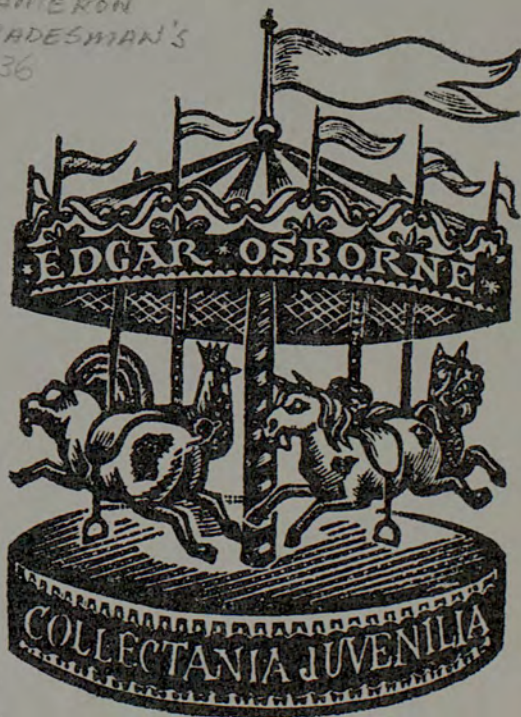


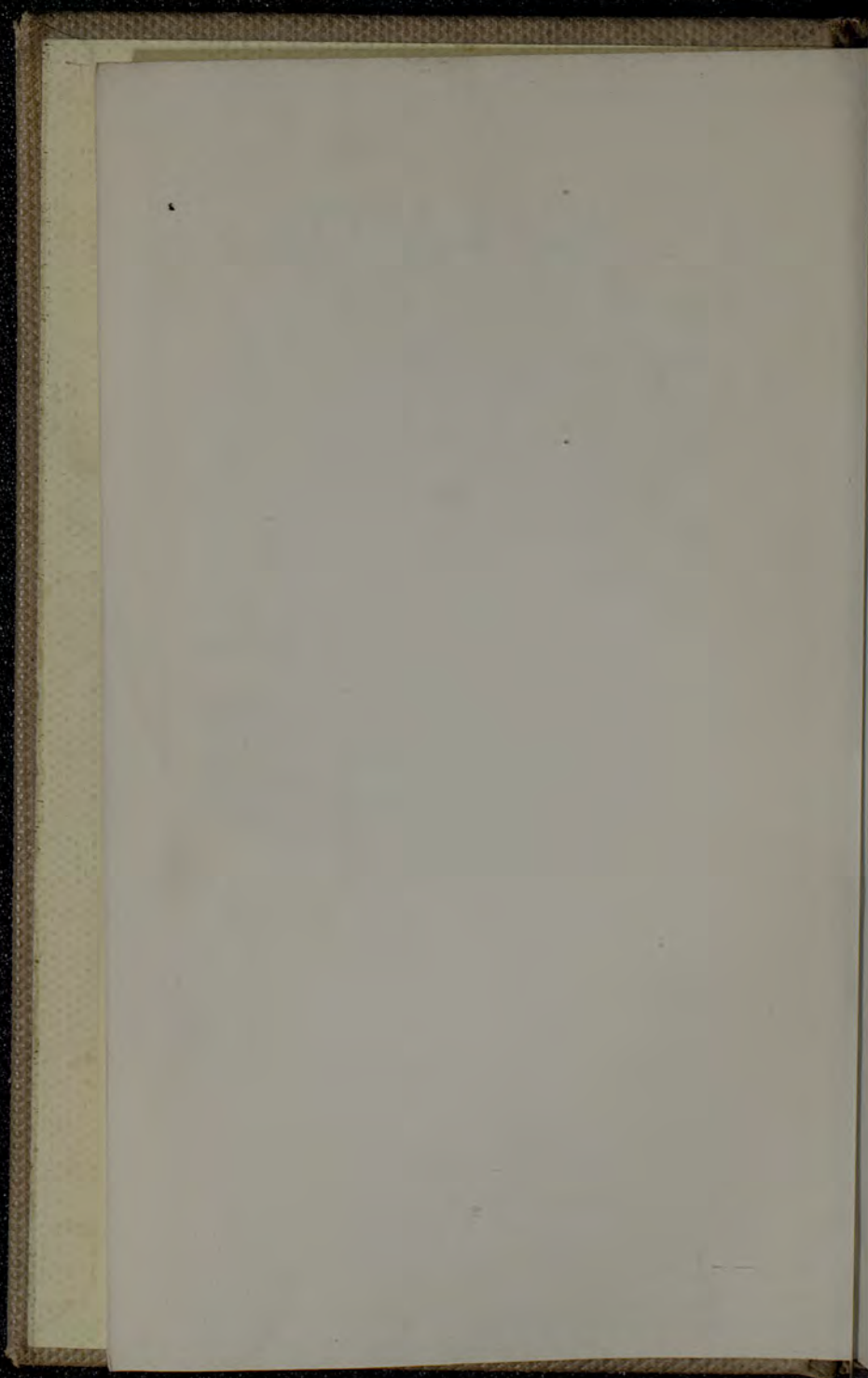
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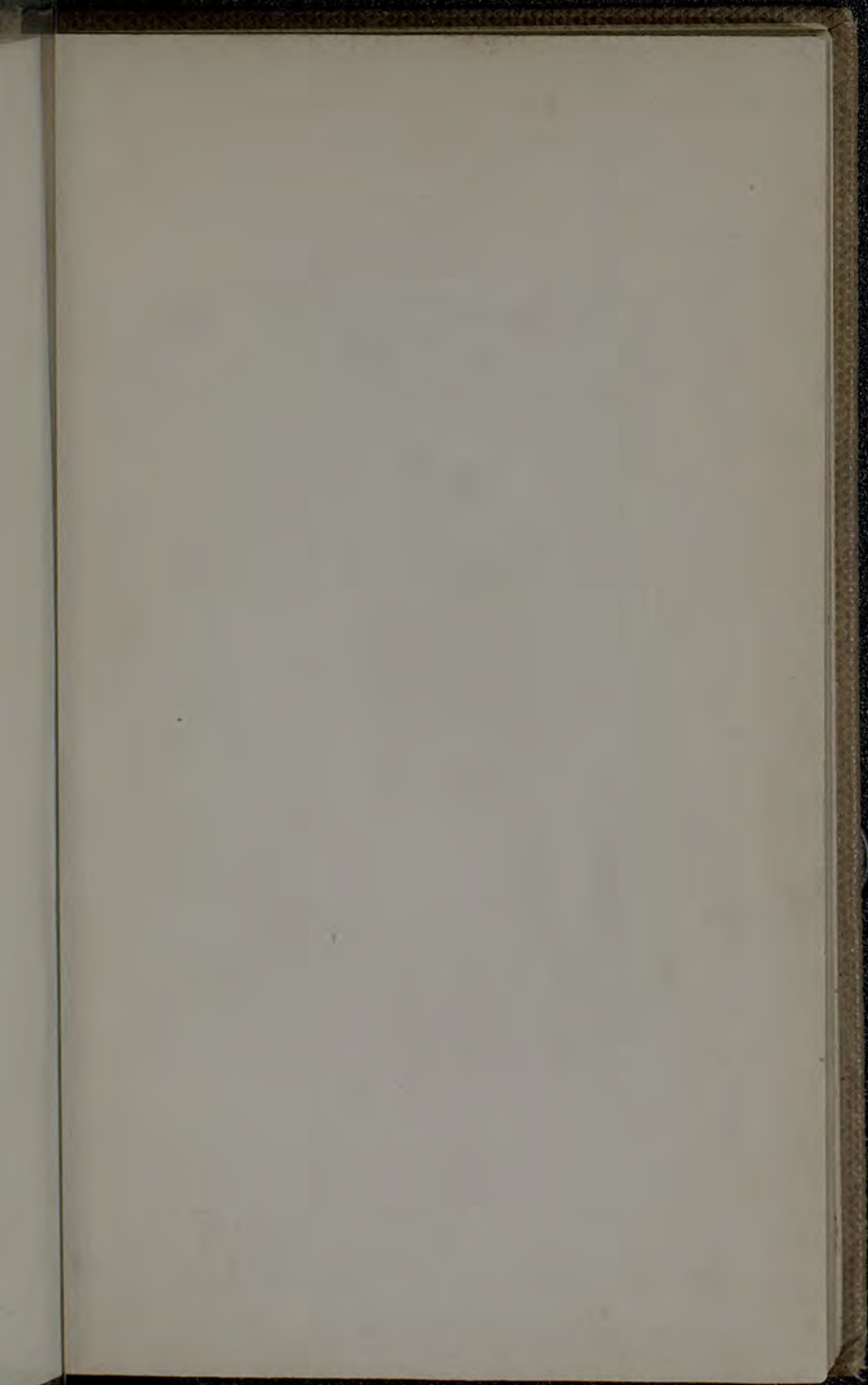
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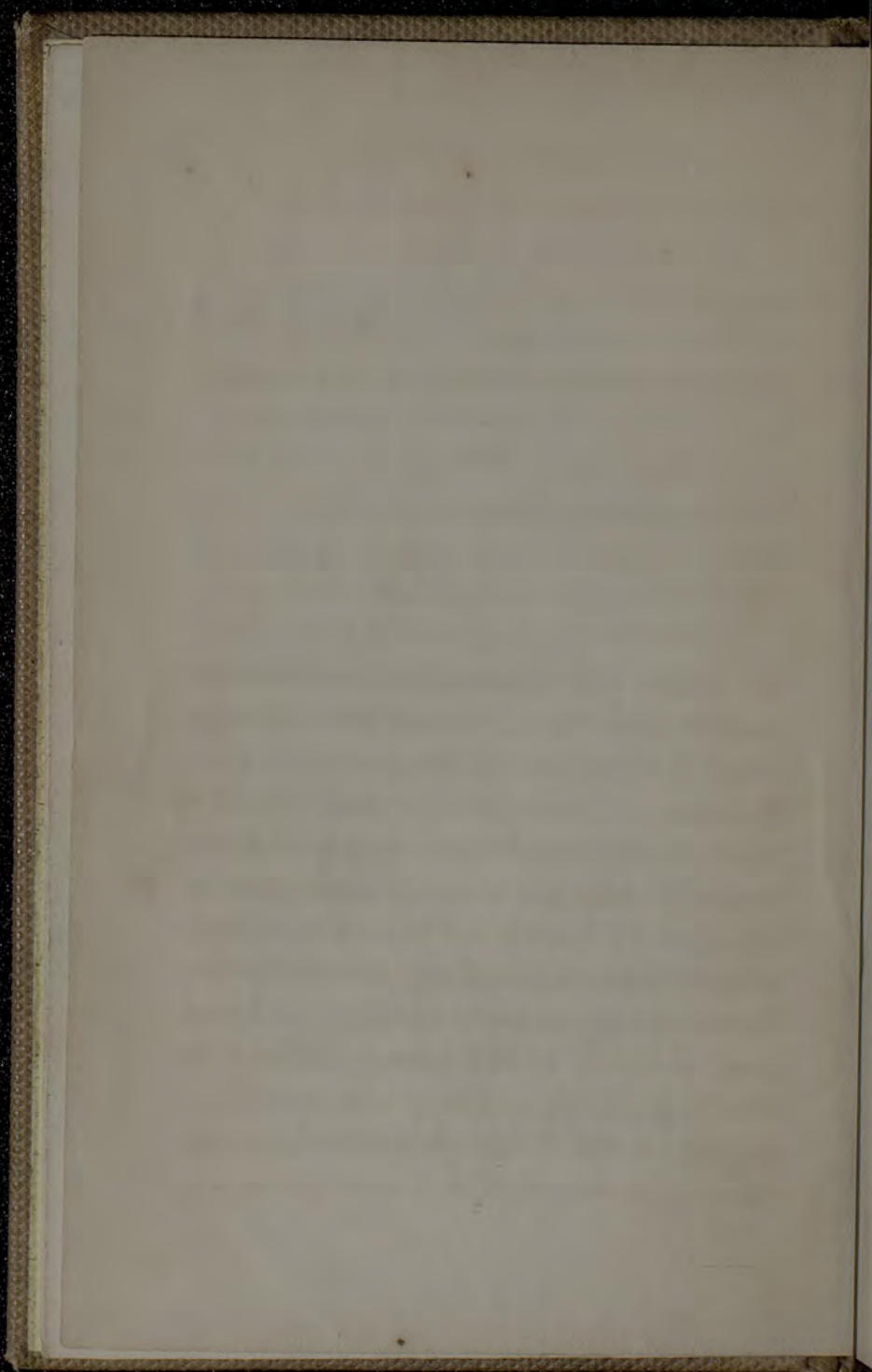
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OR
KNOWLEDGE APPLIED.

BY MRS. CAMERON.

DERBY
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1836.



THE
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My Father is a tradesman in a respectable country town, he has a neat little shop in one of the back streets, running down to a fine open country. Here I was born, the eldest of my father's family, and received a homely education at an old fashioned day school, till I was twelve years of age, and when at home assisted my mother in the house, and my father in the shop, as I was most wanted; I was taken regularly to church and kept very neat and clean, but beyond all this I had no particular pains taken with me, though I enjoyed in my

parents the example of orderly, industrious, and contented lives.

My mother had relations in Manchester much richer than herself, and moving in a higher style of business than ourselves: one of these happening to visit my mother, took a fancy to me, and offered to pay for my schooling at a neighbouring boarding-school, much in fame with the middling classes in our little town. Here I was sent and remained till I was fifteen, and in this establishment I learned a little dancing, a little music, a little drawing, a little French, gained a good deal of knowledge of fancy needle-work, for which I had a taste; but the most predominant of my acquirements was a supreme contempt for my father and mother.

At the age of fifteen I was removed from school and invited to the house of my kind relation in Manchester, who had, I believe, an intention of keeping me altogether as a companion to his daughters. My relation was a scientific man, and as

far as his means permitted, he collected about him such a society as would promote his scientific researches, and was a favourer of all those institutions which promoted these tastes in the lower classes. I was taken to lectures upon every subject, and without any application myself, for I possessed none, I gained insensibly a taste for science, and could converse upon a variety of subjects with tolerable plausibility, without possessing real knowledge of any; and this fluency, engrafted on no small share of boarding-school pertness and conceit, made me very proud of displaying my pretensions in every society where I was not overawed by very decided superiority of talent and acquirements. I remained two years at Manchester, at the end of which period my kind relation died suddenly, and as it was found that his family were very slenderly provided for, I was sent back to my parents almost immediately after the funeral, equally grieved at the separation from my friends, and at the descent that I

felt I was now about to make in my outward circumstances.

I was received with the utmost tenderness by my parents, and a kindness almost bordering on respect was shewn to me by my mother, in consequence of the advantages I had been supposed to enjoy; a comfortable attic had been prepared for me with a white dimity bed in it, and the floor neatly covered with a green cloth; it was a pleasant little room, and over the opposite side of the street might be seen at a small distance, a woody hill, with a spire church on the top, where the sun glittered on every cloudless morning. A set of book-shelves hung by a riband from the wall at one end of my room, and a stool covered with my mother's work, and a small round table, seemed to have been placed side by side below the window, with a view to my solitary studies. As I surveyed this apartment with a careless air, I perceived in a recess in the farthest end of the room another smaller bed,

and turning to my mother, who was introducing all these comforts to me :

“ What’s this for,” I said, “ is Charlotte to sleep in my room ? I shall not like that ! ” — “ Shall you not ? ” answered my mother, mildly, “ I had hoped that you would quite undertake the care and instruction of little Charlotte, now you are so well educated yourself, and are coming back to us again ; your father intends she should leave school next quarter.”

Charlotte was my only sister, there being two brothers between us, and she was in the same place of education where I had been before I went to the boarding-school.—I turned away most ungraciously from my mother, and made no reply.

How shall I describe the sad period that followed my return home ! what a disgusting mixture was my behaviour then of folly, conceit, idleness, bad manners, ingratitude, and almost every thing that proceeds from vanity and total ignorance of self. I viewed myself as the most un-

fortunate of human beings ; doomed in the house of the kindest of parents to drag on an existence almost resembling an imprisonment. My best manners to my parents were abrupt and ungracious, scarcely ever addressing them with any epithet of respect ; often speaking to them with averted eye, and with that carelessness and hauteur of manner which a real Christian and gentlewoman would not use to the lowest domestic. During the time that my little playful affectionate sister was at home, I avoided her company in a marked manner, that I might shew my parents how thoroughly I disliked the idea of teaching her. I never offered to assist my mother in the house, nor did she ask me to do so ; my father, however, required, and the second time he made his requisition, I thought that he did it in a very peremptory manner, that I should assist him in the shop on a market-day ; but my services there partook as little of usefulness as my hauteur and ingratitude could frame them

into. With my brothers, my delight was to display my own knowledge, to confound them with the extent of my acquirements, and to draw into light their want of information. Nor was I sorry even to expose the ignorance of my parents, so entirely I seemed to have lost sight of the duty of honouring them. I frittered away my miserable hours in a little back parlour, and scattered over the bright mahogany table with cheap books on experimental philosophy, indifferent drawings, songs, and pieces of fancy needle-work; and without plan or order, I employed myself, or did not employ myself, in these multifarious pursuits, as fancy or caprice dictated. I believe I excited in a certain degree the wonder and admiration of all the members of the family except my father; but while the younger branches mixed with their wonder a large portion of dislike, at least of my company, my dear mother continued to treat me with unabated kindness and respect. My father alone seemed to en-

ertain no feeling of admiration of my attainments, though I believe he was frequently perplexed how to deal with me; for I often caught his steady sensible eye fixed upon me, and felt disconcerted by it, I hardly knew why.

Thus the time passed away till the quarter was nearly elapsed when my little sister was to leave school and be placed under my care, an event to which I looked forward with undiminished disgust. About the same time my father was expecting from London a daughter of an elder brother, whom he had invited to spend some time with us. My father spoke very highly of her to all the family, to whom she was entirely unknown; and though I was told she was at least ten years older than myself, I was prepared to treat her as a person every way my inferior.

The very evening before my cousin's arrival, as we were all sitting round the little supper table, an alarm of fire was heard in the street; the danger as it proved

was trifling, but it served to put us all into fear ; and I, with my mother, was busied for some time in drawing from the shelves a great variety of small articles, and throwing them into a large clothes' basket, that they might be ready for instant removal if necessity required. Before bed-time our minds were set at rest, but order was not restored to the shop till the next morning ; and then, while the boys were busied in arranging the heavier goods, my father called me to assist him in replacing the contents of the basket. " Polly," said he, shaking the basket which was standing on the counter, and in which gloves, and stockings, and ribands, and buttons, and tape, lay mixed together ; one little packet or roll tumbling on the other : " this basket is very like your head, it is full of a great deal, but every thing is out of its place, and one does not know where to put one's hand upon what is wanted."

" Father," I answered, " I wish you would not call me Polly, it sounds so

illiterate."—"Now your cousin," he continued, "that's coming by the Telegraph Coach to-day, from London, has what she knows at command."

"Probably she has not much to command," I replied; and then, as if it was my place to change the subject, I raised my voice, and said, "which do you want first to be given to you, the stockings or the gloves?"

My father did not resume the subject, and he had already said more than he was aware of. I was offended by the comparison of the basket, and prepared to scrutinize my cousin very minutely, quite assured that I should be able to prove to my father, and to myself, the truth of what I had thrown out, that she had very little knowledge at her command.

It was about ten days before the expiration of little Charlotte's quarter that my cousin arrived from London. A dining-room over the shop, not generally used, had been prepared for tea; and whilst my

mother was arranging every thing comfortably by the fire, for it was the beginning of Autumn, I placed myself at the window to watch for my cousin; and five minutes after we had heard the bugle proceeding from the coach at a little distance, a boy sent from the shop appeared crossing the street towards us, with several neat packages, followed by a person plainly dressed, yet with lady-like carriage. My father's glad voice told me that this was my cousin; he immediately brought her up stairs, and introduced her to us; and while my mother kissed her, called her my dear, and welcomed her most heartily, I received her with a finished courtesy. Shortly afterwards my mother led her into her room, and assisted in taking off her bonnet and cloak, whilst I was charged to make tea directly, and order up refreshments which might supply the place of dinner. When my cousin Jane reappeared, for Jane was her name, and was seated at tea, I had leisure to examine her, and in spite of my

prejudices, it was impossible to help being pleased with the extreme benevolence of her countenance, and the expression of her mild blue eyes ; she looked about twenty-eight years of age, and seemed out of health, but, when speaking, a faint bloom came into her pale cheeks. She looked round at me and my brothers with great kindness, but no distinguishing glances were cast upon me, as I had expected ; and many kind and minute enquiries were made about each of us.

Several days passed away, during which I was so occupied with examining my cousin, that I forgot my own superiority ; I considered and reconsidered her ; I watched narrowly all she did : I could not help observing that she was very obliging, for in the course of the three first days, I knew that she had rendered help to my mother when she had a bad headache, in making some veal pies in the kitchen ; that she had assisted my younger brother in a long sum which he had to do in a

hurry ; that she had offered her services to my father on an occasion of bustle in the shop ; and that she had cut out a doll's frock for Charlotte. I could not deny to myself that she was exceedingly neat and orderly in her room and person ; that she was very industrious, for she had her needle-work, knitting, or book, always at hand, and was rarely unemployed ; nor could I conceal from myself that her conversation was cheerful, and wholly unmixed with any thing censorious, or which partook of the nature of what we call quizzing, and that she was extremely careful to behave with deference to my parents ; and at last I came to the satisfactory conclusion, that she was a very good-natured person ("but what," thought I, "is mere good-nature but a fool") and that further she had learnt a few useful common vulgar things, but was altogether illiterate. "My father," said I to myself, "must have a most inadequate view of my attainments, if he can compare my cousin with me." Having

come to this agreeable conclusion, I began to display before my cousin upon every opportunity, natural or artificial, the extraordinary superiority of my acquirements; but how surprised was I to find that I seemed to excite no astonishment in her mind! she would look at me sometimes earnestly, but what the expression of her face denoted, I could not make out; it was not admiration, it was not contempt, it was not merriment. She had the same intelligent eye as my father, but the language of it in her was accompanied with an air of peculiar feminine gentleness.

In the course of a few days, after I had come to the decision I have just spoken of, and had been acting as I have described in consequence of it, it chanced that a few female friends and neighbours came to spend the evening with us. After tea these young people were left with my cousin and myself to entertain. I had, I am sorry to say, a great contempt for them, and hardly thought it worth while

to display my knowledge before them; and was actually amusing myself with the youngest of the party, a Miss Simpson, as we sat together in the window-seat, in watching the persons who were passing on the other side of the street, and making my remarks upon them; interspersing these with idle tittering, or tales of no very good-natured character. Meanwhile my cousin was trying to lead two very silent young persons into conversation. Amongst other things she enquired if they were fond of walking; and then her eye falling on a sprig of jessamine in the girdle of one of the ladies, she was led to enquire if such and such wild flowers grew in the neighbourhood, and where they were to be seen; and upon the eldest of the sisters describing a pretty white flower which grew in a boggy field, whose name she did not know, and wished to know, my cousin, addressing herself to me, enquired if the grass of Parnassus was to be found in our neighbourhood. "I really know no flowers

by the English name," I answered affectedly.

"Do not you," said she, "I mean the *Parnassia Palustus*. Is that very pretty flower to be found near here?"

"Very possibly," I answered, "but really I know nothing now of this neighbourhood."

"Will you give us leave then to look for it in your nice little *Flora*?"

"Do not torment Miss Jones, with *Floras*," said I, sarcastically.

"I dare say Miss Jones would like to find the name of the flower she admires so much, answered my cousin, if you will permit us."

"Oh, you are quite welcome," I answered negligently; "the book is on my table in the other parlour, I believe."

My cousin left the room, and presently returned with a mixed assortment of numbers of a cheap *Flora*, and another little work on Botany. With a quickness that surprised me, she arranged the numbers,

and turned to the flower she was in search of; and presenting the pretty engraving to Miss Jones, she enquired if that was the flower she meant, and upon being answered in the affirmative, she asked if the place where it grew was very distant.

“I shall be happy at any time to shew it you,” answered Miss Jones, “and I think that in former days it used to be a favourite walk of your cousin’s.”

“Of my brothers perhaps,” I replied; “but I know nothing about the walks here; really, I should have supposed this neighbourhood afforded very few inducements to the research of a good botanist.”

The young people were all now much amused with turning over the engravings; my young companion left her window-seat for the same purpose, and my cousin described many pretty spots where such and such a flower grew; and occasionally intermixed her remarks with little delicate allusions to the beauty and use of flowers, and the sweet evidences they bore to the

care and goodness of God ; and repeated, in a very interesting manner, a little hymn about the lilies of the field, and our Saviour's comparison of them to Solomon in all his glory ; with which Miss Jones was so much pleased as to request a copy.

The evening passed away in this manner more to the satisfaction of all the party than to myself ; and when the ladies were gone, I said to my cousin in an extremely ill temper, and in the presence of all the family, just assembled before supper time, " Really, cousin, you displayed your botanical knowledge to great effect this evening."

" My botanical knowledge is too little to display," answered my cousin, smiling ; " but I am always glad to give a useful and entertaining turn to conversation, and I consider this as one of the principal uses we may make of any little acquisition we have had it in our power to gain."

" I thought the use of knowledge," said my father, in a dry voice, " was to make us

conceited, and to display it in such a way that every body may wonder at us."

My cousin looked up at my father when he said this, as if she did not understand his meaning.

"Cousin," cried my youngest brother James, "do you understand flowers? there is such a pretty walk down the street; I wish you would come with us some morning before breakfast, and we would shew it to you; and there is a field we shall pass by, full of such nice flowers."

"Think," said I, "of asking your cousin to walk with you before breakfast, used as she is to London hours! and you know you must be back to be in the shop by eight."

"Now, sister," answered James, "I am quite sure you are mistaken in what you think of my cousin; you judge of her by yourself; and because you do not like to get up at six and walk, you fancy cousin will not like it."

"Gently, gently, son," said my kind mother.

"Why, mother," answered James, "I know cousin gets up early, for I see her window open long before sister's curtain is undrawn."

"I have been ordered to rise early," said my cousin, addressing herself to my mother, "perhaps my inclination would not always lead me to it."

"Well then," said my father, "if your cousin likes it, suppose we begin with our walks to-morrow morning if it does not rain, for I mean to be of the party, you and I, niece, and little Charlotte, and the two boys."

My cousin seemed pleased with my father's proposal, and said she should enjoy it very much.

"It is easy enough," cried I, "for Charlotte to get up, she has been in bed above an hour already."

"And you will tell us the names of all

the flowers in that field, will you, cousin?" said James.

"And I'll tell you what," continued my father, "there's a nice little mineral spring just close by that same field the boys talk of visiting, which our apothecary advises me to take a little of sometimes, though I am very neglectful of his orders, and I should not wonder if it would do you good too, niece, and paint your pale cheeks."

"Perhaps it might, uncle, but that would depend upon its qualities."

"You may read about all its qualities in a card I have by me," said my father, slowly opening his pocket book; "my apothecary gave it me the other day, but I can make nothing of it;" so saying, he drew it out and put it into my cousin's hands, and while she read it my youngest brother got up in haste, and leaning over her shoulder, he cried out, "Cousin, can you understand those hard words about Carbonic Acid, Chloride, and so forth?"

I thought nobody besides doctors and that sort of people could read such hard words."

"What should you know," said I, sharply, "of what educated people can read?"

"Can you read those words, sister?"

"I was not asked," I replied.

My cousin handed me the card, smiling.

"Give us an explanation of them, child," said my father.

I had gained a smattering of chemistry, and I read aloud, confident in my own powers. "The mineral spring at — contains the following ingredients, according to an analysis lately made: Oxygen, Azote, Carbonic Acid, Sulphate of Soda, Chloride of Sodium, Chloride of Calcium, Chloride of Magnesium."

"Well, child," said my father, "what do all these things mean, are they earths or airs?"

My father's eye was fixed upon me, and every body was silent. "The theory of

gasses," answered I, "is very difficult to explain."

"I want no theory, child," said my father, "but I want to know the meaning of each of these hard words."

"I know what Soda and Magnesia are," cried James.

"And pray," said my father, "is Azote an air or an earth, for I know these waters are full of strange earths and airs?"

"Really, father," I replied, "you perplex me; whether the term belongs to the theory of earths or gasses, I cannot at this moment undertake to reply."

"That is," said my father, "you intend to say you don't know what the word means."

It was vain to say I did, though I had endeavoured to clothe my ignorance as others have done before, in hard sounding jargon.

My father turned from me with a particular expression of countenance, which I well understood.

“There now,” said James, “I thought you could not tell; give the card to cousin again. Now do you tell us cousin what it all means.”

I bit my lips, but my cousin not seeming to notice what passed, replied, “No, cousin James, you must be content without an explanation to-night.”

“You could give an explanation though if you chose, I know *that*,” he answered.

“I don’t doubt it,” answered my father, “and that being the case, can you tell whether this water would do you good?”

“I understand what its ingredients are,” replied my cousin, “but with your leave I will ask the advice of your apothecary before I venture on taking it.”

The next morning I awoke as I often did when Charlotte rose, and she kissed me as soon as she perceived my eyes open, saying pleasantly, “Oh, how nice it would be if you would get up and come with us, dear, dear sister.” I feigned sleepiness,

and turned from her, uttering something in a faint and grumbling voice.

She said no more, but prepared herself for a walk, and then gaily left the room. I lay another hour, and came down late and sulky to breakfast. The remainder of that day I seemed on all possible occasions to be absorbed in a new book on Entomology, sent me from a friend at Manchester, to which, however I really did not attend. On the following day, Miss Jones called to shew my cousin her favourite walk, the weather being fine. Though invited, I would not join them, and behaved with marked indifference and hauteur to Miss Jones. On the evening of the same day, when the family were all assembled a little before supper time, the candles lighted and a bright fire in the little parlour, my mother came up to me in the corner where I was sulkily sitting with my book.

“Dearest,” said she, “I wish you would come and sit amongst us, and put aside that book.”

“Supper is not on table, is it?” said I, looking up and raising my eye-lids, “I prefer reading till it is ready.”

My mother walked gently back, and the discourse went on briskly by the fire-side. I was mortified that I was not missed. Presently my youngest brother turned to me, and cried out, “Come, sister, come and bring that book of pictures.”

“Pictures, brother,” I repeated in scorn, “do you think I am spending my time like a baby, in looking at pictures! I am studying a science *you* never heard of, I dare say.”

“What science is that?” said my father, turning himself round in his chair.

“The science of Entomology,” I replied.

“There is something about that in the beginning of Charlotte’s great spelling-book,” cried my brother James.

“What ignorance!” I repeated, rising from my chair and marching towards the party; “you are thinking of Etymology, the knowledge of words.”

My cousin smiled; "Cousin James," said she, "I do not wonder at your making that blunder, it is not the first time Entomology has been miscalled, but it means the study of insects."

"Does it?" said he; "why that book is full of pictures of bees, and wasps, and flies, and beetles; could I not understand such a book as that as well as my sister?"

"If you would give time to it," replied she.

"But cannot I give time to it? I should like to know every thing."

I sat down with a feeling of self-importance, while my cousin continued her discourse with my brother. "You must have patience James," said she, "you cannot know every thing at once; you were wishing to learn botany this morning, and asking me to teach you the classes, and how to dry flowers, now learn this first, and then"—

"And then I may learn Entomology."

"Yes, if you wish it, and think it the

best thing you can study ; but do not undertake too much at a time."

"That's right, niece," said my father, very right, plain good sense."

"I tell you what, cousin," cried my eldest brother, John, "the first thing we want to learn is this, how to use our time ; we waste a great deal when we are not in the shop."

"And in the shop too, sometimes," said my father.

"And it is for this purpose," observed my cousin, "that all these cheap books of science are published, that young people who have not a great deal of time, and many opportunities for learning, may improve themselves in their odd minutes."

"What's that, niece, you are talking of?" cried my mother, anxiously, "don't teach the boys to read, pray don't, we have quite reading enough."

"Silence, wife," said my father, "I should like to hear what she has to say for herself."

Just at this moment the roasted potatoes and smoking apple-pie were brought into the room, and the conversation was changed.

The last day of Charlotte's going to school was now arrived; just as the breakfast things were taken out of the front parlour the child came tripping into the room in her bonnet and tippet, swinging her little basket in the air, and singing, "The last day of school, the last day of school!"

In a few minutes my cousin and I were left alone; she was quietly stitching a wristband. I rose immediately from my seat with the manner of one in deep misfortune, and leaning against the chimney-piece, I called out in an emphatic tone, "To-morrow my miseries begin."

"To-morrow," repeated my cousin, "you will not be more unhappy to-morrow than you are to-day."

"Oh, you forget," I replied, "to-mor-

row I am to begin to educate that child; only think of the misery of it."

"What should you like to do better?" said my cousin; "help my uncle in the shop, or my aunt in the kitchen?"

"How you talk," I replied, "I hate both."

"What with my education," I added, in a raised tone, "serve in a shop and make pies and puddings! cousin, you undervalue my education, you do not enter into my feelings." I here burst into a passionate fit of crying.

My cousin did not seem to perceive my tears, but quietly answered, "at present you are required to do nothing, or next to nothing; you have the use of that little parlour, where you may spend your time just as you like, and yet you are not happy, even under these circumstances."

"Happy or not," said I, "I shall be much more unhappy when Charlotte is at home always, it will be such an interruption to my pursuits."

My cousin looked thoughtful, and was silent for some minutes; at last laying down her work and looking up earnestly in my face—"Cousin," said she, "will you give me leave to tell you what I really think?"

"Oh, you may say what you please."

"Well then, I think you are not looking at knowledge in the right way, you are looking upon it as an end, not as a means."

"I do not understand you," said I.

"There are no worldly things," she replied, "that can make us really happy in themselves; neither health, nor riches, nor honour, nor friends, nor knowledge."

"I suppose you mean to say that nothing but religion will; I am not going to dispute that with you."

"I want you to do something more than not dispute it; happiness consists in living to the glory of God, to the good of others, and for our own eternal salvation; and till we know and feel this we can never seek for it in the right way."

While my cousin was talking, I was tearing to pieces a bunch of field flowers, my little sister had brought me that morning, and stuck in my girdle.

"I suppose then," said I, in reply, "you mean to say that nobody should read any book but their bible."

"Far from it," she replied, "but I say that knowledge, as well as all other earthly good things, are in themselves vanity; we cannot rest in them, though we may use them as very desirable means in the promoting of a nobler end."

"I do not at all understand you, I replied, not deigning to look at my cousin.

"I will try then to make myself plainer."

"You must make yourself very plain *indeed*," I answered, looking very listless, "for all you say is a perfect enigma."

"Well then, cousin," she replied, "I will be personal, and apply what I have to say to your own case, and then you cannot fail to understand me. Suppose now it was your one grand object to do the will of

God and seek his glory in every important action of your life, you would desire advancement in knowledge, principally with the view of promoting these great ends, and not that you might be admired and set up above others, and your methods, and times, and seasons of pursuing it would always be in accordance with these great objects."

"Well, cousin."

"Well then, dear cousin, if it should appear to be the will of God that instead of studying such and such a new book, and such and such a new science, you are required to employ your time in imparting what you have already learnt, you ought cheerfully to submit to the appointment of Providence, and rejoice indeed in an opportunity of making a return to your kind friends by rendering your knowledge in some degree useful to them."

"And be content," I interrupted, "to give up all hopes of farther improvement myself?"

“You are mistaken in this supposition, my dear Mary,” she replied, “nothing is so improving to ourselves as teaching others. You will find when you begin to explain what you think you know to your little sister, that you are very imperfectly acquainted with it, and you will be obliged to refresh your memory with recurring to elementary knowledge, and to arrange your ideas in clear and systematic order; without this habit you can never teach properly, and the habit will be of incalculable use to yourself.”

“I have not patience to teach,” I answered.

“Clear views of your own spiritual state, cousin,” she replied, “would give you both humility and patience; I have found this by experience.”

“Were you ever employed in teaching?” I asked.

“I had a younger brother,” she answered, “who was left to my care, when

a baby, by my step-mother, my own mother died in very early days."

"And did you like the office of teaching him?" I asked.

"O yes," she replied, "but that beloved pupil was removed from me when he was just the age of your Charlotte; he had better and higher teaching too than I could give him, and was prepared for his early removal;" her voice here faltered, and drew my attention, and I looked towards her; one or two tears were stealing down her pale cheeks, and I felt for the first time a sort of interest in her which I did not understand, and something told me she was right and I was altogether wrong; yet my mind rose against what she had said, and my better feelings were presently overcome by a most powerful sensation of enmity against every thing that opposed my self-satisfaction.

It was in this state of mind that I began my career of governess to my little sister. The child was of a warm charac-

ter, lively and affectionate, but naturally passionate; she had been accustomed at school to a kind of mechanical teaching and government, which neither excited her understanding or feelings; my plans were new and capricious, my temper was irritable, my manner dogmatical, my language unintelligible, my method of teaching extremely confused; she rebelled against me, and even was noisily passionate. I was indignant, and for many days our disagreements were the trouble of the whole house. At first my father took my part, saying that it was his duty to support my authority, whilst my mother, for the first time, seemed to side against me, and as far as she could, interfered to comfort and uphold the little one; my cousin advised, my elder brother moderated, and my youngest brother laughed at the new governess. Thus we went on for the first fortnight, at the end of which time my father seemed to be satisfied that the fault lay as much with me as Charlotte, and

thought proper to reprehend me, as I thought, unduly. I answered him pertly at the time, and filled up the measure of my impertinence in the course of a few hours afterwards.

I had been invited to tea at the house of Mrs. Simpson, the mother of the young person I have before named. I was fond of visiting at this house, more fond than my parents wished, because at this house I was perfectly at my ease, and queen of my company. As I passed through the shop for my evening excursion, the boy following me, I stood still to have my clogs fastened, and my father called out to me, enquiring what was to be done with Charlotte. I raised my voice, and replied with a dauntless countenance, "you had better send her to Mrs. Giles again, for I have had quite enough of school keeping;" then noisily striking my clogs on the floor to try if they fitted my feet, I marched out of the shop, and made the best of my way to

Mrs. Simpson's house, where I lost no opportunity of venting my bad feelings; introducing into my confidential remarks with my young companion as many unwarranted complaints and ill-natured observations as I could, about my cousin, my sister, and every thing connected with home.

The party assembled at Mrs. Simpson's house was lively and mixed, and I was just in that state of mind to do any thing rather than think; and when the boy came to fetch me at night, I was easily persuaded to stay and prolong my amusement till a much later hour than my father required his family to be assembled at home.

At length the party broke up, and through a heavy shower I made my way home, intending to brave out my misconduct as well as I could; but my father was gone to bed, and an elderly maid-servant let me in, and I walked quietly to my room. The next morning I awoke

with the painful feeling that something was hanging over me, I knew not what; added to which, I had caught a cold with my wet walk the previous evening, which made me feel indisposed, and after lying awake in silence while Charlotte was dressing, I told her that I was very unwell and could not get up to breakfast. In a little while my mother came up stairs, her eyes wet with tears, (and the little feeling of irritability she had lately shewn me on account of my quarrel with Charlotte quite removed from the expression of her countenance) she brought me a dish of tea, rubbed my throat with hartshorn, and carefully pinned some new flannel round it; she spoke little, as if under some unusual restraint; yet, as if her natural tenderness had prevailed over every thing else, she stole one kiss as she finished her little kind offices, and left the room.

I did not thank her as I ought to have done, and yet her kindness seemed to make more impression on my mind that

morning than it had ever done before. I continued in bed, not because I was too ill to get up, but because I could not make up my mind how to behave when I was up; the morning past away in this miserable manner, the rain pattering against the window. The dreary sound of pattens in the street below, and various other uncomfortable sounds which are to be heard in a town on a wet day, did not tend to increase my cheerfulness; nor was it improved by the minute tolling of a bell for a funeral. I rose and looked for a new magazine and my book on Entomology, and carried them to my pillow, and endeavoured in this manner to dispel my feelings of dissatisfaction.

During these dreary hours the door was now and then gently opened, and some one seemed to be listening, it was my kind mother; but I purposely made no sound, and the door was again closed; I dreaded to meet any of my family. Oh, what misery do those persons feel even in this

world who have no law to govern them but their own inclinations! The clock had just struck twelve, when my cousin, having gently knocked at my door, came into my room with her usual kind countenance, and carrying in her hand a basin of gruel which she had been making for me. After I had eaten it, she sat down by my bed, and made kind enquiries after my health; and then she added, "Shall we not see you down amongst us again, cousin?"

"Oh! I don't know," I answered, "there is no comfort for me any where—Oh! I wish I was at Manchester again."

"Why so?" asked Jane.

"I am thrown away here," I replied, "nobody understands me, nobody values me."

"You do not know yourself," she answered, "and that is the reason you think that nobody else understands you."

"You are like all the rest," I replied,

in an injured tone, "you have no pity for me."

"Cousin," she answered, in the kindest manner, "I do pity you, and I grieve to see you throw away the happiness you might enjoy if you would but view things aright. I wish I could persuade you to listen to me."

"You may say whatever you please," I answered, carelessly, "but I am not bound to attend to you."

"If," resumed my cousin, "you viewed yourself aright, as a sinful, guilty creature, instead of being proud of what you know, and treating others with contempt, you would be ashamed that you make no better use of your knowledge, and would rejoice in any opportunity that is put in your way of using it properly."

"Well, I do use it properly."

"No," said my cousin.

I became angry and uneasy, and cried out petulantly, "what is it you want me to do?"

She said, "you have made your father very angry—humble yourself before your heavenly and earthly father, give up the wish of being admired for what you know, and try to make yourself useful; be contented with your situation, and endeavour to find out its comforts and blessings, and then I am sure you will be happy."

"How you talk, cousin," said I, "you who live in London amidst so many enjoyments, how can you think me happy in this moping, miserable place?"

"I have a great deal to be thankful for," she answered, "yet perhaps you would not like to change situations with me."

"I dare say I should," I replied, eagerly, "only I should not like to be so old."

She took no notice of the pert conclusion of my speech, but looking towards the window, she replied, "You have a pretty view over those houses into the country, and fine fresh air blowing into

your room, should you like to see nothing from your window but a narrow dark court, or the roofs of houses, as I do? You may employ your time much as you like, and have cheerful companions of your own age to converse or walk with; how should you like to spend the chief of your time in nursing an invalid? You have both your dear parents, and two brothers, and a sister spared to you, and I have lost two mothers, and a beloved brother, and another dear friend, with whom I once thought I should pass my life; and then London does not agree with me, and I seldom feel well, while you are always in health and strength."

"Misery, misery," said I.

"No, not misery," she answered, "my dear father is such a good man, he has taught me to love my bible, and to employ what leisure time I have in an improving and interesting manner; and I am almost always happy; and then the hope—the sweet hope of the glory purchased for

us"—As my cousin spoke these last words the expression of her countenance was, as it were, a beam of sunshine lighting up her pale face, and feelings like those I experienced in a former conversation with her, seemed to rekindle in my bosom; and I think I may say that the faint flame was not instantly extinguished. She was here called down to dinner, and I was again left alone for a considerable time, with no companions but the tolling bell and my own reflections; of what nature these reflections were, may hereafter appear; and some considerable time had passed, when my room door was again opened, and my kind cousin returned to me.

"Shall we not see you down to tea?" she said.

"I cannot face my father," I replied.

"Yes, you may," she answered, "if you will only ask his forgiveness."

I lay pondering for some time; and at length I asked my cousin to give me my desk, and I wrote the following words:

DEAR FATHER,

I am very sorry for my undutiful behaviour; if you will forgive me I will try to behave better, and take more pains with Charlotte.

Your dutiful daughter,

MARY BENNETT.

My cousin was pleased with this attempt at humiliation, and ran down stairs in haste to give the note to my father. My mother soon afterwards came up; she kissed me with many tears, helped me to dress, and led me down herself to the parlour where tea was waiting for us. My father was sitting by the fire with a newspaper in his hand, and my elder brother was reading the History of England to my cousin.

My mother led me up to my father, who kissed me, and said he hoped I was better; yet I thought his behaviour somewhat stiff. My eldest brother, who was always

kind, was kinder than usual; and after a while James and Charlotte returned from a walk in high glee, and all restraint was at an end. Thus particular have I been in the description of what I believe was the first dawn of a brighter day than had ever yet shone upon me; yet, ere noon should come, many, many storms were to go over me, and my goodness was to pass away like the morning cloud, for I knew nothing yet of my own heart, and the resolutions I had made of amendment were altogether formed in my own strength. However, meeting with much encouragement, and fewer difficulties than usual, I continued to go on prosperously for some days. I fancied myself a reformed character, and inwardly boasted in the change I had made in myself; and being in good humour with myself, I was in good humour with others, and certainly listened to the advice of my cousin on many occasions with tolerable complacency. I believe my parents were as confident as myself of my

continued progress in the right way; whether my cousin was as sanguine in her expectations, I very much doubt: she knew more of the human heart, and had had experience of its depravity; how then could she expect a house built upon the sands of self-confidence to be very durable?

This fair show had continued nearly a fortnight, when one morning as we were sitting together at breakfast, a message came to me from Miss Simpson, to invite me to tea the same evening.

"I wish," said my father, "you were not so intimate with that Miss Simpson, you are always going there."

"Not always, father, it is a fortnight, I believe, since I was at the house."

"It is her turn to come here," cried James.

"Do not interfere, dear James," said my mother; and then turning to my father, she added, "the child is closely confined all day, you won't be against her taking a little amusement now and then."

“No, surely,” answered my father, “but I do not much like that Miss Simpson; and then her brother, the traveller, is at home, as priggish a young fellow as I ever saw.”

“Dear father,” said I, “do you suppose I should ever think of that young man? I hold my head up too high for any such thing; it is true, I used to be glad to see him when he brought me parcels from home, while I was at Manchester, but he is far too illiterate to please me.”

“Well, you must do as you like,” said my father, rising from his seat, “but I cannot say I love the acquaintance, and perhaps we shan’t be having you home till midnight.”

As soon as my father was gone, I said to my mother, somewhat piqued with my father’s speech, “since *you* approve of my accepting this invitation, and my father leaves me to do as I like, I certainly shall do so, if it were merely to shew him that I can keep my resolution when I choose.

Is it likely cousin," I added, "that I should repeat the same fault so very soon again?"

"I hope not," she answered.

"You hope not!" I repeated, and here the discourse ended.

The chimes were ringing six, when I bade my father good evening at the shop door. "Nine o'clock, child," said he, "nine o'clock the boy shall be at Mr. Simpson's, punctually by nine."

I smiled, and replied, "very well, father," and set off in high glee. The party assembled in Mr. Simpson's best parlour when I entered it, consisted only of old Mrs. Simpson, and the two Miss Jones's, and my young companion, Betsey Simpson; and as Miss Jones's were generally very silent, little was said but about wind and rain, till tea was half over, when the door was briskly opened, and in marched young Mr. Simpson. "Well, ladies," said he, addressing himself to the Miss Jones's, "how are you by this time?"

I had the honour of meeting you an hour ago, at the milliner's shop, very proper! ladies love to make themselves engaging," then laughing at his own wit, he approached me, "Miss Mary" he added, "I am charmed to see you, and what do you think? I have such delightful news for you and scientific ladies like yourself."

"What is it, brother?" cried my friend.

"There is an Orrery to be exhibited this evening, I have just heard of it, and positively only for this night; did you ever see an Orrery, Miss Mary? but no doubt at Manchester you had such advantages, do you not think this is the most horrid dull place in the world?" and here he shrugged up his shoulders, "buried alive here—quite buried alive!"

"An Orrery" cried old Mrs. Simpson, "what's an Orrery?"

"Ask Miss Mary," said the young man.

"What is it Miss?" repeated the old lady.

Thus appealed to, I gave a definition

of an Orrery in hard and unintelligible language.

“Well, I don't quite understand what it is,” said Miss Simpson, “but I should like to see it—will there be any body there?”

“To be sure,” answered her brother, “every body in the place that can put two ideas together.”

“May we go, mother?” asked the young lady.

“To be sure,” said she, “if all the company like, and you are back for supper time.”

“I am sure Miss Mary will like,” said Miss Betsey, “for it is something scientific; and will you go, Miss Jones's?”

The ladies declined the scheme, and so did I at first, but vain and foolish creature that I was! before tea was over my head was quite turned by the attention I received, and by being appealed to as the only person who knew any thing; and when the young man drew out his watch,

and held it up, crying out, "to begin at seven, precisely at seven, so come Miss Mary, can you resist, with your endowments, such a temptation?"

I felt my resolution giving way, and I answered, "I should like to go very well, only I fear that if I do so I can't be at home in proper time, I must positively leave this house at nine."

"Must positively!" repeated he, "are you such a babe that you can't be left to your own discretion for a quarter of an hour? really, really, that is incredible!"

"La! brother, how you talk," cried Miss Betsey, "you don't know how they keep her in, and it has been worse since that cousin has been there; I don't like her, she's so old-maided."

"I wonder, Miss Betsey, that you should entertain such an opinion," said Miss Jones, "for I think that young lady the most agreeable person I ever saw."

The young man shrugged up his shoulders, and with a significant glance at

me, whispered, "birds of a feather,"—I foolishly laughed, and he added, "but seriously, Miss Mary, I will insure that you shall be at home by nine o'clock, if you will trust yourself to my care and my sister's."

"If Miss Jones's will excuse our leaving them," added his sister.

The matter was now soon adjusted, and in a short time I found myself seated in the town-hall, between Mr. Simpson and his sister, exactly opposite a lecturer upon Astronomy.

At any other time I should have been greatly interested in the lecture and the nice apparatus before us, but it was impossible for me to feel at ease. I could not forget my father's opinion of my companions, nor could I free myself from all apprehension that the lecture might not be finished in due time; however, I endeavoured to persuade myself, that it was of no use not to enjoy myself, as I was actually embarked in the scheme; I there-

fore endeavoured to drive away all care; and in the intervals of the lecturer's discourse, I laughed and talked, displaying my information to all who sat within hearing; and contented myself with asking my neighbour, from time to time, what o'clock it was, and was assured I was yet in very good time. At length the lecture was finished, and we set off to Mr. Simpson's house, I pressing forwards, and my companions laughing at me. Mrs. Simpson was standing in the passage when we entered the house, and called out to us in a loud voice, "what in the world makes you so late, son? supper has been waiting this half hour, and I could not get Miss Jones's to stay any longer."

"Is the boy come? I said."

"Come and gone," answered Mrs. Simpson.

"Gone!" I repeated.

"Yes, gone," said the old lady, "he seemed in a mighty hurry, so I would not keep him, and I told him you were gone

to the Show, and Son would bring you back as soon as you had had a bit of supper."

I felt like one thunderstruck, and I suppose I looked so, for the young people both laughed loud, and the sister called out, "there now, brother, did I not tell you? she's frightened out of her wits to stay supper!"

I was preparing to go out of the house by myself, but seeing what I was about to do, the young man shut the door, and set himself against it, and the good-natured old lady took me by the arm, saying, "I tell you what, out of this house, this cold night, you shall not go, till you have had a bit of supper; it is not ten o'clock yet, and the folks at your house ar'n't in bed before that hour I know."

I walked up stairs with a sort of feeling of desperation; the hospitable old lady stuffed me with roast fowl, and sausages, and mince-pie; the old gentleman mixed me brandy and water; Miss Betsey laughed

and talked, and the young man flattered ; and by the time the supper things were removed, I had more than recovered my usual spirits, and was in no haste to propose moving ; every moment I dreaded returning more and more, and before the clock struck eleven, I felt totally unable to resist the temptation offered me to defer the dreaded hour. The old lady having looked at me for some time, " Love," said she, " you had better stay all night, and sleep along with Betsey ; your folks are early, and they know where you are, and Betsey shall step over with you in the morning and explain how matters were."

To bed I went, but not to sleep ; for some time my companion lay awake talking to me, and after she had fallen asleep the excitement produced by the events of the evening, the heating beverage I had taken, and above all, the working of my own mind, kept me in a sort of fever.

Amongst the various thoughts that passed through my mind, one of the most

predominant was this, that there *were* people in the world who would value me as I deserved, if I could but have the happiness of being thrown amongst them. All my former dislike to my cousin returned, and with it various other feelings of a similar kind, waging a mighty war with the principles by which I had thought myself governed only the day before. But my religion, if that could be called religion, that was the offspring only of fear, and was powerless; for the regulation of my heart. The tolling bell, the funeral solemnity, produced it, and it had not learned to govern my affections, or regulate my motives; yet it had a voice, and that voice often spoke loudly. I do not know that I ever spent a more miserable night of mental conflict in my life. Towards morning, however, I fell into a disturbed sleep, from which I was roused by a maid-servant coming up to call Miss Betsey, and telling her that her father wanted his breakfast. I followed my com-

panion down stairs, my cheeks flushed and burning, and myself altogether unrefreshed, and trembling too with apprehension of what was to happen in the course of the day.

I was silently drinking a dish of tea, whilst my companions were busily occupied in talking over some domestic affairs, when a gentle knock was heard at the door, and in walked Miss Jones.

“Early, upon my word! Miss Jones,” cried young Mr. Simpson.

“I came upon a little business with your mother,” she answered, “and thought to have found your breakfast over.”

“They were late from the Show last night,” said Mrs. Simpson, “and that makes us late this morning.”

“Show! mother,” repeated the young man, laughing.

“I can’t remember that word you called it last night, but I suppose it does not matter; I hope all are well at home, Miss Jones,” she added.

“Fine morning, Miss Jones!” said the young man.

“Very fine, indeed,” said she, “and I was very glad to see such a beautiful sunrise,” she added, turning to me, “it will make it very pleasant for your father on his journey.”

“What journey! Miss Jones?” I replied.

“Why,” she said, “don’t you know that he and your cousin set off this morning in the Telegraph? I saw him myself at the top of the coach, as it passed under our window just before sun-rise.”

“You must have seen somebody else that you took for my father,” I replied, “he had no intention of going from home that I know of.”

“I am not mistaken,” said Miss Jones, “for my father was in the coach office late last night, to see a parcel booked, and he heard Mr. Bennett take an inside and outside place to London.”

This sudden information quite overcame

me, and was followed with something like an hysteric fit, which alarmed the party extremely. Miss Jones advised that I should be taken home immediately, but Mrs. Simpson said, no, I should by no means be hurried, and that I should be laid on the sofa up stairs, and she would go over herself to my mother, and enquire into the real state of affairs.

How does one false step lead to another ! my neglect of duty on the preceding night was to cause a still further dereliction ; I allowed Mrs. Simpson to go in my stead, and make enquiries of what had been happening at home, while I was led by my friend, Betsey Simpson, to the sofa, in the best parlour, where she caused a bright fire to be made, and placing herself opposite to me, with a disordered work-basket (in which lay an open novel) before her, she endeavoured to amuse me with that kind of gossiping discourse, to which, in spite of my pretensions to learning, I had

so often lent an attentive ear on former occasions.

The kind-hearted old lady returned in about half an hour. "Well love," said she, "I have got leave for you to stay here over to-morrow; I told your mother how poorly and low you were, and she said, in her kind way, 'poor thing, I would not do any thing to hurt her for the world, I can do very well with Charlotte.'" "But my father," said I, "what is become of my father?"

"Why," answered she, "your uncle is ill, and wished his daughter to come back, and so your father has been so kind as to take her up, that's all, so don't make yourself uneasy."

"And was my mother displeased at my staying out last night?"

"Dear good woman," answered Mrs. Simpson, "she is never displeased with any body."

"And what did my father think?"

"Oh, your father will have forgotten it

all when he comes from London, so don't be cast down; Betsey, dear, amuse her, and take care of her, I must go down into the kitchen now."

We had not been left alone again ten minutes, when young Mr. Simpson came in, and sat himself down opposite the fire, with his feet on the fender, and an air of familiarity in his countenance which I had not perceived in him the night before.

"Well," said he, throwing himself back in his chair, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good; your uncle's illness keeps you here, I find, Miss Mary."

"It's no ill wind that blows cousin Jane away," returned Miss Betsey, "at least I should think so, if I were you, Mary; she's just such a methodist-looking person as Miss Jones."

I might have answered, that no one was more really cheerful, gay, and pleasant, than my cousin; but no, I am ashamed to say that I was pleased to hear her

found fault with, and was far from wishing to defend her.

“Do you ever read novels, Miss Mary?” said the young man; “but no, I dare say you don't, they are not scientific enough for you.”

“Miss Jones won't read novels,” cried Miss Betsey, “because she says it is wicked to waste so much time, and she does not like them neither.”

“I am sure, sister, you are wicked then,” cried Mr. Simpson, “for you are always reading novels.”

“La! brother, how can you say so, when I have so many shirts to make for you.”

“Miss Mary is wiser than you both,” said Mr. Simpson; “a little bird has told me that there's no female in this town that can compare with her for education and the sciences; now, Miss Mary, I am speaking the exact truth, so don't look dismayed and turn away your face.”

For what purpose do I repeat this

frivolous discourse? yes, I have a purpose, and it is this: I wish to shew the degraded state of my own mind, that I could be pleased with such frivolity, such empty praise, and its total barrenness of comfort, that it could feed on such husks. I was glad at that time of any thing which could divert me from my own thoughts, and I felt myself so sunk in the eyes of my companions, that I had no right to reprove their folly. I had lost that dignity which every human being possesses in the sight of his fellow-creatures, who keeps an un-deviating course in the path which Providence has assigned him, however humble that path may be.

By degrees, my spirits rose from deep depression, to giddiness and levity, and I spent the remainder of that day in the circumstances for which I had so lately panted. I was the queen of my company; I was the oracle of the young people, and the pet of the old ones; who, in their extreme good-nature, procured for me every

indulgence which they thought would contribute in any way to my enjoyment.

This day and the next also passed away like a dream; shall I call it a pleasant dream? I was gratified, nay, I was intoxicated by the flattery and attention I received, yet in spite of all this, I was made more fully aware of the deficiency of plain good sense in the elder part of the family, and of industry and sobriety of mind in the younger part, than I had ever been before; and probably I should not now have observed it so clearly, had it not been for the remarks of my father, which were indeed fully verified.

The third night had now arrived, and I retired to bed in high spirits, though I had felt exceedingly unwell from headache and giddiness for several preceding hours.

As I was undressing, I said to Betsey, "I wonder that neither of my brothers have called to enquire whether I am dead and buried since I have been here."

"Oh!" answered she, laughing, "your

brother John did call this afternoon, but he had such a long face that my mother would not let you see him, for she said you should have this day out in peace."

These words shot into my mind like an arrow, though I did not feel the smart at that time, for I was soon overpowered with stupid sleep—a sleep that proved indeed so stupid and overpowering, that it had well nigh been too much for me. I had from a child been accustomed to feverish attacks, which required rapid lowering treatment. Excitement and fatigue, I suppose, had brought on one of these attacks, which, having been fed by the most improper treatment, in every respect, had been heightened into a formidable disease.

When I awoke the next morning, on which I was to have returned home, I was quite incapable of leaving my bed. I was in a high and burning fever, scarcely able to answer a single question, and had lost all clear discernment of what was passing around me.

An awful period followed—I was sensible from time to time of the presence of Betsey, of her mother, of a medical gentleman, and a female servant; scattered clothes and disarranged furniture sometimes presented themselves to my eyes, and I could not make out where I was. But the most frequent images before me, were those which my own imagination furnished: the images of my father, and eldest brother, and cousin, bending over me in frightful and menacing attitudes; and I believe that I was continually and vehemently calling upon them to forgive me. Terrific views, also, of my own sinfulness and guilt, with awful remembrances of some texts of scripture which my cousin had been lately pointing out to me, were from time to time brought powerfully to my mind. I had no idea of the lapse of time, but I am told that many days passed, during which I remained in a state of almost total unconsciousness, and hanging, I believe, on the confines of the grave.

But Infinite Mercy bade me live; the violence of my disease abated, and favourable symptoms became apparent to others and myself also.

Upon the first occasion that I recovered consciousness enough to distinguish clearly what was passing around me, seeming to myself as if I was waking out of a long sleep, I was aware of two people standing at the foot of my bed in earnest conversation; and though they were both whispering, I could hear what they said. One of these persons was Mrs. Simpson; the other was in the shade, so that I could not see her face; but I heard her speak these words distinctly, "the doctor says she may be moved, and do think of the risk to your own daughter if she remains here; only see how she is already harrassed and overdone."

"But if she is to be moved," returned Mrs. Simpson, "why should you be burdened with her, why not send her home?"

"What," answered the other female,

“her mother laid up and incapable of doing any thing, and all the family in such trouble! Oh, no.”

Here my memory failed me, and closing my eyes, I was again lost to the surrounding scene.

Soon afterwards, partially recovering myself, I was aware of being wrapped up and carried down stairs, and lifted into a carriage. Exhaustion followed, and I remembered nothing distinctly for a considerable time afterwards; I believe not till the following morning, when I awoke from a refreshing sleep, with a sense of restoration I had not hitherto enjoyed. I looked about me and could not tell where I was; there was a quiet and neatness, an appearance of order all around me which was peculiarly delightful, and nothing to be heard but the cheerful blazing of a bright fire. The curtains, which had been closed, were presently put aside, and the same figure which I had seen conversing with Mrs. Simpson

the day before, looked in upon me with a kind, gentle expression of countenance. She did not speak at first, but I now distinguished and recollected her face, and repeated the name of Miss Jones.

She stooped down and kissed me, "I am very glad you know me," she said, "very thankful, I am sure now you are better." She then gave me my breakfast, but did not suffer me to speak more than was absolutely necessary.

From this day my recovery was progressive: the perfect stillness of my room, the quiet regular attentions which I received, contributed much to my recovery; and at the expiration of a week from my first arrival at the house of Miss Jones, I was permitted to rise from my bed, and sit up for a few hours; and in a short time afterwards, was removed every morning to a small sitting-room up stairs, where was a large easy chair by the fire, and a table near it, where two neat work-baskets were placed, and a large family bible.

Upon the second day of my removal into this room, Miss Jones proposed to read to me a chapter in this bible, a custom she never afterwards omitted; she spoke little, in general, as we sat together, for, as I have had occasion to say before, she was naturally very silent; but I believe that the silence and quiet of that season, accompanied by the regular reading of the Word of God, and following immediately upon a period of suffering, was blest to me in a wonderful manner. And in those still hours, how did I commune with my own heart, and how earnestly did I pray that the thoughts of that heart might be cleansed, that I might be enabled perfectly to love, and worthily to magnify the name of my God! Oh, what a sight did I then gain of my past folly and wickedness, and how was I enabled to cling to the Cross of Christ as the only Saviour of sinners! How did I then feel that all knowledge was vain without the knowledge of Christ, and how earnestly

did I pray that I might glory in nothing but His Cross ! This sweet, happy season, was indeed the beginning of real life to my soul.

The time at length arrived when I began to feel myself equal once more to return to the duties of life : my health and strength were almost restored, and I longed for an opportunity of shewing my gratitude to my Heavenly Father, by the diligent discharge of filial duties at home. I was very anxious, too, to become acquainted with the real state of affairs in my own family ; for though I had for some time past been regularly visited by Charlotte, or one of my brothers, yet Miss Jones had never left me alone with them, nor had ever suffered them to give any but the most vague and general answers to my questions.

Agreeably then, with these views, on the very first morning that Miss Jones herself admitted me to be very decidedly better, I determined upon opening my

mind to her ; and as she closed the bible in which she had been reading, and took up her needle-work again, sitting exactly opposite to me, I said to her, " Miss Jones, I feel now quite equal to return home to the discharge of my long-neglected duties."

" I think you are now," she answered, " if you will be prudent, and not overdo yourself."

" I feel," I said, " that I have been trespassing a long, a very long while upon your kindness, and I do not know what claim I have upon such sisterly care as you have bestowed upon me."

" Miss Mary," she answered, " my father is as much attached to your's as if he was his brother, and as for me, I am very glad of an opportunity of being useful. With my poor education, I have not many ; and besides, I have known you from a little child."

Here the tears started into her eyes, and several ran down my cheeks also ; she

seemed anxious to prevent any repetition of thanks, and thus proceeded: "I thought you were not comfortable at Mrs. Simpson's house, though she is a very kind-hearted woman, and that you wanted more attention than could well be given you there; and my father being willing, I was desirous to have you removed here, and the doctor highly approved of the plan."

"But why, Miss Jones," said I, "could not I have been removed home?"

"Because," she answered, "it is right now that you should know all—your father and cousin were sent for to the death-bed of your uncle."

"And is he dead?" said I.

"Yes," she replied, "and he died as he had lived, a Christian."

"Well," I said, "that is not such very bad news, for he was a great sufferer in health, and he leaves but one child."

She did not answer immediately, but presently added, "I fear that his affairs were not left so comfortable as was ex-

pected, and your poor cousin will have her bread to get."

"Indeed!" said I.

We sat silent for some minutes, and then I continued, "My father will be a friend to her, and so I will be comforted on her account; but how, my dear Miss Jones, could all this hinder my going home?"

"Your father's sudden journey, and the hurry and anxiety altogether, with a little cold, brought on one of your mother's rheumatic attacks, and we all thought you could not be properly attended to at home."

My sin and folly, which caused my absence from home, flashed anew at that moment, upon my mind, and I sighed deeply.

"Oh! Miss Jones," I cried out, "what a foolish, wicked creature I have been!"

"Well, that is past," she answered, "and perhaps you may have learnt a good lesson; it is difficult, I dare say, for such clever people to know themselves, without

something rough to teach them the truth ; but before you go home, and see your friends, there is one thing I want to mention to you."

" And what is that ?"

" I am told," said she, " that it is planned for your cousin to remain in London, and get her bread as a daily governess, or in some way of that sort ; now I have often heard her say that London does not agree with her, and I am sure that during the little time she staid here, she improved in her looks very much."

" Well, Miss Jones," said I, impatiently.

" Well," said she, " you must know, though I am not at liberty to mention it generally, that Mrs. Giles is going to give up her day-school, and many little ladies, as well as my two sisters, will be at a loss."

" Oh ! I see," said I, " you think the situation would do for my cousin ?"

" Yes, I do," she answered, " I think I never saw a person, that, according to my poor ideas, seems so fit to teach others, as

your cousin, her knowledge sits so easy on her. I was very much pleased with her, the first evening I met her at your house; and then, you know, we had several walks together, and she was so condescending to me, as if I knew as much as she did; she puts her knowledge in its right place, I think."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"She puts religion and charity above it," answered she.

"I understand what you mean," said I, "by putting religion above learning, but not by putting charity above it."

"Some people," she answered, "hurt one's feelings by their way of shewing their knowledge; the learned may be haughty to the ignorant, as well as the rich to the poor."

"You are very right, Miss Jones," I answered, "I understand you now; and as to your plan, I think it excellent."

"And then," said she, "there is Mrs. Simpson's youngest daughter, that goes to

the boarding-school, perhaps her mother may be induced to send her to such a school as your cousin would keep; and further acquaintance with such a person as your cousin, might be of use to all the Simpson family, and teach the young people to read books of the right sort."

"As soon as I go home," I answered, "I will see what can be done."

"I hope you will," she replied, "and if our two little girls can gain more information, in a proper way, than their eldest sisters have done, we shall both be very thankful. We lost our mother when we were very young, and have had many disadvantages; but, thank God, we are very happy, and are satisfied that all is for the best for us; you know we are not all called to the same work."

Her sister here coming in, the discourse was concluded. Her interest about my cousin had excited her to say more to me, and in a more lively manner, than I had

heard from her, at any one time, during all the preceding season I had spent with her.

And now, having ascertained that though my dear mother was unable to go out of the house, she was yet considerably recovered, I began to feel more cheerful about our home prospects than I had done before this discourse ; for I had long felt that some cloud, I knew not what, hung over our family. It seemed that I had only to seek reconciliation with my parents, and that all my difficulties would be at an end.

I was now anxiously looking forward to a call from Charlotte, or my brothers, that I might arrange every thing with them for my return ; but I looked in vain for them that day ; in the afternoon, however, I had a visit from Miss Simpson and her brother, both of whom Miss Jones permitted me now to see. Mrs. Simpson and Miss Betsey had several times called upon me after my removal from their house, but not since I had been so much recovered.

I was agitated upon the appearance of these young people, and that on several accounts: I felt ashamed of my foolish behaviour during the first part of my visit to them, and vexed at the trouble I had given them, and very anxious that any future intercourse I should have with them, might be placed on a better footing than it had ever been yet.

I had hardly recovered my first agitation, when young Mr. Simpson began to compliment me on my good looks, and expressed his great gratification in my restoration to health.

“I thank you, Mr. Simpson,” I answered, very gravely, “but I beg you will never make me any fine speeches again.”

“Why so, Miss Mary?” said he, laughing, “then you must bid me go out of your company altogether.”

“Mary Bennett,” interrupted Miss Betsey, “how odd! you have not got one book before you, that I can see; how do you live without books?”

Miss Jones's were not then in the room, and Mr. Simpson, looking round, said, "I believe there are but two books in this house, and those are the family bible, and the old gentleman's ledger; pray, which of these are you studying, Miss Mary?"

"For shame, brother!" cried Miss Betsey.

"Indeed," I said, "I do not wonder, Mr. Simpson, at your expression of doubt about my study of the bible; I am sure my behaviour at your house must have made you think I never studied my bible."

"What enormous wickedness were you guilty of at our house?" cried he, "I remember none, unless it was the visit to the Orrery; I did not think that the study of the stars was such a mighty piece of iniquity."

"Sir," I answered, "it was staying out against my father's desire, for which I blame myself."

"A grievous act of disobedience, indeed!" he replied, laughing.

“ Yes,” I answered, “ and see its consequences: I have never seen my father since that day, and I involved all your family in fatigue, and trouble, and anxiety.”

“ Oh! that’s all forgotten now,” answered Miss Betsey, “ and you would not think about it unless you were moped to death in this dull house.”

“ Dull, indeed!” said Mr. Simpson, “ I assure you I would not have entered it for a *bale* of your father’s best silk, had it not been for the hopes of seeing you before I set out on my next journey.”

“ I’ll tell you what,” cried Miss Simpson, drawing a book from her bag, “ I will leave this with you, I have just been fetching it from the circulating library, and it will amuse you a little, for I am sure you need amusement, and I can get another for myself.”

“ She won’t read novels,” said Mr. Simpson, “ you must get a book of science for her; she won’t be amused with

the nonsense that diverts you; hey, Miss Mary?"

"I do not know whether she can *read* nonsense or not," answered Miss Simpson, laughing, "but I am sure she can *talk* it, at least she used to be able."

"That's too bad, I declare," returned the young man, "you should not tell tales out of school."

I felt my cheeks in a burning glow; "it is too true," I replied, "I have read yet to little purpose, and if it would be of any use, I could tell you why I have not; I have found it out since I have been ill, for myself, though my cousin had told me the same thing before, and I did not understand it."

"If your cousin, your wise cousin, told you so, it must be right," replied Miss Betsey.

"And pray, Miss Mary," said the young man, looking up in my face with a kind of incredulous smile, "pray what

may be the great secret you have found out for yourself?"

"No, I shall not tell you now," I replied, "you are only going to laugh at me."

"I promise you, we won't," replied he.

"Then," I answered, "I have learned lately to read, and understand my bible; and the study of that is teaching me the right way of reading other books; I never knew it before."

The young man made no answer, but Miss Betsey cried out, "La! how strange you talk! well, will you have my book or not?"

"No, thank you," I replied, "I must go home to-morrow, and I shall have no time for reading before I leave this house."

"Well," said she, putting her book in her bag again, and rising from her seat, "it is easy to see where you have been spending the last fortnight."

"I fear, Miss Mary," said the young man, "you are so wise a person, and so good, that such a frivolous, wicked man as

I, must not presume to do any thing more than make you my best bow, before I commence my long journey."

"Nay, Mr. Simpson," answered I, "you wrong me quite; I am sure you have my best wishes for a pleasant journey; I should be very ungrateful, if I did not wish you, and all your family, every thing that is good."

"How stiff and solemn you do but talk," said Miss Betsey.

"Then you will not wish me safe back," said the young man.

"I wish all of you safe and well," answered I, "and do, pray, Betsey, give my duty to your father and mother, and thank them again, and again, for all their kindness to me; and tell them I shall hope to come and thank them myself very soon."

"When I am fairly out of the town, I suppose," said Mr. Simpson.

They then took their leave, and I remained for some time alone, and rather sad, not quite sure whether I had said and

done all I ought to have done; but in a little while, more cheerful thoughts came into my mind, and I passed the remainder of the day in peace.

The next morning I was busying myself in my room, in preparation for my return home, when I was sent for down stairs to my eldest brother, and found him alone.

“Dear brother,” said I, cheerfully, as I entered the room, “Miss Jones has given me leave to go home, will you take me back with you now?”

My brother answered, “that he was glad to find me so much better;” but I thought his manner of saying so was as solemn as Miss Simpson had accused mine of being; and then, after a little hesitation, he added, “Sister, I shall be very glad to see you at home once more, but my mother must be prepared for the meeting, and I should like to have a little talk with you before you see her.”

I immediately sat down, and began, on

my part, to ask him a great many questions; but I perceived his answers were all constrained, and I became exceedingly alarmed.

“Brother,” said I, at last, “I am sure something very bad is the matter; my father and mother will not forgive me, or something else has happened, which I don't know of. Oh! dear brother, do tell me the worst, I am afraid it is very dreadful!”

“Not dreadful, sister,” said he, “but serious, very trying to us, father came home last night.”

“And is he ill, or what is the matter? do, do tell me.”

“Well, then, sister, he is afraid he must be a bankrupt, and we must give up the shop, and do what we can for ourselves.”

I was thunderstruck. “What,” said I, “is the cause of this?”

“I hardly know how to explain the affair to you, myself,” he answered, “but a

few words will suffice at present : my uncle once lent my father a large sum of money to set him up in business ; that sum was never repaid ; and my uncle never designed it should ; but owing to the dishonesty of the person who managed my uncle's affairs during his long illness, nothing is left for my cousin, and my father will be compelled also to pay this debt in order to satisfy the demands of creditors."

I did not understand my brother's statements, and it is of no use to repeat his explanations, and the consequent discourse that passed between us ; the result was indeed made clear to me that we were a ruined family ; for my father's little savings, and his whole stock-in-trade, would hardly suffice to put every thing straight with my uncle's creditors.

After a burst of tears, I sat in silence, musing upon a scheme which had darted into my head during my conversation with my brother ; and at length I interrupted the silence, exclaiming, "brother, take

courage, we shall never be forsaken, light and deliverance will rise up for us."

"I see not where they are to come from," he replied, "for my part I can think of nothing but of seeing my poor father reduced to beggary.—If I were but a few years older, sister"—

"But I am older than you, brother," interrupted I, "and for what have I been educated, if I cannot help my parents in their time of trouble, and after all the sorrow I have occasioned them, only let me go home, brother, this very day."

"This evening, sister, you shall."

"And now, brother," I answered, "you shall take a note from me to my father. If my father and mother forgive me, I feel that I shall mind nothing that happens to me."

"My brother approved of my intention of writing, and I sat down and wrote the following note; and as I gave my note to my brother, I said, "do not let my father know that I have any scheme in my mind

about our future life, let me have his forgiveness, his full forgiveness first."

These were the words of my note :

DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,

When I last wrote to ask your forgiveness, some weeks ago, I did not know what a weak and foolish creature I was, and what a wicked heart I had. It has pleased God to shew me my sin in his sight, and to humble me for it ; and, dear father, I hope I am penitent, really penitent, for my disobedience and stubbornness to you, and my neglect of my dear, and honoured mother, and my unkindness to Charlotte.

Send me word, dear father, that you and my mother forgive me, and you will make me happy indeed ; and I trust it will always, in future, be the study of my life to be your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

MARY BENNETT.

After my brother had left me I remained for some time alone, in a state of much agitation. Miss Jones found me at last in tears, and upon her asking the cause of them, I did not hesitate to communicate it to her, for I knew that I might depend upon her secrecy; and besides, I wanted to consult her upon the plan which had occurred to me, and which, indeed, had been in part suggested to me by herself: it was, that my cousin and myself should join together in keeping a school, by which we might be enabled to support my dear father and mother, now advancing into years.

“I like your plan well,” said Miss Jones, “and I would have you by all means communicate it to your parents, it may at least do something towards their support; and if you will give me leave, I will consult my father upon the subject, I never think I can do well without his opinion.”

It was getting dusk when my brother

appeared again. Miss Jones wrapped me up warmly, and her sister gave a particular charge to my brother about the care that was to be taken of me, as to warmth and diet, and the old gentleman himself, with his venerable grey head, came to the street door with me, and as he shook my hand, accompanying this expression of kindness with a stiffish bow, he said to me, "We are sorry to part with you, and if my daughters can do any thing for you at any time, be pleased to command their services."

Though I was only going to the distance of two streets' length, I felt much at leaving this kind and hospitable family, and did not speak one word till I reached our shop-door. How did my heart beat as I entered it, feeling that I was returning home in the character of the Prodigal Son. Charlotte and James were looking out for me, and oh, how I valued that kind kiss which Charlotte gave me! "Where are my father and mother?" said I, "take me to them."

My brothers and sister led me to the little back parlour, where they were both together; my eldest brother called away James and Charlotte, and I entered the room alone. The scene that followed seems confused to me, but as well as I can remember, I approached my father and mother, sitting near to each other, and dropped on one knee before them.

“Child, Mary, get up,” said my father, in agitation. My mother bent down, and throwing her arms round me, kissed me more than once, and I felt her tears on my cheeks; my father was going to raise me; “No, father,” I cried, “I will not rise till you say you will forgive me.”

“Forgive thee, child,” he said, “what am I that I should not forgive thee; if thou knowest thyself in a fault, so do I know myself in a greater.”

He raised me then, and kissed me, and the tears were in his eyes. There was a footstool, on which my mother's feet had been resting, and when we were all some-

what calmed, I sat myself down upon it, between both my parents, whilst they comforted and cheered me as in former days, when I had carried to them some of my early troubles; and oh, what sweet feelings of filial love were then rekindled in my bosom! Charlotte at length interrupted us, and led me to my own neat room, and busied herself in every kind office for me.

“And is this the house and the room I once despised?” I said to myself; “they will be justly taken from me; and was this the easy task which I once hated to teach this pleasant little girl? Oh, how do I deserve a heavier task, and more arduous responsibility!”

The kind little girl perceived that I was agitated, and endeavoured to amuse me with all the simple intelligence she had to communicate; she knew nothing of the clouds that were hanging over our heads.

We were soon afterwards assembled for tea, and I made many enquiries about my

cousin : I found that she was visiting a kind relation in London, till her plans were fixed, and that my father was intending, in the course of a few weeks, to return to London. Nothing more of any consequence about family affairs was mentioned at that time ; but my father spoke with great thankfulness of seeing us all together again ; and during the last hour of the evening, Charlotte being permitted to sit up a little later than usual, he gave us a most interesting and delightful account of the last illness and dying moments of my poor uncle.

“ Children,” said he, as he looked upon each of us, having finished the relation of these details, “ it is an awful thing to see death so near to us, we seldom think of it as we ought.”

“ No, indeed, dear father, we do not,” I answered.

“ Well, thank God for any thing that teaches us that lesson,” he continued, “ I am sure that I could not have borne my

troubles, or seen them in the light I do now, a few weeks ago, but my poor dear brother's death has given me instruction, which I hope I shall never forget."

"We used to think he bestowed too much thought upon religion," remarked my mother.

"But we were mistaken, wife; I saw it plainly when I found how he was supported under sharp pain, and other bitter grievances. Oh! with what calmness he declared that he knew in whom he had believed, and could trust his soul, and all that he loved with his Saviour, though the malice of earth and hell were against him!"

"Oh! father," I answered, "what faith!"

"And he exhorted me, not long before he died, to study the scriptures, and seek the one thing needful, both for myself and family."

"I trust we shall, dear father," I said, "and then, surely, we may yet be a happy family."

“ We shall be resigned to the will of Providence, I trust,” returned my father.

In this manner he continued to converse for some time. My mother spoke little ; she never contradicted my father's will, or opposed him in any way, though it may be, that she did not at that time fully understand all his views and sentiments. My brothers and sister listened, but I, risen fresh from a bed of sickness, could enter into his feelings with warm emotions of joy and thankfulness, and almost every remembrance of our trials was at that time lost in these happy sensations. The hour of ten at length struck, and my father desired me to fetch his bible.

“ Children,” said he, “ this is the first evening of our meeting for several weeks ; let us this night begin the good custom of reading a chapter in the bible together, before we go to bed ; and I hope, by the Divine blessing, we shall never leave it off ; and let the boy and the maid be called.”

My father was a man of great decision

of character, and though perhaps he had not then attained to clear religious knowledge, he had caught hold of new views of duty, which he was determined to pursue.

Thus was this happy evening closed; for happy I must call it; thus was spiritual light arising in the midst of temporal difficulties, and truly we had all cause to say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." How true it is, "That the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy."

To outward appearance our prosperity seemed to have come to a close, whilst really we were tasting more of the Peace of God than had ever yet fallen to our share; and as I laid me down on my pillow to rest, having kissed my pretty sleeping Charlotte, I felt the most delightful sense of the tender mercy of my Heavenly Father, and a sweet assurance that all things were working together for our good.

Charlotte had been some time risen,

and the first gleams of the sun were upon the little church I have spoken of, when I awoke the next morning; for having hardly recovered my strength, I had been much exhausted with the fatigue and excitement of the preceding day; and as soon as I was drest, while Charlotte was employed in making breakfast, I went in search of my father, who was busy at his writing-desk, in the small street-parlour; and full of sanguine hope, I laid open to him all my plans about the school. He listened to me, yet seemed absorbed in other things; and when I finished, "Child," answered he, "thy thoughts are kind, but dost thou conceive thou canst maintain thy mother and sister, and thyself, at thy age, put me and thy brothers out of the question?"

"Yes, with my cousin's help," I answered, "I think I could."

"That would be something," he replied, "but what reason have you for thinking that she would like to join in

such a partnership, so disadvantageous to herself? and then, Polly, you did not find it so easy to teach one child, how will it be when you have many tempers to deal with? and I take it, you will find, when you come to practise, that you have learnt very few things yet as you should, and not in such a way as will make you able to teach them to others."

My father's words were like a chill to my whole soul, and I stood silent before him for some time, while he turned again to his desk.

"Father," said I, at last, "Miss Jones approved of my plan."

"May be, child," he answered, "but she did not take every thing into consideration."

"And can I do nothing for you and my mother?" I asked, and the tears ran down my cheeks.

My father seemed somewhat moved, and turning, and looking at me, "Polly," he said, "you must be patient, and wait

awhile; I thank you for your good wishes, but we must not entangle ourselves with new schemes till we know what we are about; leave me alone now, child, I have a great deal of business to do in which I cannot be interrupted."

I left the parlour with the feelings of one whose circumstances were quite desperate, and went up into my room, where I had a hearty fit of crying. It soon occurred to me that I had the privilege of being permitted to carry even this sorrow to my Heavenly Father, and I knelt down and prayed for support and direction; and I soon remembered that it behoved me to receive this disappointment with humility and patience, for how could I expect that my father could place any important confidence in one who had hitherto shewn such weakness of purpose, and such want of application to the regular duties of life?—"Let me endeavour, by divine assistance," I said to myself, "to shew my father that I am willing to apply with diligence to

any duty which comes within my way, and that I shrink from none, and then perhaps he will allow me to make some attempt at more important usefulness."

Just then my brother James came up stairs to call me to breakfast, and I dried my tears, and putting as much sun-shine as I could into my face, I made haste to join the party.

The remainder of that day was chiefly spent with my mother, in relating to her the details of what I had gone through since we had last parted; the account of which she was anxious to receive from my own mouth.

The next morning I was down stairs in good time; when my father came in to breakfast, he seemed occupied with his own thoughts; my mother did not at that time rise so early. We were for a short time all silent; but presently James turned suddenly to me, and cried out, "Sister, we have not had an apple-pie since you went out."

“Have not you?” said I.

“My mother has been ill, and Betty has been very busy, so that nobody has had time to make one; and we shall not be any better off now, for you know too much to make an apple-pie.”

“I don't know enough, I should think,” I answered, laughing, “if I do not know how to make an apple-pie; and besides, your cousin, who knows so much more than I do, can make very nice apple-pies.”

“But then she does not bother so with books as you do,” cried James.

I believe I coloured, for I felt vexed at this speech, and John turned round and reproved him.

“Now James,” said I, recovering myself, “I do not know so very much as you think I do, and if I did, how would it hinder my making an apple-pie? now give me a reason for that.”

“Why, one thing,” said he, “is, that learning makes people proud, and then they are above making apple-pies.”

“Don't you remember,” I answered, “what cousin used to say, that if people read their bible properly, other knowledge would not make them proud?”

“But then, sister, if you are reading all day long, you can't have time to make apple-pies.”

“O, but there is a time for all things; I do not mean to be reading all day long, I mean to be very orderly, James, you shall see.”

“And then, again, sister, if you have your head always full of Ety or Entomology, and such things, you cannot be thinking of apple-pies.”

“Nay, James,” said I, “have not you been lately reading the History of England at your odd times? and does that hinder your attending to measuring riband any more than cracking nuts with the boy at the street door, used to do?”

“That's quite fair, sister,” returned John, “besides now I should think that improving one's mind in one way, would

make one able to use one's mind in another."

"But there's no mind wanted in making an apple-pie," said James.

"Now, James, you are mistaken there," I answered, "and to prove it, I will give you a history of some raspberry puffs which cousin made the very day I left home, and you will see there was mind in the making of those puffs."

My father looked up as I spoke, and I believe he listened to all that passed afterwards.

"Well, come, sister," cried James, "tell us the Life and Adventures of a Raspberry Puff, and make out what mind there was in it."

"Now, to begin," said I, "cousin was sitting at work, after breakfast, by me and Charlotte, when my mother came in, and asked her to make some raspberry puffs, for she was forced to go out quite suddenly. My cousin consented very obligingly, as she always did, and when my mother was

gone, she called Betty into the room, and she said to her, 'Betty, I have a little needle-work to finish, which must be done by eleven o'clock, and therefore I cannot come into the kitchen till that time, but in the meanwhile please to let every thing be put in its place, and all I want got ready, and then I shall lose no time;' so Betty went away, and before it struck eleven, my cousin had finished her work, and carried it away, and returned in her neat white apron, quite ready for her fresh employment; and as she came into the room, she said to me and Charlotte, 'I once read in a History of France of a famous minister of state, who despatched a great deal of business, and upon being asked his secret of doing so much more than other people, he answered, that he never did but one thing at a time; I have never forgotten this,' she continued, 'and if it is possible, I always put away the thoughts and the litters of one employment before I

begin another, and I would wish too to put away all that has been wrong in it.' ”

“ That is not like Betty,” cried James, “ she is such a confused creature.”

“ No mind,” I cried—“ so then having said this, my cousin stepped down to see if all was ready for her, and presently coming in again, she said to me, ‘ Betty has been buying us some very indifferent flour.’

‘ You must send her for more,’ I answered.

‘ No,’ she said, ‘ that will not do, she has business enough before dinner without going out again, and the boy is engaged ; but I will try an experiment which I read of yesterday, in a little work on Chemistry ; it is that of mixing with the flour a certain ingredient, which I happen to have by me ;’ she then went into her room in search of the book in question, weighed out the ingredient, and returned to her business ; and before my mother came back, the puffs were made and baked, and

my cousin up stairs again at her needle-work, with clean hands, and quite neat for dinner, and I am sure the puffs were good."

"Well, child," said my father, when I had finished my story, "you have made your case out—go on acting after this way, Polly, and I shall never say again what I did the day after the fire, about the clothes' basket."

My dear father spoke in this kind way to comfort me, for I know he perceived the day before that I was out of spirits, and perhaps he thought he had been rough with me.

I undertook an apple-pie for dinner, and I had, upon the whole, good success; and James himself told me that I had done almost as well as my cousin.

After dinner, I busied myself, with Charlotte's help, in arranging my books, and other possessions, which were all quite out of order. I undertook the employment, however, with a heavy heart, think

ing that all my comforts at home were soon to be given up.

My father continued for some days to be deeply engaged with his accounts, and spoke little when with us ; but he did not give up to despondency, and continued to read his chapter regularly every night. As for my poor mother, as her illness had been at first brought on chiefly by uneasiness, so it was now kept up by it ; she continued extremely low and dispirited, though I believe she had been rather better since my return. During this time I had twice seen Miss Jones, but only for a few minutes, she having been very busy.

It was on the evening of the fourth day after my return, that my father came into the back parlour, where my mother and myself were sitting at work, and his manner was unusually agitated.

“ Wife,” said he, “ I have had a letter from London, and I must set off by the Telegraph to-morrow.”

“ Must you ?” asked my mother.

“And you must prepare yourselves,” continued he, “for whatever may happen when I am there.”

My mother sighed deeply.

“Keep up your spirits,” he returned, “we have had many years of comfort, and let us be thankful for these, and put our trust in God for the time to come.”

The tears ran down my mother’s cheeks, and my father brushed one away from his own eyes.

“If the worst come to the worst,” he continued, “the young ones must work a little harder than they have done, and as for you and me, a small matter will do for us.”

“Oh!” thought I to myself, “may I be enabled to procure that little for you!”

“Child,” said my father, turning briskly towards me, “let my bag be got ready, I must be off early, you know.”

He then left the room, and my dear mother threw down her work, and laying her head back in her chair, covered her

face with her handkerchief, and began to weep bitterly, whilst I sat musing for a while, quite lost in the consideration of my own plans.

How long we had been thus occupied, I can hardly tell, when a gentle knock was heard at the door, and in walked our old friend Mr. Jones. This good man was one of those men who are always overlooked in the world, but much beloved where known; his white hair curling round his smooth forehead, and a stoop in his shoulders, gave him an appearance of being older than he really was; he generally looked down as if unoccupied by what was passing around him, but when his countenance was upraised it shewed an expression of gentleness and humility that were peculiarly pleasing. He bowed to me upon his entrance, according to his usual custom, as if I were a lady, and said in a very kind manner, that he hoped I was better; and then he took the arm-chair I set for him opposite my mother.

She raised her head on hearing his step, and looking up earnestly in his face, she burst again into tears: "Oh! Mr. Jones," she cried, "are you come to see us in our distress? we are, I fear, a ruined family."

"Not ruined, madam," he said, "you are not forsaken of our Heavenly Father."

"Oh, sir," said my mother, "you do not know our circumstances."

"It is not well to speak of them," he replied, "till it becomes quite necessary to do so, you may injure your family very materially."—He then inquired of me where my father was, not having seen him in the shop.

"Oh, he is going to-morrow to London!" continued my mother.

"To-morrow!" repeated the old gentleman, "I should like to speak with him—can I do it now?"

I went immediately in search of my father, and found him at his desk in the street parlour, and conducted Mr. Jones to him, and about an hour afterwards, the

old gentleman returned into the room where we had been sitting, to look for his stick.—I happened to be alone—“Miss Mary,” he said, “my daughter tells me you have some good plans for the assistance of your parents—I like them well—God will bless you if you honour your parents.”

Oh, how happy did these words make me! “Kind Mr. Jones,” I answered, almost with tears, “you do not know the comfort you give me;” and I was proceeding to ask him several questions, but he seemed unwilling to enter into farther discourse, and turned away from me, and with his wonted low bow, he left the room.

When my father made his appearance at tea-time, he told us that Mr. Jones had some business in London, and was going up with him. He spoke little during the evening, but in parting charged us all to be very silent as to our affairs, or our difficulties might be much increased.

Charlotte called me time enough the next morning to give my father his break-

fast, and walk with him to the coach ; and on returning home I felt so much encouraged by the few words Mr. Jones had said to me, that I determined to set to work in earnest again with Charlotte's lessons, which had not been resumed since my return. My mother's long illness had occasioned many domestic affairs to be much out of order, and through my ignorance, I was slow in putting things to rights ; but with my mother's advice and direction, having got over some of the first difficulties, I set myself in earnest to consider how I might discharge those offices in the family, to which my mother's health still rendered her incompetent, and at the same time devote a proper share of my attentions to my little sister. In doing this I found much need for the use of judgment, and perceived that the habit of exercising my understanding, even in the small way I had hitherto done, and though upon subjects of a very different nature, was really beneficial to me. I consulted

my brother John in some of my difficulties, and found his kind advice very useful to me; for he, like my father, was orderly and methodical in all he did. In a little while I attained to some satisfactory arrangement of my hours, and though I had not yet gained any thing like proper authority over Charlotte, I found no difficulty in engaging her to fall in with all my plans, for she could always be influenced by kindness and affection; and under present circumstances my plan of instruction could not be elaborate. She had been accustomed to wait upon my mother, and to help her in rising during her illness; and whilst she continued these attentions, I employed myself in assisting the servant in the making of apple-pies, and such other useful things. I endeavoured to finish my domestic affairs before our early dinner, and also to hear some of my sister's lessons. We walked when dinner was over, and I concluded my labours with Charlotte before, or after tea,

as was most convenient ; they were carried on in my mother's presence, for she did not like being alone, and our quiet cheerful employments seemed to afford her some amusement. My brothers also occasionally read to us when they had done with their business in the shop. Meanwhile we were anxiously expecting my father's return, and had not yet received any letter from him, though above a week had elapsed since he left us.

Winter was now completely set in, and one fine clear frosty day, my brother James said to me at dinner, " I wish, sister, you would walk with me to the next village, I have a large parcel of mourning articles to take there, and you know it is a very pretty place, and while I am waiting at the house, you can walk about the church yard."

I consented, and just as we were setting out, Miss Jones called to tell me that she had received a letter from her father, by a private hand, and that he said in it, he

hoped he should return by the Telegraph on that very day, or at latest, on the day following.

“ We are going to walk on the London road, and to your favourite village,” I said, “ will you come with us ? we shall perhaps meet the coach.”

She made no objection, and we all set out together ; James and Charlotte first, and Miss Jones and I last. We left my mother a little better.

The village we were going to was the very one whose little church glittered in every morning sun from my window. The church, as I have said before, stood upon a woody hill, and the large house at which my brother was to call lay at the bottom of the hill. After a walk of about two miles along the turnpike road, we arrived at the gate which led to the large house, and here parting from my brother, we ascended a little narrow winding path, between underwood of nuts and alders, and overhanging birch trees, till we reached

the open summit of the hill, where, in the midst of a church-yard, sloping on all sides down to a thick fringe of trees, stood the spire church, a plain, but elegant little building. The sexton was covering up a fresh grave, and the door of the porch had not been closed since a funeral had taken place, and the evening sun resting full upon it, we were invited to sit down within, and found it warm enough to be comfortable, though the air without was sharp and cold, and the grass under the shade of the yew trees below us was still white with frost. Beneath we could see the village spreading down the hill side to the broad turnpike road.

“ Oh, how pleasant !” cried Charlotte, “ and I can see our town on one side, and the London road reaching from it on the other side, till it is lost behind that distant clump of fir trees, and there is the river and its bridge before us, and those pleasant meadows where we gathered cowslips last spring, and the low ground where Miss

Jones and cousin shewed us the grass of Parnassus, and there is the little round hill where father goes to drink the mineral waters !” and so the child went on, till her eye catching some holly trees in the hedge covered with red berries, she ran away after them, leaving Miss Jones and myself alone.

“ I shall always love this village,” said Miss Jones, after a few minutes silence, “ my mother was born in that low white house amongst the trees, on our right hand, and she was buried in this church-yard. Almost the first thing I can remember is being taken by her to my grandfather's house ; I remember the tulips in their garden, and their poultry-yard, and my grandmother bidding me be an industrious little girl, and do as my mother told me. My grandfather was a good man, and had been many years curate of this parish.”

“ Your mother was a very good woman,

too," I answered, "I have been often told so."

"I have heard my father say," replied Miss Jones, "that my mother had no inheritance but her bible, but since she had learned to love that book, it was a better portion to him than a thousand guineas; her memory is still fresh in his mind, and I am sure she was a good mother to us, as long as she lived; she took the greatest pains with us."

"Do you remember much of what she taught you?" I asked.

"I remember well," answered Miss Jones, "her calling me to her one day, when I had been asking to be taught some kind of embroidery, then in fashion; I think I can see now her pale countenance, for she was consumptive for several years before her death, and her thin hands, between which she placed mine: 'Little Patty,' said she, 'I have no time to teach you such things as these; I shall soon be taken away from you, and the instruction

I must give you, is how you may serve God, and be useful to your poor father ; I must teach you the way of salvation for the next world, the knowledge of God, your Creator, your Saviour, and your Sanctifier ; and as to this world, you must learn to be clean and civil, orderly and industrious ; you must read well, and sew well, and write well, and count well, and learn to do useful things in the house, that will make your poor father comfortable when I am gone ; and then, if you have any more time left, you may learn other things that are less important.”

“ But that time,” continued Miss Jones, “ I have never had : I was left very early, the eldest of a large family ; my dear mother lived till she had taught me, in some degree, how to manage for my father, and since that time my hands have been quite full.”

“ Ah !” said I, “ you have been always putting your knowledge into practice,

whether it was much or little—how unlike to me !”

“ No,” answered she, “ I have not put my knowledge in practice, as I ought ; I have nothing to boast of, I have left undone the things I ought to have done, and done the things I ought not ; but God has wonderfully prospered and blessed me, and I am very happy, I have the best of fathers, and my sisters treat me almost with the love and respect of a mother.”

“ I never heard so much of your history before,” said I.

“ Indeed,” she answered, “ I fear I have been talking more than is becoming ; but the sight of this place brings so many things to my remembrance, that my heart seems to run over.”

I was going to tell her how interesting her discourse was to me, when I saw Charlotte running towards us, crying out, “ The coach ! the coach ! I see the coach ! and I have found a short way down the hill, and if you will make haste to follow

me, we may meet it just as it stops at the public house, and we shall see if Mr. Jones is in it, and he will tell us about father!"

We followed Charlotte down the hill, and planted ourselves behind some bushes which adjoined the garden of the little public house. We presently heard the lively sound of the bugle, and the prancing horses fast approaching, and in a few minutes the coach had drawn up before the little inn door.

"O! there is Mr. Jones," cried Charlotte, "he is in the inside, and one lady with him—I declare, I do think it is cousin!" and the child clapped her hands.

The old gentleman put his white head out of the window, and catching a glimpse of his daughter behind little Charlotte, he made what haste he could to get out of the coach, and came up to the place where we stood.

Miss Jones pressed forwards to meet

him, and they stood for a while apart, conversing together; whilst Charlotte and I were trying to find out who the lady within was, and whether an old gentleman on the outside, in a brown wig, and drab great coat, and his face muffled up in a large handkerchief, was indeed my father; but neither of these individuals were at all disposed to exhibit themselves, and our curiosity remained unsatisfied, till Mr. Jones had returned to his place, and the coachman smacking his whip, the coach had gone quite out of sight.

“Now, Miss Jones,” we both cried out, “what news of my father?”

“You may see him in an hour’s time,” she replied, “and your cousin too, and both, I hope, quite well.”

“Oh! joy! joy!” cried Charlotte, clapping her hands again, “let us make haste back to the town.”

“No,” answered Miss Jones, “that will not be using your brother handsomely; we must wait till he has finished his

business; my sister is at home to receive my father, and your mother to receive yours, and I find my father has promised to drink tea at your house this evening, and we may be back very easily by tea-time, without disappointing your brother, and I hope we shall spend a pleasant evening together."

I made no answer, for I remembered my father's forebodings when he left us. As for Charlotte, she capered about the field till my brother appeared coming out of the large gates of the mansion house, and she ran to tell him the good news, and it is to be supposed we did not walk very slowly towards home. We had waited, however, some time for my brother, after the disappearance of the coach, and we could not make the same speed that the coach had done, so that before we had arrived at home, the daylight had quite gone, and the great lamp over our shop door was lighted.

Upon our entrance within the house,

we were delighted to find that my father and Mr. Jones had got rid of their incumbrances, and were seated in our warm back parlour. My cousin, in her neat mourning dress, was placed by my mother's arm chair, and the tea-things, and a hissing kettle were waiting our return.

Oh! with what new eyes did I look upon my cousin! How different was my reception of her from that I had once given her in my days of pride and folly! She was a good deal agitated at our meeting, and I thought looked pale and worn, as if she had gone through a great deal. My dear father expressed more pleasure at seeing us than I had dared to expect, and to my enquiring eye I fancied there was much more cheerfulness in his countenance than there had been when he left us, and I was pleased to hear him say in a brisk voice, "Come, Polly, let us have some tea, and then you shall hear my adventures."

My best tea was presently poured out,

and Charlotte carried about hot muffins and toast to the travellers, and we were pleased to hear them tell us that their tea was to their liking, and that they found themselves refreshed by it.

At length Betty carried away the tea-things, and then my father looking at my mother's anxious countenance, for uneasy she had appeared all the time we had been sitting together, "Now, my dear," he said, "I will tell you the adventures of my journey; that is to say, I will tell you such a measure of them as will interest all present, and such as are in any way connected with the future plans I have to propose."

I ought here to mention that James was by this time gone into the shop, and that Charlotte had been sent to assist in some little preparations in the kitchen.

"Well, dear father," said I, with a throbbing heart.

There was a silence of a few minutes.

"Wife, children," continued my father,

“ I have begged Mr. Jones to be present on this occasion, because it is due to him to hear what he has done for a whole family. Children—he has saved us from ruin.”

Here my father’s voice faltered, and Miss Jones was much affected.

“ Do, my dear, explain yourself,” cried my mother, extremely agitated.

“ I am like a child,” said my father, “ I seem as if I had lost my self-possession ; but I will try again : you know that before I left home I was under fears of being obliged to give up every thing I possessed in the world, and of being reduced, after thirty years hard work, to total beggary. You may not all know the exact circumstances of the case—but that is no matter—I had cruelty and roguery to deal with—and from this ruin nothing could have saved me, if Mr. Jones, my old—my valued friend, had not stepped in.”

“ I have done nothing more for you,”

said Mr. Jones, "than you would have done for me in the same circumstances—you have only to return thanks to God."

"I thank God," replied my father, "and desire to do it with my *whole* heart; but I will thank *you* too."

"Well, dear father," I interrupted, "finish."

"Child," he replied, "Mr. Jones helped me to look into my books and affairs here—he accompanied me to London—he went into all my difficulties with me—he did all that could be done to extricate me from them, and finding, at last, no other means were left for doing so, he himself furnished me with money to pay off the demands upon me, which I could not satisfy; and I return to my home a loser, indeed, of what I have put by in latter years, yet still able to carry on my business with unimpaired credit and respectability; to keep my children together, and maintain my family in the comfort to which they have been used. All that now remains for us is

to consider in what way we may increase our profits, so as to be enabled to repay the principal and interest of the debt we have incurred."

"Which," said Mr. Jones, "I trust will never be called for till it falls quite within your convenience that it should; whilst I live, my children, I bless God, are wanting for nothing."

"Kind, good Mr. Jones!" said my mother, clasping her hands together.

My brother spoke his thanks, and I am sure I felt them. Several interesting and agitating minutes followed.

"And now, father," said I, anxiously, and clearing my voice, "now for your plan of increasing your income."

"You may guess it, Polly," said he; "when you first communicated your scheme of a school, I cannot say that I approved of it, I did not think you experienced enough for such a plan; and there was no reason why your cousin should work for us. But things are some-

what altered now; I can give my niece a home with us, which she is pleased to prefer to any other; and finding that you had spoken with Miss Jones on the subject, I mentioned it to her father, and he approved of the scheme in various points of view; and besides all this, to speak the honest truth, Polly, I have seen more plain good sense in you since your illness than I gave you credit for—so all these things considered, I determined to broach the matter to your cousin, and she liking the thoughts of it well, you have now my full approbation for putting the plan into execution, provided that it can be carried on under my own roof; so now all that remains is for you to lay your heads together how to arrange matters for the best, and to set to work in earnest after Christmas.”

My mother and I were again strangely affected with all this, and we wept for a few minutes like children, and again thanked Mr. Jones and Miss Jones, and

kissed dear cousin, who was come to abide with us ; and then drying up our tears, we began, in the ebullition of our spirits, to plan how the nice large dining-room should be given up to the children on week days, and then what door the children should go in and out at, and so forth, till my father called us to order, and bid us take things quietly, and not be in such a hurry ; “ Besides,” continued he, “ I have not finished all I have to say.”

So we put on as much composure as we could, and placed ourselves again in a posture of listening ; and my father recommenced speaking in a very serious manner.

“ Wife, and children,” said he, “ our late trials have caused me much and deep anxiety, besides depriving me of some hundreds I had saved ; but I wish to say, that I look upon my afflictions as a great blessing ; I have said something of this before, when alluding to my brother’s death ; but I wish to repeat it before Mr. Jones and his daughter, for^s I hope that

for the time to come we shall all cultivate more intimacy with them than has yet been the case; and I desire this, not merely because Mr. Jones has so befriended us, but because the spirit of his family is a better one than ours has ever been. As for me and my family, we have loved the world too well; and I own that I have often thought that Mr. Jones, as well as my brother, carried religion too far; but, I thank God, I see things differently; the life and death of the righteous have indeed been sermons to me, and may you, son and daughter, profit by my experience, and learn to use all you have and are to God's glory."

"I trust we shall," returned my brother; and then my father, with a countenance expressing much emotion, reached out his hand to Mr. Jones, and gave it a most hearty and friendly shake.

Again the scene became almost painfully interesting; the old man seemed to share in the general feeling. This happy

evening was closed by a cheerful supper, at which Charlotte was allowed to be present ; and by our fervent union in our new plan of devotion, so lately and happily established.

I might now bring my little history to its close, yet before I quite conclude it, I should like to relate that our plans respecting our school were speedily put in execution, and were crowned with all the success we anticipated. My dear cousin was fully equal to the undertaking, but for myself, when I came to teach constantly and systematically, I found more and more that I knew nothing as I ought ; and instead of priding myself on my superior knowledge, I had cause to blush for my ignorance ; but early rising and application, under my cousin's kind direction, soon produced the same arrangement in my mental faculties which I was gradually learning to make in all my outward plans. I filled up by degrees the faulty links in my chain of knowledge, and learnt, more-

over, that that chain is never brilliant or beautiful but when worn upon the neck of religion.

The two youngest Miss Jones's were among our first pupils; and in due time the youngest Miss Simpson came to us, and she being a child of no ordinary capacity, eagerly drank in instruction; and I am thankful to say that the intercourse between my cousin and the Simpsons, has become a cause of much good to that family generally; and my father thinks that even the young man is very materially improved.

It is my cousin's object in the instructions she gives our little pupils, as far as she is able, to bestow upon them all the advantages of modern and enlightened discoveries, while she retains every thing valuable in what is old. With respect to manners, while she instructs her pupils to avoid formality, and stiffness, and awkward bashfulness, she is still more anxious to teach them to rise up before the hoary

head, to pay honour to whom honour is due, and to know when and how to be silent:—habits so despised in these days, that we should hardly believe that the directions for them were to be found in the bible.

My father's affairs are gradually becoming more comfortable, and I trust that he will soon owe no debt but that of gratitude to good Mr. Jones. We see a great deal of him and his family, and mix more now with the Simpsons than we did at one time; we receive continued benefit from the first family, and as I said before, I hope the Simpsons are gaining real benefit from their intercourse with my father and cousin.

My cousin is very happy in her present home, and has really blooming cheeks.

My dear mother enjoys much peace and cheerfulness, though her strength is but feebleness, and her health, I fear, declining.

As for my father, he has been quite a

young man in health and spirits since his religious views have been clearer ; and his practice is of a most decided character.

Charlotte and my brother James are growing in grace, I trust, as they are in stature.

My brother John is quite a man, and a great comfort to my father.

We have now been carrying on our school about five years, and how much longer we shall do so is yet uncertain ; but I thank God I have learnt to be quite contented and thankful in my present state, and can trust my Heavenly Father with all my future plans.—I am sure that we may be happy under every circumstance, if we employ our talents to *His* glory, seeking for His Spirit to direct us, and trusting to His mercy in a Redeemer to accept of ourselves and of our unprofitable services.

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