

MARGARET  
WHYTE

MRS.  
CAMERON

W & S

Lat

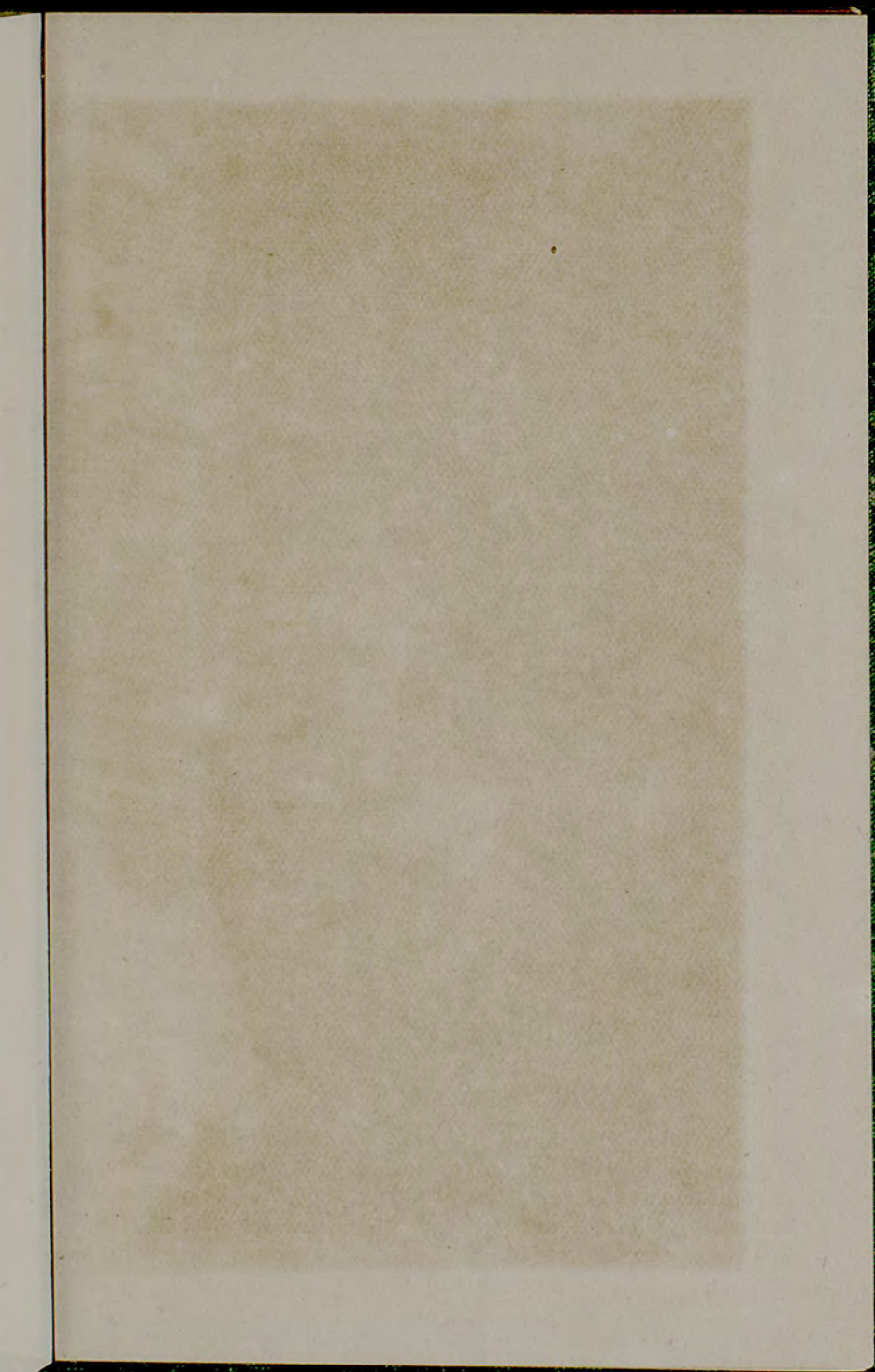
TBC (Sp)  
CAMERON  
MARGARET



37131 054 880 711

E. M. W.





The  
ever  
reco  
mov  
sur  
the  
with  
in th  
sent  
If  
how  
have  
girl,  
an  
to wa  
the o  
endea  
falling  
escape

## P R E F A C E.

---

THE history of every man or woman's life, however humble in degree, so long as it is honestly recorded, possesses an interest for the reader, and more especially for the youthful reader, which far surpasses that of the most exciting fiction, from the simple fact, that in the one instance we deal with truth and the actual events of daily life, and in the other, with an unreal world and its shadowy sentiments.

If this is true as regards ordinary narratives, how much more is it so, when the young readers have placed before them the history of a little girl, who, reared in the observances of religion and virtue, was enabled, by the grace of God, so to walk in the path which she was taught to be the only right one, and by her own example had endeavoured to prevent her companions from falling into the temptations which she had escaped.

The aim of the Authoress of this little story appears to be twofold. First, to encourage parents and teachers to inculcate sound religious and moral principles in their children and pupils, by showing them how the teaching of MARGARET WHYTE'S home and school influenced her in life, and comforted her in death ; and next, to impress upon children that they may know and love their Saviour as easily, and be faithful followers of him, as any person further advanced in years.

Children are keen observers, and particularly liable to be impressed by the conduct and behaviour of a child like themselves. The history of MARGARET WHYTE, showing as it does an example of honesty, truthfulness, unselfishness, and a forbearing spirit, cannot fail to be read with interest and profit by the young.



THE HISTORY OF  
MARGARET WHYTE.

---

**I**N a pretty country village, just under the hill where the church stands, there is a neat row of houses; John Whyte the thatcher lives in one of them, as worthy a man for his station as any in the village.

When I first knew him about four years ago, he had a wife and five children; Margaret, his eldest, was a fine healthy girl, very mild and pretty behaved, and I think I may say, she scarcely did anything which could vex her father and mother; but above all, she was particularly mindful to say her prayers every night and morning to God, and to do every thing which she thought would please him.

Margaret had a little playfellow that she was very fond of; her name was Nanny Hooper; her

father lived just above John Whyte's. There was only the cornfield and a corner of the Squire's wood between them, so it was not far for Margaret, when her mother gave her leave to play a little, to run up with her little brother to Nanny's house. Nanny was not a bad child, though indeed she was not near so good as Margaret; she had not made so much of the opportunities of learning her duty as Margaret had; she could read pretty well, but she did not mind what the book was about that she read in; she meant to do well, I believe, but she was giddy and thoughtless, and a little passionate too; and when her parents told her how wrong it was to be so, she promised at the time to behave better in future, but she soon forgot what they said to her.

At the time I began my story, Nanny Hooper was just turned ten years old, and Margaret Whyte was, I think, a few months older. It was then about harvest-time, and the children used to be a great deal together gleaning in the Squire's fields. One evening when they had been gleaning in the field (which runs close up by the church-yard) rather later than usual, they sat down to rest themselves under one of the beech-trees, which divide the field from the church-yard.—They were quite by themselves, for the labourers and the poor folks who had been gleaning were

all gone home to their suppers. It had been a very hot day, and the two little girls had worked very hard, so that they were quite tired.

"Well," said Margaret, after they had been silent some time, "how pleased my mother will be to see so much corn!" So she took up some of her gleanings, and laying them upon her lap, began to tie them up. "Yes, Margaret," said Nanny, "you have got a great deal, indeed; I wish I had half as much: but I don't know how it is, you always get more than I do; and yet I have been very busy too, and tired myself as much as you have."

"I can tell you how that is," answered Margaret. "You were so long gathering those poppies and those pretty blue flowers, and tying them about your hat."

"O yes, I remember, I got tired of gleaning," said Nanny, "and those flowers looked so pretty—but, Margaret, I am afraid my mother will be angry with me for bringing home so little corn."

"And if she is angry with you, you must tell her the truth," answered Margaret, "and say you will do better to-morrow, and then she is so good, I dare say she will forgive you."

While Margaret was speaking, Nanny was looking very eagerly at a fine sheaf of corn that stood near them. "O Margaret," she called out,

"how nice and fine that corn looks! should not you like to have some of it? I am sure a little would not be missed out of it."

"Fy, Nanny; what are you saying?" answered Margaret.

"No harm, indeed. Don't think I am going to steal any; for that would be very wicked; but you know one can't help wishing," said Nanny.

"Yes, you may; for wishing for a thing is next to stealing it," replied Margaret.

"What do you mean?" cried Nanny, "how can I help wishing for it, and how can wishing for it make me steal it?"

"It is very naughty, indeed, to say so, Nanny. Do you think that God Almighty would order us not to do a thing that we can't help doing?" asked Margaret.

"No, to be sure, but God Almighty never forbids us to wish for what we please."

"Yes, he has very often," said Margaret. "Did you never learn your catechism?"

"Yes, certainly I have," answered Nanny.

"Well, then, does not the tenth commandment forbid us to covet any thing that is not our own? and by coveting is meant wishing earnestly for any thing. So you see, my dear, that by wishing for the corn as you did just now, you disobey one of God's commands."

"I see now that you are in the right ; but why did God give us this command ? wishing for a thing surely could not hurt us !"

"It is very wrong indeed to talk so about any command which God has given us," said Margaret ; "but if you think a minute, you will see how very wise a one it is ; because if we suffer ourselves to wish much for any thing, we get unhappy without it, and then we are too apt to take some bad means in order that we may have it. Now suppose you had not been told how wrong it was to wish for that corn, you might have thought of it and wished for it, till you would have been tempted perhaps to have taken some of it : only think how shocking that would have been."

"It would indeed have been shocking," answered Nanny.

"My mother," added Margaret, "has often told me, that it was as much our duty to govern our thoughts as our actions."

"How can it be possible to govern our thoughts ?" asked Nanny.

"I will tell you," said Margaret. "Suppose you were to see a lady going by dressed in very fine clothes, with ribbons, and silks, and lace, and beads, should not you think that you should like to have such pretty things yourself ?"

“Yes, indeed, I should ; for when Miss Courtly, the Squire’s daughter, rides by in her fine coach, dressed up so, it makes me quite sad to think how shabby my old stuff gown looks, and I would give all the world to be dressed as fine as Miss Courtly. O how happy I should be then !”

“It is very wrong to think so ; because, if it had been good for you, God could have made you as rich as Miss Courtly ; so, when these things come into your head, you should say to yourself, ‘These thoughts are very wicked, and I will try to get the better of them ; for I know very well, that fine clothes or a great deal of money do not make people happier. God has given me a good house to live in, and food enough, and warm clothes to wear, and if any thing else had been proper for me, he would have given it me ; so I ought to be very well contented and very thankful too, for there are a great many poor people in the world who have not the blessings and comforts which I have, and who would perhaps think me as rich as I think Miss Courtly.’”

“I thank you for what you have been so kind as to teach me, and the next time I wish to be as fine as Miss Courtly, I will remember it.”

“And not only then,” said Margaret, “but whenever any bad thought of any kind comes into your head, you should take the same way

to put it out of your mind ; but if you pray to God, he will help you to do it, better than I can."

"I hope I shall not forget," answered Nanny, "what you have been teaching me, as I am too apt to do ; but indeed I am afraid I shall not be so good as you are till I am grown up."

"It is getting late," said Margaret, "the sun has been hid some time behind the wood, and my mother will be expecting me, or I would stay and talk to you a little longer, as you are so good as to listen to what I say."

Then the little girls got up, and, having fastened up their gleanings, were going to walk home, when a little boy came running towards them ; he did not see them at first, and he called out, "So every body is gone, and it is getting dark : nobody will see me if I take some of this corn." Then he went up to one of the sheaves, and pulled out some ears.

"Who is that?" cried Nanny.

The little boy was very much frightened when he heard somebody speak ; but as soon as he knew it was Nanny, he ran up to her. "O is it only you, Nanny?" said he, "I was afraid it was one of the labourers. Pray don't tell of me, don't you know who I am? I am little Dick Jones, that old Susan the milk-woman takes care of. She sent me out this morning to glean, but I met

some boys who were going to gather nuts, and they begged me to go with them; and so I went, and now night is come and I have no corn; and old Susan will be very angry with me if I tell her what I have been doing. So I am going to get some corn out of one of these sheaves, for nobody will miss it, I dare say, and I shall take it home to old Susan, and she will think I have been gleaning all day."

"Oh, fy, fy," cried Nanny; "what a wicked little fellow you are!"

"Pray, think what you are about, Dickey," said Margaret; "surely you must be more afraid of making God angry than old Susan; don't you know how wicked it is to lie and steal?"

"Don't preach to me," answered Dickey; "you are always talking some such grave stuff as that."

"How can you call it stuff?" said Nanny; "if I were old Susan, I would beat you so! I hate such wicked children."

"I don't care if you do," cried Dickey; "and, if you dare to beat me, I promise you I'll be even with you."

"You may say what you please for me," answered Nanny, "such a naughty boy as you are, only you may be sure I shall tell old Susan of you, and you shall pay for it: nobody shall quarrel with me for nothing."



"Dear Nanny," said Margaret, when she heard this, and saw she was getting into a passion; "pray don't be angry if I speak my mind to you."

"Well, what have you to say?" answered Nanny, in a very cross voice.

"Come now, be calm," said Margaret, taking her kindly by the hand; "and tell me, don't you think it is very wrong to scold and be cross to any one?"

"I scold! I have not been scolding any body."

"Yes, indeed, my dear, you have; nay, now, do not look so cross; but, surely, you were scolding little Dickey just now."

"Well, and if I was, who could help it?"

"He is a very naughty boy to be sure, but if you wish to make him better, do you think scolding is the means to do it? No, I assure you, scolding and ill-temper make people angry and obstinate, but seldom make them mend their faults."

"But would you have me answer him civilly, when he speaks so rudely to me?"

"Yes, indeed I would; for you know our Saviour commands us to return good for evil. But I will talk to you about this another time. We must now try to persuade little Dickey not to be so naughty as he is, and to leave off his wicked tricks."

So Margaret went up to him, and she said to

him, "Pray, go home, and do not think of taking another person's corn. If, indeed, you are so wicked as to steal, you will one day repent of it, you may be sure."

"Why, who will know any thing of the matter, unless you or Nanny tell out of spite?"

"I am sure if I did tell of you, Dickey, it would not be out of spite. I hope I should never be spiteful to any body. But suppose we should not tell, and nobody should ever know any thing about it; yet God who lives above the blue sky (and she pointed to it with her finger) can see every thing you do; and whatever you think or say is marked down in his book, and you will have to answer for it at the day of judgment."

"Well, I would not steal if I could help it; but what would old Susan do to me, if I were to go home without any corn, and say that I had been gathering nuts all day?"

"Then I will go with you, and I will tell her the whole truth; and I will beg her not to be angry with you."

"No, no, I know her better than you do," said Dickey; "she will beat me and scold me. Oh, dear, I am very much afraid of her;" and all the time that he was speaking, he went on pulling the corn out of the sheaves, till he had got a great deal.

"Pray, Dickey," said Margaret, again and again

to him, "do think of what you are about." And she even knelt down to him; but it was all in vain. Nay, she even told him that if he would not steal, she would give him some of her own corn.

"O yes, very likely," answered Dickey; "what should you give me your corn for? Come, come, leave me alone, and don't whine so."

"Nay, I am sure, Dickey, I am not in joke; indeed, you shall have as much of my corn as you please."

"Well, you may keep your corn to yourself," cried Dickey; "only don't tell of me. I have got as much as I want now." So the wicked little fellow ran away with the corn that he had been stealing. But Margaret ran after him, for she thought it was right for her to do all in her power to prevent his doing so shocking a thing. She caught him at last by the coat and stopped him; but she was too much out of breath to speak.

"You tease me sadly," cried Dick; "I tell you I would not have stole if I could have helped it. So now it is done, let me alone, and don't tell any body of me." Then he pulled his coat from her, and away he ran.

Margaret was very much vexed at what had happened; she could not run or call any more; so she stood still a little while, and then went back to the place where she had left Nanny.

“What shall we do?” said she to Nanny.

“Why, tell old Susan, to be sure,” answered Nanny, “what a naughty little fellow Dickey is.”

“I would tell of him immediately if I thought it would cure him of his wicked tricks; but I am afraid it will be doing him a great mischief.”

“Well, and if it does, who cares for such a naughty boy as he is?”

“Oh! fy, Nanny! not care whether you do a person mischief or not? that is very wrong. We ought to do as much good as we can to every body, and never mind how they treat us. Let us think what is the best thing we can do for Dickey. You know old Susan only takes care of him because nobody else will; and she is the only friend he has in the world; so if we were to go and tell her how naughty he is, she would perhaps turn him out of doors; for you know she is sometimes very passionate; and then how sorry we should be!”

“Well, you must do as you like, Margaret; but, for my part, I don’t see why the Squire is to be cheated out of his corn, for the sake of such a wicked little boy.”

“It is that which vexes me so,” said Margaret; “it will be very wrong to let the Squire be cheated, and yet I don’t like to expose poor Dickey.”

So she sat down for a little while, and leaned

her head on her arm, trying to think what she ought to do, and praying also in her heart for God to direct her, as we should always do in any difficulty. At last, turning round to Nanny, "Now," she said, "I know what I will do. The Squire shall not be cheated, and old Susan shall know nothing about Dickey."

"How will you manage that?" asked Nanny.

"This morning," answered Margaret, "before I went out, my mother said to me, 'When you have gleaned as much corn as your little brother Jemmy can get in a day, you shall tie it up by itself, and put it by for me; and as much more as you can glean afterwards you shall have for yourself, and the money that it brings you shall go towards buying you a gown.'—Now, Nanny, you know I have been working very hard to-day. Here is my mother's corn, and here is what I have got for myself. Look, it is a great deal; it is as much as Dickey stole out of the sheaf. So I will go and put it in one of the Squire's sheaves, and then you see he will not be cheated, and my mother will not be the worse, because this is my own corn."

"Nay," cried Nanny, "you shall not part with all your own corn: you shall have some of mine; indeed you shall."

"No, I cannot do that," answered Margaret;

“thank you kindly, Nanny; for it is not your corn to part with; it is your father’s and mother’s; you got it for them, and I am sure I would not cheat them or any one else. Do you think I would touch the corn I have been gleaning for my mother? Oh, no; that would be very wicked. But we may do what we please with our own.”

Then Margaret went to the sheaf, and tried to untie it, but she could not do that, so she took her own corn and put it in as well as she was able. “Now, Nanny,” she said, “there is as much corn in the sheaf as there was before Dickey stole any of it, and nobody is the worse. As for me, I can do a little while longer without my gown. So we have only to think what methods we can take to shew little Dickey how wicked he has been, and to teach him to be a good boy. For there is no use in hiding his faults, if we don’t try to make him mend them.”

“Then, I suppose, Margaret,” asked Nanny, “you do not mean to tell anybody about him?”

“Not if I can help it,” answered Margaret; “not even my father and mother (unless they should ask me why I was so late, or whether I had got any corn for myself), for fear, out of love to their little Margaret, they should tell somebody what I have done, and so it should come to old Susan’s ears.”

“Well, I will do as you do,” said Nanny. “If any body should ask me any questions about Dickey, I will not answer them ; nor will I tell my father and mother why I was so late.”

“Yes, do, if they ask you,” answered Margaret ; “we must never tell lies to any body, particularly to our parents. So if they should inquire of you, why you are so late, don’t hide the truth from them. Only if they say nothing about it, it will be better to keep poor Dickey’s wickedness from them, as, should they know it, it may do him a hurt ; and I hope that one day or other he will be a better boy than he now is.”

The little girls then parted, for it was getting late ; and they both ran home as hard as they could. It happened that their parents, who had been out at work a good way in the country, did not return till some time afterwards ; and being very much tired, they did not ask them what they had been doing.

At harvest-time Margaret’s father and mother were generally out all the day ; so that they had not time to ask whether she had got any corn for herself ; and as she was so good a child, they were not so strict and particular with her as they would have been had she been a naughty girl, or careless and giddy.

In a few days, when the children had done

gleaning in the fields, they all went to school again. The school was kept by Mrs Browne, a very good woman, who took great pains to teach her scholars to work and read, and to know their duty to God. It was a custom of hers after the holidays, which were always at the time of harvest, to give a reward to the child who had behaved best in the school the last half-year, and whose conduct also had been good in the holidays. Sometimes she gave a Testament, and sometimes a work-bag, or any thing else which might be useful. The day was now come when the reward was to be given; and all the children wished very much to know who should have it. The naughty ones felt very sorry that they had lost all right to it by their own fault; and the good ones all resolved in their minds, that whoever should receive it, they would try to be as glad on her account as if they had had it themselves. All little children when they go to school should do so. They should love each other as brothers and sisters; and be very much pleased when their school-fellows are rewarded.

The Saturday after the school began, was the day fixed for the reward to be given. All the little girls went to school as usual at nine o'clock. Mrs Browne first heard them repeat the tasks she had given them to learn in the holidays; then



she called them all together, and she gently found fault with the naughty ones, and said, she hoped they would behave better in future ; and the others she commended for their right behaviour.

“Many of you, my dears,” she added, “have been very good indeed ; but I think that Margaret Whyte is the best among you : I believe that she deserves the reward.”

“Yes, she does indeed,” said a great many of the children together ; “we are none of us so good as she is.”

“It makes me very happy, my dears,” answered Mrs Browne, “to see you love each other so well. Always rejoice in the good of another as much as in your own, and God will bless you.”

“I thank you, my dear friends,” said Margaret, looking down, “for your kindness to me ; and another time I hope I shall do the same for you ; indeed I should be very ungrateful if I did not.”

Just as she had done speaking, came in Mr Adams, the clergyman of the parish.

“Good-morning to you, Mrs Browne,” said he ; “I am come to know who is the good child that is to have the reward to-day.”

“There are a great many good children,” answered Mrs Browne ; “and, if I cannot give them all rewards, I am sure I will love them all. But I believe the best among them is Margaret

Whyte; I have not one fault to find with her."

"Margaret Whyte!" repeated Mr Adams, very seriously. "I am very sorry to bring bad news, but I am afraid the reward must not be for her." Then he walked up and down, and the children looked one at another, and Margaret was frightened. She could not think what Mr Adams was going to say.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Mrs Browne; "I hope Margaret has not done any thing wrong, of which I am not informed."

"It is a sad thing," answered Mr Adams; "but indeed she has. I did not wish to tell of her before all her school-fellows, but I cannot let her receive a reward, when she rather deserves a rod. These good children I know do not take a pleasure in telling tales of one another; so I may safely speak before them. They will not be so wicked as to triumph over her; they will only pity her."

"We shall indeed be sorry," said the little girls, "if Margaret should lose her reward, by any thing naughty which she has done."

"That is right, my dears," answered Mr Adams; "I am sure you will all be vexed, when you hear what I was lately told.—A few days ago, one of the Squire's servants came to tell me, that he

found John Whyte the thatcher's family was not so honest as it was supposed to be; for late one evening in the harvest, as he was walking through the church-yard, he saw a little girl kneeling down by one of the sheaves, and she seemed as if she was untying it. To be sure it could not be for any good purpose. What she took out of it he could not see, because of the bough of a tree which partly hid her from him. He was in a hurry, or he would have stopped and caught her in the fact; and she was not near enough for him to find out who she was: but a little while afterwards, he saw Margaret running home by herself with her apron full of corn. The man would not take any notice of it to her, for he thought it was better to mention it to me, that I might take what steps I thought best with the parents, who he supposed had set the child on the work."

"Indeed, indeed," cried Margaret, "my parents know nothing of the matter. Pray do not call them dishonest."

"Well," said Mr Adams, "I see you don't deny that you really were stealing."

"No, no, I was not; but——"

"Fy, fy, Margaret," answered Mr Adams, "do not add lying to the sin of stealing. You have as much as confessed what you were about; so think not of excusing yourself. Try only to turn

away God's anger, by asking his forgiveness for the sake of his dear Son, and beg for his grace to enable you to behave better in future."

Margaret's sobs prevented her speaking; so Mr Adams went on—

"Those poor children, whose parents do not teach them how wicked it is to steal, and who have not bread to eat, have much less to answer for if they take what is not their own. But you, Margaret, have been early taught that the thief and the liar are hateful to God. Your parents have always set you a good example, and provided you with every thing you want; and till now they have always thought you deserving of their kindness. Your conduct has therefore been exceedingly sinful; you have need to cast yourself, in deep humility and penitence, at the foot of your Saviour's cross; and till you have proved that you are truly sorry for your sin by the amendment of your conduct, you must expect to be in disgrace with all your friends."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs Browne, when Mr Adams had done, "to hear so sad an account of Margaret, and, indeed, I fear it is but too true. I see she cannot deny it; can you, child?" And she called her to her, and took her by the hand. But she could make no answer; for indeed her heart was ready to burst. "So you will not

“speak,” added Mrs Browne; “it is very plain that you have nothing to say for yourself. I am really ashamed of you. Go, naughty girl, and sit down; you will not only lose your reward, but you will bring upon yourself the anger of all your friends.”

“Well,” said Mr Adams, “I leave to you the punishment of this naughty girl; and I will go to her parents, and prepare them for the bad account you will have to give of her.”

When Margaret heard this, she rested her head against the back of a chair, and covered her face with her hands. She felt, indeed, that she did not deserve the blame which was laid upon her, yet it is a very sad thing to lose the favour of our friends, and be thought ill of by them.

“I must, I will tell all,” said Nanny, in a low voice, to Margaret; “I can’t bear to see you in disgrace, and for the sake too of that wicked Dickey Jones.”

“O dear Nanny,” answered Margaret, lifting up her head and wiping away the tears; “pray say nothing about it: it would vex me much more, I assure you, if you were to tell about little Dickey.”

Mr Adams then went away, and Mrs Browne, turning to the other children, said to them, “I see, my dears, you are very sorry for what has happened; and though one of you will have a

reward instead of Margaret, yet I dare say you had rather she had had it, and still remained a good girl; and each of you would give it up with pleasure, if that could make her behave better in future."

"Yes, indeed we would," cried all the children together.

Then Mrs Browne called Sally Wright, and, as she was the next best child, she gave her the New Testament, and told her she hoped she would take warning by what had happened, and always act so as to deserve the favour of her friends. Sally Wright courtesied, and said she would; but when she took the book, the tears came into her eyes, for she had loved Margaret, and she thought how shocking a thing it was for her to lose her reward, and be so much in disgrace for her ill-behaviour.

When all the children were gone home, except Nanny Hooper and a few more, Mrs Browne began to talk very gravely to Margaret Whyte about the fault of which Mr Adams had accused her, and gave her a great deal of good advice about her behaviour in future. Margaret listened humbly and patiently to all she said, for she knew it was very kindly meant. At last, after she had talked to her for some time, she took her by the hand, and said to her, "I see, Margaret, that you are very sorry for what has passed, and this gives me some

hopes of you : you know, as well as I do, your duty, and till now you always seemed to practise it. I trust, therefore, that the lesson you have received to-day will not be lost upon you. The reward you would have had has been given to another, you are under the displeasure of all your friends, and, what is worse, you have offended God ; I will not therefore punish you any more this time ; a second fault, however, I should correct very severely. Go home, and pray to your Saviour to forgive you and make you good. I too will pray to Him for you, and may you be made quite sensible of your sin !”

Margaret courtesied to Mrs Browne, but her heart was too full to speak ; so she took Nanny by the hand, and they set off to walk home.

Poor Margaret was very gravely received by her parents when she came home ; for Mr Adams had informed them of what had happened at the school. Her father indeed was extremely angry, and I believe he punished her very severely. Her mother, too, talked to her a great deal about the wickedness of stealing, and the shocking end to which thieves and liars must always come. Margaret submitted to the anger of her parents without ever complaining, for she knew they thought she deserved it ; and they supposed that she had been so wicked as to take what was not her own :

though once or twice indeed, when her father was speaking very harshly to her, she could hardly bear it, and felt almost angry. But she called to mind the words of St Peter, which she had read in the second chapter of his first Epistle. *For this is thank-worthy, if a man for conscience towards God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.*

And this would comfort her, and make her submit patiently. She remembered, too, how our blessed Lord had suffered for our sins; and that He never murmured or repined. How much more, then, ought we (poor sinful creatures as we are) to be resigned to the will of God, and to bear without complaint any ill He may think fit to send upon us, since we have deserved nothing but punishment from His hands. Many times in the day, too, she would go by herself, and call upon her Saviour to support and strengthen her in this hour of trial; and she never called upon Him in vain.

The next day being Sunday, Margaret went to church as usual with her parents. As she came into church, some of the children of the parish, who had heard by this time of the story of the



corn, and had not been taught to pity and pray for a fallen sister, looked upon her, and began to whisper among each other. This made her for a little while very sad indeed ; but she had been early taught to cast her care on that Saviour, who loved us so as to lay down His life for us, and who is full of pity for the humble and broken-hearted. So, when every body knelt down to say their prayers, she prayed earnestly to Him, that He would give her strength so to pass through every trial she might meet with in this world, that after death she might enter into the mansions prepared for the servants of God, and live for ever and ever in His presence. She soon became composed, and when she joined in the morning-hymn with the other children, she almost forgot the grief she had so lately felt. When service was over, Nanny Hooper came up to her and begged her to walk in the church-yard with her ; which, as the day was very fine, her mother allowed her to do. When every body was gone home, the two little girls sat down upon a tombstone under the clump of firs, on the north side of the church.

“It grieves me very much, Margaret,” said Nanny, “to see you in disgrace. I have been wishing very often to tell every body, that they ought to lay the blame upon Dickey Jones ; only I was afraid I should make you angry : though.

for my part, I can't see why you are to suffer so much for such a boy as that."

"Indeed," answered Margaret, "I had much rather bear a little blame, than have him turned out of doors and come to a bad end."

"You may be right, perhaps, but I think I would do any thing to regain the good-will of my friends, and to be beloved and noticed as you used to be."

"What!" said Margaret, "and do what your conscience would blame you for? O, fy, Nanny, only think what you are saying. Do you suppose that we can hope to go to heaven when we die, if we are afraid of the crosses and hardships which we must all meet with in doing our duty? Now suppose I should follow your advice, and, to save myself a little blame from my friends, I should tell the whole story about Dickey, and bring him to mischief by it, would God love me the better?"

"No, I believe not; but then, if such poor children as we are don't lie and steal, and swear, nor do any thing very bad, it is all that can be expected from us. It will be time enough to be so particular when we are grown up."

"Indeed, Nanny, you are very wrong to say so: for how can we tell that we shall ever live to grow up? Many children die much younger than either of us; and if we do not think of preparing for death, what will become of us! If little

babies die, they cannot be blamed for any thing they have done, for they don't know what is right and what is wrong. But you and I, and children still younger, who have kind friends to teach us our duty, must account for all our actions; we are not therefore to mind a few hardships for the sake of doing a right thing, nor to suppose, because it is difficult to be good, we are not to try to be so."

"You quite frighten me," answered Nanny; "I am sure neither I, nor any other children, ever thought of all this before."

"Well then, dear Nanny, it is time you should; for none of us know how soon we may die."

Nanny made no answer for some time, and was very grave indeed; but Margaret looking towards her father's house, whose thatched roof just peeped up behind the Squire's wood, remembered that it was getting late; so, turning to Nanny, she said, "Pray do not vex yourself about any thing I have told you; we are yet very young, and if we repent of our past sins, the great God who made us will forgive us and receive us as His children, for He is ready to hear all who come to Him in His Son's name. Let us kneel down and pray to Him to have mercy upon us, and to help us in future, that we may no more disobey His word."

She then took Nanny by the hand, and they both knelt down together to beg God's blessing

upon them, and His pardon of their past faults, for the sake of their blessed Saviour.

When they rose up, Margaret having wiped away the tears from Nanny's face, and kindly tried to comfort her, they took the road towards home.

As they walked along, "I think I can see now," said Nanny, "that we are never happy unless we are good; and yet I hardly know how it is—I am not in disgrace and under the anger of my friends as you are, nor have I done any thing in particular very bad, which I am afraid of having found out; but I am not so good as you are, and I have done many things to repent of, which you have not, and it makes me feel very sad indeed. Now you seem quite cheerful and easy, and don't fret yourself at all."

"I am not always quite easy," answered Margaret, "but I try to seem cheerful: and sometimes, indeed, sweet and pleasant thoughts come across my mind, which make me feel quite happy, and bear the anger of my friends tolerably well. Look up to the skies; above them you have often heard there is a place called heaven, where God Almighty and our Saviour Jesus Christ live, and the angels, and the souls of those happy people who have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb; and I know that there are delights in that pleasant place, which I cannot

conceive, and that if I can be made holy too, I shall some time or other go there. And whenever I feel inclined to be impatient, or when my father speaks harshly to me, and I wish to tell of Dickey, that I may be restored to favour; then the thoughts of this place lighten my heart, for I know that I have a very naughty heart, full of selfishness and forgetful of God, and I know that God sends these trials to me, to shew me my sins and turn me from them, and to make me love Him and serve Him better; so I ought to try to rejoice in every evil which he sends down upon me, as it is to make me more fit to live in His kingdom."

Just as Margaret had finished speaking, they came to the door of her father's house; so she took her leave of Nanny, who, thinking of what she had been saying to her, walked very seriously home.

It was the custom after the harvest for the children to gather sticks in the Squire's woods against winter. The Squire was a very good sort of man, and was willing to give the poor people every advantage in his power, provided they made no bad use of his kindness. Margaret too was sent by her parents, but she was severely charged to take nothing which belonged to another.

One very fine morning, not long after the school had begun again, she set off early to go with

Nanny into the woods. As they had further to go than usual, her mother gave her her dinner to take with her; and as she went out of the house, her father angrily bid her be honest. This made poor Margaret very sad; but she courtesied to him, and said she hoped she should never do anything to displease him.

When the two little girls had got to the end of their walk, they began to work very hard indeed, and gathered a great many sticks together, till they were quite tired, and the sun got very hot. So they sat down under the shade of the trees, to eat their dinners; no other children were near them; they were all busy in another part of the wood.—Besides, some of the little girls who had heard of Margaret's disgrace, and who believed her to be a naughty child, did not much care to be seen with her. Margaret knew this very well, but she bore it with her usual patience.

Not far from the place where she and Nanny were sitting, there was a fine clump of nut-trees, loaded with large ripe nuts. Nanny was looking at them, and wishing she could get some of them, when she saw a little boy up one of the trees; (as he was almost hid by the leaves, she could not tell who he was); she ran towards him, and, pulling him by the coat, she asked who it was that was gathering nuts in the tree.

"It is I," said a voice that she knew to be Dickey Jones's.

When Margaret heard that, she called out, "Pray come down, Dickey, for I want very much to speak to you."

"What can you have to say to me?" asked the little boy; "but I cannot come till I have got some more nuts."

"If you will come down," answered Margaret, "you shall have some of my dinner."

Then he leaped from the tree, and bringing his basket of nuts with him, he said, "If you will give me some dinner, you shall have as many of these as you like, for indeed I am very hungry."

"Thank you, Dickey," she replied, "but I do not want your nuts. You are welcome to as much of this cold bacon as you please, if you will only answer me a few questions. Tell me now, did not old Susan send you out this morning to pick up sticks; and, instead of that, have you not been gathering nuts all the time?"

"Well, and if I have, what is that to you?"

"Oh! a great deal indeed; for if I could see you a good boy, I should not mind the least what I suffer on your account."

"What can you suffer on my account?" asked Dickey; "I am sure I can't think!"

"Oh!" said Nanny, "she does bear a great deal indeed for you, and you shall hear all about it."

So she told him all that had happened about the corn; how, when he had stolen the Squire's wheat, Margaret put her own in the stead of it; and how somebody who was going by at the time went and informed Mr Adams that she had been stealing; and how she had been disgraced and punished by Mrs Browne.

Dickey was very sorry to hear all this; for though he often did very naughty things, yet he was not upon the whole ill-natured.

"Well then, Margaret," answered he, "you shall have all these nuts and as many more as I can gather; for indeed I am vexed that I should be the cause of your being punished."

"No, no, Dickey," answered Margaret; "you may keep your nuts yourself; only try to be a good boy, that is all I want."

"But it is such a dull thing to be good," said he; "to be always saying one's prayers, and reading one's book."

"Fy, Dickey, how can you say so? pray, do you never feel dull or unhappy?"

"Yes, I believe I am often dull enough; but I don't know that it is because I am naughty," replied Dickey.

"Indeed! you may be sure it is," said Margaret.



“Good people are always more easy in their minds than bad ones ; for they trust in their Saviour, and hope that God will forgive their sins for His sake ; and they love Him, and try to do what He bids them, and He sends his Spirit into their hearts to help them and comfort them ; but bad people must always be afraid of God’s anger. Pray, Dickey, when you are alone, do you never think about going to hell ?”

“Yes, sometimes I do ; but it will be time enough to care about these things when I am got old.”

“But if you never think of serving God while you are young, you will get into such habits of wickedness, that, should you live to be old, you will find it almost impossible to lay them aside.”

“Well, that may be ; but I don’t understand such grave things as these. Besides, I don’t know what you would have me do.”

“I will very soon teach you that, if you will but try to be good—you must begin by asking God to make you sorry for your sins, and to forgive them for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to give you grace to mend of them. And then you must work very hard the rest of the day ; pick up as many sticks as you can, and carry them home to old Susan ; that will please her, you know. And then at supper you must do whatever she bids you ;

and if she is cross to you, answer her mildly, and do whatever you think she will like, and make her more easy and comfortable. For she is very good to you, and you ought to love her. And when you say your prayers at night, you must mind what they are about, and not think about other things all the time you are saying them, as some people do. Indeed, you must pray to God to forgive you, many times every day.

“I don't know what to say to you, indeed, Margaret,” said Dickey; “but as you have suffered so much on my account, I will try for once, and do what you would have me, if it were only to please you.”

“Thank you, Dickey, I am quite happy to hear you say so; but you should be good to please God, not to please me.”

“And is this all that I need do to please God?” asked Dickey.

“No, Dickey, not all,” said Margaret; “you know you have been a very naughty child, and we are all naughty children. We are born into the world with wicked hearts, and of ourselves we can do nothing but sin; and God has cause to be very angry with us indeed. But God loves us, and has sent his Son Jesus Christ to die on the cross to save us from our sins. And you must learn to know Jesus Christ, and trust in Him, and love Him; and

He will wash away your sins, and give you a new heart; and then you will be able to please God, and be good in every thing. O Dickey, if you can do this, you will be much happier in this world, and you will live for ever and ever in the next! And, if you please, I will try to teach you a little of what I know, every day, and I will pray to God to help me."

Dickey almost cried to hear what Margaret said, and he promised her that he would leave off his wicked tricks, and would always attend to her advice.

"Now, indeed," answered Margaret, "you make me feel almost as happy as I did before I was in disgrace. When God sends us trials, He always gives us some blessings with them, which make them appear lighter to us. But, Dickey," proceeded Margaret, "you must remember, not only to attend to my advice, but to what Mr Adams and your other friends tell you; and you must read your Bible, and try to understand it: and then you will know a great deal more of these things than I can pretend to teach you."

The children had done their dinner by this time, but as the sun was still very hot, they stayed a little while longer under the shade of the trees. Dickey then emptied his nuts upon the grass, and they ate some of them, while he went to a little brook which

ran near them, and filled his hat with water for them to drink.

These three children were quite merry and cheerful : if we wish to be so, we must be good. God loves nobody that is wicked, and if God does not love us, how can we be happy ?

Afterwards, they went to work again, and at night they all took home with them large bundles of sticks ; and though Dickey's was the least of the three, because he had been getting nuts all the morning, yet, as he was generally idle, it was as much and indeed more than old Susan expected. So she was very well pleased with him, and he tried to behave to her as he had been taught by Margaret. He strove also to follow all Margaret's good instruction ; and he very soon found the benefit of it ; for in proportion as he tried to please and serve God, he became more cheerful and contented. Every day he received some good lesson or other from Margaret or Nanny ; and he made such a right use of them, that in time he got to be a much better boy than he used to be ; and his companions loved him, and old Susan was kinder to him than ever she was before.

I am very sorry to tell you, that about a fortnight, or it might be more, after harvest-time, poor Margaret was taken very ill ; some people supposed it was owing to a cold she caught when

she had been gathering sticks late in the evening in the Squire's wood, and being a good deal heated, had been overtaken by a thunder-storm, and had got quite wet through before she could reach home. But whatever might be the cause, she began to waste and pine away, till her parents grew very uneasy indeed about her. They went to the doctor, and got some medicines for her, which she took very willingly; nor did she ever cry or complain, as many children would have done had they felt the pain she did.

About that time, her father's sister, who lived a few miles off, came into the village to see her friends. When she found what a sad state her poor niece was in, she begged her brother to let her take her home with her, and try what the change of air would do.

Mr and Mrs Whyte consented very readily; for though they did not like to part with her, yet they saw the disgrace she was in about the corn dwelt very much upon her mind; and they hoped that in another place she would think less about it, and her spirits being better, she would be more likely to recover.

When Margaret knew it was their wish that she should go, she made no objections against it, though she would rather have stayed with them; and when the day came that she was to go, and

she was to take leave of them and her little brothers and sisters, and Nanny and Dickey, who were all so fond of her, her heart was very sad indeed, and she bid them farewell in the most sorrowful way.

When she was gone, Dickey and Nanny were very serious for some time ; but they hoped that she would come home quite stout and well : and so by and by they became more cheerful, and forgot how much they had been frightened on her account.

Nanny went every day to inquire of Mrs Whyte what news she heard of Margaret. Sometimes she was told that she was pretty well ; and at other times that she was worse again.

Margaret had been from home now about a month, when Nanny, who grew very impatient for her return, called one morning upon Mrs Whyte, and asked her as usual when Margaret was to come back.

"I have heard from her aunt to-day," answered Mrs Whyte, "and I believe we shall send for her home to-morrow."

"O ! how happy," said Nanny, "shall I be to see her again !"

"I am afraid," continued Mrs Whyte, "we have no reason to be so very happy on her account ; as her aunt informs me that she is less mended

than she had hoped she would have been by her journey ; and so desirous is the dear child, provided we wish it, to return to us again, that her father thinks it will be best for him to fetch her home to-morrow. May it please God to grant her to our prayers, and we will spare no pains nor care to restore her to health."

Nanny was very much grieved to hear Mrs Whyte talk so ; but as she did not think it right to add to her pain, she tried to conceal her tears ; so only saying that she prayed her heavenly Father might remove the illness of her dear Margaret, she wished Mrs Whyte a good-morning, and went towards home.

She had not gone far, when she met little Dickey, who was very much surprised to see her crying, and asked what was the matter.

"I have just heard," answered Nanny, "that Margaret is very ill indeed ; so ill, that her mother thinks she will never be well again."

Then Dickey began to cry too, for he was very fond of Margaret ; but Nanny, who seldom grieved long together, soon dried up her tears, and said to him, "Do not let us make ourselves unhappy ; Margaret is not, perhaps, so ill as they say she is ; I dare say, when she comes home again, she will get better ; we will do every thing in our power to please and amuse her, and I hope

she will soon be well enough to play about with us as she used to do."

"I will pray to God, every day," answered Dickey, "that Margaret may recover; for, oh! I have much more reason to be anxious on her account than you can have: you have always loved her and been kind to her, and you have always minded what she said to you; but I have been so naughty, that, instead of listening to her kind advice to me, I have called her canting and whining, and never till very lately have I minded any thing she said to me."

"That is very true," replied Nanny, "but I am sure Margaret will think no more of it; for now you are a good boy, and have left off all your wicked tricks."

"But that is not all," answered he; "what most distresses me, is to think of the trouble and disgrace which I have brought upon poor Margaret. When I first heard the account of it, I minded it but little; but now it is always in my head, and grieves me very much."

"How can you make it up to her?" asked Nanny.

"I wish," said Dickey, "that I were very rich, and that I could give her a great deal of money, or something that she would like."

"But, you know, money and fine things can't



make up to one for being thought ill of by one's friends. For my part, it would give me no pleasure to live in a fine house and ride in a coach, if everybody hated and despised me."

"Tell me then, dear Nanny, what can I do to restore her to the favour of her friends?"

"You shall go," answered Nanny, after she had been silent for some minutes, "and you shall confess to Mr Adams and Mrs Browne, that it was you, not Margaret, who stole the corn. You shall tell them exactly how it happened, and that then you were a very naughty boy, but that, now you have been taught the way to be good, you are very sorry for your faults, and will not allow Margaret to suffer any more on your account."

"Yes," said Dickey, "I will go immediately; and Margaret shall again be loved as she used to be; and should they be very angry with me, I will try to follow her example, and bear their displeasure with as much patience as she did."

Dickey had no sooner finished speaking, than away he ran to Mr Adams's house. Nanny watched him till he was hid among the trees; and, O! how glad did she feel when she thought that Margaret, at her return, would be no more considered as a disgrace to her friends, but would be dearer to them than she ever was.

Early the next morning, John Whyte borrowed

Farmer Oakes's horse, and went to his sister's to fetch his little girl home, for, sick and weak as she was, it was a great deal too far for her to walk. She received her father with tears of joy, and inquired eagerly after all her friends ; but when she came to take leave of her aunt, and to thank her for all her kindness to her, she was very sorrowful indeed, and said that she should always think of her with gratitude.

Mrs Whyte was very impatient for her return ; her little boy was set at the door to watch for her. About one o'clock he saw his father riding down the hill with Margaret before him ; he almost screamed for joy, and ran to tell his mother of it.

When they came to the door, Mrs Whyte lifted her little girl from the horse, and putting her arms round her neck, kissed her again and again. But she soon forgot the pleasure she felt at her return, when she saw how pale her cheeks, that used to be so rosy, were now become, and how faint she seemed to be. But though this gave her great pain, she made haste to prepare some dinner for her, and tried to hide her uneasiness from her.

In the meanwhile, Margaret, though very much fatigued, talked and laughed, as well as she could, with her little brother and sister, who were jumping and playing about her. Many people think that when they are ill it is excusable for

them to be ill-humoured and peevish ; but Margaret had been taught that it is the duty of everybody to try, as far as they are able, to be as good-humoured and cheerful in the hour of sickness as when they are in ease and health.

In the afternoon, as she did not seem better, her mother bid her lie down on the bed, in hopes that a little sleep would refresh her. Soon afterwards Nanny, who with some difficulty had deferred calling upon Margaret so long, fearing that seeing all her friends at once might be too much for her, now came in to inquire after her ; but when she was told that she was gone to sleep, she begged that she might go up stairs, and watch by her till she awoke. Mrs Whyte consented, so she stole softly up, and sat down by the bed. Margaret was asleep, and her flaxen hair fell over her pale face. Nanny, remembering the time when she was thought the finest, stoutest child in the village, and how her bright blue eyes used to sparkle when so good-humouredly she used to laugh and play with her companions, looked at her till the tears came into her eyes, and joining her hands together, she prayed to her heavenly Father for her dear Margaret.

Presently Margaret awoke, and seeing Nanny sitting by her bedside, "O ! how kind this is in you," she said, "to come and see me now I am ill.

Do you love me then, my dear, as well as ever?"

"I love you better than ever," answered Nanny; "but I can't bear the thoughts of your being ill; I hope you will soon get well again."

"Indeed, Nanny, I don't think that I shall ever be better than I am; but pray don't cry, for that makes me very sad. It is now a long while since I was first taken ill, and my friends have done every thing in their power for me, and I have taken a great deal of doctor's stuff, but it has done me no good, for I rather get worse than better."

"If you never get better," cried Nanny, interrupting her, "I shall never be happy again, indeed I sha'n't."

"Oh, fy! don't you know that we must submit to whatever God ordains? Besides, what is there in death that we should fear so much, if we truly repent of our sins, and have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ?"

"Do you not think it shocking," said Nanny, "to leave all your friends, and to be put in a coffin and laid under ground?"

"When we leave our bodies," said Margaret, "they have no more feeling: when I die, I shall fly up above the skies, and I shall see the God who made me, and our Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem me; shall I then care where my body is

laid? Suppose, Nanny, you were obliged to have your arm cut off, should you trouble yourself about where it was put?"

"No, certainly," replied Nanny; "but yet I cannot bear the idea of parting with you."

"If we have Jesus Christ for our Saviour," said Margaret, "we shall very soon meet again in His kingdom; and then we shall be angels, and as beautiful as the day; and we shall feel pain and sorrow no more. But I distress you; we will talk of this another day."

"No," answered Nanny; "if you can think and talk so cheerfully of so dreadful a thing as death, I am sure I ought to bear it as well as you."

"But I have just told you," said Margaret, "that it does not appear so terrible to me as you seem to think it. Ever since I have been able to know any thing, I have tried to get my sins pardoned for the sake of Jesus Christ, and to have a new heart given me, that I might be able to do the will of God and of my parents, and be prepared to live in heaven; for my father and mother early taught me how uncertain life is, and that I might be taken away suddenly, or some terrible illness might come upon me when I least thought of it."

"Ah! Margaret, how differently have our lives been spent! I always hated the thoughts of death,

and believed it would be time enough to think of it when I grew old."

"But I trust," said Margaret, "you will never act so foolishly again, my dear Nanny, now you know how wrong it is. Were I to do so, I should be still more to blame than you are; for of late, you know, I have not been happy at all. I am in disgrace with my friends, and my companions avoid me, and this goes to my heart and makes me very serious; and I love to look forward to that time when I shall stand before my God, and my friends shall love me as they used to do. I am sure we are very much to blame when we fret about any misfortunes which our heavenly Father sends upon us; for, no doubt, if we will make a right use of them, they are meant to turn our thoughts from this world, and to teach us that we can never be happy but in proportion as we are good."

Just as Margaret had finished these words, she heard her mother's step upon the stairs; so, rising from her bed, she kindly begged of Nanny to compose herself, and wiped away the tears from her eyes. "My mother," she added, "is very good to me, and I cannot be too thankful to her for the pains and trouble she gives herself on my account. Let us then try to seem cheerful and easy, that we may not add to her sorrow."

While Nanny remained with Margaret, she tried to follow her advice ; and at night, as Mr Whyte and his family sat round the fire, she read to them, out of the Bible, the beautiful story of Joseph and his brethren.

The next morning, as soon as her mother could spare her, Nanny took her knitting, and went to call upon Margaret, whom she was sorry to find not at all better. She had not been there long, when Mr Adams came to inquire after her ; he was soon followed by Dickey Jones.

“Well, Margaret,” said Mr Adams, “how do you find yourself this morning ? We are all very sorry, my dear, for your illness, for you are a good child, and we love you dearly.”

Margaret thanked him for his inquiries ; but she was a little surprised to hear him speak so kindly to her, for since her disgrace he had been very distant to her.

“May Heaven restore you to us,” added he ; “but should it ordain otherwise, you know your duty too well to grieve at His decrees, which we are very sure are always for the best.” Then turning towards Mrs Whyte, “My good friend,” said he, “do not be so downcast ; I can tell you something of your little girl, which will give you more pleasure than if you were to see her playing on the green, stout and healthy as she used to be,

and which ought to make you thank that God who has so remarkably blessed the pains you have taken with her."

Mr Adams then repeated to her the true and exact story of the corn, as little Dickey had told it to him ; and related how long and how patiently she had borne the blame of having stolen it, when she had really been innocent, in the hope of being useful to Dickey, and of pleasing her heavenly Father, who will one day abundantly comfort those who have suffered wrongfully for His sake.

While Mrs Whyte listened to this story, she raised her hands and eyes to heaven ; and when Mr Adams had done speaking, she could make no answer, but running up to Margaret, she put her arms round her neck, and blessed God for giving her such a child.

Nanny, who was nearly as much delighted as Mrs Whyte, her eyes sparkling with joy, caught hold of Margaret's hand, who, unable to speak, looked upon the ground, and the colour came into her pale cheeks.

Poor little Dickey, half frightened, hid himself behind Mr Adams ; but when Margaret saw him, she called him to her, and bid him not be afraid ; "And, oh ! Dickey," said she, "it is God who has helped you to act so nobly, and he will love you and bless you."



"I have been so wicked," answered he, "that you never can forgive me ; and Mrs Whyte will hate me for letting you be in disgrace so long on my account."

"No, my dear boy," said Mrs Whyte, "I do not hate you : you are not wicked now ; and if Mr Adams forgives you, I am sure I do, for you have quite repaired your bad behaviour towards us."

"I trust he will never again deserve your anger," said Mr Adams ; "and you would be of my opinion had you heard him relate so handsomely all that had passed, and beg that he might be punished as he deserved, and that the whole truth might be told to everybody who thought amiss of Margaret. May what you have suffered for one fault," continued he, turning towards Dickey, "be a caution to you in future ; but should you ever be so unfortunate as to commit a second, remember that, after you have confessed your sins to God and asked his pardon, the best amends you can make to your fellow-creatures, is by a confession as noble as you lately made."

Mr Adams soon afterwards took his leave of Mrs Whyte, for he was afraid that Margaret would be fatigued by the exertions she had made.

When John Whyte came in from his work, and

was informed of what had passed, he seemed as much delighted as his wife. So cheerful and happy it made them, they for a time almost forgot the illness of Margaret : and she, you may be sure, was not less happy ; though I believe it gave her as much pleasure to find how good and honest a boy Dickey was become, as to be restored to the good-will of her friends. Her little heart seemed quite to overflow with gratitude to God, who had thus at once turned her night into morning.

I wish I could say that Margaret was at all benefited in her health by the care and attention her mother paid her ; but she seemed every day rather to get worse. The doctor came to her very often, but finding that nothing he could do for her would be of any use, he was obliged to tell her parents that he was afraid she would never recover. Though they were very much afflicted indeed to hear this news, they tried to hide their grief from Margaret, that they might keep up her spirits.

Often, when Mrs Whyte was making up her medicine, or getting something nice for her poor child to eat, as she had scarcely any appetite, the tears would run down her cheeks, and she would be obliged to leave the room, lest Margaret should perceive her distress.

One morning when Margaret awoke, she found her mother watching by her bedside, and crying as if her heart would break.

"O! my mother," said Margaret, "why do you cry so? Is it for any thing which I do not know of, or because your poor little girl is so ill?"

Mrs Whyte turned away to hide her tears; and she would have gone down stairs for a few minutes to compose herself, but Margaret, taking her by the hand, begged her to stay. "I think," she said at last, "I can tell what is the matter; the doctor has told you that I shall never recover: if, indeed, it is so, pray do not hide it from me; I am not afraid of hearing it."

"My dear Margaret," answered Mrs Whyte, "there can be no certainty; God can restore you to health at any time."

"I know he can," said Margaret, "and I will resign myself to his will. But why, my mother, should you so much dread my being taken from this world to a better? How pale and sickly am I now! and how does the pain I feel prevent me from being so cheerful and thankful as I ought to be; and, should I recover, I never can be very happy in this life. But when I die, and my soul leaves this weak body, if God will forgive me my sins, and make me His child, I shall become an angel, and live up in heaven with Him."

“God will bless you and take care of you, my dear Margaret,” answered Mrs Whyte, as she held her little girl’s hand sorrowfully to her heart; “God will bless you in whatever way it may please Him to dispose of you.”

After Mrs Whyte went down stairs, it was some time before she could recover her spirits, so deeply had the words of Margaret sunk into her heart.

A short time afterwards, Nanny called, and finding Margaret was not risen, she ran up into her room.

When they had talked a little while together, Margaret said very seriously, “I know, Nanny, that you love me; we have been friends ever since we could speak or walk: will you then do one thing for me? It is the last request that I can now have to make to you.”

“O! Margaret, I will do whatever you wish.”

“I find, my dear Nanny, that I shall very soon leave you; the doctor has told my friends so, and I feel too as if I had not long to live. When your poor Margaret is dead, will you try not to grieve much about her? And sometimes, when you can be spared, will you come and see my mother? For you know, my dear, she loves you; and it may be in your power to make her more

cheerful and easy by your kind attentions to her than she otherwise would be. And pray do not forget little Dickey, but teach him his duty to God, and talk to him as we used to do. And let little Jemmy and Patty sometimes play with you; for I am sure you will be very kind to them, and tell them of their faults, and teach them to be dutiful to their kind parents, and to love their God and their Saviour, and to pray in secret for new and holy tempers; and then they will not feel the want of their poor sister. But, O! my dear Nanny, it goes to my heart to see you so sorrowful; for if I could but see you and my friends easy about me, I should have little to regret in leaving this world."

Nanny made no answer but by her sobs, so Margaret went on.

"There is nothing in death that I should at all fear, were I quite sure that I am really fit to appear before God, and that He had forgiven me for the sake of Jesus Christ; but sometimes, when I think of what my sins have deserved, I do feel afraid."

"If that is all your fear," replied Nanny, "I am sure it is without reason, for you have been so good all your life."

"My dear Nanny," replied Margaret, "the best people cannot trust to their own goodness; they

must rely on the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ : for, indeed, the Bible says, *there is none good, no, not one.* I am sure I have so often disobeyed the word of God, that I have nothing to trust to of my own."

"But when, Margaret," said Nanny, "did you ever disobey the word of God? When did you ever do wrong? Were not you reckoned the best child in the village, and set up as a pattern to us all?"

"If indeed I seem better in a few respects than some other children," answered Margaret, "it is because I have had such good parents, who have taken great pains with me, and preserved me from such terrible sins as those of lying, and stealing, and swearing. Few children, I fear, have the advantages I have had; but *to whom much is given, of him much will be required.* As I have been better taught than they have, so I ought to have behaved better."

"And so you have," said Nanny, "need I repeat it to you again?"

"But," added Margaret, "though I may not have fallen into such sins as telling lies and stealing, yet I know that I have a very naughty heart, which has often led me into faults which it is equally my duty to avoid. My dear parents have taken great pains to explain to me my duty to God

and my neighbour, which you know we have both learned in our catechism ; and when I have tried to love God with all my heart and with all my soul, I have found myself inclined too often to turn away from God, and I have felt more disposed to love myself than my neighbour."

"I will never forget," answered Nanny, "what you have been so kind as to teach me on this subject ; but do tell me a little more, how you have failed in doing your duty to God and your neighbour, for I do not quite know what you mean."

"Indeed, my dear Nanny, we offend against God and our neighbour in so many ways, that I hardly know which to speak of first—but I have just thought of one fault which I think you would quite understand, if I was to talk to you about it. You remember, my dear, that we agreed, some time ago, that it is very wrong to allow ourselves to think about any thing which may hurt our minds, or make us disconcerted."

"Yes, certainly," said Nanny.

"Well, then," answered Margaret, "besides thinking of naughty things, it is equally wrong to give way to a bad temper. We all of us feel inclined at times to be cross and spiteful, but if we do not check these humours, we are very much to blame indeed."

“How is it possible to do this?” asked Nanny; “you know, if any body is cross with one, or scolds one, one feels so angry that one cannot help shewing it.”

“It is certainly very difficult to answer mildly and gently when we feel angry; yet God has told us that we must answer for every causeless angry word, or which is spoken with a bad design.”

“But then, Margaret, you know there is a great difference in people; I am, for my part, very passionate, and you are very good-tempered; so it must be much easier for you to command yourself than for me.”

“It has always been my wish and endeavour,” answered Margaret, “to be good-tempered; but sometimes I have felt myself very cross, and have scarcely been able to conceal my ill-humour from my companions. My friends, I know, do not think me so ill-natured as they do some others; yet indeed, Nanny, I have given way to passion oftener than I ought, and I am afraid I should have made God angry by it, though I always prayed to Him for His forgiveness, and I will continue to do so as long as I live.”

“Well, I never thought,” said Nanny, “that anybody could help shewing their anger; I could not, I am sure.”



"Do not say so," replied Margaret, "I will shew you, my dear, that you may conceal it, if you will answer me one or two questions. Suppose, now, the Squire's daughter, Miss Courtly, were to come into the room, and be in a great passion with you, and scold you, and call you names, what would you do? would you fall into a passion with her, and call her names again?"

"What a question!" said Nanny; "do you think I would call such a fine rich young lady as she is, names? No, I know better than that."

"You would not answer her at all," asked Margaret, "till she got into a good-humour? or if you did, you would try to soothe her, rather than provoke her?"

"Yes," said Nanny.

"But if little Dickey Jones were to quarrel and be very cross with you, tell me then, my dear, would you bear it so meekly and so gently?"

"No, indeed," answered she.

"You would then," said Margaret, "submit patiently to the anger of Miss Courtly, because you are afraid of her money and fine clothes, yet you would not try to get over your passion if Dickey were to be cross to you, though you must know that God hates an unruly and froward temper, and will punish all those who do not try

to overcome it. Surely you ought to dread the anger of God much more than the anger of the richest person in the world.—O ! my dear Nanny, if you desire to please God, and to gain the goodwill of your fellow-creatures, endeavour to acquire a meek and peaceable temper ; and in all your dealings, whether with the rich or poor, remember that our blessed Saviour has commanded us to return good for evil.”

“I have often neglected your kind advice,” replied Nanny, covering her face with her hands, to hide her tears, “but I never will again.”

“We are all brothers and sisters,” added Margaret, and instead of taking offence at a peevish word, or exposing the faults of one another, as some children are too apt to do, we should bear with one another’s failings, and love each other, endeavouring to make one another as good and as happy as we can ; for how can we expect mercy from God, if we do not shew forbearance to one another ?”

“I will remember,” said Nanny, “how many hardships you bore for the sake of serving a poor boy, who had behaved so as to deserve your anger, rather than such kindness from you.”

“We ought not indeed,” answered Margaret, “to mind suffering a little, in order to do good to our fellow-creatures ; God will make it up to us

at the last day : for you know, my dear, men and women are not put into the world to be idle and selfish, but to be kind and useful to everybody as far as they are able. Children, like us two, may be of some use : we may try to oblige our friends, and assist our parents, who have done so much for us ; nay, even the weakest and the youngest, as my mother has often told me, may make themselves beloved, and in some way useful."

"How few children ever think of these things !" said Nanny. "O ! Margaret, what would I not give for my life to have been so well spent as yours has been !"

"Ah, my dear Nanny," answered Margaret, "when I think upon my past life, instead of calling it well spent, I cry out to myself, as we say in the Prayer-Book every Sunday at church, 'I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and I have left undone those things which I ought to have done, and there is no health in me !' But I know that Jesus Christ died upon the cross to save everybody that with true faith turns to Him, and this is my hope and comfort. And though, when I think of myself, I am sometimes afraid ; yet, when I think of Jesus Christ, I feel quite happy, and have such a pleasant and sweet hope of living for ever in glory as I cannot find any words to tell you of."

“O! I could listen to you all day,” said Nanny, trying to appear composed; “but I will not tire you. I fear this will be too much for you. But, O! Margaret,” she added, as she put her arms round her neck and kissed her pale cheek, “may God give me grace to follow your example! this is all that I can have to ask of Him.”

Margaret was unable to make any reply, but by kindly smiling through her tears; and the two little girls soon afterwards parted for that day.

Nanny repeated her visits to Margaret whenever her mother gave her leave. All her play-hours were spent in watching by her little friend, or reading something out of the Bible to her; for in a short time Margaret was unable to leave her bed, so much weakened was she by the pain she had suffered.

It was now, I think, about three months since she was first taken ill, during which time she had never complained or shewn the least impatience, but trusting in God, that he would do what was best for her, she had tried to appear as cheerful and easy to her friends as she could. The pain had by degrees left her, but she was so very much reduced, that the doctor, who called often to see how she did, declared that she had not many days to live.

On the Sunday evening after his last visit, Margaret, finding herself a little better than usual, begged to be raised up in her bed. Her mother had never left her that day, and Nanny sat by her bedside. She often smiled upon them, but said little, except by way of comfort when she perceived that they were very sorrowful; and she seemed to be frequently engaged in prayer.

After service was over, Mr Adams called in, with John Whyte, to inquire how she did. This good gentleman came up into her room, as he usually did, and, as he stood by her bed, he took her hand, and asked her very kindly how she did.

"I thank you, sir," answered Margaret, "for all your kindness to me, and for all the good things which you have taught me. O, sir, it is one of my greatest comforts now, to think of what I have heard you say, when I was well, and could run about, and go with my dear father and mother to church. I shall never go there any more, but, as long as I live, I will pray God to bless you."

Mr Adams could not speak for some minutes, and the tears came into his eyes; but presently he said, "God be praised, my dear child, who has watered with His grace the seeds I may have sown: they have indeed sprung up to a plentiful harvest. Through the merits of that blessed Saviour, who

died for you, you will soon, I trust, be gathered into the garner of your heavenly Father : and may God grant to us who remain behind, such abundant help of His grace, that, though we are now sowing in tears, we too may at our last hour reap in joy ; and finally, my beloved child, may we be joined to you again, to part no more, at the glorious harvest of our God !”

Every person present was affected by what Mr Adams had said ; but Margaret, looking attentively at him as he walked towards the door, and raising her joined hands, smiled sweetly upon him.

For a little while afterwards she lay quite still ; but finding herself growing weaker and fainter, she tried again to rouse herself, and begged her father and mother to bless her and pray for her, that she might be taken to the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

They stood by her, and, leaning over her, they pronounced their blessing upon her, though their hearts indeed were ready to break. Poor Nanny was kneeling at the foot of the bed ; but she covered her face with the clothes that they might not perceive her distress.

“ Oh ! my dear father and mother,” said Margaret, in a faint voice, “ pray forgive me for every thing that I have done that may have vexed or disoblged you. I cannot be thankful enough for

your goodness to me, and as long as I live, I will pray to our merciful Father to bless you for it, and to take care of my poor little brothers and sisters, and my dear Nanny, and everybody I love. And, when I leave this world, if I am permitted, I will delight to watch over you and keep you from harm." Then she kissed her father and mother and little Nanny; but, being a good deal tired, said no more for that time. Presently she asked to see her little brothers and sisters, and, as her mother lifted the two youngest upon the bed, she begged her, for their sakes, not to grieve for her poor Margaret.

She seemed afterwards to get weaker and weaker; it was with great difficulty that she could speak. None of her friends could leave her bedside, for they all thought that she had not long to live.

She was several times seized with fainting-fits; as she recovered from the last, she called upon her Saviour Jesus Christ, and smiling upon her friends who stood round her, she closed her eyes as if in sleep. She lay in this state for several hours, without appearing to feel any pain, but unable to move or speak. The cold sweats hung on her face, and she seemed to have lost all sense. At about four in the morning, without a groan, she died in her mother's arms.

When Mrs Whyte saw her dear Margaret was no more, she closed her eyes, and, kneeling by the bed, she thanked God for the happy and peaceful departure of her now glorified child, and prayed him to give her strength to bear her loss with patience.

For some time Nanny was in so much distress, that she did nothing but grieve and cry · remembering at last that Margaret when she was alive had begged her to keep up her spirits, and comfort her poor mother, she tried to seem as cheerful as she could, and to make herself useful to Mrs Whyte, by taking care of the little children ; for Mrs Hooper was so good as to allow her to be as much with them as possible.

When Margaret was laid in her coffin, she would often go and sit by her, and look on her pale face. “In a few years,” she would say to herself, “I shall be like this, and I shall not know what passes about me ; how then will it signify to me what sorrows and hardships I have met with here ? But while I live I will pray to God to forgive me, and to take away my naughty heart ; and will try to be good, and bear with patience whatever may befall me ; so that, when my body shall be laid in the cold ground, I may live up in heaven with my dear Margaret.”

The following Saturday was the day of the



funeral : at about four in the afternoon it set out from the house ; six girls dressed in white carried the coffin ; Nanny Hooper, Sally Wright, John Whyte and his wife, and their little Jemmy and Patty, walked as mourners, but all the village followed at a little distance. Everybody loved poor Margaret ; the old people prayed to God as they walked along, that their children might be as good and as much beloved as she was ; and the young ones, crying bitterly, said they should never have so kind a companion again, and that they never would forget whatever she had been at the pains to teach them.

Mr Adams himself could hardly bear to go through the service ; indeed, I believe, there never was more grief shewn at a funeral.

When they came to the grave, many of the children, as was the custom of that village, joined in singing the psalm ; and some of the younger ones, who had brought baskets of flowers, scattered them upon the coffin.

Mrs Whyte stood leaning against the trunk of a tree ; she did not cry, but she lifted up her eyes sometimes to heaven, and then she would look in the most sorrowful way on her two little children, who had taken hold of her gown to wipe away their tears.

Nobody seemed to be more distressed than

Dickey Jones; he covered his face with his hands, while he was heard to sob piteously.

Nanny Hooper, standing over the grave, kept her eyes fixed on the coffin as the men threw in the earth upon it. She was quite pale, and the tears trickled down her cheeks.

When the service was finished, and the grave was covered over, Mr Adams remained for some moments silent, in order to compose himself; then looking kindly on everybody, "You all," said he, "loved this little girl, who, while she lived, set you so good an example. She is now in heaven with that God who made her, and, perhaps, looks down from the skies and sees your grief for her. But would you wish to shew your regard for her memory? let it, then, be your endeavour to become like her; and, though you may, perhaps, think the undertaking a very difficult one, let me tell you, that, pious, gentle, and patient as she was, it is in the power of you all to be as much so. That grace of God, for which she was daily and hourly seeking, is freely offered to you all; and it will enable you, if you earnestly seek it, and diligently use it, to conquer every thought, every habit, and every temper, which is displeasing to God. So, when your bodies shall be laid under ground, may you be loved and lamented as she is, and rise from the dead at the last day, through

the merits of that Saviour in whom alone she trusted and gloried, to be sharers with her in the life everlasting!"

When Mr Adams had done speaking, everybody wiped their eyes, and a few thanked him for his advice, which all resolved in their hearts to follow.

Poor Mrs Whyte was so much affected by what Mr Adams had said, that, being no longer able to hide her distress, she took her youngest child in her arms, and walked towards home, while everybody silently followed to their own houses.

I am very happy to say, that the life and death of Margaret, and the good example she set them, has had a happy effect upon all the children in the village who knew her, particularly upon Nanny Hooper and Dickey Jones, who by her means promise to turn out very well. They both delight to visit her grave, round which they have planted flowers. It is on the north side of the church, under the great yew-tree, a spot of which Margaret in her lifetime was always fond.

Here many of the children love to meet on a fine Sunday evening. Sometimes they bring their Bibles to read, or they will talk about Margaret, and of that time when our souls shall leave our bodies, and we shall ascend up into heaven to live with all our friends who have

trusted in Jesus Christ and served their heavenly Father here.

I hope that all children, who may read the story of Margaret Whyte, will make it their endeavour to be like her; and let them learn, that the only way to be numbered among God's children in this world, and to enter into eternal life in the next, is, by diligent prayer, to seek for the forgiveness of their sins through God's mercy in Christ, and, through His special grace, to do their duty towards God and their neighbour, and to strive to be *perfect, even as their Father which is in heaven is perfect.*

FINIS.

# BOOKS for YOUNG PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED BY

## HOULSTON & SONS.

THREE AND SIXPENNY SERIES.

*Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt.*

FITFUL GLEAMS FROM FANCY LAND. By EDITH

MILNER. With Sixteen Illusts. by the Hon. Mrs. E. STANHOPE.  
"A beautiful little book of genuine fairy tales, written in the best modern style."—*Brighton Gazette*.

KARL OF THE LOCKET AND HIS THREE WISHES. By

J. MURRAY SMITH. Coloured Frontis. and Seven Engravings.  
capital story, well told, inculcating a good lesson."—*Literary Churchman*.

CONRADE VERNER; or, The Hill of Difficulty. A Story

for Young Persons. By MARTHA LEE. Six Illustrations.  
"Admirably adapted for the juvenile world."—*Public Opinion*.

THE FIFTY YEARS' STRUGGLE OF THE SCOTTISH

COVENANTERS. By JAMES DODDS. Illustrated.  
"Told in such a fascinating style as to interest young and old from beginning to end."—*Glasgow Herald*.

GOLDEN COUNSELS: Persuatives to a Christian Life.

By the Rev. HENRY MELVILL.

WALKS ABROAD AND EVENINGS AT HOME. By the

Editor of "The Reason Why." Containing Tales on Natural  
History, &c. Numerous Illustrations.

"Very interesting and instructive."—*Sunday School Union Magazine*.

*Works by the late Mrs. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.*

HAPPY EVENINGS: A Home Record. Six Illustrations.

"The embodiment of an excellent idea."—*Morning Journal*.

MORAL HEROISM: Trials and Triumphs of the Great and

Good. Six Illustrations.

"We recommend this little volume to both parents and children."—*Weekly Paper*

UP HILL WORK: A Tale for the Young. Six Illustrations.

"A very agreeable work, with a good moral purpose."—*Observer*.

THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE. Six Illustrations.

"Breathes throughout a tone of pure feminine feeling."—*Monthly Packet*.

SUNBEAMS FOR ALL SEASONS. Ed. by Mrs. BALFOUR.

"A charming collection of beautiful ideas."—*Chichester Journal*.

*Works by Mrs. SHERWOOD.*

THE INFANT PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, from the Valley of  
Destruction to Everlasting Glory. Illustrated.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR: Tales and Conversations  
on Confirmation. In Five Volumes, each Complete in itself.

STORIES EXPLANATORY OF THE CHURCH CATECHISM.  
Illustrated.

London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Square.

HALF-CROWN SERIES.

*Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt.*

STORIES FROM LIFE: or, Pictures of Past Times.  
Translated from the French of Madame DE WITT (née GUIZOT),  
by EMILY MILLARD and MARY ARCHER. Six Tinted Illustrations.  
"Historical romance has rarely been treated with so much grace and freshness."  
—*Daily Chronicle*.

MADÉLON'S REVENGE; or, Good for Evil. By LINA  
DOU. Six Tinted Illustrations.  
"A good short story for girls."—*The Graphic*.

THE SILVER STAR: A Romance of the North Land.  
With a brief Account of the Mythology of the Northmen. By D.  
MURRAY SMITH. Six Illustrations.  
"Quite as wonderful as ordinary fairy tales."—*Standard*.

FRIENDS OVER THE WATER: A Series of Sketches of  
French Life. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. Four Tinted Illusts.  
'While it has plenty to attract young readers, it also brings before them the  
life of French people.'—*Publisher's Circular*.

HAROLD'S CHOICE; or, Boyhood's Aims and Manhood's  
Work. By M. L. NESBITT. Four Illustrations.  
"An excellent story, which every boy ought to be better for reading."—*Liver-  
pool Albion*.

MARGARET: The Story of My Life from Five to Twenty-  
five. By E. M. ALFORD. Three Illustrations.  
"A story no parent could hesitate to place in the hands of a young girl."—*Echo*.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT. Gathered by Loving Hands from  
Old English Gardens. By EMILY TAYLOR.  
"An elegant little collection of old English Poetry."—*Literary Churchman*.

FOOD FOR BABES; or, First Sermons that Very Little  
Children are able to understand. By the Rev. D. BARCLAY  
BEVAN, M.A.

A GLANCE AT THE GLOBE, and at the Worlds around us.  
By JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

GREAT FACTS; A Description of the most Remarkable  
Inventions of the Present Century. By F. C. BAKEWELL. With  
numerous Illustrations.

"An excellent *resumé* of the progress of invention."—*Illust. News of the World*.  
WONDERFUL THINGS OF ALL NATIONS. Accurate and  
Interesting Descriptions. With Illustrations. Two Series.

THE INDIAN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, from the City of  
the Wrath of God to the City of Mount Zion. By Mrs. SHER-  
WOOD. Illustrated.

TWENTY-FOUR TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH;  
Illustrative of Religious Progress in this country from the In-  
troduction of Christianity to the Reformation.

THE YOUTH'S PRIZE: A Treasury of Entertaining Read-  
ing. Numerous Illustrations. Three Series. Each 2s. 6d.

London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Square.

EIGHTEENPENNY SERIES.

*Neatly and strongly bound in cloth, lettered.*

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

Ermina: A Tale of Calcutta.  
Juliana Oakley.  
Little Woodman and his  
Dog Cæsar.

BY MRS. CAMERON.

Emma and her Nurse,  
and The Mother's Grave.  
Sophia.  
The Willoughby Family.

BY MISS EDGEWORTH.

Bracelets (The), and Good  
French Governess.  
Lazy Lawrence & Simple  
Susan.  
Mimic, and other Stories  
for Boys.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Alfred Moreland, the Would-  
be Traveller. OLD HUMPHREY.  
Child at Home. By JACOB  
ABBOTT.  
Child's Book of English  
Martyrs.  
Child's Book of Scottish  
Martyrs.  
Collects of the Church.  
By Mrs. MADDOCK.  
Correspondence between  
a Mother and Daughter. By  
Mrs. and Miss TAYLOR.  
Display: A Tale. By Miss  
JANE TAYLOR.  
Florence Murray.

Good Child's Gift-Book.

By Rev. JABEZ BURNS, D.D.

Grandpapa's Drawer  
Opened.

Knevets (The): A Story of  
the Reformation. By EMILY  
TAYLOR.

Langham Priory.

Last Shilling (The); or,  
The Selfish Child. By Rev.  
P. B. POWER.

Mary Campbell. By Miss  
MARTINEAU.

Maternal Solicitude for a  
Daughter's Best Interests. By  
Mrs. TAYLOR.

Old Toby's Addresses to  
his Friends. OLD HUMPHREY.

Orphan's Inheritance (The)  
A Tale.

Papa's Book to Teach his  
Children. Rev. B. H. DRAPER.

Passing Thoughts. By  
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Pleasant Rhymes for Little  
Readers. By JOSEPHINE.

Practical Hints to Young  
Females. By Mrs. TAYLOR,  
of Ongar.

Present of a Mistress to a  
Young Servant. JANE TAYLOR.

Robinson Crusoe.

Rose Grant.

School, Field, & Fireside.  
Three Vols.: I. The School.—  
II. The Field.—III. The Fire-  
side.

Scripture Proverbs for the  
Young. By INGRAM COBBIN.

London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Square.

## SHILLING SERIES.

*Neatly bound in cloth, lettered.*

- BY MRS. CAMERON.  
 Baby and the Doll, and  
 The Caution.  
 Emma and her Nurse.  
 Faithful Little Girl.  
 Forms of Pride.  
 Gift from Mountains, and  
 Berkshire Shepherd.  
 Marten and his Two Little  
 Scholars. [to Children.  
 The Beatitudes: Addresses
- BY MRS. SHERWOOD.  
 Arzoomund.  
 Ayah and Lady.  
 Charles Lorraine.  
 Emily and her Mother.  
 Gipsy Babes, &c.  
 Infant's Grave.  
 Little Henry & his Bearer,  
 and Last Days of Boosy.  
 Little Lucy & her Dhaye.  
 Little Woodman & his Dog,  
 The Orphan Boy, and The  
 May-Bee.  
 Lucy Clare.  
 Père la Chaise.  
 Recaptured Negro.  
 Sergeant Dale.  
 Stranger at Home, and  
 Intimate Friends.  
 Susan Gray. Complete Ed.
- BY OLD HUMPHREY.  
 Juvenile Critics, & Juvenile  
 Moralists. [Juvenile Heroes.  
 Juvenile Culprits, and  
 Juvenile Philanthropists,  
 and Half-day's Holiday.  
 Little Maurice and his  
 Uncle, and Howard and Na-  
 poleon. [Newbury.  
 Moral Budget of My Aunt  
 Uncle Oliver and his  
 Nephew, and The Sword.
- BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.  
 Æsop in Rhyme. JEFFREYS  
 TAYLOR.  
 Allegories. By HANNAH  
 MOORE.  
 Bertha Frankland. By F.  
 LONSDALE.  
 Book of Creation Unfolded  
 Broken Glass; or, Brave  
 Jim and his Troubles.  
 Christ Revealed. By Rev.  
 C. WILSON.  
 Christmas Day, and The  
 Friends.  
 Crusts in Soak for Chickens  
 to Peck.  
 Frank and George, and  
 Dialogues on Geography.  
 Hieroglyphic Bible. With  
 500 Cuts.  
 Jessie's Holiday. M. PLUES.  
 Last Shilling. By Rev.  
 P. B. POWER. [Mouths.  
 Little Crumbs for Little  
 Little John Meek and his  
 Brothers; The Suspected Boy.  
 Little Lucy Cary.  
 Little Standard Bearer.  
 Mattie's Mistake. By A. F.  
 JACKSON.  
 Memoir of Jane Judson.  
 Menagerie and the Aviary  
 My Servant Rachel.  
 Original Poetry for Infant  
 Minds. By L. JOYNES.  
 The Factory Girl.  
 The Parish Clerk, and  
 Cousin Rachel's Visit.  
 Truth Made Simple. J. TODD  
 Way for a Child to be  
 Saved. By J. ABBOTT.  
 Young Disciples. J. YOUNG.  
 Young Person's Guide to  
 the Study of the Scriptures.

London: HOULSTON &amp; SONS, Paternoster Square.



**NINEPENNY REWARD SERIES.**

*Illustrated, cloth gilt.*

Allen White.	Ruth Alan.
Bob, the Crossing-Sweeper	Sunny Scenes: Continental Rambles.
Little Jack; or, Mend your Nets.	William Freeman.

\* \* The above Series may be had in a larger size, toned paper, cloth gilt, gilt edges, at ONE SHILLING each.

**SIXPENNY REWARD SERIES.**

*Tastefully bound in cloth gilt, with Frontispiece.*

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

Charles Lorraine.  
History of Lucy Clare.  
History of Susan Gray.  
Little Henry & his Bearer.  
Little Woodman and his Dog, and The Orphan Boy.  
Potter's Common.  
Sergeant Dale.  
Waste Not, Want Not.

BY MRS. CAMERON.

Margaret Whyte.  
Fidelity and Profession, and The Caskets.  
Oakengates Wake.  
Pink Tippet.  
Polite Little Children, and Lost Child.  
Raven and Dove; Holiday Queen.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

Pleasant Tales.  
The Juvenile Culprits.

The Juvenile Heroes.  
The Juvenile Philanthropists.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Basket of Flowers.  
Divine and Moral Songs.

By Dr. WATTS.

Ernest and Ida.  
Go Ahead; or, Jack the Cabin Boy.

Goody Two Shoes.  
History of Little Jack. By THOMAS DAY.

Jem, the Donkey Boy.  
Little Georgie.

Margy and her Feather.  
Peter Thompson; or, Industry Rewarded.

The Brothers.  
The Dairyman's Daughter.  
The First Parable.

The Lost Pocket-Book.  
The Lottery Ticket.  
The Shell-Flower Maker.

**AT THREEPENCE EACH.**

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

Edward Mansfield: A Narrative of Facts.  
Sunday Entertainments.  
The Infirmary.  
The Mourning Queen.  
The Two Sisters.

BY MRS. CAMERON.

Amelia.  
Little Frank and his Sister  
Lucy and her Robin.  
The Broken Doll.  
The Mother's Nosegay.  
The Two Lambs. [gales.  
Two Virginian Nightin-

London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Square.

6 HOULSTON'S BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AT TWOPENCE EACH.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.  
Easy Questions for a Little Child.  
Everything Out of its Place  
Emily and her Brothers.  
The Orange Grove.  
Little Robert and the Owl.  
The Rose.  
The Two Dolls.

Little George and his Penny.  
Soffrona and her Cat Muff.  
A Visit to Grandpapa.  
The Wishing Cap.  
BY MRS. CAMERON.  
The Careless Boy.  
The Three Flower-pots.  
A Visit to an Infant School

AT ONE PENNY EACH.

Mrs. SHERWOOD.  
The Bible.  
The Dry Ground.  
The Fawns.  
The Happy Family.  
The Hidden Treasure.  
The Hills.  
Home.  
The Little Negroes.  
The Lady in the Arbour.

The Idiot Boy.  
Little Arthur.  
The Mother's Duty.  
Poor Burruff.  
The Rainbow.  
The Rosebuds.  
The Stolen Fruit.  
The Thunderstorm.

By Mrs. CAMERON  
The Bunch of Violets.

The Kind Little Boy  
The Little Dog Flora  
and her Silver Bell  
The Nosegay of  
Honeysuckles.  
The Mountain of  
Health.  
The Strawberry  
Gatherers.  
The Warning Clock;  
or, The Voice of  
the New Year.

NARRATIVE TRACTS, Moral and Religious. By Various Popular Authors, including Mrs. SHERWOOD, Mrs. CAMERON, OLD HUMPHREY, and others. In Three Volumes, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each, or in 108 Penny Numbers.

- Vol. I. THE YOUNG FORESTER, by Mrs. SHERWOOD, and 22 other Tales.  
" 2. JOAN; or, Trustworthy, by Mrs. SHERWOOD, and 22 other Tales, &c;  
" 3. THE HOP-PICKING, by Mrs. SHERWOOD, and 25 other Tales.

TRACTS FOR THE YOUNG. By Mrs. SHERWOOD, Mrs. CAMERON, OLD HUMPHREY, and others. In Five Volumes, 18mo, cloth, red edges, 1s. 6d. each, or in 73 Penny Numbers.

- Vol. I. THE PENNY TRACT, and 9 other Tales. (Tracts 1-14.)  
" 2. THE POTTER'S COMMON, and 5 other Tales. (Tracts 15-26.)  
" 3. THE IRON CAGE, and 4 other Tales. (Tracts 27-38.)  
" 4. VAIN WISHES, and 11 other Tales. (Tracts 39-52.)  
" 5. THE IMPOSTOR, and 20 other Tales.

London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Square.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

GRAMMAR LAND; or, Grammar in Fun for the Children of Schoolroomshire. By M. L. NESBITT. Illustrated by F. W. Waddy. Third Edition. Small 4to, cloth extra, 3s.

"The most successful attempt we have ever met with to convey, in pleasant terms, to the minds of children the written grammar of their language."—*Scarborough Gazette*.

A TRIP TO MUSIC LAND: A Fairy Tale, forming an Allegorical and Pictorial Exposition of the Elements of Music. By E. L. SHEDLOCK. With 20 full-page Illustrations by J. K. JAMES. Demy 4to, cloth, extra gilt, 5s.

"The very identical book to give a child who really strives at his or her music lessons, and finds them too difficult to understand."—*Public Opinion*.

ENGLAND AND ITS PEOPLE: A Familiar History of the Country and the Social and Domestic Manners of its Inhabitants. By EMILY TAYLOR. Ninth Ed. Fcap. 8vo, cl., red edges, 3s. 6d.

MY LITTLE NOTE-BOOK OF GENERAL AND BIBLE KNOWLEDGE. By H. FULLER. Revised Edition. Fcap. 8vo, sewed, 6d.; cloth, 9d.

"A most helpful little volume, having a number of important facts and dates, arranged in a way that must fix them on the memory."—*Mother's Treasury*.

AN HOUR WITH THE KINGS. By Rev. T. BOURNE, M.A. With an Easy Method of Remembering Facts and Dates. Third Edition. 18mo, cloth, 1s.

The FRENCH LANGUAGE: How to Read, Write and Speak it with Correctness. By W. J. CHAMPION. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, 1s.

DRAWING FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. 150 Copies and numerous Exercises. Square 16mo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

EXERCISES IN LIGHT, SHADE, AND COLOUR. With numerous Coloured Plates. Cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

EASY LESSONS ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, NATURAL HISTORY, CHEMISTRY, ELECTRICITY, AND OPTICS. Numerous Engravings. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

ENGLISH HISTORY. 546th Thousand. 18mo, sewed, 6d.

ROMAN HISTORY. 141st Thousand. 18mo, sewed, 6d.

GRECIAN HISTORY. 94th Thousand. 18mo, sewed, 6d.

GEOGRAPHY. By a Lady. A Familiar Introduction for Children. Illustrated. 18mo, cloth limp, 9d.

SHORT AND SIMPLE CATECHISM OF BIBLE HISTORY.

By Rev. E. GREENHOW, M.A., late H.M. Inspector of Schools.

OLD TESTAMENT. 6d.; or in Three Parts, 2d. each.

LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. 6d.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. 3d.

CHILD'S SCRIPTURE HISTORY. An Analysis of the Holy Scriptures, in Question and Answer. 46th Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, cloth limp, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Square.

USEFUL BOOKS ON SCIENCE, ART,  
LITERATURE, &c., &c.

**THE REASON WHY—PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY & GEOLOGY.**  
Containing upwards of Eleven Hundred Reasons explanatory of the Physical Phenomena of the Earth, its Geological History, and the Geographical Distribution of Plants, Animals, and the Human Families. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, extra cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**REASON WHY—NATURAL HISTORY.** 1,500 Facts in connection with Zoology, and Habits and Instincts of the various Orders of the Animal Kingdom. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**HISTORICAL REASON WHY—ENGLISH HISTORY.** Numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE HISTORICAL FINGER-POST: A Handy Book of Terms, Phrases, Epithets, Cognomens, Allusions, &c., in connection with Universal History.** By EDWARD SHELTON, Assistant Editor of the "Dictionary of Daily Wants." New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE BIBLICAL REASON WHY—SACRED HISTORY.**  
A Family Guide to Scripture Readings, and a Handbook for Biblical Students. With an Introduction by a Clergyman of the Church of England. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THE REASON WHY—CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS.**  
Giving the Origin, History, and Tenets of the Christian Sects, with the Reasons assigned by themselves for their Specialities of Faith and Forms of Worship. With numerous Illustrations. Tenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, extra cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**THE REASON WHY—GENERAL SCIENCE.** The Forty-eighth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**THAT'S IT; or, PLAIN TEACHING.** By the Author of "The Reason Why." With upwards of 1,200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

**GEOLOGY; Its Facts and Fictions; or, Modern Theories of Geologists contrasted with Ancient Records of the Creation and Deluge.** By W. ELFE TAYLER. Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

**HOW A PENNY BECAME A THOUSAND POUNDS; and LIFE DOUBLED BY THE ECONOMY OF TIME.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; or in Two Vols., cloth, each 1s. 6d.

London: HOULSTON & SONS, Paternoster Square.

T.  
of  
and  
man  
and

sp-  
ces  
na

me-

of  
con-  
sist-  
and

BY.  
or  
of the  
8vo.

ONS.  
lects.  
ies of  
ions.

orty.

or of  
ations.

eries  
ration  
as. 6d.

, and  
Crown

quare.

