Reginald. B. Shuckleburgh

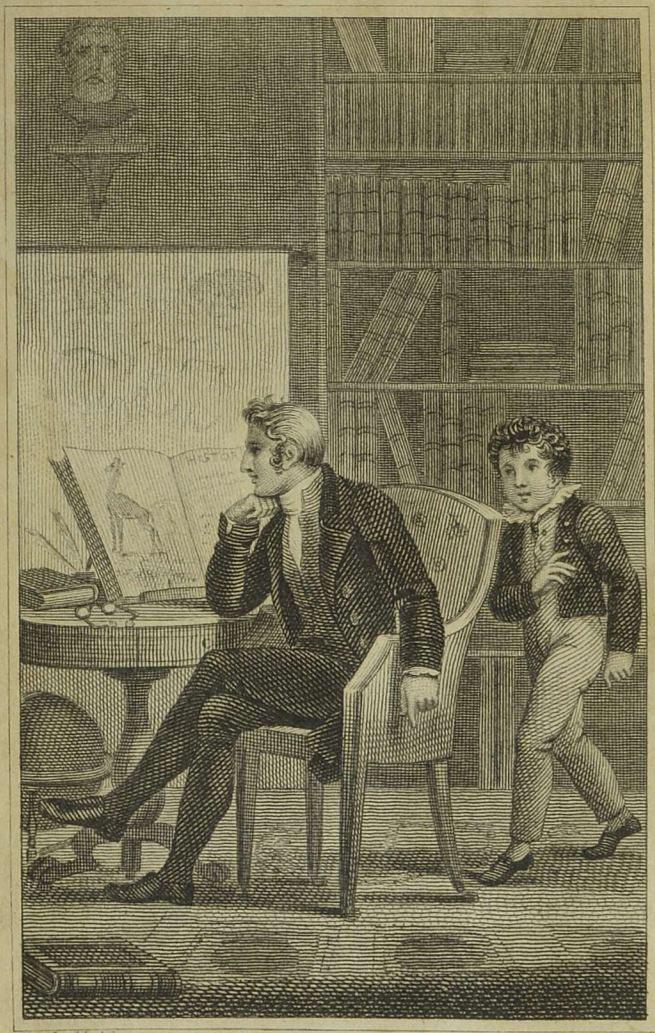
May - 1840

Given to him by his

Mama as a reward for

keeping his books in

order.



H. Corbould del. Springsguth sculp.

——"I crept softly behind his chair"——

page 17.

London, Published by Baldwin & Cradock, July 1829.

THE

PARENT'S OFFERING;

OR,

INTERESTING TALES

FOR

YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE BARNARD.

A NEW EDITION, WITH THE ADDITION OF

THE NOISE, THE REFUSAL,

AND

THE HEAP OF STONES.

ORNAMENTED WITH A FINE FRONTISPIECE.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR BALDWIN AND CRADOCK.

1829

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CONTENTS.

THE

PARENT'S OFFERING.

THE KIND TUTOR.

"A wise Son maketh a glad Father, but a foolish Son is the heaviness of his Mother."—PROVERBS, CHAP. X. VER. I.

I WAS born at my father's country-seat in Somersetshire, the heir of a large estate, the hopes of my family, and the idol of my mother. My father went abroad when I was an infant, and is but just returned to England; so that the care of my youth was entirely left to my mother.

Almost the first thing that I recollect, was my sorrow at the departure of a favourite nursery-maid, who was sent away because she had ventured to punish me for striking one of her fellow-servants.—Unfortunately, mamma happened to come into the room just at the moment when I was locked up in a closet, and was kicking against the door with all my might and main, and roaring

loudly. I heard however somebody coming into the nursery:—so I listened, and heard mamma say, What is all this? What is the matter?—Where is my child?

He is a very naughty boy, my Lady, replied Sally, and I could do nothing with him; so I have locked him up in that closet, till he promises to behave better, my Lady.

For shame, Sally! said mamma. Do not you know, I positively forbid any servant in my house to punish my child without my leave?

Mamma now tried to open the door, to release me from my confinement; but she could not, as it was locked.

Where is the key of this door? said mamma angrily.

I have got it in my pocket, said Sally, I will unlock the door this instant, if it is your Ladyship's wish.

Sally opened the door, and I ran to mamma, crying and sobbing, and hiding my face in her bosom. Mamma took me in her lap, smothering me with kisses, while I looked triumphantly at Sally, and enjoyed to hear her scolded.

Poor dear child! said mamma, placing my hair in order round my face, and drying my tears:—he has almost cried himself into a fever.—Indeed, Sally, I am very angry; and if any thing of this

In vain my poor mamma endeavoured to appease me, and told me it was impossible. The more she said, the more I cried. At last mamma was tired out with me, and rang the bell for nurse.

Here, nurse, said she, try what you can do with the child; for I am tired to death with him, and I cannot make him happy. For Heaven's sake stop his crying, if you can!

Blessings be good unto us! said the fat old lady, beginning with her old-fashioned sayings, What was the matter with the sweet cherub? Who was it has affronted my pretty boy? Come to its own nurse, and no one shall dare to vex him; and he shall have every thing he wants,—a darling! Come, and feel in old nurse's pockets, and hear a pretty story—come!

But I was too much accustomed to all this jargon of nonsense to feel its effects. I struggled and shrieked the louder.

Oh stop his cries! stop his crying, for pity's sake! said mamma; and she threw herself back on the sofa, and burst into tears.

I had never seen mamma cry before. I stopped the horrid noise I was making, and stared at her with surprise. I saw old nurse trudge off, and return in a great hurry with a glass of water, and at the same time hold something to mamma's nose,

and I heard her say,—Indeed, my Lady, you should not have the child so long: you have quite turmoiled yourself, my Lady. I thought to myself, Then it is *I* who have made poor mamma ill. I believe I was frightened, for I did not make another sound, but went up to mamma, and took her hand and kissed it. I do not know how long mamma was ill, or any thing about it; for I was then taken to bed directly.

Scarcely a day passed that I did not cry for Sally's return, and I let mamma have no peace, so determined was I to have my own way; particularly as I overheard mamma tell nurse, she thought I grew thin with fretting for Sally, and she believed I must have my own way at last.

One evening mamma told me I should write a little note to Sally, to beg her to come back; and that I should send her a new gown as a present. I was very much pleased at this, and sat down to dictate to mamma, who wrote the note for me, though I do not know if she wrote exactly what I told her. It ran thus:

"My dear nursery-maid Sally,

"Why did you go away from me?—I should have grown good again if you had staid. Besides, I wished you to stay. You should not mind my crying and being naughty, because you are a

servant. I send you a gown for a present; and you must come back to me directly, for I want you, and I will be a good boy."

This was the note I sent, and the following was the answer:

"My honoured Master, my dear Lord Henry,

"I am very much obliged to your Lordship for doing me the honour to write to me, and to wish for me back again. Indeed, I should be very happy to come back to you, seeing you are so good to desire it, if so be it were in my power: but I am in place. I am nursery-maid to Mrs. Mills, and have got the care of two little boys, who are very good, and very fond of me. I return your Lordship many thanks for the pretty gown sent, and shall keep it for your Lordship's sake. I beg my humble duty to your honoured mamma; and wishing you all health and happiness, I am Lord Henry's obedient

"and very humble servant,

"Sally Meadows.

"P. S. I take the liberty of sending your Lordship some puzzles, which I hope will amuse."

Luckily for mamma, I happened to be very much pleased with these puzzles, as I had never seen them before; and they engaged my attention so much, that I quite forgot Sally, and very soon left off talking about her.

My health became very delicate; I was constantly ill. I took no pleasure in any of my playthings, though my nursery contained toys enough to have made half the little boys in the kingdom quite happy. Though I was a great boy, and had been in breeches two years, I was constantly being petted up in mamma's or in my old nurse's lap. I never went out except in the carriage, for mamma was afraid of my walking, thinking it would fatigue me.

On the birthday that I was six years old, mamma made me a present of a beautiful little pony, with a little bridle and saddle:—and now I never either walked or went in the carriage, but rode out every day with a servant on each side of me; one to hold me, and the other to lead my pony. I was very much pleased at first with this, because it was something new; so I rode every day, and all day long, till very soon I became as tired of my pony as the rest of my pleasures.

One day, as I was slowly riding on, being led a foot-pace, and yawning incessantly, I passed by a boys' play-ground; it was full of boys, who seemed very busy and very happy. They were all engaged at some play or other; not one was idle. In one corner some little fellows were stooping down in a ring, playing at marbles; at another part of the ground, a great tall boy was flying a kite, and

some little ones standing round him, jumping and hallooing as it mounted in the air. Not far off, a party were eager in the heat of a game at trap-ball; and on the most even part of the green a set of bigger ones, with their coats and waistcoats thrown off, were in the middle of a cricket match. The boy who was in was playing very well, and was sending the ball to a great distance. I longed to try and play, for I fancied I could do just the same, though I never handled a cricket-bat in my life.

Lift me off!—lift me off! I said, impatient to dismount the pony. I want to go and play at cricket.

Indeed, my Lord, said James, your Lordship mustn't go into that there play-ground among them rude boys; your Lordship will be hurt. Your mamma will never forgive me.

Let me get down, Thomas, for I will go; let me get down, I say.

In vain the poor servants tried to dissuade me; down I would get, and on the play-ground I ran.

Holloa!—What's that little fellow getting in my way for? called out the boy that was in. Get out of the way, you little numskull! or you'll be knocked down with the ball.

Give me the bat, I called out, I want to play,

and will play. I am Lord Henry ———, and you must do what I tell you; give me the bat.

At this the boys began to laugh and point at me; some called me names:—Give *you* the bat! said one of them; Yes, I 'll give it you; and he lifted it up and was preparing to strike me with it; but James ran up and prevented him.

I began to set up a loud cry, when a good-natured boy came up to me with a bat in his hand, and said, Come! you shall have a try, if you 've a mind; only leave off blubbering, and I will lend you my bat.

O yes! come, said they all, let's see what sort of a hand his little snivelling lordship is at cricket.

I snatched up the bat very proudly, and was going to show off, and play very finely, when I found it was so heavy I could scarcely lift it, much less strike a ball with it. I threw it down in a great passion, and set up one of my most tremendous roars.

Take me away, Thomas,—take me away, James, —Thomas, take me away,—take me home to mamma!

The servants hastened up to me, and carried me off in their arms; the boys all following after me, jeering and hooting all the way I went.

And now are not you almost tired of hearing of

my follies and passions? Well, have patience, I am soon coming to a pleasanter part of my history.

I did not see so much of mamma as usual; for she was very often so ill, she could not leave her room, and I was not allowed to go to her, for fear of making her headache worse.

One day as I was standing at my nursery-window, I saw a carriage drive up to the door. It was my uncle come to pay mamma a visit. He staid some time at our house; and he used to have very long conversations with mamma, and used to make her cry very often. I do not know what they talked about, for they spoke in a low voice; but I could perceive they were talking about me, and I used to try and listen to hear what they said.

Once I heard my uncle say, What is to be done, my dear sister? he is more than six years old; he should really be at school by this time; he knows nothing. His father will be disappointed in him. Besides, consider your own health.

Then I heard mamma say, I cannot, I cannot indeed, my dear brother, I cannot send him from me. And this was all I could hear.

The morning my uncle was going away, he took me on his knee, and said to me, My dear Henry, listen to me:—you have a new friend coming to live with you; he is a very wise, good man; he will be called your Tutor: if you are sensible

enough to be obedient and kind to him, he will soon grow very fond of you, and he will make you much happier than you are now. Nobody can be happy till they have learned to be good, and this kind tutor will teach you to be good and happy. God bless you, and give you grace to become so!

My uncle jumped into his carriage, kissed his hand to me, and was out of sight in a minute.

One day after my uncle had been gone some weeks, my maid Susan took hold of my hand and told me to come with her. I had not seen mamma for nearly two days. Susan led me quite to the other end of our great house, and took me into the furthest room, quite at the end of a long gallery, a great way off from my nursery, which adjoined mamma's room.

Here, said she, when she had shut the door, this is your new nursery, and here you are to remain; here you are out of your poor dear mamma's hearing, and you may scream and roar ever so loud, and she will not be disturbed with your passions. Your poor mamma is very ill indeed, and it's all your doing, you naughty child! She is quite worn out, and you'll be the death of her at last.

I pouted out my lips at this speech of Susan's, but I did nothing more. My attention was called off at the sight of my *new* nursery. Far from being displeased with it, I liked it very much, because it

was new. My little bed was brought into it, and the maids were bringing in all my toys by apron-fuls.

I went up to my rocking-horse, which stood in the corner, and patting it, asked him how he liked his new stables. I hopped and jumped from one end of the room to the other, and felt happier than I had been for some days. I shudder to think how very selfish I must have been, to be so engrossed with my own pleasure as not to be at all sorry when I heard my poor mamma was very ill.

Day after day passed away, and I was never once allowed to go and see her. I suppose she must have been very ill indeed; for I used to watch at the window, and I saw a great many doctors and physicians coming all day long to see her. I believe I was not at all aware of mamma's danger; for I do not recollect feeling much alarmed, or grieved, on account of her illness, though I grew every day more miserable at not being allowed to see her.

I was weary, however, of scolding and crying, for it was now of no avail. Susan took advantage of being out of mamma's hearing, as she called it, and scolded and punished me all day long.

It was to no purpose that I cried out, I want to go to mamma!—Pray take me to mamma! The doors were only shut the closer, and the less

chance there was of my being taken into her sick room.

And now I think any body might have pitied me, for I was quite weary of every thing;—weary of crying,—weary of being in a passion,—weary of my playthings,—weary of myself. With red sunk eyes, and a beating head, I sat in a corner of my nursery, speaking to nobody, and nobody speaking to me. The pop visits of my poor old nurse, who came in whenever she could spare a moment from mamma, and was sure to bring me something to please me in her pockets, were all the comfort I had.

Oh! said Susan, one day,—I shall never forget her face while she was speaking,—I've heard a fine piece of news,—good news for your Lordship, and good news for us all;—there's a certain person coming, who will soon teach your Lordship another story than to sit moping in a corner all day long: then, I take it, there'll be lessons to learn,—and copies to write,—and a good caning into the bargain now and then, when it is wanted. Oh, it will be a good thing, my little master, when you are taken into tight hands! Ay, ay, Mr. Hartley will set all to rights, I'll warrant me.

In this manner did Susan make the idea of my tutor terrific and odious to me; and I dreaded his arrival, as if he had been a sea-monster coming to devour me. Soon after, I saw, by the smiles and

mysterious faces of the servants, that some event had happened; and at last I was told, my uncle was come to see me, and had brought with him Mr. Hartley, my tutor.

I was now dressed very nicely, and told that I was to go down into the drawing-room. In spite of the dread I felt for my tutor, I was happy at being taken down stairs once more, and going to see my uncle, of whom I was very fond; and above all, at getting away from my nursery, and from Susan.

Without any resistance, therefore, I suffered myself to be dressed and taken down. When I got into the drawing-room, I ran up to my uncle, and threw my arms round his neck. I believe he was very much pleased with my doing this, for he pressed me to his bosom very closely.

He said to me, My dear Henry! do you remember the kind friend I promised to bring to you? Here he is. Go and shake hands with him.

I made no answer; but clung closer to my uncle, and hid my face in his coat.

I heard a voice say, Do not be afraid to look at me, Lord Henry; I am your friend.

Oh fie, Henry! said my uncle, do not be so childish, or I shall be quite ashamed of you,—and Mr. Hartley will think you are a baby.

Still I remained unchanged in my position. I heard my uncle and tutor whispering together, and shortly after they talked aloud about a great many things, but not a word about me.

As soon as I found they took no notice of me, I began to move. I just ventured to look round, and take a sly peep at the stranger,—then quickly hid my face again;—this I did several times—but no notice at all was taken of me.—My uncle went on with his discourse;—so by degrees I turned round on my uncle's lap, and made a bold stare at my tutor.—To say the truth, I was agreeably surprised at his appearance. He was not that ugly, old, frightful monster I had fancied him; and he did not wear a wig, as I had seen in the picture; so that I was not at all frightened at him, though he was dressed all in black, and wore spectacles.

Seeing me look at him, he offered me his hand again; but I frowned, and would not shake hands with him. I put my mouth close to my uncle's ear, and very gently whispered him to take me up to mamma.

I cannot, said my uncle; poor mamma is ill,—I do not even go to see her myself, because I fear to disturb her.

Every day, however, and almost every hour,—certainly every time I saw my uncle,—I repeated

my request, Pray take me to see mamma. He always answered me with, By and by,—Presently,—When she gets better, &c.

One morning I was taken down to the library, as Susan said, to begin my "schooling." I found my tutor there alone. He was sitting at a table, with several large books before him. I supposed that these were all books which I was to learn to read out of; and as I hated the thoughts of reading or learning, I determined I would not do either;—so I kept for some time in a corner of the room, and did not go near Mr. Hartley, or his table, or his books.

To my great surprise, Mr. Hartley took no notice of me at all: he neither spoke, nor looked at me, but continued turning over the leaves of his book with great attention. I expected every instant he would call me to him,—but no such thing,—he rested his hand on his head, and did not speak a word. As he turned over the leaves, I thought I saw pictures in his book, and I crept softly behind his chair, and peeped over his shoulder to look.

There I saw in his great book nothing but beautiful pictures of birds, and beasts, and insects, of all sorts and kinds. I was very fond of things of this sort, and never did I see any thing that excited my curiosity so much; but I longed to see them more comfortably; for I was standing up on the bar of

my tutor's chair, straining my little neck to peep: and my tutor turned them over so quick, I could hardly see them.

For the first time I ventured to speak to my tutor. I said to him in a timid voice, May I look at those pictures?

I will show them to you with great pleasure, said he. Will you come and sit by me and see them?

Yes, I will, said I joyfully; and he seated me by him, and told me the names of them all, one after another. There were lions, and tigers, and a rhinoceros, and a giraffe, and hyænas, and birds of all sorts and colours. I never had seen any thing half so beautiful before.

I asked a great many questions, and *my kind Tutor* answered them all in the most obliging manner, though they were very silly questions. I stopped him every minute to ask him, if that lion was stronger than that bear; if that elephant could conquer that sea-horse, and such foolish questions as those.—My tutor smiled; but he answered them all.

When we had got about half way through the second book, the bell rang, and Susan, tiresome, cruel Susan, came to fetch me to dinner.

Go away, Susan, said I pettishly; I do not want my dinner; I can't come.

Hearken to me, my little boy, said my tutor. I have shown you a great many pretty pictures, and

I have a great many more still to show you; and besides, I have got a pretty story to read to you about them all; but I read and show pictures only to good boys; to those who are docile and obedient. If you wish to come back to me, and to see what I have got to show you, you know the conditions.

I will be good, said I. Take me to dinner, Susan; and I went away directly.

Thus ended my first day's *schooling*, that I had dreaded so much.—Oh, how impatient I was for the time to come, that I might go again to my tutor and his pictures! I was now quite cheerful and happy, for I had a pleasure to look forward to; and whenever I was going to be peevish or froward, I was put in mind of what my tutor had said, and I stopped myself instantly.

The next morning came at last. Oh, make haste, Susan! said I, dear good Susan, make haste and take me down.

Hey! what!—bless me! how unaccountable! how surprising! said Susan, as she combed my hair. —In a hurry to go down to lessons, forsooth!— There must be something at the bottom of all this. I can't make it out, for my part.

I went, or rather ran down to the library, burst open the door, placed the chair myself by my tutor's side, and then exclaimed, Now for the pictures!

Now for the pictures! echoed my tutor with

equal exultation; and he went on to show me all I had not seen the day before.

Then, according to his promise, he took another great book; and while I was examining the picture, he read me an account of the animal I was looking at. I listened to him with great delight; and if he stopped for a minute, I remember, I exclaimed, Oh, go on, pray go on! read some more, pray read more! I believe my tutor was pleased at this, for he always smiled, and read on again directly.

At last, however, he stopped in the middle of a very interesting anecdote about a wolf and a lamb. I was listening breathless to know the fate of the poor little lamb, when my tutor stopped short, and shut his book.

More of this another day, said he.

Oh! was the poor little lamb killed? said I. Do tell me, my dear tutor.

You shall hear that when you come to me to-morrow, replied he. The sun shines. I must take my walk while it is fine.

Won't you take me with you? said I. I will be very good.

I should have great pleasure in your company, my dear Lord Henry, but I shall walk faster than you ride. Besides, I would rather not walk with the servants, who must attend your pony.

Oh! but I do not want my pony, or any servants; I would rather walk with you alone, and then we can talk about the wolf and the lamb as we go along.

Come along then, said he; so we can, and so we will.

My tutor then took hold of my hand, and led me through some pretty fields and lanes, talking to me all the way, and showing me a great many of the insects and birds that I had just seen in the pictures.

So we went on, and I became every day more fond of my tutor: indeed, I think I had never loved any body so well before. He made quite a different boy of me: I was well, and good, and cheerful: but I was not yet quite happy, for I had not yet seen mamma. I heard however that she was getting better; and I never left off asking my uncle to take me to see her.

One day I thought to myself I would ask my kind tutor to allow me to go to mamma. He never refused me any thing that was proper for me; and if it was improper, he explained to me why it was so. I therefore went up to him with my old petition.

Pray, dear Mr. Hartley, said I, when do you think I may be allowed to go and see my dear mamma?

My dear Lord Henry, said he, I will make interest for you, and I think you will then be allowed

to see her this very evening. Your friends, my dear boy, have thought it necessary hitherto to keep you from your poor mother, because they knew you to be once a perverse fretful child, who could not be depended upon for not indulging his passions in his mother's sick room. But I will tell them what I really think to be the case, and what will give them all joy and comfort,—that Lord Henry is an altered child; that they need no longer be afraid of him; that he will carry nothing but peace and comfort to his fond mother.

I threw my arms around my tutor's neck, and burst into tears. Oh tell them this!—tell them this, my dear, kind tutor! tell them this, and let me see mamma.

Mr. Hartley told me to compose myself, and then left the room. I suppose he went, as he had promised, to make interest for me, for in a little time, in came my good old nurse.

Come, my sweet one, said she,—you are to come and see dear mamma at last. Come along, my dear young master; but be sure now you fall into none of your *figaries;* and he shall have some cake when he comes out of mamma's room, if he behaves well.

I remember I felt very indignant at this speech of nurse's, and thought she might as well leave off talking to me as if I were a baby. But I did not

much care for any thing, or any body, just at this moment, so great was my delight.

Hush! hush! said nurse (holding her finger to her nose), you must be very quiet, my dear.

When the door opened I saw mamma lying on a sofa, and my uncle sitting by her. I crept in on tiptoe with my finger to my lips. I think mamma and my uncle were pleased to see me come in so softly, for they looked at one another, and smiled.

Oh, my dear George! I shall never, never forget what I felt when I got close up to mamma, and saw how she was altered since I had seen her. Young as I was, this made a great impression on me, for I really hardly knew my own mamma. Her cheeks and lips, which used to be so very rosy, were quite white; her eyes dim and sunk in her head; and she looked terribly thin.

When mamma put her arms round me and kissed me, I felt her cry, for her tears wetted my cheeks and hands. I felt quite inclined to cry too, but was afraid nurse would call me to account, and take me away; so I swallowed and choked, and prevented my tears from coming. Mamma then made signs for me to sit upon the pillow by her; and there I sat, and mamma smiled and looked at me, but she did not speak. I believe she was too weak to talk.

I then whispered in her ear, and asked her when she would be well; and she said gently, Soon, love! —I could ask no more questions, for I was then taken away, with a promise of coming again.

The next time I went to see mamma, she seemed much better, and I talked to her a good deal, and told her how much I loved my tutor, and what nice things he taught me, and what pretty books he had got; and I do believe that my talking made her better, for I saw the colour come into her cheek as I spoke;—and she cried and laughed with joy.

After this mamma got better and better every day; and I grew daily more good, more happy, and more fond of my tutor. I got on with my studies; for I minded all he said to me, and did whatever he desired me. And the pictures and the stories were now only produced after lessons were over.

Mamma got quite well, and came down stairs, and rode in her carriage the same as ever. My tutor said to me one day,

Look, Henry! look at your fond and indulgent mother. A little while ago she was on the brink of the grave. You, her only child, had almost broken her heart; but God in his mercy has saved her to you. Oh! be grateful to him for this bless-

ing! Cherish your mother! and by your good conduct and filial attention repay her for all her cares, and prove in future the comfort of her life.

These were the words of my kind tutor. They made an impression on my heart. I have remembered them ever since, and I hope and trust I shall never forget them.

THE BET WON.

In the pretty village of * * * lived Cecily, the sole companion of an infirm and widowed mother. She was about fourteen years old, and was so remarkable for sweetness of temper, prudence, industry, and discretion, that she was universally beloved; and in the village where she dwelt, she went by the name of the *good Cecily*. Her poor mother, from an unfortunate accident, had become a cripple, to such a degree, that she could not walk across the room, or get up and down stairs, without great difficulty and pain. What a sad state must that be, when an unfortunate creature can never hope any more to walk in the fields, and enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine, which God has given to cheer the heart of man! Her health and spirits were broken in consequence; and her life would have been almost a burden, had it not been sweetened by the affectionate and assiduous cares of her virtuous child.

Cecily and her mother were placed above the

condition of the absolutely destitute, yet many comforts were wanting which their slender means were unable to procure; and poor Cecily, whose industry was their chief resource, was obliged to see her mother languish for many comforts which she was unable to purchase. The profits of her labour supplied their daily sustenance, and any extra earnings, or chance supply of means, she as regularly applied to the procuring some little gratification for her helpless parent.

It was one fine evening in the beginning of spring, that Cecily's mother (weak and infirm, and yet eager to enjoy the return of sunshine and mild weather) expressed a wish that she had money to purchase a Bath chair, that belonged to her next door neighbour, and which he was willing to dispose of for the small sum of one guinea. A Bath chair, we must observe, for the sake of those who have not seen one, is a chair with wheels, made for the use of those who cannot walk, and therefore large enough to accommodate a grown person, and is drawn with ease along the level ground, by a servant, or even by a boy or girl of ten or twelve years of age.

Immediately it became the first wish in the tender heart of Cecily to procure this comfort for her mother, and she resolved, that all her little

savings should for the future be stored up for this purpose.

One morning, as Cecily was returning from milking the cows at the great farm, which was one of her daily tasks, she was met by Reuben, a young peasant boy, who usually happened to be in the way upon these occasions, and always helped to carry her pails to the house. Reuben was a simple industrious lad: he had been bred up to labour by his good father; and he was renowned in the village for his industrious activity, and dutiful attention to his parents. From his youth his father had taught him to be mindful of his duty. "Reuben, my boy (he would often say), *duty first, and pleasure afterwards:*" and this maxim he was ever mindful of. He was always the first at his work, and the last to leave it. His garden flourished better than any of his neighbour's; and whenever there was any good to be done, Reuben was the head and the promoter of it.

Reuben was fond of Cecily: he liked her better than any girl in the village. He had known her from her infancy, and he found that her temper and habits were well suited to his own. Whenever he saw her she was busied in doing some good. He never could remember to have seen her, like some of the young girls in the village,

standing at the door, or playing idly in the road. She was always employed, and in the service of her mother. Cecily, for her part, regarded Reuben with equal kindness: they shared each other's labours and pleasures, and felt mutually happy in each other's society. When Cecily had planned her scheme about the Bath chair, her first wish was to communicate it to Reuben, and to ask his advice upon the subject.

I wish the chair was mine, said Reuben; you should have it and welcome, this very minute.

Thank you for your kind intentions, Reuben, she replied; but I could not, you know, have it this minute, as I could not pay for it.

Pay for it, Cecily! Do you think I should wish you to *pay* me for it?

I do not know what you would wish, Reuben, but I know that my mother would not like me to accept it from you, without doing so; and I must attend to her wishes first.

Ah! that is true, Cecily; that is just like you, and just as my father taught me—"*Duty first.*" That is right,—quite right.

But it is of no use to talk of what we *would* do, dear Reuben; I want to think about what we *can* do. The chair will cost about one guinea; I fear the summer will be over before I can supply that money merely from my own savings.

Reuben considered some time: at length he replied, What can we do? Let us see: Miss Montfort's birthday is coming on, and then you will be sure of one shilling at least. I wish it was Lady Ellena's custom to give us all twenty shillings apiece instead of one, said he, laughing.

I am glad you put me in mind of this, said Cecily: let us see, this is the seventh of May,—it only wants seven days to the fourteenth: then, as you say, I shall be sure of one shilling at least, and that will be a beginning.—I must have a little patience; that will be the best thing after all.

By this time Cecily and Reuben had reached the farm, and were forced to part to their several occupations.

The fourteenth of May at length arrived, and there were to be as usual grand doings at the great house. It was the custom of Lady Ellena Montfort to celebrate the anniversary of her daughter's birthday, by making it a holiday and a day of festivity in the village. All the young peasantry ceased from their work on that day, and dressed in their best attire. They carried baskets of flowers to the great house, and were each presented with a cake and a shilling; after which they repaired to the village green, and spent the remainder of the day in rural sports and dancing.

Cecily went with the rest, gaily dressed, and ob-

tained her prize; but when they were going together to the green, she excused herself from accompanying them.

My mother, said she, is very ill to-day; I cannot leave her: I must return home directly. I hope you will have a pleasant day, said she, smiling, as she parted from them; never mind me.

Yes, but we do mind you, they all exclaimed, running up to her, and taking hold of her gown to detain her; we shall have no pleasure if you are not here: we cannot dance unless you sing for us.

Reuben will play for you, said she, looking at Reuben to support her on this occasion; he will play and sing too, much better than I can. As she looked at him, she observed his eyes were filled with tears.

Must you leave us? said he sorrowfully.

If I do not leave you, I must leave my mother, who is ill and wants me, said she.

It would be selfish in us to detain her; she must go, said Reuben, very seriously; she will have much more pleasure in nursing her sick mother than in staying here. Go, Cecily; I will play for them.

Upon hearing this, they consented to part with her; and she was almost out of sight, when little Patty went running after her, calling out, Cecily! stop, Cecily! Let me come with you. I cannot play without you.

Cecily made a sign to her to go back; but the little girl persevered in running, till in her haste to catch hold of Cecily, she let her portion of cake fall into the dirt.

It is well you did not fall yourself as well as your cake, said Cecily; but dry your eyes, little girl, and here is my cake for you, which you are quite welcome to.

Little Patty threw her arms round Cecily's neck, and kissed her again and again. She durst not follow any longer, but she did not return to the green till Cecily was quite out of sight.

By degrees the loss of Cecily was forgotten, and the young party engaged eagerly in the sports of the day. Towards evening it was proposed that they should join their money together in general contribution to buy cakes and fruit, to make a feast and supper on the green.

Nay, I think that will be but a bad plan, said Reuben; for when the feast is over, we shall be no better than we were before.

Many were of this opinion; but there were others who enjoyed the idea of a *feast* very much. It was a difficult point to settle.

Let us put it to the vote, said one.

Agreed, said they all. Feast, or no feast! All for the feast hold up your hands. They held them up. Now count.

The numbers were even; ten held up their hands, and ten kept them down.

Oh, dear! how shall we manage now? said they; this is unlucky. Now if Cecily had been here, this could not have happened; her vote would decide it. Oh! we know well enough what her vote would have been; we should never have got to the sight of her money.

Oh, no! said another, she never spends a farthing for herself, or for any one but her mother.

I wish we could any how get at her shilling, though, said one of the *feastites;* for I do long for the supper; but it is a thing quite impossible, is not it, Reuben?

No, replied Reuben, not at all. I will bet you all any thing you please, that she gives me her shilling directly I ask her for it.

Yes, yes, we understand you, said they; indeed you are very clever, but we are up to you,—you mean that you will never ask her for it.

Indeed I do not mean so, he replied.

Oh, I am certain, said they with one voice, you would never ask Cecily for her money;—we defy you to do it.

But what will you *bet?* said Reuben.

Our shilling, said they.

Adone, said he, laughing: if I win my bet, I

receive a shilling from all of you; if I lose, I pay one to each.

Right, said they, that will be quite fair,—but with one condition: that you let one of us go with you as a witness, to hear that you do not tell Cecily that there is a bet depending upon her generosity, and to see that she, and she only, gives you her shilling.

Very well, said Reuben; but if you make conditions, I must be allowed to make them also.

Yes, that is but fair; let us hear them, they replied.

I have only one to make, said he, which is this: that if I win the bet, your money shall be paid to Cecily, not to me.

Oh, certainly, said they; to any body you please, when you have won it; so choose your witness, begone, and make haste back.

We must now return to Cecily's cottage. Her mother was very ill, she had not slept during the night, and she was feverish. Cecily had taken all the pains she could to compose her to sleep. She would not suffer a sound to be made in the house, but remained watching by her mother's bedside till about four o'clock in the day, when her mother fell into a sound sleep. Cecily was almost afraid to breathe, lest it should waken her. She sat mo-

tionless by the bed, looking first at the shilling she held in her hand, then at her poor mother.

I wonder how long it will be, thought she, before this becomes a guinea, and enables me to buy for my mother what she so much wishes for. Perhaps that time will never come; well, I do not deserve it should. I must do my best, and then prepare for being disappointed.

Again she thought how very pleasant it would be to be able to draw her mother about in the fields and lanes; and what a deal of good it would do her; I do believe it would bring the colour back into her pale cheeks: she may well be pale, poor dear soul! she who is so lame she can never walk out in the healthy air.

As these reflections were passing in her mind, she heard a gentle tap at the door. Oh, goodness! it will waken my mother, thought she.

She peeped out of her lattice window, and saw a miserable looking beggar standing at the door; he seemed to be without shoes or stockings, dressed in rags, and with every appearance of wretchedness: a bandage was tied round his head, that half hid his face. Cecily crept softly down to the door.

What do you want? said she in a low voice. I cannot lift the latch of the door, because the noise will waken my mother, who is asleep.

It is not for myself, replied the poor lad in a

melancholy tone; I would never beg so much as a farthing for myself; but my poor father, my dear mother—Here the boy's voice faltered.

I have nothing to give you, poor boy, said Cecily; you had better go to the great house, and tell your story; they will perhaps do something for you. No, Miss; if you will give me nothing, I am sure no one else will. My mother went to beg there once; she held my little brother in her arms; they were both sick for want of food. But she stood at the gate, and nobody heard her, till an ill-natured man, with a green coat and gold upon his shoulders, went and drove her quite away. Oh! I will never beg at that house. But *you* will pity me, for I have heard say in the village that you have a kind heart. The little children, as I came along, pointed to your door, crying out, *She* will pity you, *she* will not drive you away.

Cecily looked at her shilling.

This is all the money I have that I can call my own, thought she, and this was for my mother. I had resolved to spend it for her; it is therefore the same as if it was not my own. But yet——that was only to procure a comfort; this poor boy and his parents are in want of the necessaries of life. I think—yes, I am sure, it is my duty to give it to him.

Well, said the boy, if you will not give me any

thing, we must starve, for I will beg of nobody else. My poor mother is waiting for me. I told her, I was sure I should have something to give her: but God's will be done! she must bear all.

Stay! stop! cried Cecily, who never hesitated a moment after she had resolved upon what was her duty, and she ran up stairs and threw her shilling out of the window. God bless you, Heaven bless you! said the boy, as he picked up the money, and walked away.

Cecily's mother now moved. The stirring in her room had awakened her. She said she felt a great deal better, and able to get up.

What a sweet day it is! said she, as she rose out of her bed; this warm sunshine will make any body well. Ah! if I had but neighbour Morris's chair, Cecily dear, you might wheel me about, and I should get strong and well in a trice.

The tears rose in Cecily's eyes.

I wish to my heart, mother, you had it, said she; but as that cannot be, for the present at least, I hope you will not set your heart too much upon it; for it will make you worse, to fret for any thing you cannot have.

True, dear! said her mother, I must be thankful and content; and sure enough I ought to be, when I have you, dear, to nurse and tend me so kindly.

I should be but badly off if I had such a child as neighbour Thomson has, who is doing nothing all day but dressing herself, and minding her own pleasures. I would rather lose the use of all my limbs, than have such a girl as that belong to me.

Cecily could make no reply to this: and my readers perhaps are not sorry for it, as they are, I guess, by this time impatient to know what is passing on the village green.

All play was suspended during the absence of Reuben, and they were standing in mute expectation of his return, when he came bounding and flying up to them, crying out, *Won, won! hurra, hurra! my bet is won!*

Fairly won, fairly won! echoed the girl who had followed as a witness.

Here is the shilling given me for asking for it, said Reuben. They all stood for some time silent with surprise.

Did you see Cecily give Reuben this with her own hands? was their first question to the witness.

I saw her throw it out of the window to him with my own eyes, she replied.

Well then, said they, reluctantly giving their money, we have indeed lost the bet. It cannot be helped: it is very odd.

What dismal faces! said Reuben, laughing.

Come, you shall not part with your riches so unwillingly. Perhaps, after all, you will think I have cheated you; so you shall e'en hear all about it.

They then gathered round Reuben, who confessed to them, that to procure Cecily's money, he had disguised himself as a beggar, and had related a pitiful story to excite her compassion. In no other way that I can think of, said he, could I have obtained her treasure; but I knew she would give it directly to one who seemed to need it more even than her mother.

Generous Cecily! said they all; now indeed we are glad to lose our bet, since our money is to belong to you, who deserve it so much more than we do.

This was the more praiseworthy, said Reuben, because I know she had formed a plan of saving every farthing of money, till she possessed enough to buy for her mother farmer Morris's garden chair, which will cost one guinea.

One guinea! said they all with great delight: why, let us see, ten and ten—there are exactly twenty of us, and with her own shilling which you have got, why this is just the sum. Oh, how very lucky!

How very lucky! repeated little Patty, clapping her hands.

You are all very good-natured, and very generous, said Reuben. This is the way to make wealth

a blessing to ourselves—to employ it for the good of others. But if you are really determined to bestow your little all on Cecily, I think you had better purchase the carriage, and give it her as a joint present, as I am certain she would refuse to accept your money.

Yes, yes, said they, I am glad you thought of that; she cannot refuse the carriage when we take it to her.

After this was agreed upon, Reuben was despatched with the money to make the bargain with farmer Morris: a happy errand for him! The farmer was very willing to part with it for the sum proposed, and Reuben returned with it in triumph to his companions.

They immediately with great delight set about to brighten and ornament it. Not a hand was idle: they decorated it with flowers, and in the front they placed in large letters, For the good Cecily.

How glad I am we did not spend our money in a feast! said they, for by this time the pleasure would all have been over.

And the remembrance of a good action will last all your lives, said Reuben. Whenever you see Cecily drawing her mother about in this carriage, you will think of the pleasure of this day.

Lady Ellena Montfort passed in her carriage by the green, just as they had finished adorning the

chair: and the little girl, being curious to know what was going on, went up to them to inquire. She was not content till she had asked a hundred questions, and made herself mistress of the whole story; and then she ran away to report it to her mother, who bade her return once more, to declare to the happy party, that she should order a feast to be laid out under the trees upon the green, for those good children, who had readily parted with their shillings to join in a good-natured action. The children all thanked her a thousand times; and as they were going away, they gave three cheers: but the carriage drove too fast to allow Lady Ellena and her daughter to hear them, though they saw by their actions they had caused them great happiness.

The mother of Cecily, leaning upon the arm of her child, had just stepped out at her door to enjoy the serenity of the evening, as the little procession drawing the TRIUMPHANT CAR approached their cottage. The joy of Cecily was such as every one but herself thought she well deserved to feel; but she could not help expressing much concern at their having robbed themselves for her sake.

Oh! for that matter, said they, it is only what you have a right to; for we made a promise to Reuben, if he could obtain your shilling, that you should have ours; and he won his bet.

How so? said Cecily with much surprise, I never—

Pardon me, dear Cecily, said Reuben, stepping forward, and taking her hand, pardon my childish frolic; but the poor lad whose father and mother were in such distress, and who begged so piteously at your door, was no other than your humble servant. You see my motives, and you will, I hope, forgive me.

Cecily's heart was too full to speak, but her look spoke plainly that she was not very angry.

The mother of Cecily was, it is true, much rejoiced to find herself in possession of the long-wished-for Bath chair, but much more so to perceive that her daughter was so universally beloved: for when she endeavoured to express her gratitude to the children around her, they answered, she must thank her daughter, for it was to her virtue she owed her good fortune; and that they were heartily glad to have it in their power to do any thing to give pleasure to the GOOD CECILY.

THE TRAVELLING BEGGARS.

MARY was born of worthy parents, at a village near Ludlow in Shropshire; her mother died when she was an infant, and left her with an only brother, four years older than herself, to the care of their father, an industrious peasant, who maintained his children by the labour of his hands.

When his son Henry was old enough to do any thing towards his own maintenance, he from choice and inclination went to sea. On the morning of his departure he went to his little sister, who was then only six years old, and of whom he was dotingly fond, and taking her in his arms, he bade her farewell, and told her he should be a brave sailor, and do his duty, for her sake; and that all the money he earned he should bring home to her. Mary did not then understand him, but she cried very bitterly because her dear brother was going to leave her. Henry, in the pride of his heart, displayed to her his naval uniform, and bade her dry her tears, for her brother was going to be a great man.

Mary, now the sole companion of her father, grew up to be the pride and comfort of his life—in his absence she managed his household with care and exactness; and on his return home at evening, she repaid his day's labour by her fond caresses and filial attention. When grown up, however, her father, who held the interest of his daughter dearer than his own, was anxious to see her married, and endeavoured to persuade her to accept the offer of a neighbouring peasant, who was in reality very good and amiable, and, being attached to Mary chiefly on account of her virtues, would have proved an excellent husband to her:—but Mary refused to listen to him, declaring that she would not leave her father in his declining years, when he most needed her services; and that all she could do during his lifetime would but ill repay the debt she owed him for his care of her helpless infancy. A short time after this, the disappointed Ambrose left the village where Mary dwelt, unable to reside so near her without being allowed to cherish the hope of making her his wife.

Not long after, Mary's father met with a dangerous accident, which at his time of life proved fatal; and not all the tender care of this unhappy child could save him from the arms of death. Feeling that his end was approaching, he told Mary that the only thing that made him uneasy was the

thought of leaving her to the wide world without friend or protector; and that, if he could but see her married and settled, he should then die contented: and it was to comfort the heart of her parent, and to soothe his dying moments, that this dutiful child consented to become the wife of one to whom her heart was not much inclined, and of whose character her father knew but little; but he promised to be a protector to Mary, and to make her rich and happy. This relieved the anxious heart of the dying father; and believing that he had provided for the future safety and comfort of his child, he closed his eyes in peace.

After the death of her father, Mary wished to have remained in the village where she was born, but her husband chose to remove her to London; and here she soon found he could not, according to his promise, make her either rich or happy. He was idle and extravagant, and his wife endeavoured in vain to reprove and reclaim him. In the course of five years he died of a fever occasioned by intemperance, leaving his destitute wife the mother of two sweet children, without any means of providing for them. Upon her husband's death, her cruel landlord, to whom she was unable to pay the rent which had been due two years, seized upon her cottage and furniture, and all that belonged to her.

Mary possessed a mind which would have done

honour to the most exalted station, and her virtues seemed to rise in proportion to her trials. Trusting that God had not forsaken her, she exerted all her fortitude to endure the worst that might befall her; at the same time resolving to do her best for the protection of herself and children. The first thing she determined upon, was to endeavour to return to her native village in Shropshire: when once she had reached her early home, she did not doubt that some who knew her formerly would furnish employment to her honest industry, and that she should be able to subsist herself and her little ones.

It was now the dark and dreary season of winter; her native village was many long miles off; and Mary, who was of a delicate frame, and unused to much fatigue, almost despaired of performing so long a journey; but love for the helpless innocents who clung to her for protection inspired her with courage and heroism. She kissed her unconscious babes, wiped away her own tears, and taking her little Henry's hand, whilst she pressed her infant to her bosom, she set out upon her journey to Shropshire.

The whole sum of Mary's riches, when she bade adieu to London, and had settled the affairs of her husband's estate, as it is called, amounted to a couple of shillings and two or three odd pence. My child, said she to her little boy, we will not beg while a

farthing of our own remains; this money will last us to-day and to-morrow, and we need not be beggars till the day after. But the *day after* soon arrived: Mary's pockets were quite empty; and Mary's proud heart was forced to beg.

Oh, mother! I am very tired and hungry, said the boy; I cannot go any further.

Keep on, love, a little longer, and soon my darling shall have rest and food.

Look, mother, at all those houses we are coming to; shall we buy our dinner there?

Yes, love, if there is any kind person there who will give us money to buy it with; but we must beg first.

How shall we beg, mother?

Mary could scarcely restrain her tears at this question. Amongst the many things she hoped to teach her children, the art of begging had never occurred to her.

My dear boy, said she, when you come to yonder town, you will see a great many people walking about, and when you meet a lady or gentleman, you must hold out your little tattered hat, and say, "Pray bestow your charity upon a poor little starving boy, whose mother has not a penny to buy him food."

The child laughed heartily as he tried to repeat this after his mother; and quite proud of what he

had learned, he strutted on before her into the town; and meeting two gentlemen who were walking slowly forward, he placed himself in their way, and fixing his pretty eyes upon their faces, repeated his lesson.

Get out of my way, you little idle ragamuffin! said one of the gentlemen: what plagues these beggars are!

The poor little boy coloured up, and ran hastily back to his mother; and hiding his face in her bosom, he burst into a flood of tears; whilst his mother could hardly restrain her own, as she felt her dear child sobbing as if his heart would break.

Oh, cheer up, Henry! said she, we shall meet with some good person soon; every body will not be like those ill-natured men. Oh! it is not manly to cry so; there are a great many bad people in the world: some will abuse us, and call us idle; some will take no notice of us at all; but others will be kind and charitable, and give us what we ask. Come, dry your eyes. Ah, Henry! we must not be discouraged so easily, but, contented when we get nothing, we must be thankful for the smallest trifle.

But I am so hungry, said the child, sobbing again.

Are you so? said a fine spirited little boy, who was just then passing by with his maid, and who was returning from a fair, where he had been buy-

ing toys, fruit, and cakes in abundance. Are you hungry, my poor little fellow? Then, Hannah, give me all my cakes and gingerbread; I shall give them to this poor boy.

Not all, my dear, said the maid, because you know you were to take home some to your little sister in the nursery, Master Edward.

A fig for my little sister in the nursery, Hannah! she is stuffing things into her little greedy mouth from morning till night; and, you know, it was eating so much made her sick, and so she could not come to the fair. I will give them all, every one, to this little boy: so it is no use all you say to me, Hannah, said he, while taking the parcel out of her hand, which it was as much as he could do to carry; and spilling them as he went along, he threw them into little Henry's lap, whose bright eyes glistened with joy as he encircled them with his little arms, and ran to pick up those that were rolling away.

Come, Master Edward, said Hannah, your mamma will be very angry with me, sir, for letting you stop to talk with beggar boys: pray come on, if you please, sir.

Master Edward, however, liked the looks of the little beggar boy so much, that he made some resistance, and looked back to nod and smile, as the maid dragged him off.

Sweet child, said Mary, looking after him till he was out of sight, Heaven bless your generous heart!

Though poor little Henry recovered his spirits when his hunger was satisfied, yet, when they proceeded on their way, he could not be persuaded to hold out his hat, or to speak again to the passing stranger; but he clung to his mother's gown, and looked fearfully around, when any traveller of the genteeler sort appeared.

It was natural that the poor boy, grievously mortified at his first little adventure at the day-break of life, should feel thus; but it is justice to say, that probably all over the world, and eminently in England, a disposition to soothe with kindness and relieve with charity the sorrows of the necessitous, is frequently to be found among those who are plentifully endowed with the good things of life.

Mary proceeded on her journey, though very slowly: the interest which her appearance excited supplied her with just sufficient to keep her from starving, from day to day, and often procured her shelter from the piercing cold of the winter's night. The natural gaiety and high spirits of her darling boy rose superior to want and penury, and his little limbs became hardened to cold and fatigue; he had not lost the rosy colour from his cheeks, but his clothes were become dirty and ragged, and

his poor feet were almost through his shoes; but his mother, who endured grief of mind as well as bodily fatigue, was so altered, that her own father would scarcely have recognised his blooming child in the pallid face and wasted form of Mary.

One morning, as she proceeded on her way through the village of ***, she was met by a party of young ladies, gaily dressed, who were laughing and talking together very merrily.

What a pretty child that is! said one of them to her companions, pointing to little Henry.

And how wretched his poor mother looks! said another.

What is your name, little boy? said a third.

Oh! cried Lavinia, for Heaven's sake, don't let us stand to question that little wretch! Ten to one he cannot give us any answer: here, I will give him a penny, which will be much more to the purpose.

Saying this, she threw the child some halfpence, and they all ran on except Camilla; her lively and feeling heart was struck with the wretched looks of the poor woman, and she suffered her companions to proceed, while she stole up to her.

Poor woman! she began, you look very ill: are these your children?

Yes, these are my children, sweet young lady.

I am not ill, but I am faint with hunger and fatigue, and shall be thankful for the smallest trifle you will bestow.

I have no money about me, replied Camilla, neither can I wait now to talk to you: but come this evening to my house; I shall be at home then, and I will listen to your story, and do what I can to relieve you.

Heaven for ever bless you! said Mary, whose heart beat with joy at the prospect of obtaining something for the comfort of her children. Heaven bless and reward you! But pray can you show me the way to your house? for I do not know which it is.

It is that large white house you see yonder upon the hill, just by the church, said Camilla: ring at the gate bell, and desire to speak to Miss Camilla Herbert, and you will be let in.

Saying this, Camilla, who was as thoughtless and volatile as she was feeling and affectionate, ran on to join her companions.

What have you been staying behind for? said they all in a breath; and what do you think has happened since you have been gone?

I cannot guess, indeed, said Camilla; pray tell me quick.

Why, Mrs. Temple has just passed in her carriage,

and has invited us all to go to her house this evening, to celebrate Emily's birthday, and there is to be music and dancing—will it not be very nice?

Oh, delightful, said Camilla: dear Mrs. Temple, how I love her! she is so very good-natured.

My dear mamma, said Camilla, when she got home, Mrs. Temple has invited me to a dance this evening; I may go, may I not?

Surely, my love, said her mother; I have no objection, provided I may trust to my dear Camilla, that her high spirits will not make her forget to act like herself, and as if her mother was present.

No, indeed, you may rely on me; and, dear mamma, what shall I wear?

Your white muslin frock, my dear; and your white shoes and gloves: what can you wear prettier?

Oh! my plain frock, mamma! Why, my cousins, and Emily Temple, will all be dressed better than that.

And what should you call better, Camilla?

Why, mamma, if it was not quite exactly *plain*; if it was trimmed, for instance, with bugles.

You are welcome to trim your frock with bugles, if you think it worth while, my love; you will find plenty in my drawer.

So intent was Camilla upon the thought of the frock, the bugles, and the ball, that poor Mary and her famished babes were wholly forgotten; nor

did she once think of the appointment she made with them. She jumped into the carriage that waited for her at the door, and thinking of nothing but of the pleasure she was going to enjoy, she drove away to the ball.

The carriage had not been out of sight above a quarter of an hour, when Mary with an anxious heart approached towards the house, and rang gently at the gate bell. The servant came, and asked her business. She replied, in a trembling voice, that she came, by the lady's own order, to speak to Miss Camilla Herbert.

She is not at home, replied the servant; and if she was, she would not see any body at this time in the evening, I'll answer for it: so go your ways, my good woman, said he, and shut and locked the gate.

Poor Mary was sadly disappointed at this; but she could not believe that so sweet a young lady could mean to deceive her; and thinking she would return home some time in the evening, she sat herself down by the side of the gate, to wait for her. She hushed her baby to sleep upon her bosom; and the little boy stood watching through the bars of the gate, for the good lady, as he called her. O! I wish she would come, mother! said he, for we have had no supper to-night, and she would give us some.

She will come soon, dear; we must be patient.

She's coming! she's coming! I see her! said the child, clapping his hands, as he descried a female figure at a distance: but it was only one of the maid-servants passing through the court-yard. Oh, no, that is not she, sorrowfully continued he, as the form disappeared; and, tired of watching, he sat down by his mother, and looked piteously in her face, without saying a word.

The evening passed away, and cold night came on. Mary gave up all hopes of seeing the young lady who had promised her so much, and with a heavy heart she went to seek shelter from the cold night air. Her mind had been so wholly engrossed with the thoughts of what Camilla had promised her, that she had neglected to secure a night's shelter any where, and now she had not a farthing of money in her purse. She did not go far, however, before she discovered the ruins of an ancient abbey, and beneath these she determined to seek shelter for the night. She covered her baby with her cloak, and hushed it to sleep with her voice, which was sweet and plaintive.

SONG.

Come, gentle Sleep, thy aid supply,
And close my baby's tearful eye:
The wind shall sing its lullaby.

Forsake not thou the babes I press,
For ah! their infant dreams, I guess,
Are sweet, and full of happiness.

Soon must the airy vision fly,
And they must ope the joyless eye,
To see life's sad reality.

Well, shortly life itself, I deem,
Its joys, its sorrows, all shall seem
Like memory of a passing dream.

There is a sleep, my children dear,
And well I feel that sleep is near,
Which shall no future waking fear.

Close, then, my babes, the wakeful eye,
Your watchful mother still is nigh,
And winds shall murmur lullaby.

The children slept soundly, though the howling winds shook the ruins that sheltered them, and their mother trembled lest their broken fragments should fall upon her sleeping babes.

Meanwhile the thoughtless Camilla, full of spirits and gaiety, was the life of the juvenile party assembled at Mrs. Temple's. Ah, little thought she, as she danced along, of the wretched mother who had so lately excited her pity and compassion. When the young party were assembled at supper, however, Mrs. Temple inquired, how it happened that she had not seen Camilla in the morning with the rest of her companions?

Oh, replied the little Augusta, Camilla was staying behind, to pity a poor beggar-woman.

I am sure, then, my love, she was well employed, said Mrs. Temple, and I shall not regret not having seen her among you.

These words brought to Camilla's recollection the morning's adventure, and she hung her head, and coloured deeply. Mrs. Temple (supposing that this was owing to bashful modesty, and that she felt distressed at hearing her praises in public) smiled upon her with a look of approbation, and hastened to change the conversation.

But Camilla still felt confused, and was inattentive to all that passed. Her imagination presented to her the poor woman inquiring for her at the gate, and turned away by the servants; the famished little boy, with tears in his eyes, imploring food; and the disappointed mother crying out, Cruel, cruel Miss Camilla! As these thoughts occurred to her, she cast her eyes upon the cakes and viands that covered the table before her, and heaved a deep sigh.

As they drove home at night, the children, in high spirits, talked over all that had happened during the evening, with gay delight; but they strove in vain to recall Camilla's spirits. She sat pensive in a corner of the carriage, and looked out at the window without saying a word.

The moon now appeared from behind a cloud; and as the carriage went slowly up hill, it shone upon some white ruins which appeared near the roadside; and, beneath one of the broken arches, Camilla beheld the form of a woman, with two sleeping children. The almost heart-broken Camilla recognised Mary and her babes. Ah! wretched mother, thought she, is it thus you have passed the wintry night? Oh, mamma, what will you think of your Camilla, when you hear all this? Saying this, she hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

The next morning she rose very early, and inquired of the servants if a poor woman had been there to ask for her; and being answered in the affirmative, she desired one of them to go directly in search of her, as perhaps she might not yet have left the village; and she promised a reward to any one who could find the poor beggars. But the search was vain. Mary with the first dawn of light had set out in the prosecution of her journey, and was already at some distance from the unhappy Camilla and the village of ***.

Winter was now passing away, and the face of nature assumed a livelier aspect. Mary felt her heart revive within her at the approach of spring. She had sustained the hardships to which the rigours of winter had exposed her, and had already

travelled very far, so that she did not fear reaching her journey's end in safety. Nature, said she, will be kinder to us than fortune; the warm sun, the singing birds, and the wild flowers, are pleasures which even my destitute children may enjoy.

It was one fine evening, towards sunset, as Mary and her children were enjoying the pleasures of the lengthened day and mild weather, that they passed by a little white cottage, upon which the sun was shining, and they stopped before its wicker-gate to look at it.

It was almost covered with roses and woodbine. A nice-looking old woman was sitting at the door knitting; a young and pretty girl was standing by her, feeding her poultry; and a little child, apparently about two years old, was seated on the grass, hugging a white chicken to her bosom.

Ah! thought Mary, here is a picture of comfort and happiness. It reminds me of my father's cottage; of my dear brother, whom I may never see again, and of those happy days which in our infancy we passed together. Oh, my dear children, had you but a home like this! And she looked at them sorrowfully, while the tears trickled down her cheeks.

Her little boy, peeping through the wicket-gate, soon caught the attention of Lucy, which was the

name of the young girl before mentioned, and she immediately ran up to him to ask his name, and to have a nearer view of his pretty countenance. But when she perceived the wretched mother and baby, her smiles were changed to looks of the tenderest compassion. After asking her many questions, and receiving a brief account of her sad history, Lucy opened the gate, saying, Come in, come in here and rest yourself, poor woman, and I will bring you something to eat.

Instantly the pleased little Henry ran in to the garden and the chickens; but Mary made some hesitation about entering, till Lucy, with the sweetest condescension, took her by the hand and led her in.

Who have we got here, child? said the old woman, stopping her work, and looking through her spectacles.

A poor creature, who is travelling a long journey, with two helpless children, said Lucy.

Sit down, sit ye down and welcome, said the grandmother; and, Lucy dear, run and fetch them something to eat and drink, for they are no impostors, I see by their looks; and God forbid we should turn them from the door without doing something to comfort them!

Lucy now disappeared, but soon returned with a nice bowl of milk, and some bread and cheese, of

which she pressed Mary to eat; at the same time calling to the little boy, who was still eagerly engaged with Lucy's sister and the chickens: he soon left them, however, when he saw the bread and milk held up to him.

While Mary was refreshing herself with the frugal meal, Lucy took the baby from its mother's weary arms: but she was shocked at the tattered rags with which its limbs were clothed; and she thought within herself, that she had many half-worn clothes that she could well spare, and that would be very acceptable to the poor infant.

She knew that its mother, in her present condition, was unable to fit and repair them; and therefore, when she left the cottage, she told her, if she would call again the next day, she should have something else to give her; and after they were gone, she set to work, and employed the whole evening in making baby-clothes for the poor little infant.

It was the custom of the village in which Lucy lived, for all the young peasantry to assemble, as soon as it was light, on May morning; each of the girls bringing a garland in her hand, of her own making, and depositing her rural tribute upon a table beneath a large oak tree which stood upon the village green; and she whose garland was by general consent selected as the prettiest, was chosen QUEEN OF THE MAY.

Lucy, my dear, said the old grandmother, as they were sitting together in the evening, I am glad to see you so industriously and so charitably employed; but do not you remember, dear, that this is the eve of May-day, and you will not have got your garland ready? You know, dear, you might make those to-morrow evening.

Ah, no, my dear grandmother, I could not; for the poor woman is so anxious to finish her journey to her native village in Shropshire, that she would not like to be detained here a whole day for any thing. I dare say I shall have time to gather some flowers, and make up my garland in the morning, if I get up very early.

Ah, lack-a-day! but you will have no chance of being queen, if you do it all in such a hurry. Ah, I warrant there's our neighbours' girls have been out all day, seeking over every field and hedge for all the prettiest flowers they can find: that was my way, when I was a girl; and it was your poor mother's too: and many is the good time we have both been made queen: and indeed it would do my old eyes good to see the crown upon my darling's head, said she, laying her withered hand upon Lucy's flaxen hair, and looking persuasively in her face as she spoke.

But how, said Lucy, can I disappoint this poor woman, to whom I have promised this present to-morrow? Indeed, dear grandmother, I should like

very much to be Queen of the May: but to clothe that poor infant, and make its mother happy, would be a much greater pleasure to me.

Heaven bless you, my dear sweet child! said the old woman, while the tears ran down her cheeks; and it gives me more pleasure to see you so good and feeling, than to see you queen, if it were *Queen of England.* Go on with your work, dear; I am sure I will not hinder you. She did go on with her work, and long after her grandmother and her little sister were fast asleep; for she sat up half the night to complete it.

Full of gratitude to the kind cottagers, and hearing, as she passed through the village, that it was the eve of May-day, Mary proposed to her little boy, that they should go in search of some pretty flowers, and make up a garland to take in the morning as a present to their young benefactress. As they passed by the gate of a fine house, a little girl, who was looking over it, observed Mary's little boy holding something carefully tied up in a handkerchief.

What have you got there? she asked him.

Only some violets and wild roses, said the boy.

And what are you going to do with them? said she.

Mother is going to tie them up into a pretty garland, said the boy, smiling.

Well, said the little girl, gathering as she spoke

a bunch of some beautiful moss-roses and lilies of the valley out of her garden; these will make a great show in your garland, will they not?

Oh, thank you, thank you, said the child, receiving them into his hands, while his eyes sparkled with joy: look, mother, dearest mother, see what the lady has given us!

Oh! these are beautiful indeed! said Mary; we need not now be ashamed of our present.

They then sat down under a tree, to arrange the flowers and make the garland; which Mary did very prettily, for she had been used to such employments in her happier days. Those days were now again brought to her recollection; and she talked of the time when her brother would range the fields to bring flowers to throw in her lap, while she amused herself with making them into garlands.

Ah, my dear brother, said she, you are far, very far away; but I will still cherish the hope that one day, one happy day, I shall see you again. Amidst all my sorrows and distress, this hope supports and comforts me.

Though Lucy lay down to rest much pleased with the thoughts of having finished her work, and anticipated with pleasure the poor woman's joy the next day, yet she could not help feeling a sort of dread of the approaching morning, when she knew that her companions, who were very fond of her,

would be mortified and angry if she did not attend their annual sports, or if she had not her garland to produce with the rest. Notwithstanding, however, the different thoughts which filled her mind, she was so tired, that she soon fell into a sound and sweet sleep, which was not broken till the merry voices of her companions under the windows awakened her.

She rose instantly, and dressed herself with the greatest haste, while they continued singing and playing at the door. There was all the merry troop of villagers assembled; all the girls with garlands in their hands, singing, and playing on the tabor and pipe. Poor Lucy was quite afraid to be seen; so she kept away from the window, and fastened the door, lest any of them should come in; and then stood trembling, with her finger on her lips, listening to them while they sung.

SONG.

Come, lads and lasses, now be gay,
And celebrate the morn of May
With dance and song, and holiday.

See, the Sun has left his bed!
Hasten then, with lively tread,
To dance upon the flowery mead.

Oh! why does Lucy thus delay,
While all around her pipe and play,
To celebrate the morn of May?

Come, said they, after the song was ended, we cannot stay here all day, if she does not choose to come.

Oh, I would wait for her all day, said Henrietta.

She must have some good reason for staying away, said another: perhaps, her grandmother is ill.

Oh, I dare say, said Mary, she is only staying to finish making up her garland: she will be here presently.

Well, let us move on then slowly, and perhaps she will overtake us, said Frank, with a deep sigh. I shall be very sorry if she does not come, for there will be no pleasure without her.

As the sound of their voices ceased, Lucy ventured to approach the window; but, when she saw the gay procession all moving so slowly from the door, knowing that she could not follow them, she hid her face with both her hands, and burst into tears.

When she raised her head, and again looked out of the window, who did she see at the garden gate, but Mary's little rosy boy, smiling, and holding up one of the prettiest garlands of flowers that was ever tied!

She instantly ran down to him, taking with her the bundle of baby-clothes, which, together with a pair of shoes for the boy, she presented to their

mother. She received the garland with smiles, expressive of joy and gratitude.

Thank you a thousand times, said she: if this is chosen as the prettiest, I shall be Queen of the May; but I must make great haste, or I shall not be in time. So saying, she hastily tied on her straw hat, and set off with the greatest agility.

Mary's curiosity was excited by the merry group, which she saw at a distance, and by Lucy's great impatience to overtake them; and wishing to know the fate of her garland, she followed the procession at a little distance; and when it halted beneath a spreading oak-tree on the green, she placed herself at a convenient distance, where she thought she might not be observed, but where her little boy and herself could be spectators of all that passed.

While witnessing this scene of rural gaiety, she could have fancied that she was again a rural villager, the happiest of the surrounding group; but soon the recollection of her real condition made the tears steal silently down her cheeks; while her little boy, happy in the possession of his new shoes, clapped his hands, and jumped for joy at all he saw and heard.

The village green now presented a pretty and interesting scene: seats were placed upon it for the

mothers and grandmothers of the young people, who delighted to witness the sports of their children, and thus to have the happy days of their youth recalled to their memory. The table beneath the spreading oak-tree was covered with garlands of flowers;—in the midst of them, the roses and lilies, which the good-natured young lady had given to Mary's little boy, shone conspicuous. Who will doubt that it was chosen as the prettiest by unanimous consent?

The crown was placed upon the head of Lucy, who raised her eyes with smiles towards her grandmother, seeming to say, I know this gives you pleasure.

At the same time she looked towards a white gate at a little distance, upon which she observed with pleasure Mary and her children to be resting. She saw that the little boy was pointing towards her with his finger, and talking eagerly to his mother.

The pipe and tabor now struck up, and the dance began.

When they were weary of the exercise, it was customary for them to place their queen upon a throne, which they had erected for her, formed of turf and clay, and adorned with flowers, and when she was seated, they placed themselves round her, while she related to them some anecdote or story.

When they were thus assembled round Lucy, in a sweet and pathetic voice she told them Mary's sad history.

"A poor woman," said she, "that was born in Shropshire, had the misfortune to lose her husband, to whom she had been married four years. The same week that made her a widow, saw her also stripped of every gown, and table, and chair, she had in the world. She had two children; and she was in London, a hundred and forty miles from her friends; and she had but little more than two shillings in her pocket. So she set out with her children, to walk from London to Ludlow."

It is not necessary for us to go over all the particulars of Lucy's tale; it is sufficient to say, that she related it so sweetly, and made it so affecting, that all her young auditors shed tears of pity at the sad recital.

When she had ended, they asked eagerly if it were a true story?

Yes, my dear companions, it is indeed true—much too true; and, if you like it, I can bring to you the sad, yet real heroine of my tale.

Oh, do so! we should like it, said they with one voice.

Lucy immediately rose, and beckoned to Mary, who still remained watching her: she approached timidly towards them, and her interesting appear-

ance well accorded with the description they had just heard of her. They rose, and agreed to join together their little stores, and raise a subscription for her; and when they had done so, the sum appeared to Mary a very considerable one. She received it with a flood of tears, and, raising her meek eyes to Heaven, she thanked God for the unexpected succour, and prayed that he would bless the sweet children who bestowed it.

The evening sun now set in the golden west,—the children sought shelter in the thatched cottages of the hamlet. There the remembrance of the good action they had been enabled to perform afforded them more pleasure than all the festivities of the preceding day. Mary also left the green, and with a lightened heart pursued her way.

Look yonder! said little Henry, a few mornings after, to his mother, look at that poor old man, with white hair and a long beard! see how he totters, and leans on the top of his stick! he can hardly walk, mother!

My dear boy! he is very old and poor, and seems also to be very ill:—but see! he is going up to that carriage, where there are some rich ladies! I dare say they will pity and relieve him. Let us come behind this hedge, and we shall hear all that passes.

The carriage stood at the gate of a fine house;—

the servant was gone to inquire if the lady of the mansion was at home, when the beggar came to the carriage door.

I hope, mother, they will give him something, said the child, softly.

I hope so, indeed, said the mother: but let us listen.

For Heaven's sake! said the old man, in a feeble voice, bestow your charity on a poor man: give me but the smallest trifle, or I shall die for want of food!

The ladies looked at him, but took no notice, and continued talking with one another.

Pray, good ladies, bestow your charity, continued the old man, and Heaven will reward you!

The servant now returned.—Is Mrs. Beaumont at home? called out one of the ladies from the coach-window.

No, my lady, replied the servant.

Drive on then.

The carriage door was shut, the footman jumped up behind, and the horses sprang forward. The poor old man, leaning upon his stick, followed the carriage with his eyes till it was out of sight, and then, feeling very faint and weary, he gave a deep sigh, and sat down by the road side.

Oh, what cruel ladies! said Henry to his mother: they are gone, quite gone, and they have given the

poor man nothing. I wish I had something to give him, mother.

You shall have something to give him, my sweet child! You and I are beggars, Henry; but our condition, I bless God, is not so bad but there are many worse. I have still something left from that which the charity of the village children bestowed upon me, and am rich in comparison of that poor man, who says he has not a farthing in the world. God forbid that I should see a fellow-creature starve while I can prevent it! Here, my child, this sixpence would have procured a night's lodging for us: if you can be contented to sleep without shelter to-night, you shall have this to give yourself to the poor man.

Mother, said the boy, in a broken voice, while a tear started to his eye, *I* could be content to sleep every night on the cold ground; it would never hurt me: but I cannot be content to see you lie there too. Poor, poor old man! continued he, looking towards him, is there nothing I can give you?

My sweet, my generous child, said Mary, kissing him, I ought to endure any hardships with content, whilst I am blessed with so good a child! Happily, my dear, you may relieve the wants of this poor man with unmixed pleasure; for I have more money to spare for our nightly comfort, and

what I said was only to put your courage and your generosity to the proof. Here, Henry, give this sixpence to the poor man.

The little boy, as proud as he was pleased, went up to the old man, and putting the sixpence into his withered hand, he said, Here, poor old fellow, this is for you to buy some dinner with.

The beggar was pleased at first with the sight of the silver; but when he raised his eyes, and beheld the poor little ragged boy who presented it, he laid his hand upon the child's head, and prayed Heaven to bless him: but keep your money, my brave boy, said he, for you want it as much as I do.

Mary now came forward, and pressed him to accept this trifle. She told him she had more money, and could well spare it.

Heaven bless you! said the beggar, as he received the gift from her hand, Heaven bless you! and restore it to you seven-fold.

Yes, thought Mary to herself, Heaven, I know, will accept the humble offering, and repay it to my babes, in this world or the next.

Soothed by this reflection, she continued her journey. She at length arrived in Shropshire, though still at some distance from the village where her travels were to end. Her purse was drained, and she was very weary; but her bosom beat with

hope and gratitude, and she exulted in the near prospect of arriving at her journey's bourne,—of seeing once more the spot where she had passed so many happy days,—of meeting with old friends and acquaintance,—and of obtaining an honourable employment, by which she could support herself and her children.

What is the matter, dearest mother? said Mary's little boy: you look quite ill, and you shake all over. What can be the matter?

Nothing, dear: at least—not much. I hope I shall be better soon,—if I sit down and rest awhile, said she, supporting her pale cheek upon his head, and squeezing his hand. The truth was, poor Mary had caught cold, by lying the night before upon the damp ground, and taking off her cloak to cover her children. This, added to fatigue and anxiety, proved at last too much for her; and though she struggled to hide it from her feeling child, and even from herself, she was indeed very ill.

I wonder how far we are from Ludlow now, said she, for we have come a great way; I will try and walk on towards those houses yonder, and inquire.

Pray what cottage is this, said she to a woman who was standing at her door, and how far are we from Dracot?

Not above two miles, said the woman.

Mary clasped her hands.

There, mistress, said the woman, not observing her agitation, you see those trees yonder; well, just below them, to the right of Ludlow, is the village of Dracot; keep on this road for a mile or so, and you 'll be there, and a sweet place it is.

Mary's surprise and happiness at finding herself so near her journey's end were so great as to deprive her of utterance. She no longer felt that she was sick and ill, or any thing but an impatience to proceed; and taking her boy by the hand, she went hastily on.

They walked for some time in silence, when suddenly the village of Dracot appeared: its pretty white cottages, peeping through the trees, with the village spire in the midst, bursting at once upon Mary's sight, brought with them so many tender recollections, that (being before almost overpowered by illness and fatigue) she sank down, unable to proceed a step.

She could no longer hold her infant in her arms, and she laid it down by her side. The boy, quite frightened, began to cry, saying, What is the matter, dearest mother? Do come on to the village, and then somebody will take care of you.

But his mother did not hear; she had fainted away: her pale cheek reclined on her bosom, and her arms hung lifeless by her side.

Oh, wake, mother, wake! exclaimed the boy, while he sobbed aloud; but seeing that his mother did not wake or open her eyes, he looked around to see if any one was in sight that he could call to.

An officer in a naval uniform was walking at a little distance, and the child, on perceiving him, ran up to him with all his speed; and taking hold of the skirts of his coat, Come quick, said he, (pulling him with all his might) come, make haste, mother is dying; come quick, or she will be dead!

Delighted with the simplicity and animated feeling of the child, the man took hold of his hand, told him not to frighten himself, and ran back with him to the place where his mother lay.

Mary now opened her eyes, and asked for her boy; but upon perceiving the stranger, who held his hand, she looked up in his face in an expressive manner, as much as to say, You look very good, will you protect him?

Then trying to speak, she said, I believe I am going to die——Oh, what will become of my orphan children?

Struck with the tenderest compassion, the stranger replied with warmth, *I will protect them.*

Will you? she answered quickly, will you indeed protect them? Then clasping her hands, she raised her eyes to Heaven, but was so faint she could not utter a word.

The compassionate stranger called to a girl who was passing by, and directed her to his dwelling, to procure assistance and relief for the poor woman.

In the meantime Mary raised her languid head, and taking her little boy's hand, she said to him, in a faint voice, My dear child, I feel I am going to be taken from you; I have only one legacy to leave you; it was given me by your uncle, my only brother, and, amidst all my poverty and distress, I have never parted with it. Here, my dear Henry! said she, giving him a New Testament which she took from her bosom, promise me that you never will part with it. My dear brother's name and my own are written there in his own hand; and should the goodness of Providence bring you together, this book will discover to him his nephew.

The stranger listened to her with much emotion; he seized the book with a trembling hand, saw his own name and hand-writing in the volume, and at the same moment falling on his knees by Mary's side,

My sister! my long-lost sister! said he, in what a state do I find you!

My brother! said Mary, but she could say no more; again she fainted, and reclined in the arms of the stranger.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself lying on a soft bed, with her infant beside her: her

little boy was kneeling at the foot; her brother held her hand; while several women were employing different means for her recovery.

Is this only a sweet dream? said she, smiling. Oh! if it is, never let me awake again!

Is she well now? said the little boy.

She will be soon, said his uncle.

Are you indeed my brother? said Mary, again looking at his manly countenance; and are you not ashamed to acknowledge your poor sister?

My dear Mary, said he, much as we have both to say, much to hear and to relate, we must not talk at present; you must recover your strength and get well, and then I trust we shall have many happy hours together.

In a short time, quiet, rest, and food, but, still more, ease and composure of mind, restored Mary to health and vigour; she quitted the bed of sickness, and soon was well enough to tell her whole history to her brother, and he in turn related his, which seemed to be as prosperous and fortunate, as Mary's was wretched and dismal.

He was of a manly and steady disposition, and by his bravery and good conduct had won the esteem of his captain, had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and had acquired what to him appeared a considerable sum. It was in reality just enough to enable him to give a home to his sister

and her children, and to supply them with food and clothing. Mary, said he to her with a smile, do you remember the day we parted, when I promised I would become a great man, and acquire a fortune for your sake? Alas! I little thought how much you would need my services.

Such were the conversations that passed between Mary and her brother. The latter grew daily more fond of the little boy, with whom at first sight he had been so struck. He dressed him in a new suit of clothes; and to please him the more, they were made like a sailor's uniform.

Cheered by the affectionate attentions of her brother, Mary recovered her spirits and her looks: the rose began to bloom upon her faded cheek, and smiles to brighten in her countenance. According to Mary's hopes, there were many in the village who remembered her, and were glad to see her living once more in their village.

Among these was the long-forgotten Ambrose. He had returned to the cottage of his parents upon the death of his father, a wealthy farmer, who left all his possessions to his son, on condition he should provide for his mother during her lifetime; and the virtuous Ambrose devoted not only his money, but his life, to her service.

Upon learning that Mary was a widow, and upon

seeing her again, his former love for her returned, and he once more offered her his hand and heart. Mary was now, however, determined to be guided solely by her brother's wishes, to whom she owed so much gratitude.

Mary, said her brother, there is nothing I desire more than to see you married to Ambrose; I know him well, he is my best friend, and I am certain he will prove worthy of you. I shall soon be called away from you to follow the duties of my profession; and then what a happiness will it be to me, to leave you comfortably settled, and in such good protection!

Mary saw her duty, and immediately yielded to her brother's persuasions; and in marrying Ambrose, she secured to herself the best of husbands, and gave to her orphan children a tender and virtuous father.

Her brother, however, claimed the right of taking little Henry under his own care, and making a sailor of him. His parents promised to consent to this, when he was of a proper age to be sent to sea; and his mother comforted herself with the thought, that she should have two or three more years of his dear society.

The happy Ambrose took Mary to his home, where his mother was still to remain during her

life; and Mary assisted her husband in tending and taking care of her.

Their domestic happiness was however for awhile suspended, when the hour arrived, in which their kind friend and brother was to leave the family circle, and go again to distant seas. But what happiness for him to leave his dear sister thus, after all her afflictions, protected and blessed in the enjoyment of peace and tranquillity!

Adieu, my dearest brother! said she at the moment of his departure, while her heart heaved with convulsive sobs; Heaven bless and protect you through all the dangers you will be exposed to, and reward you for your goodness to me and to my children! Saying this, she held up her little ones by turns to kiss him.

Adieu, dear Mary! he replied: I am going far from you; but I shall pray constantly for the continuance of your present prosperity. With all our pains and care, however, it is not in the power of mortals to foresee or to prevent the inroads of misfortune and distress; but whether happiness or sorrow be our lot, let us but continue in the safe paths of virtue and integrity, and we shall meet again in a happier and better world.

From this simple narrative we trust our young readers may be led to the conviction, that no being

on whom God has impressed the human form is to be despised, that virtue and an honest heart are to be found in every rank of society, and that the pulses of a beggar may sometimes beat with such pure and blameless feelings as would do honour to the breast of a prince.

CLARINDA;

OR,

THE WONDER EXPLAINED.

CLARINDA had been educated by her grandmother. During her infancy, her father's affairs obliged him to go abroad; and her mother, from weighty and powerful motives, was induced to accompany him. They left their only daughter with painful regret, though with entire confidence, under the care of their mother, who they knew would only err on the side of over-care and indulgence towards her beloved charge.

This was indeed the case.—The worthy Mrs. Selby, now in the decline of life, centred her earthly hopes and cares solely upon this one object; Clarinda was bred up to the gratification of all her little wants and humours, and contrived, as all spoiled children do, to render herself and all around her unhappy.

It was not till she had attained her thirteenth year, that her parents returned to reside in England, and she was removed to the abode of her excellent

mother. Elated with the fondest hopes, Mrs. Melmont received her daughter to her bosom, trusting to find in her the sweet companion of her future years, the sharer of her duties, and the comfort and support of her afflictions.—Alas! she was cruelly deceived.

Clarinda, nursed in the lap of fond indulgence, was the prey of indolence, and averse to the performance of any duty. Accustomed to think only of herself and her own gratifications, she was a stranger to the delights of soothing, or even of feeling, the distresses of others; and unused to the comfort of confiding friendship, she knew not how to make her mother her friend. She found indeed that the scene was changed; that she could be no longer her own mistress, and that her caprices were not now to be complied with. She looked upon her mother, consequently, in the light of an austere and rigid monitress, and behaved towards her with constraint, and even with dissimulation.

Those who have experienced the yearnings of parental fondness can best conceive the misery of such a disappointment. Mr. and Mrs. Melmont felt it severely, but they suffered little time to elapse in fruitless repinings and regret:—they acted a wiser part, in consulting together upon the best expedient to improve the character of their child, and, ere yet it was too late, to form her mind to Christian virtue.

The plan which they at last agreed upon may be such as at first sight to surprise my readers; for it was no other, than to remove her again from her parental dwelling, and to place her for a time under the protection of one of her aunts, who was their near neighbour. This aunt was an elderly widow lady, of rather a singular character: she was a very superior woman in mind and principles, but owing to some severe crosses she had met with in life, her temper was perhaps somewhat irritable; her countenance was stern, though sensible; and her manners far from prepossessing. She had been all her life remarkably strict with young people. She was vexed at the alteration in the mode of education which had taken place since her youth; and was particular in her ideas of female housewifery, delicacy, and decorum.

To a woman of this character, such an intimate as Clarinda could not appear very desirable; but stimulated by the hope of doing good, this excellent lady consented to receive the child of her brother, and to do all in her power for her welfare.

Clarinda knew little of the character of her future hostess when she once more bade farewell to her mother, and was conveyed to the house of Mrs. Colford, her aunt. This house was the picture of order and neatness. It was fitted up in the old-fashioned style, and great part of the furniture was

the work of Mrs. Colford and her daughter Rosetta. Novelty always possesses a charm for youth; and though Clarinda, upon her arrival, was somewhat dismayed at the serious countenance of her aunt, yet the singular appearance of the rooms, the large-framed pictures, and, above all, the sweet countenance of Rosetta, engaged her attention, and dissipated her fears.

She was soon, however, tired of looking round the room; and when she found nothing to engage her fancy, she threw herself, as she had been wont to do at her grandmother's, along the beautiful damask sofa that adorned the room. Her aunt gave an involuntary start of surprise at this unexpected movement, as no doubt her sofa had never been so affronted since there it had been placed.

But it was the *first* evening, and nothing was said. Bedtime, however, was hastened, as poor Mrs. Colford sat fidgeting for the fate of her sofa, growing every moment more angry that such should be allowed to be the manners of youth, and remembering that in her time such a thing was scarcely thought possible.

Clarinda the next morning strolled down to breakfast at a time that approached nearly to her aunt's dinner hour.—But it was the *first* morning.

Before the next arrived, Clarinda had to learn, that she could never again be seen lounging on a

sofa with impunity, and that she could never rise after the accustomed hour, without losing all claim to breakfast. These notices were delivered to her in her aunt's most terrific voice, accompanied by her severest frowns; which was so unlike any thing that Clarinda had ever seen or heard, that she was completely awe-struck, and forbore to utter a complaint, or even a reply.

She retired, however, as soon as she could, to her apartment, to indulge her grief and resentment, and to utter bitter accusations against her aunt. She was leaning her head upon her hand, and sobbing violently, when Rosetta softly entered the room, and inquired affectionately what was the matter. Clarinda complained of ill usage; called her aunt a tyrant, a fury, an ill-natured ——.

Oh stop! exclaimed Rosetta, she is my mother, and I cannot, I will not hear her so spoken of.

Saying this, she was about to quit the room, when Clarinda called after her, Stay, stay, Rosetta! do not leave me!—pray do not leave me! At these words compassion bade Rosetta return.

I will stay, if you will promise not to speak ill of my mother, said she, sitting down by her, and taking her hand. But why do you weep and tremble so? indeed your fears are unjust: my mother is one of the best of women. She is a little strict, perhaps, but that is because she is zealous in the

cause of virtue, and is eager to make all she is interested for as good as herself. But she is one of those

> " whose authority in show,
> When most severe, and mustering all its force,
> Is but the graver countenance of love."

Oh, if you knew her, you would love her; when you do know her, you will love her;—I am sure you will. You have only to be obedient and docile, and she will be all kindness to you.

As Clarinda was listening to this, she heard the call of " Rosetta!" My mother calls, said Rosetta; I must leave you; but I will come again, if I can. I have a great deal to do, but the first moment I have time, I will come again.

" Rosetta! Rosetta!"—My mother calls again, said she; and she ran out of the room. A few minutes afterwards Clarinda's aunt entered it, with a basket of work in her hand.

No one, she began, in a severe tone, is allowed to be idle or useless here. This, said she, measuring out a portion of work, this is your task for to-day; when you have done it, you will be suffered to amuse yourself as you like.

Clarinda took the work in silence. She had been little accustomed to needle-work of any description, much less to that which she now held in her hand. It was no amusing sampler, no pleasant embroidery,

no fine muslin to be adorned with satin stitch; it was downright plain work, and the materials were of the coarsest sort. Clarinda thought it beneath her dignity to touch such work; but when she saw the length of her task, and reflected on what her delicate fingers had to perform, ere it would be completed, she gave a sigh of deep despair.

Remember, continued her aunt, you must continue in your own room till your work is finished; neither do I allow my daughter Rosetta to visit you till then. These are my positive orders; they must be punctually obeyed. Promise me obedience, and I have something to tell that will surprise, perhaps please you.

Clarinda, with a mixture of dread, hope, and curiosity, gave the promise desired; and her aunt continued, more mildly,

Clarinda, you are a stranger here; you are young and ignorant. You may be often in perplexity,—in distress. Neither Rosetta nor myself will have much time to devote to you. You must not suspect me to be either a witch or a dealer in magic, when I tell you, that you have in this house an unknown friend, whom you may apply to in every emergency. This friend will be wholly invisible to your sight; but *for half an hour* every day, at a certain time, will be ready to answer any questions you shall choose to ask.

Saying this, Clarinda's aunt took her hand, and led her through an adjoining apartment into a little boudoir, at the further end of which stood a large cabinet, the front concealed by a beautiful damask curtain.

There, she continued, pointing to the cabinet, when the clock strikes two, there it is that you may address your friend—your oracle,—whatever name you choose to call it.—A voice from thence will be ready to answer you. There you may seek for counsel, pity, and advice.

After having said this, she led Clarinda back to her own room, and left her overwhelmed with astonishment. Curiosity and surprise now filled her mind, and banished from it every other sensation. She sat ruminating on the wonder she had heard, with some pleasure, though not unmixed with fear; till the clock, which struck twelve, reminded her of the work she had to do, before she might hope to quit her room.

How, said she to herself, shall I ever get through this odious work? I shall be an hour finding my thimble and my scissors. Oh, my dear grandmamma! I wish I was living with you again: you never would have treated me so ill.—Not even to allow Rosetta to come and sit with me! However, I am not entirely without a friend to speak to: I am

not quite deserted. But then I shall never have courage to address it. What in the name of wonder can it be? Let me see, it will not answer me till two o'clock. So I have two long hours to think about it; and may be I shall never speak to it at all.

In this peevish manner did Clarinda run on while she was looking for her thimble and her scissors. A length of time elapsed while she rummaged in her disorderly box and drawers to collect materials to begin her work. The time wore on, and she had scarcely made any progress in the task assigned her. She pricked her fingers, lost her needles and her temper, and was just going to burst into tears, as the loud clock in the hall *struck two!*

Shall I venture to the cabinet? thought she, since no one ever wanted pity or advice more than I do now. I will satisfy my curiosity at all events, said she, as she crept with fearful steps towards the door of the mysterious room, and stood there some time doubting whether or not to open it. At last, however, she summoned all her courage: and fearful the time would elapse while she was hesitating, she crept softly up to the curtain, and timidly addressed the unknown:—

Clarinda. Are you a friend of mine?

Answer. I am, replied a sweet and pleasant voice.

Clar. I am glad of it, for I want one sadly.

Ans. You are young to want a friend. A true, a real friend, is an invaluable treasure to youth; such will I be to you, if you will make me one.

Clar. How can I make you one?

Ans. By placing confidence in me, and by speaking to me with sincerity; by telling me all you think, and all you feel. In this case alone shall I have any power to befriend you.

Clar. (*sobbing.*) I am very miserable.

Ans. Indeed! at your early age!—What sad misfortune has befallen you? Is it poverty, sickness, or loss of friends, that you bewail?

Clar. No: neither. But—but my aunt is so severe. She has set me a long task of work, and will not suffer me to leave my room till I have done it.

Ans. Can this be your cause of misery? May you never have to lament a worse!

Clar. Because it must be done, and I can't do it.

Ans. What! have you never learned the use of your needle?

Clar. Oh yes, I can work; but this is so tiresome, so difficult, and so much to do.

Ans. And yet it must be done.

Clar. So my aunt says.

Ans. Then my best advice to you is nothing more than to do it, and the sooner the better. Take back with you to your solitude three attendants,

Diligence, Patience, and Perseverance: if it is long, Diligence will conquer it; if it is tiresome, Patience will soften it; if it is difficult, Perseverance will accomplish it.

Clarinda, not particularly pleased with this advice, asked no further questions, but retired in sullenness to her room: there she sat, with her needle in her hand, the tears of anger starting to her eyes. Sometimes she felt inclined to try the experiment, and to follow the advice of her monitor; but she had not courage to set about it resolutely, and the ineffectual efforts she made increased her vexation. She would have scolded, but there was none to hear her; she would have wept, but there was none to pity her. She had persuaded herself, that before the end of the day she should be released from her confinement, or, at least, that some one would come to persuade her to the performance of her duty: but her meals were taken to her room, as she had not by her exertions obtained the right of quitting it; and she retired to rest, after a day of fretful idleness, weary and dissatisfied, but with no one to complain or even to speak to. When she laid her head upon her pillow, she repented very much that she had not endeavoured to follow the advice of her oracle.

Perhaps, thought she to herself, it will be angry that I have not attempted to follow its advice, and

will not again answer me: then indeed shall I be wretched, for I shall be deserted by every one. I will endeavour to-morrow to make amends for to-day, and *will* try, however difficult my task may be, to get through it with diligence. I believe it will be for the best after all, as my aunt seems resolved not to alter her determination.

After making this resolution, Clarinda fell asleep, better satisfied: and when she awoke the next morning, she acted upon the plan she had formed, seating herself to work directly after breakfast, and exerting herself to proceed as fast as possible. Her efforts succeeded, and at the end of an hour she was surprised to see the progress she had made.

Pleased with her success, and proud of her performance, she said to herself, Oh! now I have done this long seam, I have only to make this sleeve and hem this end, and my task will be over. Accordingly, she proceeded again with renewed activity.

It must be owned her head and her hands ached a little, and she was more than once tempted to throw it aside in impatience and disgust. But the sun shone sweetly, the birds were singing amongst the branches, and the lambs were sporting in the meadow. Clarinda felt that she would give all the world to be like them at liberty, and she knew the only way to obtain that was by completing her task.

Two o'clock struck, while her head was still bending over her needle. Ah, thought she, I am afraid even to speak to my unknown friend, for I did not yesterday obey her injunctions. I will not venture to the cabinet again till my work is completed. How very wise the advice was! if it was not for the assistance of *Patience*, I could never endure my aching head and tired fingers; but for *Diligence*, I could make no progress; and without the aid of *Perseverance*, I should have thrown it aside ere this. Alas! whoever you are, you are very clever, and very wise; I trust you will not forsake me, and I shall attend to your counsels in future.

Though Clarinda exerted herself to the utmost in her present occupation, she was so unaccustomed to needle-work, that it was evening before it was completed: however, it was finished at last, and she ran out of her room, with pride and exultation, to present it to her aunt. Unfortunately, Rosetta and her mother were set out upon their accustomed evening's walk, from which they seldom returned till very late.

Clarinda, however, enjoyed herself in the garden: the fresh air was delightful to her, after two days confinement to her room; she felt the satisfaction and pleasure which arise from having conquered a difficulty; and satisfied with herself, and pleased at

regaining her liberty, she was happier than she had been for some time.

Rosetta, upon her return home, congratulated her affectionately upon having finished her work.

You do not know, said she, how much I wished to be allowed to visit and assist you; but I hope that habit will soon make this daily task of work less irksome to you. I have twice the quantity to do every day; but, from long habit, I am enabled to get through it in the course of a couple of hours at most. I hope soon you will be able to do the same, and then we shall have much time to spend together in other occupations.

Ah, said Clarinda, you seem to be very happy, and to lead quite a life of pleasure. Do you go out every evening?

Almost every evening, said Rosetta; and I shall be heartily glad when you come out of your room in time to go with us, for I wish very much you should enjoy the same pleasures with me.

I wish so too, said Clarinda; but I wonder that my aunt should allow you to spend so much time in gaiety and pleasure.

Allow me! said Rosetta. Why it is my dear mother who *sought out* these pleasures for me, and taught me to enjoy them.

Well! said Clarinda, I should have expected that my aunt would have kept you at home, and

made you pore over your work or books all day. She does not seem at all the sort of woman to go out much, or be gay. Is this a large neighbourhood?

Before Rosetta could answer this question, the conversation was interrupted.

At two o'clock the next day, Clarinda went with a lighter heart, and with greater confidence, to consult her oracle.

It would be vain to attempt to relate every question that Clarinda put to her invisible friend, or to describe every day that she passed at her aunt's house. Suffice it to say, that, from the advice of her counsellor, she rose at day-break, that her work might be sooner begun, and sooner ended; that habit rendered it easier every day; and that in a few days more she had finished her task before dinner. Her aunt smiled, and seemed pleased, and Clarinda was encouraged to ask, if she might not go out with them that evening?

Assuredly, replied her aunt; and most happy shall we be in your company.

Is it a *large* party we are going to this evening? whispered Clarinda to Rosetta.

The latter smiled, and said she would not tell her, and owned that she had a great pleasure in keeping people in suspense on those points. Clarinda

was surprised to see Rosetta and her mother tie on their usual straw bonnets, and declare themselves ready. They had each a small basket in their hands.

These, said Rosetta playfully, carry our fans and cloaks, when we go out visiting. Here, said she, giving one to Clarinda, you must carry yours also.

Clarinda looked incredulous, but took her basket, and followed in silence.—What new wonder is rising now? thought she.

Their way led through a sweet and rural village. They passed now and then the doors of the rich, where Clarinda expected them to stop.

The first however that they entered was that of a *day-school.*

Rosetta opened the door with a smile, saying, Come, Clarinda, let me introduce you; this is a *large party*, is it not?

Clarinda, no ways disappointed, smiled in return. It was a new sight to her, and she looked round with pleasure upon the many rosy faces that filled the room. She was much amused with watching the quick motion of their lips as they conned their tasks. She was surprised to see Rosetta take her seat at the head of them, and assist in hearing their lessons, and examining their work. She observed her aunt talking mildly to the old school-mistress, while holding two of the smallest of the children,

one on either knee. She was surprised to see these little ones apparently so fond of the person she had considered a tyrant, and dreaded so much.

She observed several of the children with medals round their necks, of different sizes, all silver except one, which was gold. Rosetta told her that this was because it was *prize* day.

When school was over, Clarinda heard her aunt call, MARY SIMMONS; and a very sweet-looking girl, wearing the gold medal, blushing deeply, obeyed the summons. Clarinda then observed her aunt take a Bible from the basket she held, and bestow it as the highest prize upon Mary, who received it upon her knee; while, in a gentle voice, the donor gave her with it her blessing.

Rosetta then proceeded to bestow some smaller prizes upon those who wore the silver medals. And this being done, they left the school, amidst the repeated thanks of the little community.

Clarinda had been so well entertained, that she expressed much regret to Rosetta when it was over.

This school is one of my mother's establishing, said Rosetta: she supports and superintends it entirely herself; and to assist her is one of my chief amusements.

Is this where you go every evening then? said Clarinda.

We spend part of every evening here, said Rosetta.

They now reached the door of a miserable hovel, the roof of which was so low they could scarcely enter. A poor old woman came to open the door.

Heaven bless your sweet faces! she began. God bless you, my dear kind lady! she repeated, taking hold of Mrs. Colford's cloak. Come and see my poor husband: the stuff you sent him has done him a power of good. See, the poor creature can sit upright in his bed. God for ever bless you for all your goodness!

Clarinda was surprised to see her aunt seat herself by the side of the poor man who had been ill, and, taking his feeble hand, asked him many questions in a voice of kindness.

Oh yes, answered the woman: the broth my sweet young lady brought with her own hands was the saving of him; and the blanket and the warm flannels have been a comfort to us both. God bless you! God bless you!

Mrs. Colford gave from her basket a bottle of medicine; and Rosetta presented the woman with a gown from hers, and they then left the cottage.

What can I have got in my basket? said Clarinda to herself as they proceeded; and she was going to have examined the contents, but Rosetta prevented her.

Exert your patience a little longer, said she; it is not time to put on your cloak yet.

They visited several other cottages of the like description; the last they entered was neat and pleasing on the outside, but discovered a truly touching scene within. A poor woman, dangerously ill, was lying in a bed in the corner of the room; and her only daughter, a young woman of seventeen, was sitting by her pillow, holding her mother's hand in hers.

Upon the entrance of the visiters, Lucy (the name of the daughter) crept softly up to them, and said in a low voice, Thank Heaven, you are come!—my mother gets worse and worse. Oh save her, if you can! said she, clasping her hands. Do not let me lose my mother!

Comfort yourself, said Rosetta; she shall not die for want of care.

They stole softly to the bed of the poor woman. She raised her languid head upon seeing them, and exclaimed, My prayers are heard, and you are come to comfort my daughter. I am going to leave her:—but, dear lady, do not let her want. There never was so good a child. In the days of my health she never gave me a moment's pain; and since I have been ill, she has never left me night nor day. Oh! she has a mother's blessing, and Heaven will befriend her.

Clarinda, upon hearing this, hid her face, and burst into an agony of tears. Rosetta would have

endeavoured to soothe her; but her mother whispered, Let her, Rosetta, feel this deeply; her welfare depends upon it.

Poor Lucy, seeing them in tears, fancied that her mother's end was approaching, and exclaimed, Oh, I will fetch my child; she shall bless us both. Mrs. Colford endeavoured to assure her that her mother was in no immediate danger. She promised to send directly for medical assistance, and in the mean time gave her some instructions as to the treatment of her disease, and told her to hope the best. Rosetta then, to divert her mind, begged to see her child; and they went for this purpose to the room to which the infant was removed, lest its cries should disturb its grandmother.

Clarinda followed with a heavy heart, wishing much she could assuage her own grief by having something to bestow on this good daughter. Rosetta drew her aside, and told her she might now look in her basket. What was Clarinda's surprise when she found it contained her own last week's labour, the coarse bed-gowns, caps, and frocks she had been stitching at so patiently!

You do not seem aware, said Rosetta, that you have within these few days clothed an infant?

And you may now, said her aunt, bestow the fruits of your industry, where they are so well deserved, upon this young woman.

Clarinda, with a beating heart, presented her with the clothes for her infant; and Lucy expressed her gratitude in the warmest terms.

Thank you, dear sweet young lady, said she again and again; may your children be a comfort to you, as I am sure you must be to your mother! May it be long, very long, before you experience the loss I am going to feel; and may your mother live to enjoy the comfort of so good a child!

Clarinda's feelings were now too strong to be suppressed, and her aunt, in pity to them, hastened to leave the cottage.

When she retired to rest, a crowd of painful reflections rushed upon her mind. I possess tender and virtuous parents, thought she, but I do not love, I do not think of them, as I ought. When I was with them, I made them unhappy, and by my ill conduct obliged them to part with me. Oh, how inferior I am to the poor woman I saw to-night! But is it too late?—cannot I retrieve my errors?—cannot I even now make my mother happy?

Clarinda now recollected, that she had not written, heard from, scarcely thought of, her mother since she had left her. The reflection made her weep bitterly; till at last, overpowered by grief and fatigue, she sunk to sleep.

Feeling very unhappy the next morning, she determined to consult her oracle for relief: and she

waited with much impatience for the appointed time, when the first question she asked was,

Can you tell me any news of my mother?

She waited some time for the answer; and listening attentively, she thought she heard something like stifled sobs. At last, however, the voice replied,

She is well.

Does she ever think of me?

Constantly; night and day.

Why does she think of me so much?

Because your welfare is the concern nearest to her heart; and because—here the voice ceased a while, till at length it continued—she loves you tenderly.

But I have been ungrateful to her, and have forfeited all claim to her affection.

A mother's love is proof against ingratitude.

Then she loves me still, with all my faults?

She must always love you.

Then it is not perhaps too late to make her happy?

The voice was again silent—till it answered, No, never, while her life is spared, will it be too late to make her happy.

Her life! oh! exclaimed Clarinda, bursting into tears, do not say her life, for her death I cannot bear to think of!

Clarinda continued to sob; and she now heard plainly that some one wept with her. She continued too much affected to ask another question till the half hour was elapsed. She tried speaking again: but all was silent, and the voice answered no more.

Deep was the impression that was made upon her heart, and great was its influence upon her actions. The time that she spent in solitude induced her to reflect so much, that she formed excellent resolutions when alone, and fulfilled them when in society; and the alteration in her character was sudden and surprising.

Her aunt with great benignity told her, that she perceived her improvement with satisfaction, and gave her permission in future to pass her mornings in an elegant and pleasant drawing-room, and in the sweet society of Rosetta. With such a companion she found her work no longer irksome, but learned from her to make her pleasure her duty, and her duty her pleasure. Often, while engaged at their needle, Rosetta's mother would read to them some moral and amusing tale; and then, the mind being engaged, the fingers forgot their toil, and Clarinda's work proceeded without her perceiving it. She observed attentively the mutual confidencce subsisting between Rosetta and her

mother; and the former would often tell her, that this was the source whence she derived her happiness.

Some time passed away, and Clarinda's character every day acquired more stability. Her desire to return to her mother increased in proportion, and she grudged every moment that passed away, wishing to devote the remainder of her life in the endeavour to make her happy.

She wrote to her mother frequently; but she was backward in expressing a desire to return home, as she felt that this should be left to the will of her parents. Neither did she say much concerning her own improvement, as she wished them to find it out to their comfort. She ventured however at last to express a wish to see them once more; and it was followed immediately by a joint letter from her parents, intimating their desire that she should return home directly.

Her joy at the receipt of this letter was extreme; she bathed it with her repentant tears, and implored the divine assistance to aid her feeble endeavours, and to enable her to give pleasure and comfort to her parents. She felt indeed much regret at quitting her aunt, whom she now tenderly loved; at bidding farewell to the gentle Rosetta, her long-cherished companion; and, above all, at parting with her unknown, though much-valued friend.

Ah! said she to her aunt, I find the truth of what I have heard you say, that earthly happiness is never complete. If I could but enjoy the society of my dear mother, without losing my invisible friend, without being obliged to part with you and my dear Rosetta!

Her aunt replied: There are few, Clarinda, who possess the happiness which is within your power; enjoy it, my love, while you can, and refrain by fruitless regrets to imbitter the prospects before you. You will, I am sure, think often of Rosetta and myself;—of Rosetta, in the light of an amiable and affectionate companion, entering like yourself, upon the journey of life, and ready to be the partaker of your joys and sorrows;—of me, not I hope as formerly, in the light of an austere and rigid aunt, but of a true and faithful friend, who, worn with care and misfortunes, is unable to present you with any brighter gifts than the counsels and suggestions of experience. With regard to your Invisible Genius, it is time the enigma should be explained. You are not a child, and I told you I did not wish you to suppose there was magic in the case. Come, and be introduced to the mystery, and bid it farewell for ever. Rosetta, you must come also; we must all attend this parting scene.

Clarinda did her utmost to believe there was no magic in the case; but, spite of herself, she could

not forbear trembling in every limb as she ascended the staircase with her aunt.

Ah, said Rosetta, smiling, you look frightened: Is it a fairy or a monster you expect to appear before you?

Clarinda summoned resolution, and going up to the cabinet, said in a faltering voice,—I am come for the last time to bid you good bye, and to thank you for all your wise and useful instructions:—it is to these that I am indebted for being able now to return to my parents. I wish you to know how much it grieves me to part with so dear a friend, and how deeply I shall regret your loss, even when enjoying the society of my beloved mother.

Comfort yourself, replied the voice: she who possesses a tender mother can never want a friend. I have only given you the advice which experience can bestow on youth. This I have been enabled to do, because you have placed confidence in my judgment, have acquainted me with the feelings of your heart, and have consulted me on every occasion. Make the same use of your mother, and you will find her on every occasion equally willing and able to befriend you;—while you will not only hear her voice, but, as she speaks, you will witness the smile of approbation, or the tear of pity; you will feel the kiss of fondness and the embrace of affection. Surely, advice will be doubly valuable when drawn from the fountain of maternal love.

It will, it will! said Clarinda, bursting into tears How I long to taste such pleasure, and to feel myself in the protection of my mother!

At this moment the curtain was drawn aside, and discovered the UNKNOWN FRIEND, and at the same instant Clarinda sprung to the arms of her MOTHER!

And here we must take our leave of her; hoping that from her example all who possess deserving parents will learn to estimate the treasure, and that their mother will never be an UNKNOWN FRIEND.

WILLIAM AND SUSAN.

" DEAR SISTUR,

" I 'OPES this wull foind you well as it laves me at present. I was very zorry to 'ear you was so bad, and had got the feavor so much in your insoide.—This cooms to give yow notice, as how I be going to send back your zon Willum to yur, seeing as how I am forc'd to get a bigger buy nor He, and un thats fitter for 'ard labour, having much more consarns upon my 'ands than foremaly; I shall send um boy the waggon to-morrow; my woife says as how yow'll foind a pond of 'ogs puddens in his boondle, which she takes it yowll loike, caze sick volks are apt to be dainty. From, dear sistur, your looving brother till dith,

" NATHANIEL DICKSON."

Susan dear! your brother William is coming home to-morrow (said poor widow Bennet, as soon as she had read the letter).

Is he indeed, mother? said Susan (her eyes glistening with pleasure). How glad I shall be to

see him! But how sorry he will be to see you ill in bed, mother!—But perhaps you 'll be better by to-morrow. If I make a good large fire, mother, and if I put the arm-chair quite close to it, perhaps you will get up to-morrow. The sight of William will do you good; I know it will: and then, continued she, when you will have *him* to nurse you, as well as me, you will get better and better every day, and at last you will be quite well: won't you, mother?

If it please God, Susan.

Oh mother *I know*, (replied Susan eagerly), I mean—*I hope* it will please God!—Because I pray to him every night and every morning to make you well.

Heaven bless you, dear child! (said her mother) if your prayers cannot make me *well*, I am sure they make me happy. If William, if my dear boy, is but as good as you are; if he has not, in the two years he has been away from me, forgotten the principles I taught him from his Bible, I shall be happy and contented, whatever may happen to me.

When to-morrow came, Susan was made happy by the fulfilment of her hopes. She put the room nicely to rights—made a roasting fire—placed her mother in the arm-chair—and dressed herself in

her best Sunday clothes.—As soon as all this was done, she placed herself in the window, to watch for William. She kept her eyes fixed on the hill that the waggon was to come down, and only removed them every now and then, to cast an anxious and inquiring look at her mother; who, cheered and animated, was in truth as much better as Susan had expected. At length, the wished-for moment came, and William arrived in high health and spirits.

William was a good-natured, tender-hearted, and clever boy. When he first left his mother, he was also very good, but he was then so young, that his goodness was not sufficiently settled; and when he went to his uncle's, he met with many trials and temptations, and instead of having his mother to watch over and help him, he had several bad companions, who enticed and persuaded him to do wrong.—At first he used to refuse, but by degrees his good principles began to give way; and when he saw other boys doing wrong things and telling lies, without being found out, he had not strength of mind enough to resist following their examples. He left off saying his prayers, and soon after forgot what his mother had so often told him, —that God beheld him at all times, and that therefore his most secret faults were not unknown to

Him. Poor William!—What was there then to save him from all the dangers and temptations with which he was surrounded?

His mother had been very unwilling to part with him, being aware how much children require the constant care and assistance of a parent to keep them in the right path. But she was a very poor woman, and having lost her husband, she thought it would be wrong in her to refuse the offer her brother made, of taking William, and bringing him up to be a farmer: and she hoped that he would supply the place of a father to him.

And so perhaps he would, but that not long after William went, Farmer Dickson's first wife died, and the year after he married again, and his new wife did not choose that *her* husband should *waste* (as she called it) either his money or his time upon any body else's child. She thought it "more fitting that all he could do should be for the good of his own flesh and blood," and therefore she allowed the poor man no peace till he had promised to send back William to his mother, and to give up all thought of providing for him in future. Having thus secured her point, she sent a pound of black puddings, to make up to his mother for the disappointment.

How little did she think, that in removing this poor boy from the house of his prosperous uncle,

and sending him back to dwell in poverty with his poor widowed mother, she did for him the kindest action the most benevolent being could have devised!

Susan, my dear! I shall have spun out all my flax this afternoon, and now that you have got your brother to go with you, you can take it to the village for me, and lay out the money, dear! You are old enough to be trusted now, Susan, and as long as I can depend upon you, you will be of the greatest use to me. We shall do very well now, (thank God!) for I am able to sit up best part of the day at my spinning—and you are always industrious, dear! and then William earns something, you know, by digging; so that we shall go on comfortably and happily again.

But indeed, mother, said Susan, if you work so hard at your spinning, you'll make yourself ill again: do let me finish that bit of flax for you; I shall have time enough to go to the village afterwards.

No, my dear girl (said her mother), not for the world; you would be very late, and it would be dark before you were home. So go, Susan, and see for your brother; put on your things, and by that time my thread will be ready for you. I wish you to lay out the money, dear, in bread and potatoes, and to buy with what remains two ounces

of tea, and half a pound of sugar. When you come back, love, we will all have a comfortable dish of tea together; I feel as if it would do me good. But, Susan, mind, I charge you to return immediately, that you may be home before it is dark.

Susan obeyed with alacrity. She found her brother playing with some other boys in a field. They were running races.

Which wins? which is foremost? said those who were looking on.

Tom's the first—No, he a'n't—Yes, he is—Ay, ay! but look who passes him,—William wins,—huzza! a hollow thing!—William has it all to nothing, said the boys.

William marched up to them with all the pride of a conqueror, and panting for breath.

Yes, yes, you've won it to-day, Will, said Tom, but to-morrow we'll run with you again—and then, may be, it will be my turn.—We'll all put down a penny into a hat at the end of the field, all start fair from the hedge, and whoever touches the hat first shall have all the money.

Agreed, said one.

Done, said another.

Agreed, said William, though he had not at that time a penny in the world.

Susan prevailed upon her brother to leave his companions, and to walk with her to the village.

Do, dear William, come with me, said she; we are going to get some tea and sugar, and mother says it will do her good; she has been hard at work all day; do let us make haste, William.

William loved his mother dearly, and his sister Susan too; so he left his play, and set out with her to the village.

Mind you don't forget our race then to-morrow, said Tom,—and remember to bring your penny with you.

William nodded his head—I won't forget, said he.

They had walked about half a mile without William's having spoken a word. At last—

Susan, said he, how much money are you to get for that thread mother has been spinning?

Half-a-guinea, William,—but why do you want to know?

Oh, I was only thinking, said he, that I am to run a race to-morrow. I won the race to-day, you know, Susan, and I am sure (*pretty* sure, I mean) I shall win it to-morrow, because I can run a great deal faster than Tom Simson, and he can run faster than Sam Wilmot, or any of the other boys; so I shall certainly win, shan't I, Susan?

I dare say you will, my dear brother; but what has your winning the race to do with this thread that I am going to sell?

Oh, it has nothing particular to do with it, except that if I win the race, I shall win the money out of the hat; and, therefore, if you could just let me have a penny out of the money you get for the thread, why I could give it back to mother to-morrow, and another for yourself into the bargain.

But, my dear William, said Susan, it will not be in *my power* to let you have any of the money, because it will not be my own. It is all mother's money, you know.

I know that, said William, and I should not have thought of asking you for a shilling, or even a six-pence of it; but just one penny, you know, she would never have missed, and, therefore, I thought, to be sure, as I wanted it so very much, you would have given it me.

But I cannot, indeed I cannot give you a penny, or even a farthing, that is not my own, said Susan.

Oh, very well, said William, just as you please, Susan: I thought you had been a good-natured girl, and would have done any thing to please me, as I'm sure I would to please you.

So I would, indeed, William, do any thing I *could*, said Susan—but you know, I must lay out this money as my mother desired me:—she told me

she could trust to me, and I am to tell her what every thing costs.

Well then, said William, how easily you may tell her the tea, or the sugar, or any thing else, cost a penny more than it did! and then, you know, she will never be any the wiser.

What!—tell a lie?—deceive—my mother?—Oh, William! I did not think you could have been so wicked, said Susan, bursting into tears.

Dear me! what a fuss you make about nothing! said William;—pray don't say any thing more about it.—I never heard any body make such a piece of work about a penny—only two half-pence,—only a penny, repeated he.—Come, dry up your tears, for you see we are come to the village, and you don't mean to go crying through the street, I hope.

William, said Susan, stopping and taking his hand,—dear William, promise me that you will never again think of doing any thing so wrong, and I will dry up my tears directly, and I will persuade my mother to give you one, or as many pennies as you want:—do, dear William, promise me.

I'll promise you with all my heart, Susan,—and I'll say you are a dear good girl into the bargain, said he; so let us kiss and be friends. I wish I was half as good as you, Susan: but wishing and having are two things.

They had by this time reached the shop where the thread was to be sold. Susan received the money, and laid it out with the greatest care and exactness.—Whilst she was in the shop making her purchases, William stood at the door, tying on a lash which he had just made to his whip.

Hark! how nicely it smacks! does not it, Susan? said he.

Very nicely, indeed, William; but I am ready to go home now. You will carry this basket of bread and potatoes, won't you, William?

Not I, said William; I want to smack my whip —I am going to *drive* home, said he.

Well, I 'll try if I can carry it, said Susan (who, where nothing was to be given up but her *own* ease or pleasure, was as complying as she was before firm and inflexible)—I 'll try and carry it, and you shall carry this small parcel of tea and sugar.

Ay, I can take that in one hand, and use my whip with the other; so give it me, Susan! give it me quick, for my horses won't stand, said he, pretending to be driving.

Oh! but you won't go so fast, said Susan to him; I can never keep up with you if you do, with this heavy basket.

William, however, was thinking of nothing but his whip; the pleasure of the moment always got the better of every other feeling, and off he went

full speed.—Susan patiently took up her basket, which was in truth as much as she could carry, and walked slowly after him.

" Most haste, however, worst speed."—William stopped so often to put new knots on to the lash of his whip, or to pick up stones to chuck them in the water, &c. that Susan, who suffered nothing to delay or impede her, overtook him just as he got on the common, which was half way home.

And here, if he had stopped to look at Susan, he would have seen how tired she was, and would have carried the basket for her; but, unluckily, his eyes were caught at the very moment by a cricket-match, that some boys were playing on the common. He could not resist such a temptation, but turned out of the road, and joined their party. One of the boys had hurt his hand in catching the ball, and therefore could not handle his bat; so they agreed to let William take his innings for him.

Oh, pray don't, my dear William! said Susan; we shall be so late home, and mother *charged* us not to be late, you know.

I shan't be five minutes, Susan; I shan't indeed. What difference can five minutes make?

It may make a great deal of difference, William, —I am afraid to go all the way without you. Besides, I really do not think I can carry this basket all the way unless you help me.

No more you shall, Susan; I 'll carry it every step of the way myself as soon as I have just played this innings. I see you are tired, Susan, so sit down and rest yourself on the bank, and I 'll be with you before you can say " Jack Robinson."

Mother will be waiting for her tea, said Susan.

Come, if you mean to come, it must be directly, said the boys to William, for we can't wait.

I 'm ready, said William; and away he ran up to the wicket, threw down his whip and his parcel of tea and sugar on the ground, took off his coat and waistcoat, and began to play.

Susan seated herself on the bank, with as much patience as she could, but anxiously counted every minute as it passed.

Five minutes—ten minutes—a quarter of an hour elapsed, and William was still in. He happened to be a remarkably good hand at cricket, and there was not a boy that could bowl him out.

Well done!—well done! said all those on his side.

If we don't mind what we are about, we shall lose the match, cried the others.

William redoubled his exertions, secretly exulting in his own success; he gave a stroke with his bat, that sent the ball to a great distance, and gained three notches by it, which won the game.

Game!—game!—we 've won the game, cried they

all. Susan jumped up delighted at the sound; but just as she was going up to William to beg him to wait no longer, the biggest boy on William's side declared he was the greatest dab of the whole set.

I 'll bowl him out for all that, said another, in no time.

That you can't, retorted his companion.

Come, I 'll bet you sixpence I do.

Adone!—Come, William, there 's money bid for you; play your best now.

Pray, dear William, said Susan, in the most persuasive tone, come with me now; it will be dark before we are home. Indeed I cannot wait for you any longer.

I don't want you to wait for me, said William impatiently; I 'd rather you would not wait.

What! would you have me go home by myself, when it is getting so late, and I have got this basket to carry? I did not think, William, you would have been so unkind, said Susan, the tears starting into her eyes.

I can't help it,—I can't help it, said William; and (turning from her, that he might not see her cry) he went back to his play.

Susan dried up her tears, and immediately resolved to go home by herself. She summoned up all the resolution she was mistress of,—and though she had to pass through the farm-yard where the

great dog was, and to go down the lane where the Gipsies had pitched their tents, she lifted up her basket, and determined steadily to pursue her way. People are always courageous when they know they are doing right. I am doing as my mother bade me, said Susan to herself, and God Almighty will take care of me.

Susan had walked across the common, and was just entering the lane at the end of it, when William was bowled out. The boy who betted against him set up a shout of triumph, and the other blamed him for playing so badly.

I played as well as I could indeed, said William; but it is growing so dark, I could not see the ball.

At these words William recollected his sister. Susan!—Susan!—I 'll come directly, said he, hurrying on his jacket and waistcoat; but Susan was out of sight and hearing too. William's pride and pleasure were both damped at this moment by his having been beat; and he had leisure to think, and feel sorry that he had let her go without him.

He ran after her as fast as his legs could carry him, calling out to her to stop all the time. He did not overtake her, however, till the end of the lane.

I am glad to see you are come at last, William, said she, because, though I could have got home very well without you, *you* have got the tea and

sugar you know, and I'm sure mother must have been waiting this hour for us.

The tea and sugar! said William, suddenly stopping. Oh Susan! what have I done with them?

Susan clasped her hands together in silence, whilst William looked about him, as if he expected to see his parcel on the ground. At last he recollected, that he had thrown it down on the cricket-ground when he began to play; and feeling now unfeignedly sorry for his own careless and silly conduct, he resolved to go back to the place and fetch it directly.

I shan't be long, Susan, said he, and off he set.

Long, however, before he got there, one ill-disposed boy had discovered the treasure, and made off with it.

It was almost dark before poor William got back to Susan. He returned with a sorrowful face, crying, It is gone, sister, quite gone! what shall I do? Poor Susan, overcome with fatigue and disappointment, burst into tears; William took up the basket, and they walked sorrowfully on.

What will my mother say? said Susan.

Oh, as to that, said William, of course you won't tell her how it has happened; you won't, I mean, be a *tell*-tale, that is, you 'll make the best of a bad matter, won't you, Susan?

I do not exactly know what you mean, William;

I am sure I shall be glad enough to make the best of the matter, if I know how.

That's my good girl—my own dear Susan! Well, what I mean is, that we won't mention any thing about the cricket-match. I am really very sorry that I did not do as you advised me, Susan, and that I stopped at all to play with those boys; but as it is, we won't mention to mother any thing about it, but just tell her, that some boy (you know they were boys) bigger than myself, took away my parcel by force, and that, do what I would, I could not get it back again, but that I ran after him so far, that it got quite late before we could get home.

Why, William, said Susan, stopping him, that would not be true.

I don't know whether it would be true or not true; all I know is, I love my mother dearly, and I don't want to make her angry for nothing; therefore that's what I shall say, and I hope you'll say the same for my sake.

I dare not, replied Susan.

Dare not! why, what a little coward you must be!

I don't think I am a coward, said Susan.

Why, what are you afraid of then?

Oh William! what is it *you* are afraid of, when you dare not tell the *truth*?

William was silent.

You have forgotten your promise, William. You

promised me you would never think of deceiving any body again: and now, because you dare not confess you have done wrong, you want to tell a lie, and persuade me to do the same.

William walked on without speaking a word. It was by this time become dark; they were, however, nearly at home. When they got within sight of the cottage, and saw the light streaming through the window, Susan fancied her mother's anxiety, and hurried on with a quicker pace.

Susan!—my dear Susan! said William (breaking silence at last), you are quite in the right; I know you are, and I will keep my promise; and I hope God will forgive me for having *intended* to tell a lie. But I cannot—indeed I cannot, tell mother myself. So, Susan, you shall go in first, and tell her all the truth—the whole truth. I am not afraid, said he (kissing her), that you will say any thing unkind.

When Susan reached the door, she found her mother standing at it in great anxiety. My dear child, said she, what has made you so late? Susan, I charged you to return before dark. I thought I could have depended upon you. However, come in. Thank God you are safe! Come in and tell me all about it.

I could not help it indeed, dear mother, said Susan, with great difficulty restraining her tears.

Well! well! dear girl, said her mother, rest

yourself now, and tell me how it has happened by and by. But where is William? said she.

He is coming directly, mother. He was with me a minute or two ago; but ——

But what?—tell me, for God's sake, if any thing is the matter.

Nothing is the matter, indeed, mother; so pray sit down, for you look quite tired, and then hear all I 've got to tell you.

And so I will then, said her mother, for indeed I am tired. However, I have got the tea-things all ready, and the water boils: a dish of tea will make me quite well again.

This was an unlucky observation for poor Susan, who found some difficulty in beginning her story: however, she got through it, relating the facts with accuracy and simplicity; at the same time saying all she could in *truth* say, to soften and excuse her brother's fault. Her mother listened with a mixture of joy and sorrow. Sorrow for the fault of her son, but joy to perceive the influence the goodness and excellence of her dear Susan had upon his mind.

It was very kind of mother to forgive me, last night, wasn't it, Susan? I am very glad I didn't deceive her. But it was all you, Susan: I should never have had the courage, if you had not persuaded me to it. But I wish there was any little thing we

could do to get her a little tea and sugar. I cannot bear to think she should go without it so long, and all from my carelessness, when you told me it would do her good. Is there nothing we can do, Susan?

We can but try, replied she, cheerfully: I think there may be several things we may do.

After some further consultation, it was agreed, that after William's day's work was over, and when Susan had finished her task of spinning, they should exert their skill and ingenuity in any way they could think of, in order to earn some money to buy some tea. Accordingly, at six in the evening, they met together. William made several attempts at different things; but when he found it did not immediately succeed, he gave them up in despair. At last, Susan advised him to try and make some pegs to fasten clothes upon the lines. You need only get some nice pieces of our willow-tree, and some bits of tin, said she, and you may sell them for sixpence a dozen. Every little helps, you know, added she. William set about his new work; but the wood split, and he cut his fingers.—This won't do, Susan, said he, despondingly; I can't make one,—a dozen is out of the question.—Try once again, William: nothing is to be done without patience and perseverance. William took up his knife, and this time succeeded better in making something like a peg; the next was a very tolerable one. He

now went on with spirit, and improved by practice, till he could make them with ease and expedition. In the mean time Susan had been steadily and indefatigably at work. She had got a collection of small pieces of stuff and cloth, that her grandmother, who was very fond of patch-work, had given her. These, with great neatness and ingenuity, she made into little pincushions, round, and square, and heart-shape, and all sorts: at the end of a week she had made enough to fill a basket with. William had finished two dozen of pegs, and tied them up into bundles.

Highly delighted with their success, and full of hopes that their scheme would soon be completed by the sale of their manufactures, they set out with great glee towards a town within a mile from their house. In a gentle tone and timid manner, Susan showed her little basket to every passenger they met.

Would you be pleased to buy a pincushion, my lady? said she to a smart-looking female, who was walking with her servant behind her.

My lady cast one look into the basket, and without deigning to make any reply, walked on.

What have you got here? said the footman.

Pincushions, sir, said Susan, only twopence a-piece; would you be pleased to buy one?

The man tumbled them all over.

And what do you call these? said he, (holding

up William's pegs)—Come, what will you take for these?

Sixpence a dozen, said William, colouring with pleasure.

And how many have you got of them?

Two dozen:—only two dozen *here*, sir; but if you wish for more, I can make you as many as you like.

Oh, pray don't trouble yourself, my man, I assure you I have no desire for any of them, said the footman; and giving William a flick with his cane, he ran on to overtake his mistress.

What an ill-natured man, Susan! said William; why did he make us think he was going to buy them? We shall never sell any of them, I see that, Susan.

Oh yes, we shall, said Susan, with a good-natured smile;—every body will not behave so to us, and we must remember what I told you, when we first began our work,—that nothing is to be done without patience and perseverance.

As they went on, however, they met with many more disappointments, and Susan had need of all her good-humour and cheerfulness to prevent William from going home in despair.

Let us just go to the lady that lives at that fine house, you know, William, with the large iron gates.

What—Lady Manners's? said William,—the

lady that stopped me the other day to ask me how mother did?

Oh yes,—said Susan,—I mean Lady Manners. Let us go to her house; she sent my mother wine and soup, and all sorts of things, when she was ill —before you came home, William.

Well!—but, my dear Susan! what should such a fine lady want with pegs, or with pincushions, at least such pincushions as yours?—It will be of no use, I know, said he (with a sigh); mother must go without her tea at last!

Let us try, however, said Susan. We'll go to the kitchen door, and may be the servants will buy some of them, if my lady won't.

When Susan went up to the kitchen door—it was half open, and there was such a noise within, that her gentle knock was not heard by any body:—they stood still, hesitating what to do,—and were not much encouraged by the sounds that met their ears.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Cook, it's of no use in the world to talk to me, for when once I say a thing, I say it; Mrs. Rotherum *is not to be had.* You can't deceive Mrs. Rotherum—you can't persuade me that you've put six *hinions* into *this here* soup, according to my orders."

Indeed I did, Ma'am, said the cook, very quietly going on with her business.

I tell you it 's *humpossible*, retorted Mrs. Rotherum. Six *hinions!* continued she, tasting the soup, which was boiling on the fire ; there are no more six *hinions* than there are six geese:—You might as well pretend to tell me that my name is not Rotherum, or that my best gown is not made of silk.

The cook was silent.

Well! why don't you speak? continued the housekeeper, provoked at her calmness. What do you pretend to be silent for, as if I did not know all the time what you are thinking of? Ay, that I do,—you 're thinking that you 're in the right, and I 'm in the wrong, and that I 'm in a passion, and many other such falsities, though all the while you seem to be as meek as a lamb. But I tell you again, Mrs. Rotherum is *not to be had* by man, woman, or child, —and there are not six *hinions* in this soup.

The cook laid down the work she was about, and taking a fork in one hand, and a plate in the other, and stepping up to the boiler, she stuck the fork into six onions, one after the other, and laid them on the plate.—Would you be pleased to count them, Mrs. Rotherum, said she, for fear you should be imposed upon?

The poor housekeeper, terribly disconcerted, turned aside her head.

Do you call those *hinions*, child? why, they are no bigger than peas, they 're not to be called *hinions*.

—But—bless me! said she, (glad to change the subject)—What do those children want at the door there? Come, said she (snatching the plate from the cook), go and see what those children are about, I say, and leave the soup to me,—making such fuss indeed about a little soup!—

No, no, we don't want any, said the cook to poor Susan.

How do *you* know we don't want any?—How do you know *I* don't want any? said Mrs. Rotherum. —Pray be so good as to tell the children to walk in, and let *me* see what they've got, before you settle that I do not want any.

This was a lucky piece of contradiction for Susan and William.

Poor little dears! said she, sit down a bit.—What have you got?—a very—pretty—little *pincush*, I declare, as ever I set my eyes upon! Here, child, says she, here is the money: Not want any indeed! —Why, I *dares* to say, my young lady, Miss Harriet, would like a *pincush*;—at any rate, I'll ask her: Mrs. Rotherum is not the person to rob a poor child of a penny, for want of taking a little trouble,—so come along with me, my dears.

So saying, and taking them one in each hand, Come and rest yourselves in my room, and I'll go myself with your basket into the parlour.

As soon as William and Susan were left alone in

the housekeeper's room, they began to consult together again.

You see, said Susan, I told you we should sell some here.

Yes, we have sold one pincushion for twopence: and perhaps, if we have good luck, we may sell one more: but what good will that do?—we shall never sell enough, I know.

What a snug, comfortable room this is! said he, looking round. How I wish mother was sitting in that arm-chair, and putting her feet upon that stool! And dear me, what a quantity of jars there are on that table! I wonder what there is in them. I should like just to take a peep.

Pray, William, do not touch them, said Susan.

Oh, I only meant just to look at them; that you may depend upon, sister. However, as you advise me not, I won't even do that.

William had learnt, by this time, that Susan's advice was always worth attending to; and whenever he was not overpowered by the force of the temptation, he yielded to her persuasions, and was always glad afterwards that he had done so. Upon this occasion he refrained from touching, or even looking into, the jars, which were, in fact, filled with sweetmeats; nor would he so much as smell the oranges, which filled a large chest in one corner of the room.

Unluckily, however, without thinking of what he was about, and while he was talking of something else, he lifted up the top of a large canister that stood on the table.

Oh Susan! Susan! do look here! said he, colouring as red as scarlet.

Susan looked:—it was full of tea on one side, and white lumps of sugar on the other. A tear came into Susan's eye:—she did not speak a word.

What are you thinking of, Susan? said William.

Shut down the lid, William, directly, said she: shut it down, pray do.

No, Susan! I will *not*, said William. I mind what you say to me in general, and I would not for the world touch any thing that did not belong to me, for my *own* sake. I would not take an orange, or bit of sweatmeat, to eat myself, or even to give you, Susan. But, my dear mother is ill for want of a *little* of this tea. This canister is *brimfull* and running over, you see; and when it is empty, the lady it belongs to will have it filled again. I can take a little,—enough for my mother—and nobody can miss it: nobody in the whole world will ever know it.

Oh, William! God will know it, said Susan, eagerly.

It will make my mother well again, said William.

It will do my mother more harm than good, said

Susan. She would rather never be well again, William, than you should do so wicked a thing.

She need never know any thing about it, said William: but if I wait any longer to talk about it, somebody may come into the room and prevent me.

So saying, he pulled out his handkerchief, and put into it a handful of the tea, and another of the sugar. Susan jumped up from the window-seat where she was sitting.

I cannot bear to see you do so wicked a thing, William; I cannot, I will not, bear it. I will tell my mother,—I will tell the housekeeper,—I will tell every body, if you do. So saying, she snatched the handkerchief from his hand.

You are a very unkind, ill-natured sister, then, said William,—that is all.

Susan made no reply, but went up to the canister to restore the tea and sugar to its place.

At this very moment the door opened, and Mrs. Rotherum made her appearance. With a good-humoured smile she was preparing to accost them, when Susan, standing at her canister, with some of the tea and sugar in a handkerchief, met her eyes. Her countenance changed in a moment, and with the look and voice of a fury, she seized her violently by the arm.

You little wicked thief, said she, how dare you meddle with my canister?—How dare you steal

my tea and sugar? Ungrateful—little—abominable child! There have I been persuading my mistress and all the ladies to buy your pincushions, and speaking all the good words I could think of for you, because I thought by your meek and gentle looks, forsooth, that you *was* a good and honest girl. But I'd have you to know, Mrs. Rotherum was never so deceived before;—never so imposed upon—never!

Susan hung her head in silence—William stood trembling, expecting every instant that she would explain the truth, and that the outrageous housekeeper would then vent her fury upon him. He could hardly bear to hear his sister so unjustly accused, and he longed to confess the truth and rescue her, but he had not the courage.

Susan had always courage in the right place. She was afraid of God's anger—afraid of telling a lie;—but when she knew that she was doing her duty, she was afraid of nothing. All, therefore, that Mrs. Rotherum could say—which was not a little—and all she could threaten, did not extort from Susan a word in reply. Trembling with rage, she at last seized Susan by the hand, and dragged her into the drawing-room. William followed, dumb with terror and amazement.

At the further end of a splendid apartment, seated upon an elegant sofa, they beheld Lady Manners

and another lady. A little girl, about the age of Susan, was seated on a stool at her mother's feet, busily employed in emptying out a chest of doll's drawers, that seemed to be filled with pieces of silk, and satin, and ribands.

Here, my lady, said Mrs. Rotherum, I've a fine story to tell your Ladyship!—a *fine kettle of fish!* Dear me!—to think I should have been so imposed upon! I—who was never deceived by man, woman, or child before. But it serves me right, for harbouring such beggars.

What is the matter? said Lady Manners.

Matter, my lady? Bless your ladyship's kind heart! there's matter enough!—Why, my lady, I did but step here to speak to your ladyship about *this here* girl and her basket, and the pincushion I had bought, and so forth, my lady: and when I went back again, there was the little ungrateful wretch stealing my tea and sugar—ay, that she was,—for I caught her in the very fact, she had got some in *this here* handkerchief, my lady; a little wicked thief as she is!

Come this way, little girl, said Lady Manners, in a gentle, but serious voice. You are Mrs. Bennet's child, I think; the woman who has been so ill this winter, to whom I sent some wine?

Yes, my lady, she is the very same, a naughty —little—shameful——

Silence, my good woman! (said Lady Manners.) And has your mother never taught you (continued her ladyship, addressing herself to Susan), has your mother never taught you that it is wicked to take what does not belong to you? Has she never instructed you in your duties, and shown you that it is contrary to God's commandment to steal?

O yes!—indeed, indeed she has, said Susan, bursting into tears, who could not bear to hear her mother so unjustly blamed.

Then you are, indeed, a wicked girl, said Lady Manners, and I can have nothing more to do with you. My housekeeper had spoken of you and your brother to me, as industrious good children, who endeavoured to earn some money for their mother by honest means. This lady and myself had purchased all the things in your basket; this is the sum of money, said she (pointing to a table, on which several shillings and sixpences were spread), that was to have been yours, and all those pieces of silk and riband that my little girl has taken from her doll's clothes, she intended to have given you, that you might have filled your basket with new pincushions. But you may put them in your little drawers again, my dear Harriet, and save them for some more deserving child,—some little girl who will be too honest to take what does not belong to her,—who loves her mother too dearly to forget

her precepts, and above all, who would not offend God, by disobeying his commands, if she were ever so much tempted to do so.

Oh, that is Susan!—that is Susan!—(said William, running up to her from the door, where he had been standing). Indeed, indeed, my lady! Susan is just that little girl you speak of—and it is I that am wicked, and dishonest, and deceitful; but I am sure I shall never do so again, for I would not be so miserable as I have been for this last half hour for all the world.

Poor William cried so much he could not go on; but as soon as he had recovered himself, he related the whole of the transaction.—Truly repentant for his own conduct, and struck to the heart with the noble and beautiful behaviour of Susan, he gave a true and impartial account of all that had passed between them, the motive of their scheme, and every circumstance, and made the best amends he could by a full confession of his own error.

So Mrs. Rotherum is *not* deceived after all,—*not* made a fool of!—said the housekeeper.—I knew nothing about the *boy*.—It was the *girl* I bought the pincushion of—and I was in the right of it.

You were, indeed, quite in the right of it, good Mrs. Rotherum, said Lady Manners. Susan is an excellent child, and her own virtuous principles will ensure her happiness both in this world and in the

next. But we must make amends to her for all the unjust reproach she has suffered.—Speak, my good girl, said she, name the wish that is uppermost in your heart, and if it be in my power, it shall be gratified.

Forgive my brother! was all Susan could say: her heart was full, and she had no words that could any way express her feelings. This request was willingly complied with, and William's hearty promises of amendment accepted and believed.—He had indeed been deeply impressed by the occurrences of the day; and through his future life the remembrance of them operated as a safeguard to his principles.

Mamma, said Harriet, in a whisper, I may give her my silks and ribands now, mayn't I?

Yes, my dear girl, said Lady Manners, and this guinea for me, besides; and, Mrs. Rotherum, you will, I am sure, have pleasure in putting out a pound of tea and sugar from the great canister, for Susan to take to her mother:—I shall call upon her in a day or two, and see how she does: she is a good woman, and cannot be a very unhappy one, whilst she is blest with so excellent a daughter.

HELEN HOLMES;

OR,

THE VILLAGER METAMORPHOSED.

Louisa Villars had hitherto reigned in the midst of her family, like a queen amongst her subjects, for the house wherein she dwelt was wholly governed by her. Love gave her authority over her too indulgent parents, and fear prompted the domestics to obey her implicitly. Happy are they who by their virtues acquire an ascendant over the hearts of those with whom they dwell! But this was not the case with Louisa. Scarcely any one really loved her; for she was vain, ill-tempered, and self-sufficient. We are however more inclined to pity than to blame her, while we attribute her errors to the faults in her education.

It was a laughable sight to see this little girl dressed out, at her early age, in the very extreme of the fashion, and loaded with every piece of finery her diminutive figure would allow room for. To say the

truth, Nature seemed to have designed her for an artless pretty girl: but Nature is too often cruelly used; her intentions are nipped in the bud, and her gifts too frequently misapplied. Louisa's slender waist was screwed into the size of deformity; her golden locks, which were meant to flow in ringlets round her face, were strained back from her forehead, and fastened in frightful directions with a variety of fine combs. Her dresses were all of the finest texture and most expensive sort; and she was equally vain of her person and her attire. Such was Louisa Villars, at the age of twelve, when Miss Meadows was taken into the family as her governess. Unhappy Miss Meadows! what a pitiable situation,—what an arduous task was yours!

Miss Meadows was a well-informed, sensible young woman. She was aware of the character of her pupil; yet she did not undertake the difficult task of her improvement entirely without hope of success. She found in Louisa the grand essential to work upon,—a feeling heart; and therefore she despaired not of being able to "sow the good seed," in a soil which would in time repay her labours.

In one of the neat and pretty cottages upon Mrs. Villars's estate, dwelt Jonathan Holmes and his wife. They, like their richer neighbour, were possessed of an only daughter. Helen Holmes was a good, simple, and industrious girl. She led a

useful, happy life, the comfort of her parents, and the pride of the village. She was neat, active, and cheerful. She rose with the lark, and employed the whole of her long day in assisting her poor mother, and cheering her honest and good father. No wonder then that she lay down at night, happy and thankful, to the enjoyment of sweet and sound repose. It was to this cottage that, either by design or accident, Miss Meadows one fine summer evening conducted her pupil.

I am going in here, said she with a smile: will you come with me, Louisa?

Oh dear, no, ma'am! mamma never allows me to visit poor people.

Your mamma will not object to it; I had her permission before I came here.

Oh! but I do not like myself to go into dirty cottages.

Do as you will; you must then amuse yourself here till I return to you. But remember, I forbid your going from the door.

Miss Meadows went into the cottage; and Louisa, very sulky, determined to disobey the injunctions of her governess, and strolled on from the door through the adjoining field. She had not gone far before she met Helen, who was returning home with a basket of wood-strawberries on her head. She sat down for a minute to rest her weary limbs,

and Louisa went up to her, and accosted her in the following manner:

Little girl, give me those strawberries. I am very thirsty: give them to me.

I would give them to you with all my heart, young lady: but they are for my mother; she's poorly to-day, and this fruit, I hope, will be a treat to her: for I have been a long way, and have taken great pains to gather it.

Oh! only for your mother! What business has a beggar-woman with strawberries? I am a lady, and I desire you to give them to me.

I will give you some of them, said Helen, but indeed I cannot give you all. And as she spoke, she stooped to gather a large leaf to put some of them into.

In the mean time Louisa, very angry at being refused any thing by a beggar-girl, as she called her, snatched up the basket, and ran away with it as hard as she could. If Helen had chosen it, she could easily have outrun her, and taken her basket back again; but this she did not attempt, but stood looking after Louisa with surprise and sorrow.

Is that a lady, said she, who has taken away the whole of my little treasure, which I was carrying home as a present to my mother?

Scarcely had she said this, when Louisa, in her

haste, and turning back her head to see if she was pursued, caught her foot in the lace of her frock, and fell headlong into a ditch. Helen immediately ran to her assistance: with great presence of mind, she took hold of Louisa, and dragged her out. She then endeavoured to appease her loud shrieks and to comfort her, by telling her that her cottage was near at hand, where she might dry her wet clothes, and send for any thing she wanted; she then offered her arm, and led Louisa towards her home.

Miss Meadows, upon entering the cottage, had been disappointed at not finding Helen at home, but she sat down to rest herself; and she was engaged in conversation with the mother, when Helen entered with Louisa, half dead with fright and fatigue, hanging on her arm.

Good Heaven! exclaimed Miss Meadows; what is the matter?

Helen related the occurrence in a few words, though she forbore to mention any thing about the strawberries.

Louisa, however, exclaimed, It was all my own fault. I am punished as I deserve. I was running away with her strawberries: I am rightly punished.

Every necessary precaution was now taken to prevent any ill consequence arising to Louisa from this accident. Miss Meadows, perceiving she felt

so justly upon the subject, forbore to reproach her; but she bestowed the highest praises upon the conduct of Helen.

Well! said Louisa, as she and Miss Meadows were walking home together, though she did save my life, and though I did use her so ill, I am rich, and can make her amends. I will reward her much more than she deserves, for I will ask mamma to make her a lady, and to let her live with me. Will not that be very kind of me?

It is kind of you, if you think it will make her happy.

Think! Why, there can be no doubt that it will, can there, ma'am? can there be any doubt that a poor beggar would be happy to be made a lady of?

I think there can.

Dear me, how odd! how very strange you are, Miss Meadows! I am sure mamma would not think so.

If your mamma consents, I would not wish to prevent you from making the experiment; you can but try, and then you need not mind what any one thinks—you will know.

Here the conversation ended, and Louisa went with an air of self-approbation to propose her scheme to her indulgent mother.—And here we must take our leave of her for the present.

Come, Helen, my girl! said Jonathan Holmes, as

he returned to his cottage after his day's work;—come, Helen, hang up my coat to dry, and set my chair by the fire, and throw on another faggot. What a blessing it is to have a good daughter! hey, wife? When I am absent all day, and you are so sickly and so weak, what would you do without Helen? And when I come home tired and cross after a hard day's work, what should I do without Helen?

Ah! lack-a-day! we must learn to do without her, Jonathan.

What! hey! said Jonathan, letting the poker fall from his hand, what d'ye mean? do without her? What d'ye mean, woman?

The wife was preparing to answer, when Helen returned with the faggot: so she made a sign with her finger to her husband, to silence him.

Go, child, said Jonathan, go to bed; go and get supper ready; go any where: your mother and I want to have a bit of private chat.

Now, wife, continued he, as Helen shut the door, what did you mean by saying we must do without her?

Why, don't hurry me, dear, don't fluster me, and I 'll tell you all how and about it. But now do you warm yourself, and be comfortable, and have your mug and pipe, and don't hurry me.

Well, I don't want to hurry you, wife; only,

make haste; for your life, be quick, woman! I don't want to hurry you.

Have a little patience:—the long and the short of the matter, husband, is this. You mind I told you the other day, how our girl saved a young lady's life that had fallen into a ditch.

Yes, yes, wife, I know that there long story; don't let 's hear all that over again,—you 've talked of nothing else since, night or day.

Bless you, dear! I 'm not a going to tell you that again. I should have gone on, if you wouldn't have interrupted me.

Well, well, I won't interrupt you any more; go on.

Why then, this morning, as I and Helen were sitting at our spinning, not thinking at all about the matter, what should we see but a fine gilt coach drive up to our poor door, and out of it stepped this very same young lady, and her mamma, and her governess.

No! and did they come in here? you don't say so! And was you all to rights, and tidy? and was Helen looking her best?

Helen was as she always is, neat and clean; and though I says it, as shouldn't, we are always pretty well to rights, and as we should be; so we were in no ways put out after the first fright was over. Well and so I began how and about, that the room

was not fit for such fine folk; but I hoped they'd sit down in the chairs, such as they be; and I got one of the oaten cakes as was first out of the oven, and begged on 'em to taste it, and some new milk, and so——

Ay, ay, very right! all very right! But what did the ladies say? What did they come here for, in the name of wonder?

Why, you'd never guess what they came for, if you was to try from now till next Candlemas. Why, only think, these great ladies came to ask our child, Helen, to go and live with them at the great house!

You don't say so, wife!

Ay, marry, it's as true as I stand here. And moreover, the lady herself says to me, she hoped as how we wouldn't be against parting with her, for she would take care of her as if she was her own child. And then miss comes up to Helen, and takes hold of her hand, and asks her if she would go and live with her, and be her little companion; and then she shows her her fine frock, and her lace, and her jewels, and tells our poor Helen, that she shall have just the same, and better too, if she will go and be a lady, and live with her.

And what did Helen say to all this? I hope she behaved and spoke pretty on the occasion?

Bless the poor simpleton! Why, she coloured

and hung her head, and said, As my mother pleases —If my father likes,—and so on.

Well then, wife! it must indeed be as you say, and we must learn to do without her; for, to be sure, we wouldn't wish to stand in the way of our child's happiness.

Such was the conversation that passed between Jonathan and his wife; and the result of all was this, that Helen, the following day, took leave of her parents, and was whirled off in Mrs. Villars's carriage to the great house. Her brown stuff gown was changed for a muslin frock; her cap and riband were taken off, and her hair was dressed in a fashionable style. Poor Helen! I cannot say she did any justice to her new dress; her rustic movements and country manners seemed very ill suited to her elegant apparel. Besides, she naturally felt upon her first arrival so much abashed, that she was more than usually awkward.

When her toilet was over, and she was ushered into the drawing-room, Louisa began tittering and laughing at her. What a figure! what a fright! she began: mamma, only do look at her!

Miss Villars, said Miss Meadows, very seriously, I will not allow this girl to be laughed at: you have taken her under your protection, and while she remains with you, it is your duty to lessen her painful feelings by kindness and good nature.

What you say is very right, said Mrs. Villars, with her usual misplaced indulgence; but it is really scarcely possible for the child to keep her countenance; the poor thing does look so very queer.

Helen indeed scarcely knew which way to look, but she wished herself at this moment any where but where she was; and she felt that she had never been half so uncomfortable before. Miss Meadows kindly strove to relieve her embarrassment, and to amuse her in various ways. Helen courtesied, and thanked her; at the same time turning to Louisa, in a low voice, she asked if she might have some needle-work to do.

Work! replied Louisa: oh dear, no! we are going out in the carriage; we never work at this time of day.

Perhaps, ma'am, said Helen, I could go for you?

Go for me! said Louisa, laughing; go for me! What in the world does she mean, mamma?

I thought, said Helen, colouring, I could perhaps get what you want, and it would save you and all the servants and horses the trouble, ma'am.

At this Mrs. Villars and Louisa were almost convulsed with laughter; and even Miss Meadows herself could not refrain from a smile.

La! want any thing! repeated Louisa, do you think I am like yourself, and never go out except I want a bundle of sticks, or——

Do not add a basket of strawberries, said Miss Meadows, or it will bring to our recollection what perhaps you would wish us to forget.

Louisa now felt confounded in her turn, and she was checked in her raillery against Helen. She went out of the room to prepare for her drive. In a little while they all set out to take an airing. Poor Helen stared about her; but she could not make out what was the pleasure of a drive for no use or purpose, as the carriage returned to the door from whence it set out, without their having once alighted, or any incident having occurred.

It was a matter of debate between Mrs. Villars and her daughter, whether Helen should receive instructions from the different masters attendant on the latter. The point was at last settled by Louisa declaring she would not learn a thing of any sort or kind, unless her mother made Helen learn the same. Consequently, the next day, when the dancing-master arrived, Helen was summoned to attend him, and Mrs. Villars felt delighted to contrast her daughter's elegant dancing with the clumsy and ungraceful movements of Helen.

Bon Dieu! exclaimed the dancing-master, shrugging up his shoulders as he vainly endeavoured to place Helen's feet in the right position. *Bon Dieu!* he repeated, apparently quite out of patience.

She is no relation at all, whispered Mrs. Villars

in his ear; not the least connected with my daughter; only a poor country girl we have adopted in charity, and Louisa is anxious she should have every advantage.

Eh! oui! la charité! Ah très bien! ah, oui! I knew she could be no relation to mademoiselle. *Ah, quelle différence! Mademoiselle Louise est toute charmante.*

Mrs. Villars smiled, and looked much pleased with this compliment to her daughter; and Louisa simpered, bit her fan, and gave herself a thousand conceited airs upon the occasion.

Helen was reckoned the best dancer on the green by her rural companions; and, in truth, for rustic dancing, no one excelled her. But the Scotch steps and French minuets of Monsieur Gavot she knew nothing at all about: she did not understand all he said, but she saw by his manner he was angry with her, and this increased her dismay. Monsieur Gavot stamped his foot, screwed out her toes till she was near falling down, held his fiddle-bow under her chin to keep her head up, and pulled her arms together behind her. Louisa laughed; and poor Helen, at last quite overcome, burst into tears; and the dancing-masser, with a shrug, made his bow, and departed.

A tragical ending to our first lesson indeed! said Mrs. Villars. Poor thing! don't cry; it cannot be

expected that poor people can be graceful, and dance like fine ladies.

Don't cry, said Louisa, who possessed a share of feeling that sometimes shone through the mist of her errors; do not cry, and you shall not be plagued with masters any more, if you don't like it. I know I often find them great plagues myself. Now smile again, and I will give you this half-guinea, which mamma gave me this morning.

Helen's heart was too full to speak, but her countenance was expressive of gratitude for this present: she had not paid a visit to her parents since she had parted from them.

In the evening of this day they were sitting together over the fire, watching their faggot burn; neither speaking a word, till the wife at last broke silence.

My dear husband, what be you thinking of? she began.

Of Helen: what else should I be thinking of?

But, then, why do you look so serious? You should look happy, whenever you think of our happy child.

I was thinking, too, that she has not been once to see us yet, since she parted from us: and I was thinking that may be our dear girl, that we both love so much, may be apt to forget us now; she'll be surrounded with fine folk, and may be she'll be

ashamed of her poor father and mother, who love her better, after all, than any one in the wide world.

Oh! I'll be bound for her, she'll not forget us, Jonathan, said the wife, wiping her tears with her apron.

At this instant the door opened, and Helen ran in, and threw her arms round her mother's neck. Dear mother! dear father! how do you do both? said she, kissing them as she spoke.

Joy! joy! cried her father, here 's my own fondling on my knees again.

Why, we were just talking on ye, dear.

Just talking on her, wife! Why we have talked of nothing else since she has been gone, night or day: just talking on her indeed!

But now, child, said the mother, tell us all how and about it, how you like your new dress; in short, how you like being a fine lady.

Helen gave an account of all she had done and seen, and ended with saying, To be sure I 've not been very happy yet, but then Mrs. Villars says it is because I 'm not grown into a lady: and when I am a real fine lady I shall be very happy.

And how long will it be, my dear, before you are a lady?

That 's what I don't know, said Helen; but I will be sure to let you know when the time comes. And now the sun is setting, and I must go back

to the great house, or they will wonder what is become of me. Dear father, here is half a guinea Miss Villars gave me this morning: it is all the money I have, and it is all yours. Good b'ye, said she, good b'ye! and she looked very melancholy; as much as to say, I wish I was going to sleep under your humble roof as formerly. Her parents wept, and gave her their blessing, and watched her climb the hill till she was out of sight.

You tiresome, provoking girl! exclaimed Louisa Villars, upon Helen's entering the room; you are a good-for-nothing beggar-girl, you are! cried she, sobbing violently.

Why? said Helen, much surprised, what have I done, Miss Villars?

What have you done! You have left me all the evening, when I was so busy in making things for my birthday, and wished for you so much. Here I wanted you for a hundred things, and now the evening is over, said she,—and she sobbed again.

I have been to see my father and mother, said Helen; I am sorry you are displeased.

You are an ungrateful girl, said Mrs. Villars, extremely agitated at her daughter's crying: is this the return you make Louisa for her kindness to you, to run away from her just at the time she wants you? Your father and mother, indeed! Pray did your father and mother give you that fine frock?

did they give you those pink shoes? did they give you a soft bed to sleep upon, and servants to wait upon you?

They gave me all they had to give, said Helen timidly.

Yes! vastly fine! said Mrs. Villars; but know, miss, you cannot be a fine lady and a cottage girl too; you cannot live with me and your parents at the same time: so, while you are here, you must stay here—you understand me? A pretty thing! she continued, lowering her voice; who knows that the girl is honest? or that she might not convey half my furniture and valuables to her parents, if she was allowed to pop backwards and forwards whenever she pleased?

Helen had nothing to do but to obey in silence; she dared not complain, though she felt it very hard to be deprived of the pleasure of visiting her dear parents; and she did not quite know whether even the happiness of being a fine lady would compensate for such a privation.

And now the day arrived in which Louisa was to be completely her own mistress; for her mamma had promised her that her birthday should be spent in any way she best liked, and that neither expense nor trouble should be spared in gratifying her wishes. Louisa chose to give an entertainment to all her young acquaintance, and the rooms and

supper were prepared with the same ceremony and magnificence as if her mamma herself had been preparing for a party.

Well, thanks be praised! said Louisa Villars, when first she opened her blue eyes the next morning; thank Heaven, this day is come at last! this is to be my happy day.

I wish you many happy returns of it, said Miss Meadows; but, in my opinion, all the days of Miss Villars's life ought to be happy.

Louisa arose, and dressed herself with unusual splendour. She had a new cap sent from the milliner, of which she was extremely proud. It was made of lilac satin, trimmed with flowers and lace; a very ridiculous thing for a little girl.

She was just going to put it on, when some one gave a gentle tap at the door.

Who 's there? said Louisa.

It is me, ma'am?

And who is me, ma'am?

It is Helen.

Oh! come in, child: what do you want?

Helen entered colouring and smiling. I have made bold, said she, to come to wish you joy of your birthday, and to bring you this chaplet of roses, which I have made myself on purpose for you, and hope you will be pleased to wear it for my sake.

I am sorry I cannot oblige you then, said Louisa; it is really very pretty, and would do very well for you; but is not a fit thing for me to wear to-day, said she, twisting the beautiful roses round and round as she spoke.

I meant no offence, ma'am,—I only made it in case you would like it, said Helen, in a broken voice.

Oh! it is very kind of you: you meant it well, no doubt: but I will show you, Helen, what I am going to wear. Look here, what do you think of this? said she, holding up the lace cap as she spoke.

I do not think it so pretty as the white one you wore yesterday.

No, I dare say you don't; that's because you are in a passion; you are angry because I won't wear your silly roses.

Indeed I am not angry.

Oh but you are, you are! though you try to hide it: I see by your face you are bursting with anger, or else it is impossible you would not admire my beautiful cap. You know you would give any thing for such a one, you provoking girl!—you know you would.

Indeed I do not think it half so beautiful as one of these roses.

Louisa was out of all patience at the coolness of this reply. You are a story-teller! said she; and as she spoke, she snatched the pretty chaplet from

Helen's hand, and tore it into a thousand pieces. Helen, much grieved at her friend's behaviour, left the room.

What! said Miss Meadows, going in a minute afterwards, is the ground on which you tread already "strewn with roses?" Ah! my love, they are not without thorns, I fear, or why those tears, Louisa?

Louisa refused to explain the cause of her sorrow to her governess, because she would take Helen's part, as she called it; but as she was in the midst of roaring out an untrue account of it to her mother, the maid entered the room to tell her that the little Miss Fidgets were arrived.

Upon hearing this, Louisa dried her eyes, and went to the looking-glass; but seeing that her face was quite red with crying, she burst into another flood of tears, declaring she could not go down, she looked such a fright. The band now struck up beneath her windows.

Lord Gosling and Master Middleton, said the maid, again opening the door.

My goodness! exclaimed Mrs. Villars: indeed, Louisa, all your young friends will be arrived before you are down.

Louisa was impatient to see her company, and therefore she suffered her cap to be put on; though, to say the truth, she had, as she said, made her-

self a perfect fright; and what with her showy matronly cap, and her red crying face, she looked quite like an old woman.

By the time she got down stairs, Master Sharp, and the tall Miss Portly, Master Piper, and Miss Manners, were all arrived. Louisa's sorrows were soon dissipated amongst this gay set of young people. She could not however forget Helen's behaviour about the lilac cap; and whenever their eyes met, she cast on her a terrific frown.

But she had smiles for every one else; particularly as Miss Stare exclaimed upon her first entrance, "La! gracious me, what a smart cap!" Besides, she had the satisfaction of feeling herself more gaily dressed than almost any of her companions; for the Miss Fidgets were all in green, Miss Manners was in a plain white muslin, and even Miss Portly herself did not exceed her.

To be sure Master Sharp ventured to say he thought hers was the ugliest cap he ever saw; but then Lord Gosling made answer, Ah, Tom! that's because you are no judge. So with all manner of airs and conceit Louisa did the honours to her company.

Where is Miss Meadows? inquired Georgiana Manners; I have not seen her yet.

Oh dear! do not mention the name of my go-

verness to-day, said Louisa; mamma has promised that I shall not set eyes on her; it is to be quite a holyday.

A holyday too for Miss Meadows, I should think, said Master Sharp.

Oh yes! said Louisa, not understanding the satire conveyed in his words; it is a holyday for her, for mamma has given her leave to go where she likes. And a fine holyday she will make of it! Ten to one but she'll go visiting all the poor cottages within twenty miles; it's what she seems most fond of.

I wish I was with her, thought Helen, with a sigh, for I long to see my dear parents once more.

Miss Meadows is a charming woman, resumed Georgiana; I know her very well.

Oh, for Heaven's sake, no more of Miss Meadows! said Louisa, affectedly; don't let us spend my birthday in talking of Miss Meadows.

Lord Gosling laughed heartily at this.

Come, let's away to the meadows, said Master Sharp; that will be better fun, and see what we can do there to amuse ourselves.

Are we all agreed? said Louisa with an affected smile.

All, all! said they.

Come on then, said Louisa; and she led the way with great impatience to the adjoining fields,

which were covered with wild flowers, and in full beauty.

Here they began many different games and amusements; but unhappily they could not for some time contrive to be of one mind about any. Some were too fatiguing for Louisa; others too childish; others too dangerous. At last Miss Manners proposed that they should fancy themselves village rustics, and imitate the sports of May-day.

Oh yes! they all exclaimed, that will be a nice play; and Louisa must be our queen, of course.

Oh, certainly, she must be queen of the May, because it is her birthday.

Louisa was extremely elated at this: her vanity was much gratified at being chosen queen by general consent.

Come, said they all. Come, said Master Sharp, this will do: and that little amphibious animal, half lady, and half beggar, will be in her element.

Ah! said Miss Manners, Helen can show us any thing; she knows all about it, and will feel quite at home.

With great good nature Helen showed them all she knew, and assisted them as much as possible. They all set about gathering flowers, and under Helen's direction formed a maypole. Louisa hung it with ribands; and the boys threw off coats and waistcoats, stuck flowers in their hats, and could

not forbear hopping round it, singing, "All around the maypole, see how we trot," &c. Is that right, Miss Helen? will that do? said they, swinging their arms about. Come, now for it!—where is our queen? Let us seat her on her throne, and pay homage to her.

Oh, but stay, Miss Louisa, said the Miss Fidgets; the queen must have a chaplet of flowers.

Who ever saw a queen in a lilac fandango like that? said Tom Sharp, pointing to her cap.

Come, off it, off with it! and we will have a crown of roses on your head in a minute, said he, attempting playfully to take off her cap.

Oh my new cap! my beautiful cap! exclaimed Louisa; you'll spoil it, Master Sharp; you shall not pull off my cap.

Nay, but she must wear a garland of roses; now must not she, Helen?

Helen coloured; and looking down, made no answer.

Cannot you speak, child? What are you afraid of? continued Sharp. Speak! must she wear that cap?

It will not signify, I think, said Helen timidly.

Oh, signify! it will signify, said they all; we'll not let the little conceited minx off that way: if she's so vain that she will not part with that fine cap, why let us choose another queen.

Louisa was all this time swelling with rage. At last she could contain herself no longer, but gave vent to her passion in a flood of tears.

Pray, Master Sharp, said Miss Manners, pray let poor Louisa alone, and let us begin our play.

No, no, I will have my own way, said he; I am not a loyal subject till my queen pulls off her cap.

Ah! what would Louisa have given at this moment, if she had in the morning put on Helen's chaplet of flowers instead of her lace cap! She would then have been spared these mortifying speeches.

You may choose another queen, if you like it, she began, sobbing violently as she spoke; you are very ill-natured, all of you, and I won't play with you; I won't speak to any of you any more.

Saying this, she walked away quickly, and got out of sight of her companions. We must leave them to laugh at her, or to weep for her, as suits them best, and follow her in her solitary walk.

Is this my birthday, said she to herself, that I expected would prove the happiest day of my life? and is this already the second time I have shed tears, and felt quite miserable? I am not half so happy as poor Helen; she never cries. And yet I think Miss Meadows would say, it is all my own fault. Why was I so proud and conceited as not to accept Helen's pretty present? She made it on purpose

to please me; and I ought to have worn it, if it had been ever so ugly. And then I should not have been in a passion this morning, I should have been ready dressed as queen of the May, and I should have been spared all their cruel mockery.

Oh, you ugly, tiresome cap! said she, snatching it from her head; it is you that have caused me all this misery.

And regardless of the sum of money it had cost her mother, she threw it hastily into a pool of water that was near her. What a pity that she should spoil the just reflection she had been making, by this act of senseless extravagance! As she looked round, she saw Helen coming towards her.

Ah! said she, Helen, whom I have so lately injured, are you the only one that comes to pity me?

Dear Miss Villars, said the good-natured Helen, running up to her, do not leave your friends in this way: they are very sorry they have displeased you; they cannot play without you: do come back, and be their queen.

How can I? said Louisa. You know I have got no crown, and they will not let me be queen without.

Oh, but if you like it, I will make you another garland. I have got some beautiful roses, and I can make it in a minute.

Oh, you dear, good girl! said Louisa, kissing her; how kind it is of you to forget my unworthy behaviour this morning!

Helen made the garland very speedily, and placed it on Louisa's head, who was then proposing to return to her companions, when Helen exclaimed, Goodness, Miss Villars, here is your fine cap fallen into the water!

I know it, said Louisa: I threw it there myself. I cannot bear the sight of it.

Dear Miss Louisa, you cannot be in earnest! You cannot surely be going to leave that which cost so much money to be wasted and spoiled.

Come, said Louisa, do not let us stand here any longer. If you can make any use of the cap, you are quite welcome to it: only never let me see it again; for pity's sake, said she, never let me have any thing more to do with it.

Helen thanked her a thousand times, took the cap, dried it, and put it in her pocket. I shall find some use for it still, thought she.

When Louisa rejoined her companions, they all seemed disposed to applaud her change of dress, as well as her change of temper; and they flattered her again into high and elated spirits. Master Sharp in particular appeared willing to make up for his former rudeness, by paying particular attention to Louisa, and by taking her part upon every

occasion. In short, they were for the rest of the day sworn friends.

How can it have happened, said Tom, that your mamma can have chosen such an awkward little rustic for your companion, dear Louisa?

Oh, mamma did not choose her; I took her in charity, said Louisa.

Then in charity I wish you would send her home again, for I'm sure she's not a fit companion for you. Only see how awkward she looks, and how she colours up to her ears at every word that is said to her! What a ridiculous figure she will cut at our ball to-night! Oh, Louisa, do let's *quiz* her; what glorious fun it will be! Do look at her: if she is not seated at her work again on your birth-day!

Pray, noble miss, said Master Sharp, going up to her, what may you be doing?

I am making an apron for my mother, said she, blushing.

An apron for my mother! repeated Sharp, drawling, and pretending to mimic Helen's voice; at the same moment snatching it out of her hand, and tying it on himself. *An apron for my mother!* A fig for my mother, I say! said he, dancing and kicking about in the apron.—It was a muslin apron, and Helen was afraid it would be torn.

Oh, pray, sir, do not tear it, said she; it will

give my mother great pleasure, because it is my own making. Pray, sir, do not tear it, said she, persuasively.

The cruel boy cared not for Helen's entreaties; but, encouraged by the laughter of his companions, he continued his foolish pranks, twisting the muslin apron about him in all directions, in imitation of the celebrated shawl dance at the Opera; while Louisa, laughing violently, exclaimed, What a droll figure! how clever he is!

Poor Helen, whose fears for the apron inspired her with more than usual courage, at length said, with her eyes swimming in tears, Indeed, Master Sharp, you have no right to spoil my work.

No right! exclaimed Sharp.

No right! echoed Louisa. Have not I a perfect right to do what I please with you, or your muslin either? You have nothing but what I give you.

Miss Meadows gave me that muslin, said Helen.

I will tell you what, said Sharp, you are an impudent girl, and deserve to have your work spoiled, and that would teach you not to be impertinent to Miss Villars, who could send you back to your little cottage again this instant, if she chose it.

I should be happy to go back to my cottage again, said Helen, bursting into tears; too happy to go back to my dear parents once more.

Take her at her word, take her at her word, said

Sharp; turn her out, turn her out, Louisa, said he, going behind Helen, and almost pushing her: come, dear Louisa, said he, help me to drive her out of the room.

Helen looked up piteously in Louisa's face, as much as to say, Will you do this? But Louisa, giddy, thoughtless Louisa, afraid of offending her new friend, forgot all about the chaplet of roses, forgot all Helen's sweetness and good nature, and joined with her rude companions in driving her completely out of the room.

Cruel Louisa! said Helen, hiding her face with both her hands, I have not deserved this from you. But you have shut your door upon me, and, I hope, for ever.

As she was going up stairs, she met Miss Meadows, who, surprised at seeing Helen in tears, tenderly inquired the cause.

Come in here, said she, opening the door of her room; come and explain to me the cause of your affliction; I am sure you never weep without a reason.

As soon as Helen had recovered herself sufficiently to speak, she replied, I wish to go home, ma'am; I want to see my poor father and mother once more.

But this is not all; you would not shed tears on that account: you know I promised you, that if

ever the time came that you should wish to return home, you should be permitted to do so. But you desire to conceal from me the cause of your grief—I will not therefore—

No, indeed; indeed, ma'am, interrupted Helen, I do not wish to conceal any thing from you; you have been a kind friend to me; but—

But what, Helen? why do you hesitate? Perhaps Miss Villars has been forgetting herself, and has treated you unworthily? If this is the case, do not be afraid to tell me. She has hurt you by ill treatment: am not I right?

She has got new friends, who are fitter to live with her than I am, said Helen, and she does not like me any longer.

She takes more notice of her visitors to-day than of you, Helen, because they are new to her, and perhaps she likes them better; but I hope you are not jealous on that account?

Oh, dear, no, ma'am! indeed I am not jealous. I am very grateful to Miss Villars for all her kindness and generosity, which has been much more than I could have deserved; but—

And are you sure, Helen, that you wish to return home for ever?

Quite sure, ma'am.

Well! I must tell you something before you go, that may perhaps induce you to change your

mind. I have been this morning to visit your parents.

How very good you are, ma'am! said Helen, curtsying.

Alas! Helen! I found them in a sad condition. Your father has lately received a hurt in his back, which has prevented him from going to work as usual: your poor mother, you know, is always sickly; so that the day for their rent is come round, and they have not the money to pay it. Their landlord threatens to turn them out of doors, and they must then go to the alms-house. You need not share their misery, Helen; you can stay here.

Is this indeed true? said Helen. Are my poor parents in such distress? Then indeed I will go home this instant! I am sure I can comfort them.

Your mother told me, Helen, that it was her chief comfort to think that her child was out of the way of it all, and was enjoying herself, and being a lady; and they both said they could bear any thing while you are happy.

Oh, Miss Meadows! could I ever enjoy myself while my parents were in want and wretchedness? Oh, no! Give me my poor stuff gown, said she, taking off her muslin frock and pink slip; give me my old coarse stockings, and my straw bonnet: oh, these things are too good for me, who

have been living like a lady, while my parents were in want!

Louisa was not at all aware of what was passing between Helen and her governess. As soon as the door was shut upon her humble friend, she would have felt ashamed of her behaviour. But her head was filled with other things. The ball was soon to commence, and she had to dress for the second time. She had no idea but that Helen would forget the quarrel, as she called it, quite as soon as she did. When the dance began, however, she looked round in vain for Helen.

It was now to no purpose that Master Sharp admired her dress or her dancing: she began to fret that she had behaved unpardonably to her rustic companion, the saver of her life; and the reproaches of her conscience entirely prevented her taking any pleasure in the amusement of the evening.

But when she learned that Helen was actually gone, not to return, her rage and grief knew no bounds; she wept and scolded, and loudly accused Master Sharp of being the cause of it all: her *dear* friend blamed her with equal violence, and a loud dispute ensued, which put an end to the dancing, and caused dismay to all the company.

We had better be off, I believe, said the Miss Fidgets. I detest quarrels of all sorts. Come, my

dear, said the eldest, get your cloaks, and let us leave them to themselves.

Miss Portly raised her eyes in silence; her servant came, and she withdrew. Miss Manners sincerely lamented the cruel affront that had been put upon Helen, and retired with a heavy heart. Lord Gosling and Master Middleton then went up to Master Sharp, and declaring it was their duty to take the lady's part, took him by the arm, and dragged him home. The young party having thus made their exit, Louisa ended the day, as she had begun it, in passionate tears.

Helen! my child! exclaimed Jonathan Holmes and his wife, as they saw her enter her father's cottage, Helen in her poor clothes again! how is this? What! is all our comfort taken from us at once?

No! said Helen, embracing them, not *all* your comfort, you have got your *child* still.

Right, said the father; for this we bless God, and ought not to complain, though she is turned out of the great house, and stript of her fine clothes.

No such thing, dear father; no, dear mother, this is not so: I heard of your distress, that you were both ill and in want, and I came of my own accord to comfort you.

My own daughter! said the father, springing forward, in spite of the pain in his back, to clasp

her in his arms. How can we think ourselves poor, while we have such a treasure in our child!

Ah! poor dear soul, said the mother, but she does not know what she 's come back to; she little thinks the home we have got for her now.

I do know it, mother, said Helen; I know it all: for my own part, I shall be happier any where with *you*, than—But why do I talk of myself? Any home is good enough for me. Do not cry, dear mother; you are so good, you will soon find comfort wherever you are.

And here the conversation of these good people was interrupted.

The goodness of Helen had deeply interested Miss Meadows in the distresses of her family; and she was sitting in her own room, planning what she could do to be of most use to them, when Mrs. Gruntum, the lady's maid, came into the room with an air of importance.

I beg pardon, ma'am, she began, for my abruptness, Miss Meadows; but I 'm come to let you know,—though to be sure, for the matter of that, I could have told you long ago, for I 've had my suspicions long enough—

Miss Meadows was used to Mrs. Gruntum's long speeches and marvellous stories; she therefore sat quietly, with her head upon her hand, waiting the solution of her enigma.

Only I kept them to myself, because, when folks

are favourites, every thing they do, to be sure, must be right; and one person may steal a *'orse*, while another looks over a *'edge*, as the saying is. So I thought I 'd e'en let matters speak for themselves, as they 'd be sure to do in time, and you and my young lady be set right, ma'am.

Of whom are you speaking? said Miss Meadows.

To be sure, if my young lady had set her *'eart* upon an humble companion, she need not have gone quite so low as the cottage for one: who could think that any thing at all *genteel* could be made of such people? (glancing at her own figure with a look of complacency.) But if people are set up above their betters, and the scum of the *hearth* are to *'old* up their *'eads*, it 's no wonder they forgets themselves, and comes to no good at last.

Is it poor Helen, then, to whom all this alludes? said Miss Meadows, roused to a greater degree of curiosity than she was before disposed to feel.

Yes, ma'am, that little *'ussey*, as my young lady was so taken with, forsooth, that nothing she did was wrong,—*she*, who was so meek, that you 'd a thought *butter wouldn't melt in her mouth*, as the saying is,—but she 's no better than an arrant *thief*, ma'am.

A thief! echoed Miss Meadows, with a look of dismay.

Ah, you stare, Miss, and well you may. The

ungrateful wretch! The *genteel* dresses that my lady threw away upon her, to be sure!

The smile that Miss Meadows could not suppress was mingled in her countenance with an expression of concern and curiosity.

To what does all this lead? With your lady's conduct it is improper in you to interfere; but let me know of what you have to accuse Helen, that I may discover the truth.

To be sure, ma'am; that is but fair. Well, ma'am, without further preamble, for I *'ates* keeping people in suspense, and never was counted a great talker, only when I'm *hagitated*, I *'ardly* knows what I says first, and sometimes the longest way about is the shortest way *'ome*, as the saying is.

Pray, go on.

Yes, ma'am: where was I?——The *'ats* and caps as that girl *'ad* of her *hown*, and yet—

Pray, no more reflections. Proceed.

Well, ma'am, no sooner had I seen the girl safe *hoff*, and glad enough I was to see her, like Cinderella as I used to read of in my youth, drest in all her dirty rags as before, and not made to *hape* the lady any longer, and so I bethought me, I'd go into her room, and see what I could see; for my mind misgived me, ma'am, that all was not right: and there the thoughtless little thing had left her pockets behind her. And sure enough, at the cor-

ner of one of 'em, under a *'eap* of rubbish, there I finds Miss Villars's beautiful new lace cap, twisted and screwed up, and all sure enough that we mightn't know it again. The little *'ypocritical* wretch!

Leave the pocket and its contents with me, said Miss Meadows calmly: and I desire you will not mention a word of this to your young lady. I shall inquire into the truth. I wish to inform her of it myself at the most proper time.

Oh, la me! certainly, ma'am; Oh dear me, no, I 'm sure I don't want to tell it to no one, said Mrs. Gruntum, banging the door, and hurrying off to tell it to every servant in the house.

Miss Meadows sat silent and absorbed in painful reflection. Grieved as she was to discover that Helen could be guilty of so wicked an action, yet the fact seemed evident. When she recollected Louisa's extreme fondness for the cap in question, and that, during all the time she had possessed it, she had been at variance with Helen, she thought, with Mrs. Gruntum, that it was quite impossible it could have been honestly come by.

Poor unhappy girl! said Miss Meadows to herself. You are not then the guiltless, the uncorrupted, the virtuous being I supposed you! Till now I have thought you the most amiable of all I knew, and amidst poverty and distress I should have

loved and envied you still.—How you have deceived me!

Miss Meadows considered for some time what was the best step to take in this affair. She wished, at least for the present, that Mrs. Villars and her daughter should be unacquainted with Helen's guilt. She wisely judged it best that Helen should be made to feel the deepest remorse for her conduct, without ruining her character by a public disclosure of her crime.

She thought the best thing to be done was to write to Helen's mother; which she accordingly did, telling her that Helen was discovered to be a dishonest girl, and recommending to her to take all possible pains to "instruct her in the wickedness of theft." She told her that she had been won by Helen's apparent goodness, and had determined to do all in her power to relieve the distress of the family; but, upon the discovery of her guilt, she should reserve her charity for those who were more deserving.

This letter was taken to the cottage by a messenger, who was desired, at the same time, to forbid Helen returning to the great house on any pretence whatever.

When the poor father and mother received the letter, Helen was from home; she was gone to take some spinning of her mother's to be sold. It

is vain to describe the anguish of this fond and worthy couple, as they read over and over again the line, " your child is a thief."

A thief! cried the poor man. Our Helen! Who would have thought it would ever come to this? Wife! Poor creature, how she sobs! And well she may. Why it was but the other day we thought it hard to be turned out of doors to live in an alms-house: Oh! how could we think any thing hard, while our child was good? We ought not to have complained: we are punished for it.—*Our child is a thief!*

She is *not*, said the wife, sobbing violently: I 'll lay my life the child is innocent, and so it will come out, sooner or later, please God.

Helen came in at this moment, smiling and rosy, holding in her hand the money she had got for her spinning.

There, said the mother, read that, dear; tell us what it means, and don't frighten yourself, for we don't suspect you.

Helen, after she had read the letter, endeavoured to assure her afflicted parents of her innocence; but as Miss Meadows had not mentioned the circumstances of her accusation, she was at a loss to conceive what it meant, and could give her parents no satisfactory explanation. She saw that her

friend, Miss Meadows, had been in some way deceived: but as she was forbidden to visit the house, she could have no opportunity of justifying herself; and in the mean time her parents were deprived of the succour of which they were so much in need. She repeated often and often, "I am innocent!" but her parents, seeing her grief, and inability to explain the history, knew not what to think, and the little cottage was a scene of gloom and sorrow. The day on which payment of the rent would be required now approached, and the inhabitants prepared to take leave of their little cottage.

The day before they were to quit it, however, the thought occurred to Helen of writing to Miss Meadows.

She is very good, thought she: she has been deceived: but she will not, I think, refuse to read my letter.

Accordingly she sat down, with an aching heart, and wrote the following note:

"HONOURED MADAM,

"I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. It is for the sake of my dear father and mother, that I am eager to tell you I am innocent of what you accuse me of. Indeed, dear madam, I would not tell you an untruth: some one has de-

ceived you; but if you will be so very good as to see and speak to me for a minute, it might all be explained. Your letter has made us miserable: my parents I fear suspect me: Oh, madam, they *have* taught me the "*wickedness of theft!*" do not, pray do not, let them suffer on my account: let me explain to you, and all will be well.

I am, madam, with great respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

HELEN HOLMES.

"P. S. Am I taking too great a liberty to beg you will be so very good as to return me a pocket which I left at your house? It contains nothing except a cap, which I value as Miss Villars's present, and which I mean to dispose of (in case it would procure a trifle) for the relief of my parents."

Nothing could have given greater pleasure to the heart of Miss Meadows than did the postscript of Helen's letter. She went directly to Louisa, and explained to her the whole affair. She now redoubled her exertions to repair the wrong she had done.

She concluded that Helen did not in the least understand the value of the lace cap, which she talked of selling for a trifle: she therefore determined to dispose of it for her, and to surprise her with the profit; which resolution prevented her

from answering the note till the next day. Helen, in the mean time, waited in great anxiety.

She does not believe me, said she. My parents are deserted, and I must see them leave their cottage, where they have so long dwelt in peace and comfort.

She looked sorrowfully, as she spoke, at the woodbine which covered the door: she gathered a bit with tears in her eyes, and then stood thinking for some time, till a well-known voice disturbed her revery.

Well, Helen, said her old friend Miss Meadows, smiling on her as she spoke, when you have quite pulled that flower to pieces, you will listen to what I am come to tell you.

Helen burst into tears of joy, for she saw by her manner that Miss Meadows was undeceived.

Forgive me, Helen, said that lady tenderly, forgive my unjust suspicions.

She then related to her Mrs. Gruntum's story. I have attended to your request, she added, and have ventured to dispose of the cap to the best of my ability, and hope the sum produced will not disappoint you.

She then put into her hands a purse containing four guineas, the exact sum wanting to pay the rent. Helen's joy was indescribable. She ran into the cottage, and, giving the purse to her father,

she exclaimed, Here is the money that will save you from beggary! and here is one who will tell you I am innocent!

Miss Meadows kindly explained the affair again to the father and mother, bestowing the highest praises on Helen, which were a greater balm to their minds than any thing she could have given.

Oh, ma'am! one favour more, said Helen, as Miss Meadows was leaving the cottage: allow me to express my gratitude to Miss Villars; it was she who gave me the cap, the cause of all this happiness: I am sure it will give her pleasure to know the good she has done.

I will ask her to visit you to-morrow, said Miss Meadows.

The next day, as Helen was standing out at her door, she saw Miss Villars coming towards the cottage. Helen sprang forward to meet her; in the eagerness of her joy and gratitude, she called her her benefactress: Come, said she, come, and see how happy you have made us!

Louisa was deeply affected. She had never before considered the value of money; she had never before experienced the heartfelt satisfaction of doing good; and an impression was made on her mind which time could not efface. Fortunately for her, she possessed in Miss Meadows a friend, eager to seize every favourable opportunity, and improve

every moment, for the future advantage of her pupil's character.

In the wild scheme of adopting Helen, and suddenly transplanting a rustic villager into the refined scenes of polished life, Miss Meadows had foreseen little stability, and less prospect of happiness; but she had forborne to discourage it, in the hope that its very failure might produce to each party benefit. Upon the ill-regulated temper of Louisa, she trusted the gentle virtues of Helen would operate as a charm; and that the selfishness and vanity she had vainly hoped by precept to subdue, would gradually yield to the influence which the example of disinterested, modest worth would silently acquire over the heart: while to the humble Helen, when at last restored to her former mode of life, little reparation would be necessary, if, in the daily contemplation of Louisa's fretfulness, she found a proof of the insufficiency of wealth to bestow happiness, and was taught to set a just value upon the blessings to be obtained in her own station.

The event justified her predictions. From this time Louisa felt it her chief pleasure to visit Helen, and to make her happy; and her temper and manners underwent a gradual change. A sincere friendship, founded on a mutual knowledge of each other's qualities, grew up between these

young persons; who, though widely separated by station, became daily more like to each other in virtue and goodness of heart.

When, some time after, Mrs. Villars prepared to remove to her town residence, the parting between our heroines was painful to each: yet Louisa no longer endeavoured to prevail upon Helen to accompany them; while Helen, attached as she was to her young benefactress, resolved never again to be tempted to leave her humble dwelling, to become a fine lady; convinced of the truth of Miss Meadows's observation, *that every one will be most happy, while they are contented to fulfil their part in the station in which Providence has placed them.*

THE NOISE.

WHAT can be the cause of that tremendous noise? cried Mrs. Morland; and she started instantly from her chair to inquire: Mr. Morland ran to the door at the same moment.

The sound was from above; but before they had reached the top of the stairs, they saw their second son, Bertram, rolling down them at the same time with a large stone pitcher, which had been filled with water, but the greater part of its contents had poured on Bertram in its fall. Mr. Morland caught Bertram by the arm; the pitcher proceeded to the bottom of the stairs, where it was broken to pieces. Why, Bertram! cried his papa, how came the pitcher and you to have so unlucky a meeting? Poor Bertram did not feel quite comfortable at that moment: he had received several bruises, and the cold water made him shiver; so he answered by bursting into tears.

Upon examining the bruises, his papa found that they were not very serious, except one by the side

of his eye, which would most probably disfigure him for a few days.

Go and get your wet clothes off, said his mamma. After that, we will hear how it happened; and the nursemaid, who had been likewise brought by the noise, carried him up stairs.

That boy will certainly meet with some very dreadful accident one day, said Mr. Morland, as he shut the door: what can be done to correct this shocking carelessness?"

Really, said Mrs. Morland, if his constant bruises and hurts do not make some impression upon him, I do not know of any thing else that is likely to do so: but we have not yet heard how this last misfortune happened; it is possible that he may not have been able to help it.

Where could Arthur have been? said Mr. Morland: it is but a few minutes ago that they left the room together. Before he had concluded, Arthur made his appearance, with nearly as large a bruise on his forehead as Bertram had on his eye.

Did you hear or see Bertram fall? said his papa.

Yes, answered Arthur, colouring deeply; we were at play together.

At play! what, at the top of the stairs?—No, we were running from one room into another. Ber-

tram now entered, looking a little more cheerful than when he had left them.

Come, said his papa, now tell us all about this affair: what were you both doing just before?

I wanted Arthur to play at trap in the garden, said Bertram, and he said he would not, for he was going up stairs to get his pencil to draw, and he ran into your room: I ran after him—then he ran out, and I thought he ran up stairs, but he was gone into the other room: just as I was going up after him, he peeped out, and laughed: I tried to catch him, he to get past me, and we struck so hard against one another, that I tumbled over the pitcher, and down stairs."

But was it against you that he bruised his head so violently? said his mamma.

No, against the trap: I knocked him with it; but I did not mean to do it.

You never mean to hurt either him or yourself, I should imagine, said his papa; yet you do it two or three times every day; and so you will continue to do, if you throw yourself about without considering where you may fall, or who against.

I think I will not do it again, said Bertram, and I am sorry that I have hurt Arthur; at the same time putting his arms round his neck, and kissing him.

Remember, my dear, said his mamma, this

is not the first time you have made that promise: if you continually break your word, we can have no respect whatever for you.

Then I will not, said Bertram, I *will* try to be good indeed; and he ran into his mamma's arms, to seal his promise with another kiss.

Presently after, the boys left the room together.

Now, Arthur, said Bertram, let us have our game at ball.

I had rather not, replied Arthur, for I do not know my lesson; so I shall go and learn it.

Bertram did this time remember his promise to be good: he thought he would try to learn his lesson as well as Arthur: they went together for their books, and, on their way, Bertram said to himself, I will make mamma respect me; she shall see how I can keep my word.

Bertram learnt and said his lesson so well, that his mamma was well satisfied, and he quite happy.

Now, my love, where is your book to read? said his mamma.

Arthur was seated on a chair by the window, and had in his hand a book, the cover of which resembled the one Bertram wanted.

Too impatient to ask for it, in one instant, all his good resolutions were forgotten; he darted across the room. Give me that book, Arthur!

and, without waiting to see if he would do so, he laid hold of it. The book was not the one he was to read out of, so Arthur did not choose to let him have it, and held it with all his force: Bertram pulled harder still. Stop! cried their mamma; what are——you about, she would have said, but it was too late: Bertram had given a sudden jerk; Arthur was holding with all his might, and fell backwards through the window.

Seeing the blood run down Arthur's cheek made Bertram once more think how very silly he was: the broken glass had cut Arthur's cheek. Bertram wished it had been his own instead: he thought he would rather feel a smart than see the cut that he had given Arthur: it made him very uncomfortable indeed; and when his mamma lifted Arthur up, she said, Oh, Bertram! and looked so vexed that Bertram could not bear to see it: so he covered his face with his hands; and when his mamma saw his grief, she thought it would make him remember not to be again violent when near a window: she therefore said no more to him. The wound was dressed, and fortunately soon got well.

As long as the mark of the cut was very visible, it reminded Bertram of his determination not to be violent again; so they were very comfortable for some days. The boys learnt, played, and went out

together very lovingly; and their mamma began to hope that Bertram really was going to learn to think.

After the coming Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Morland had determined that Arthur and Bertram should go to an excellent day-school which was in the neighbourhood: the boys were delighted at the idea of going, for as they had not been at school before, they were impatient to see what sort of a place it was.

The distance they had to go to it was not above half a mile; they were to be there at nine in the morning during winter, and at eight in the summer; they stayed the day, and returned in the evening, dining at the school, at which there were boarders, as well as day-scholars.

Arthur soon gained great praise from his master: he had gone twice through his Latin grammar at home, and was quite perfect in the declension of the nouns and conjugation of the verbs; besides which, he had learnt something of the syntax: and as he paid great attention to his master's explanation of what he did not understand, he was soon able to apply what he had learnt so well, that his translations were quicker and better done than those of many boys who were nearly twice his age. Nothing appeared to give him so much satisfaction as the being able to say his lesson without missing

one word, which he very frequently did. His schoolfellows often called him bookworm; that was when he did not choose to play with them; but whenever they could get him to do so they were glad, for he was both lively and good-natured.

Bertram was a great favourite with all his schoolfellows: whatever play was proposed, he would engage in it with all his heart; and if any dispute arose, his good-natured manner of settling it was sure to put all parties in good temper again very quickly. But at times when his violence made him forget himself, he frequently both hurt and offended those he most wished to please. When he learnt, it was as he played, most furiously: when he had his lesson to learn, if it were at home, he would snatch his book, run into the garden, and there, pacing most rapidly, would repeat it over and over as fast as he was walking.

This violent manner of learning could not last long. For three weeks Bertram said his lessons, and attended to every thing he had to do, so well, that it appeared as if he would soon overtake Arthur; and the vivid recollection that he had of their late misfortune curbing his temper, he was one of the most amiable boys that could be met with.

Unfortunately his good fit lasted no longer, and his passion for play returned with greater force than before. As they were going from school one

evening, he cried out, Arthur, my boy, are you as weary as I am of this fagging life? Learn, learn, learn! we have had enough already, I think, to last till next holidays. Hey-day, my little fellows, where did you come from? Come, Arthur, let us have a shy at those two pigs, or a race after them.

I do not want either, said Arthur, unless you have a mind to drive them back to the common, from whence, I suppose, they came, for the gate is open, I see.

If Arthur had not proposed driving them back to the common, Bertram would have done so, without thinking which way he was going, so that he had his run after the pigs; but the spirit of contradiction was just beginning to actuate him, and he waited not to try to master it: it was fun, he thought, to thwart Arthur; and suddenly throwing the string of his satchel round his brother's neck, told him, that as he was so fond of learning he had better have a double portion of it, but that he liked fun better; and off he darted after the pigs. They scampered down a lane quite in a different direction from either the school or Mr. Morland's house; away flew Bertram after them, Arthur following, calling out to Bertram to come back: for a few minutes he gained upon them, but as he had his own bag of books, as well as Bertram's, they rather impeded his progress. Being vexed, he soon fancied

himself tired, and seated himself on the first gate he met with, in expectation of Bertram's return.

After waiting some time, without seeing any thing of him, he determined not to wait any longer; and jumping from the gate, Bertram may find his way back by himself, he cried, and slowly bent his steps towards home.

Bertram, in the mean time, followed up the chase after the pigs with all his might: a dog, from a farm-house which they passed, joined him; and with his bark, Bertram's halloo, and the pigs' squeaking, they contrived to make a tolerable noise. On they went, from one lane to another, till Bertram was quite exhausted, and he stopped for the first time; when, to his surprise, he saw the last ray of the setting sun, and he turned round to see where he was. The pigs, finding a gate open, without ceremony walked into a garden, and there began regaling themselves upon some cabbages, their long run having, probably, sharpened their appetites.

Bertram thought no more of them; he had had his frolic, and just now was beginning to think, that perhaps it would have been better for him if he had not made it quite so long. Back he turned, with the intention of getting home as fast as possible. He ran, and the dog had left the pigs to follow him. They had come a much greater distance than Ber-

tram was aware of, neither could he so readily find his way: at length, with the help of the dog, they reached the farm to which he belonged, from which a boy whistled to him, and he obeyed the call. Bertram had then to proceed as well as he could alone.

By the time he reached the common, the evening was so far advanced, that Bertram heartily wished himself at home at his supper, for very hungry he was; but in spite of his hunger and his haste, he could not help stopping to speak to a little girl who was standing just in his path, sobbing as if her heart would break: she held her apron up to her face, so that at first he did not see it, till he said, What is the matter with you, poor girl? when she dropped her apron, and he saw it was the daughter of one of his papa's labourers, a pretty little girl that his mamma was much interested about.

Why, Margaret! he cried, I did not know you: what can have happened to you?

Oh! the pigs, the pigs, sobbed Margaret; I shall never be able to see mother again without the pigs: father only brought them home last night; to-day I had to watch them; they were here when I went to fetch some more worsted for my knitting, and when I came back they were gone! I have been all round the common to look for them, and now it is getting dark, what shall I do! what shall I do!

She might have gone on some time longer without Bertram's stopping her, for he could neither tell how to speak, nor what to say.

One good quality that Bertram possessed was, that upon no occasion could he have been induced to utter a falsehood; no punishment would have been so great to him, as the shame he would have felt, if he had been cowardly enough to tell a falsehood to screen himself from it.

After a few moments' silence, he exclaimed, What a beast of a fellow I am! Margaret, 'twas I that drove your pigs away; and where they are now, I am sorry to say, I do not know.

You, master Bertram! how could you be so cruel?

I did not mean to be cruel, I only wanted to have my sport out; I did not think whose pigs they were. How sorry I am! But stay, Margaret, do not cry any more; go and tell your father that it was my fault, and that to-morrow I will come to him very early, and try to find them; but now I must go and tell my papa what has become of myself. Good night, he called out as he ran off, nor did he stop till he was within a short distance from the house, where he met his father and Arthur, who were coming in search of him.

Bertram stopped, looked down: Papa, I have been very foolish indeed.

And are come to tell me, I suppose, that you are very sorry for it. But where have you been until this time of night?

Bertram was almost too much ashamed to tell, but he thought of Margaret, and his courage returned.

I drove the pigs away, papa, because Arthur said, drive them back to the common. I wish I had stayed to hear him. Instead of doing so, a dog and I drove them down the lanes, till the setting sun made me think it was time to be at home; and when I got back to the common, I found I had been driving away our Philip's pigs. I met poor Margaret crying sadly, because she had lost them.

And did you not tell her which way you drove them? said Arthur.

No, I ran home to ask papa if I may go to-morrow morning at five o'clock with her father to look for them.

By that time, said his papa, it may be too late. Will you never get rid of this shocking carelessness, Bertram? Now suppose these people are not able to find their pigs, how will you be able to make them any compensation?

They shall have all my money, papa, for this year and next; two-pence a week, you know: fifty-two weeks in a year; fifty pence is four and two-pence, and two more, four and four-pence; twice

that, eight and eight-pence in one year: will not that buy one pig?

I do not know what size they are; besides, you would not be able to pay them till a year hence, when the pigs would have increased to double the size they now are: but we had better go at once to their house, and tell Philip what has become of his lost pigs,—and accordingly they moved in that direction.

Bertram's impatience would not allow him to walk, and he ran on first: his papa and Arthur soon overtook him, and they all reached the cottage together.

Philip and his wife were standing at the door, talking very loud, but on seeing Mr. Morland approach they were silent, and Philip stepped forward to pay his respects to his master. Margaret had crept behind her mother, that the still visible traces of her grief might not be again noticed.

Well, Philip, said Mr. Morland, this is an unfortunate affair about your pigs; we are come to tell you all we know about it; but you may perhaps have learnt something about them yourself.

Shall I go with him now, papa, and show him where I left them? I think I could find the way. Indeed, Philip, I am very sorry, and wish I had known they were yours.

I wish you had, master Bertram; but if they had

belonged to any one else, it would have given them the same trouble, you know, that it now does me: but you are too fond of driving every thing you meet with, sir, to think who you trouble by doing so. (But I am determined I will think next time, said Bertram to himself, though he was ashamed to say again what he had said so many times.) Philip continued, We have heard where they are, master; they are safe enough.

Bertram started: I am so glad!

You have not yet heard where they are, sir, said Philip:—they are in the pound!

And do you know who impounded them? asked Mr. Morland; or if they have done much mischief?

Mr. Jarvis, the gardener, sir. He says they have destroyed a crown's worth of his cabbages, and before they are let out of the pound he must be paid three shillings at least.

Bertram pulled his papa's arm: May I tell him that I will pay that?

Certainly; it is but justice that you should do so; but you cannot even do that without running in debt: the poor things would be badly off if they were obliged to remain in prison until you had money to retrieve them. Here, Philip, he continued, giving him the money, Bertram will gladly pay for the liberation of the prisoners his carelessness has

made; but for the trouble you have had, I do not know what he can do.

I will promise, said Bertram, to give him no more: and if I keep my word, Philip, you will forgive me, will you not?

Ay, that I will, master Bertram: but I fear it will be more difficult for you to keep that promise, than for me to forgive, if it were a dozen times more.

Where is Margaret? said Mr. Morland: the cause of her grief being removed, Margaret was no longer ashamed to show herself, and she dropped a courtesy.

I hope I shall never make you cry so again, Margaret, said Bertram.

Oh! I shall never cry again now the pigs are found, said Margaret; so pray do not think any thing more about it, master Bertram.

Mr. Morland now thought it was high time that his boys were at home; so they bade Margaret and her father good night, and returned as quickly as possible. Mrs. Morland received them very gladly, as she was beginning to feel uncomfortable at their staying so late. Poor Bertram was so hungry, he could not answer any questions, so his papa promised to answer them all for him; and as soon as they had finished their supper, both Bertram and Arthur were very glad to retire to rest.

Bertram's fatigue made him sleep later than usual the next morning, so that he went to school with his lesson unlearnt. Here is another misfortune, Arthur: now what will our old Doctor say to me, when I tell him I have not once read this plaguy lesson?

That I am sure I cannot tell: it is the first time, so perhaps he will be merciful.

Well, come, let us have it over as soon as possible, said Bertram; and, taking his brother's arm, they ran on to the school door.

On entering the school, Bertram walked directly up to the master: Sir, I am sorry that I am obliged to tell you I do not know one word of my lesson to-day.

How is that, sir? Bertram then related the adventure of the evening before; and the master being struck with his frankness, and knowing it to be the first instance of his neglect, told him, that for this once he would not punish him, but to beware of coming before him again without having learnt his lesson.

Bertram was in such high spirits at having got so well out of the scrape, that he found it difficult to attend to his studies. He got tolerably well through the school hours; but as soon as they had returned home he told Arthur, that play he must

for that evening; the next morning he would get up early, and do what he had to do before breakfast.

The brothers were up in good time; but as Bertram's fit of industry appeared to be at an end, his lessons were not so well attended to as they ought to have been, and he very narrowly escaped being severely punished: again, on their way home, Arthur began to persuade him to learn in the evening, instead of leaving it till the morning; but Bertram told him he did not want to hear any of his preaching, and seeing his papa some little distance before them, they ran on, and soon overtook him.

He was accompanied by a friend who lived about a mile from them, whose name was Raymond. He had been travelling, and therefore had not been at Mr. Morland's before for a considerable time. Great joy it gave the boys to see him, as he was very kind to them, and his visits never failed to produce some new amusement.

Oh! we are so glad to see you! and are you come to dine with us? the boys cried at the same moment.

Yes, I am; but I should hardly have imagined that you would have remembered me so well after my long absence. And how do you like school?

Very well, replied Arthur. Bertram was silent. If the question had been asked during the time

his industrious fit had lasted, he would have readily said, Very much; and he now wished that it had lasted a little longer, for he would have been much ashamed that their friend should hear of his idleness; and he took Arthur aside. Shall we, said he, go and learn our lessons while they are at dinner? Then we can stay and hear them talk afterwards.

Arthur readily complied, and telling Mr. Raymond they should see him again soon, they bounded off, and for the next hour were very industrious.

When dinner was over, and the boys went into the dining-room, Mr. Morland and his friend were conversing together. Arthur and Bertram stopped to listen. This was always considered by them as a great treat; for they were not only allowed to listen, but to ask questions, if they did not exactly understand what they heard. It was Mr. Raymond's kindness which had procured them this indulgence, for they were not allowed it with all Mr. Morland's friends.

We have had frequent storms of thunder and lightning in England this summer, but not so bad as those you have met with on the continent, observed Mr. Morland.

I never remember having witnessed so many awful effects produced by the electric fluid, as I have this year, said Mr. Raymond.

What is the electric fluid, papa? asked Arthur.

It is a very subtile fluid which produces most of the wonderful phenomena of nature.

Phenomena are remarkable appearances, you told us, papa, said Bertram; but what is subtile?

Very fine and thin; it is generally so much so as to be invisible.

But you were talking about storms, said Arthur; what have they to do with the electric fluid?

Only that it is that same fluid which causes thunder-storms, said Mr. Raymond.

Then when we have a storm we shall be able to see this fluid, shall we not?

The effects of it you may see, but the fluid itself is very rarely seen, said Mr. Raymond.

If you, Arthur, had taken the trouble to read those little books I offered you a few days ago, said Mrs. Morland, you would not now have been under the necessity of troubling Mr. Raymond with so many questions.

What the Scientific Dialogues*, mamma?

Yes, my love: they were very tiresome, I think you said, but you would have found a very amusing account of electricity in them.

He shall read it, said Mr. Raymond, after he has seen my electrical machine, and then he will take

* Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, in 6 vols.

more interest in it. You have never brought the boys to see any of my curiosities, continued he, turning to Mr. Morland: when will you do so?

Any day on which it is convenient for you to receive them.

Let it be on Thursday, then, if you please; the day after to-morrow.

The *boys* were undoubtedly pleased that it should be so; for Bertram roared out his joy in a shout of thanks, and Arthur said, looking very sparkling, Oh! I shall like it *so* much.

Mr. Morland agreed to take them in the evening of the day mentioned: then turning to Arthur, said, You were particularly inquisitive about Venice the other day; Mr. Raymond has been there since we have seen him.

Oh, has he! cried Arthur; I wish I had been with him! is it not a town built in the middle of the sea?

The small islands on which Venice is built, called the Lagunes, are five miles from the continent, but there is a large dyke to defend the town from the sea. Why do you imagine that you should so much like to see Venice, Arthur?

Because I think it must be something like a ship, and I am very fond of ships.

At a distance its towers certainly look very much like the masts of a ship, but it has not the ad-

vantages of one, being always still; neither has it the advantages of a town, for its streets are canals, from which in hot weather a very unpleasant smell arises; and in winter, when they have very bad weather, it is not possible, at times, to go from one part of the city to another: I met with many persons, in the lower class, who had never visited the square of St. Mark, which is the largest and finest part of the town: and another disadvantage is, that they have no gardens, or fields to run about in; Bertram would not like that, I think.

No, replied Arthur, nor should I; but I should like to go up and down their canals in one of their gondolas.

Or to see the towers in the square of St. Mark, said Mr. Raymond: in one of them, the stairs are so constructed, that a person may go up them on horseback. One of their smallest pieces of money, he continued, is called gazetta: the first newspapers were published there, on a single leaf, and sold for a gazetta a-piece; and from that all newspapers have been called gazettes. But are we not to have a walk this fine evening? Come, Arthur, you and I have not had a race together so long, I fear by this time you will outstrip me.

The whole party accordingly set out. The spring was far advanced. It was near the banks of the Medway that Mr. Morland's house was situated,

where the country is fertile and beautiful; primroses, anemones, and blue-bells, embroidered dells which had been formed by stone having been dug out of them; and on the loose earth which remained in these old quarries, a number of "garden flowers grow wild." Up and down these declivities the boys ran, gathering the most beautiful of the flowers for their friend, or their mamma. Every plant or flower they met with, Mr. Raymond could tell them, not only its name, but its uses, and whether it was originally a native of Great Britain, or of other countries: he knew every different note of the little warblers that charmed them in their walks, and he sometimes amused the boys by describing the different manner of their building their nests.

Listen, Arthur, said Mrs. Morland; what bird is that we now hear?

The nightingale, mamma; that is easily known, its note is so different from that of every other bird: is it a native of England, Mr. Raymond?

It is supposed to be an inhabitant of Asia during the time that it is not to be found in Europe; it is met with in Siberia, in Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, and Greece; but from all those places it is migratory, as it is from England: in Aleppo no entertainment is made in the spring without these

birds; they are kept tame in houses, and are let out at a small rate for that purpose.

But if the entertainment is given in the day, they would be of no use, as they only sing at night.

So it has been supposed, and its name is expressive of the time of its melody, night, and gale, which is from the Saxon word *galan*, to sing; but it sings both during the night and day.

We have never seen it, said Bertram: do you know what colour it is?

Its back is of an olive brown, and its under parts of a pale ash-colour, and its size rather larger than a hedge-sparrow; it is very seldom seen, for it builds in the thickest hedges; it is a solitary bird, seldom seen in even small flocks, nor are two of its nests ever met with together: in ornithology it is one of the species of Motacilla.

What do you mean by ornithology? asked Arthur.

It means the science which treats of birds, describes their formation, and teaches their economy and uses.

How much you know! said Bertram to Mr. Raymond; how did you learn all the things you tell us?

Only by reading with attention, which is a very agreeable way of employing time, and by asking questions of those persons who are likely to give me

information on subjects with which I am not acquainted.

But you need never ask any questions, for you know every thing.

Indeed I do not: the most learned men are ignorant on some subjects; and I do not, by any means, consider myself as one of the most learned, although I do happen to know so much more than Bertram and you do.

Did you ever learn Latin? asked Bertram.

When a schoolboy I did, and fortunately met with an excellent master, who made me learn it well.

Did you like it?

Not much, until I began to translate; then I became interested in the study, and took great pains, which I have since found of infinite use to me, for there are few sciences in which a knowledge of Latin is not found requisite.

By this time, they had reached the house: the boys declared they had had a most delightful walk; and as their mamma told them it was late, they bade Mr. Raymond good night, telling him they should not forget the day after to-morrow.

The next morning Arthur and Bertram rose early: they thought of Mr. Raymond, and learnt their lessons well. On their way to school, they passed a number of boys flying a kite. Stop, cried Bertram; do let us stay to see it mount.

Arthur waited for him a few minutes: Now, Bertram, the kite is up, and we have no time to lose.

What difference can a few minutes make? you are always in such a hurry, Arthur.

I have not been in a hurry now, I am sure, but I will wait no longer: have you forgotten to-morrow evening?

No, to be sure I have not: go on, I will overtake you before you are near school.

Arthur went on, but he had reached the school-door some time before Bertram had overtaken him, almost breathless with the haste he had been obliged to make, after waiting to look at the kite so long.

Arthur, I must make a kite this evening: they did fly that well, now did they not?

I neither know nor care, said Arthur, for he was a little vexed with Bertram for not having reached him sooner, and they went into the school in not quite so good a temper with each other as usual.

Arthur got through his work tolerably well, but Bertram thought more of the kite than of what he was about, and displeased his master, who, on account of his careless conduct, gave him a much longer lesson than was usual, for the following day.

On their way home, Bertram was very much disconcerted. How very provoking! he cried; here have I double as much as usual to do to-morrow, when we wanted to get out of school early: it is

your fault, Arthur, because you were so cross all the day, that I could not learn so well.

This Arthur did not like to hear, because he felt that he had been pettish; and instead of trying to remedy it, by answering his brother more kindly, he gave way to his humour, and answered him still more pettishly, which made Bertram sulky, and they walked home without saying any thing more to each other, by which Bertram lost his adviser, and Arthur his companion: he went into a room by himself to learn his Latin, after which he took a book and read. Bertram was disheartened by the length of his lesson. Unfortunately for him, his papa and mamma were gone out to dinner; and as he did not choose to go and ask Arthur any questions about it, he only just looked at it, made up his mind that it was too difficult to learn that evening, and then began seeking for materials to make his kite: string he generally kept in his pocket; a hoop and a lath the gardener assisted him to find; and he busily employed himself for an hour in trying to fasten them together, which, at length, he succeeded in doing, but not very securely.

Tired of being by himself, he then went to seek for Arthur, who by this time also began to feel a little solitary, so that he received his brother more kindly, and he was just going to assist him with his

kite; but recollecting the long lesson, he said, Bertram, how is it you have got through your long lesson so soon?

By not learning it at all. I only just gave one look, and it appeared so tremendous, that I could get no further.

Then what shall we do to-morrow, if you are not able to say it?

To-morrow must take care of itself; I am not in a humour now to mope over books in playtime. Arthur again tried to prevail upon Bertram to return to his lesson, but his efforts were fruitless: Bertram was bent upon making his kite, and nothing could induce him to look at his book again for that evening.

The morning after, when Bertram awoke, his thoughts were not of the most agreeable kind: it was Thursday morning; he had a long day's work to perform; and unless they were returned from school by half past five, their papa had said they could not go with him to Mr. Raymond's. Arthur, he cried, I wish I had worked at my Latin last night instead of at the kite.

Your wishing comes too late, said his brother; all you can do now is, to make what haste you can, and try to make up for lost time.

This Bertram immediately did: he dressed himself, and took his book; but he had only time to

read it over once before they were called to breakfast, and, as soon as they had done, their mamma said, Come, make haste; you must be at school this morning in good time, that you may have finished all you have to do early. Your papa will call for you, and take you from school to Mr. Raymond's house; as it is part of the way there. Go, now, be dressed, and set out directly.

They did so; and the whole time they were on their way, Bertram held his book in his hand, and tried to learn his lesson; but it was too difficult to get through in so short a time, and great was his dismay when he found himself at the school-door, without knowing more than six lines of his lesson.

In vain he kept behind the other boys as long as possible, conning it with the utmost attention; he knew his turn must come; and in a few minutes he was roused by his master, who had spoken once to him without Bertram's hearing, he had been so deeply engaged.

Well, sir! how long do you mean me to wait for this lesson? By your deep attention to it just now, I fear you have paid but little before.

Bertram felt it was but too true: he hesitatingly gave his book; he got through the first twelve lines tolerably, then began to stammer, blushed deeply, and at length stopped: he could proceed no further.

Did I not tell you, sir, cried his master, in a voice

which appeared to Bertram like thunder, to beware of trifling with me again in this manner? this carelessness must be made an example of: you will remain in confinement, sir, until six o'clock this evening; and, during that time, not only this lesson must be learnt, but another likewise, or you will not be liberated even then.

Poor Bertram was led off: his master was not aware of the extent of the punishment he had inflicted, or it is probable he might not have made it so severe.

It was almost as great to Arthur as to Bertram, for they did not perfectly enjoy any thing without each other. Arthur got through his task, but he could not eat any dinner, he thought of Bertram so much; and instead of looking forward to his papa's summons with joy, he dreaded to hear of his arrival, because his papa would then hear of Bertram's disgrace.

At length the summons came—If the master Morlands had finished, they were wanted.

Morland, said his master, you are at liberty to go, but your brother must wait until the time of his confinement has expired.

Arthur stood still for one minute; he wished to intercede for his brother: his master guessed what his thoughts were.

It is of no use, Morland, he said; my word, you

know, is irrevocable. Arthur did know it: he bowed, and slowly walked down stairs to his papa.

How is this, Arthur? what, alone? where is Bertram? Arthur hid his face in his hands and sobbed out, He is in confinement: for himself he would have been ashamed to cry; but, for Bertram, it was not possible to help it.

I am very sorry to hear it, replied his papa: to-day, at least, I thought he would have worked hard.

And so he would, papa; but it was not to-day, it was last night that he was negligent: you were out, and he thought he must make a kite; but cannot we wait for him, papa? he will be let out at six.

No, we cannot, answered his papa, taking Arthur's hand.—I am sorry, he said, for Bertram, but he must receive the punishment of his idleness: it is more merciful to him to let him experience it now, than to wait till he is a man, when it would be much more severe; if he were now suffered to have his own way, and allowed to remain in his present state of ignorance, how do you think he would feel amongst other men when they were talking on subjects that he knew nothing about? Can he, do you think, learn any profession without study? Who do you think would keep such an idle, ignorant fellow in their house? not I, believe me.

You see the respect Mr. Raymond's friends have for him, what do you suppose that is owing to?

Is it because he knows so much?

Undoubtedly it is: something must likewise be allowed to his good-natured manner of imparting his knowledge to others; besides which, he possesses one good quality which many learned men do not.

What is that, papa?

He is entirely free from conceit. I have heard him say, that he has met with few men from whom he could not learn something; if he happened to know more on some subjects than they, they knew more on some other which he had not had leisure or opportunities of attending to: but see, that is his house just before us; and in a few minutes they had reached the gate.

Mr. Raymond overtook them before they had got as far as the house. I was afraid, he said, as he shook hands with them, that I should not return in time. I have been paying a visit about five miles distant for the purpose of seeing a new species of shell. The shower of rain we had some little time ago detained me, and I stayed to dinner: but where is my friend Bertram? Arthur did not like to answer; but Mr. Morland replied—I am sorry to say, that he has been detained at school too long to accompany us.

I am very sorry to hear it, said Mr. Raymond: but you must come again with him some other day. Oh! thank you, said Arthur, shaking the hand of Mr. Raymond. They had now reached the house.

Arthur is impatient, I imagine, to see the electrical machine: we will look at it first, said Mr. Raymond; and they all proceeded up stairs. Upon opening the door, Mr. Raymond exclaimed, What a misfortune! Arthur will not see any experiment to-day.

How so? asked Mr. Morland.

I imprudently left the window open this morning when I went out: the same shower of rain which detained me has covered our machine with moisture; and when damp, you know, it will not produce electricity.

I am very glad, said Arthur.

Indeed!

Yes: because now Bertram and I may see it together.

You are a good fellow, Arthur, said Mr. Raymond, to think of your brother. Your papa must bring you both to dine with me one day next week, that will be the best way of seeing it, as you must come earlier.

Mr. Morland assented, and Arthur looked his grateful thanks.

Will you have the goodness to show Arthur your birds? said Mr. Morland.

Certainly; and he threw open the door of an apartment, the sides of which were lined with stuffed birds of every description, kept with great care, and arranged in a scientific manner. Arthur was delighted, and asked numerous questions, which Mr. Raymond, as was usual with him, answered with great patience and clearness. After which he showed Arthur a curious collection of shells. Which do you like best, said he, the shells or the birds?

The birds, replied Arthur. I think I should like ornithology, because I wish so much to know all about the birds we have been looking at.

And should you not like to know conchology also?

I do not know what that means.

Conchology means the description of shells, and of their different species. I have some so small, that they cannot be seen without a microscope. It is getting rather too dark now for you to see them, but when you come again I will show them to you in a microscope. We will now go and have some tea; which they did, and afterwards Mr. Morland and Arthur took leave, much pleased with their visit; Arthur particularly so, as he anticipated a still greater pleasure in coming again with Bertram.

Poor Bertram, when he was first led into confinement, was so overwhelmed with his disgrace, that he felt a sullen sort of satisfaction when the door was shut, and he was sure that no one could see him; but when he thought of the evening, and of his papa and Arthur setting off without him, it was with difficulty he prevented himself from shedding tears; but his pride kept him from doing so: he had time to think again and again of his conduct. At first he was stubborn: They cannot make me learn whether I will or no, he said to himself, and that I will show them. But as the time passed on, and he became weary, he began to think rather differently. He thought of his mamma; what would she say to him? she will not speak, he thought, but if she looks very sorry, I cannot bear that; and he took up his book: his dinner was then brought into the room, a large piece of bread and a glass of water; the servant laid it on a table and left the room. This my dinner! said Bertram; I will not eat it; and he continued to look at his lesson. The clock struck two. Bertram was so hungry, that he could not help breaking off a piece of the bread; and as he continued learning, he broke off piece after piece, without looking at it, till he was surprised at finding it was all gone: the clock struck three, four,—Ah! thought Bertram, in one hour more papa will be here, and I———his heart swelled;

but he again began learning his lesson, for he would not cry. He had mastered the first, and was now working hard at the second lesson. When the clock struck five, he learnt very hard indeed, that he might not think of his papa and Arthur; and before the clock struck six he knew both his lessons well. The door opened; he must go to the master. Bertram went with a firm step, for he now felt that he was master of both his lessons; and he said them so well, that his master could not help telling him, that he was much grieved at having been under the necessity of punishing a boy who could, if he pleased, behave so well; and if, continued he, this is the last, as well as the first time, of your being punished, it will be quite as agreeable to me, as to you. Then shaking hands with him, he bade him good night.

Bertram flung his bag over his shoulder, and ran off; nor did he stop till he entered the room where his mamma was sitting at her work: he threw down his books, ran up to her, and hid his face on her shoulder.

Why, Bertram, my love, what is the matter? why are you alone? and where are your papa and Arthur?

Poor Bertram's full heart could bear it no longer, and he burst into a fit of crying.

Speak, speak, my love, cried his mamma, and

tell me what is the matter: and Bertram sobbed, They are gone without me!

And why were you not with them?

Because, because, oh! I do not like to tell you; because I was confined at school, added he, speaking rapidly—I did not know my lesson.

And how happened it that you did not learn it last night?

Bertram then told his mamma how he had been employed the evening before.

But where was Arthur? were you not together last evening?

No: we were a little angry part of the time.

I think, said his mamma, I need not at present say any thing to you of the evil consequences resulting from ill-humour and idleness; you must have felt them to-day severely: but indeed, my dear Bertram, you must try to remember them; for through life you will always find the same causes will bring pain and grief to you, and if to you, to all those who love you as well.

I *will* remember them, mamma, indeed I will, cried Bertram; and in the hope of his doing so, his mamma dried his eyes, and tried to console him.

Tea came in presently, and she told him he might have some with her, which Bertram was very glad of. When he had finished, his mamma told him he might get his hat, and take a little walk with

her; and they accordingly set out. You must carry this basket for me, said his mamma.

What, are we going to see old Martha, mamma?

We are.

Then I suppose I must carry the basket carefully, for fear I should shake out the good things. Poor old Martha! she cannot eat much now, mamma.

Which is the reason she requires something rather delicate.

Martha was an old servant who had lived with Mrs. Morland's mother, and was now taken care of by Mr. Morland. Mr. Morland, Mrs. Morland, and the boys, frequently paid her a visit; and she was always so glad to see them, that they felt great pleasure in going, and were particularly so when allowed to take her some little present.

When they arrived at her cottage, Bertram very quickly emptied the basket of its contents, which consisted of part of a cold fowl, a pot of jelly, and a small bottle of wine. After staying and chatting with her for a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Morland and Bertram returned. During their absence, Mr. Morland and Arthur had arrived, and came to meet them: the boys felt great joy at seeing each other after so long an absence, and Mr. and Mrs. Morland agreed that Bertram had suffered sufficiently to make him pay more attention to his studies; and therefore no more was said about his punishment.

About their intended visit, Mr. Morland said they had better wait until the next month, when the holidays would commence.

Bertram's disgrace had made so great an impression on him, that he did not once again neglect his lesson before the commencement of the holidays: if ever he felt inclined to do so, he thought of the promise he had made to his mamma, and felt himself bound in honour to perform it.

Gay, and light of heart, the boys bounded over the lawn the evening of the breaking-up: the moment Bertram entered the house, down he threw his books—Lie you there, said he, my fine fellows, for one while: you are not going to torment me, he cried: and away they both flew into the garden, where, for that evening, they enjoyed themselves much, and during their holidays spent most of their time in it.

Mr. Morland's garden was large; he frequently amused himself with gardening for two or three hours. Arthur and Bertram had each a spot of ground which they called their own, in which they were allowed to plant whatever they pleased. Arthur's was generally in the best order; he had patience to wait for his flowers until they grew; and though sometimes he neglected it for a week together, yet when he came to it again he looked

over it quietly, and when he pulled up the weeds he took care of his flowers.

Not so with Bertram; he asked the gardener for plants one day, made large holes, and crammed them with great fury into the ground the next: when he saw their heads drooping, instead of bringing water to them, and waiting to see which of them would take root, he cried, Poor dead things, they will never grow, I must have them up again: away he ran for the wheelbarrow, pulled all the plants up, and wheeled them to the dung-heap; and then did not, for weeks, go near his garden again.

While Arthur was at work in his garden, Bertram was furiously driving the wheelbarrow round the shrubbery, or shooting at the birds with his bow and arrow, till, weary of playing by himself, he went to Arthur, and tried to induce him to leave his garden: sometimes he succeeded; at others, when Arthur was particularly occupied with his flowers, he refused to leave them.

One day he was very much pleased with his employment; he had sown some sweet peas, which had grown very fast indeed: when they were yet very young, Arthur thought they wanted some sticks to support them; very few would do, and he ran to ask the gardener for them.

Bertram had been playing in another walk, but

seeing Arthur run, he thought he had finished working at his garden, and he ran to meet him.

Come, Arthur, my fine fellow, I am glad you have done ; now for a good race.

Not yet, Bertram, in five minutes; I must just stick my sweet peas first.

That you shall not; I have played by myself long enough.

Catch me if you can, then, said Arthur, and, if you do, I will be at your mercy to play as long as you please: and, like an arrow, he was past Bertram in an instant.

Arthur was nearly seven years old, Bertram almost six—both strong of their age, and ran well; but Arthur being the eldest, and slightly made, had the advantage: they ran round the garden two or three times, Arthur still gaining distance, which vexed Bertram, and he stood still for a moment to gain breath.

This Arthur did not observe, but continued running with the same velocity, until he had nearly come round again to the spot where his brother was standing.

Bertram heard him coming, and stood quiet till Arthur was nearly within his reach, when he turned so suddenly round upon him, that Arthur with difficulty escaped his grasp. They were near a

corner: being taken by surprise, instead of turning round it, Arthur, without thinking where he was going, ran straight forward directly across the border; the paling was not above four feet high, and unfortunately, just in that part a small hole happened to have been broken; through that he put his foot, and sprung over in an instant.

The moment he was on the other side, he repented his haste, it was forbidden ground.

They had been particularly desired, both by their papa and mamma, that upon no account whatever were they to go through the gate which led to or across the paling into the field where Arthur now stood.

Stay, Bertram, stay! my dear fellow, only one moment, I will be over again, you shall catch me; I will play with you; I will do any thing, only let me come back.

Bertram had a long stick in his hand, with which he poked his brother every time he endeavoured to climb the paling to get back again.

The more eager Arthur was to get back, the more fun Bertram thought it was to keep him there; he laughed and huzzaed every time he repulsed him, till Arthur had nearly lost his patience.

If Bertram could but laugh, unfortunately he never thought who he annoyed by doing so.

The stick he had in his hand had been a pea-stick; there were more near where he stood; he flung one over the paling, and cried, Now, Arthur, you shall be storming my castle, I will be defending it: back, sir, back!

Bertram, I am not at play.

Nor am I, sir; when a man's castle is being stormed, he can have no time to play: back, sir, back! I shall defend it to the last; and again he pushed Arthur down, just as he was mounting over.

Arthur ran to another part, but could not find another hole; he then thought of the gate, and ran to that, but Bertram saw his intention, and ran too. Arthur, thinking he should now have the advantage, if he ran back once more, again ran to the paling he had first tried; he just had time to get his leg over, when Bertram reached it.

Eager only to carry his point, Bertram thought of nothing else; he flew at his brother, lifted his leg, and of course knocked him down on the ground on the other side; this was too much, Arthur could bear it no longer, and burst into tears.

Bertram was, as usual, sorry too late; he sprang over the paling, and threw himself on his knees by Arthur, who was still sitting on the ground.

My dear Arthur, I will not do it again, indeed I will not; let us kiss and be friends: but Arthur had been too much irritated to be appeased immediately,

so he threw his arm back in his brother's face, and told him to be off, he would not be teased by him any more.

I will not tease you, indeed, said Bertram, if you will only make it up.

That I shall not do, sir.

Then I will drive you back to the other end of the field, instead of letting you go back again over the paling.

That is more than it is in your power to do, sir, so you may try as you please.

Bertram took him at his word, and began to try with all his strength to push his brother backwards.

Arthur for a few minutes sturdily kept his ground, but as Bertram continued to push, at length he drove him back a few paces.

Arthur, already inclined to be angry, now became more so; they drove their heads at each other, and pushed with all their might, till Arthur's strength began to fail; he was just going to say, I will make it up, Bertram; when Bertram had collected all his strength, and he began to make his brother run backwards. It was but for a few paces they ran, when Arthur fell backwards from his brother's push, not on the ground but into a deep well that they had come to without knowing, for Bertram's head was bent down, and Arthur had had his back towards it: Bertram likewise fell, but as he was his length from it, he only fell with his head on the

brink, just to have the horror of seeing his brother fall to the bottom.

Oh! my dear Arthur, screamed Bertram, I have killed you. He sprang on his feet, and ran towards the house to call for assistance; but he did not run straight to the paling with a hole in it, and he had some difficulty in getting over.—Papa! mamma! John! Mary! The gardener heard his screams, and ran to him.—Oh! my dear Arthur! I have killed him; he is in the well!

Oh! master Bertram, what have you done? Call your papa, and tell Harry to bring ropes; and the gardener himself ran to throw one down the well, in hopes that Arthur had yet sense to keep himself up till more help came. Bertram ran screaming to the house, and soon brought his papa, mamma, and the servants, to see what was the matter—Oh! my dear Arthur, was all he could say: the well! the well! we have been over the paling.

Oh! my boy! cried his father; bring ropes instantly! and he ran directly to the well, whilst the servants flew to obey his orders.

Mamma! cried Bertram, what, have I killed you too? for when he looked at her she was quite white, and could not move.

She held out her hand to him—My poor boy, if you have had the misfortune to lose your brother, never, never can you again feel happiness: you

have not killed *me*, but you have indeed brought me a heavy sorrow.

Bertram caught hold of her hand, and for a moment hid his face in it; then suddenly starting from her, he ran furiously towards the gate leading to the well; he saw they were bringing Arthur to the house; his papa had him in his arms.

Bertram ran towards them, but when he saw the face of his brother he could not speak: he looked at his papa; he, too, was pale; but Arthur was so very, very pale: his eyes, too, were shut. Oh! thought Bertram, will he never be able to open them again? and he followed his papa without speaking.

As soon as Mrs. Morland saw them, she rose and met them; she took Arthur's cold hand in hers, and looked at his papa.

It is yet possible that he may be saved, I trust, said Mr. Morland; he must immediately be put into a warm bed.

Bertram's heart beat very fast when he heard his papa say this, but he did not speak.

Mrs. Morland directly ordered the bed to be made very hot, into which Arthur was immediately put; flannels were made hot, he was rubbed with them, and hot bricks put to his feet; his mamma sat by him with anxious looks, watching for some appearance of life to return; every now and then

she felt his heart to feel if it at all beat; every one looked too anxious to speak, and Bertram's heart again sunk; he looked at his papa, that he might see, if possible, what he thought, but his features seemed immovable; he stood on the other side of the bed, looking with the most intense anxiety on his child.

After about ten anxious and long minutes had elapsed, Mrs. Morland suddenly cried, My child! my dear Arthur! he will live.

Is it possible? cried his father; and he darted round to the same side of the bed as his wife stood, that he might also feel the returning pulsation of his heart.

Bertram threw himself into his mamma's arms—Oh, mamma, may I not thank God? how good he is to let Arthur live!

Yes, my love, you may indeed, and he will, I trust, help you to become less violent: this has been a sad lesson which you will never forget.

Oh, never, mamma, never! but Arthur does not look so pale, mamma—see! see! he opens his eyes; my dear, dear Arthur!

He does indeed open his eyes, said his mamma, but you must not disturb him at present; you had better go down stairs.

I will go with him, said his papa, and they left the room together.

Arthur soon recovered sufficiently to speak: Where am I, mamma? and what is the matter with me?

His mamma kissed him, and told him that he should talk more about it to-morrow, but that he must not fatigue himself then; and when she saw that he was much better, she left him to the care of the nurse, and then went to tell his papa and Bertram the comfortable tidings of his amendment.

In a few days Arthur was nearly quite recovered, and down in the drawing-room again. Bertram's joy at seeing him there was great indeed; he hugged, he kissed, he danced round him, brought him his books, his prints, his pencil, every thing he could think of to amuse him, then sat himself close beside him to watch his looks, and, if possible, bring for him what he wanted before he asked for it.

My dear Arthur, said Bertram, I hope I shall never, never tease you any more.

Nor I you, Bertram; if I had kissed when you asked me, instead of knocking you, you would not have driven me to the other end of the field: I hope we shall neither of us be so silly again.

Nor were they for some time; this misfortune made so great an impression upon Bertram, that it curbed his violence. Long after, when he was beginning to be unwise or troublesome to his brother, the danger his brother had been in would become

present to his remembrance, and he ran to him to say he would do as he pleased.

Arthur, too, tried to be less pettish, and amused himself with his brother more than he had been accustomed to do, which did them both good: they loved one another very dearly, and each tried to help the other both at work and at play, and very happy it made them; for when one happened to be in trouble, the other consoled and made the trouble less, and each felt that the other's happiness was like his own, so that all their griefs were made less, and their pleasures doubled, by their affection.

Very great satisfaction it likewise gave to Mr. and Mrs. Morland to see them improve each other, and it made their brothers and sisters all try to love and make one another happy, as they saw Arthur and Bertram do; for when people are good and happy, seeing them so, very frequently makes others the same.

THE REFUSAL.

ROBERT! mamma says we may go this afternoon, that is, if we employ ourselves well all the morning, and I am come to tell you the good news!

Edwin immediately sat down to write his copy.

What good news? said Robert; I do not know what you mean; where may we go?

Have you forgotten the gardener's grounds, our plants, and mamma's flowers?

Oh! is that all? then you may go by yourselves, I do not want to go.

Not wish to go! why it was only last evening that you wished for it more than either Edwin or I did, and now mamma says we may go, you do not care about it; it is nothing but contradiction, and I do not like you when you are so perverse.

You may do as you please about that; I do not care whether you like me or not.

Very well, said Sophia, and she walked away.

Robert was ten years old, Sophia nine, and Ed-

win a year younger; they were all good-natured children, but Robert was frequently foolish enough to say he did not like, or did not wish for, the very thing which of all others he really desired the most; not that it was Robert's intention to say the thing that was not; it was a ridiculous pride, that at times he was actuated by, which made him contradict others, he scarcely knew why.

With Sophia he had less of it than with any other person, because she patiently reasoned with him on the folly of his conduct, and persuaded him to do those things which she knew he wished to do, but would not, because, when he had been asked to do them, he had answered no.

Robert fully expected that Sophia would return, and again persuade him to go this walk, which she had at first determined not to do; but not liking her mamma to hear of Robert's folly, she at length went to him.

Are you not coming to your lessons, Robert?

He was drawing, and, without lifting up his head, replied, I am in no hurry, for I shall have the whole day to do them in.

Then you still pretend that it is your intention to remain at home this afternoon?

It is not pretence; I have already said I do not want to go.

Meaning quite the contrary, as you always do: if you persist in saying no, when you mean yes, I will not play with you any more; we do not care whether you go or not, so good bye to you, Mr. Contradiction.

Stop! Sophia, as you wish for it so much, I think I will go.

Oh! pray do not trouble yourself to oblige me; Edwin and I can do exceedingly well by ourselves.

But why are you in such a hurry? hear me, Sophia! I *will* go.

Sophia was gone; she knew he would quickly follow, which he did, worked hard all the morning with his brother and sister, and at two they all set out on their afternoon walk.

Robert was an intelligent lively boy, and, when he chose, could make himself the most agreeable of the party; which happened this afternoon: pleased with the beginning to do what he wished, he ran, he jumped, he played, he did whatever he was asked. When they reached the gardener's grounds, he assisted them to choose the prettiest plants, and he would carry home the bunch of flowers for his mamma.

When they had nearly reached home, Have we not had a nice walk? said Sophia.

Very, replied Edwin.

Delightful! cried Robert: I wish we were again beginning instead of being at the end of it.

Sophia laughed.

What makes you laugh, Sophia?

Only because somebody thought he *did not want* to go.

Oh! but I did not think it would be so very pleasant as it has been.

Then another time you had better think a little more before you refuse so quickly as you did this morning; you know if you had said it to papa, instead of to me, he would have said, Robert must abide by his determination.

So he would, Sophia: if he had heard me, I should not have to thank you for my walk. I do think I will try not to say *no* so often. They now entered the house.

Oh! mamma! they all cried at once as they rushed into the drawing-room, we have had such a walk; we have each got our plant—here are your flowers.

They are indeed beauties, and I am much obliged for them; let me see your plants; what have you chosen? the servant now entered, bringing the three flower-pots.

I, cried Robert, have chosen this tall crown-imperial—see! what fine scarlet flowers it has!"

Yes, it is a fine showy plant; but whose choice is this delicate lemon-plant?

Mine, said Edwin: do you see these little buds, mamma? they will soon blow.

And scarcely be seen when they are blown, said Robert; not to be compared with mine, is it?

He thinks differently, replied his mamma; I suppose he has chosen his for a different reason: why did you like this better than a crown-imperial, Edwin?

Because its leaves look so pretty, and it smells so sweet.

You see, Robert, said his mamma, that Edwin knew how to choose for himself as well as you did; you admired the gay appearance, and he the delicate smell of his plant; it is not right, my love, to slight the opinion of another, because it does not happen to be the same as yours. What have you got, Sophia?

A rose, mamma, with buds and full-blown roses.

Combining the good qualities of each; I admire your choice; but the variety is very agreeable, and you will each have the advantage of seeing the others, as if you each had three: it is supper-time now, and your papa and I are going out: here are some ripe gooseberries for you all.

I do not wish for any, was on Robert's lips: but

Sophia looked at him, he recollected himself, and said, thank you, mamma, instead; she then bade them good night.

The children were as usual up early the next morning, and in their play-room; their maid-servant entered: Come, my dears, if you like a nice run, I have an errand to go; your mamma says you may come with me; we shall be back by the time breakfast is ready.

No, thank you, was Robert's reply, and O yes! that of Sophia and Edwin. There was no time for persuasion, the servant gave them their hats, took a hand of each, and was out of doors in an instant, closing the door after them. Robert ran, but he was too late. Vexed with himself, and disappointed at finding himself alone, he went back to the play-room, and seating himself on a chair, burst into a fit of crying.

Presently his mamma came down stairs, and was surprised, on opening the play-room door, to hear a sob, as she imagined the children were all gone out with the servant.

Why, Robert! she said, what are you doing here? and why are you not gone out with the others?

I did not like to go, mamma; and he dried his eyes.

And what was it you wished to do instead; did you prefer sitting here and crying, to taking a walk?

No, mamma.

But it appears to me that you have been doing so, have you not?

Robert was ashamed to say yes, and as he could not say no, he remained silent.

This behaviour would really be absurd, continued his mamma, in a child of three years old, but for you it is almost inexcusable, and besides it is dishonourable: do you not tell an untruth, when you say you do not like a thing that you are at the same moment wishing for? I have lately considered you old enough, Robert, to be a reasonable person; but if you act again in a manner so entirely devoid of reason, I must treat you as a child, and no longer allow you to come into the room, and converse with your papa and myself: what can induce you to say no so frequently when you mean yes?

I do not know.

It would be rather difficult, I should imagine, to discover a reason for such unwise conduct: your frequent refusals, I suspect, arise from a silly pride, which if you do not endeavour to get rid of, will be the cause of great vexation to you, both while you are a boy, and when you become a man. When

you are asked, if you will or will not do a thing, you must learn to think, before you answer yes or no; and if you cannot decide immediately upon which will give you the most satisfaction, think which will be the most agreeable to others: you will always feel the most pleasure yourself, when you try to give the most to others: do you perfectly understand me?

I believe I do.

And do you think you will act differently another time?

Robert readily answered yes, for he felt that he had punished himself by having behaved so inconsiderately.

Come, then, and give me a kiss, said his mamma, and let me find in future that you learn to think and be wiser. Sophia and Edwin, I hear, are returned; go now to your breakfast, and afterwards come and see your papa.

Robert skipped off, light of heart, for he had made a determination to become wiser. Sophia was glad to see him look smiling, instead of uncomfortable, which she feared he might have been, as she did not expect that he had been with their mamma.

Robert, for some time, did not say no without thinking; which greatly assisted to keep them all in good temper, and consequently comfortable.

But ill habits are with difficulty removed, and reappear like noxious weeds; and if care is not taken to nip them in the bud, they spread and destroy the finest fruits.

One morning the spirit of contradiction began again to rise in Robert's breast.

He was at play with Sophia and Edwin, at nine-pins; in three throws he had knocked all the pins down except two, which were in a line; and in one throw I shall win the game, cried he; for you, Sophy, took six, and Edwin nine throws to knock them down.

You will not win this game, sir, said Edwin; who, not liking to be beaten, was determined Robert should not win, and he kicked down the remaining two, at the same time catching up the ball, and running off with it.

Robert and Sophia ran after him; Edwin ran through the door which led into the garden, banging it after him; it was rather difficult to open, and while Robert was occupied in raising the latch, Edwin had gained ground considerably.

Never mind him, said Sophia; let us go and play at something else.

I shall not play at any thing else; what business had he to spoil my game; and on he flew, Sophia following. Edwin seeing Robert coming, stood still facing him, as if to wait his approach. Robert

ran furiously at him, and just as he fancied him within his reach, Edwin slipped aside, and ran back again towards the house. Robert was running so furiously that he went some paces beyond Edwin before he could turn round, and during this time Edwin gained ground, and again reached the house. Robert, irritated at being again foiled, rushed rapidly in after him, caught hold of him, and attempted to get possession of the ball. Edwin would not let him have it, and in their struggle they made so tremendous a noise, that it brought their papa down stairs to see what was the matter: just as he entered the room, Robert had succeeded in pulling the ball out of Edwin's hand, who, being vexed, burst into a loud fit of crying.

Robert! Robert! cried his papa, I am ashamed of your being such a cowardly fellow, as to try your strength with a boy so much younger and weaker than you are.

Edwin ceased crying—What were you making this dreadful noise about? continued Mr. Frazer.

Robert's pride had been hurt by his papa calling him coward: so instead of explaining to his papa that Edwin had been the aggressor, he remained silent.

Unfortunately for Robert, the servant just then entered, and took Sophia and Edwin up stairs to

dress them, or Sophia would in an instant have explained what had happened as favourably as possible to the credit of both parties.

Speak out at once, said his papa.

Robert's pride would not yet allow him to speak: his papa lost his patience, and went up stairs, leaving Robert in a very ill-humour, with no Sophia to help him out of it.

In a few minutes the servant returned—Come, Master Robert, said she, your brother and sister are almost dressed, and as soon as you are all ready, your mamma desires to see you: come, make haste.

I shall not make haste: and as the servant took his hand to lead him up stairs, he hung back with all his weight; but as she was tolerably strong, with some difficulty she pulled him up stairs, where they had no sooner arrived, than Robert first kicked off one shoe, then another, then scampered across the room, just as the servant was attempting to wash his head, and when she tried to get near him, up he sprang, first on a chair, from thence upon a chest of drawers, making himself as troublesome and ridiculous as possible.

Now, do be dressed, Robert, cried Sophia—Hark! papa calls.

Those who like to go to him, then, may answer him, replied Robert; I do not want to go.

Now, pray, Robert, make haste, cried Sophia, as she ran off with Edwin; and as Robert was almost tired of kicking about, he stood still and allowed himself to be dressed.

Again he heard his papa's voice—Robert, if you are not here immediately, I can wait for you no longer! He was just finished, and as he slowly walked down stairs, he murmured to himself, I do not much care if you cannot; but that no one heard, and Robert would have been very sorry afterwards to think that he had even thought it.

You have been unusually long this morning, my dear Robert, said his mamma, as he entered the room: what have you been about?

Nothing.

Come, said his papa, we are exceedingly late: those who feel inclined to go out with me must get their hats immediately.

Away ran Sophia and Edwin: Robert stood still.

Do you not mean to go with us? asked his papa. Robert hesitated; he was preparing himself to say yes: but his papa, provoked at his being silent a second time, said in rather a quick tone—Why are you so stupid as not to answer when asked a question?

Robert hesitated no longer: I do not wish to go, papa.

Very well, replied his papa, then you are at liberty to remain at home. At that instant the carriage drove up to the door; Sophia and Edwin ran down stairs; Mrs. Frazer, too, came down quite ready—What, she said, is not Robert going with us?

He said he would rather stay at home, answered Mr. Frazer; and now he must abide by his choice. Then taking Mrs. Frazer's hand, he assisted her down stairs, and into the carriage: Sophia and Edwin were already there, and they were all out of sight in an instant.

Do you know the cause of Robert's refusal? asked Mrs. Frazer.

I do not, replied Mr. Frazer, but possibly Sophia can inform us: now I think of it, were you present, Sophy, this morning, when there was such a noise in the play-room.

Yes, papa.

And how did it begin?

Sophia then related the circumstance as it had happened.

I am glad to hear that Robert was not quite so much in fault as I had imagined, said her papa; if he had told me what had happened, it would have been much better for him, and more agreeable to me; but why did not you, Sophy, tell me at the time?

I went out of the room, papa, almost as soon as you entered.

But you, Edwin, behaved very improperly, said Mrs. Frazer; and by teasing your brother, you see you have been the cause of his disgrace: if I had heard all this before, I do not know that I should have allowed you to accompany us; I never love you so little as when you tease each other.

I will not do it again, said Edwin.

I hope you will not, said his mamma: you have deprived us all of a portion of pleasure by Robert's being left at home. The carriage now stopped.

Where are we going, mamma? asked Sophia.

To see the Laplanders and their rein-deer; after which, we are going to Richmond to spend the day with your uncle.

Poor Robert, said Sophia, if he were here he would be so glad—she was interrupted by her papa lifting her from the carriage, and they entered the house where the rein-deer were exhibited.

Robert was at first so much astonished at being left alone, that he stood still for some minutes, before he could think how it had happened; he then began to cry; but he was too wise to continue long to do so; but began to reflect on what had passed, and the occasion of his being left alone. I was very silly, he said to himself, not to tell papa

directly why I pulled the ball from Edwin. I think I never will be so silly again; and so I will tell papa when he comes home: how long will they stay, I wonder, and how shall I amuse myself till they come back? Let me think: first, I will learn a Latin lesson, and then I will draw. He had only just finished his lesson, and was just beginning to draw, when he heard a loud rap at the door: he started up, and ran down stairs, thinking his papa had returned; but when the door was opened, he saw it was his uncle, instead of his papa, who was just going to leave the door upon hearing that the family were all out, when he caught sight of Robert—Why, how is it that you are here alone? he cried.

Papa left me at home, Robert promptly answered, because I did not speak to him when I ought to have done so, and it made him think me a worse boy than I think I was.

His uncle then went up stairs with Robert, and desired him to tell him all about it; which Robert did very minutely, for he was fully determined now *to speak out.* When he had finished, his uncle said, Well, I think I will venture to take you home with me. I came to town quite unexpectedly this morning, and you were all to spend the day with me, so get your hat; which Robert most gladly ran to

fetch: his uncle took his hand, in an instant they were in his gig, and in little more than an hour reached Richmond, just before his papa and mamma had arrived.

In a few minutes their carriage drove up to the door: no sooner had Sophia and Edwin alighted, than they exclaimed—Robert here! why, how did you come?

How did you come, indeed, said his mamma, while his papa looked as much astonished as the rest.

I brought him, answered his uncle for him; but he shall speak for himself, for he tells me, that he never means to say no again, instead of yes; nor to remain silent when he ought to speak.

Robert then told his papa all he had told his uncle, adding the account of his uncle's taking him, and concluded by saying, I hope, papa, I shall never be so stupid again, and I think I *will not.*

His papa then kissed and told him, he hoped the same. He must try never to forget that day which he thought would help him to adhere to his good resolution.

Robert then went to renew his promises to his mamma; after which he followed Sophia and Edwin into the garden. They spent a most delightful day, and returned quite happy, at the idea of having been all together, when they so little expected it.

Robert did not for a long time forget the occurrences of this eventful day, and it produced an effect upon him for so long a time that he began to lose the habit of saying no: which gave his papa and mamma much pleasure, and made Sophia and himself so much happier, that it is to be hoped he will continue to persevere in his determination, until he becomes a very good man.

THE HEAP OF STONES.

RICHARD, what is it you mean to do with that heap of stones, my boy? you have doubled its dimensions, I think, whilst I have been at breakfast.

I am going to build a house, papa, and I am working so hard, because I wish to finish it to-day.

To-day! I am afraid you will do it very badly then. And are stones the only material you mean to make use of for your building?

Oh! no, I mean to cut some wood, and I must have some glass for the windows.

And what do you mean to do first? perhaps I can assist you.

No, thank you; I know very well how to do it all; I have very often looked at men who have been building houses.

Good morning, then; I am going out now; you will not begin building before you have attended to your lessons.

No, papa.

As soon as his papa had left him, Richard began his work again; he thought he had collected a sufficient quantity of stones; so off he ran to the shrubbery, intending to cut some large sticks to make stakes, and beams for his house; but Richard was not strong enough to cut very large sticks, for he was only just six years old, and, when he had cut three small ones, he was tired: so he sat himself down on the root of a tree to rest, and to think what was next to be done.

Richard was a quick, lively boy, and had very good powers of thinking when he chose to make use of them; unfortunately his want of patience prevented him from doing so. If he failed in doing a thing the moment he tried, he had not courage or perseverance to try again; though, if he had done so, he would most probably have succeeded. Besides which, Richard was a little too proud to ask for instruction: he would rather do a thing in his own bungling way, than ask any one to show him how to do it better.

As he sat on the root of the tree, he began to think it was rather too difficult to get beams for his house, and he would try to do without.

I might, to be sure, ask papa; but then I told him I knew all about it, so perhaps he will laugh at me. No: I will try to do without; and back to the heap of stones he ran.

The stones of which houses were built, he recollected having observed, were always square; so he picked out those which were nearest to squares: of these he had not a great many; then he gathered all the flat ones that would stand one upon another, without minding whether round or square: these he laid very regularly in a long square for the foundation of his house.

Happily, just at this moment, Richard thought of his lessons. He did not go to school at that time, but learnt his Latin and English lessons during the day, and said them to his papa in the evening, so he busily employed himself for two hours about his lessons; then his dinner was ready, after which he had to write a copy; the rest of the day, till his papa came back, he had to himself; and in all that time, Richard thought he could finish his house: so he returned to it, and went on with great alertness.

He piled stones, in a regular and pretty manner, like bricks, on every side of his house, until he had raised it about a foot and a half from the ground, and very much pleased Richard was with the appearance of his building.

Hearing his papa's knock at the door, he ran to meet and beg him to come and look at his house.

I thought, my dear fellow, said his papa, that you told me you knew all about the wood-work of

a house, as well as the stone; besides, you have not even thought of fastening your stones together; a touch would knock your day's work to pieces. Before he had finished speaking, bounce came Dash, his father's pointer, into the garden, and in his haste to greet Richard, ran against the unfortunate building, and brought almost every stone to the ground.

Oh! I shall never be able to build houses, said Richard, so I shall not try any more.

Now, said his father, you are just as unwise as you were this morning, when you thought my assistance would be of no use to you. Do you not remember the little vessel of your cousin's making, which you saw, and were so full of admiration of, a few days ago?

O yes, papa; but I shall never be so clever as he is.

You do not know what you may become if you try; come with me, and I will show you your cousin's first attempt at ship-making.

Richard followed his father into a room, which they called his workshop, as he sometimes amused himself there with a turning lathe, and a chest of carpenter's tools: from one of the shelves he took down the promised ship.

Richard examined it for a moment with great attention, and then exclaimed—This a ship, papa!

why it is only a flat piece of wood, with three sticks stuck in it upright, and one tumbling down, and a bit of cloth tied to the middle one: I do not know if it is meant for a sail or a flag. Did cousin Henry ever make such a thing as this?

Yes; but if he had said he could not make ships, and had never made another attempt, he could not have learned any thing of what he now knows about ship-building.

No: but how did he learn, papa?

He thought, as you do, of this clumsy imitation, that it did not bear much resemblance to a ship, and he asked his father if he could not instruct him in making something more like one? His father gave him a number of prints of different kinds of vessels, and some books, which described every part of a ship: these he read with attention, and compared the prints with the vessels which he had opportunities of seeing; but he made many very awkward looking vessels before he made any thing at all to his satisfaction; if he found that he had made any improvement, he was pleased with himself; and, by his industry, at length succeeded in making the perfect little thing you saw.

Well, I think I will try to do as he did. But I can never learn to build a house by myself.

Not without some assistance, perhaps. But you may learn about every different part of a

house, as Henry did those of a ship; and then you will be able to judge if there is any probability of your being able to make any of those parts; and if you can do so, it is possible that you may afterwards learn to put them together.

If you will give me books, then I will try to learn; but it will be a long time before I shall know enough to build a house; so I will make a cart first, to carry away the stones again, for it was hard work to carry them in my basket.

Very well, said his papa, when I have dined I will come and see how you get on; you may begin your performance here; you will find pieces of wood and nails with a hammer.

Oh! thank you, papa, I shall soon have done my cart.

Richard fell to work immediately upon the two first pieces of wood he saw, and began nailing them together; one he intended for the side, the other for the bottom of the cart; he had fastened them together without thinking of comparing their sizes, so that he soon found one was considerably longer than the other; this Richard thought would not do, but how to make them the same size he could not tell; so he looked for others, and found two pieces of exactly the same dimensions: these he nailed together, and very well he thought they looked. Now for the other side, cried Richard;

and he picked up one piece after another, and measured them with the one he had fastened: not one would suit; all too long or too short.

How very provoking! exclaimed Richard; I cannot get on any better with my cart than I did with my house. I shall never be able to make any thing; and down he sat himself in a most disconsolate manner, leaning his head upon his hand.

What's the matter, my boy, said his papa, as he opened the door a minute afterwards: in despair again?

I am so stupid, papa, I can do nothing. I am very sorry to hear it; but what is it that you cannot do?

I cannot find two pieces of wood alike for the sides of my cart.

And do you suppose that every man who makes a cart finds the sides ready made for him?

No: but a man can make them, and I cannot.

That we will try. What is the size of the bottom? Measure with your rule.

One foot three inches long, and nine wide.

Very well: before it is nailed at all, we must get its four sides ready. How long is that piece of wood you have in your hand?

Three feet three inches, papa.

Well, how many sides will that do for? its

width will about do for the height of your cart, I think.

I do not know.

Think then: if you do not learn to think while you are at work, you can never learn to do any thing well: what did you say was the length?

One foot three inches.

What is twice that?

Two feet six inches. Measure that, and mark it on your board: now how many have you left?

Exactly nine inches, and that will do for one short side, will it not, papa?

To be sure it will; and here is a small piece that will just do for the other. Try if you can mark where it is to be sawed; and as I think you are not yet quite strong enough to do so, I will separate it for you.

Richard made the lines, and his father sawed it in pieces for him.

We have done enough for this evening, said his papa. Now let me hear how well you learnt your lessons this morning. To-morrow I will turn some wheels for you, and you shall nail your cart together.

I would rather have it without wheels, papa, and finish it to-night.

That would be a bad plan: try this once: have patience, and finish it well.

To which Richard agreed, but he did not very well like it, he said.

He had learnt his lessons very well, and said them that evening, and afterwards talked about his cart till bedtime.

In the morning, Richard was very early in the workshop, placing the four sides of his cart together, till at last he thought he would try and nail them to one another; but he did not know whether to nail them together first, or to nail them on to the bottom of the cart: fortunately his papa soon came to his assistance, and in seeing him turn the wheels, Richard quite forgot his intention of nailing the sides together.

We shall finish this in the evening, I think, said his papa: I will put the wheels on, and you shall finish the cart by nailing the separate parts to each other: but you must work hard at your books during the day, or I cannot work for you in the evening.

Richard did work hard in the day; and, to reward him, his papa worked in the evening: he put on the wheels, and showed him in what places to knock in the nails, which part of the performance Richard liked much. It was a good stout cart, and very glad Richard was that his papa had prevented him from finishing it without wheels.

Richard was so much pleased with his dear cart,

that he said he thought he should be able to have more patience another time, because having had a little this time, had made him so very glad.

He kissed his papa, and thanked him a great many times, and then carried his cart up to his bedside, that it might be the first thing he saw in the morning.

When he awoke, he was in such haste to draw his cart, that he was at first going to run off with it before he was dressed: but he recollected his promise to be patient, so he stood still to be dressed and washed; then into the garden he ran, and employed himself with greater satisfaction that morning in drawing away his heap of stones, than he had felt the morning he had heaped them together.

THE END.

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