









THE PRIZE.

Anna was watering her plants on the Terrace.

AMERICAN STORIES

FOR

LITTLE BOYS & GIRLS.

SELECTED BY

MISS MITFORD.

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VOL. I.

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LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY WHITTAKER, TREACHER & CO.

47, MARK LANE.

1851.





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1831





# AMERICAN STORIES,

FOR

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS:

INTENDED

FOR CHILDREN UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE.

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EDITED BY

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

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IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:

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## PREFACE.

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WHEN arranging a Collection of American Tales for young people, these Stories appeared at once too juvenile for that publication, and too good, far too good, to be laid aside. I accordingly resolved to embody them in a separate work, the moral tendency of which will, I think, recommend it to parents and instructors;—whilst, as little boys and girls on one side of the Atlantic do not greatly differ in their faults and their virtues from those on the other—human



nature being every where pretty much the same—I hope that my young English friends will derive both profit and amusement from the little Americans, whom I have the honour to introduce to their acquaintance;—in which hope I bid them an affectionate farewell.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THREE MILE CROSS,  
Oct. 26, 1830.

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## AMERICAN STORIES.

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### PROCRASTINATION.

“GEORGE, have you learned your lesson?” said Mrs. Cranston to a lad who sat beside her reading attentively.

“No, mother,” said George, without lifting his eyes from his book.

“And why did you not attend to that the first thing after tea, my dear boy? Don’t you know you should always perform your duty first, and take your pleasures afterward?”

“Yes, mother,” said George; “but Ralph Miller came to play at ‘hide and

seek' with me in the garden, and I did not think a word about it till it was dark."

"And then, when candles came, what prevented your studying immediately?" continued Mrs. Cranston.

"Ralph lent me this book to read, mother, and I can only keep it this one evening, and it is very interesting," said George.

"Then it would have been much better for you to have learned your lesson before you were engaged in the 'interesting story,' my dear: you will now be thinking so much of that, as to find it difficult to fix your mind upon your Latin; you had better put it away at once, before you are sleepy."

"O, I am sure I shall not grow sleepy, mother; do let me read just so much; do now, dear mother, will you?"

“ Don't look so entreatingly, my dear boy ; you know I never compel you to learn ; you ought to consider it a great privilege to be allowed time and opportunity to gain knowledge : besides, if you were to get your lessons against your inclinations, and because I obliged you to do so, they would not be well or easily learned, and you would soon feel it irksome, and acquire a great dislike to study ; on the contrary, when you do it because your own good sense tells you that you ought to apply yourself, and you take your book from your own free will, you give your whole mind to it, you get it well and pleasantly, feel that you have done your duty, and all goes on as it should do. For these reasons, among many, I do not, and shall not ever oblige you to study ; but I advise you to attend to your duty first,



always; and then amusement will be much sweeter and freer from care. You have already acquired the habit of putting off, what you know must be accomplished, to a distant time, when you might do it much better at once, if you pleased. This is a very bad practice, and will cause you a vast deal of trouble, as I have often explained to you before."

"Well, I will put away this book in one moment, mother," said George, "and study my lesson." George had just begun an interesting chapter of his story, and he thought he would only finish that, before he put away the book. But by the time he had gotten to the end of it, some gentlemen and ladies came in to see his mother; and there was music, and conversation, and noise, and George's attention was so much divided between the story he had



been reading, and what was now passing before him, that he could not study at all, and he thought he would put by the book till the company had gone ;—it was, however, his bed time, before they departed, and George felt very tired and sleepy.

“ You have lost this evening, my son,” said his mother, seriously, as he bade her good night. “ I am sorry ! you would have felt easier and happier, if you had performed your duty better. It is a good plan, and one that fixes your lesson best upon the memory, to study it at night, and review it in the morning when you are bright and fresh.”

“ Well, I shall be bright and fresh to-morrow morning, mother, and I shall be up very early, and shall soon get it ; 'tis a short lesson, and there will yet be a good many days before our examination.”

“ But did you not tell me, George, that the prize was to be given to the boy who could shew the greatest number of perfect lessons this quarter ?”

“ Yes, mother, the prize for our Latin class is ; but I know I can get the prize well enough, mother, for there are only just five in the class,—James and John Thorndike, William Simson, Sam Silver, and myself. Now James and John have been late at school almost half the quarter ; and William has been sick at home this fortnight with the measles ; and so I know they won’t either of them get it : and as to Sam Silver, he is the dullest creature,—why, I can get three pages while he gets one, any time.”

“ But, though Sam is dull, and learns slowly, my child, you say yourself he is attentive, and studies all the time ; his industry may make up for his stupidity,

you know ; and your indolence, and habit of putting off your studying till the last moment, may be worse for you than dulness."

" No ! no, indeed, mother, I am not afraid,—I should be ashamed to be outdone by stupid Sam ;—so good night, dear mother ; I shall have the prize easily enough, and it is a handsome one, I can tell you ;—'tis most elegantly bound."

" I wish you may be so industrious and studious as to get it ; particularly as your father intends, if you do win the prize, to take you with us in the vacation, to New York. That will be a rich reward."

" O, what a pleasure I shall have," said George, jumping up, and twirling himself round on his toes in high glee, at the thought of all he should feel and see at New York.



## PROCRASTINATION.

“Come, come,—no more of this frolic, my giddy boy,—to bed, to bed, and mind you to be up early, and study well.”

A drizzly, dark, cloudy morning made poor George oversleep himself, instead of rising early. He waked once, to be sure, but thought he would not get up quite so soon—it could not be time to rise yet;—he would, however, only wait a few moments, just to get a little more awake: but in those few moments he dropped asleep again. His mother was detained in her chamber till a late breakfast; and when she came down, she found George was not yet out of his bed. His parents had nearly finished their breakfast, when he came, rubbing his drowsy eyes, into the room. He had slept till he was absolutely stupid and heavy as possible; and before



he had half his lesson committed, the boys called him to go to school. George felt very uncomfortably about it; but he thought he would study hard after he got to school, and have it perfect. Unfortunately for him, however, his master called up his class as soon as they arrived. George could say but little, and that most imperfectly. His instructor smiled contemptuously, as he sent him to his seat, saying, "He pitied the boy that could not get so simple a lesson in so many hours!" Stupid Sam, however, had not lost a moment. He had gone to bed with his book in his hand, and had awaked with the dawn to pore over it, and had absolutely hammered it into his dull head as firmly as if it had grown there.

"Well done, master Sam," said his instructor; "why, you are a good scho-

lar this morning. Bravo, my lad, you intend to get the prize, I see. Patience and perseverance can accomplish a great deal."

Sam's eyes sparkled;—he knew he had been both patient and persevering, and felt that he deserved the praise he received,—and this alone was as good as a prize to him. George felt so prodigiously mortified, he could scarcely restrain his tears; he did not know how to fix his thoughts on his book. For the whole morning, all was wrong, because he had begun wrong.

When George had eaten his supper at night, he thought he would study his lessons before he went out to play; but as he was going to get his book, his ear caught the sound of a drum and fife in the street; and he ran out of the house to see the soldiers dismissed.

The captain had paraded his company before the window of some young ladies, and was going through various exercises; so that it was quite dark before they were dismissed. The music was inspiring to George, and they looked so glittering, and manœuvred so handsomely, he could not persuade himself to leave them while they staid.

“ There’s a good long evening yet,” said he to himself, as he turned homeward; “ and I can get my lesson in half an hour, if I attend to it, or in an hour, certainly.” But when he entered the parlour, his father was reading a very interesting letter aloud to his mother: it was from New York, and gave an account of some very fine paintings, then exhibiting in the city. The writer of this letter expressed great pleasure at the prospect of seeing her friends at



New York; and she sent her young friend George some charming prints to copy at his leisure, as she heard he was fond of drawing as well as study.

“ You had better not open the package,” said Mrs. Cranston, as George eagerly took it up, “ till you have studied your lesson, and got it off your mind, my child ;—remember last evening.”

“ O mother, 'tis but seven o'clock ; do pray let me just look at the pictures.”

“ You shall do as you please, George ; you know my principle about compelling you to learn ; you know all the consequences of neglect. It would be a pity, nevertheless, if you should lose the prize, and the journey to New York with us ; and you will, assuredly, unless you try hard.”

“ I am going to try, mother,” said



George, impatiently; “don’t you suppose I want to get the prize, and go to New York too? I shall only look these pictures over once, and then I will study diligently;—’tis a very short, easy lesson.”

George unrolled the package; the prints were very charming; and there was, besides, a little book of instructions, to show a beginner how to copy accurately. George’s eye caught something interesting in this book, as he turned over its leaves. “O, it tells about shading a tree,” said he; “that’s what always puzzled me most of any thing:” and he ran on from sentence to sentence till he quite forgot that he was going to study. An hour slipped away swiftly; for time waits for no one;—and when once it has flown, it can never be recovered.

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A deep sigh from his mother brought George to his recollection. He did not wish to grieve so kind a parent, though he suffered himself so often to do it. He now collected the pictures, gave them a last look, and rolled them up, and again he rose to get his book. A loud cry of "Fire—Fire!" immediately under their window, made them all start. George ran to the door instantly, to see what and where it was: the light appeared to be at a distant part of the town, and he ran off to hear or see more about it.

It was late, and he was very tired and sleepy when he got back: he took his book to study, but very soon found himself so drowsy, that he said "it was not worth while to try then any more; there would be plenty of time in the morning, and then he should feel 'bright and

fresh,' and get his lesson in a few minutes."

"O, my dear son," said his mother, "when will you learn that the present time is the only time, and cease to put off till the last moment, what would be so much better done at the first?"

"Why, mother, I intended to study, you know," said George, peevishly; "I did not expect there was going to be a fire, or any thing else to prevent me."

"No, my dear, and because you could not know what else might be to prevent, you should have done your work, at the moment when you had the opportunity, and not have trusted to the very uncertain future. If you had studied the very first thing after supper, as you might have done with perfect ease, and had it off your mind, the remainder of the evening would have been your own,



to enjoy as you pleased. The examination draws near, and you have not given yourself time to get one of your morning lessons perfectly this week, and I can scarcely flatter myself that those you get at school are committed more thoroughly."

"Well, I will study to-morrow morning, mother," said George, gaping; "there will be nothing to prevent me then; and I promise you I will attend to it the first thing; but, indeed, mother, I am so tired and sleepy, it is in vain to try now."

"Rouse yourself up, my dear son, and think how glad you will be in the morning, if any thing should happen to prevent your studying, that you have gotten your lesson to-night. Get up and walk round the room once or twice, and you can get your lesson in fifteen mi-



nutes very well, if you give your mind to it. I should be sorry not to take you with us on this delightful journey; yet if you lose this prize by your wicked habit of *procrastination*, when you have such advantages already over the rest of your class, I should feel so much mortified, I could not show your face among such excellent students as your New York cousins. To have it said that very dull boy, Sam Silver, carried off the prize, when you contended for it! How disgraceful! All the other boys have been absent so much of the time it would be difficult for them to obtain it, unless you were very negligent."

"Sam Silver get the prize! Stupid Sam!" said George scornfully, "I think he will, indeed! He may study and plod as much as he pleases, I'm not afraid of that dunce. Why, it takes him an hour

almost to get ten lines, and I can get—  
O, ever so many in an hour.—Poh!  
Sam Silver! I should be ashamed to hold  
up my head if he outdid me, I'm sure—  
a great thick-head. I will study well in  
the morning, I do assure you; so good  
night, mother.”

George went off to bed, and thought  
he would certainly study, as he had pro-  
mised, in the morning; but when the  
morning came, he awoke with a dread-  
ful head-ache, and when he would have  
risen he felt so sick at his stomach, that  
he was obliged to lie down again, and  
try to sleep it off. So he lay quite still,  
and soon dropped to sleep again, and  
did not wake till his mother stood be-  
side the bed, and told him “they had all  
done breakfast, and the boys had called  
for him to go to school.”

“Now what shall I do, mother? I've

not gotten one word of my lesson," said poor George; "why didn't you call me a great deal sooner?"

"I thought you were up, and studying in your chamber, my dear, as you intended, and I would not have you interrupted. You brought up your books last night, you know, on purpose, and I thought you would hear the breakfast bell, and come down if you had got your lesson."

"But, mother, I had such a bad headache that I could not get up; I did not expect to feel so sick this morning; if I had, I would have studied last night."

"No, George, as I told you, we are only sure of the present moment; we can never know what will happen the next. It is wise always to employ it, as if we were sure it would be the last opportunity we should have. But come,



my dear, drink up your milk, and take your bread in your hand, or you will be sent to the bottom of your class for tardiness."

Again George was called upon as soon as he reached school, and before his lesson was half committed, and again had the mortification of hearing his instructor commend stupid Sam for his diligence and attention, while he looked at himself with serious displeasure. As he came home at night from school, in company with James and John Thordike, their mother was sitting at her window, and she said to him, "Master George, will you come after tea and walk awhile in my garden? The strawberries are ripe and delicious now, and we have an abundance. Ask your mother, my dear; I shall be pleased to see you."



George thanked her with propriety. He loved strawberries extremely, and his mouth watered to think how good they would be. He stopped and played with the boys till it was tea time; he did not think it was so late, for he intended to have got his lesson before supper, so that he might go directly afterwards to Mrs. Thorndike's; and he was surprised when he reached home to find his father and mother at the tea table; he told them of the invitation to eat strawberries, which he had received, and his mother gave him permission to go. "But, my dear, you had better get your lesson first," said she; "I advise you to do so; you cannot tell what will occur after you come home."

"O mother, it will be too late to pick the strawberries if I wait; I shall not have any time there at all. Do let me

go now, I shall come home before candle-light, and then I will study all the evening."

"My dear son," said his mother, seriously, "you shall do as you please; I only recommend to you, as I have often done before, to make sure of the present moment for your work; when that is performed you can play with an easy mind. Remember last evening and the evening before."

"Well now, my dear mother, what can happen to night? It is not likely that there will be another fire this evening, is it? And if there should be, I shall not go to it; I had enough of it last night, I'm sure—and I shall get my lesson before it is time for any company to come in, for I mean to begin immediately as soon as I get home."

His mother sighed heavily; she

thought he had better learn by his own experience, and perhaps by suffering, rather than be compelled to study against his will; but she was grieved to see him so unwilling to be guided by her judgment, and the lesson he had already received upon the subject; she felt sorry to find that he must probably suffer a great deal more before he corrected his bad habit.

“ Don’t sigh so deeply, my dear mother,” said George, coaxingly, “ I am going to be the very best boy in the whole world, and you will feel so proud to say—‘ there goes my son, my great, and learned, and wise son!’ ”

“ Go, go, foolish boy, and take good care that I have not to hide my tears and my blushes, when I am asked, ‘ is that your son, whom it was thought once would be so clever a boy, so good a scholar?’ ”



“Yes, yes, I will take good care of that, mamma,” said George, running away to Mrs. Thorndike’s garden. It was not quite dark before he returned. His mother, whose thoughts were always fixed upon her son—for he was her only child,—sat anxiously waiting for him; she had put his books upon the table, lighted her lamps, and put all in readiness, and she had devised a thousand ways to stimulate him to study; she could not bear to think of the disappointment he was preparing for himself by his inattention. At last George appeared, holding his handkerchief to his eyes.

“What has happened to you, my child?” exclaimed his mother, as she looked at his flushed face and anxious countenance,—“are you hurt?”

“It is those abominable honey bees,

mother ; they have stung me in a dozen places, but the worst is on this eyelid ; 'tis so swollen I can scarcely open it, and it seems to be growing worse and worse. I wish Mrs. Thorndike would not keep bees in her garden ; I'm sure, I had rather never taste a single strawberry than go among them again ; and I have scarcely eaten one all this time, for I went with the boys very soon to look at the hives, and I do believe John did something to trouble them, on purpose, for he darted away like lightning, and laughed so that he could hardly stand, when he saw me hopping about with the pain, when that old bee followed and stung me so horridly. O, how my eye aches." George's mother had been engaged as soon as she understood what the difficulty was, in preparing some application to extract the poison, and ease

the smart ; but the eye was swelled so as to be quite closed.

“ There is no studying to-night then,” said George, “ and all for that ugly bee. I am sorry, mother, I did mean to study like a good fellow this evening, but who would have thought of such a misfortune as this coming to disappoint me.”

“ It will be always thus, my child, when we put off to the next hour what should be done in this ; the very circumstance that we know not and cannot know what a day may bring forth, furnishes the strongest reason why we should use the present moment well.”

“ Yes, I see it is, mother,” said George, “ I am sorry I did not do as you advised me ; I intended to be a good boy.”

“ This intending at some future time



to be good, instead of beginning now, and at once, keeps a great many wrong all their lives," said his mother.

The day of examination soon arrived, and the journey to New York was fixed to commence the next day. Mrs. Cranston kindly prepared and packed all George's clothes, though his father told him from the first that his going depended upon his obtaining the commendation of his instructor, and the prize from the committee; for his father knew, and so did George, perfectly well, that nothing was wanted but attention, punctuality, and industry, since he had had much more time than any other boy of his class, excepting Silver, and he was a boy of a heavy and dull mind. George was confident that he could and should obtain his reward with perfect ease, till the very day arrived;

he then began to look serious, and to turn over his books with care, for he trembled for the event. But it is not easy to make up at the eleventh hour, for the neglect of the other ten.—George's steps to school were tardy and lingering, his fears of mortification, and his secret consciousness of deserving it, the dread of his mother's sorrow and his father's anger, together with the anticipated disappointment of the long projected journey and visit to New York, all united to make his performances this day much more indifferent than usual; he spoke low and indistinctly, he hesitated and forgot, and in fact did nothing well.

The weekly bills were now examined by the committee, and the perfect lessons of each boy counted. The result may be easily anticipated. James

and John Thorndike had been so long absent, that though they had studied well, their lessons were few. William Simpson had neither studied well nor been punctual; his were rarely marked perfect. George's were next examined; he trembled as he saw the expression of surprise and displeasure upon the gentlemen's countenances, as they threw down the bills, one after the other. "Here are few marks for absence or tardiness upon these weekly bills," said one of the gentlemen; "the lad appears to have had all possible time and opportunity, but I am astonished to find so very small a number of lessons approved as perfect. We had understood that this young gentleman possessed a quick and active mind, and that he acquired his lessons with prodigious ease, and we had fully expected



to award him our beautiful prize.— From the respect we entertain for his parents, it would have given us much pleasure to do so; but though never absent, his number of perfect lessons amounts to but one more than the Thorndikes; there must have been surely great inattention or wilful neglect on his part; we have now but one more lad to examine of this class, and unless we find him a much more attentive scholar, our prize for this term must remain unappropriated.”

The boys all tittered as “Stupid Sam” was called upon to give in his weekly bills for examination. George, however, was so completely mortified that he was unmindful of every thing around him till he heard the same voice which had spoken so severely to him, saying in a distinct and clear man-

ner, "It is with great pleasure we present to you, Master Silver, this prize, as a well-merited reward for your application and attention to your studies. Your bills are an honourable and an unanswerable testimony in your favour. Go, and remember that application and industry are better than genius and talents neglected."

The gentlemen soon withdrew, and the boys all shouted, "only think, Stupid Sam has won the Latin prize from all the class, even from George Cranston too, who has been here steadily all the quarter."

Poor George's heart was almost broken with mortification and regret: he dreaded to see his kind and watchful mother; she had tried so hard to stimulate him to industry, and to make him do his duty, that he felt how cruel it


was in him thus to have wounded that affectionate and tender parent by his wilful neglect and carelessness. He thought he could brave her reproaches, and almost wished she might be angry with him ; but her still kind, yet grieved looks, he felt that he could not endure. His mother met him at the door ; she took his hand and sat down beside him. The expression of love and of sorrow, that rested on her still lovely countenance, reached the very soul of her penitent boy.

“ I see, my dear,” said she, tenderly, “ I see the result has been painfully mortifying ; your swollen eyes and flushed cheek speak a plain language to your mother’s heart. I feel for you, I feel with you, my dear boy, in this humiliation, which is so much the harder to sustain from the cruel consciousness that



you have needlessly brought it upon yourself. I am disappointed more than I can express, to be deprived, and from such a cause deprived, of the long-anticipated pleasure of your company in our excursion. It is needless to assure you that it deducts at least one half from my enjoyment of this visit, on which I have reflected with so much satisfaction. Your aunt and your cousins will also feel the disappointment, and must know the cause too, I fear, since they were acquainted with the terms on which your father promised the reward. But do not be cast down; time past cannot be recalled by tears of regret or sighs of sorrow; we must always feel the penalty of wasting or misusing it; but the present is your own. You may catch it on the wing, and make it do a double duty, by filling it with

useful employment. A new quarter will soon commence, a new prize will be offered. Awake all your energies, exert yourself, do what you can; I need not tell you that your power is quite sufficient to accomplish all you really determine upon, and I give you my word, if I find you have corrected your fault, (and I delight to assure you, this is the only great fault you have,) if I find you have corrected it, that you study as you ought and when you ought, so that you have the prize awarded you honourably, I give you my word, that the pleasure you now lose shall be given you then, if it be possible to do so; and I am perfectly convinced that to a heart like yours, the reward will be as nothing in your eyes when compared to that higher and nobler compensation which you will receive from the approbation of your own

mind, and the happiness you confer on your fond parents. Try then, my dear boy, and never forget that the peace and happiness of your mother is in so great a measure placed in your keeping, that her heart vibrates with joy or anguish, as you improve or fall away from virtue. I say then, once again, exert your good resolution, and try. I must part with you to-night, for we start early in the morning, and I may not see you again till my return. My thoughts and my prayers will be with you." 

George was melted with his mother's gentleness, her tenderness, and affection. He well knew how much she felt, and had lamented his fault. He went to his chamber and sat till bed time, thinking over all that had happened, the reason he had given his parents to be justly displeased, and the wicked abuse and



neglect of those talents which his heavenly Father had bestowed upon him. He saw the great advantages of application exhibited strongly in the case of his schoolmate Silver, who was proverbially dull and slow in acquiring any thing, yet his industry had accomplished more than all his own ready powers; his conduct appeared on this review in its true colours. He felt sincerely ashamed and deeply penitent, and he made resolutions of amendment, strong and effectual. He did not forget,—for George had been instructed to do so at all times when he was in earnest and really wished to amend,—he did not therefore forget when he offered up his evening prayers, to ask his heavenly Parent to aid and assist him in keeping his good resolution, and to strengthen him to resist all those temptations which were so likely

to draw him away and make him forget his duty. The very asking the assistance of an All-Powerful Being, made him feel stronger and firmer in his purpose, and George arose from his knees comforted and calmed ; yet when he saw from his window in the early morning, the carriage drive to the door, which was to take his beloved parents away, his heart again sunk within him, and he wept bitterly for his folly. His mother came up to give him her parting benediction ; a tear was in her soft blue eye, as she pressed him to her heart, and bade him think of his duty, and profit by his punishment.

For some time after they were gone, George felt as if the whole world had departed, and he gave way to his grief and mortification in a flood of tears. Then he wandered from room to room ;

every place looked desolate and gloomy. His mother's work-basket, as it lay on her dressing-table, seemed to speak to him of his departed parent; he missed her kind look and affectionate sympathy, and he felt how much he had grieved her. No one can tell how his heart ached. At last he went out to play, and try to drive it off. It would not do. He came back to his chamber, and again sat down to his solitary window: there he thought long and seriously.

"I will begin this moment," said he, suddenly starting up and seizing his book; "the present moment is mine, as my mother said; and every morning, before I leave my chamber, I will study; and every evening, the first thing, I will study. I will see how much I can do before they come back, and then I shall begin the quarter with a stock on hand."



With this serious determination, it is astonishing how much George accomplished before the return of his parents. The consciousness of doing right, the secret assurance he felt that he was preparing the purest delight for his kind mother, gave him such a peaceful feeling, the employment and the interest he felt in it all, made time pass so swiftly and so happily, that George was perfectly astonished, when he came down one morning, to find the servants opening the drawing-room, and putting things in order there, for the arrival of his parents.

“Why, what are you doing this so soon for?” said he, “the room will be all dusty again before my mother comes.”

“What can you be thinking of, master George?” said the girl, “it is a fortnight yesterday, since they went,

and we expect them exactly at twelve to-day."

George jumped with joy ; his countenance brightened as he counted the days of their absence.

" So it is a fortnight, I declare," said he ; " I never knew a fortnight pass away so quickly when they were gone before ;" and as George's thoughts glanced at the cause of time's passing so rapidly,—and he felt that it was because it had been constantly and rightly improved, because every hour was fully employed,—he was deeply sensible how much happiness depends on goodness and self-approbation.

At the appointed time his parents arrived. George said nothing of his improvement ; he thought it best to let his actions speak for him. But as soon as tea was over, he took his book, as usual, and studied his lesson long

and attentively. Once he looked up for a moment, and met his mother's eye fixed upon him with an expression of such intense and satisfied affection, that he felt his face flush, and his eyes filled with tears of the purest delight.

His parents were weary and wished to retire early, and when his mother gave him her parting kiss, she spoke not a word, but her cheek was moistened with the emotion she had felt, and her heart beat quickly. George saw and understood all that was passing in her mind as plainly as if she had said to him, "you are now nobly correcting your faults, my boy, and are making your mother's heart glad. I thank my God for his goodness, for now will you be all a fond parent can desire."

It is needless to relate all the circumstances of George's progress. The next



examination exhibited such an improvement as absolutely astonished himself in the comparison with any former one. The compliments of his instructor, the commendation and the beautiful prize bestowed by the committee, and the congratulation of his school-fellows, were truly delightful to his soul. But the beaming smile, the pure delight which sat on his mother's brow, the proud and satisfied look of his father, as they met him on his return, sent into his heart a reward far more pure and holy. Another journey to New York took place, the next summer, under every favourable circumstance, and the last I heard of George Cranston, he was enjoying in that gay city all the well-earned pleasures his imagination had anticipated.

# THE PRIZE;

OR,

THE THREE HALF-CROWNS.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ OH ! do let me go to walk with you, father,” said little Anna Fitzgerald.

It was a bright July morning, the grass was beautifully green, and some little birds were caroling their early song in the trees. Anna’s dog had been performing some of his antic gambols in a pond, on the common, and had since been lying in the sun ; he was now quite dry, and came around Anna, frisking and jumping ; caressing her with all his might, and occasionally running away,

wagging his tail, and then returning again, frolicked round. The little girl looked up anxiously in her father's face, at these demonstrations of affection from her faithful little dog, and then ran to reach his hat from a peg behind the door; but to her surprise and sorrow, her father did not say, as he usually did, "Yes, yes, my love, run and put on your hat; a walk will give us a fine morning appetite;" but he continued slowly to draw on, first one glove and then the other, but still without speaking, till Anna, at length tired of waiting for an answer, exclaimed, in an exceedingly impatient tone, "Do tell me, father, may I go walk with you?"

"Anna, that impatient and violent temper of yours will make you miserable," said Mr. Fitzgerald, looking on his child in sorrow; "it is for *this very* fault of



yours, which you are perfectly sensible you possess, that I am now obliged to refuse you the desired gratification. I was not at home yesterday, it is true, but—”

Anna interrupted her father by a passionate burst of tears: she was not willing to hear any thing her father continued to say—and though she did not make the least attempt to deny her fault, yet she increased it tenfold, and to all her father's endeavours to pacify and reason with her, she returned only passionate exclamations, and violent and renewed bursts of tears. Her father then whistled to Frisk, and walked calmly out of the house, leaving his rebellious little girl to recover herself at her leisure.

It was in the afternoon of the same day, that Mr. Fitzgerald called his daughter towards him, and inquired of

her if she had been happy at home, after he had left her in the morning. Anna hung her head, but remained silent.

“ My dear child,” said Mr. Fitzgerald, when he saw, that though Anna said nothing, she was heartily ashamed of her conduct—“ My dear child, be assured that this violence of temper will render you unhappy all your life, if you do not set about correcting it with all the strength of mind and resolution you possess. Do you not know that it must be so, my dear child ?”

“ Yes indeed, papa,” said the ingenuous little girl, “ I do know it, for every time I get into a passion, I do something which I am heartily sorry for afterwards : to-day I tore my frock, so that it took me a whole hour to mend it :—but, papa,” said Anna, hesitating and blushing—“ I am sure you will be

pleased with *one* thing,—though aunt Harriet offered to mend it for me, and said it was a pity that such a little girl as I am should sit still so long—and though George wanted me to go into the hall and play battledore, yet do you know, papa, I chose to mend it, to punish myself for my ill-temper.”

Mr. Fitzgerald longed to praise and embrace the child who thus sweetly confessed her fault, but he repressed the injudicious indulgence, and answered, “My love, you were, I doubt not, a great deal happier when mending your frock, although it was very tiresome, and you longed to play battledore with your brother, than if you had given the frock to your aunt, and gone to play,—for you had the consciousness of doing right, which must have amply recompensed you for the self-denial you practised; is it not so, my child?”



“ Yes, indeed, papa, it was, for I was thinking all the time that you would be pleased with me for denying myself a pleasure for a duty, as you would call it, —and thought too, that perhaps you would smile upon me in the morning, and love me again, in spite of my ill temper, if you knew that I was *very* sorry, and wished very much to correct it.”

“ Yes, my love, and there is another Being whom I hope my little girl also remembered, who loves her better than even *I* can possibly, when she is good, and whose smiles will beam upon her *always*, if she follows the path, which, young as she is, she knows to be the right one; but I will tell you what I meant by setting about correcting your faults with all the ‘strength of mind and resolution you possess:’ if you know your duty so well as to feel that a fault

like yours deserved punishment, it would certainly be far easier for you to use a little *more* power over yourself, and correct it at once, than to be under the necessity of subjecting yourself to your own and your friends' displeasure, by continuing to indulge it; besides being obliged to punish yourself after every new transgression."

"Oh, yes indeed, papa, but"—

"Stop, stop, my little girl, don't interrupt me," said Mr. Fitzgerald; "I was going to say that if there were no other reason for doing right than that it was *easier*, I should think that ought to be sufficient; but you know, my child, that there *are* many other and very important reasons, why you should correct it. I need not enumerate them to you, for you have a jealous little conscience, and that would suggest

enough, if I had not so often mentioned them : but I will tell you how to correct your faults in *earnest* ; the resolution I spoke of, you know God will *always* give you, when you ask for it ; and it is more wicked, if possible, to resist a good thought, than to act upon a bad one ; now if you always exert your resolution when you feel yourself going into a passion, you will avoid the fault, at least in a great degree, and after repeated trials, would, I doubt not, correct it."

" But, papa, I cannot use my resolution *then*, for a very good reason, because it is just then that I entirely lose it—for my resolution all goes away when I feel angry."

" But do you never feel any thing whisper to you when you begin to speak, ' Anna, be calm—do not fly into a passion ;'—think a little, my child, before you reply."



Anna did think a little, and at last looked up with an ingenuous smile into her father's face, "I do remember now, papa, that that voice almost always comes; but I drive it away if I can, and do not hear it, because it is a pleasure to me to speak cross when I am angry."

"Well, my dear little girl," said Mr. Fitzgerald, kissing her fondly, "if you can and *do* punish yourself for indulging ill temper, you also can, and I trust will, use a little *more* resolution, and deny yourself the sinful gratification of giving vent to your passion—remember, my love, that there is always *One* at hand who will assist you, if you will apply to him—who has said, "ask and you shall receive;" pray to him when you are calm, that aid may be near in the time of temptation, and you will find

that a strong arm will uphold all your good resolutions—this, my child, will be effectual in *preventing* the evil.”

Anna kissed and thanked her father, and then ran to learn her French lesson with a lighter and happier heart.

Mr. Fitzgerald had been accustomed to converse with his child in a manner above her years; she had lost an invaluable mother when only two years old, and the bereaved, but resigned and therefore not wholly disconsolate widower, sought consolation in the caresses of his little daughter, a lovely, interesting child, whose character at this early age, already exhibited traits of the most delightful qualities; although her father was often obliged to grieve at the continual discovery of faults, which required his utmost exertion to correct. Mr. Fitzgerald felt the vast importance

of the task allotted him to fulfil ; but he also felt that the Power which had bestowed upon him this darling treasure, would enlighten and give him support in the path of duty, however rugged and difficult it might be. Anna had at this period just attained her eighth year, and the quickness with which she learned her tasks, and the sweetness with which she acknowledged and lamented her faults, endeared her, in spite of them, to all her relatives and friends.



## CHAPTER II.

A CIRCUMSTANCE had taken place during the past year, which had in no small degree an unfavourable influence in the education Mr. Fitzgerald was bestowing upon his child. Within that time, Miss Howard, a half sister of Mr. Fitzgerald, who had but a small dependence, had been invited to reside with them. This lady possessed some fine qualities, but her excessive fondness for the child of her brother, had, in many instances, induced her to counteract, by the most injudicious indulgence, the all important discipline which Mr. Fitzgerald had hitherto pursued with his child. This for a time remained unknown to him, and he had seen Anna's growing

faults with surprise and grief, while his own authority seemed in a degree diminished. Alarmed and anxious, Mr. Fitzgerald became more and more watchful, and at length discovered, in all its extent, the pernicious indulgence to which his sister had accustomed Anna since her residence with him.

One day, when Anna had displeased her father more than usual, he had commanded her to remain in her room for the rest of the day. About sun-set, he felt inclined to ride, and his horse was accordingly brought to the door; as he was preparing to mount him, the thought occurred that Anna would be in bed before he returned, and he wished to have some conversation with her. He inquired for Miss Howard, intending to request her not to let Anna retire until his return, but the servants informed

him that she was not in the house : a vague suspicion of he knew not what, took possession of his mind, and having enquired the way she had taken, he resolved to mount and follow her. The servant told him that she had spoken of walking near the wood, as that path was more retired and shady. Mr. Fitzgerald was a little surprised at her choice, as he had often advised his sister never to walk there towards night, as it was very lonely. It was yet quite light, although nearly seven o'clock, but Mr. Fitzgerald hastened to overtake Miss Howard, as he thought the wood must have become unpleasant and dark : he rode at a quick pace, and at length entered the last turning which led to the wood. As he proceeded, he saw two persons coming towards him, but, by the imperfect light, he could not dis-



cover who they were, till at their nearer approach he found, to his surprise and excessive displeasure, that it was Miss Howard, accompanied by Anna. Mr. Fitzgerald instantly alighted from his horse and took his daughter by the hand—he paused a moment, until the agitation of his feelings had a little subsided, and he could speak with calmness; he then addressed his sister. “Can it be possible, Harriet, that you could be accessory to such disobedience as this? that you could encourage, or even permit, a child to act in direct contradiction to her father’s express commands? Am I then to feel no confidence in my child? or in the virtue of one who ought to be as a mother to her—whose duty it certainly is, to remove every unnecessary temptation, rather than to encourage by a *word* the possibility of her

straying from the path of virtue ; this is, indeed, unexpected grief. I had hoped, that my Anna, at least, would have been too conscientious to have behaved as she has done ; but”—

“ Indeed,” interrupted Miss Howard, while Anna’s sobs prevented her speaking, “ indeed, brother, the child is not to blame ; I thought your restriction a very cruel one, and I could not bear that the dear little creature should be deprived of the fresh air for so long a time, and so”—

“ I could not have believed, Harriet,” interrupted Mr. Fitzgerald sternly—for the circumstance of his being many years older than his sister, warranted the manner he assumed ; “ I could not have believed, that you were not only so utterly destitute of principle as, yourself, to think and act in this manner, but to

endeavour to instil such principles into the mind of this child—and,” he added, in a low voice, to Anna, “neither could I have believed, that my child could have had so little respect for her father, as to disobey him, who certainly knows much better what is good for her than she can possibly know herself.”

As Anna continued excessively agitated, Mr. Fitzgerald said no more, but taking the bridle of his horse in one hand, continued to conduct Anna with the other : he could not but feel a strong sensation of disappointment, as well as displeasure,—for though he had been sensible that his sister was a *weak* woman, yet he had never once suspected that the morals of his child would be in any danger from an intimate intercourse with her : but Mr. Fitzgerald had not seen his sister for any length of time,



since she was quite a child, until her residence with him. He had been himself much abroad, and when at home, Harriet had frequently been visiting distant friends, so that his knowledge of her character had, until now, been very limited.

As these thoughts suggested themselves, during their silent walk, Mr. Fitzgerald ruminated deeply upon what path his duty would point out to him as the right one. His parents had been possessed of but very little property, and that little Mr. Fitzgerald had generously entreated them to bestow wholly upon his sister, as he had been enabled to gain for himself a genteel, although not a luxurious independence, by the profession of the law, in which had become eminent. He could not but feel very uneasy at the thought of longer

subjecting his child to any influence really pernicious; yet he saw no means of avoiding it, if indeed he should find such a step necessary. The possibility of maintaining his sister under a separate roof occurred to him; but he rejected such an alternative at once, as the peculiar circumstances which had placed his sister under his care, rendered it incumbent upon him to continue that care. In short, he had promised his mother, when on her death-bed, to retain Harriet under his roof, until she should voluntarily choose to remove from his protection. What course then should he pursue? It was an embarrassing question, and Mr. Fitzgerald reflected upon it long before he decided.

When they arrived at home, Mr. Fitzgerald immediately led Anna to the apartment she had so disobediently

quitted, and when she began to extenuate herself by relating the circumstances which led her to the commission of her fault, her father interrupted her. “ Stop, stop, my child,” he said, “ never palliate your own errors by endeavouring to throw them upon others. Let your temptation to do wrong be what it might, you are, I am convinced, Anna, perfectly sensible how very great is the sin which you have committed—you knew my commands—you knew too that to disobey them as you have done, is not only *wrong*,—it is sinful :—hush, hush, my child, I repeat it, whatever were the faults of others, your own were not lessened by them. If I had never *told* you what right is—and what wrong is—if you had never *heard* the commandment to obey your parents—then indeed, my Anna, temptation to act as



, you have done, would be sufficient excuse—but”—

“ Oh ! papa—don’t—don’t talk so any more,” sobbed Anna ; “ I feel now how wicked I have been, indeed I do—indeed—indeed—no temptation shall ever make me do so again.”

“ I believe it, my darling ;” said Mr. Fitzgerald, folding the truly penitent child to his heart, “ I believe it ; and that the suffering you now experience, will be a lesson to you all the days of your life.”

“ And indeed, papa, that was not all : I was in fear, all the time we were walking, lest you should find it out, and yet I did long for you to know—I think, papa,” said Anna hesitatingly, “ I think I should have told you.”

“ Well, my dear child, depend upon this—there is nothing which happens

to us, whether it be good, or whether it be evil; there is no one action of our lives, which may not, by a resolute determination on our part, effect some good end: the Scripture says, ‘ All things work together for good to them that love God :’ and I trust that my Anna both loves him and prays to him—she never can conquer her faults until she has obtained the assistance of that strong arm, which is always present with us, and will always support us when we use our utmost exertions to do right. Good night, my love.” As Mr. Fitzgerald said this, he rose, and imprinting a fervent kiss upon the still tearful cheek of his child, he left her, and sought his sister.

This conversation had indeed made a lasting impression upon the mind of Anna, and Mr. Fitzgerald saw that the

influence of his sister's indulgence, diminished rapidly. He had concluded that it would be necessary for Miss Howard to remain with them, as the mere suggestion of any removal from himself and Anna, rendered her wretched. She had no vicious propensities ; but an excessive weakness, natural to her character, made her the cause of much uneasiness to her generous brother. This circumstance occurred about six months previous to those which we detailed in a preceding chapter—and the violent temper which Anna had shown, together with the intended foolish indulgence of her aunt, was the result of a few days' sudden absence from home, which Mr. Fitzgerald had been necessitated to make, upon business ; during which time, she had been left to the care of her aunt.

On the evening of that day, when



Anna had retired for the night, Mr. Fitzgerald conversed with his sister in a more serious and impressive manner than he had yet done. He represented to her, in glowing colours, the responsibility which devolves upon every individual who is intrusted with the care of children ; he spoke in the most affecting manner of the sweet disposition, and naturally ingenuous, endearing qualities of his little girl, and entreated his sister to cultivate to the utmost, these beautiful flowers of virtue ; and insisted, in forcible terms, upon the anguish, the *remorse*, which she must necessarily experience, when Anna was no longer a child, if all these lovely traits of character were obscured by the pernicious effects of self-indulgence ; and contrasted the picture with one in which Anna, having corrected all these errors, would be entirely

worthy of all their love and admiration. Miss Howard believed, — regretted, — promised, — and Mr. Fitzgerald finished by saying, that he could not answer it to his conscience or his God to allow Anna to be longer exposed to the false indulgence of her aunt; and that if he discovered one more instance of it, he should feel it his solemn duty to remove her from the contagion of its influence.

## CHAPTER III.

ONE morning early, Anna came running into her father's room. "Oh papa," she exclaimed, "there is a poor woman at the door, who came here when you were gone to Portsmouth last week;—she has a little girl with her, who is about three years old, and it is so pretty, papa, and she is very poor indeed; for she says she has been walking many miles this morning, and has had no breakfast yet, and——"

"Stop till you catch your breath again, my little girl," said her father, smiling;—"there, now you may tell me the rest. What do you wish me to do?"

"Why, father, she came here when you were gone away, and I was so



sorry;—aunt Howard sent her some money and old clothes, but she would not let me give her one single cent, though you know, papa, I have got three-half crowns of my own; she said I must keep it to buy dolls, and sugar-plums, and gingerbread with—but I'm sure, papa, I'd rather give her some of it, so that her dear little child should not starve, than buy all the sugar-plums and dolls in the town."

Mr. Fitzgerald sighed at the extreme folly and want of judgment which his sister displayed;—while he told Anna to wait a little while, and he would go and see the woman himself.

"Oh! will you, papa? that is so kind—why aunt Howard would not go down, though I told her how pretty and clean the little thing looked; she said I never ought to have any thing to say to such poor wretches; but I could not help

running down to take a peep at her, I thought she would look so grateful and happy."

"Your aunt was in the wrong, my dear; she should have gone down and talked to the woman, because she might possibly have been an impostor; and though it is our duty to think well of all our fellow-creatures, as long as we know nothing to their disadvantage, still, we should be careful not to encourage vice by putting temptation in its way;—as for *your* talking to the poor woman, my child——"

At that moment, Mr. Fitzgerald was interrupted by the loud and angry voice of his sister, who called from the stair—  
—"Tell her to be gone this instant, this very instant, I say, about her business, with her child, or I'll have a constable here, and she sha'nt go at all."

"Harriet," exclaimed Mr. Fitzgerald,

in unfeigned astonishment, “ what can have made you so enraged against the poor creature ? Have you discovered that she is unworthy of your bounty ? ”

“ Indeed, brother, she is a good for nothing creature ; I have every reason to believe that she stole several articles when she came here before. I have no doubt she is a thief, strolling about, and perhaps——”

“ Oh ! if she is a thief,” interrupted Anna impetuously—“ I’ll not give thieves any thing ; do not let us go down at all, papa ; ” and Anna pulled her father’s hand, as he was descending the stairs.

“ Don’t judge too hastily, my dear,” he said, “ the very circumstance of her coming so soon again, very nearly refutes the supposition of her being a thief, even though she may have other vices. But you should not have befriended her so



injudiciously, Harriet ; without even seeing her yourself, you sent her, Anna says, both money and clothes. Believe me, my dear sister, we have no right to dispose of the property with which heaven has blessed us, without some thought and observation ; without examining the merit of the individual who claims them."

As Mr. Fitzgerald concluded, he descended the stairs, followed by Anna, who had been listening with the closest attention to every thing which her father had said, and whose variable feelings now led her to desire to see the woman as eagerly, as but a moment before she had disliked to.

When they entered the kitchen, the woman was sitting upon a low seat near the window ; her countenance and apparel exhibiting marks of hunger and poverty, although her clothes and those

of her child, were as neat as huge patches of various colours could make them. She seemed more like one who had been reduced from a much better situation, than a person who was born in the lowest and most vulgar class in society. A sickly looking, but intelligent, little girl was standing beside her, leaning its head on her knee, and looking up in her face with the beseeching look of intense hunger. As soon as Mr. Fitzgerald entered, without waiting to interrogate the woman, he ordered her a plentiful repast; and while they were eagerly devouring it, Mr. Fitzgerald watched the features and manners of the woman, with the penetration of a lawyer, mingled with a philanthropy and benevolence for which he was very remarkable; and which had rendered him, through the whole course of his practice, most ardently beloved

and revered by the poor, while he was respected and admired by his equals in rank and fortune.

The little girl, when she had eaten enough, turned from her mother, and slowly and cautiously crept toward the watchful and affectionate Anna, with a look of innocent affection, which transported her, and lifting the delighted child upon her knee, she exclaimed,—“ Oh ! papa, how I wish that I had a dear little sister as big as this, to take care of, and put to bed—and I could begin to teach her to read, could I not, papa ? ”

“ When you grow a little older, and have learnt to take care of, govern, and teach, *yourself*—you might, I hope my dear,” replied her father ; “ but,” added he in a whisper, “ what do you think about your half-crowns ? ”



“ You shall see, papa, directly,” said Anna. She set down the child, and skipped out of the room. The little girl looked round in surprise, and some terror, and withdrew to the farthest corner of the room. “ Come hither, my little dear,” said Mr. Fitzgerald, with an affectionate smile ; “ come and sit upon my knee.”

The child slowly obeyed the impulse of that irresistible smile, and when Anna returned, she found her playing with Mr. Fitzgerald’s watch-chain, and laughing with the gaiety of childhood, while Mr. Fitzgerald was conversing with her mother. Anna had in her hand a blue riband, and three silver pieces strung upon it. “ Here, papa, do let me hang this round her neck,” said she in a whisper. “ Wait a little while, my dear,” said Mr. Fitzgerald, in the same tone,

“ you may play with little Jane ; see, she is pleased with the blue riband.”

Mr. Fitzgerald conversed with the woman, who called herself Mrs. Marlow, for a considerable length of time, till he had completely satisfied himself that she was both honest and industrious, but unfortunate, and very poor. He turned to his daughter, and said, “ Run and ask your aunt if she will look out some old clothes for Mrs. Marlow ; and perhaps you will be able to collect a few for the little Jane, of your own things which are too small for you to wear this summer. When you have done this, come to me in the parlour,—I wish to speak with you.”

Anna left the room, and Mr. Fitzgerald, having desired Mrs. Marlow to wait till he returned, repaired to the parlour. When Anna entered, Mr. Fitz-

gerald said, pointing to a chair beside him, "Come and sit here, my dear. You remember, do you not, that the money you now have in your hand, was intended for a particular purpose?"

Anna interrupted him. "No, papa, you forget; one of these pieces was given me by my aunt Howard on my birth-day, and the other two my cousin Julia sent me in a little velvet purse last New-year."

"But, my dear," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "do you not remember, that the day your aunt gave you the money, you had displeased me very much; I need not, I trust, tell you *how*; I hope such occurrences do not leave the memory of my child so soon." Anna did remember her fault, and she looked down with shame and mortification at the thought. Her father continued:



“ Do you not remember too, Anna, that I told you I should not give you a writing-desk as I had intended ; and that if you desired to have it so much before September, you would be obliged to lay up all your pocket-money, and every cent which you could save from necessary expenses ? I see, my love, that all this is not forgotten, and that your ill temper has deprived you of the so much-desired article, unless you can obtain it by other sacrifices, and the strictest economy—now, considering this, the money you have in your hand, will perhaps—it will *certainly* obtain you the desk.”

“ Oh ! but I dare say I shall be able to get it before September, if I lay by *all* my pocket-money,” said Anna.

“ You are mistaken my dear ; you know I give you but a quarter of a dol-

lar a week, and how many weeks is it before September?—the desk costs five dollars, you know.”

Anna calculated for a moment, and her countenance changed. “You are right, papa,” said she, “I must give up all thoughts of my desk, or else”—Anna paused, and Mr. Fitzgerald waited with some anxiety to see how far selfish feelings would gain the ascendancy in her naturally generous mind—but the contest did not last long; and suddenly looking up in her father’s face with a bright smile, she said, “You think they are very poor, papa, do you not?”

“Yes, my dear, they seem to want even the necessaries of life.”

“Do you think, father, that Mrs. Marlow was as naughty a girl as I often am, when she was young?”

“ I cannot possibly tell, my dear ; why do you ask ? ” said her father.

“ Because, papa, I don’t see why I should be so happy, and have every thing good to eat and to drink, when I am no better, and perhaps not so good as she is.”

“ We cannot determine the ways of Providence,” replied Mr. Fitzgerald ; “ but we know that the *riches* and *honours* of this world, are seldom proportioned to the merit of the individuals who live in it ; but we have every reason to believe, that happiness is far more equally divided. You cannot doubt, my child, that the most suffering of God’s creatures, if he is conscious of a life well spent,—and duties properly performed,—is infinitely happier—yes, I repeat it, *happier* in the midst of his distresses,



than the wicked man, though he may be crowned with the richest of this world's goods, and bask in the sunshine of prosperity. Besides, my love, if worldly things were equally divided, what opportunity would there be for the exercise of those Christian virtues—charity—benevolence—and, above all, that *disinterested* generosity, which will cheerfully make personal *sacrifices* for the relief of a suffering fellow-creature.”

Mr. Fitzgerald had touched the right chord; Anna's young mind and heart pursued the strain, and suddenly starting up she exclaimed, “Ah! I see it all now, papa,—it is for *me* to make a sacrifice, a personal sacrifice, papa, for—”

At that moment, so interesting to a fond parent, a domestic entered with some articles of wearing apparel, which

Miss Howard had collected for the unfortunate individual whom her thoughtless accusations had injured. ✕

Mr. Fitzgerald had questioned and cross-questioned the woman before he allowed himself to be convinced of her entire innocence, although her open, ingenuous countenance had carried conviction to his *heart*, almost at first sight. The fact was, that Miss Howard happened the day before to miss several articles which she was very confident she had safely deposited ; and like a great many other weak-minded persons, when she did not find them there, as she expected, thought not of the *possibility* of herself being wrong in her conclusions, but without an instant's consideration, accused Mrs. Marlow of taking them, simply because she knew of no one else so likely to commit the

crime, and because she had been in the house within a week. While Mrs. Marlow had been talking with Mr. Fitzgerald, Miss Howard happened to stumble upon the very articles which she fancied had been purloined by the unfortunate individual whom she had so rudely accused.

Miss Howard, though weak-minded, capricious, and ready to receive every new impression, however preposterous, was neither malicious or deceitful; she instantly ran down stairs with the things in her hand, exclaiming that they were found, and regretting, again and again, that she had accused any one; yet afterwards, without taking pains to examine the countenance or manners of the woman, lamented that she had been so foolish as to display the articles to one who might after all be a thief. Oh!



how much caution, charity, disinterestedness, and circumspection, is necessary in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures ! how much care should we observe, lest we unnecessarily and causelessly wound them ; lest in “ *battling for self* ” we do ourselves and others more injury than we could make up for by *years* of repentance.

But to return. When the domestic entered, Mr. Fitzgerald rose, and turning to his daughter, said, “ reflect upon our conversation, my dear ; and do not do from sudden caprice, what you may repent of in a cooler moment. Go to your room, my love, and bring me whatever articles you may have collected ; and decide whether your true interest will best be consulted by obtaining your long desired treasure, or in that far better action, sacrificing your trivial wants to

a suffering fellow-creature, and thereby gratifying your heavenly Father and me; but I would not say too much, my child. Go, and decide."

As Anna slowly proceeded to her chamber, numerous and agitating were the thoughts which passed in rapid succession through her mind. She did not, could not doubt, what her duty was, nor what her final determination *ought* to be; yet she could not help feeling a little regret at the thought of not possessing this darling object of her, until lately, *secret* ambition, before the appointed time—how could she give it up without a murmur, when so near the object of her wishes? Then, they might be gratified after a time; but Anna's impatient spirit, which was striving for the mastery in her bosom, made her feel as if she could not make the sacrifice;

but the happy influence of her father's often repeated injunctions, and a remembrance of that delight which she had always experienced after a sacrifice of her own desires to the wishes of another, or conquered selfish inclinations at the suggestion of duty, stepped in timely to her aid, and Anna rose from this trial better, more disinterested, and happier ; in the midst of the darkness, one bright luminary had arisen and illuminated the horizon of her heart, "and shed such an ethereal beam over it," that as it gradually rose higher and higher, every dark cloud, every unpropitious feeling, was dispersed, and left the clear expanse of her innocent, untainted heart, smiling in all the beauty of conscious happiness. Then Anna trod with the light step of successful virtue ; not successful alone in *making* the sacrifice, but



in making it with the satisfaction and joy which virtue alone can inspire. She instantly took out her half-crowns, looked but once at their polished surfaces, then wrapping them in a piece of white paper, she tied them with the blue ribband, and taking with her a neat little bundle for Mrs. Marlow, she descended to the kitchen.

When Anna re-entered, she found her father so busily engaged with Mrs. Marlow in conversation, that she did not like to interrupt him; so she entertained the little girl with some picture books, which she had brought down for the purpose. When Mr. Fitzgerald paused, and seemed to be more at leisure, Anna stepped forward, and placing her neat little bundle in his hands, together with the paper containing the half-crowns, said in a gentle

tone, as she did so, “I had rather, much rather, papa, that Mrs. Marlow and her poor little child should have the benefit of this money, than buy a writing-desk ; which, I am sure, *then*, I should never enjoy.”

Mr. Fitzgerald did not overwhelm his beloved child with praises and caresses, although his heart yearned to do so, when he looked upon the countenance of Anna, all lovely and peaceful, yet evincing by the brilliant tint which dyed her cheek, that there had been a struggle—that the victory had been nobly gained :—he simply said, “My love, you will be *happier* for this single sacrifice, this one self-conquest, all the days of your life ; and if you do not own a desk until you are fifty years old, it will be far better *then* to be able to place this circumstance as the first me-

morandum you write there, than an enumeration of all the worldly pleasures you are so well calculated to enjoy."



## CHAPTER IV.

THE conversation which Anna's presence had in a measure interrupted, was an interesting one. Mrs. Marlow had been relating her story, in the simple language, and with that humble, though expressive countenance, which bears the stamp of truth, and carries conviction to every heart. She was a widow, and had been the wife of a respectable carpenter in the city of N——, whose skill and industry were well known, but whose too easy and confiding temper were the means of injuring his family, and had kept them often in the background, when their merit would have advanced them into the light. He had at length, however, begun to lay up his

superfluous gains, which, in the course of some years would, he thought, enable him to purchase a small house, with a workshop attached to it, where he could settle his family comfortably, and work to much better advantage than in the building he then occupied. This was accordingly accomplished, after years of hard labour, and a denial of every thing save the bare necessities of life, to the great relief of his wife, whose anxiety, lest her husband's generous disposition should always keep them behind-hand, had been excessive.

“ But la, sir,” continued the poor woman, “ the man who owned the building, if we did but know the thing, was hardly good enough to tread the ground which God had made ; so the contract was signed after a deal of difficulty, at Squire Benson's house, before two of

my husband's friends as witnesses; and a happy time we had of it that night, sir. We thought we should have a good roof to cover us all our lives, and my husband trusted that he should do well in the world, now he was secured of a shelter, and we never mistrusted the evil day; but about three months afterwards, sir, my husband was taken sorely ill, and I had to work hard enough for bread and doctor's stuff; and it was a sight of comfort, amidst the whole, to think we could never be turned out of doors, as we were in our rightful own, as a body may say. But alas! sir, while we were rejoicing, the worst came to the worst; for in came notice from Squire Benson that he must have the money for his house; but la, sir, it was paid for, off hand, when we bought it; as a paper I have will show: so I



thought the squire was kind of forgetful like, and I sent him a civilly worded letter, and told him that how my husband was sick, and that the house was paid for, and all about it; and thought there would be an end of the matter, sir; but indeed no such good news, for a few days after I heard from him again; for la, sir, these money grinders would take the very bed from under ye. ‘ Might makes right,’ *they* say,” said the poor creature, pausing in great emotion.

“ But I hope the contract was legal, and properly signed,” said Mr. Fitzgerald.

“ Indeed, yes, sir, in the day of it; but that wicked Squire sent me word back, that if we paid him for the house, *he* never fingered a cent of the money any how; and that we must raise it in three weeks time, or quit. Ah! sir,

heavy and evil was that day ; but this wasn't the worst of my troubles, for my husband, God bless him, grew weaker and weaker that very day, so I had to bear my burden alone, sir ; yet not alone neither, sir, for if the good God hadn't supported me, I could not have lived through such a sight of trouble ; but the shoulders are fitted for the burthen, and so I suppose was mine. Before my dear husband died, sir, he says to me, ' Well, Sarah, you'll always have a good roof to cover you and the child : that's one comfort ;' and la, sir, I could not say the contrary word, though my heart came up in my mouth, and I thought I should have choked. So before night he died, sir, with this thought the last on his lips. God rest his soul—never was a truer husband—not a better man on God's own earth."

Sobs now suspended her utterance, and Mr. Fitzgerald, much affected, awaited the conclusion of her sad tale.

“ When I got over the loss a little, sir, I began to look about me, and sad enough to me was the blue sky and every thing which I gazed on; but I hunted up the paper, sir, and went direct to the Squire, and showed him the two names wrote there in good black ink, and asked him if he had forgot it all. I shan’t forget *his look*, sir, to my dying day. ‘ Woman,’ said he, ‘ do you think I don’t know what I’m about. One of these men is dead, and the other the Lord knows where; so you’d better pack off with your child, and not stay in town to plague me; for depend upon it, if you don’t raise the money in less than no time, I’ll have rent for every minute you stay in the house; so you’d better look to it, my good woman.’



“ I believe God gave me courage, sir, that I never had before, for I looked up at him, and said to him, ‘ Sir, do you mean to cheat the poor widow out of her rightful own ? For you know as well as I do, that the house was paid for ; if you mean to *cheat* me, that’s another thing ; but God will stay your hand in his own good time.’

“ I thought for a moment that I had done the business, sir ; for the Squire quaked all over, when I looked so steady in his face ; but in a minute he said, though he spoke more humble like than he did before, ‘ Harkye, Mrs. Marlow, my good woman, you’d better take fifty dollars, and quit my house quietly, and go your ways ; for stay in it, without paying rent, you shan’t.’

“ Now, sir, it came to me all of a sudden, that if I took his fifty dollars, I never could get the house back again,

even if I could find the witness, sir; so, though I was sore put to it, yet I wouldn't touch a cent of his money, and went away with a heavy heart. But I was right glad I didn't take his silver, sir, for it would have been a thorn in my side with all my poverty."

"But were you not able to find the other witness?" said Mr. Fitzgerald. "Ah! sir," said Mrs. Marlow, wiping her eyes, "that's the thing; I had to sell some of the furniture when I was obliged to pack off with this poor little one, as you know it would have been of no use to me, sir—so I spent all the money I had from the sale, in trying to hunt him up, but 'twas all in vain, sir—so, with a full heart, and empty purse, I had to beg my way to this town, with my poor child. I heard of you, sir, and made bold to come to you, for they said

that you were always a friend to the destitute."

"Yes, that he is," exclaimed Anna, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, "and I dare say he'll get your house for you, and find the man, and"—

"Stop, stop, Anna," said her father, "you will excite false hopes; I am much afraid that little is to be done; for I think the Squire must have been too cunning to have laid himself open, if he were not pretty sure that he was on the safe side. Did you know the last witness, Mrs. Marlow?"

"La! yes, sir, he was a great friend of my husband; but he was mortal poor, sir, and he went off, I heard say, into the west country, somewhere, to get work; but he may have come back, sir."

Anna's brother, George, who had been



home during the last week, from school, during a vacation, now came in, and called her to play battledore with him, and her father told her to go. "You will play with a happy and light heart, my dear little girl," said he, "because you bear about with you an approving conscience; but be careful not to get angry about the game, if George does not give you as good balls as you wish; for remember that God knows all your thoughts and feelings, in *little* as well as *great* things, and approves them only as far as they are strictly pure and conscientious. Remember that the more power is bestowed upon us to do right, the greater is our sin if we do not use it: and you have evinced, my love, that you *do* know the difference between right and wrong."

"I will remember these things, papa,"

said Anna ; “ or at least I will *try* to remember them ; ” and she tripped lightly away, followed by a hearty ejaculation of blessing from the poor widow.

When they were alone, Mr. Fitzgerald set himself to work in earnest, to find out the exact state of Mrs. Marlow's case, and to decide whether or not there was any thing to be done. He examined the contract, and found it legal in all its forms, and only wanted the presence of the living witness to establish Mrs. Marlow's claim to the building. But Mr. Fitzgerald felt confident that some strong reason, some powerful motive, must have influenced Squire Benson to run the risk, and that he must feel pretty sure of the *distance* of poor Sawyer, if not of his death. But the fact was, that the Squire was as weak as he was wicked, and it never

entered his head that the poor creature whom he had so barbarously oppressed, would take such direct means for redress. There is almost always a snare, into which skilful honesty, and straight forward integrity, can drive the servants of evil.

After some thought, Mr. Fitzgerald concluded to put advertisements in the public prints, describing the absent witness, and offering a reward to any one who would discover him. Mrs. Marlow lost, for a minute, the sad expression of her countenance, as she was describing the man to this end, and when Mr. Fitzgerald had written the advertisement, and given orders to have it sent, she exclaimed, "Ah! sir, I was certainly sent to you by heaven; for where should I find such another, so generous and kind to a poor friendless widow like



me; if I can only get back that house and shop, my rightful own, I think I could get along; for I could sell the shop and tools, sir, which would fetch considerable; and then, mayhap, I could pay you for your trouble and time, in the end, sir; but I could not pay you for your *kindness* to me and mine; no, not if I lived and worked for ever."

Mr. Fitzgerald assured her that if he were successful in serving her, he should want no other reward; but entreated her not to be too sanguine, as he had great fears for the result of the undertaking. If the Squire were obstinate and persevering, they would be obliged to go through an expensive law-suit, even if the witness were found; which, though there was no doubt in that case of its result being in her favour, might be very long and troublesome; and there

was a possibility too, that the building might have been resold, and the money spent; as there was no doubt that the unprincipled Mr. Benson would take every possible means of preventing the return of the estate into the hands of its rightful owner.

Mr. Fitzgerald enquired of the woman where she had been since she was last at his house. She replied, that having heard of work in an adjacent town, she had begged her way there, and had been fortunate enough to obtain a sufficient quantity of work for the board of herself and child, during that time; "but I was out of work yesterday, sir," concluded Mrs. Marlow, "and as I couldn't get along without having something to earn a living by, I bethought me, that mayhap you was at home now,

sir ; and in a blessed hour I came to your door, and met that little angel, your child."

Mr. Fitzgerald could not help hoping that Sawyer might yet be found, and he was rejoiced that Mrs. Marlow had refused the offered bribe, which might have destroyed her claim in a court of justice, should an appeal to one be found necessary. He established her, with her child, in a retired part of the town where he lived, and assisted her to obtain work. The gratitude which the poor woman manifested for this unlooked for kindness of her benefactor, was not only expressed in the most eloquent terms, but displayed in the indefatigable industry with which she prosecuted her work :—she supported herself and child, with very little assistance



from Mr. Fitzgerald, and waited with patience the return of the witness, if he should fortunately be found.

As for the money which Anna so generously sacrificed, she at first absolutely refused it; but when told by Mr. Fitzgerald that it was his particular wish she should receive it, on Anna's account, as well as her own, she no longer refused, but declared "that it should be every cent laid aside, until her little Jane should become a great girl, and be able to know and understand the kindness of her betters."

## CHAPTER V.

THE reason why Anna had wanted a writing-desk so much before September, was simply this :—one of her little school-mates was accustomed to celebrate the first of that month, it being her birthday, by a little feast ; which was held in a summer-house, at the end of her father's large garden, situated in a retired part of the town. One of her companions was usually selected to write a short poem in honour of the occasion, and as Anna was now the only one who could perform this part *well*, she was universally chosen by her associates. She had a natural taste, and an excessive fondness for the fine arts, and her father.

had frequently been obliged to check her extreme prepossession for poetry, when he found it become too engrossing—but she had her father's full permission to do her utmost on this occasion, and she had set her heart upon having a writing-desk before the little celebration approached—she felt as if it would inspire her, to have a desk of her *own* to write upon. Oh! that word, so dear to childhood!—to untutored nature—“it is my *own*!”

When the first of September drew near, and Anna sat down to prepare her part, she could not be said to *regret* the sacrifice which she had made; but she could not help thinking of it, again and again, as her pen rapidly scanned the paper; and her production, shaded by the sad hue of her feelings, was not, indeed, worthy of herself: she was sen-



sible of this, and yet she did not know how to remedy it ;—she knew, too, that it was wrong to indulge such feelings as had influenced her while she wrote, yet she did not take such instant and powerful means of counteracting and discouraging them, as she ought to have done ; and she sat sadly looking at the little poem, which she held in her hand, when her father suddenly entered the apartment.

“ Well, my love,” said he, “ I dare say you feel remarkably happy, this afternoon, in performing this little favour for your young friends ; do you not ?”

“ Why, papa ?”

“ Because, my dear,” said Mr. Fitzgerald, who easily discerned, when Anna looked up, all that was passing in her mind ;—“ because, my dear, you cannot but remember, while writing *here*, the

day in which you so highly gratified the feelings of your father;—because you must connect with this moment, the one in which you had so delightful an opportunity of sacrificing your own personal wishes to those of a suffering fellow-creature; an opportunity too, which I rejoice to say you *improved*—and I doubt not that my little girl knows too well the pleasure of doing right, and of appearing well in the sight of her heavenly Father, even to *regret* the paltry sacrifice, which obtained for her such an exalted gratification.”

Anna started from her seat;—every dark or discontented feeling fled from her countenance, and the living beauty of expression lighted up every feature, as she exclaimed—“Thank you, oh! thank you, dear father, for putting such delightful thoughts into my mind; I had

not one of them before, and this little, gloomy poem, shall not live to darken the world a minute longer"—so saying, she tore the paper into a thousand pieces.

"What are you doing, my dear little girl?" said Mr. Fitzgerald, catching hold of her hand.

"My dear father," replied Anna, laughing,—"*I* did not write that ;—at least I am sure that my evil genius held the pen all the time, and it was as sad as those old faded paper-hangings in the closet, which George said looked as if they had been hung over the chimney a month. I am glad you did not see it, papa ;—and I'm so glad you came in, that I may write another ; for I'm sure the girls would have rather had none at all, than such a miserable thing as that was."

"Well, well, write another then, my



dear," replied Mr. Fitzgerald, "and mind that you show it to me before you seal, sign, and deliver it."

Anna's next essay was, indeed, a very different affair—the radiance of her own joyful heart illuminated the page, and was expressed in every sentence she wrote. The subject of her poem was happiness:—Anna spoke from experience;—it will not be wondered at, that she never wrote so well, or with such perfect ease.

When the first of September arrived, every thing went on as it should do,—all the little girls were joyous and happy, and united in admiring Anna's poem. "Do you know," said one of them, "that we are to have a finer feast than this, *next year*?—papa said so yesterday; and we are to have dancing and music,

and all the good things in the world—we are to be dressed in uniform, and each of us may speak a little piece of our own composition ;—that is, if we like it,—and choose it,—and *can* write like Anna ;—and then there is a prize to be given out, and then”—

“ Mercy, mercy, Madeline,” exclaimed several of the children at once—“ don’t pray run on so ;—I’ll be bound we don’t any of us know what you would be at. Who is going to do all these fine things ?”

“ Why, our schoolmaster, Mr. Wilson, to be sure ; he told my father his whole scheme, and I mean to try very hard for the prize, I’ll assure you.”

“ And what’s the prize to be ?” said Anna.

“ That he’s not going to tell, but I wish I knew.”

“ However, the *pleasure* of trying for it, and being the best, is worth something, I’m sure,” said one of the children.

“ Yes, that it is,” said Anna—“ indeed, if we should have nothing but the praises of Mr. Wilson, it would be a *great deal*. But I wonder why he did not tell us about it himself.”

“ And that’s what he fully intended to have done,” said a voice, which was then heard for the first time ;—and Mr. Wilson, their instructor, entered the summer-house. “ My children,” said he, “ I should have taken this opportunity of making known to you my intentions, but as you have heard part of them already, I will proceed to inform you what my wishes and expectations are concerning you. In the first place, I thought that this yearly feast would afford a good opportunity for me to put



in practice a scheme, which I felt a great desire of executing.

You have long known, my dear little friends, that I feel a parental interest in every one of you—in your good conduct now, and your future happiness and success in life ; as you well know, my children, the present time is all that you can *certainly* call your own—you are not *sure* of another moment—how important then is it, that the present time should be *well* employed ; you have, during the past year, with a very few exceptions, gained my entire approbation—continue to deserve it, my children, and to go on in the path of virtue, and you will become both good and happy.

I propose that the ensuing year shall be a trial of your characters, your resolutions, and your *will* and ability to execute those resolutions. I propose on the first

day of *next* September, to bestow a prize upon the one who shall have evinced,—*not* the greatest proficiency in her studies, though that will be taken into the account;—but the one who shall have manifested the greatest desire of conquering her faults; who shall have become, at the end of the year, an improved *moral* character; not merely having conquered evil inclinations *once*, or *twice*, but who shall have subdued them entirely:—had my prize been offered for acquirements, or knowledge, I should not have delayed its allotment to so distant a period;—but a change of *character*,—a correction of those common, but dreadful faults, pride, jealousy, ill-humour, vanity, and self-indulgence,—will require a longer time than a few short weeks or months.

I trust, my dear children, you are all

sensible, that the prize I am to offer will be *nothing*, in comparison with the numerous inducements which *ought* to inspire you to the task I have mentioned—my love and approbation, I hope, will be *something*—but the satisfaction of an approving conscience,—the power of rendering yourself pleasing in the eyes of an all-wise God, must be a far higher motive, and one which I hope will not be new to any of you :—the prize I offer is only intended as a glimmering beacon to *guide* your steps a little way in the path of virtue and happiness ;—it is not to be the goal of your desires :—and if there should be any of you, who should consider the task I have proposed, a hard one, let her remember that her heavenly Father will be ever ready to strengthen her in every good resolution, and that the prize will not be adjudged, at the



end of the year, to her who has the fewest faults, but to her who, conscious of imperfection, has taken the greatest pains to correct them."

As Mr. Wilson finished this long address, he benevolently explained its purport to the little ones—and affectionately saluting his pupils, withdrew.

Anna had listened with the greatest interest to every word which her instructor had spoken ;—she had been so much accustomed to converse with her father, that she now understood, and could easily follow, the whole train of his ideas :—most of the girls were older than Anna, and they made various remarks, when Mr. Wilson left them, according to their several characters. The respect and affection which he inspired were almost universal ; and though two

or three of the girls attempted to ridicule the *long sermon* of their master, yet the displeasure which was evinced by the others suppressed such ungrateful remarks, and Anna returned home buried in deep, though somewhat unpleasant, reflections : she had never beheld her errors in so clear a light before ;— she had never before felt her own want of ability so much as at that moment.

She immediately sought her father, and repeated to him all that she could remember of the address of Mr. Wilson, and confessed to him all her thoughts and feelings.

“ Well, my darling, who do you think will obtain the prize at the end of the year ?” said Mr. Fitzgerald.

“ Indeed I don’t know, father,” replied Anna, blushing, “ but I am sure

that *I* cannot get it, for Mr. Wilson has often seen me angry, and he knows I have a violent temper;—I am sure he will not give it to me.”

“ But, my love, the prize is not to be given out to the girl who is the most unexceptionable in her general conduct, but to her who strives hardest, and succeeds best, in correcting her errors;—did you not tell me so, my love ?”

“ Yes, papa, but I am sure I cannot correct my temper entirely in one year; and besides, Harriet Blake, and Amelia Summers, have both of them a great deal more self-command than I have, and never show any passion, when things go wrong;—so I am sure they will get it rather than I, father.”

“ But, my dear Anna, you know very well that this prize is a very small part of the reward which will be bestowed on



a conquest of evil—on a correction of your faults ; I am sure your master must have told you so, my child.”

“ Oh ! yes, papa, he did indeed ; he said that the prize was nothing to the consciousness of doing right, and being pleasing in the sight of God.”

“ Well, my dear little girl, and I do not doubt that you will set about correcting your faults, and particularly your besetting sin of ill temper, with earnestness and resolution : remember that the arms of your father will open to you with a thousand times the fondness, when such a conquest is made ; and remember too, the eye of your Father in Heaven will behold your every virtuous action, and that his ear will be open to all your commendable resolutions. Then, my child, whether your master notices your improvement or not, you will feel

all the value of it, and in after years will look with rapture on the time when you sacrificed wrong inclinations, to those which will then have led you to peace and happiness."

Anna's good feelings and affectionate heart assented to all this; and though she felt that there was very little hope of obtaining the expected *prize*, yet she resolved to fight the good fight, and to gain that best of all prizes, the approbation of her own conscience.

## CHAPTER VI.

WEEK after week, and month after month passed away. During this time Anna had indeed improved exceedingly; every day evinced some new proof of the power which resolute determination has in quelling our own passions; and her brother George was heard to say, when he returned home in one of his vacations, "Never have I seen so wonderful a change in so short a time; Anna really is a very good girl; I declare she has not shown any passion for a whole week." George was a most affectionate brother, as well as an exemplary and dutiful son; he had frequently seen with surprise and grief, the violent temper which Anna had sometimes displayed,



and had often told her, that if she did not endeavour to conquer so dreadful a fault, she would lose the affection she now so amply received from all her friends; while, on the contrary, should she correct it, all the love she now so much delighted in, would be given her tenfold; and he assured her she might have *power*, if she possessed inclination, to render herself more pleasing and amiable.

Anna now wondered how she could ever have turned a deaf ear to these affectionate exhortations, and the praises and encouraging letters of her brother were a great addition to the powerful stimulus which incited and sustained her resolution.

And was not her happiness equal to her improvement? it certainly was;—but *how* was such an important change

effected? Nobody knew, but *Anna*; *she* could tell by what means she had become better, and more beloved, and happier. Whenever she remembered the conversation which she had had with her father, and thought of his words on a former occasion, when he had said, in an impressive manner, “My love, you will be happier *all the days of your life, for this single self-sacrifice,*” Anna thought within herself, “if I shall be happier all my life for so small a sacrifice as *this*, how much happier would a great many such sacrifices make me,” besides gratifying the desire of her affectionate friends and instructor. The answer was, that the sum total of her happiness in this life would be infinitely increased.

We have already observed that Anna possessed a naturally reflecting mind, which had been greatly cultivated, so

that she perhaps reflected more in five minutes than some children do in as many hours. Anna resolved to *prove* her father's words. "If I find that I am indeed happier every day for sacrificing my desk," thought she, "it will certainly be worth while to make other sacrifices ; for happiness and a good conscience are certainly the best things in the whole world." Anna did not then know so well as she afterwards did, that a good conscience is the basis of *all true* happiness ; and that an evil conscience, and *any degree* of happiness, are wholly incompatible.

After these reflections had passed through Anna's mind, she could not but observe that she did indeed enjoy a great deal more from the consciousness of having performed only *one* commendable action : the words of her father con-



stantly haunted her, until at last she so fully believed in their truth, that she made a resolute determination to take no rest from her exertions, until she had conquered her impetuous and violent temper. Anna found it hard, indeed, at first, to resist bad inclinations, and to speak calmly and patiently, when her temper was tried to the utmost; but she had often been told, and she now was convinced of it, that to give way in one instance, was to give way in all; and besides this reflection, she found many beautiful flowers to cheer her as she passed along her rugged path; the beaming pleasure of her father's mild, yet expressive eye; the radiance which each successive conquest threw over her heart, and imparted light to guide her yet another step in her virtuous career; the sweet profound sleep she enjoyed

after a day of successful struggle with herself; the bright visions which floated around her bed while sleeping, and the conscious happiness which attended her every waking hour; these, *all these*, were rewards, and were fresh incentives to virtue, to duty, and finally to *happiness*. +

One day, when her brother George was at home, they were going to ride on horseback; (for young as Anna was, her brother had for some time been teaching her this delightful exercise,) but just as the horses were brought to the door, and Anna and her aunt, all dressed, were preparing to mount them, a violent thunder shower came on, which lasted so long, that when it ceased it was too late for their excursion. Mr. Fitzgerald looked with some anxiety to see how Anna would bear this disap-

pointment; for they had been going to meet a party a few miles out of town; with whom, after dining in the woods, they were to take a little fishing excursion. There was a heavy cloud in Anna's *heart*, for she had been depending upon this delightful day for three long weeks; her brother was to return to school on the next day, and consequently it was the last chance; she would not have enjoyed it without that beloved brother: but Anna struggled with her feelings; she knew that her father was watching her conduct with all a parent's tender and anxious affection, and she felt comforted to think that her self-conquest would not be unnoticed by that kind approving parent; and the thought suddenly crossed her mind, "Alas! perhaps I shall not *always* have that dear father to approve my good resolutions."



This thought was so sad, that for a time it put out of her mind all others, except that of trying to please him while she *could* have the benefit, the bliss of his smiles. And this stimulated her to throw off every evil temptation, to conquer every angry emotion ; to resist every thought which might tempt her to the indulgence of sin, until there was sunshine on her brow, and in her heart.

The fulness of approbation which spoke in Mr. Fitzgerald's countenance, as he assisted her to take off her pelisse ; the silent fondness with which he imprinted a kiss on her forehead, when he took off her hat, and parted the ringlets on her brow, *more* than repaid her for the sacrifice of her feelings ; and was one of those bright trophies which triumphant virtue constantly bestowed on her.

Nothing during all this time had been discovered of Sawyer, who seemed to have completely vanished from the scene of action, or had been spirited away by Mrs. Marlow's evil genius. Advertisements, in every possible form, had been continued in the papers, but no Sawyer appeared. The poor widow, as time passed on, and brought her no more prospect of obtaining "her rightful own," began to grow sad and unhappy : she still continued, however, industrious, and perfectly correct in her conduct, and Mr. Fitzgerald had no reason to repent of the interest which he had taken in her fate. He constantly sent her comfortable things, and frequently visited and encouraged her to patience and perseverance in the path of duty. Her little girl grew daily more interesting, and Anna was at length al-

lowed to instruct her in sewing, and to let her begin to learn to read. Anna would not have been able to do this, had she not had so much control over her own temper; and thus was she enabled to become useful to *others*, by the performance of what she could not have foreseen, would ever benefit any one but herself.

Amidst these occupations and resolves, Anna quite forgot her desk; and so much *higher* was the motive which inspired her, that she seldom thought of the prize, which was, by many of the girls, considered so important.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE long-wished for, and anxiously expected day, the impatiently anticipated first of September at length arrived ; and, after dinner, Anna repaired with her companions to the summer-house, which had been beautifully decorated with natural flowers, in honour of the occasion. The day was exceedingly fine : Autumn was ushered in with more than its usual ruddy and fruitful abundance ; as the heat and frequent great rains of the preceding summer had brought every thing forward ; and peaches, nectarines, horse plums, St. Michael pears, and every autumnal fruit, were in their greatest perfection.

The children were dressed in white,

with wreaths of roses round their frocks, and natural flowers twined in their hair. Anna looked particularly pretty; her cheek was flushed with more than its usual bloom; her eye sparkled with the lustre of conscious happiness, and her step was light with rapture. Will it be thought that Anna was thus joyous because she anticipated the approbation of her instructor? and that the prize, the awarding of which they all so anxiously waited, was to be her's? It was not so; Anna had not improved so much in other things, without gaining a considerable portion of humility, mingled with her lately acquired, but firmly fixed generosity, self-conquest, and decision of character. Anna had very little hope of obtaining the *prize*, though it must be owned that she had strong hopes that her master would notice her by some

transient word of commendation, while bestowing the prize upon some more favoured one ; perhaps a consciousness that if the truth, the *whole* truth, were known, she might have *some* claim to it, was not wanting to reconcile her to its expected loss ; but though this, all this, might have been an ingredient in Anna's happiness on this eventful morning, yet it had certainly little to do with its main spring. +

The facts were simply these :—early in the day Anna, glowing with those radiant tints, always imparted by the freshness of the morning air, was watering her plants on the terrace before the house ; she was so intent upon her employment that she did not look up, till hasty steps near her caused her suddenly to turn round ; when the usually sad, but now happy, countenance of Mrs.



Marlow, presented itself to her view: Anna was so struck with its unusual expression, that she set down her watering-pot, and exclaimed, "My dear Mrs. Marlow, what have you been doing? have you found a bag of gold? or has some pretty little fairy been touching you with her wand? you do look so happy! Pray tell me—for I know there is something to tell?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss, there is something to tell;" replied Mrs. Marlow, nodding significantly: "but if you'll tell me where your father is, my dear young lady, you shall know the whole matter." Mr. Fitzgerald was soon found, and the good woman, having prefaced her speech by saying, that she must tell somewhat of a story to come at the matter, began:—

"You know, Sir, I'd never so much

as used a cent of that money, which Miss Anna give me so long ago, but kept it again my little girl should be bigger; well, Sir, many has been the strait I've been in, since I had it; but never would I, while I could save from starving, touch one cent of it. Well, last night, I went to the far end of the town to carry home some work, and as I come back again, sore distress, (for the woman hadn't paid me, and I hadn't a cent to buy a meal,) I began to be-think me of that money, Sir, and as how I'd spend a little of it to get my poor Jane some supper, when all of a sudden, as I turned the corner, I saw a great crowd buzzing together like so many bees; well, as I was saying, Sir, I had no money, only the three half-crowns, which that blessed young lady give me, and was considering if I should spend

some of it, when I saw the mob, and came full upon it; but I hurried along, as fast as I could, for it was getting to be late; and though the moon made it light as day, yet I felt a little afeard, and, as I said before, I kept straight ahead, when I heard a kind of a cry, and somebody said, ‘wont my lady help a poor creature that’s dying?’ So I stopt, Sir, for I could not for the life of me go on;—and the crowd began to go off, some one way, and some another, till at last there was only two or three around, and I saw that there was a man lying on the ground, and, as it seemed to me, covered with blood.

“ ‘Come Jack,’ said the same voice again, ‘if you wont go and get one of your carriages just round the corner there, I say it’s because you’re a brute—I tell you the man’s dying—come, get



the creature a hack, that's a man'—but if you'll believe it, Sir, the wretch did not stir hand nor foot, till at last he began to go off, as all the rest did, for some of them said ' the man was drunk,' and some said, ' he's only fell down and knocked his head, so he's made his nose bleed—he'll get up by and by, and go about his business.' But I did not think the like of that, Sir, so I stuck fast to the place where I was, Sir, as if I'd been a stone, and at last, the man who had been calling so hard for help, said—' now if any body'd offer the stingy fool a dollar or so, he'd offer us his coach in a minute ;'—and while he was speaking, he emptied his pockets inside out—but could not find any thing ;—and I felt so pitiful like, that I ran after the coachman, cross as he was, and I said, ' Do, friend, give the poor man a lift ; he shall go to my

house if you will—his neighbour there can't get him up, alone.'

" ' I wont blood my coach all over for nothing,' said the cross old creature— ' I've got jobs that'll give me two dollars, if they will a cent, I dare say, and you may get up the drunken wretch as you can.'

" ' Well, Sir,' says I, ' though I am but a poor widow, I'll do what I can ;— I havn't but three half-crowns in the whole world, so I can't give it *all* ; but what will you take to give the poor man a lift ?'

" ' If you'll give me um all three, I'll take him up,' grumbled the old wretch ; so I said ' no, Sir,' for I could not give my all to any body, Sir, and was going away with a heavy heart, but the man who had spoken before, sighed and took on so pitifully, when he found that nobody would help him, that I hadn't the

heart to hold out no longer, Sir, so I told the coachman that I'd pay the money if he'd have the heart to take it from a poor widow like me ;—so the poor unfortunate creature was got in, Sir, with a deal of difficulty, and the man, who went too, told me that I should be rewarded ;—but I didn't expect any reward, Sir, that I didn't. Well, when they got him to my house, (and I went back with a heavy heart to my poor little girl, I'll assure you, Sir,) they laid him on the floor, and brought lights to examine him ;—I screamed out, as you may think, Sir, when I saw him, for who do you think that Providence had sent me to befriend, Sir ?—why, sure and certain it was he, the very man we've been after so long."

" The witness !" exclaimed Anna and her father, both at once.

" Yes, Sir, the very same !"



“ Is the poor man still alive ? ” said Mr. Fitzgerald.

“ La, yes, Sir, he speaks quite sane like this morning ; so I came for you to go and take his speech, afore he’s too bad, Sir, for I’m sore afeard he’s not long for this world ; and to tell my dear young Miss, that it’s all for the like of her and her silver, that Sawyer was saved and found ; for I should not have waited to see the end of the matter, if I had not felt a kind of strange reluctance to go away, when I had with me enough to save him, if the worst came to the worst, Sir.”

Mr. Fitzgerald having congratulated Mrs. Marlow on this providential circumstance, desired her to return home, and promised to visit the poor man as soon as possible. When Mrs. Marlow at length departed, with a servant whom

Mr. Fitzgerald had sent with some comfortable and appropriate things for herself and the sick man, he turned to the happy Anna, and said—"My darling, how seldom do we see such a striking manifestation of the Divine power as this! how seldom are we allowed to trace the effects of a commendable action, so clearly and circumstantially, as in this instance! how little did you think, when you made so trifling a sacrifice to the good of another, that the action would be the means of saving the life of a fellow-creature, even for a few short hours! You could not know this, my dear little girl, and Heaven has indeed generously rewarded you, by bestowing the delight which I am sure you must now feel—I am sure my Anna will never forget *this*. Did I not tell her that her whole life would be rendered happier by only *one*

commendable action, *one* virtuous resolve?—Go, my love, prepare for your little holiday, and I am convinced, that whether you obtain the prize or not, this day will ever be remembered with rapture.” Mr. Fitzgerald concluded with an affectionate kiss, and the delighted Anna flew to her room, first to thank the bountiful Giver of all good, and then to make preparations for the afternoon.

We will return from this long digression, and, after simply stating that Mr. Fitzgerald proceeded directly to Mrs. Marlow’s abode,—found Sawyer better, and in his perfect mind,—took down the deposition which would, he did not doubt, reinstate Mrs. Marlow in her possessions, and returned after taking every precaution for the present comfort of Mrs. Marlow and her child—we will



again attend Anna, on this, to her, most eventful day.

The little girls had been assembled some minutes, before she arrived among them, but Mr. Wilson had not yet entered the summer-house. At length his expressive countenance was seen, and when he ascended the platform, which had been raised for the children who were to recite their poems, there was a dead silence, and Anna forgot, for a moment, the incidents of the morning, and became completely absorbed in the interest which his appearance created.

At length he spoke—"My dear children," said he, "it is, I believe, exactly one year since we were last assembled here! yes; the sun has performed his daily revolutions for the space of twelve months, since he shone upon us, in this

place,—and we are, I believe, *all* here ;” —he looked attentively around him ;—not one was absent, and he resumed—“ How grateful ought we to be, my young friends, when we reflect, that had the great Creator of the universe, for one instant, relaxed his guardian care, we should have no longer been living in this beautiful world : surrounded by friends, crowned with mercies, and so bountifully blessed with that greatest of *comforts*, health ; and allowed to assemble here on this beautiful day, in which Nature herself seems to speak with her loudest, clearest voice, to His praise. Let not such reflections as these be suppressed, my dear children ;—believe me, they are both salutary and delightful ; nay, we should be utterly ungrateful for the goodness of our Maker, did we not indulge them.

“ I have, my little friends, been exceedingly pleased, during the past year, with the progress you have all made in the correction of your errors, and in the ardent endeavour to profit by the instructions I gave you. I am rejoiced to say, that though much gratified with *all*, yet there has been no difficulty in making a choice ; because there has been one instance, in which the improvement has been so marked, that I think you will each of you rejoice, when I bestow a reward, where you must be sensible it has been so well deserved ; and I am wholly mistaken, if there is a single heart among my scholars, who has succeeded so poorly in conquering her faults, as to *regret* the manner in which my prize is awarded, or to feel a sensation of envy or jealousy, when I say, that Miss Anna Fitzgerald has merited the prize.”



At the same instant, James Wilson came into the summer-house, bearing on his arm an elegant portable *writing-desk*! it was cornered with brass, and there was a carved plate of the same on the top, which bore the following inscription:—

“ This writing-desk is awarded to Miss Anna Fitzgerald, as a small token of approbation from her affectionate instructor, for the strenuous endeavours which she has made to conquer her faults, and to render herself amiable and beloved.—Take it, my dear pupil,—and may it prove to you a propitious offering;—may you write nothing there, which you will not read with pleasure at the close of your life.

‘ Sweet is the aspect childhood wears,  
While offering up to heaven  
Those high resolves, and holy prayers,  
Which from the *heart* are giv’n :

As incense pure, those prayers ascend,  
To God, our father, and our friend.' ”

Anna's youthful heart beat high with the increased rapture of unexpected delight, while Mr. Wilson read aloud this inscription :—but when he had concluded, the enthusiastic acclamation of the children, who were all fond of Anna, particularly since the remarkable change in her character, which they had none of them failed to observe, completely drowned her thanks ; and the deep crimson which tinged her face and neck, alone evinced the mingled emotions which contended for the mastery in her bosom. When, however, the violence of their joy had a little subsided, Mr. Wilson again rose, and waved his hand for silence.

“ Adieu, my children, may *your* enjoyments on this happy day, be equal to the pleasure this moment affords *me*,

and I can wish you no higher gratification."

It will, I trust, be unnecessary to say, that their pleasure on that day equalled their highest wishes.—I think that every one who has ever performed a truly commendable action, suppressed an improper desire, or sacrificed a darling wish to the gratification of another, will affirm, with the greatest sincerity, that their happiness afterward has more than atoned for any thing they may have suffered in its accomplishment.—Nor was Anna's by any means the most joyous heart in that little group; almost every one of them had the delightful contemplation of some virtuous resolution well performed;—some kind action meditated, or some generous sacrifice attained; and if she alone possessed the consciousness of having obtained the prize, each felt



that she had gained the approbation of her instructor.

In the course of a few weeks, Mrs. Marlow, by the strenuous exertions of Mr. Fitzgerald, rendered successful by the timely recovery, and consequent appearance of the witness, was happily reinstated with her little girl, in the dwelling-house from which she had been so unjustly expelled. The money arising from a sale of the shop and tools of her deceased husband, more than sufficed to support her comfortably, until she obtained useful and profitable employment: and the sum that remained was laid up for her little girl. The villain who had so basely attempted to defraud her of her property, sneaked away from the scene of his disgrace,—to hide his head in shame, and to eat the bread of poverty and remorse.

Mr. Fitzgerald, to whom the character of Sawyer became well known, during the process of law in which they had been concerned together, assisted him to obtain business in the city where he himself resided ;—his health became perfectly re-established—and he now blessed the ill success which had induced him to return from the interior of the western country, (whither he had been, during the vain search which had been made for him :) which had not only been the means of so much good to himself, but had relieved Mrs. Marlow, the respected widow of his old friend, from poverty and sorrow : and he joined with her, in gratefully remembering the day when Anna Fitzgerald had sacrificed her own long cherished wishes to the, as she had every reason to presume, *transient* good of a necessitous fellow-creature.

But the bread which had been cast upon the waters, had been returned to her after many days; and she enjoyed the full satisfaction of a writing-desk, which was most delightfully associated with the approbation of her instructor, and the affection of her school-mates and friends.



# JULIA,

AND

## HER STRAWBERRY-BED.

THIS little Julia was a very good child, the daughter of a friend of my mother, to whom I was paying a visit at the time when what I am going to tell you happened. Julia's mother had just then taken into her family an orphan boy, the son of a distant relative, about three years older than Julia, a spoiled thoughtless child, who had always been permitted to do pretty much as he chose. He was very fond of what he called fun, which consisted in putting tricks upon

people, and then laughing at the mischief they occasioned. He was not an ill-natured boy, but, as I said before, he was thoughtless, and had never been blessed with judicious friends, who could show him how wrong his conduct often was, and teach him that he ought to have some regard to the rights and interests of others, as well as to his own amusement. He teased and tormented poor little Julia unmercifully, by trying to persuade her to join with him in his mischievous sports, and then ridiculing her if she would not. He was so cheerful and pleasant withal, and, as Julia said, had such a coaxing way with him, that it sometimes seemed almost impossible to resist him.

One day they were in the garden playing together, directly under my chamber window, and I overheard him say,

“ Now, Julia, I have thought of some capital fun, and it won't do any body any harm either.”

“ I don't believe that, James,” said she ; “ but what is it ?”

“ Why you know that poor lone man that you and I call the hermit ; he has a strawberry-bed in his little yard, or garden, or whatever you call it, that some good soul planted for him last year, and he was telling me last night how many strawberries he should get from it ; and that, though he was too blind to work much in his garden, he thought he could pick the fruit, and that would be pleasanter even than the eating of it. Now I was thinking,” said James, “ that the next time you and I went to walk in that field close by his house, we would manage to go between



five and six in the afternoon, when the old man goes every day to the school-house, for the master to read to him."

"O now, stop," said Julia, "you need not tell me any more; for if you want to manage to be there when old John is away, I know you are going to do something wrong."

"Oh poh! Julia, now do just hear me through, if you please, and then, when you know what my scheme is, you will have some right to say whether it is a naughty one; but not till then."

"Well, go on, but I know I shall not agree to it."

"O yes you will, Julia; all I want of you is just to help me take up the strawberry plants, and put some dandelion roots in the place of them; he is too blind to discover the trick, and then it

will be so funny, by and bye, to see him poking with his fingers among dandelion roots for strawberries."

"O," said Julia, "how can you propose such a cruel thing, James; cruel, and not very honest either, I think."

"Why as to the cruelty," said James, "we are all liable to disappointments, and old John's will be no greater than if there should happen to be a drought which would prevent the strawberries from ripening, as I have known happen more than once in my short life; and as for the dishonesty, I have got plenty of spending money, and I will engage to buy him twice as many strawberries as his bed would yield, were the season ever so good; and next fall I'll plant another for him. Have not I said enough now to remove all your scruples, Julia?"

“No,” she replied; “the golden rule is the safest to try all one’s actions by. ‘Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.’ I would sooner have my own dear little strawberry-bed spoiled, which my father has planted for me, than that poor old John’s should be destroyed.”

“You would, would you,” said James; “we will see how that is—one or the other must be done quickly; say which it shall be—will you go with me to old John’s, or shall I try my hand on your’s?”

James said this, not doubting that when reduced to such an alternative, Julia would no longer hesitate to yield; but when he found that she still positively refused, though almost trembling for the fate of her little bed, on which she placed as much value as little girls are apt to place on the things that



please them ; his pride, of which he had a good deal, would not suffer him to retract. By this time, too, his temper was considerably excited ; for though usually good-natured, he was subject to sudden paroxysms of passion, under the influence of which he was apt to do, what a few moments after he would be sorry for. You perceive that I speak of this infirmity as I would of a disease, and it is because I consider it in that light. So he easily caught up the spade, and proceeded to his work of destruction.

Julia did not utter a word ; as any thing she could have said to induce James to forbear, he would have interpreted as implying that she had changed her mind ; and was willing that, of the two, old John should be the sufferer from the present determination of his

mind to mischief; but tears began to stream from her eyes, when, by every stroke of the spade, as many fair visions were dispelled as floated in the head of the country maid with her milk-pail, just before the milk, which was to lay the foundation of her fortunes, was all spilled upon the ground.

She could not help hoping that James would throw the plants in the alley, so that she could replace them in the bed again; but no! by this time he was too much excited not to make his work of destruction as thorough as possible, and he did not cease till he had deposited them on a heap of rubbish which was burning in the yard.

He then came back to the spot where Julia had remained standing all this while, his face red with the exertion he had been making. "Are not you sorry

now, that you could not be a little more obliging, Julia ?” said he.

“ I am not sorry that old John’s bed is safe,” she replied ; and then turned and left him.

He was disappointed at her answer ; he hoped, at least, to find her very angry, if not sorry for the choice she had made. When he was left alone, and had time to recollect himself a little, he began to feel very much ashamed of his conduct ; and at the tea-table, though Julia was very sad, you would have said at once, that her heart was more at ease than his. Her parents were both absent at this time, and I thought it best not to interfere at all in the matter. They had just before set out on a journey, to be absent a month. Julia and James had very little intercourse for some time. I used to walk with Julia, and she almost



always chose to go towards old John's, for the sight of his strawberry-bed seemed to afford her great pleasure.

At length the day arrived, when we expected her father and mother home. As it drew to a close, the hours seemed very long, and the children were eager and impatient, so I proposed that we should have the tea-table spread, and see how pretty and refreshing we could make it look to the weary travellers. "Come, Julia," said I, "you must bring some of your finest flowers to fill a tumbler for the centre, and George must produce some of the famous radishes and peppergrass that he boasts of having raised." The tears came into Julia's eyes; "O dear," said she, "what a beautiful saucer of strawberries I might have had for my dear father, but for ——." She stopped short; for just then

James came into the room ; but he had heard the beginning of her sentence, and soon after I saw him stopping a little girl at the gate, and buying some strawberries, which he then brought to me, with the request that I would put them on the table.

At length the carriage made its appearance, we all ran to the gate, and in one minute Julia was in her father's lap, with her arms round her mother's neck. "How d'ye do—how d'ye do?" was echoed on all sides.

"Well, but very, *very* tired," was the answer.

"Well, mother," said Julia, "tea is all ready for you;" and directly we were all seated around the table, a joyous group.

"Upon my word," said her father, "I have not seen such a pretty tea-

table since I went away; Jenny's hot, smoking tea, and fine white rolls; our friend Caroline's nice sponge cake, Julia's flowers, George's radishes, and these delicious strawberries, too; why, Julia, your bed must have produced beyond your expectations."

Julia had not observed the strawberries till that moment; her lips trembled, and she could hardly command her voice to say, "These did not come from my bed, father."

Her father perceived that something troubled her; but, unwilling to mar the pleasures of the tea-table—the social pleasures, I mean—he asked no explanation, and proceeded to talk of something else. After tea, however, he invited her to walk in the garden with him, and then drew from her the whole story of her wrongs. "But don't, father,



say any thing to James," added she, "for I know he has been sorry enough about it; and it was he, I suppose, that procured the strawberries for the tea-table."

"Well, my daughter," said her father, looking very much pleased, "I hope you have never been sorry for your decision."

"O no, father; I have taken more pleasure in seeing old John's strawberries than I should from his and mine both, if this had not happened; only I did feel very sorry this afternoon, that I hadn't any for you."

"Well, my darling, this story has been better to me than all the strawberries in the world; such a good little daughter is enough to make a man happy and rich, if he were poor in every thing else."

You may think how pleased Julia was

with her father's praise ; she came in, looking bright as a sunbeam, and her face glowing with what has been called " the colour of virtue ;" for a modest little girl cannot be praised, even by her father, without blushing a little.

James all this while looked rather uneasy, as if in constant expectation of a disclosure, that would bring upon him disgrace and reproof. Nothing was said to him, however, and his was too generous a nature not to be affected by so much goodness and forbearance on the part of Julia.

One morning, in the month of August, Julia's father observed him reading a book ; so rare a thing, that he said to him, " What have you there, James ? it is a strange sight to see *you* with book in hand."

" It is one of your books on garden-

ing, sir," said he; "and I assure you I am very much interested in it."

Soon after this, James asked, one night, if he could have old Rover to ride a few miles before breakfast the next morning.

"Ride before breakfast! you who are never out of your bed until we have all done breakfast; what new character are you going to take next, James?"

"Let me have the horse, sir, and I will show you," said James laughing. The permission was granted; and when the family were at breakfast, inquiry being made for James, some one said he rode away at four o'clock; it was now eight. Soon after this he came running in.

"Now, Julia, will you take a walk in the garden with me," said he, looking very significantly.



Julia went, her father followed, and lo and behold ! they found the strawberry-bed all set with fine plants again.

“ And is this your doing, James ? You have anticipated me ; I was thinking of doing it myself soon, but I was at a loss where to get the plants.”

“ Farmer Smith told me that he would sell me some,” said James ; “ I happened to ask him the other day when he was in the village, because I knew he had a good many ; so I rode there this morning to get them. I have spent the last two hours in setting them ; and now, I hope, Julia will forget all about her old bed.”

“ That I shall,” said Julia ; “ and like this even better than that.”

After this they were great friends ; James left off his mischievous sports, and became a delightful companion for

Julia ; but his favourite amusement, of all others, was weeding and hoeing the strawberry-bed.

THE

## OBSTINATE CHILDREN.

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“MAMMA,” said Eliza Darnley, a little girl about eight years old, “may I put up my work? I have done the task you gave me.”

“Yes, my dear,” said her mother; “you have been very diligent, and I am much pleased with the improvement you have made in most of your studies lately; your work looks very neat, and your papa will be delighted to see how nicely you have hemmed the frill of his shirt; you may go and play now.”

“Mamma,” said William, who was fifteen months younger than his sister,



“ may I go and play with Eliza ? I have learned my spelling and my grammar lesson.”

“ Let me hear you say them first,” said Mrs. Darnley, “ for I do not always like to take little boys at their word.”

“ But, mamma,” said William, “ I would not tell a story about them for the world.”

“ I do not believe you would tell a story on purpose, my child,” said she, “ but you might think you knew your lessons when you did not.”

William repeated his lessons to her, but not quite as well as she could wish.

“ You see, William,” said his mother, “ that you were mistaken, and yet you did not mean to tell a falsehood.”

“ I was wrong,” said the little fellow, “ and will not speak so positively the

next time, if you will let me play with my sister now; I will study again by and bye."

"Mamma," said Eliza, "I should like to go and see the Thorntons this afternoon, if you are willing." "And so should I," said her brother.

"Why do you wish to visit *them*?" said Mrs. Darnley.

"Because," replied Eliza, "they have such a pretty garden, and so many playthings."

"And have not you a pretty garden and playthings too?"

"Oh yes, mamma," said William, "but not so pretty as theirs."—"Besides," said his sister, "we can see ours every day, and we don't see theirs once in three weeks."

"And that is once too often," said

their mother. "I should much rather you would stay at home, for my part, than go there."

"Why, mamma?" said Eliza.

"Because," replied their mother, "the little Thorntons are so rude and boisterous in their play; besides which, they do not set you a good example; I cannot think what pleasure you can take in company with them. If I had such children, and had no more management with them than their mother has, it would break my heart."

"I will not do any thing that they do, which does not seem to be right," said Eliza. "Nor will I," said her brother.

"My dear children," replied Mrs. Darnley, "you know I expect our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Penrose, here this afternoon; they are both of them not only very neat in their persons, but



very observing of neatness in others; you both have on your best dress by way of compliment to them, and I should be sorry to see them soiled or tumbled before my friends come; the frock you have on, Eliza, is the best you have, and was made to wear on your birthday; the skirt of it is trimmed with a fine thread lace edging, and as it cost your dear papa so much money, I should be sorry, very sorry indeed, if it gets torn, or otherwise injured; it took me, besides, nearly a week to make and trim it."

"But, mamma," said Eliza, "I will not tear or spoil it in any way."

"William's shirt-collar looks so nice too," said Mrs. Darnley, "that I should dislike to have the plaits tumbled."

"But it shall not be tumbled," said William.

"So I thought about my new pa-

rasol," answered his mother, "for which your papa gave five dollars; I took it to Mrs. Thornton's, and held it in my hands very carefully for fear of accident, but laying it down on the sofa, while I adjusted my bonnet, Mary Thornton took it, and James tried to get it from her; in the struggle that ensued the pretty ivory handle was knocked off, and the molasses and butter on the bread they were eating, soiled the silk cover in two or three places—the scramble between them was a violent one, and in the midst of it they both fell over me and tore my new India muslin dress in such a terrible way, that I could not appear in the street in it, and was compelled to send for a carriage to ride home."

"Dear me," said William and Eliza,

“ what a pity ! why, where was their mother all that time ? ”

“ In the room, talking to me about the difficulty of keeping servants in order, and managing unruly children, and occasionally screaming out, ‘ James, put down Mrs. Darnley’s parasol, you will certainly break it.’ ‘ No I won’t,’ said the mischievous urchin. ‘ Mamma,’ said Mary, ‘ shan’t I have it ;’ and a second scramble ensued, which should have my unlucky parasol. ‘ You shan’t have it, it is mine,’ said James. ‘ Oh, dear me,’ said Mrs. Thornton, ‘ what shall I do ; these children will set me crazy.’ And if their noise is so offensive to their own mother, what must it be to visitors, thought I.”

“ But, mamma, why did you not take the parasol from them yourself ? ”



“Because I thought it was their mother’s duty to do so, and not mine; it would have been the height of rudeness in me to have got up and fought for my parasol.”

“But it was as rude in Mrs. Thornton to permit her children to behave so,” said Eliza.

“Certainly it was,” replied Mrs. Darnley, “but her being ill-bred is no reason why I should be so too. In the midst of the quarrel for it, master Henry Thornton came in. ‘Mamma,’ said he, ‘do you see how James and Mary are treating Mrs. Darnley’s *umbrella*?’ ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘I see the naughty creatures, but how can I help it? they are so headstrong that I cannot manage them for my life.’

‘If you cannot,’ said he, ‘I will.’

‘Do let them alone, Henry,’ said his

mother, they will only make the more noise if you meddle with them.'

'Come, you sirs,' said he, 'give up the parasol this minute.' Not being accustomed to obey, they held on the faster; and in trying to get it away from them, he knocked their heads together, and set them screaming in the most violent manner. Mrs. Thornton rang the bell for the servant to come and take them out of the room; but they made, if possible, a greater outcry than ever, and would not budge one step; seeing that he could not stir them, and anxious to get away from this scene of uproar and confusion, I asked Mrs. Thornton if she would permit the man to go for a carriage for me; she sent him for one, and while he was gone my ears were nearly deafened by the clatter. In the midst of it Mr. Thornton entered.

‘Mercy on me,’ said he, ‘what is the cause of all this disturbance? Why you must be beside yourselves! I shall surely be obliged to punish you severely for this unruly conduct of yours, which I am always sure to witness on entering the house.’

“They were dumb the moment their father spoke; who, on account of their mother’s excessive weakness and indulgence, was compelled to rule them with a rod of iron when at home; and they were as much afraid of him as they were regardless of and disrespectful to their mother.

‘I do not believe,’ said Mr. Thornton, turning to me, ‘that there is a house in this city where there is such bad government of children and domestics, as there is in mine; all have their own way, and every thing goes topsyturvy; but,’ continued he, ‘I have always observed, that



where one part of the domestic economy is neglected, all the rest are equally deranged, and I candidly confess that I am tired of keeping a private mad-house.'

'What would you have me do with them?' said Mrs. Thornton. 'I cannot make them mind me.'

"At that instant the carriage was announced, and I felt then quite glad to escape with my torn dress, and the fragments of my late beautiful parasol."

"And did you say nothing to all this?" said Eliza.

"Nothing," replied her mother. "I could not in truth condole with a parent upon the subject of her children's conduct, whose business it was to keep them in order, and who certainly is much more to blame than they are; nor could I take Mr. Thornton's part against his wife; he married her for her fortune, without

inquiring whether she had any mind or not, and he must abide by the consequences—they are a disorganized family, and nothing shall ever induce me to visit them again, unless any of them are taken ill; then I may be induced to go, because it is our duty to visit the sick or the needy.”

Eliza and William sat silent a few moments—“ They have some fine strawberry-beds,” said the former, at length, “ and Henry Thornton asked us to go there this afternoon, and said if we did, he would give us some.”

“ But, my dear,” said Mrs. Darnley, “ you need not go there for strawberries; if you will wait till after tea you shall each have a plate full.”

“ Can’t we have them now?” said William, rather fretfully.

“ No,” replied Mrs. Darnley, “ you

cannot ; I do not wish to open the boxes till Mr. and Mrs. Penrose come ; the afternoon is warm, and if they are brought out of the cool cellar now it will spoil them."

" Oh dear !" said Eliza, " how I should like to go to Mrs. Thornton's."

" Is it possible that you can have the least wish to go there after all that I have said to you ?"

" Yes, I should," said the self-willed little girl ; " they would not serve me so."

" William," said his mother, " do you wish to go too ?"

" Yes, mamma, if Eliza goes, I should like to go."

" Very well," said Mrs. Darnley, " you shall go ;" adding in a mild tone of voice, " and must also take the consequences ; so get your hat, William ; and Eliza, you can put on your muslin cape, and wear your school bonnet."



“ I should rather wear my Sunday bonnet trimmed with blue gauze,” said Eliza.

“ You have never worn your new bonnet but once, child,” said her mother, “ and if any accident befall it, I shall regret it extremely ; for your papa is not rich, and of course cannot afford to buy you a new one every three months.”

“ But mamma,” replied she, bent upon having her own way, “ if you will let me wear it I will take care that nothing bad happens to it.”

“ Very well, Eliza,” answered Mrs. Darnley, “ you shall have your way this time, and we shall see whose way is the best”—so the new bonnet was put on, and the children set off, hand in hand, for Mr. Thornton’s.

The youthful reader will perhaps wonder that Mrs. Darnley should give

way to her children in this manner ; but they will cease to be surprised, when I inform them that their mother was a very sensible woman, and when she wished to prevent her children from doing any thing wrong, she used to try to convince their reason ; if she found that she could not make them sensible by arguments, she let them take the consequences of experience ; which she felt assured was the best teacher in all cases like the present ; and knowing that her children had never been to Mr. Thornton's without meeting with some disaster, she was convinced in her own mind they would not escape this time. Nor did she wonder much at her children's wishing to go there, for the little Thornton's had a great variety of expensive playthings, their father being rich ; and they were always willing to let them play with their gilt nine-

pins, watches, and miniature automaton, or to ride their costly hobby-horse ; for Eliza's and William's playthings consisted of amusing books, geographical puzzles, and things of that sort.

Eliza and William Darnley arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon, at Mr. Thornton's. Henry, James, and Mary, were in the garden ; thither they went, and found them engaged in a high game of romps ; they were throwing sand and gravel from the walks into each other's bosoms ; and having no hats or bonnets on, their heads were full of it.

William and his sister tried to keep out of the way, but so plentifully was it showered about that they could not avoid it ; for the Thorntons did not cease from their amusement, even to receive their young friends.

At length Henry, who dearly loved



to lord it over the other two, told them it was time to stop; but his brother and sister not obeying him, he took the watering-pot, saying he was the mayor and intended to disperse the mob—for he was something of a wag. It was more than half full of water, and he began to sprinkle them pretty freely with it. James, in trying to avoid it, turned the spout, if it may be so called, and before either was aware of it, Eliza Darnley was completely drenched, the water running from her new bonnet down her back and bosom, and wetting her pretty frock. In trying to escape the shower of sand and water she ran, and falling down, caught her foot in the lace edging upon the hem of her frock, and tore half a yard of it off, besides tearing a long rent in the dress itself.

Eliza began to cry, and shame alone

kept William from joining in her tears, for the collar of his shirt was covered with sand, and the frill was soiled, and the water had taken all the plaiting out of it.

But where was Mrs. Thornton all this time ? says my reader ; I answer, she was reclining on the sofa, reading the last new novel, totally regardless of what her children were doing, and glad if any thing could keep them from giving her trouble.

Eliza and William Darnley sought the most private way to their home ; for they were heartily ashamed of the appearance they made. When they arrived there they saw little Ellen Penrose with her head out of the window, watching for their return with anxiety. She was a nice behaved little girl, and being of Eliza's own age, her mother, by way

of indulgence, because she had brought home two medals from school, one for industry, the other for good behaviour, brought her to see Eliza Darnley, of whom she was very fond. O! how William and his sister longed to go into the parlour and see her, but their clothes were in such a plight, they were ashamed to show themselves, and made the best of their way into the kitchen.

Mrs. Darnley seeing that her children did not come into the parlour, begged Mrs. Penrose to excuse her a few moments, and leaving her husband to entertain their friends, she went out, and stopping a moment in the entry to hear by their voices what part of the house they were in, heard Hannah the cook, and Sally the house-maid, exclaim, “La! how you look, Miss Eliza; why did you and Master William come



through the streets in such a pickle as that? If I had met you I should not have owned you for my young lady and gentleman, I should have looked another way; I wonder what your mamma will say; I heard her trying to persuade you not to visit those naughty, ill-behaved children, the Thorntons; I would not live with them if their mother would give me two dollars a week."

"What a couple of frights you are," said Hannah; "I should hardly know you to be Mrs. Darnley's children;" and here the two girls could no longer restrain themselves, but burst into a violent fit of laughter, at the figures the poor children made.

Mrs. Darnley's entrance checked their mirth, though she took no notice of it. She stood and gazed at Eliza and William in silent amazement, while the

mortified children could not look their mother in the face, but hung their heads and put their fingers to their mouths, looking as silly as possible.

“Sally,” said she, have you examined the clothes of those self-willed children? they look to me as if they were wet.”

“And so they are, ma’am,” said Sally, feeling their dresses; “they are wet through and through.”

“Undress them as fast as possible,” said Mrs. Darnley, “and put them to bed; be sure you give them no supper, for as they have doubtless taken cold, eating may occasion a fever. I expect to be compelled to send for Doctor R. to-morrow; and when you have put them to bed, Sally, I wish you to bring in the strawberries, raspberries, cream, sugar, and all the other nice things.” And without kissing them, bidding them

good-night, or taking any further notice of them, she went into the parlour and shut the door.

Mrs. Darnley's children felt this silent and wise rebuke. The privation of seeing Ellen Penrose, the loss of the fruit, but, above all, the cold looks of their affectionate mother, and not being permitted to kiss their dear father, a circumstance which they never recollected to have happened before, all this had ten times more effect, and was much more likely to be remembered, than if they had been scolded severely. Glad to escape a farther punishment, which they felt that they deserved, they went to bed without uttering a word of complaint.

The next day Eliza had a sore-throat, and William was so hoarse he could hardly speak. Mrs. Darnley sent for Doctor R. He looked very grave when



he saw them both in bed, and asked their mother how they had taken such violent colds; she told him her part of the story, and Dr. R. then requested Eliza to relate the rest. She obeyed him, and related, without the slightest deviation from the truth, that part of it which had not met her mother's ear.

Mrs. Darnley made no comments upon it, but Doctor R. who was a judicious parent, in the most solemn and impressive manner, pointed out to Eliza and William the wickedness and danger of disputing the will of a parent, and after writing a recipe for some medicine, left them with a serious and lengthened visage.

In a day or two they were well and able to attend school; and were the most humbled little creatures in the world. They avoided the Thorntons

wherever they saw them, and never visited them again. When Mrs. Darnley began to notice them, which was not till several days after their visit to Mr. Thornton's,—for she thought that by treating them with reserve an impression would be made, that time could not easily efface—they both asked her forgiveness, and confessed they had acted wrongly, and would never do so again; accordingly she kissed them, and pardoned them on their own conditions.

On the following Sunday, after Eliza was dressed in her plain cambric frock, (her pretty one not being fit to put on till it was thoroughly repaired,) Mrs. Darnley also discovered that the stiffening was all washed out of the blue gauze that her bonnet was trimmed with, and that the colour was faded from it, and was soaked into the straw, which had so

completely defaced it, that it was not fit to wear to church. She requested Sally to bring her school bonnet. Eliza wanted to stay at home, but her mother bid her "remember the visit at Mr. Thornton's." Her daughter was silent, for she did remember it.

"Nothing but sickness, or absolute rags, should keep you from the house of God," continued Mrs. Darnley; "and it is my wish that you go to it, and ask your heavenly Father to pardon you both, for disputing the will of your mother." William was also obliged to wear his week-day coat, Mrs. Darnley not choosing to find it convenient to make his best fit for him to appear in. Eliza and William Darnley went to church, and felt very serious after the late affair at Mr. Thornton's; they asked in their prayers to be forgiven, and from that



day (which is a long time ago,) to the present, never disputed the will of their parents, or forgot the bitter but beneficial *Fruits of Experience*.

## THE STORM.

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“ Cold blows the north wind o’er the wintry waste.  
Oh ye who shiver by your blazing fires,  
Think of the inmates of yon humble hut,  
Whose broken pane but half excludes the blast.”

“ OH, dear mother,” said Sophia Danforth, one cold tempestuous morning, as she seated herself at the breakfast table, opposite a large and comfortable fire, “ what a melancholy storm. I could hardly sleep last night, the wind roared so loud, and the snow and hail beat so violently against the windows; and I cannot go to school to-day, I should be blown away,” added she, in a still more desponding tone.

“Why, Sophia,” said her more volatile and lively sister Jane, “I shall go to school if you do not: only think of staying away from school just for a little wind and snow; I really think, too, that the storm is abating; for look, the drifts do not dash over the causeway half so violently, as when we first rose this morning, and the willow tree does not bend beneath the gale nearly as low as it did. I should not wonder to see the sun shining brightly by noon to welcome us from school.”

“Now, Sophia and Jane, I think you are both wrong,” said George, with a very important look; “I don’t think the storm so very ‘melancholy,’ as you do, Sophia—and yet, sister Jane, I should think young ladies would not make a very graceful appearance, plunging



through the snow drifts, and contending with the wind for possession of their cloaks and hoods ; we boys can go, and like the fun of being buried in a bank of snow. What say you, little sober Frank, to a frolic with me this morning ?”

“ I don’t know, it is very cold,” said Frank, “ and I should not like to get my feet and hands so chilled as I did the other day ; I had rather read to my mother than go to school this forenoon ; and then, if the sun shines after dinner, as Jane thinks it will, I can run quickly down the street, for I dare say there will be a good path by noon.”

“ Well, if even then you are so long on the way as to feel cold, let me advise you to make your way home at once, and not stand still like a droll little snow image, as you did the other day, because

Jack Frost wanted to be too familiar with you, and had the mischief to pinch your toes and fingers."

"I don't like to be teased, George," said Frank; "I don't believe you would have done better yourself, when you were such a little boy as I. It was because I did not know what to do when I was so cold, that I stood still. I shall take better care next time I am alone. You need not think that I cannot go into the street again without you, or that I shall stand still to freeze."

"You all seem to require, my children," said Mrs. Danforth, "some little regulation of thought and feeling this morning; there seems to be some diversity in your opinions, and as Sophia first addressed me, I must notice her remarks, which are not a little clouded by despondence. I sympathise with you,

my dear, in having passed a somewhat sleepless night ; but my meditations then, and feelings now, were those of thankfulness that I had so safe a shelter, and so many comforts around me, rather than any impatient emotions at the idea of losing a few hours' slumber.

“ It is always better to consider how much we have to enjoy, than to magnify what we have not, by thinking most of our deprivations. We may by this means create an habitual cheerfulness of disposition, if we are not naturally possessed of a light heart. I know my dear Sophia will think of this, and not call every storm ‘melancholy,’ because it puts her to some discomfort ; if it is thought on with sadness, it should be on account of those less blessed than ourselves, in the means of being protected from its fury. The poor sailors,



for example, may be excused for looking with dread on the gathering tempest, and we should rather wonder if their minds were not occupied by fears for their own safety, than that they were. Poor people, too, shrink from the chilling blasts of winter, but they suffer miseries of which my Sophia knows nothing, except from hearing of their recital; it is one thing to talk of sufferings, and quite a different matter to endure them."

"Ah, mother," said Sophia, more cheerfully, "I see you are right, and I will try not to think of my own little inconveniences during a storm, but, as you say, consider what I have to be thankful for. But do you think I shall go to school?"

"Not this morning, certainly," replied her mother, "I should not feel

justified in exposing your health abroad at such a time as this ; but you must make your disappointment turn to good account ; you will have leisure to finish that sketch you were copying, and can complete the moss basket you were making for your cousin Lucy. Jane can read to you meantime ; I know she wishes to finish the history of South America."

" Oh, mother, am I to stay away from school too ? I am stronger than Sophia, and shall not take cold ; I am not afraid of the snow or the wind, though George does ridicule the idea of my walking through the street."

" Wading through the snow, you mean, sister," said George, laughing.

" Hush, George," replied Mrs. Danforth, " you are too apt to indulge, as Frank says, a teasing humour. I have

the same objection to your going abroad, Jane, as to your sister's, and hope you will acquiesce in my decision with cheerfulness; your time at home may be usefully engaged; indeed, I am disposed to think, if you please, this may be one of what you call our 'happy mornings;' we can read, sew, and converse by turns; and I do not think the hours will move by on leaden wings."

"I think it will be a long morning, though," said Jane, not quite satisfied with this arrangement; "I do not feel much inclined either to read, talk, or work, mother," continued she, with an expression of increased discontent.

"Well, my dear, I will not insist on your being occupied; you shall have a fire in the small parlour, and sit by yourself, quite undisturbed; I assure you



neither books nor work shall burthen your mind or hands, and I will secure you against all impertinent intrusion."

"Mother, you surely are not in earnest; you are trying me."

"I was never more serious in making any arrangements, Jane; and, to convince you of my firmness, you may yourself ring the bell for John to go and light the fire."

"Dear mother, forgive my hasty language, and improper fretfulness; indeed I will do what you judge best: pray do not oblige me to sit a whole day idle," said Jane, her face crimsoned by a sense of shame at her impetuosity.

"I thought it was your own choice to be without employment," replied Mrs. Danforth; "I was but affording you the opportunity to fulfil the wishes you

expressed, and that with the least possible room for having your tranquillity and listlessness disturbed.”

“ You always make me feel ashamed of myself, mother, when I am not obedient; and I am sure I often think I will govern my temper better.”

“ It is one thing to determine well, and another to practise, my daughter; your disposition to do right is in general good, but you must have more self-government; when you can acquire that power, you will possess one of the great means of increasing your daily enjoyment, and add much to the happiness of your friends. Remember the words of him who wrote many wise proverbs— ‘ He that hath rule over his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city.’ As for you, George,” said his mother, in her mild persuasive voice, “ I wonder you,

who love your little brother and your sisters so much, should take such frequent occasions to aggravate their feelings when they have been already excited. I am persuaded that this unmanly propensity will be the means of giving you great pain, except you can resolve to control it. You do not like to be made uncomfortable yourself, why should you make others so?"

"Why, mother, I did not mean to injure their feelings," said George seriously.

"It is that plea, my son," continued Mrs. Danforth, "which so often betrays you into the error. You think it is but a *little thing* you do to vex them, and so you often do and say these *little things*; be assured it is, as your father often says, less easy to bear with often repeated trifles, than with one decided and gross act of unkindness. I must



say, that your sisters often manifest a very commendable degree of patience towards you, which should, before now, have had a more effectual influence on your manners towards them."

"I must try then, mother," said George, "'to think twice,' as Nurse Barton used gravely to say, 'before I speak once'—though I cannot consider it so great a misfortune that I am not tongue-tied, as she did."

"Nurse Barton had but too solid reason for using such strong language to you,—and were she here now, I am sure it would reflect little credit on your more advanced age, to hear her, with her usual plainness of speech, confess that there was no great amendment in master George."

"Dear mother, neither she, nor my father, nor yourself, shall have occasion to

reproach me on this subject so frequently; I am determined to be more manful. Sophia, Jane, and Frank, come forgive me all old debts, and I will not become a bankrupt to your loss in future," said George, who to his almost unconquerable love of teasing, added a great amount of real affection and ingenuousness of disposition.

In this happy state of mind, George bade them a gay good morning, and joined his light-hearted school-fellows in the street, nothing depressed by the still raging tempest of wind and snow.

Indeed I am not the first who has made the remark, that the effect of a snow-storm on the animal spirits is exhilarating; and I have full often watched from my windows the merry school-boys as they have frolicked through the snow-drifts, with a sympathy so strong, that I

have found it difficult not to wish myself one of them.

But to return to my story : Mrs. Danforth, after giving the necessary orders among her household, seated herself in the parlour, and the two young girls wisely remembering her precepts, which had always double influence, by being united to example, established themselves industriously at their several employments.

Little Frank, who was distinguished in the family for his good temper and quiet habits, seated himself by his mother's side, and studied his short lessons with much assiduity. When he had learned and recited them, he wanted Sophia to draw him a house, and a pond near it, with graceful swans in the water, and pretty flowers, and birds, and trees. Sophia said she would draw a house and



a pond, but the pond must be filled with ice, for she affirmed that nothing could be made to look like summer, during such a scene as they saw, every time they raised their eyes to the windows. "And I am sure, Frank," continued she, "I have hardly the idea of a singing-bird or a flower in my mind to-day; see I can make snow-drifts, and boys skating on the pond, and ice mountains, and leafless trees; will that do?"

"Yes, that will do," said Frank, "but I like summer pictures better; can't you remember, Sophia, all about last summer, when we had such pleasant walks, and——"

"Ah, yes, I remember the walks, but don't talk of them now, when one cannot stir out of doors. I am sure I do not wish to think of them now."

Mrs. Danforth suspected Sophia to

be relapsing into her drooping feelings, and advised her to read a little ; Sophia accordingly went into the library in search of a book. Her choice unfortunately fell on a volume of Voyages, in which storms and shipwrecks held a prominent part. Her mother recommended a change, and proposed “ A Summer’s Tour through Scotland,” but as she did not urge it very decidedly, Sophia begged that she might read some extracts from the Voyages ; it suited the season, she said, and it would be as difficult to think the present time appropriate for reading an account of a summer’s journey, as it was to draw a flowery landscape on a stormy day for Frank.

Mrs. Danforth smiled at Sophia’s precise ideas of appropriate times and seasons, and indulged her inclination, trusting that the peculiarly sad tendency of

her thoughts might be gradually counteracted, with care and patience. She was not one of those hasty people who expect to accomplish the work of months in a day or an hour, and then because they do not succeed according to their wishes in a first effort, relinquish the task as fruitless.

Sophia read of a vessel manned with twenty sailors, and commanded by an efficient master, which sailed from Gibraltar for an American port, with provisions only for a short voyage, the season being favourable, and the owners sanguine that she would make her port in a short time. They had not been many days at sea, when a violent storm arose, which drove them far out of their course, and the gale continuing, they were tossed to and fro, with little command over the ship. The captain seeing the danger



they were in, ordered the men to lighten her of her freight, and accordingly everything that was likely to relieve the vessel was cast overboard. Their provisions fell short, and as is always found necessary in such cases, the crew were put on short allowance. Their situation became hourly more and more perilous, they were far from any port, and at last they were reduced to great extremity for want of food.

“ I should have given them my breakfast,” said Frank, who had listened with earnestness to his sister reading, “ and my dinner too.—Oh, how sorry I am for them !”

“ How could they get your breakfast and dinner ?” said Jane—“ you could not send it to them.”

“ No, but if I could, I would,” persisted Frank.

“ Well, I know I should not be so foolish as to starve at sea,” said Jane with a look of wisdom. “ I would make myself very comfortable if the ship’s provisions did fall short.”

“ How,” said Frank—“ do tell me, Jane.”

“ And how,” rejoined Sophia, with a look of perplexity:—“ what would you do ?”

“ Pray relieve our curiosity,” added Mrs. Danforth, “ for I own I should like to be a participator in your knowledge : and given to the world, it might prove a great aid to those who are not so happy as yourself in possessing hidden resources.”

“ Do not fish live in the water, and do not we eat fish ?” said Jane ; “ I would catch fish and satisfy my hunger, even if I should not always relish the

fare : at least I would not starve surrounded by the means of eating."

"Your willingness to eat fish to save yourself from famishing, is no great virtue," replied Mrs. Danforth, "but I fancy you do not know, that fish are not caught in the ocean, off soundings at least, except very rarely, and it is not therefore in the power of sailors so easily to supply their need ; with this resource at command, so many unfortunate beings would not perish yearly for want of sustenance."

Jane looked disappointed that her contrivance had come to such an issue ; and after considering a moment, said, that she was glad to be informed that the fish did not go beyond soundings ; and that she would not in future fancy herself so much more discerning and wise than other people.



“ I often wonder,” said Sophia thoughtfully, “ that there should be any people willing to go to sea, where they are liable to suffer such hardships.”

“ There are many persons, my dear Sophia, who are glad to accept of any means of support, however arduous ; and others, regardless of danger and privation, are sailors from choice ; and it is truly wonderful how attached the mind becomes to such a roaming, hazardous mode of life. But, Sophia, suppose you resume your narrative ; we are interested in the fate of this vessel and her crew ; and since we have followed them into danger, would prefer to remain with them till they are once more beyond its reach. I hope, at least, they are not destined to total destruction.”

Sophia continued :—“ After a great deal of hardship, and losing two of their

number overboard, they, to their great joy, discovered land, and, the tempest having subsided, the captain was able to determine their course, and found that they were off the coast of Upper Guinea. Undesirable as was a landing in that hostile country, they were compelled to direct the ship towards the shore, from which they were distant but a few leagues. The vessel had sustained such damage during the gale, that there was little hope of repairing her again so as to make her sea-worthy."

"I think," said Jane, "I should have been almost as willing to run the risk of being starved and drowned, as to be exposed to the dangers of an uninvited landing among those uncivilized negro tribes."

"But if they tried to make me a pri-

soner, I would fight," warmly exclaimed Frank.

This speech, coming from one so peaceable in disposition as Frank, caused a general smile ; and Jane affirmed that she thought reading Voyages would, in a little time, effect quite a change in the character of their quiet little brother. Sophia now said, if they interrupted her so frequently, she should not finish the chapter she was reading before dinner, and accordingly she was suffered to proceed.

" After much difficulty, the crew effected a landing in their boat, though the surf beat heavily upon the rocky shore. They did not perceive at that time, any traces of inhabitants, and were comforted to find that they should rest undisturbed at least for a short while. They found on the shore, pieces of drift



wood, with which they kindled a fire, and then employed themselves in collecting shell-fish, of which they found abundance on the sands; quantities having been washed up by the waves.

“ No words can express the gratitude with which these poor sufferers partook of their frugal meal;—and to their increased satisfaction, they found a hollow among the rocks, sufficiently large to afford them all a shelter. Exhausted as they were, they first secured their boat, and the few things they had brought off from the ship, which lay at anchor in the bay, but in such a state that every succeeding wave threatened to complete her total destruction. Of the future, these poor sailors were too much wearied to take any thought, and they retreated to their rocky shelter, thankful to have escaped with their lives.

“ On the morrow the sun broke in upon their slumbers, and they rose with anxiety to ascertain the fate of their ship. Nothing was to be seen of her, and their worst fears were fully realized. In a savage country, without the means of leaving it, or of guarding themselves against the sudden attacks of the natives, should they find them hostile to their approach into the interior ; with no provisions, save the shell-fish which they found on the beach, they were excusable for yielding for a time to the most desponding thoughts.

“ At length one of their number, Tom Goodwin, a clever active sailor, addressed them to this effect :

“ ‘ Why should we give it up, and sit here on these rocks, gazing at the wild waves as if we expected they would give back our stout vessel, just as they re-

ceived her, staunch and tight, when we dropped off from the pier at Gibraltar : it's of no use ; let us divide into two companies, and seek our fortune.'

“ This advice, given in an animated tone, seemed to inspire the whole company with a portion of the speaker's energy ; and, one and all, they resolved to act as he recommended. The place where they were wrecked was off the coast of South Foulah, a province of Upper Guinea. The inhabitants are averse from labour, and make war on each other, for the purpose of obtaining slaves, whom they sell to the slave dealers, who come to purchase and receive these human cargoes. The country is in most districts fertile, which favours the natural indolence of the negroes ; and they are able to raise, with little labour, maize, rice, and other fruits, suf-



ficient for their sustenance. Beyond this they have few desires that are gratified at the expense of bodily activity.

“ The seamen whose fate it had been to be cast upon this shore, were making their few hasty preparations for exploring the country, when Tom, who was on a high rock taking what observations he could for guiding their course, suddenly shouted, as he turned towards the ocean, and waved his cap, “ a sail, a sail.” This glad news called all hands to his side, and they saw, after some time, that the vessel was actually approaching the bay into which they had been driven. No time was to be lost : the boat was put off, and every energy exerted to attract the notice of the welcome vessel. By great good fortune their boat was seen, and one sent off from the strange ship to meet them.

They found that she carried an American flag, and to their joy soon discovered that she had weathered the gale without material injury, and would take all hands on board and land them at St. Jago, whence they might get passage home."

"That is all, mother," said Sophia, closing the book. "I am glad," replied Mrs. Danforth, "that your story has had so bright a close : it began like our morning, in a storm, and like that has ended in a cheerful light ; look, the sun shines, and the ice is already beginning to disappear from the windows. We shall have a fine afternoon, I do not doubt."

"I shall take a walk if you please, mother," said Jane, whose vivacity was seldom checked by consideration, "and you shall go too, Sophia."

"But I do not wish to go out to-day,"

answered Sophia, " I shall feel quite as happy at home with my mother ; and since I have lost my school lessons, I do not think there is any reason for my going abroad."

" Well, as you like, but I think a walk will be very invigorating."

" You had better," said Mrs. Danforth, " think if the snow will not form as great an impediment to your excursion now, as it did in the morning : you do not fancy that a blue sky will facilitate your progress, amidst snow-drifts : George would almost hazard another comment on you, Jane, were he by now."

" If I am not to walk then, mother, I think I will determine as well as I can to content myself, like Sophia, with some employment at home. Suppose I make you a cap—I think I can sew neatly enough."



“ You may try, my dear—but here is George—let us see what report he brings of things abroad.”

“ Fine fun I have had, girls,” said George, opening the door with a little too much bustle and noise : “ mother, I have said good lessons : and now, Frank, come here, and I will show you from the window what a nice slide I am going to make down that slope ; you shall have my new sled, if my mother will let you come out, so run for your mittens, quick ! quick ! quick !”

“ But my mother has not said I might go,” said Frank, pausing ; “ and I can’t tell where my mittens are.”

“ Oh, I will get your mittens,” said Jane, “ and your coat and cap too ; they are all in their place.”

“ Stop a little, children,” said Mrs. Danforth, “ I think the path is not made

for the slide yet ; Frank had better wait a little, till George has fulfilled all his promises."

" Ah, that I will do quickly," said the light-hearted boy ; " for I studied at school during recess, that I might have all my time at noon for play. So Frank, do you sit up at the window, and see me shovel the snow from the path."

Frank watched eagerly from the window, while George cleared a smooth passage for their sleds ; and as he was soon joined in his work by several companions, Frank's patience was not long tried in waiting for his favourite amusement. Jane's interest was almost as great as her brother's, and drew her to Frank's side, while the busy boys were throwing the snow first on a bank, and next in frolic over each other. Sophia thought it would be too much like ex-

pressing a desire to slide herself, if she followed Jane's example, and whatever she might have felt on the subject, she certainly acted upon the principle of not departing from what she fancied her feminine dignity, and remained quietly near her mother, working most assiduously.

“ My grand highway is finished,” said George, knocking at the window for his brother ; and for the next hour the boys enjoyed their diversion without a thought of any thing beyond the pleasure of sliding.

At last Jane exclaimed, “ that she really wished she was with them too.”

“ Why Jane,” said Sophía, “ wish you were out sliding with the boys !”

“ Yes I do, indeed,” persisted Jane ; “ I think it very diverting.”



“ Perhaps so,” said Sophia, and she again resumed her work.

“ Do you know, Sophia,” said her mother with a smile, “ that Jane’s desire for amusement in the snow would be regarded with much less surprise in Russia, Norway, and Holland, than among ourselves : and, indeed, not only with less surprise, but actually without any at all ; and it is probable she would at once be furnished with the readiest means of realizing her wishes.”

“ Do you mean, mamma, that the ladies and little girls in those countries really partake of those amusements ?”

“ Yes, my dear : and at the favourable season large parties are formed, solely for this purpose ; and though it may increase your surprise to learn the fact, I assure you on good authority,

that the females of Holland excel in skating, and acquire health and vigour, added to amusement, by this exercise. So you see, that what would be discountenanced in one country as rude and unfeminine, is learnt and practised as an accomplishment in another."

Sophia was willing to think less severely of her sister's wish to slide, after this information, and soon joined her at the window to watch their merry brothers.

The bell in a short time called them all together to prepare for dinner, and their father returning at the same time, they recounted, as usual, the events of the morning.

"I am glad," said George, "I live in a country where winter is known; I think the variety of seasons with us, a

great deal pleasanter than to live always beneath a torrid sun."

"I like warm weather," said Sophia, "and should not be at all sorry never to see a snow storm again."

"We should disagree half the year then," said George; "I like these changes, which bring such a variety of amusements; and I do not mind the cold as long as I can skate, slide, and make snow-balls. Oh! it is fine fun for us boys to pelt each other over the Common; I am glad we have that Common for a play-ground, and hope it will never be an inch smaller than it is now."

"I am sure I hope so too," said Jane and Sophia together; "for if we do not make it a play-ground, like you boys, we enjoy our walks round it in mild weather, as much as you do your races; and the Mall is our peculiar right."



“To which you are welcome, girls,” said George; “I shall not dispute your entire possession, except when I walk with you.”

Mr. and Mrs. Danforth smiled at the earnestness of their children, and their ideas of *personal* property in the public grounds of our city; but as it was a feeling they supposed to be shared by all the thousand children who resorted to them, they did not see fit to impress their own with other views.

“I can tell you an anecdote,” said Mr. Danforth to his children, “that may amuse you. Many years ago, an ambassador was sent from Morocco to Holland. It happened that he arrived in the latter country when all the rivers were converted into ice, and the people were diverting themselves with riding in sledges of various construction, skating,

&c. So novel a scene filled him with wonder, and on writing to his master, the Emperor, an account of the people among whom he found himself so strangely situated, he said, that the greatest wonder he had seen since leaving home, was all the canals and rivers converted into a strange substance resembling sugar-candy. This narrative seemed so improbable to those who received it, that the unfortunate ambassador was ordered home, to answer for the falsehoods he was accused of imposing on the Emperor and his court, who living in a country where ice and snow were unknown, could not be made to conceive of its existence."

"But, father," said George, "they must have been very ignorant never to have read of these things."

"They were ignorant, it is true," re-

plied Mr. Danforth, "and, as a people, still possess very circumscribed knowledge of countries and nations beyond their own borders: I think you will feel an increased disposition to acquaint yourself extensively with geographical knowledge, in all its branches, after seeing in the above relation the inconvenience and disgrace that followed the unfortunate ambassador. Not that I would offer that as a motive for study, which is only an illustration of the folly of being ignorant, when one may as easily be wise."

After dinner George again separated from the family, to the no small regret of Frank, who found much of his happiness in the exertions of his brother to entertain him and promote his little plays, notwithstanding the occasional teasing to which we have before alluded.



The afternoon passed, on the whole, agreeably, to those who remained at home; and when George, with his father, rejoined the family in the evening, they presented such a group as a painter would desire to copy, if he wished to represent a *happy* family. And under that pleasant aspect we shall bid them good-bye.

# MARRION WILDER,

OR THE

## PASSIONATE LITTLE GIRL.

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I AM going to tell all little children who read this story, how naughty it is to be cross and passionate, and I hope, if they are ever faulty in this respect, they will hereafter amend their tempers, and determine, as they ought, to do what is right, and make their parents and friends happy when with them, and be happy themselves too.

Marrion Wilder was a little girl just seven years old; she had a kind father and mother, and affectionate brothers

and sisters, whom I am sorry to say she did not resemble, or strive to imitate.

Marrion had a pretty face, and her hair curled in glossy ringlets over her head and neck, she had rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes; one would think with so many personal advantages she must attract a great deal of notice and win affection, but we must remember that pretty faces and bright curls look pretty only when worn by the good and amiable. It is far better to be plain faced and good tempered, than handsome and disobliging.

As for little Marrion, I grieve to say it, those who knew her best loved her least; none could be comfortable in her society many minutes at a time, consequently the little girls of her own age were rarely seen to walk or play with her; indeed she was so much dreaded



on account of the mischief she did, that she was avoided at school as well as elsewhere. She had therefore no playmates, for as those who used to visit her were unkindly treated, they forsook her altogether, and Marrion might be seen sitting solitary in a corner of the room moping over her toys, and enjoying nothing, while her brothers and sisters were happy themselves, and making their companions so likewise.

Marrion was often disappointed of a ride, a walk, or a visit, because her mother did not choose to be incommoded by a petulant child, and though she loved to go abroad with her mother, she did not try to become better that she might deserve to share her pleasures.

One day Marrion was in the nursery, and Nancy, the nursery-maid, was very busy finishing some work. Marrion

wanted the scissors, but could not have them the moment she asked for them; in a passion, she attempted to seize them from Nancy, and in the attempt wounded her arm. Her loud cries alarmed her mother, who was in an adjoining apartment, and who hastened to the nursery to learn the cause of the tumult; there she found Marrion with her face crimsoned with anger and pain, occasioned by her impatience. She turned away when she had ascertained the fact, and did not kiss and pity her, but coldly desired Nancy to wash the blood from her arm, and put on a bandage, and then told Marrion to remain in the nursery the remainder of the day.

Marrion now felt how naughty she had been, and vainly wept and pleaded to go below. Her mother was decided, and told her she was very unfit com-

pany for her sisters, till she had learned to act more like a reasonable child. You have been often told, continued her mother, that happiness depends on being good, and correcting our faults, but you will not keep that in mind, and daily suffer from your own folly. I hope you will sit here and think of some means of becoming a better and wiser child.

Marrion felt the force of her mother's counsel, and with a sorrowful heart saw her go from the room to sit with her sisters.

It was not long before she heard her father's voice calling for the children to prepare for a ride into the country. Marrion burst again into tears, and renewed her entreaties to Nancy that she might go below; but Nancy told her she could not disobey her mistress; and Marrion was obliged to see, from the



window, her brothers and sisters depart without her.

They were gone all day, and when they returned she heard them relate to their mother all the pleasures they had enjoyed. The doors stood open, and she longed, but dared not go to the parlour.

“ See mother,” said Henry, “ I have found some minerals to add to those in my cabinet, and have gathered some beautiful and rare plants for Louisa’s herbal.”—“ And look,” said Louisa in her turn, “ here are some beautiful shells and mosses which Miss Mason gave me. We had a pleasant visit there, mother, and Mrs. Mason invited us to spend our vacation with her children; my father said he would consult you, and we thought, as he thanked her for the attention, he was not himself unwilling to gratify us. We have brought

you some fine fruit, and only wish you had been with us to enjoy the beauties of the gardens we have seen ; as for George, he can think of nothing but the pretty grey squirrel which William Mason shewed him, and which runs round in its cage by the half hour together, and takes nuts so prettily between his feet ; I think he will not be easy till my father buys him one."

" I saw several in Brattle-street, yesterday," said Henry, " and I shall buy George a squirrel, for he is always obliging to me. When I lost my knife the other day, though he was making his new kite, he left off, and looked with me till he found it ; and when I broke my glass inkstand which belongs to my desk, he ran and brought me his own to supply its place. Indeed, he is al-

ways ready to do me a good turn, and it is but fair that I should please him."

Marrion, while she heard all this, could not avoid feeling how unlike she was to good little George, and secretly resolved she would try henceforward to be more pleasing to her brothers and sisters, and prove whether she should not have better friends, and be as happy as George was now.

Full of this determination, she suffered herself to be washed and put to bed, without once losing her self-command, or contending with her patient attendant Nancy. It is true that she was once or twice tempted to utter some impatient exclamations, but she had the firmness to check her rising emotion, and, after her prayers, she in a little time fell asleep, fully resolved on the morrow to



show her parents that she was more worthy of all their kindness and love to her than she had hitherto been.

The bright morning sun shone full on her face before she awoke, and as soon as she had washed, dressed, and knelt at her morning prayers, she hastened below stairs, and found her mother already in the breakfast-room, waiting to hear her read her morning lesson. But Marrion's book was not to be found, and her time was wasted in searching for it; she had one place for it, but unhappily she rarely put it into that place, and now her temper was tried sadly, as she turned over first one volume then another, on the table and shelves; at length it was found, and she went to her mother with a pleasanter countenance than usual, and asked her to hear her lesson. Marrion read well for her age, and did not once

refuse to spell all the hard words which she could not readily pronounce without, and she felt fully rewarded when her mother kissed her, and called her a good girl.

To-day the book was carefully put where it belonged, and Marrion seated herself at the breakfast-table more quietly than usual, and more disposed to talk cheerfully with her brothers and sisters ; yet here some trials awaited her. George accidentally touched her arm and caused her to spill her milk, but he did not mean to do so, and she controlled her feelings till he had had time to make an apology for his carelessness, —a forbearance very unusual for her. Henry and Louisa too, unfortunately proposed crossing the common with her to school, rather than walking round by Park-street, which was less pleasant to

them, and of course, was near being more so to Marrion. However she said nothing, but when breakfast was ended, suffered her bonnet to be tied on without a murmur, and set off with her conductors.

She could not but acknowledge as they crossed the High Mall and entered on the common, that it was pleasanter to walk on the green grass, and gather the pretty little yellow flowers that grew so abundantly on the small hillocks, than to walk over the hard and dusty streets; and then there were many little boys round the Frog Pond, sailing their little boats and vessels, and eagerly watching their progress over the smooth blue surface of the water; now and then the light breeze would change the course of these little vessels, and the anxiety or renewed hope of the owners



would be expressed by frequent exclamations of disappointment or hope, as either seemed likely to suffer wreck, or return to the shore in safety.

The young and joyous birds, too, were singing merrily among the branches of the weeping willows and great elms that grow round the pond, and seemed to say to all, "be grateful for this beautiful morning, and all things that make it so beautiful."

Marrion's heart partook of the bright happiness of all around her, and she said within herself, "I am glad I did as Henry wished,—I am glad I walked here instead of through the streets." Thus she found that even the very act of obliging others produces its reward.

It was now almost nine o'clock, and the young mariners were dispersing with their play-things to their several

homes or schools, and Henry told Marrion they too must go, and not lose their time from their lessons. Though Marrion did wish to stop just long enough to see whether that very little boat would reach the shore without wreck, tossed as it was upon the tiny waves, yet she yielded, and cheerfully giving her hand to Louisa, they hastened to their school, where she determined to retrieve her character, and deserve the praise of her teacher, and the good will of her companions. Those who resolve and try to do well, always succeed. Marrion, through long inattention, had been the lowest in her spelling-class. To-day she studied her lesson diligently, and when reciting, was careful to listen to all that was said, and spelt in her turn promptly. She acquitted herself so well that her teacher

gave her three extra merits, and Marrion next applied to her geography. This, like all things else, had been neglected, and it was now no easy matter to make up for lost time; the lesson was difficult in proportion as former ones had been missed. Poor Marrion failed in her attempt to recite with her class, but she, to the surprise of them all, was not angry; but on the contrary seemed very sorry that she was so deficient. Her teacher advised her to study it again, and the second attempt was quite successful. Marrion was now experiencing the good effects of ready obedience and diligence, and the medal for application was awarded to her by the united wishes of her young class-mates. When school was ended, they gathered round her, and seemed willing to talk with her, and two or three who went



home in the same direction, walked with her, and they were very glad that they could hope to enjoy Marrion's company once more.

When she reached home she wished Henry to fix her slate and cut her pencils, but he was studying his French lesson, and she forbore to disturb him. She looked for Louisa, and they went together to the garden, and how great was her delight to find the little plot of ground, which was called "Marrion's Garden," weeded and laid out into neat borders for flowers. She knew her brothers had done this for her, and she tried to think how she might do them some favour which would express her gratitude for their kindness. She remembered that in the morning George had complained that his satchel wanted a string, and she ran into the house to

ask of her mother a piece of tape, and very soon she had put the satchel in order, and hung it on the hook where it belonged. George came in just then, and I hardly need say, was very much pleased with this instance of Marrion's affectionate and grateful feelings. Louisa called to them as she went into the parlour, and asked George to read to her while she made some pocket-handkerchiefs for him and Henry. Marrion took one, and with Louisa's assistance fitted and hemmed it neatly in an hour. Louisa marked it, and then, as George had done reading, he was commissioned to be the bearer of it to Henry, and to take Marrion's thanks also for what he had done to her garden. Henry was pleased that his little sister had left her play to work for him, and hoped she would correct all her faults, and be con-

stantly the amiable little girl that she was now.

After dinner, their father proposed that the children should walk together to South Boston, as it was Thursday, and a fine day for exercise. To this plan they all assented, and were soon prepared and on their way. "Let us call at the Iron works," said Henry; "if they are casting, I shall like to have you see the process."

When they were crossing the bridge the draw was raised, and a vessel passed under. The children were pleased to see how securely it moved through the narrow passage, and Marrion, in her eagerness to lean forward and see under the bridge, was near falling into the water; but she listened to Henry's cautions, and was not hurt.

When they arrived at the foundry,



they were admitted without any trouble. They went first into that part where the steam-engine was worked. George and Marrion both thought the machinery very wonderful, but they were very glad, after a few minutes, to leave the place, and go where there was less noise.

Mr. Algar next took them to where the workmen were casting large iron pipes and other things. The bright light which was constantly thrown off from the melted metal, in the form of blazing stars, delighted them more than the display of all the fire-works on the fourth of July; and they would have spent a long time in watching the various operations of the workmen, if the heat and dust had not been very uncomfortable; so when they had seen all that was important, they thanked Mr. Algar for his kindness in showing them the

works, and set out on their return home.

When they came to the bridge, Marrion began running very fast, and, I regret to say, was not willing to walk by Louisa, as she was desired. The consequence of this was, that she fell down ;—and here the trouble did not end, for she caught her frock on a nail in the railing, and made a long rent. Seeing this she renewed her cries, and was so very noisy that people passing stopped, supposing some great suffering must be the cause of such piercing shrieks. She would neither get up nor suffer any one to assist her. Alas, poor Marrion ! where were now her good resolutions which the morning had witnessed ?—Where were now those pleasant smiles and that good temper which made every body love her ? They were all forgotten in

this storm of passion ; and Henry, finding that she would not listen to reason, walked on without her. George and Louisa followed, as their persuasions were quite as ineffectual as Henry's.

In a few moments, Marrion finding that she should really be left alone, got up, and with torn frock, and face disfigured by weeping, followed them ; but her sulky looks prevented her companions from speaking to her, and she walked behind them in silence till they reached home.

There she was glad to look more agreeable, and ask Louisa for a needle and thread to mend her frock. The mending she could not do without some help from her sister, so that humbled and mortified, she was obliged to accept the good offices of Louisa, whom she had treated so unkindly.

The rent was repaired, and Marrion



thanked her sister, who was so good and kind, and with a countenance somewhat less troubled, went to her mother in the parlour.

Mrs. Wilder soon perceived traces of tears on Marrion's face, and suspecting all was not right, inquired of her the cause. She confessed that while crossing the bridge she had left her brothers and Louisa, and contrary to their advice had run very fast—that she had caught her frock in the railing and torn it—and that she had been very naughty indeed. Her mother was much grieved to hear this, and she advised Marrion to go by herself to her chamber, and reflect alone on the ill consequences of being passionate and angry on every slight occasion, and strive to correct those faults which would, if thus indulged in, make her miserable through life, and

not herself only, but all with whom she should associate. "I am glad," continued Mrs. Wilder, "that you have told me the *truth*. I have now much more confidence in your amendment than if you had sought to conceal or palliate your faults."

Marrion asked her mother's forgiveness, and retired to her room in tears, bitterly lamenting that her good purposes, which had in the morning made her so happy, had before night been forgotten and broken. Yet she felt the satisfaction which arose from having spoken the truth, and she knew that would restore her to favour sooner than any thing else.

When she was called to supper, she felt more assured and happy; and she went to her brothers and sister and asked them to excuse her ill behaviour,

and promised that she would not again destroy the pleasure of their walks. They readily granted her request, and kissed her affectionately, at the same time advising her daily to continue her efforts to conquer her faults, and encouraged her to think that she would quite subdue her passionate feelings.

This night Marrion went to bed more than ever convinced that she could not be happy without being good.

When she rose in the morning, Louisa told her she had good news, for their uncle William had arrived from New York, and was below.

Marrion was glad of this, for she loved her uncle very much, and she knew that he too loved her. She found, when she went below, that he had brought presents for them all, and she thought him very kind to think of his nephews



and nieces when he was far from them, and engaged in business.

“ Here Henry,” said he, “ is a telescope for you ; I know you will prize a gift of this sort.” And Henry, after expressing his thanks, hastened away to prove its powers. To Louisa was given a handsome work-box, filled with all things which would be useful and convenient to an industrious young lady. George was delighted with a box of tools, and declared, as he thanked his uncle, that he would lose no time in mending his mother’s flower-bench which had been accidentally broken. Marrion’s eyes sparkled with joy when she saw a large jointed doll taken from a case ; and the beautiful plaything was soon made her own. She would dress her, she said, very neatly. “ And I shall not let you be proud, miss baby ; you shall

wear a gingham frock in the morning, and plain cambric in the afternoon ; and I must give you a name, I suppose ; let me think, I will call you Louisa after my sister, for you look good like her.”

Marrion did not stop to talk any longer with her doll, but ran to beg of her mother materials for making clothes for her new favourite. Louisa had kindly offered her services in preparing her new namesake's wardrobe, and Marrion was all gaiety.

As her mother supplied her little work-basket with the necessary materials, she said, “ your doll, my little daughter, will afford you much amusement if you are good ; it will not bear rough treatment ; it will break unless gently used ; remember, though but seven years old, you can correct your faults and controul all impatient feelings,

if you are determined to try earnestly ; your sister has kindly offered to assist you ; comply with her directions, and thank her by your good-humour, more than by your words, for her disinterestedness in leaving her own employments to please you."

Marrion kissed and thanked her mother, and repeated again and again that she would try to be very good, and then ran away to seek Louisa, and begin her work. I assure you she looked very happy when she was seated by Louisa, putting together the little garments which had been neatly cut and fitted by her.

After this period, many months elapsed, and Marrion had given repeated instances of self-controul. Her parents and teachers now confided in her promises of amendment, and her school-



mates ceased to avoid her. She learnt daily that those only are respected and beloved who behave with propriety, and are amiable and good-tempered. She learnt too, that her comfort was in her own keeping, and that if she did well, she was certain of being useful as well as happy, for by her example others might be induced to improve their habits, and reform their faults. As she grew older she became more and more like her sister Louisa; and if ever she was disposed to be ill-humoured, she looked at the evil consequences which would follow, and avoided them.

One day when she had returned from school, she went into her garden, and what was her delight to see in the centre of it a beautiful rose-tree, from her mother's green-house.

Now this same rose-tree had long been

an object of desire to Marrion, and she had hoped that some time she should own that, or one like it. As she stooped down to count the buds, she saw a paper attached to one of the branches, on which was written these words :—" For a little girl whose faults are in part corrected, and whose temper is improved."—" That means me sure," said Marrion, with tears in her eyes ; " and I am so happy now," and she ran to meet Louisa, who was coming down the walk. " O I am happy now !" she exclaimed, " I will always be good." " You will always try, Marrion," said Louisa, " and I hope you will always succeed."—" I am sure I shall try," said she, again embracing her sister ; and they returned together to the house.

If I learn any thing further concerning Marrion, I promise to communicate it to my young readers ; but I assure

them, that at present there is every appearance of a thorough reformation as respects her faults of disposition, and I do not doubt if she lives to grow up, she will make a useful and happy woman.



THE  
YOUNG WEST INDIAN.

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CHAPTER I.

FRANCISCO GOMEZ was a native of Porto Rico. His father came from Castile, and owned a fine plantation in Francisco's native isle. Here the little boy was brought up in the greatest indulgence. He had a negro woman to take care of him, who was obliged to submit to all his ill-humours, which were not a few. When his playthings were lost or broken by his own carelessness, poor Juana was blamed, and when he climbed upon the sideboard or table, and fell off, Juana was scolded for the misfortune. All his

faults were laid upon others. In short, the little fellow was in a fair way to be spoiled.

It happened that, when he was seven years old, his father was visited by an American gentleman, who resided on Long Island, and had come to Porto Rico for his health. This gentleman, whose name was Wharton, was pleased with Francisco's quickness and intelligence, and felt an uncommon degree of concern to see him in the sure way to be ruined by a false mode of education.

During his residence at the plantation, he kindly endeavoured to gain the little fellow's affections, and cure him of some of his faults ; and, when his health was sufficiently restored to warrant his return to the United States, he proposed to Francisco's father to take him home

and have him brought up with his own son, who was about the same age.

This proposal was readily acceded to by the hospitable Spaniard, who was very willing that his son should have better advantages of instruction than it was possible to procure for him in Porto Rico ; and accordingly he sailed with his new friend in the month of April, from Porto Rico ; and when May was scattering its blossoms and dews upon the smiling land, they arrived at New York, and were soon after welcomed at Mr. Wharton's pleasant villa on Long Island.

Here Francisco was introduced to his friend's family, which consisted of Mrs. Wharton, her daughter Maria, fourteen years old, and Charles, his future companion and playmate. He was delighted



with the kindness and courtesy of his reception, and the first day of his residence at the villa was passed in the continual enjoyment of its novelty and beauty. Charles did the honours of the house, showed his new friend the garden, grounds, and orchards, took him to the cupola, on the top of the house, and showed him how to look through the telescope and spy out the vessels, spreading their white sails, and gliding majestically over the blue waters of the Sound.

He then conducted him into the library, showed him the pictures and busts which ornamented it, and by his father's permission, turned over the leaves of a book where there were beautiful coloured pictures of birds, and told him their names, and as much as he knew of their history.

Francisco was delighted. He ex-

hausted all the English exclamations of surprise and gratification, which he had learnt, and then had recourse to his own language. “*O Muy hermosa!*”\* was his praise of the blue jay.

“*Che grande cosa!*†” when he saw the bald eagle, and “*Chiquita*‡,” when a beautiful figure of the blue bird was presented.

Nor were the family less delighted with their new guest than he was with his new situation. His dark glossy hair, sparkling bright eyes, his animated gestures and sprightly prattle, half English and half Spanish, made him altogether a most interesting companion to Charles; certain little traits of honourable feeling,

\* “O very beautiful!”

† “What a grand affair!”

‡ “Pretty little creature;” or, “Dear little creature!”

which he soon betrayed, gained him high favour with Mrs. Wharton, and his lofty air and manly courtesy, when he walked up to Maria and made his bow, on being introduced, rendered that young lady a determined patroness. She called him her little cavalier, promised to be his friend, and, what was better, resolved to perform her promise.

Francisco's first day at the villa passed off to the satisfaction of all parties.



## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning rose clear and calm. It was one of the pleasantest in the pleasant month of May. The two friends were not required to commence their studies together until a week from Mr. Wharton's arrival, on account of certain occupations occasioned by his absence; and on this day they were to range about the grounds and garden.

Having provided themselves with a couple of hoops, they chose a green spot in front of the summer-house, and drove them about on the smooth shaven grass till they were tired; when Charles, seeing a sparrow fly up from beneath a bush, ran to the spot and found her nest, hidden very curiously, and concealed by the grass which grew round the bush.

He called to Francisco to come and see the pretty little eggs.

“*Oh! chiquitas! Oh! bonitas\**!” exclaimed he; “what very much little beautiful things! I have shall take them to our room, and hang up for to make elegant over the glass, as I was have seen in Porto Rico.”

“Oh no!” said Charles, “what will the poor little bird say when she comes home and finds her pretty house empty? She will call us robbers. Will it not be better to leave them, and come and pay her a visit when the little birds are here?”

“*Si Senor Don Carlo\**, we shall come and take the little birds and hang them up in a—what you call to put birds in?” said Francisco.

\* “Pretty little things.”

† “Yes, Master Charles.”

“A cage,” said Charles; “oh, that will be worse still. They would be very miserable in a cage. They could not fly. They could not use their wings; and I always think that more than half their pleasure is in flying about where they please.”

“Oh, but we could have them all the times, and hear them sing very much,” replied the young Creole.

“They would not sing so well as they do upon the trees,” said Charles. “Besides, if they should, it would not be right for us to keep the poor creatures shut up only to hear their songs. You would not like their music if you knew that they were unhappy in the cage, would you?”

“Oh! I did never think of that. You say true, *Senor Don Carlo*. We will



let the bird's pretty *casa*\* rest. We will not make unhappy the little bird."

Francisco was naturally generous, but he had so often been permitted to enjoy his own favourite pleasures without any regard to the feelings of those around him, that he was apt to be careless and thoughtless in this respect. Still, when the case was fairly brought home to his feelings, he always shewed that there were strong traits of humanity at the bottom of his character.

\* House.

## CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER morning the two friends played on the green in front of the summer-house. Francisco's hoop got entangled in a bush, and in giving a sudden jerk to disengage it, he threw it over the garden wall into the highway.

Francisco clambered upon the wall, and seeing a country boy, in a coarse dress, passing by, he called to him, in a loud commanding tone, to hand him his hoop. The boy was not used to have favours asked in the style in which Francisco had been accustomed to address his father's slaves. So he passed along, without taking notice of the order.

The little West Indian could not imagine that a boy in a mean dress would

have the insolence to disobey him. He thought that he had not been heard, and called still louder.

“ Bring to me my hoop this instant, *muchacho* \*.”

“ My name is not Muchacher, and you may pick up your hoop yourself, my young spark,” said the boy.

By this time Charles, who had been in a distant part of the grounds, came up, and found his friend in a great rage.

He was afraid to jump from the wall, across a ditch, which was on the outside of it, and he hastily scrambled down into the garden, declaring that he would go out by the gate and chastise the fellow for his insolence.

“ What is the matter ? what has he done ?” said Charles.

\* Boy !



“ *Senor Don Carlo*, the vile *picaro*\* has insulted me. I like not that. I must punish him. My father is an old Castilian, Do you think I will have myself be insulted ?”

“ But, my dear Francisco, the boy is bigger than you, you will only get a beating for your trouble,” said Charles, standing before him, and laying both hands on his shoulders.

“ A beating is a thousand times more honourable than to have myself be insulted, and not resent it.”

“ But how has he insulted you ?”

“ I have order him to bring my hoop, and he have tell me to bring it myself.”

Charles saw how the case stood, but it was with the greatest difficulty that he detained his friend in the garden until

\* Rogue !

the boy was gone out of sight, when he went out by the gate and brought in the hoop. But Francisco refused to play any more, and laid himself down in sullen silence on the grass, apparently meditating on the wound which his Spanish honour had received.

It was in vain that Charles reasoned with him, and tried to convince him that it was not a most grievous and unpardonable insult. His quick eye had caught the expression of the boy's face, and, although he did not understand all the words, yet the look of cool indifference which accompanied them, could not be mistaken.

Charles then shifted his ground, and tried to impress upon his friend the duty of forgiving his enemies, supposing the boy to be one of them. But Francisco's temper was too much ruffled to receive

any advantage from this affectionate and eloquent appeal to the Christian standard of duty, and he was obliged to wait for a calmer and more suitable hour to resume the subject.

In the mean time he laid the whole transaction before his parents, and earnestly besought them to use their endeavours to eradicate from his friend's bosom this terrible thirst for revenge, the result of a bad system of early education.



## CHAPTER IV.

THE young friends passed a delightful summer, pursuing their studies together under the instruction of Mr. and Mrs. Wharton, who were indefatigable in their attention to the temper and disposition, as well as the mental cultivation, of their interesting pupils.

Francisco made rapid progress in his studies, learned to speak English with purity, and his little faults were one by one corrected, and many were the affectionate counsels which he received from his friends concerning his great fault, an unforgiving spirit. But for a long time their care in this respect seemed to be unproductive of any permanent change. The habit of resenting an insult, whether

real or fancied, appeared to be implanted in his nature, and he sometimes broke through all restraint to pursue his revenge.

The worst of it all was, that he seemed to have settled it in his mind, as a principle, that honour required this conduct of him, and he could not be made to feel that religion forbad it. The reasonings of his friends appeared hardly to satisfy him. The truth was, that his heart had not yet been affected with that beauty of holiness which appears in the exercise of the Christian duty of forgiveness.

One afternoon the two friends obtained permission to sail in a little boat upon the Sound, attended by the gardener, who was to manage the boat. They carried a basket of cakes and fruit, and went off in high glee. As they sailed

along, enjoying the sunny prospect on either shore, and watching the white sea birds, as they circled about over their heads, they came close along-side a boat anchored not far from the shore, in which there sat a boy fishing. He looked up as they passed, and Francisco at a glance recognised the boy who had so sorely offended him, by not complying with his peremptory order to pick up his hoop, and whom he had never afterwards beheld until that moment.

In an instant he turned ghastly pale, and before Charles, who was watching a distant sail, observed what he was about, he hastily grasped a boat-hook, and, stepping upon the gunwale of the boat, aimed a blow at the boy's head, calling out at the same moment,

“ Villain, it was you who insulted me, take that!”



The boy eluded the blow, and the boat inclining at the same moment, Francisco's foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the water, and borne away by the force of a strong current. Charles screamed, but as he could not swim he dared not follow him. The gardener was equally helpless in this respect; but the boy in the boat instantly sprung after him, and catching hold of his arm as his head rose from the water, he swam with him to the boat from which he had fallen, and without much difficulty they succeeded in lifting him into it. He then left his own boat, and they bore away for the shore; and, landing, carried Francisco, who was still insensible, to a house close by the water's edge.

Here the application of proper remedies soon brought him to his senses, and

with many tears and much humility, he besought his deliverer to pardon his offence. The danger to which he had been exposed, and his sense of God's goodness in preserving his life, had completely humbled him; and the noble example of forgiveness in the boy, made his own desire of revenge appear mean and contemptible.

From that day forward Francisco was never known to indulge in his former grievous fault, and to the latest hour of his life he showed, by example as well as precept, how much better it is to forgive than to revenge an injury.

END OF VOL. I.









