for Emily only recollected that it was the kitten that had tempted her to the neglect of her duty in the morning. "I wonder when my mamma will come home," said she to herself, as the short winter's day began to draw to a close. "I wish she would come, that I might see her, and hear her say

that she forgives me ; and will not punish me any further than by not letting me go to Mrs. Curwen's. I hope she will not look grave at me, for that will be worse than all. I wish she would come that I might know at once what she would say. Oh! perhaps that is she," added the little girl, starting up and running to the window at the sound of the door bell; but it was too dark for her to see who it was, and she was returning to the fireside, when the room door opened, and the servant brought in a letter, which he said was for her. " For me!" cried Emily, in great surprise; ' who can have written to me? I never received a letter in my life from any body." A lamp, however, was lighted, and the letter opened, which proved to be from Julia, and, after spelling and

puzzling over it for a considerable time, Emily at length made out the following epistle :

" My dear Emily,

" I have just heard that your mamma is not at home ; and I wanted to come round to you, but my aunt would not let me. But I have sent you the ticket for good conduct, which I got to-day, and you may call it your own. It will not be cheating, you know, because you did behave very well at school, and then we shall meet at Mrs. Curwen's to-morrow, which will be delightful ; for you know it is almost the last day that we can be together, before I go away.

" Your affectionate friend,

" JULIA."

Julia, who was nearly two years older than Emily, had written this letter with much more ease than her friend could

read it. She, at last, however, succeeded in decyphering it; and, after having made herself fully acquainted with its contents, she took the ticket which was enclosed in it, and putting it very carefully by, as deliberately put the letter into the fire. From that moment Emily's face began gradually to brighten, her voice became less husky, and though she did not jump and skip about as she was in the habit of doing, yet she ceased to stretch and yawn, and wish the evening was over; and her countenance, though more thoughtful than usual, was expressive only of composure and satisfaction. The return of her mamma, which she had sometimes wished for and sometimes dreaded, now appeared to have become of less importance to her, so that on finding, by her usual bed-time, that she was not yet come home, she went very

contentedly to bed, and was soon wrapped in a sound sleep. Her first object, on waking in the morning, was to ascertain whether her mother was yet returned, but finding that she was not, she prepared to spend some more hours alone. Emily, however, though a very little girl, was able not only to read, but to understand what she read; so that she could easily find amusement from the variety of little books with which her mamma had supplied her; and this made the morning pass over comfortably, till about twelve o'clock, when she began to feel very anxious for her mother's return. It seemed a long time since she had seen her; she did not remember that ever in her life she had been so long absent from her before, and she sighed and wondered when she would come. At length she heard some one open the

front door, and come along the entry; and her little heart began to beat at the idea of meeting her mother. The door opened, but instead of her mamma, Julia entered, very prettily dressed, and evidently prepared for her visit.

"Why, Emily!" she exclaimed, as she came forward, "not dressed yet! I expected to find you ready to go."

"Go where?" asked the little girl.

"Why, to Mrs. Curwen's, to be sure. Where else could I mean?"

"You know I am not going to Mrs. Curwen's."

"Why not? Has your mamma found out that the ticket was mine?"

"I have not seen my mamma since yesterday morning. She has not returned home yet."

"Then why are you not going? You have no need to wait for her to give you

leave to go, when you know she said you should go if you could bring her a ticket for good conduct, each day; and you can show her one when she comes home."

"Yes! but not one of my own."

"Yes! it is your own, for I have given it to you."

"But it is not gained by my own good behaviour."

"But you deserved to have one, for you never behaved better in school, in your life, than you did yesterday morning. You only lost your ticket for being a very few minutes too late, and therefore, it will not be cheating at all, to tell your mamma that you behaved well." Happily, however, for Emily, there had been so much pains taken to impress upon her mind, from the earliest dawn of thought, a nice distinction between truth and falsehood, that she was not to

be deceived by the sophistry of her friend, whose mind having been less carefully guarded, had adopted the error, so common with young people, that equivocation is not falsehood. Julia imagined that she should be as unwilling to tell an untruth as Emily herself could be; but she did not consider that a habit of equivocation is as obnoxious as falsehood itself, to that nice sense of honour, which can alone preserve the mind pure and untainted. She had not been taught, with sufficient care, to know that, though she told a part of what was true, she was yet equally guilty of the crime of falsehood, as long as what she said was dictated by a wish to deceive. Emily, though so much younger, had, therefore, arrived at much greater maturity in the art of reasoning, and had imbibed, even at that early age, an ardent love of

truth, and a keen contempt for the meanness of deceit; and she replied, in a quiet but steady voice: "Though I did behave well in school, I should still be cheating, if I made my mamma believe that I got a ticket for good behaviour, and that would take away all the pleasure of the visit;" and, as she spoke, she took the ticket from the place in which she had deposited it, with the intention of giving it to its right owner; but, whilst she held it in her hand, the parlour door opened, and Mrs. Osmond entered the room. The moment Emily saw her mother, the recollection of her own fault rose to her mind, and checked the pleasure with which she would otherwise have welcomed her return, and the constraint of her manner was immediately observed by her watchful parent. "What is the matter, Emily, my dear?"

asked she anxiously. "I see by the ticket in your hand, that you have succeeded in gaining your promised reward, and yet you do not appear to be in your usual spirits." Emily's countenance became still more agitated, whilst the colour of her face and neck, the skin of which readily told, by its varying hue, the different fluctuations of her feelings, proved that a severe conflict was passing within. To allow her mother to remain in the error of supposing the ticket to be her own,was impossible; yet how was she to explain the fact of its being Julia's, without exposing the fault of her friend? for she knew that her mamma's first question would be, "what had she to do with Julia's ticket."

"What is the matter, my dear?" again asked the anxious mother, "is there any objection, which I am ignorant

of, to your going to Mrs. Curwen's to-day?"

"Mamma, I have no right at all to go," replied Emily, almost trembling with agitation as she spoke.

"Why not? You got your ticket yesterday, I see."

"No, Mamma, I did not! This is not my ticket."

"What ticket is it then? for I have all your others." Emily was silent, and her agitation increased to a degree that was very painful to observe; but Julia, who possessed a mind, which, though some noxious weeds had been permitted to spring up in it, was yet adorned with the rich and beautiful flowers of generosity and affection, saw and understood her distress, and determined to relieve her even at the pain of exposing herself; and, therefore, said, "I will tell you,

ma'am, all about it; for, although it was not very good in me, it was so very good in Emily, that I know you will reward her for it." She then related the circumstance of the ticket very simply, without attempting either to excuse or extenuate her own conduct, though she did full justice to the integrity and honourable behaviour of her friend. Whilst Julia was speaking, Emily watched her mother's countenance with an expression of great anxiety, and the moment she had ceased, she turned to her and said, in a timid and supplicating voice, "Mamma, do not be angry with Julia!"

"As Julia is now to be so short a time among us, Emily, I will take no further notice of her conduct, but will leave it to the animadversions of her own breast," replied Mrs. Osmond, gravely.

"But you will let Emily go to Mrs.

Curwen's," said Julia eagerly. "You will surely, Mrs. Osmond, reward her for behaving so well."

"I hope, Julia, that though Emily is so young a child, she yet knows too well that it is her duty to be honest, to expect any other reward for being so, than that which she has already secured to herself."

"But it is so trifling a fault that she lost her ticket for," remonstrated Julia.

"It was indeed a trifle, and her having so very nearly succeeded this time, gives me hopes that she will be wholly successful the next time."

"O! yes, I am sure, ma'am, if you will let her go to-day she will be more careful the next time."

"I am of a different opinion, Julia," replied Mrs. Osmond, smiling; "and believe that this lesson, which I now

hope will be of service to Emily as long as she lives, would be lost entirely, were she not to suffer the punishment for her fault that she knows it deserves."

"But ought she not to be rewarded for being good too? and if she is not allowed to go she will have no reward at all."

"Oh! yes, I shall," interrupted Emily, who read, in her mother's countenance, the approbation which she felt of her conscientious conduct, "I shall have reward enough."

"Yes, Emily," replied her mother, "you will have the best of all rewards, a self-approving mind; and I should be sorry to weaken its effect by seeming to think that any farther reward is necessary for your having done your duty." And Emily showed that she did not consider any thing more necessary to re-

ward her for the part which she had acted, she saw her friend go to pay her visit to Mrs. Curwen without a sigh; for, though exceedingly sorry not to accompany her, she felt an inward consciousness of having acted properly, that made every thing appear cheerful and pleasant around her. The day passed delightfully, therefore, though no particular pains were taken to amuse her; for her mother was afraid, if she indulged in any extraordinary expressions of approbation, she might lead her little girl to imagine that she had performed some wonderful act of virtue, instead of having merely done her duty. What Emily had done, however, had been done purely because she knew it to be right, and not for the sake of admiration or reward. The approbation of her own conscience was all that she required; and, with

such a companion, she felt no difficulty in spending a delightful Christmas day. Her voice, when she sang, had never, to her own ear at least, sounded so well; nor had her feet ever before fallen so lightly on the floor, as they did when she skipped about; and as to her little kitten, though it had brought her into trouble, it was now forgiven, and they ran about the room together, as if trying to show, by their light and sportive movements, how graceful and beautiful a thing is the union of childhood and innocence.

LITTLE EDWARD.

EDWARD was four years old. He was a good and a happy little boy. He lived in a town in Massachusetts, with his kind father and mother, brothers and sisters, who loved him dearly, and a dear good aunt, who took great care of him.

Two little boys of his own age lived in the same street with Edward—Charles Harris and James Thompson. Edward liked to play with them, and he liked to go to school with them. He sometimes went to see them, and on holidays they would come to play with him.

Should you like to know how Edward passed the day? I will tell you. It was Monday morning. The sun shone brightly in at the window of Edward's room.

"Come, little boy," said aunt Mary, "it is time to rise; the sun says, 'sluggard, get up, I do not shine for you to lie and sleep, but I shine for you to get up, and work, and read, and walk about.'"

Little Edward smiled when he heard his aunt say this, for he remembered that they were the words he had read, in what he called his "Charles book." He jumped out of bed, and stood quietly to let his aunt wash and dress him. She was just kissing his clean rosy cheek, after having dressed him, when he heard a bell ring.

"What does that bell ring for aunt?" said Edward.

"It rings to call us to prayers," said his aunt.

"What do we go to prayers for?"

"To thank God for taking care of us while we slept; for giving us life and health this morning, and to ask him to bless us this day. When you kneel down by your mother, my little Edward, you must think of that good heavenly Father who gives you so many good things, who is always near to you; who sees you in darkness and in light; who loves you, and puts joy and gladness into your heart."

Edward took hold of his aunt's hand and went down stairs, and when he knelt down by his mother he was very quiet, and thought of God who loved him so much, and made him feel so happy. Then he got up, kissed his father and

mother, and went into another room to eat his breakfast.

After breakfast he came into the parlour again, and either played with his little horse and cart, or if the weather was pleasant he ran out on the piazza, till it was time to go to school.

Edward had a dog named Fidele; he was not very pretty, but a very good dog. He was white, with black ears and throat, and black spots on his back. He used to follow Edward to school; and Edward loved to play with Fidele, and to feed him.

Sometimes he took a plateful of food, and called Fidele on the piazza, who would wait patiently till Edward held up the meat as high as his little arm could reach, and then spring up to catch it. This pleased Edward much, who

would laugh and clap his hands, and run about the piazza, while Fidele ran after him, expecting to be again fed.

By this time it was nine o'clock, and Edward's mother called him in, put on his cap and coat, kissed him, and told him that his father was ready to take him to school. Edward liked to walk to school with his father; he loved his school-mistress, and was always happy to meet his little friends in the pleasant school-room, where Miss Benson very kindly taught all the little girls and boys to read, and any thing else that they could understand.

Edward could spell and read pretty well, he knew something of the maps, though not much, and he wished to learn more; and every day, when he came home, he told his mother what Miss Benson had taught him.

In the afternoon he did not go to school, as his mother feared to expose him to the damp air; but he employed and amused himself very happily. He read or drew on his slate, or loaded his little donkey with goods to take to market, or filled his wheelbarrow with his wooden bricks, and carried them to aunt Mary, to build a house of; and when the pleasant hour of twilight came, then his two brothers were always ready for a frolic with their little favourite, and a fine racket they made with their horses and different kinds of play.

Sometimes they made high houses with Edward's blocks, and let him knock them down. Then they would play hide and seek; little Edward hiding behind his mother's apron, and sure to call out when he found his brothers searching for him. Then they would all

laugh and clap their hands, and make such a noise, that their mother was very glad when tea came in, and they were all quiet. After tea Edward came in and regularly took his book, and his mother heard him read. He loved to read to her, and she liked very much to hear him. After he had read till he was tired, he looked at a nice map of the United States, which his aunt had pasted on a piece of cloth for him. He told his mother the names of all the states, and showed her that the great lakes were in the northern part, and that the Gulf of Mexico was south of the States.

He knew too, that a lake was a piece of water surrounded with land, as "Lake Superior;" and that an island was a piece of land surrounded with water, as

"Long Island"—and little Edward was quite happy while his mother every night taught him a little more.

At last little Edward's black eyes would begin to grow heavy, and he was ready to kiss his father and mother and all his dear friends, and bid them good night, and be put into his comfortable bed. But, before he got into bed, he knelt down and thanked God for being with him, and keeping him from harm all day; and he never forgot to ask of God that his dear brother, who was far away, might be under the same care and love which blessed all at home. Then his nurse put him into bed, and said, "Good-night, little boy; the moon shines in at your window; sleep now, little tired boy, I will not disturb you."

So were almost all Edward's days spent. In summer he was more out of doors; digging in the garden, which his mother had given him; or wheeling off stones from the yard in his little wheelbarrow; and on holidays Charles Harris and James Thompson often came in and played with him.

Many a good race have these little boys run from the piazza to the summer-house, with Fidele running at their heels, and barking with joy to see them so merry. When they were tired of play, they would all get into the large swing hanging in the piazza, and laugh and shout while they were resting themselves; or they rolled about the new-mown hay, and each making himself a house of the dried grass, kept still for a while, and listened to a story, of which Edward was very fond.

Edward's mother had a cousin who lived in Vermont. In the spring she determined to go and see her, and take Edward with her. He was very much pleased with the thoughts of going; and hardly gave his mother and sisters any rest till he was seated in the carriage, and on his way. It was a very fine morning, the sun shone, the trees were in full leaf, and every thing was gay and beautiful.

At first, Edward's attention was taken up with the motion of the carriage, and the sight of the horses, but after a little while he began to look at the different objects that presented themselves to his view in the fields, and as they passed through the different villages. His mother told him that they should sleep that night in New Hampshire, and the day after he would see the Connecticut river,

which he had often observed in his map between New Hampshire and Vermont.

At the door of the house where they stopped to take supper, Edward observed on a bench some little wooden boxes, with great numbers of small insects, but little bigger than flies, clinging to them. He pulled his mother's gown, and begged her to go and see what those curious creatures were.

"Now, my dear Edward, you will be pleased," said his mother, "these are the *bees* that you have so long wished to see."

"But, mother," said Edward, "they do not seem to be at work, they are only running about."

"So it seems to you, my dear; but there is great order about them; each one does his part, as I will tell you. They are divided into three different

kinds—males, who are called *drones;* females, who are *queens,* and *working bees,* who collect the honey and wax, and form the cells, and who feed the queens, the males, and the young ones."

"The working bees have the most to do," said Edward.

"Yes, the males are lazy fellows, who like to be waited upon, and sometimes the working-bees turn them out of the hive."

"But what does the queen do," said Edward.

"The queen directs what shall be done by the whole. They all obey her, and when she sees that the hive is too full, she rushes out. They all follow her, cling round her, and will not let any thing come near to hurt her."

"But where do they get the honey, mother? O, I see, there is one flying to a flower, I remember my hymn,

'And gathers honey every day
From every opening flower.'"

"Yes," said his mother, "it gathers honey from the flowers; and wax too from the flowers; though from a different part. It rubs its little sides upon a part called the *pollen*, and gets a great deal off, which rolled in the little stomach is made wax, and then,

'How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neatly spreads her wax.'"

Just at this moment Edward saw a woman come to the hives, carefully lift up one of them, and take out a glass, about as big as a large tumbler, filled with pure, white honey. And, to his great joy, she put it on the table for supper.

Edward observed the curious little

cells, which contained the honey, and was never tired with wondering, that such a little creature should know so much. After he had eaten as much honey as his mother thought good for him, he said to her, " I thank these little bees, with all my heart, for my good supper."

" There is more to thank them for," said his mother.

" Why, what do they do?" said Edward.

" They set little boys an example of industry, and of doing their duty."

" I will try, dear mother," said Edward, " to be as useful and industrious as the bees."

" Very well, my dear, and in order that you may become so, you had better now go to bed and rest yourself." Edward kissed his father and mother,

and went to bed, and dreamt that he was a queen bee, driving out the lazy drones.

The next morning he had the great pleasure of seeing the Connecticut river, and his mother indulged him, by letting him get out of the carriage and walk upon its banks. In the heat of the day, they thought it would be very pleasant to rest themselves for a while on a pleasant grass-plat which they saw at the side of the road.

Edward's mother let him take off his hat, and dip his warm fingers into the little mountain stream, which she told him was running to swell the great river. It was a lovely day, the air was full of the sweet scent of the early flowers, and the grass was bright with the fresh green of spring.

"What is that rustling among the

leaves, mother? See what quick eyes it has, and what a thick bushy tail."

"That is a squirrel, my dear; did you never hear them chattering and scolding among the trees in your grandfather's wood? They are very apt to quarrel, though they are fond of each other. Their tails are very useful to them, as I will tell you."

"Do, mother, tell me something about these pretty brown squirrels."

"They are not always brown," said his mother. "In very cold countries they turn white, as many other animals do. But they do not like the cold; and when they feel winter coming on, they all meet together, and determine to go where it is warmer. Sometimes a thousand of these little animals set out on their journey together. Nothing stops them when they have once set out; nei-

ther rocks, nor hills, nor rivers. If they find the rivers very wide, they separate, go into the woods, and each one supplies himself with a little piece of bark. This they make a boat of, and use their bushy tails for a sail."

"O, how pretty it must look," said Edward, "to see so many little squirrels sailing on the water together. I hope they get over safe."

"Sometimes," said his mother; "when a storm rises, the brave little sailors all sink into the water, and their poor little bodies are washed on shore. But hark! Edward, what sound is that?"

Edward listened, and heard something like a little hammer against a tree. He ran into the wood, and after remaining there a little while, came quite out of breath to his mother.

"O mother," said he, "I have seen

the strangest sight. That noise which we heard, was a bird, knocking its beak against a tree, just as if it were knocking for some body to open the door. Well, I stood and watched it, and saw it open its bill, and throw out something that I suppose was its tongue, but it must have been sharp at the end, for presently I saw it draw out of the bark of the tree a little worm, that hung upon the end of its tongue as if it had been a hook."

"Yes," said Edward's mother, "that is the way the *woodpecker*, which is the name of the bird, always takes his food. His tongue is long, and has something like what we call a *barb* at the end, so that he may secure the insect he seizes upon."

"Where do they build their nests, mother?"

" In the hollow of trees. They make such a noise with their hard, sharp bills, you would think there were so many carpenters at work. When it is all quiet around, it is a very pleasant sound to hear

> ' The woodpecker tapping
> The hollow beech tree.'

But the farmer and gardener do not like to hear this music, for the woodpeckers hurt their young trees, very much, and they are glad to get rid of them. But, Edward, it is time for us to get into the carriage again. Though it is very pleasant, ' to listen to the warbling of the birds, and sport ourselves on the new grass,' yet I think we must proceed on our journey, or we shall not see dear cousin Harriet and her pretty boys to-night."

Edward's father put him into the car-

riage; and though for the first few miles he could think of nothing but the squirrel, the woodpecker, and the pretty spot in which he had been looking at them; he soon began to turn his thoughts to what he expected to see, and wonder how these new cousins would look, and what they would say.

While he was still talking about them, the carriage stopped at a neat, pretty house, with a little yard before it, in which were playing two rosy boys, and a sweet smiling girl.

"There, Edward," said his mother, "there are cousins William and George and little Anna, all clapping their hands, and rejoiced to see you; and cousin Harriet at the door with her little baby in her arms."

O what joy, what pleasure did these little boys and girls feel at seeing and

playing with each other. Edward told of all the wonders he had seen, and William and George thought they had a great many more to show him.

"You shall ride on my father's horse," said George.

"O," said William, "George thinks there is nothing so good as my father's horse. But you shall see my rabbits, Edward; and we will ask my father to take us to the farm, and see the lambs that are just born."

"And he shall go into my play-room," said little Anna, "and see all my dolls."

"Well now, come," said cousin Harriet, "and eat some supper; I cannot give you any such fine honey as you ate last night, Edward, but I will give you some maple molasses on your bread, which perhaps you will like as well."

"What is it?" said Edward.

"It is a juice that runs out of the maple tree."

"You saw a great many of those trees on your journey, Edward," said his mother.

"O yes, I recollect you showed them to me."

"They are called sugar maples. A hole is made in them, and a trough or wooden bowl is put underneath to catch the juice. Of some we make sugar, and some, after boiling, is kept for molasses."

"O this is very good," said Edward, "almost as good as honey."

Soon after supper the little joyous party retired to their beds, and everything that Edward had seen and heard was forgotten in his deep sweet sleep.

The next morning the children were all up at sunrise, and out in the garden, to see William's rabbits. Edward was

delighted with their soft skins, white as snow, their red eyes, and their quick motions, and asked William to tell him all he knew about them.

"My mother told me," said William, "that they dig a hole in the earth for their house, and line it with hair, which they take from their own body. There the young ones are born, and there the mothers stay with them six weeks. The father does not see them all that time; at the end of six weeks the mother brings them up, and shows them to him; he seems very much pleased with them, takes them between his paws, strokes and kisses them. He makes them all mind him; they come at his call, and receive their food from him. If they are quarrelling, and he comes among them, they are all quiet at once; and even his grandchildren mind him in the same way."

"How strange," said Edward, "that these little rabbits should know how to obey their parents."

"Look," said George, "the father rabbit is calling them to breakfast."

Edward saw the largest rabbit stamp with his foot, at the same time make a noise which called all the little ones round him, and then they began to eat. If one took more than his share, the father would go between them, scold at him, and take it from him, then move off, and watch them till they had finished breakfast. Edward admired these little rabbits, and wanted to stay longer; but little Anna told him he would not be so obedient as the rabbits, if he did not go in, as her mother had twice called them to breakfast.

While Edward was eating his last mouthful, he looked out at the window,

which was open, and saw a beautiful bird sitting on a young apple tree, eating the tender buds, and singing most sweetly.

"There is that mischievous bullfinch," said William's father, "I shall not have an apple on that tree if I do not frighten him away." Upon this Mr. Wilson got up, and, followed by the children, went into the garden, and by firing an air gun, which did not hurt him, soon sent off the pretty songster. The children thought they had rather lose some apples than such a beautiful bird, and were not quite satisfied with Mr. Wilson for getting rid of him. In order to divert their minds, he told them that there was a bird of the same kind in the Philippine Islands, called the grosbeak."

"I have seen the Philippine Islands

on the map, in the China Sea," said Edward.

"Pretty well, little Edward," said Mr. Wilson. "Well, the grosbeak makes a curious nest of long dried grass, which it hangs on the branch of a tree by a cord, so that the snakes cannot find it. In this nest there are three different apartments or rooms, one for the female, another for her young, the third for the male, where he keeps watch, that no harm should come to the female while she is sitting; and in this last apartment a little clay is placed on one side, where the curious little bird fixes a glow-worm, to give them light at night."

The children all laughed at the thought of a little bird hanging a lamp up in his nest, and wished they could see it; and, in talking of that, soon forgot the loss of the bullfinch.

After breakfast, Mr. Wilson told the children he would walk with them up a high hill, that was near his house, if Edward thought his little legs could climb so high. Edward said he thought he could climb as high as a Vermont boy; and they all set off in high spirits.

They found it rather difficult to ascend the hill, as it was very steep; but when they got to the top of it, they were paid for all their trouble. They could see all the pretty town of W——, and the beautiful river gliding through, and many fine hills in the neighbourhood. Mr. Wilson told them there were once rattle-snakes on that hill, though there were none at that time.

"What are they called rattle-snakes for?" said Edward. "Do they rattle?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wilson, "they make a very loud rattling noise, and it is very

dangerous to meet them. They make this noise when they are disturbed, or in search of food; and if, at that time, they meet with any animal, they raise their heads, open their wide mouths, and seize fast hold of it. All animals are frightened when they hear this dreadful sound, all but the peccary and the vulture; they dart down upon the snake to prevent it from biting, and then devour it without being the least injured by it."

"Well, I am very glad," said Edward, "that there are none here."

"All travellers are not so lucky as we are," said Mr. Wilson. "A man once in walking up this hill stopped to rest himself, and saw something lying on the ground, curled round like a horsewhip, and about as large. He took up in his hand the largest part of it, but what was his alarm, when he found it twisting

itself round his arm! He, however, had presence of mind enough to grasp it tight round the throat, till he had called somebody to his aid, and it did not hurt him."

"He was a brave man," said William; "but, father, tell Edward how the little ones hide themselves when they are frightened; that is very funny."

"In a very easy and secure manner," said Mr. Wilson. "They pop down their mother's throat till the danger is past, and then come up again." The children all laughed at this, and their merry shouts wakened the neighbouring echoes.

One morning, while Edward was at his cousin Harriet's, he rose early, and was going to call the boys to go out in

the garden with him; but on looking out of the window he found that a great deal of rain had fallen, and he knew that his mother would not like to have him go out; so he sat quietly down and amused himself in the house. After breakfast, as the rain was over, William got his hat to go to school, and little Anna went with him. Edward's mother told him to look and see how carefully William took care of his little sister, as he led her to school; like a hardy Vermontese, he tucked up his trowsers round his legs, took off shoes and stockings, and picking out the driest spots for Anna to walk in, chose the wettest for himself.

"What a dear good boy William is, mother," said Edward; "look! now he is coming back again."

"It is for George," said Mrs. Wilson,

" but that is hardly necessary; for the little rogue has run away without waiting for his brother." And to be sure, Edward looked out, and there was master George with his linen drawers stripped up to his knees, without either coat or hat on, wading through all the puddles he could find, and looking as much delighted as possible.

Edward thought that must be fine fun, and wished he could paddle in the water too. But his mother told him he was not so strong as William and George, and he must content himself with enjoying the pleasures of a boy, and defer till another time joining with George in the pleasures of a duck.

The next day being very pleasant, Mr. Wilson told the children he would take them to the farm. They were ready in a moment to go; and there Edward

saw what he had long wished to see, a great number of pretty white lambs, skipping and jumping about, kicking up their little legs, and wagging their tails, and looking so happy, and so innocent, that he could not bear to quit them.

But Mr. Wilson wanted to show him something more curious, which was called a *beaver dam.* This farm was near a river, on which the beavers had built, and Edward was willing to leave the lambs, that he might hear about them.

"Are the beavers at work now?" said Edward.

"No," said Mr. Wilson, "they have not been here for many years; but my father, who is an old man, can tell you about them. Before he built this house, the beavers had built on his farm. As

soon as he came to live here they went away."

"I will tell you," said the old man, "for I used to watch the beavers at their work; and it was a curious sight, and a good lesson to every body, to see the industry, order, and good temper, with which they work. The first time I observed them, was one morning, when I came down to the river to fish; I saw a great many of these creatures sitting down at the edge of the river. I stood where they could not see me, and watched all their motions. They seemed to be consulting, and laying plans how they should go to work. By and by they separated. Part of them began to gnaw round the trunk of a very large tree, which they cut through sooner than you would think it possible they could. Others went into the woods, and

soon I saw them coming back, with small sticks in their mouths. Another party came up at the same time, laden with stones, and earth, and clay. Some of them kept their place, and seemed to be watching that nothing should disturb the workmen. I waited till they all began to work, and I found that they had gnawed the tree in such a manner that it should fall directly across the river. Then those who had brought smaller sticks of wood carried them to the others, and they were laid across the large one. Then they took the earth, stones, and clay, and made a kind of mortar of them."

"What, beavers make mortar just as the mason did when he plastered our house?" said William.

"Yes," said his grandfather, "beavers are as good masons as Mr. Genry. They

have not an iron trowel like his, to be sure, but they use their tails for trowels; and as they are broad and flat, they answer the purpose."

"But Mr. Genry pours water on his lime to mix it, and to make plaster of it. How do they manage to wet all this earth and clay?"

"I suppose they get water from the river," said Edward.

"No," said old Mr. Wilson, "that is not the way. God, who provides for every creature what is necessary for its support and protection, furnishes this animal with a substance near its tail, called *castor*, which is of an oily nature, and serves to moisten and keep together the materials for finishing their dwellings. All the time they are at work they are directed by one among them, who seems to be their leader, and who

strikes with his tail when they do not mind their work, or when any danger approaches. When they have got through this great piece of work they make each a separate house for themselves; and each member of the family has a separate bed of moss; and they also have in each house a store-room for provisions in winter. They live in great peace among themselves. In summer they go out upon the water, and into the woods, to enjoy the fresh air. The females stay at home and take care of their young. The males often visit them; and when the young beavers are old enough, they all set off together in their little pleasure parties. But, though they are so fond of being together, if they are alarmed by the approach of man, they all separate, and choose to go off by themselves, and die alone, rather than ever to join

in a society together. Soon after I began to build my house the beavers forsook theirs, and I have seen nothing more of them."

"I am very sorry they are gone," said Edward, "I should like to see them working and plastering with their tails. How strange it is, these creatures seem to know almost as much as a man does. I think the beaver is the most curious of all."

"I could tell you of still more ingenious animals," said old Mr. Wilson.

"O do! do," said all the children together, "do, grandfather, tell about those *termites;* a kind of ant, it means, Edward, with their wonderful houses, and all the rest."

"I am tired of talking, you rogues," said the old man, "so scamper away now, and look at the man ploughing."

The children, who dearly loved their good old grandfather, would not trouble him by talking any longer, but ran about, enjoying all that was before them till it was time to leave the pleasant farm.

Edward's mother now began to think about going home, and though Edward had been very happy, and loved his new cousins very much, he thought he should like to tell dear aunt Mary of all the beautiful things he had seen; and to let his brothers know how much little creatures who had no sense could do, how much more than many little boys and girls. He kissed the dear baby till he almost made it cry, told William and George they must come and see him, and left little Ann, covering her eyes with her hand, that he might not see her tears, when he bade her good bye.

Edward's father wished to extend

their journey in returning, and went farther north than the village of W—, and then crossed over into the White Mountains. Edward was delighted to look at these grand mountains; and told his mother, he wished he was a bird, that he might fly to the top of one of them. In their ride, they came one afternoon to a river, over which there was no bridge.

"How are we to get over the river, mother?" said Edward.

"You will see," said his mother; "wait patiently."

Soon Edward saw two men go down to the edge of the river, and beckon to a boy who was in a boat on the opposite side, who directly rowed over. Edward never had seen a boat rowed before, and he was delighted to see the boy paddling over. His mother told him,

that this was the boat which was to take them over the river, and Edward saw that there was another very large flat-bottomed boat to take the carriage and horses. He saw them put into the large boat; and then his father took him in his arms, and lifted him into the little boat, where he sat quietly down by his mother. It was a beautiful evening. The sun had not yet sunk, but threw a bright yellow light on the water, that made it look like gold, and it was so soft and smooth that Edward did not wonder at the geese and swans loving to be in it so much. He dipped his little fingers into the river, and was sorry the opposite shore was so near, and his sail would be so soon over.

"Mother," exclaimed Edward, "look there, see, there is a bird tumbling into the water. Oh! there the bird comes

out again with a little fish in his claws."

"Poor little fish, indeed," said his mother. "This bird, which you saw, is called a fish-hawk, who lives on fish."

Edward pitied the poor little fish, and did not much like the fish-hawk. His father told him that there was a bird called the "*stormy petrel*," that might be found in almost every sea, it does not mind the worst storms, but is seen skimming along the hollows of the waves. When it comes round vessels, the sailors say, "we shall have a storm, there is the stormy petrel."

By this time they had got to the shore. Edward was very sorry to get out of the boat, but his mother told him to sit with her on a bank, and look at the beautiful sight before them, while their carriage was coming across. There was the river

all smooth and shining like gold, with the little boat rowing swiftly across; the large boat with the coach and horses coming slowly over, and beyond the river were the high mountains looking like purple clouds, and opposite, the sun just setting in all the rich glory of summer.

Just at this moment an eagle flew over their heads to his home in the mountains. Edward's father and mother stood up and raised their hands and heads in admiration, and Edward thought he never saw anything like what he saw now.

"I hope," said his mother, "that you never will forget what you have seen to-day."

"O I never shall," said Edward; "now even when I shut my eyes I can see the river, the great high mountains

covered with purple, the beautiful sky, and that eagle. O, mother, do tell me something about the eagle."

"Yes, I will tell you that the eagles fly very high, so as to go almost out of sight. They build their nests in high rocks, of great sticks, upon which they lay rushes and dry grass. Their nests are very large; big enough to hold sheep, which they carry off for food to their young. Once it is said that two little babies were carried off by eagles."

"Oh how dreadful that was," said Edward.

"Yes, cousin Harriet would not like to have her baby taken away by an eagle."

"No," said Edward, "George would want to fly after it; but were they ever brought back again?"

"Yes, fortunately they were seen and

pursued. The eagles had carried the little creatures safely to their nest and left them; and there were the little babies lying, looking as quiet as if they had been sleeping in their mother's lap. There is one kind of eagle as large as a sheep, that can break a man's head with one stroke."

Just then the carriage drove up, and Edward got in. He saw nothing that pleased him so much as that pretty river; and often wished he could paddle over it again in the little boat. But soon he drew near home, and he began to think what a joyous meeting he should have with all his dear friends again. And it was so. The first thing they saw as they drove in sight of the house, was Fidele, who came running up to them, wagging his tail, and looking almost as much pleased as Edward was.

We will not mention all the joy of all the brothers and sisters, nor tell how much was said by boys and girls the night Edward got home, but I think that Edward learned so much on that pleasant journey, as to make him a better and happier little boy.

SEQUEL TO

MARRION WILDER.

I PROMISED my young friends, when I told them something of Marrion Wilder, that if I learnt any thing more concerning her, they should be benefited by my information.

Having lately spent some time with a relative of her mother's, I have had an excellent opportunity of knowing Marrion, and of marking the progress she has made in self-government, since the affair of the rose-tree.

On my arrival at Mrs. Collingwood's, I was ushered into a neat parlour, and met, as usual, an affectionate reception.

I observed a little girl in the room, of modest manners, who had been amusing herself with a new set of picture-maps when I came in, but had now put them carefully away and seated herself quietly, evidently waiting till my friend was disengaged, to ask some indulgence.

At first, I did not recognise her, but when her aunt called her Marrion, and desired her to go for her sister Louisa, I knew her to be the little girl who, some months before, had been so nearly in danger of losing all her friends, and with them all her pleasures.

She left the room, and soon returned, with her sister, who still retained the sweet expression of mildness which had characterised her on our first acquaintance. Marrion had now an opportunity of speaking to her aunt without interrupting her, and asked permission to go

to the greenhouse and get a rose for me, —" for," said she, entreatingly, " I remember that lady is very fond of flowers." The request was readily granted, and I received the rose, to which was added some sprigs of fragrant geranium, with much pleasure.

Mrs. Collingwood then asked Marrion if she had practised her music lesson, and was prepared to receive her master : to this she replied, that the music was very difficult, very difficult indeed ; that she had played an hour in the morning, but had not learnt the piece.

" But I will try again, if you wish it, aunt," said she, endeavouring to subdue her disinclination to the task ;—" I will go once more to the music-room ; but I am afraid that I shall not succeed."

I could not help remarking to my friend, after Marrion had left the room,

that she had been faithful to her promise, in one respect, and certainly had been successful in her efforts to yield her own wishes to the desires of others, if the present instance was an example of her general habits.

Mrs. Collingwood expressed herself favourably in regard to Marrion. "But you will see for yourself," continued she, "what has been her progress and success; she is making me a visit now, while her father and mother are on a journey: she was at first unhappy, at the idea of being separated from them, but is now quite reconciled, and has written several letters, informing them how she spends her hours, and what most interests her with me. Her sister's example is undoubtedly of the first benefit to her; but she has much merit in her own unassisted efforts. This infor-

mation delighted me, for I love nothing so much as to see little children exert their own powers, and direct them to their own improvement.

In about an hour after this conversation Marrion entered the room, with a smiling face, and said to her aunt, that she had her music very nearly perfect; "and you know, dear aunt," continued she, "that I have always an hour in the morning for practice, so, if you please, I will not study it any more to-night—it is not, after all, so very difficult as I thought it."

"That," said Mrs. Collingwood, "is because you have exerted yourself to remove the difficulties; and patience has been so faithful to you, that I now have no fear that you will be unprepared for your teacher."

Marrion busied herself for a short

time in mending a handkerchief which she had accidentally torn in the greenhouse; and I observed, that though the rent was not easily fitted together, she did at last accomplish the work neatly. These are trifling things to detail, but they all went to show what might be expected of a little girl who was willing to improve herself.

Marrion continued to advance in my good opinion, and I had been at Mrs. Collingwood's about a week, when my friend received a letter, informing her that Mr. and Mrs. Wilder would be at home in a few days, and that they should take their children home with them immediately. The little girls heard this news with delight, for they had never before been separated for so long a time from their dear parents.

"Now, aunt," said Louisa, "I must

be more industrious; I wish to present this cap to my mother, quite finished; it will be an agreeable surprise to her, for she did not expect me to accomplish more needle-work than the finishing that linen for my father." Louisa, indeed, deserved commendation, for, besides attending to her usual studies, she had finished the work her mother had left her, and was now working a beautiful pattern on India muslin, for a cap, which she intended as a present, in joy of her return.

Marrion had hemmed a set of cravats very neatly for her father, and was drawing a large map of North America, which he had expressed a wish that she should attempt. The execution, so far, was highly creditable to her, and her kind aunt had promised to give her directions how to colour the different

states and provinces. She had been very assiduous at this pleasant task all the morning, and was now interrupted by some young companions, who called to see her.

Marrion left her work, and walked with them into the garden, where the children found much to amuse them : on returning to the house, a little girl had the curiosity to examine the map which Marrion was drawing, and, as she leaned on the table, carelessly overthrew a cup of water, in which Marrion had washed her camel's hair pencils. Alas! the beautiful map, which had cost so much pains, was in a moment spoiled, and wholly disfigured.

I acknowledge that I now trembled for Marrion's self-command ; her colour came and went ; she seemed on the point of uttering some violent expression, but

she struggled, and she conquered;—her eyes filled with tears, but she did not reject the apologies and sorrowful expressions of the little girl who had done the mischief; and when she saw that poor Anne was herself weeping, she dried her own tears, and tried to soften her friend's grief, by soothing her in every possible way.

"I will try to make another map, Anne," said she; "I am sorry to lose this, but that will do no good; and perhaps I shall even do the next better, from having more practice."

The children were soon restored to cheerfulness, and Marrion continued to entertain her little friends till they were ready to go home. After they had parted, she returned to the contemplation of her unfortunate map: "It is really quite ruined," said she to Louisa,

who truly sympathised with her—" it is good for nothing at all now : I am sorry, very sorry."

" We are all sorry," said Mrs. Collingwood ; " but here is another sheet of drawing paper, Marrion ; you will execute a second map, I do not doubt, before your father returns ; and if you do not, I will tell him of your purpose to present him with one, and how it was disappointed." Louisa took the paper, and told her sister that she would fit it upon the drawing frame for her.

" You are very kind, sister," said Marrion, leaving her seat to make room for Louisa ; " you are very kind to lay aside your work to help me."

" Oh," said Louisa, cheerfully, " you would do the same for me if you could ; so say nothing about that."

It took some time to make all the pre-

parations for beginning a new map: when, however, all things were in order, Marrion went about her work with alacrity, and, before night, she had executed the most difficult lines.

"Look, aunt," said she to Mrs. Collingwood, "have not I made these meridians neatly—and do not the parallels look better than those on the spoiled map?"

"They do, indeed," replied her aunt; "and when this is finished, I do not think you will lament the accident which obliged you to go over your labours; for the old maxim applies to you, my dear, as well as others—'Practice makes perfect.'"

"But I should not like to destroy my work for the sake of having more practice, aunt," said Marrion, gravely.

"No, surely not," continued Mrs.

Collingwood; "but when accidents occur it is always best to extract from them all the comfort they admit, and I do think, my dear, that your father will be much more pleased with this, than he would have been with the other, though that, I am willing to allow, would have received a good share of commendation. The effort, at least, spoke well for the artist. But, my little Marrion, these lines are all far more accurate than were those which are defaced;—go on, and the rest of the work will exhibit proportionate improvement."

Marrion, thus cheered and encouraged, made successful progress, and in a few days we were presented with the finished map.

"Will it do?" asked she, eagerly: "do you think my father will be quite satisfied with it?" We all gave an af-

firmative reply, and when the examination was ended, the intended gift was consigned to the portfolio.

"My father and mother will be home to-morrow," said Marrion; "I am glad I have done all my work." Suddenly she seemed to recollect that Louisa, who had imposed on herself a difficult task, had a claim on her interest and sympathy, and she ran off in search of her sister, whom she loved very dearly.

"Sister" said she, "is your cap done? Because, if it is not, I will keep my map, and not give it to my father till you can make your present to my mother."

"I am afraid," answered Louisa, "that with all my industry, I shall not be able to complete this border; there is a great deal more work in the pattern than I supposed when I chose it, and my eyes are not strong enough to allow

me to work in the evening, so I must wait till I can have time to finish it; for I do not wish to slight the work; I should have no pleasure in giving it to my mother if it were not well done."

"Can I help you?" said Marrion; "I can make some of those small leaves."

"No, thank you," replied Louisa, "even with your help I could not finish it to-night; so Marrion, pray do not look so sad, for I have not wasted my time, you know; this was only to be an addition to the work my mother expects, and she will get the cap in a week."

"But," said Marrion, "it would have been so very pleasant to have given it to her the day she came home, that I do feel sorry, very sorry, you are disappointed; but that will not help you, so I assure you that I shall not present my map to my father till your cap is done."

"That will not help me," said Louisa, smiling; "so I advise you to change your plan, Marrion."

"But I shall not," persisted she, "I will not be praised for doing more than was expected of me, when you, who have been yet more industrious, will not share the pleasure."

"I should enjoy your's, though," said Louisa.

"I dare say you would," replied Marrion, "but I have determined on having my own way in this matter."

The next day, the children were all life and gaiety: they were expecting, every moment, to be in the arms of their parents, and many was the time Marrion returned from the door disappointed, when she had thought the carriage just at hand. It did come at last, however, and, for a time, every minor

pleasure was absorbed in the delight of meeting their dear parents.

"Oh, how I wish my brothers were here," said Marrion, as if her own heart being more than full of joy, she would have those she loved best relieve her of a part, or give her some new objects on which it might be expended. Her wish was soon realised, for Henry and George bounded into the room, and Marrion's felicity was complete.

"Oh, how did you know," said she, kissing her brothers, "how did you know my father and mother were here?"

"Aunt Collingwood sent for us," they replied: and for several hours the company had nothing to do but ask and reply to questions—one hardly being answered before another was proposed.

Happy hours always seem short, and certainly these were happy, and all were

happy who here met after a four weeks' separation. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder returned to their own home, with their children that very night,—but not till they had exacted a promise from Mrs. Collingwood and myself, of making them an early visit.

We took a fine day, the following week, to fulfil our engagement, and were joyfully welcomed by the affectionate and amiable children.

Soon after we came in, Marrion drew her chair quite near to mine, and whispered, that it was her mamma's birthday,—and that Louisa had finished her cap, and was going to present it for her to wear: "she has written a letter," continued Marrion, "which mamma will find on her dressing-table, when she goes up stairs,—and I have written a few lines to papa, accompanying my map,

which, I assure you, looks, now that it is quite finished, much better than the first, which was spoiled: I do not now think that was such a very great misfortune."

After chatting a little longer, Marrion began reading a very entertaining book, called "My Early Days," which her mother had brought home for Henry. In a short time, George appeared, in search of the same volume: his sister was deeply engaged in the *school scene*, but George said he must have the book, for he had begun it first.

Marrion affirmed, that Henry had promised it to her, and she persisted in keeping it: this offended George, who was leaving the room in anger, when our young friend recollected herself, and followed him, extending the contested book.

"I am sorry you are angry, brother," said she—"come, take the book; it will do if I read it after you have done with it."

It was now George's turn to become complaisant.—"I will not deprive you of it," said he—"but give it to me when you have finished the story."

"And why shall we not read it together, brother?" said Marrion; "come, that will do best of all." The dispute thus amicably settled, the children retired to a part of the room where their reading would not interrupt others, and made themselves happy together.

At dinner, the presents were acknowledged, and the neatness and beauty of the work commended. The little girls were happy in having made a sacrifice of some of their own amusements, for the sake of gratifying their

parents, and the day passed cheerfully away. I remained with Mrs. Wilder; but my friend Mrs. Collingwood returned home.

"What are you doing, Marrion," said I, the next day, observing her very busy at her little work-table—"what work is in hand now?"

"I am trying to net a purse, and embroider it with beads," replied she: "it is for aunt Collingwood, if I succeed in doing it well: she was very kind to me while my father and mother were away, and I wanted to express my thanks to her in some way: but I should not have known what to have done, if Louisa, who is so ingenious, had not suggested this, and taught me how to work the cord and beads together. She is herself making a pair of bracelets, for my aunt: they will be very handsome,

and, I am quite sure, will be acceptable."

Just at this moment, Marrion was called: she did not like to leave her interesting employment, and, to own the truth, she was so faulty as to delay replying to her mother longer than was proper: a second summons quickened her movements, and I suspected she felt a little shame at her want of respect and obedience. It seems, that she was in the habit of leaving her clothes in her wardrobe in so confused a state, that it was not always easy for her to find the article of dress which she wanted, and when found, it was very frequently too much tumbled to wear; or she had broken a string, or lost a button, or made a rent which she had neglected to repair at the proper time.

It was to look after this very unseemly

condition of her things, for which she was now called, and she could not but remember and apply the common proverbs, while she was thus occupied:—'*One right place is worth a dozen wrong;*' and—'*A stitch in time saves nine.*' In the present case, too, this state of affairs was particularly unfortunate; for Marrion was in haste to proceed with the purse above-mentioned. She begged of her mother to permit the purse to be first finished, and promised, that she would not again suffer her drawers to exhibit her in disgrace.

However, Mrs. Wilder told her, that she could not possibly consent to her spending her time in making any article, however pretty, while so many needed mending; and our little friend, while she felt a reluctance at yielding her wishes, felt, too, that her mother was right.

All the remainder of that day, the purse was left untouched; the next, Marrion had lessons to study, and did not find leisure for some time to resume her favourite work. At last, however, it was taken from the basket, and as she prepared to set about it, she said, it would have been done as soon as Louisa's bracelets, if she had but obeyed her mamma, and kept her things in good order.

This proved a useful lesson to her; for I heard no more complaints of the kind, and I suppose Marrion is quite convinced of the folly of being untidy and careless in the charge of her apparel.

On my return home, I persuaded Mrs. Wilder to allow Marrion to accompany me; and received a promise, that Louisa should also pass several weeks under

my roof, before her sister's return. The company of good children is always pleasant to me, and my little friend was as obedient and attentive as I could desire. One day, after she had done reading a little book, which I had lent her, she said—"I have just thought, dear aunt, (she always gave me that affectionate title) that the reason you invited me to come home with you is, because I have tried to correct some of my faults." I told her, that her surmise was quite true, and that, now she had proved how much a good resolution could do, I hoped she would feel encouraged to make constant exertion; for that the older she grew, the more need there would be of her exercising her own powers, and making daily progress in every thing which usefully engaged her: and that she had, at the same time,

an opportunity of cultivating every virtue which should adorn a refined and accomplished young lady.

Marrion threw her arms round my neck, kissed me, and said she would remember my precepts, and try to deserve the continued love of her dear and kind friends. Now, my little readers, I speak to you of Marrion with confidence. She will not disappoint the hopes of her family. I have seen enough to feel persuaded of her growing excellence. Go, now, and imitate the example of Marrion, and, like her, you will be happy.

THE DAINTY BOY.

"I CAN'T think how any body *can* like this bread and butter," said William Montague to his mother, as they sat at a breakfast table spread with plain but wholesome food, "the bread is so *dry*, and the butter so salt and bad, I'm sure *I* can't eat it. What disagreeable breakfasts we have now ever since my father went to sea."

"I am truly sorry to find you are becoming so very dainty, my child," replied his mother, "the bread is excellent, and the butter quite good for the season; and here, besides, is fine tongue, sweet milk, and delicious cof-

fee; all—every thing is good upon the table."

"Good!" repeated William, "I'm sure I should starve before I would taste your coffee, mother; I hate coffee, and always did. The milk tastes so warm and insipid—O, I don't like it; and I'm sure if this bread is not as dry as a chip, I don't know what is. It quite sticks in my throat when I try to swallow it, and the hot cakes are worse, a great deal worse."

"William, you are very wicked," said his mother; "you have been so much pampered, my child, at your aunt's luxurious table, that you really have become ungrateful for the good, plain food, which you get at home. Nothing is given you—I permit nothing to be set before you which is not good

and wholesome food. I wish most ardently that God may ever thus provide for you."

"I am sure I don't like it though, *any* of it," said William, "aunt Chester always had pies, and muffins, and cream cakes, and honey, and *every thing good.*"

"You must not expect, my dear boy, always to have the best of every thing; your aunt's fortune is ample, and as she has generally her house filled with company, she has her table spread with abundance of the nicest delicacies. But you know, William, that we have little, *very* little property; that your father labours hard for that little, and he *will* labour till he dies rather than you should want for any of the necessaries of life; but he expects, and your

Father in heaven requires you to receive with gratitude what is bestowed upon you."

"Well, I can't be grateful for such stuff as this though," said the dainty boy.

"I fear, greatly fear," said his mother, "that your wickedness will be dreadfully punished, my child, and that the time will come when you will feel the *want* of that which you now despise; this bread, which is so wastefully broken about your plate, and this delicious tongue, which you have cut up without even *tasting* it, will come to your mind when you are feeling something of that horrid state of starvation of which you talk so lightly, and reproach you bitterly for your wastefulness and ingratitude. Oh, *should* such want ever befall you, how will you long for such good food

as this; yes, my child, you will long for these very crumbs, which you have now scattered about you!"

"O dear," said William, laughing, "I long for these crumbs! I must be more hungry than I ever was before, I'm sure."

"And that you will, my thankless boy, depend upon it," said his mother solemnly, "your poor father's prospects are very unpromising this voyage, and he is already too far advanced in years, to navigate with tolerable comfort; he may lose his little *all*, and you are not old enough to provide for yourself. My own health is so miserable, I am no longer fit for exertion; should any misfortune, therefore, befall this kindest, best of parents, I really know not what would become of you; indeed I do not, for our friends are all far from us."

"Oh, my *dear* father," exclaimed William, heeding nothing but what his mother had said of him, "how long has my father been gone, mamma?—how I do long to see his dear smiling face again."

"Try then to please him by your good conduct, my son, that you may see that dear face without blushing with shame, when he does come; you had better come back now, like a wise child, and eat your breakfast, for I assure you I shall give you nothing but what is before you."

"No, I thank you, mother, I don't wish for any thing," said William; so he left the room without eating any of the many things to which he had been helped,—his hot cakes broken up,—bread and butter spread and just tasted,—tongue cut into fantastic shapes about

his plate, and his cup of sweet new milk standing untouched beside these wasted relics.

William was in every other respect an exceedingly good boy; he spake the truth, was generally obedient, good-tempered, benevolent, *tender-hearted*, and cleanly in his person and habits; but he always murmured about his food, constantly said "it was not fit to eat," constantly cut up three times as much as he consumed, and left it to waste, saying, that one thing was fat—another gristle,—this was dry, and that was sour; and was, indeed, both dainty and ungrateful; he did not reflect, that there were very many miserable beings, suffering for want of as much food as he cast away in disgust; he never remembered, that, as he did nothing to earn his own living, or to render himself particularly

deserving the gift from others, he ought at least to receive it thankfully, and use it frugally; above all, he did not consider that the eye of his *heavenly Father*, whose kindness and bounty enabled his parents to provide for him, was ever upon him, saw how ungrateful he was, how dainty and how wasteful, and that he might think fit to take from him the blessings he abused, in order that he might feel his great sinfulness, and repent of it; and when his mother talked to him about these things, he did not like to listen, but would shut his ears and think about something else, and would not let her kind reproofs go into his heart, and do him good; this morning, however, she spake so solemnly, and yet so tenderly, that he could not help hearing every word, and he felt that he was wrong.

It happened to be on a Saturday

morning that this conversation took place at table, and William asked his mother if he might go, after school, with one of his young friends, a few miles distant, to pick some berries, and gather wild flowers for her flower-pots. His mother, wishing always to gratify every reasonable desire, granted his request; but again she pointed to the untasted breakfast, reminded him that it was yet many hours to dinner, and that if he went on his intended walk, it might be still later before he could eat again. But William still refused to "taste such stuff, if he never ate again as long as he lived."

More than once in his lonely walk to school, did William's conscience reproach him for his disrespectful manner, and his disregard of his mother's

gentle admonitions; but at school all was soon forgotten, and after he was dismissed, he went with James Tyler, a fine boy of his own age, to walk. In their way to the field where they expected to find the berries, they were obliged to pass through the corner of a large and thick wood; and here they chatted along carelessly, till William saw at a short distance in the wood, a cluster of beautiful white flowers, which were quite new to him; he loved flowers extravagantly, and his mother was beginning to instruct him a little in botany, and to explain the different parts of a plant, their names and uses, and he wished to carry some of these new and beautiful flowers to his mother, that she might tell him about them, and read from her book a description of them;

so he bounded forward after them, and while he gathered bunch after bunch, he called to his companion, "O! Jemmy, my boy, here they are as *thick*, only come and *see*."

"O, I don't care much about flowers," said James, "but I see some a great deal prettier out there."

"Where?" exclaimed his eager companion.

"Why, don't you see those beautiful purple bells out by the brook yonder?"

"What, away out there beyond that old broken tree?" replied William, "I was not looking so far."

"Oh, but I was though," said James, "I have sharp eyes, I can tell you, Mr. Billy!" and away they both scampered; the flowers beside the little stream were very thick, and scattered all along its

banks; the boys skipped after them briskly, thinking each one more beautiful than the last.

"I think," said James, "that this long walk will make me hungry enough, I feel very thirsty too already; I shall relish my dinner, I know."

"Well, come, let us get some delicious berries first," said William, "I like them, and I have got as many flowers as I can well carry;" and they came back, as they thought, to the path they had left, and walked a great way, till at last they found the wood was much thicker, and there did not seem to be a path any farther.

"Why, I don't remember this place," said James, looking anxiously round.

"I am sure I don't know any thing *about* the way," replied William, "I

expected you to shew me, for I never was here before."

"Nor I but once," said James, "but I'm sure we were right when you saw the white flowers, and I *thought* we got back to the same path."

"Well, so we *did* to be sure," said William, "don't you remember, when I said I had got flowers enough that we turned directly round ?"

"Yes, I know we came back to a path, but there seems to be a great many; I remember seeing two when we got back, and I thought we took the right one; but I am sure we didn't now, because if we had, we should have been out of the wood long ago; we were talking so fast, I didn't take care enough; come, let us go back, and try to find our way."

They endeavoured to retrace their

steps, but became more and more involved in the intricacies of the forest. At last, day began to decline, and the wood to grow more dark and gloomy. They quickened their pace, trying every different footpath which bore any resemblance to that they had trodden in the morning; but none led them nearer to an outlet from the forest. Night surprised them in this sad state of doubt and uncertainty. Wearied and exhausted, no one can tell what they felt, when they found all around becoming indistinct with the darkness of night, and became assured that they must wait without further exertion, the dawning of another day, ere they found their way home, if ever they might be happy enough to do so. Hungry and wearied, their young spirits sunk within them; buoyant, bright, and fresh in the morning, as

the sweet flowers they had gathered, like them, at the close of day, they hung their mournful heads, with hearts full of distressing anxieties, and eyes dimmed with unavailing tears.

Let it not be supposed, that, during this long fast of our little William, when exercise had sharpened his appetite to keenness, his mind had not recurred to his own conduct and his mother's admonitions in the early day. Many and many times, his thoughts glanced at those circumstances, to the recollection of the good, but *despised* repast which his kind mother had pressed upon him; he struggled against the painful remembrance as long as possible, his proud spirit resisted the convictions of conscience, and he repeated to himself every thing which could soothe its reproaches; but *conscience* is the *voice of*

God, speaking to our hearts; 'tis *not* to be deceived though we endeavour ever so earnestly not to hear its whispering, and to turn away from its impressive eloquence; and as hunger, real *hunger* increased, and a dread of that starvation was pressed upon him of which he had spoken so lightly, his wicked spirit was subdued; and he wept bitterly, as he acknowledged to himself all his sin, and his folly.

They now sought only for some spot, free from briars and underwood, where they might lay their weary limbs, till the light of day would permit of renewed search. As they sauntered on, James suddenly exclaimed, "O *joy,* Bill, if here is not a crust of bread in my pocket; I believe it has been there this week, ever since we went fishing; 'tis as hard as a rock, but I think my teeth

will crack it though, and I shall relish it *too,* for I declare I am terribly hungry."

"O James, do give me a little bit, do now, there's a good fellow," said William, "for I scarcely tasted my supper last night, and ate no breakfast today, and I do believe I am really going to starve."

"No *breakfast!*" exclaimed James, with surprise. "Did your mother let you go to school without any *breakfast?* why, my dear mother is so good, she always gets up early on purpose to see that I have my bread and milk, because it would be too late if I waited for her breakfast hour; and *this* morning she gave me a delicious slice of bread and butter, because I was going to take so long a walk before dinner; oh, the thought of it makes my mouth water

now; and I know if she had but thought how long it would be before I got back again, she would have given me as much more as I wanted; but here is half my crust, I have broken it at last; come, let us sit down, and I will spread my handkerchief and empty my pocket, I feel some more crumbs down at the bottom."

James seated himself on an old stump, and turned his pocket inside out, and from amidst sundry scraps of paper, slate-pencils, his knife, &c., he scraped a handful of dried crumbs of bread. "Here, I will share them, said the generous little boy, for I had a hearty and delicious breakfast, and if your mother did not give you any, you must feel worse than I do, a great deal."

"O don't, don't think ill of my mother, pray don't," said the conscience-

stricken William, " she got me a good breakfast, but I was dainty, and wicked, and sullen, and wouldn't touch it; it was *my* fault, not hers :" and again he wept the bitter tears of repentance, to think of the different feelings and conduct, with which James had received the same food from his mother which he himself had so ungraciously refused ;—he now, however, took with sincere gratitude the portion offered him by his young friend, and thought, as he broke the stony crust, that no food was ever so delicious ; his thoughts again turned to his heedless words in the morning, that " he wouldn't eat such stuff if he never ate again !"—and his heart swelled almost to suffocation with regret and sorrow. " Oh, will my heavenly Father ever forgive me," said he to himself; " surely 'tis to punish me for such wicked daintiness,

and such wastefulness, that he has permitted me thus to be lost, and to starve in this dreadful wood."

It may seem to my young readers, that from noon of one day, to the evening of the next, is not so very long time to fast, that William should feel so much from it; for we often go longer without food when sickness requires it; but then William was not sick, he was very healthy, and was growing very fast, and therefore required a great deal of food; and though he always complained of the quality, and wasted much, he yet generally ate very heartily: besides, the long walk and great exertions they had made in pushing their way through bushes, briers, and underwood, had sharpened the appetites of the poor boys to keenness; notwithstanding all this, they would have borne their hunger like

heroes, had they not dreaded its continuance till they died; 'twas the dread of starving, more than its reality, from which they suffered most; and William absolutely felt it so just a punishment of his sin, that he verily believed he should never again find his way out of his perilous situation. James did not so despond.

"Come now, Bill," said he, "keep up a good heart boy, and don't cry so, here is a good smooth piece of grass where we can sleep; let us say our prayers and lie down; for I am so tired I don't feel as if I could stand another minute," and the little fellow knelt reverently on the green sward.

William felt that he did indeed require the protection and guardianship of that good Being who neither "slumbereth nor sleepeth." Never did he feel

so entirely his own helplessness, and dependence on superior power; never had he so much cause, or so strong a desire to supplicate for forgiveness; he too knelt down, and the Lord's prayer, which he had so often repeated with lips only, when his mind was wandering to other things, came now from his inmost heart; and a little prayer which his mother had taught him, adapted to his age, and his wants, was now poured out amidst the sobs and sighs of a contrite spirit. God has said, that "a contrite spirit he will not despise;" doubtless he heard this prayer, and accepted the repentance of poor William; for when he had finished his devotions, and resolved with his whole mind that he would *try* to be a better boy, and obey the command of his heavenly father more faithfully than he had ever done before, (if his life should

now be spared,) he felt comforted, supported, and soothed; and he lay down on his grassy bed, and for a few hours lost the consciousness of his troubles in peaceful slumbers.

With the first dawn of day they renewed their exertions; hour after hour they wandered in every opening, and in every footpath which they could discover, but in vain. Fatigued, stiff, and aching in their limbs, their hunger intense, and their thirst beyond what they had ever imagined, again and again did the thoughts of poor William present to him the despised breakfast of the past day; again and again the solemn voice of his mother's reproof was in his ear, speaking with an eloquence which touched his soul; again he saw her affectionately pointing to his cup of untasted milk; (oh, how sweet did it look

to him now,) and admonishing him, that "it might be many hours before he could eat again;" then his wicked answer came with bitterness to his remembrance, and he felt as if he indeed deserved thus to suffer and to die.

They still wandered on, enduring all that fear could add to their actual calamities, and sinking with fatigue and exhaustion, till night a second time closed around them. They had long ceased to converse; a settled gloom sat on their young hearts, and despair had almost taken possession of their minds, when all at once a distant light gleamed through a little opening of the dark foliage, and then was lost in the surrounding gloom.

"O! I saw a light, I'm *sure* of it," exclaimed James, springing upon his feet,—"dear, *dear*, 'tis all gone again—

hark!"—a faint halloo now reached their ears, and their hearts bounded with revived hope and joy, for now they knew that some one must be hunting the woods for them. The sounds drew nearer, and the lights again danced amidst the trees, and distinctly beamed upon them; they scrambled forward as fast as their wearied limbs would carry them, in the direction of this light, and at length found themselves on the borders of the little stream where they had gathered the beautiful purple flowers with such joyous spirits the preceding morning; and there, at a short distance from them, they distinguished figures, and heard, amidst the rustling of the woods, confused voices, and saw many lights flickering through the foliage. The delighted boys uttered a shout of gladness, which reached the party in

pursuit of them, and in a few moments several of their friends and kind neighbours, who had sought them from dusk the night before, were beside them.

William threw himself on the neck of his mother's old and faithful servant, overcome with fatigue and emotion. The kind old man raised him in his arms, comforted him, and gave them both a little milk and water, and such other refreshments as it was deemed safe and prudent to administer, after their long fast, and with which he had come provided. They were quite exhausted by their exertions; their struggles through unbroken paths, with the tears they had shed, and the many unavailing sighs and groans which they had poured forth to the deaf winds and silent woods; but when a little refreshed they were taken to the high road, where a chaise waited,

in which they were conveyed with all speed to their anxious parents. It would be difficult to describe what these parents had suffered during these long days and nights, (for it was past midnight before the little wanderers reached their homes,) it is impossible to express what they experienced, of doubt, fear, and horror, as hour after hour passed away, and no tidings of their lost children arrived; nor is it more easy to paint their joy, their deep, fervent, *heartfelt gratitude,* with which they pressed them once again to their maternal bosoms.

"Now may God be praised for his exceeding goodness," said Mrs. Montague, as she drew aside the curtain of William's bed, when at noon the next day he awoke refreshed by sweet quiet rest, "lift up your young heart in gratitude, my boy, for an escape from such

peril and suffering; you have indeed tasted some little portion of those horrors which seemed to await you; you have felt what it must be to ——"

"O, *do* not say it!" exclaimed William, interrupting her; "do not speak of it, I know all you would say about the '*real sufferings of starvation.*' O, mother, I remember *all* my great faults; I remember all I said, and did, and felt, before I left you that morning; all you said, and looked too—oh! it came to me in the midst of the awful night, when I thought I never should see you look upon me again, and that I must die in the deep solitude of the woods, of that very hunger and thirst which you warned me I should one day feel, if I did not correct my wicked habit of wastefulness and daintiness."

"I felt," continued he, "that I de-

served *all* I suffered, and that was worse than all my other sufferings. Yes! it all came to me, when I ate with such delight the few dried crumbs from James's pocket, and thought of your words, 'that I should some time long for the very crumbs on my plate;' indeed, indeed mother, I have repented, you shall see that I have," said the sobbing boy. "When I said my prayers in the forest, I resolved again and again, that if ever I should reach my home I would never more offend you as I did that morning. Oh! I see this moment your solemn look, that even *then* made me feel so ashamed and sorry all the way to school, that I wanted almost to come back."

"O now must I doubly and devoutly praise my heavenly Father," said Mrs. Montague; you are twice restored to

me, my boy, you have purchased instruction through suffering; but you have wisely and humbly improved the lesson, and I am sure it will never be forgotten or lost upon you, and if the heart and character of my child is to be thus improved and purified by our distresses, we shall *both* bless them with our whole hearts."

It is almost needless to say, that William never ceased to remember the correction and discipline of this trying period; it had sunk into his heart, it had awakened his conscience, it had induced him to look into his own character, and to detect its imperfections; to review his feelings and conduct, both toward his mother and to that kindest, greatest, and best of Beings, from whom came every good gift, and who showered down blessings on his head, from the

rising to the setting sun. He thought often and seriously upon these things, and the effect was durable; he was no more heard to murmur at his food, or to waste any thing which could be eaten by *any* one; it was long, indeed, before he could taste of what was set before him, without a deep and painful remembrance of his feelings in the woods, and a flush of shame passing over his heart, but early corrected by suffering, and taught by experience, constantly counselled by an affectionate and watchful parent, he became all that her fondest wishes could desire in manhood, a true and exemplary christian.

LAURA SOMERVILLE;

OR,

INDOLENT HABITS OVERCOME.

LAURA, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Somerville, was possessed of good natural abilities; but from the want of even common application, she really appeared inferior to little girls of her own age, of less understanding than herself. The habitual neglect of her studies increased, from day to day. Few faults are so difficult to correct as self-indulged indolence.

Mrs. Somerville had vainly endeavoured to convince Laura of the necessity of amendment. Strongly attached

to her mother, she listened to her admonitions, and had made one or two feeble resolutions to overcome her dislike to study; but it is not one or two efforts alone, that are adequate to the correction of habitual faults. Laura was also constantly indulging herself in idle wishes; and not an hour passed without the expression of them.

One beautiful morning in June, Laura, at the repeated request of her mother, took her book, with the determination of studying; it must be acknowledged, that for the last two or three days, she had studied more than during the six preceding weeks; but, seated at the door, which gave a delightful view of the country, and where her attention was attracted by every novelty, her studies could produce but little improvement. The book was at length entirely

laid aside, and her eyes eagerly fixed upon a little yellow bird, which was soaring in the air, high above her.

" How I wish I could fly !" was her exclamation ; " why cannot I fly, mother ? In a bright sunny morning I feel as light as a bird, and I do believe I could, if I had only some one just to raise me from the ground ; don't you think I could, mother ?"

" No, Laura," said Mrs. Somerville, " you are differently formed. The bones of birds are hollowed out, and filled with air, and communicate with the lungs, while yours are filled with marrow, and the quills of their wings also can be filled or exhausted of air, to enable them to ascend or descend with greater ease."

" Well, mother, the birds seem to look at the sun, why cannot I ?"

" There is only one bird, my daughter,

which is said to possess that power : the eagle. It arises from the formation of the eye. It has light shutters, or rather curtains, which it can draw over the eye, and through which it can distinguish objects, without being injured by the blaze of the sun's light."

Laura went to school, still thinking of the bird. But on her return, the light step was gone, the bright eye was dimmed, the smile was succeeded by a frown.

" Laura," said her mother, mildly, " what is it troubles you ?"

" Mother, I do not mean to study any more. The more I study, the worse I say my lesson. I cannot get to the head of the class, nor even above Lucy Harris, who says she does not study at all."

" No one, my daughter, can arrive at any improvement without diligent study.

The faculties of the mind are to be developed by intense application.

"But, mother, I do study almost all the time."

"Oh no! you were an hour this morning looking at the birds, and half an hour playing with your kitten. Laura, there is one word, which, if you understood its importance, would enable you to rise to the head of your class, to be far above Lucy Harris, to gain the regard of your teacher, the affection of your mother, and the approbation of yourself."

Laura had no idea of that one word which could perform such wonders for her.

"Look in the Dictionary, said Mrs. Somerville, and read me the meaning of *Perseverance*." Laura impatiently turned the pages of the book, but without

finding it—" It is not here, mother, it is too long a word, here is *Perceive*, and *Perch*."

" Had you attended to your yesterday's lesson, you would have known that the word is spelt with an *s*, instead of a *c*."

Laura appeared a little mortified, but after much impatience, the word was at length found, and Laura read, " *Perseverance*, a patient, steady pursuit of any one object."

" Here Laura, in this simple definition, you have the secret of knowledge and improvement."

" But mother, I thought I knew how to spell the word in my lesson to-day; only when it came to me I could not think of one letter. The word was Physiognomy, what does that mean?"

Mrs. Somerville hesitated for terms to

explain it, which would suit the capacity of her daughter, at length she said "Physiognomy is the good or evil propensities of our nature stamped upon the countenance; for instance, Laura, recollect the woman, whom you saw last week, and said you knew she was ill-natured because she looked so cross. You must, therefore, Laura, correct the impatience and irritability of your own temper, lest they mark themselves on your countenance."

The next afternoon, Laura was invited to meet a party of her young friends. She looked forward with delighted anticipation to the arrival of the hour in which she was to join them. She found a little circle of her companions assembled, all of whom greeted her with affection. After they had wearied themselves with a variety of games, "come,"

said little Jane Mowbray, "let us all have a game of Geography."

A circle was accordingly formed around the table, and the geographical cards produced. "We will divide them all around," said Jane, "and the one who can tell the greatest number of rivers and towns, with the situations and boundaries of any country, shall have the card."

Poor Laura had sadly neglected her geography, and now she was to suffer for it. She lost all her own cards, and could not win even one; for the answers she did attempt to give, were entirely wrong, placing Paris in Russia, and St. Petersburgh in Holland. All the little girls laughed, and derided her ignorance. The hardest thing to bear is ridicule. Laura's resentment found vent in tears, and the party, from which she had an-

ticipated so much pleasure, ended in sadness.

On her return home, full of complaints to her mother, "who would think of playing geography in a party," said she.

Mrs. Somerville replied, "Laura, I am mortified at your ignorance, but deeply grieved to perceive that your tears have flowed, not from the consciousness of your own want of knowledge, but from resentment at the ridicule you deserved. Had it been otherwise, you would seriously have resolved, by studying your lessons, to be equal with those around you. You ought to make it a fixed determination, to learn something every day, to add to the stock of information which you must acquire for the future."

But Laura's reason was yet uncon-

vinced. The next morning, on her mother's inquiring if she had studied her lesson? she replied, "she would look over it, as she went to school."

Scarcely had she left the gate when one of her companions overtook her, and Laura entirely forgot her lesson, till, on arriving at the school-house door, she perceived that the school had already begun.—Laura had, of course, no time to study her lesson, and remained at the foot of the class; and to increase her mortification, the best scholars were invited by their instructress, to ride with her into the country the next afternoon, Laura being omitted. On the morning of that day it was announced to the pupils, that a prize would be given out in three weeks as a reward for diligence.

"Well Laura," said Mrs. Somerville

the next morning, "do you not intend to study for the prize?"

"I never shall get it, even if I were to study," was Laura's reply.

"Have you forgotten," said Mrs. Somerville, "the word you found in the Dictionary?"

"No, mother, but I do persevere, and never get any good by it; yesterday I was studying my lesson for a whole hour, and this morning I could not say it."

"Laura, tell me frankly," said her mother, "if your thoughts were not fixed on some other subject than your lesson."

She hesitated, and at length answered, "yes, on my cousin William's rocking-horse."

"And on nothing else?" said Mrs. Somerville, looking at her steadily.—The eyes of Laura sought the ground—

Mrs. Somerville continued. "Laura, I have confided in your truth, tell me sincerely."

"Mother, I was only wishing it might rain to-day, and then I need not go to school to say my lesson. The thought came into my mind, and I could not help it."

"Had you been thinking of what you were studying, Laura, in one hour, you would have learned your lesson perfectly. God, in giving us the faculties of thought, gave us the power to direct them, to govern and regulate them; and we are as answerable for the indulgence of idle, careless thoughts, as for the commission of careless, thoughtless actions; for the one produces the other; therefore, Laura, guard your thoughts, for they are known in heaven. But do you wish to obtain the prize?" continued Mrs. Somerville.

"Oh yes, mother," and the eyes of

the little girl sparkled with unusual animation.

" Then promise me you will study for three weeks, not carelessly, but diligently and attentively,—with your thoughts fixed upon the lesson you are learning."

" Well mother, I will study ; just to convince you that it is of no use for me to persevere ; that I cannot learn my hard, long lessons."

The next morning Laura recollected her promise to her mother, and diligently applied herself to her book. It was a hard and a difficult task for her, and sometimes, from mere weariness, she was induced to throw aside her books, and study no more. But she thought that three weeks would soon be over, and that her promise would then be fulfilled.

The first day of study, her lesson was

not said very well. The day after, however, it was said a little better, and the third day, repeated correctly. Her companions were astonished, and the information was eagerly communicated from one to another, that Laura Somerville had said a lesson correctly. She continued to study, and rose at length, from the bottom of the class, to a respectable standing in it.

The day for the assignment of the prize was now rapidly advancing, and Laura was among the foremost competitors ; but the day previous, Laura was taken seriously ill ; not from study, but from a severe cold, which prevented her from attending school till four days after the prize had been given.

The disappointment was very great, for she had begun to think that it was possible for her to study successfully.

She was, however, informed that in one month, another prize of double value, would be presented to the one who had made the greatest improvement.

Laura's efforts were redoubled, for study had ceased to be irksome to her ; and she had experienced the self-approbation arising from good conduct. Her little school-mates also regarded her with more attention, and her influence in the school was rapidly increasing, for " knowledge is power."

The day at length drew near, which was to prove the truth of her mother's admonitions. Laura beheld the sun rise on that morning, with feelings of intense interest ; and when the hour of examination drew near, every little heart throbbed with anxiety. Laura's feelings were light, for she felt if diligence could obtain the prize, it would be her's.

A small box was placed upon the table, covered with a napkin. Every eye was turned eagerly upon it. It was uncovered; and a beautiful morocco work-box was displayed to view, lined with blue, and filled with every convenience for sewing.

The examination now began; and at its close, the prize was awarded to Laura Somerville, as the reward of successful PERSEVERANCE.

THE

LITTLE GIRL

WHO WAS

TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

Little Lucy's mother had died when she was a very young child;—this was a great misfortune to Lucy, for her mother loved her very tenderly, and she would have taken the trouble to tell her what she did wrong, and when she *felt* wrong, and would have taught her to correct all her faults; she would have taught her that happiness could not dwell in her heart, while she permitted wicked passions to rise up and grow strong there, any more than the beauti-

ful flowers which she planted in her little garden-bed could thrive and bloom, when she allowed all the rank weeds, which sprang up with them, to become strong, and remain there to choke them; wicked passions, like troublesome weeds, grow very fast, and they soon root out all the mild, gentle virtues, which are just budding into beauty, if we do not take great pains to check them, and pluck them out of our hearts.

Lucy's mother would have taught her all this, for she saw that these evils were already springing up to destroy the lovely blossom of virtue in her young bosom; but she died, and Lucy was left to the care of a most indulgent father; he did not like to correct his little girl, for he only saw her when his busy day was over, and then he wished to gratify all her desires; to fondle over her and

play with her, and bless her, while he thought of her dear mother whom he had lost; he did not see her faults the little time he was with her, the servants did not like to tell him of them, and poor Lucy was growing up a *vain*, selfish, self-willed, prying little girl, with an obstinate temper, which could bear no contradiction.

Lucy had a *pretty face*, and her father and the servants talked to her so much about it, that at last she really thought it was something good in her to be pretty; that she was in some way better, because she was handsomer than other little girls. No kind friend ever said to Lucy, "that as she had not made her own face, she could not be more good for its being a pretty one; that it was very silly of her to be vain of it, and value it so much; but that she

could do a great deal to make herself good and amiable, and obliging and affectionate; and therefore she would be more dear to her friends, and more happy in herself, every time she even tried to correct a wrong feeling."

It was a *sad* thing that Lucy had no one to teach her all these things, for she might have learnt them easily then; and she was growing more selfish, and vain, and obstinate, and disobedient, as she grew older; she thought a great deal about her dress; she loved fine things to wear, and nice food to eat, and she liked to pry into things which did not concern her to know.

Lucy had an aunt living in Boston, who was a sensible and a very kind-hearted woman, she heard that Lucy would become a disagreeable, perhaps even a wicked child, if some friend had

not compassion enough to try to save her from her growing faults. She kindly sent to Lucy's father, who lived in New York, and persuaded him to let his daughter come and pass one year with her; she had a little girl of her own, about the same age as Lucy, who had been watched, and guarded, and taught by this kind mother, and she was now a charming child, so good, obedient, and amiable, that every one who knew her, saw that she would grow up a blessing to her family and friends; her mother had early taught her, and made her feel from experience, that she was always happier when she governed her temper, corrected a fault, and thought more about making others happy than she did of pleasing herself.

It was on her birth-day morning, about a month after Lucy's arrival at her aunt's,

that she received a very kind letter from her father, enclosing two beautiful crown pieces, which he said "he thought would be an acceptable present for herself and cousin, and he hoped this would make his little darlings happy. Lucy *did* feel happy for one moment, and she looked at the pretty shining pieces again and again, then she began to feel dissatisfied, and went slowly, and with a sullen countenance, into the parlour where Emily was finishing her work.

"My father has sent me these two crown pieces," said she; "but he says I must give one of them to you, Emily; I'm sure I don't know what for;" and Lucy looked unhappy, and selfish, and sour, because she could not keep both the pieces which her father had sent; and no one who had seen Lucy then, would have thought she could ever have

a pretty face; the naughty temper in her heart looked out at her eyes, her scowling brows and her pouting lips, and made her quite disagreeable, as she threw down the piece of silver upon the table with a loud noise.

"Oh! how good your dear father is," said Emily; "what a beautiful bright piece it is—but do not give it to me, Lucy, if you don't wish to do so," continued she, as she looked up at Lucy's unhappy face, "I should like to have it to be sure, because I am saving all my money for a particular purpose, 'tis to get poor nurse Hooper a new gown; my mother says she has not been to church all this summer, because she has nothing decent and whole to wear; and she told me that if I would save all my money till I had enough, I should have the pleasure of getting her one my own self;

and I should be so delighted to see how happy she would look; for my mother says, all the pleasure nurse has is going to church; we you know go to dancing, and learn music, and read entertaining books, and have a great many pleasures, but poor old nurse never leaves off hard work from morning to night, labouring with all her strength—only when, as *she* calls it, 'the blessed day of rest comes;'—how I should like to get her a nice new pretty gown, and see her walking along to church with it on, and her Psalm-book wrapped up neatly in her clean checked handkerchief, as she used to do last year. But," added she, as she looked a *second* time at Lucy's sour face, "not if you don't wish to give me the money, Lucy."

"But I must give it to you, I suppose," said Lucy; "for papa will ask

you, when he comes next week, what you did with it, and all about it; and I know you will tell him; 'tis just like you."

"If he asks me I must tell him, you know, Lucy, I can't help it;—can I? but if he does not ask me, I will not tell him any thing about it, if you don't wish that I should?"

"Oh, but I know he will ask you; so you may as well have it, and spend it too as foolishly as you choose; I know what I shall do with *mine* though; I will buy that pretty pair of silk slippers which I saw at Miss Rust's yesterday, and wished for so much; and I will wear them with my new silk frock with Barege trimmings, when we go next week to Brookline, for there I shall see that proud Miss Prince again, with all her fine clothes;—she thought nobody could

dress as smartly as she did, but I will show her that I can,"—and Lucy began to smile with pleasure at the thought of mortifying Miss Prince.

"But I would not dress so much just to go to Mrs. Russel's," said Emily; "we shall wish to walk out in the grounds, and you will be obliged to take so much care not to hurt your dress, that you will lose half the pleasure. How can you jump about the grass, and gather flowers?"

"I don't care for that," said Lucy, "I will wear the frock and the slippers too. Papa always lets me dress as I like. I shall take care enough."

Emily did not say any thing more, but she ran away to show her mother her present, and to ask her if she would be so kind as to tell her what sort of a gown she should get for Nurse Hooper,

and to count over all the silver pieces which she had hoarded in her purse. Her mother told her she was much pleased to find she remembered the poor friendless old woman, and that she should have the pleasure of getting the gown the next day,—and she said she would advise her all about it. Then her mother counted her money, and found she would have some left, after the gown was bought, which she could spend for herself. Emily said she would not determine what she should do with it then, but put it away till she wanted something very much. Her mother told her that was a very prudent and wise determination.

The day at last came for their visit to Brookline, the carriage was ordered, and Emily came down with her plain cambric frock and thick shoes, which looked very proper, and comfortable,

and neat. But Lucy put on her trimmed silk dress, and the lilac satin slippers she had bought to wear with it.

"Why, my little girl," said her aunt, as she came into the room, "what could induce you to put on that rich silk to-day? you can have no enjoyment of play in such a dress, and those delicate slippers too,—you cannot *walk* in them; remember we are going into the country, and shall wish to taste the sweet air of the fields, you had better run and change your dress now, my love, there is quite time enough, and Emily will go and assist you."

"O no, aunt," said Lucy, "I had rather not go at all, than do that; I shall take care, I am big enough to take care, I hope;" and she again looked sullen and sour.

"I shall not compel you, my dear,

most certainly, because that would not convince you that you are wrong, but I advise you once more to go and change your dress for a more proper one; I warn you that you will not have half the comfort, but a vast deal more trouble in going as you are; I wish, indeed, that you could believe, that I must know better than yourself about such things, because it might save you from much suffering, but if you prefer to learn by your own experience, you certainly shall;—experience is an excellent instructor, but we often pay very dearly for her lessons: well, what do you say?"

"I am not at all afraid," said Lucy, impatiently. "Papa always lets me dress as I like."

"Let us go then," said her aunt.

The day was balmy and mild as pos-

sible, and the ride to Brookline was without accident, and perfectly pleasant. Lucy forgot all that her aunt had said, she was thinking how all the company would admire her fine dress, and how mortified, and vexed and surprised, the proud Miss Prince would be. At last they reached the beautiful seat of Mrs. Russel, and were received most kindly by that excellent lady. But what can express Lucy's disappointment to find there was to be no one beside themselves, not even Miss Prince, whom she was so sure of meeting, and that after Mrs. Russel had permitted a smile of pity to pass over her face as she looked at her dress, there was no more notice taken of it in any way.

Presently a walk in the garden was proposed, and they all proceeded to view the grounds. Emily went skip-

ping about with a heart light with innocence and peace, smelling the sweet flowers, and eating the rich fruit which was ripening in profusion around her; —Lucy also took some fruit, for she was very fond of it, and she thought she ate it very carefully; but presently she felt something wet upon her arm, and when she looked to see what it was, she found she had dropped some of the juice on the front part of her dress, which had already taken out the colour in several places.

Now this was her best and her favourite dress, it was a present from her father when she left New York to visit her aunt, and it was quite new. She felt very uncomfortable at this sight, and she already began to wish she had not put it on :—however, she could do nothing to it, and she continued to walk

slowly and carefully through the shrubs and flowers, until she saw the party all collected round a fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, viewing something very attentively.

"O the beautiful gold fish," exclaimed Lucy, "I had quite forgotten to ask about them, I dare say they are in that pond, and I do long to see them," and away she ran with all her speed, thinking only of the pretty gold fish which Emily had told her about so often; but the wind filled out the light folds of her beautiful silk dress, and as she passed a turning in the walk, the trimming was caught by the briars of a rose-bush, and torn almost entirely off, before she could stop herself. Lucy stood aghast at this sad rent! the delicate trimming was quite in tatters, and the thought of what her aunt had said to her (for

she now remembered it every word) made her ashamed to look her in the face; however, she pinned it on as well as she could, and again she walked slowly and carefully, quite forgetting the gold fish, and every thing but her misfortunes and her shame, and wishing she had not been so self-willed and perverse. But when little children will not be guided by the experience and judgment of their best and wisest friends, and will try for themselves, they often learn through much suffering and trouble, and pay dearly for the instruction which they might have had for nothing.

While Lucy was thus sauntering along, one of Mrs. Russel's little girls came running up to her full of spirits. "Come with *us*, dear Lucy," said she, "we are going to the bottom of the

pasture-field to look into Mr. Burrel's beautiful garden, 'tis much handsomer than our's, and there is an opening in the fence so that we can see it all plainly through the cracks. There are a great *many* images in the garden. In one place there is an old woman feeding chickens, and she is holding up her apron of corn so naturally, exactly as our Betsy does when she feeds our little ones; and her gown is pinned away behind her, and shews her quilted petticoat, and she *does* look *so* funny; and then, in another part of the garden, there is a man raking hay, he looks as natural as *life*—come—this way, my dear, there is Emily just jumping over the stone-wall."

The pasture was very large. It was made perfectly dry by a ditch which was dug along on one side; this drained

off all the water, so that it was easy and dry walking. The girls went on jumping and springing, and Lucy once more forgot her troubles, and began to enjoy herself, while Emily felt *so* innocent and happy, that she could not express her delight. They came at last to the opening in the fence, which gave them a good view of this fine garden; the flower beds were laid out in squares, and diamonds, and circles, which were all bordered with beautiful green box. And Lucy saw the old man with his rake, who looked exactly as if he could move, and was just going to turn his hay; and she saw the droll looking old woman holding up her apron of corn; and they were very much amused, discovering new beauties in this garden for a long time, but at last they were startled by hearing the snorting of a horse very

near to them. They had not seen that there was any horse in the pasture before, but when they looked up they saw Mr. Russel's great black horse galloping towards them, rearing and kicking up his hind feet in the air, while John the stable-boy was running after him with a halter to catch him.

The little girls were very much frightened when they saw such a great loose horse so near to them, and they began to run towards the house as fast as their limbs would carry them, for they thought the black horse was close at their heels, and they did not stop to look behind them. Sarah Russel and Emily got on a great deal faster than Lucy, because her slippers were tight and her dress troublesome, but she used her utmost speed, and had nearly reached the stone wall over which the girls

were jumping, when in attempting to leap across the ditch her foot slipped in, and down came poor Lucy flat upon her face. What a sad condition she was in! she had lost her shoe in the black muddy ditch,—her unfortunate silk frock was covered with green slime, from the slippery grass on the banks,—she had hurt her ancle so badly that she could scarcely stir,—and she expected every moment that the great black horse would be upon her, and trample her to death,—the other little girls, thinking she had kept up with them, had jumped over the wall, and were gone out of sight and hearing, and she could not possibly get up alone.

"Oh! dear, what shall I do?" cried Lucy, "will nobody come to save me."

Now it happened that young Mr. Thomas Russel had come out to assist

John in catching his horse, (because he was a frolicsome and troublesome horse to catch) and he was already so near that he heard Lucy's cries. He came to her, kindly took her up and quieted her fears, and showed her that the horse was a long way distant, and then he felt with his stick round in the ditch to find her beautiful lilac slipper. Alas! it was beautiful no longer; for when he fished it out of the muddy gutter on the end of his cane, it was so filled and covered with the filth that no color could be seen. Mr. Russel kindly carried her in his arms to the house, and then he took her slipper to the pump and pumped upon it till he got it clean enough to dry at the fire. An old shoe of Sarah Russel's was found for Lucy to put on, after her stockings and her clothes had been wiped, but it was much too large

for her to walk in, if she had been in a condition to walk.

While the rest of the party were enjoying the garden, the summer-house, the shrubbery, and the lawn, eating fruit and gathering flowers, poor Lucy, placed in a chair by a roasting kitchen fire to dry, her beautiful dress *tattered* and *filthy*, her fine satin slippers *entirely* ruined, her face bruised, and her ancle lame, had time to feel all her folly and perverseness.

"If," said she to herself, "I had not been so self-willed, and so very silly as to put on this silk dress, any other, even my best muslin, might have been washed and repaired, and if I had only worn my thick, easy shoes, I should not have slipped at all; and if I had slipped, any other shoes but *these* might have been made tolerably clean again; but

now my beautiful silver crown might as well have been thrown into the sea, for it is *all* gone and has only purchased pain and disgrace. O how ashamed I shall feel to look at my aunt and Emily, for they both told me almost exactly how it would be, if I would wear this improper dress, though my aunt did not know that I wanted to wear it just to vex that proud Miss Prince; and after all she was not here to see it, and will only rejoice to hear of my mortification and disgrace. I dare say that Emily is as clean and as nice as she was when she came, at least she cannot feel so sore, and so dirty, and wet, and uncomfortable as I do, nor so much ashamed."

Lucy shed most bitter tears. She had not the consolation, under all these accidents, of feeling that she had had

good or innocent motives for wishing to wear this improper dress, and that her friends would pity her; and again she wept over her vanity, her wilfulness, her envy and her malice.

At last she heard the happy party returning to the house full of mirth and gaiety, and as they entered she heard Emily say, "I have looked all round for Lucy, I wonder where she has hidden herself; I suppose she has found something new and delightful in this charming place, but she will soon be here now, because the sun is almost down—our *happy day* is ended, for my mother has ordered the carriage to be ready as soon as tea is over," and she came bounding into the house, rosy and smiling with innocent delight; but her countenance became sad as she caught sight of Lucy

through the open door, sobbing at the kitchen fire, in the deplorable condition which we have described.

Emily was immediately at her side, trying with kind words, and an affectionate manner, to soothe and comfort her. She was too good-natured to tell Lucy that she suffered for her own faults; she was too kind *once* to say to her, "I *told* you so, I *knew* you would be sorry, *now* don't you wish you had done as *I* advised you?" Emily did not say any thing like this; but she looked kindly at her, took hold of her hand, and wiped her eyes, and said, "come, never mind it now, dear Lucy, but think of all the pleasures we have had, and what a pleasant ride home we shall have in the moon-shine; and besides, I dare say we shall be able to mend the trimming, I will help you, and see if we

can't get out these spots with Cologne water, and some of my mother's patent soap, which is made on *purpose* to take out spots from silk; come, never mind, accidents will happen; and I am so thankful that the horse did not kick you, how frightened we were when he looked so wild."

Thus Emily kindly tried to divert poor Lucy till supper was ready. Now Lucy had thought a great deal about the nice supper, and the good things which she expected to see on the table, but she had cried till her stomach was sick, and her appetite quite gone; she could not taste any of the delicacies on which she had depended so much; and besides, she did not wish to show herself before her aunt and Mrs. Russel in such a condition, so she crept into the carriage which had been drawn up to the door,

and waited there till her aunt and cousin were ready.

Lucy's aunt had been told before she reached the house of what had happened, by Mr. Thomas Russel, who had gone to meet her; but, as he told her that Lucy was not so much hurt as she was mortified and frightened, she spared her the pain of seeing her before company, and even after she was in the carriage, and had begun their ride home, this kind aunt said nothing about the accident; for she thought it best to let Lucy reflect in silence upon the events of the day, that the *lessons of experience* for which she had paid so very dearly, might induce her to correct those faults from which her sufferings proceeded.

When they arrived at home, and were all collected in the parlour, Lucy's aunt

desired to look at the bruises, and as she kindly bound them up, said to her,—"You have had your first lesson of experience, my dear little girl, to-day; it has indeed been a hard one, and I dare say will be long remembered; you were much frightened, much bruised, much disappointed, and very much mortified. I am sure I am *sorry* for your sufferings, but if you will let them convince you that pride, malice, selfishness, wilfulness, and obstinacy, are all faults which will make you suffer more and more, as long as you keep them; you may *yet* bless this day, as I shall most certainly, as the most fortunate of your life, and worth a *purse full* of such pieces as that which you have so foolishly thrown away. You start, my dear little girl, but I assure you that all these dreadful faults were in your heart

when you determined to use your father's present as you did, and kept to that determination; for I heard all your conversation with Emily on the day it was received.

"*Pride* and *malice*, my dear Lucy," continued her aunt, "induced you to desire to dress yourself so richly, to astonish your friends, and to mortify (as you thought it would) the proud Miss Prince. Selfishness made you unwilling to part with the piece which was in fact sent to Emily, and did in no way belong to you. Wilfulness united to make you resist her advice, when she told you (and from her own experience) that you would be sorry if you dressed in this manner; and, lastly, obstinacy made you feel that you 'would rather stay at home' than give up to my wishes and recommendation:—let *to-day's* experi-

ence be sufficient for you, and I shall truly love you; go now, my dear, to bed."

Lucy, however, was more mortified and angry than repentant; she had thought so little about correcting her faults, and submitting to the government of older and wiser people, that she had a great deal more to suffer before she could resolutely set about becoming docile, obedient, humble, and submissive; she had never restrained her inclination, or controlled any of her desires or passions, and knew very little about self-government; for no one had taught her till she came to her aunt's, that she ought to do so.

Emily's mother had done as she said she would, for she always kept her word in every thing. She had advised her about the gown she was to get for poor

Nurse Hooper, the day after she had received her crown-piece; she had done more than she had promised; she had cut out and fitted the gown, and shewed Emily how to make it all herself, so that she had double pleasure in giving it to her. It was now done and folded neatly, and Emily went with her mother to carry that, and some other little comforts, to the poor woman.

Emily's delight was full and *complete*, when she witnessed the brightened eyes and grateful countenance of Nurse Hooper, and heard her say, that, "now again she should be able to thank her heavenly Father for all his mercies to her, in the Lord's own blessed house;" and when, on the following Sabbath, Emily stood at her mother's window, and saw the good woman walking to church, exactly as she had pictured her,

with her psalm-book nicely folded in her handkerchief, and looking so peaceful and happy, Emily thought she felt more pleasure than she had expected, and would not have exchanged her feelings for any thing which could have been offered her.

Time passed on, and the adventures we have related were over and nearly forgotten. Lucy sometimes thought of her faults, and of the lessons which had been given her; she sometimes thought she would try to correct them, and to become amiable and good; and when she saw how happy Emily always appeared, and how much she was beloved, she wished she too had learned to control herself, and resist temptation, that *she* might be as happy; but she did nothing in earnest, and when temptation came, she did not try at all. Her

aunt, however, continued to take the kindest care of her, she watched for every opportunity to instruct and amend her, and she hoped that her heart was a little less selfish, her temper a little more restrained, and that she began to have more fear of doing wrong.

One morning a few months after their ride to Brookline, while Lucy was sitting in her chamber opposite to the open door, putting together a dissected map which her father had just sent to her, she saw her aunt come up stairs and go into her own room, with a little package in her hand, wrapped in white paper and tied with twine. Lucy supposed that it had come from New York with her map, and she felt very curious to know what it could be, that her aunt had folded up so neatly in white paper. She immediately thought that her aunt

had received some pretty present from New York, and she watched her to see if she opened the paper, and what she did with it, and saw that she went to her closet, stood up in a chair, and reaching to the highest shelf of her closet, opened a small trunk, and put the parcel into it; then she went to her bureau drawer, opened that, and laid something in, shut the drawer, and left the chamber.

All this puzzled Lucy exceedingly; so she determined to ask her aunt as she went down stairs, what was in the paper, though she ought to have known it was impertinent to question her aunt about a thing which did not at all concern herself, and that she ought to restrain her curiosity.

"Did you get that little parcel from New York, aunt?" said Lucy.

"No, my dear," replied her aunt.

"What was in it, aunt?" continued the inquisitive little girl.

"It is nothing which concerns you in the least to know, my dear," said her aunt; "nothing that would please you, or interest you in any way; you should be less curious."

"I wish I could see it, though," said Lucy to herself, as her aunt left her, "I don't doubt papa has sent something pretty, and I think she might have shewn it to me. I can't think what it can be; it was such a nice little package, all tied up in white paper; I wonder if it was not a pair of new earings. I *heard* her say she needed a new set; I do *wish* I could see them."

She continued to allow her curiosity to puzzle over the little white parcel, instead of trying to forget it, till her map no longer pleased her in the least; so she left it on the table, and sauntered

into her aunt's room, and would not attempt to conquer her idle curiosity, but kept wondering, and wishing to know what was in the paper, that her aunt had taken so much trouble to put up so high and so secretly. It came into her head that she might get up into the same chair and look into the trunk! She saw her aunt walking at the very bottom of the garden, and thought she would never know any thing about it.

Now, when this thought first came into Lucy's mind, she knew it was a wicked thought, and she did not intend at first to do so very wrong a thing; but she let it remain in her mind, and thought how easily she might do it if she pleased, till after thinking and thinking, she determined just to try if she could reach the trunk by standing up in the chair, as her aunt had done; so she crept softly to the closet, placed

the chair, and got up into it, but she was not tall enough to reach the trunk; so she looked about to see what there was to put into the chair, and make it high enough, and she saw the little stool on which she had been sitting to play with her map; so she brought that, and placed it on the chair, and then she found herself quite tall enough, for she could reach the shelf with ease; she put out her hand tremblingly, for Lucy's conscience told her plainly that she *was doing very, very wrong*, and the thought made her tremble very much, but she put out her hand and tried to open the trunk. It was locked.

"Now do I know, almost, that it was something very important, since my aunt has taken such particular pains to hide it away, and very likely it is something for me too, that papa has sent me, and

she won't let me even see it," said Lucy; "I wonder if it was not the very key to this little trunk, that she put into her bureau drawer. I saw her go there after she left the closet. If it was the key, 'tis easy enough to get it, the *bureau* is not high, I shall not hurt the parcel just to look at it, and I don't mean to touch it; besides, she ought to have shown it to me, if my papa sent it to her."

Lucy crept down carefully from the chair, and stood before the bureau—she stopped there—for something said to her that "she was sinning;" but she did not turn resolutely away, and busy herself about something else—she did not fly from temptation—but kept thinking that she might easily enough open the drawer, and see if it really was the key which her aunt had put there, till at

last she said to herself, "there is no harm in just seeing if the key is in here, I am not obliged to touch it."

She gently opened the drawer; the little key lay down in front, so that she could reach it without opening the drawer any wider. She stood looking awhile—and then this temptation also was too strong; she slipped in her hand and took up the key, to see if it was the very same: having it in her hand, she no longer hesitated, but once more got upon the chair, and put the key into the lock—she turned it—the trunk was opened—and Lucy saw the little package tied up in its white paper, laying in one corner.

O, why did not she then stop and sin no more. Alas! when we go so far wrong it is hard to find the right path back; every step we take renders return

more difficult. Lucy had now gone so far out of the path of duty, that she no more thought of any thing but satisfying her curiosity. She took up the parcel, and untied the string; but what can express her great disappointment when she found it contained—only a little white sugar, as she thought it was. Lucy loved sugar, and had often taken a little pinch from the sugar-dish on the table, and as she had untied the paper, thought she would just taste a little before she did it up again; she took a pinch of the white powder, and was beginning to fold up the paper.

But all this had taken much more time than Lucy had expected; and before she could get it folded up, as she had found it, she heard her aunt on the stairs. And now that the poor girl was likely to be *caught* doing this naughty

thing, she felt *all at once* how *very* bad it was; she was *dreadfully* frightened at the thought of her aunt's finding her in such a guilty situation, and she tried to jump down quickly, but in doing so her sleeve caught in the fatal key, pulled over the trunk with all its contents upon her; the stool was unsteady in the chair, it was jostled by her agitation, and Lucy, the stool, and the trunk, all came together upon the floor with a loud noise. Her aunt was just then at the door; she was greatly alarmed by the crash, but her fright was intolerable when she entered the chamber; the first glance told her what had happened.

"O, my poor child," said she, "have you *tasted it;*" for the paper and its contents lay scattered all around the floor. Lucy was in such pain she could not answer, but the white powder on her mouth

spoke for her. "Oh! run, run quickly for the doctor," said her aunt, "she has tasted the arsenic!—she is poisoned!"

A servant, who had been alarmed at the noise, and came to her in the chamber, went instantly for a surgeon. Poor Lucy, though she was suffering dreadfully from a broken leg, heard all her aunt had said, and she was certain she had spoken the truth, her countenance was so full of pity and of fright; she well knew what she suffered on her account. Lucy thought she must surely die; and to die in the very moment when she was sinning so sadly, to die in consequence of her own wicked conduct, to die in such agonies and convulsions as this poison produces—how shocking! she was already in so much distress from her broken leg, that it was exceedingly difficult to get her on the

bed. No one who has not been so unfortunate as to break a bone, can tell how very painful it is.

At last the surgeon came; but before he could set the bone, and relieve the distress in which poor Lucy lay, he said "he must give her most disagreeable medicines, for he feared he might already be too late." No one could tell how much or little she had taken of the arsenic, because it was all spilled from the paper, and mixed with other things; so the doctor gave her the most powerful emetics. Fortunately for Lucy, she had spilled the most of the poison as she carried it to her mouth, and had but tasted it, so that the immediate attention prevented her suffering so much from that as was expected; but the fright and the pain she endured, and the quantities of medicine she took, all united to

confine her a long time, and made her suffer prodigiously. Lucy remained some months very feeble; she lost much of the beauty which she had prized so highly. She was but the shadow of herself. The hours of penitence and sorrow she had passed—the tears of grief which had flowed for her many transgressions during this long confinement, had reduced her strength, but they purified her heart; her repentance was sincere, and her amendment sure, because she was now in earnest.

One day, while her affectionate aunt was sitting beside her, Lucy looked into her mild, patient, and benevolent face, bent over her in tenderness and pity; and her little heart, which had been almost bursting with its load of grief, could no longer contain its emotion. "Oh, my dear, *kind*, forgiving aunt,"

said she, "I do hope this last dreadful lesson of experience will make me a better girl. I would not learn from you, though you talked to me so very kindly, and so often too. Nor when I suffered so much from my foolish and wicked conduct about the dress, that disagreeable day at Brookline. You shewed me then, as clear as day, the lesson my heavenly Father was teaching me, by all the bad accidents I met with, and all the shame I felt; but I soon forgot all that—though you told me, that if I did not correct my faults with a little suffering, something worse would be sent to me. And now my great sins have brought this great punishment. Oh, my dear aunt," continued Lucy, sobbing with deep repentance, "tell me, shall I forget this too?—shall I forget how

patiently you have watched by me all through my sickness, and how kindly you have spoken to me, just as if I had not brought it all on myself,—and though I have often, very often been cross to Emily, and never liked to share any of my playthings with her, she has left all her companions, and all her pleasures to come and sit up in this dark, dull room, to amuse me, and wait upon me,—shall I—can I forget all this as I did the other things ?"

"No, my dear, penitent girl," said her aunt, kissing her affectionately, "you have indeed paid most dearly, (as I have feared you would) for your instruction, I rejoice to see that you are determined to improve by these painful lessons, they will not I am sure be lost upon you; God has mercifully spared

your life. When I think of your dreadful fall, and all the circumstances of that sad day, I am truly astonished that you have lived through them all, that your neck, as well as your limbs, was not broken; and when I remember the chance there was of your taking so much of that horrible poison into your stomach, as would have rendered all medicines useless, I shudder at the thought; you have felt the danger, and have suffered much pain,—you know your own faults have caused it all,—you say you repent, and if you do so sincerely, you will amend."

"Oh, I do, I do repent," sobbed Lucy.

"Then be comforted my love—you will amend, and be forgiven, I am certain, and we shall all have reason to

rejoice with you, and bless these distressing, but most useful lessons of *experience*.

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