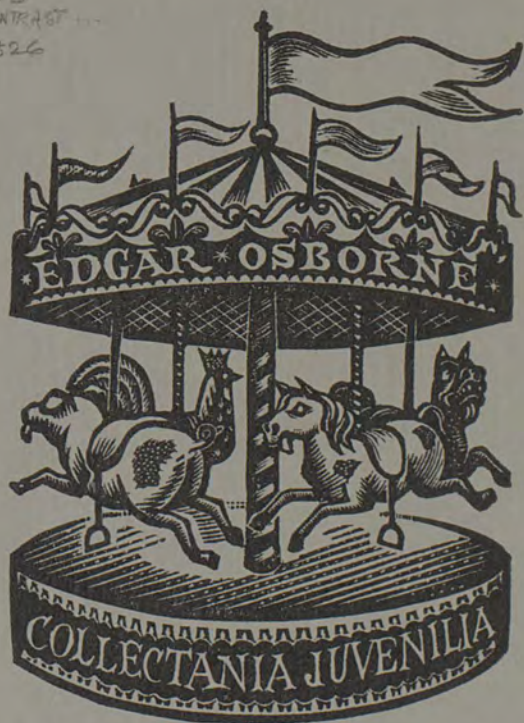
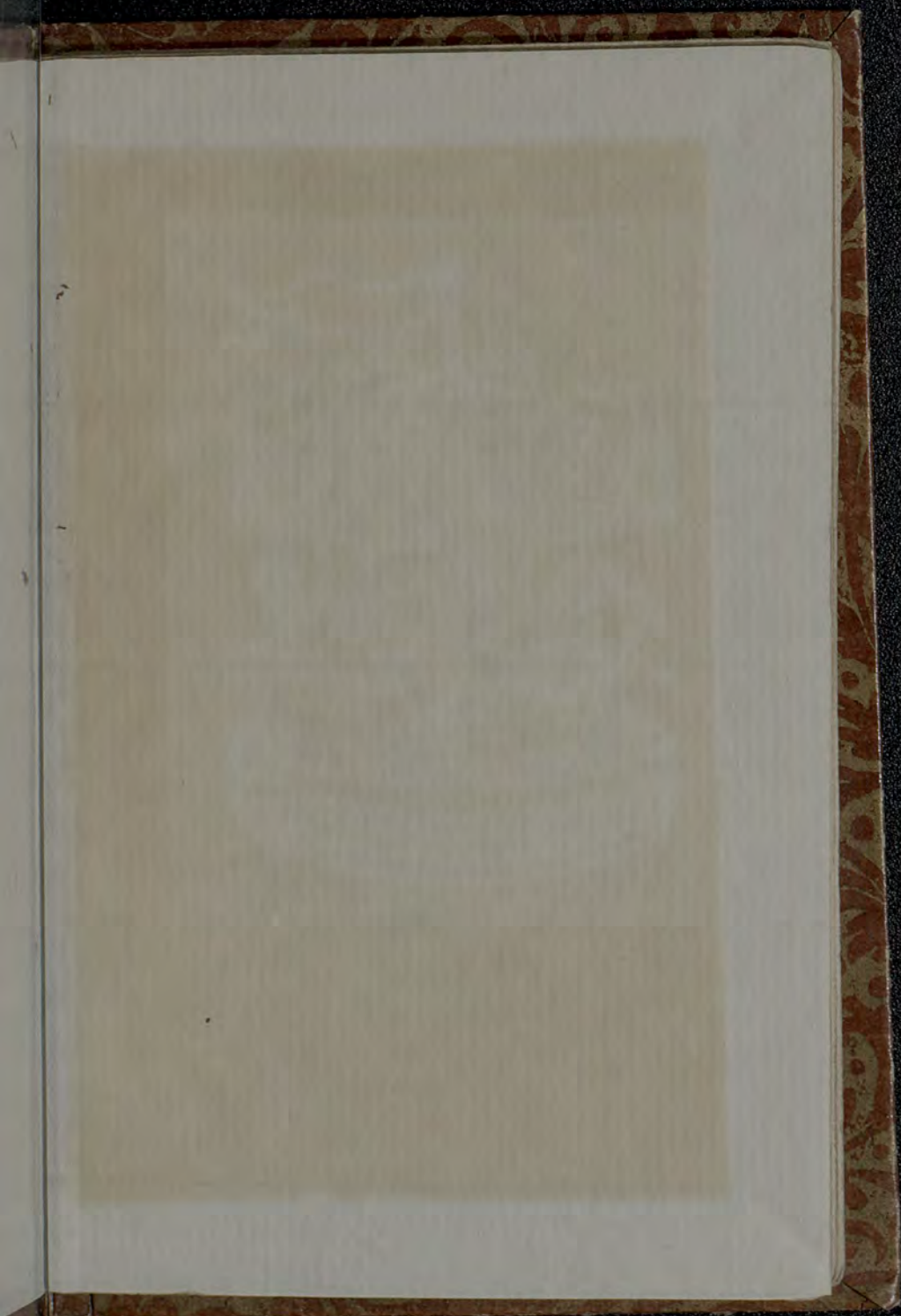


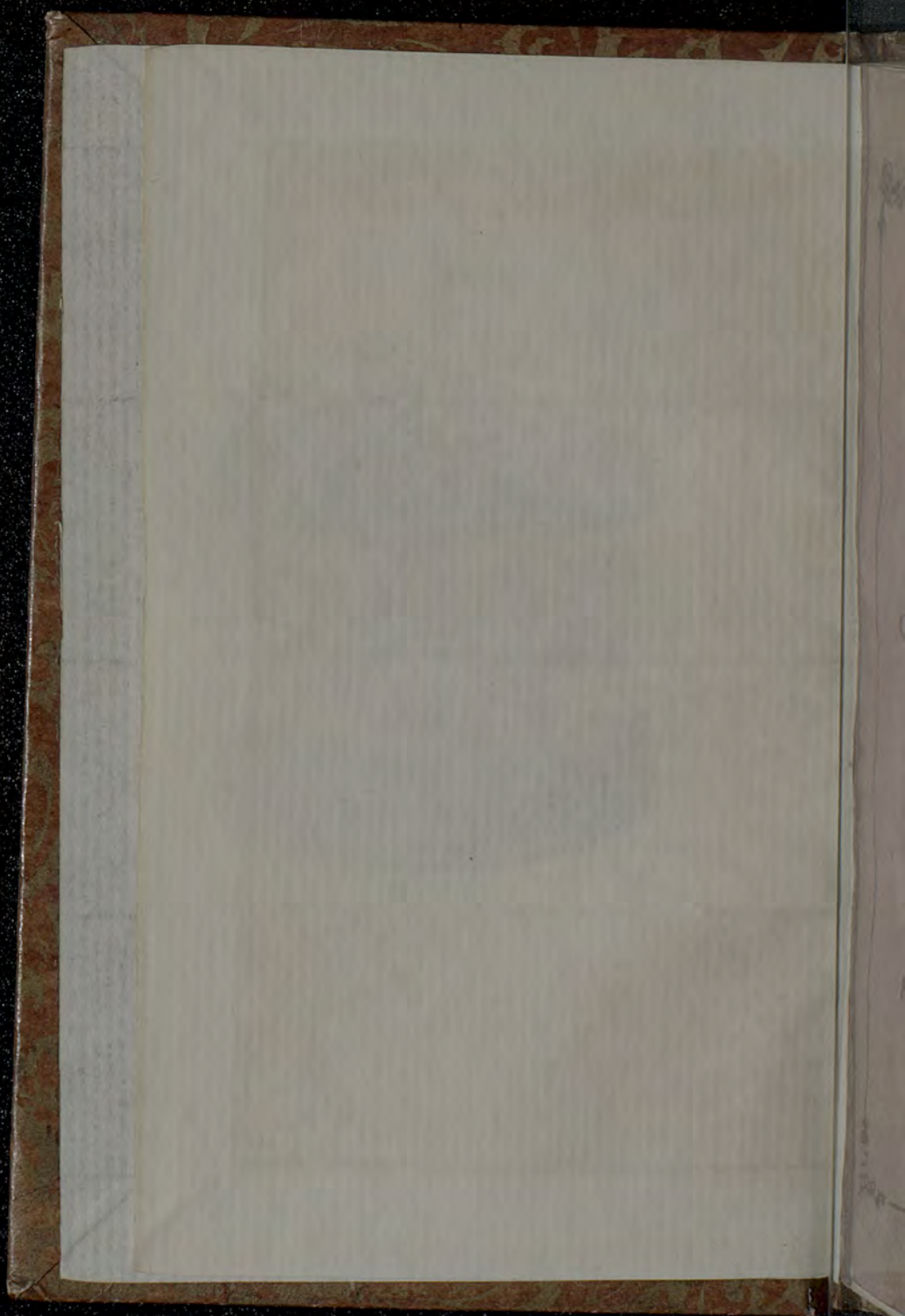
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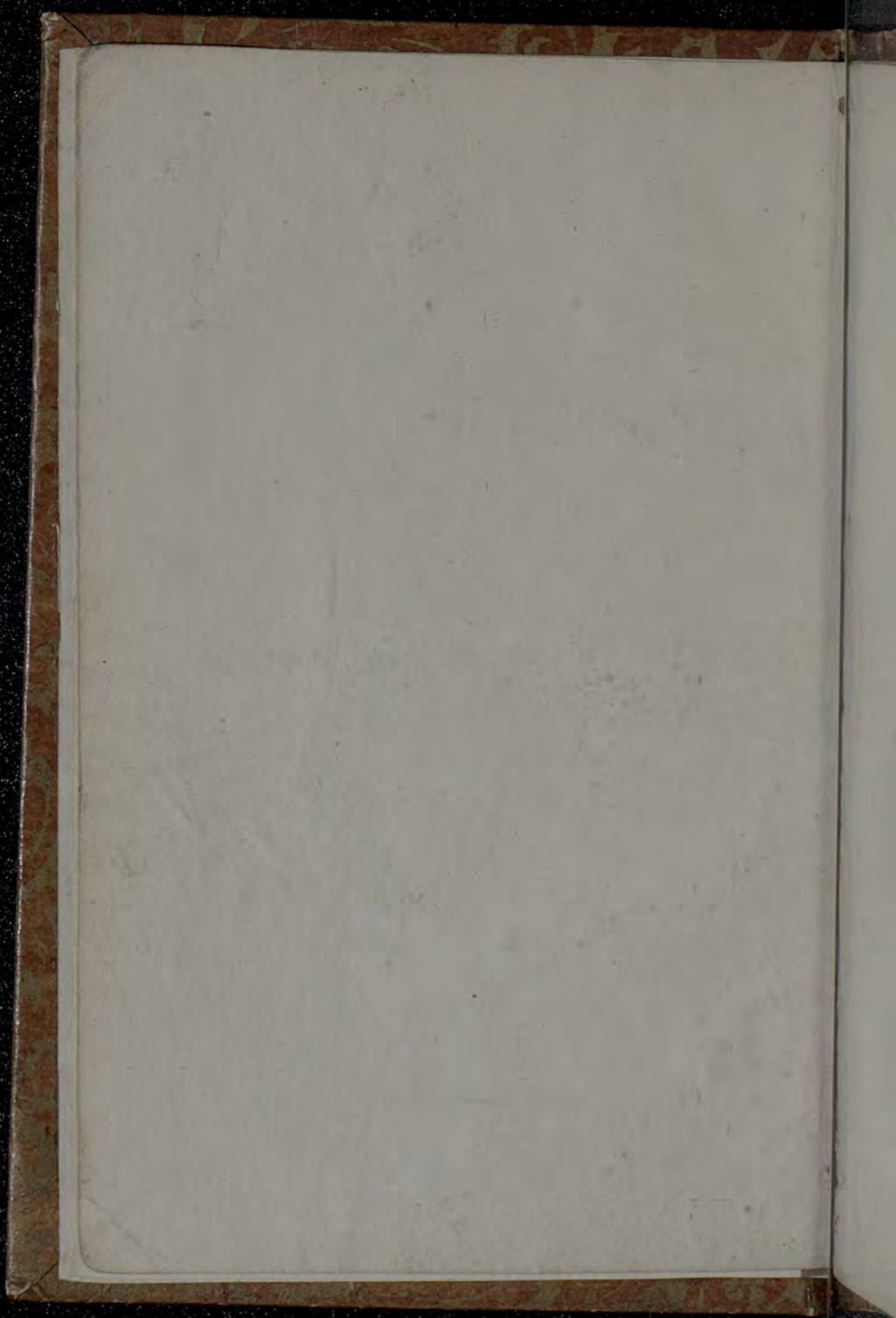


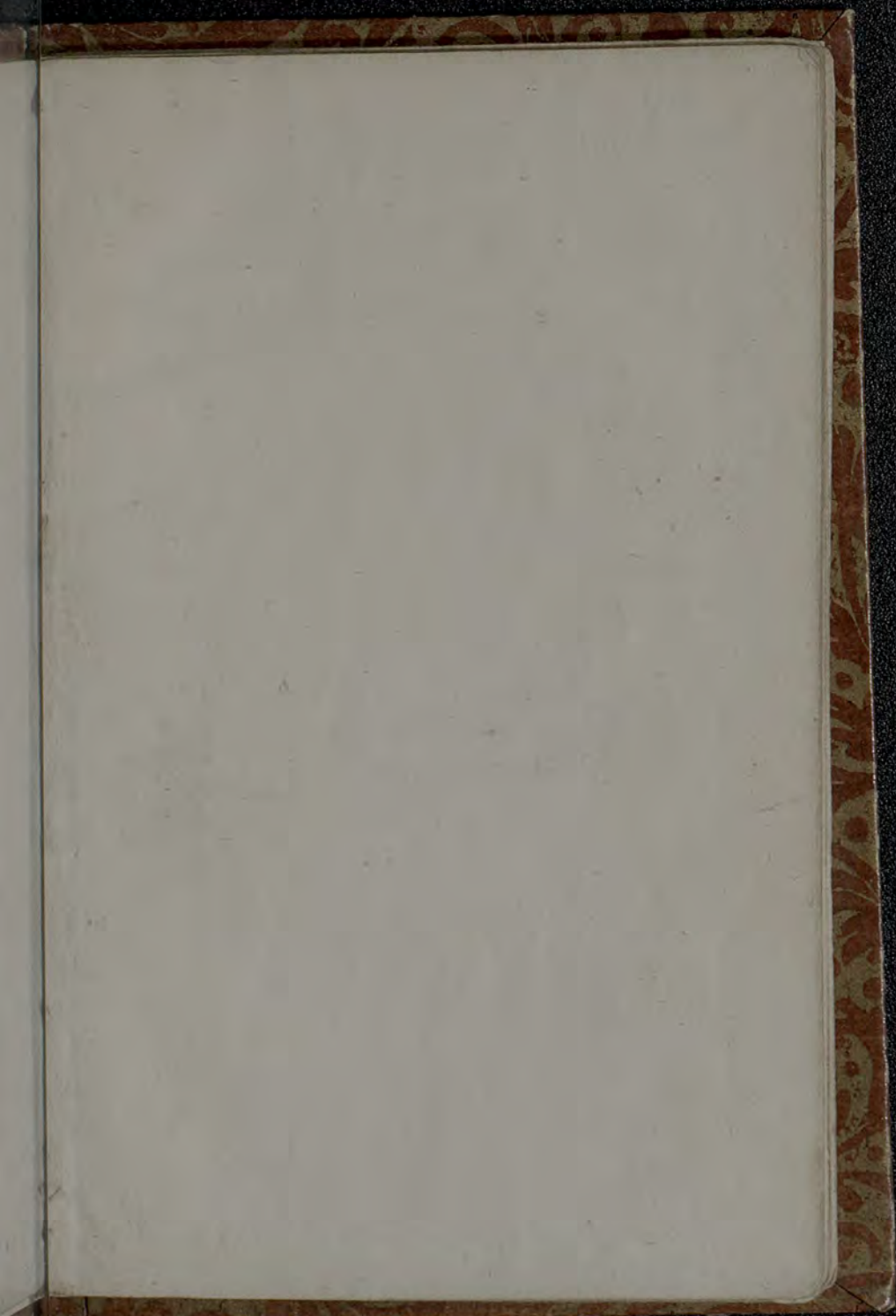


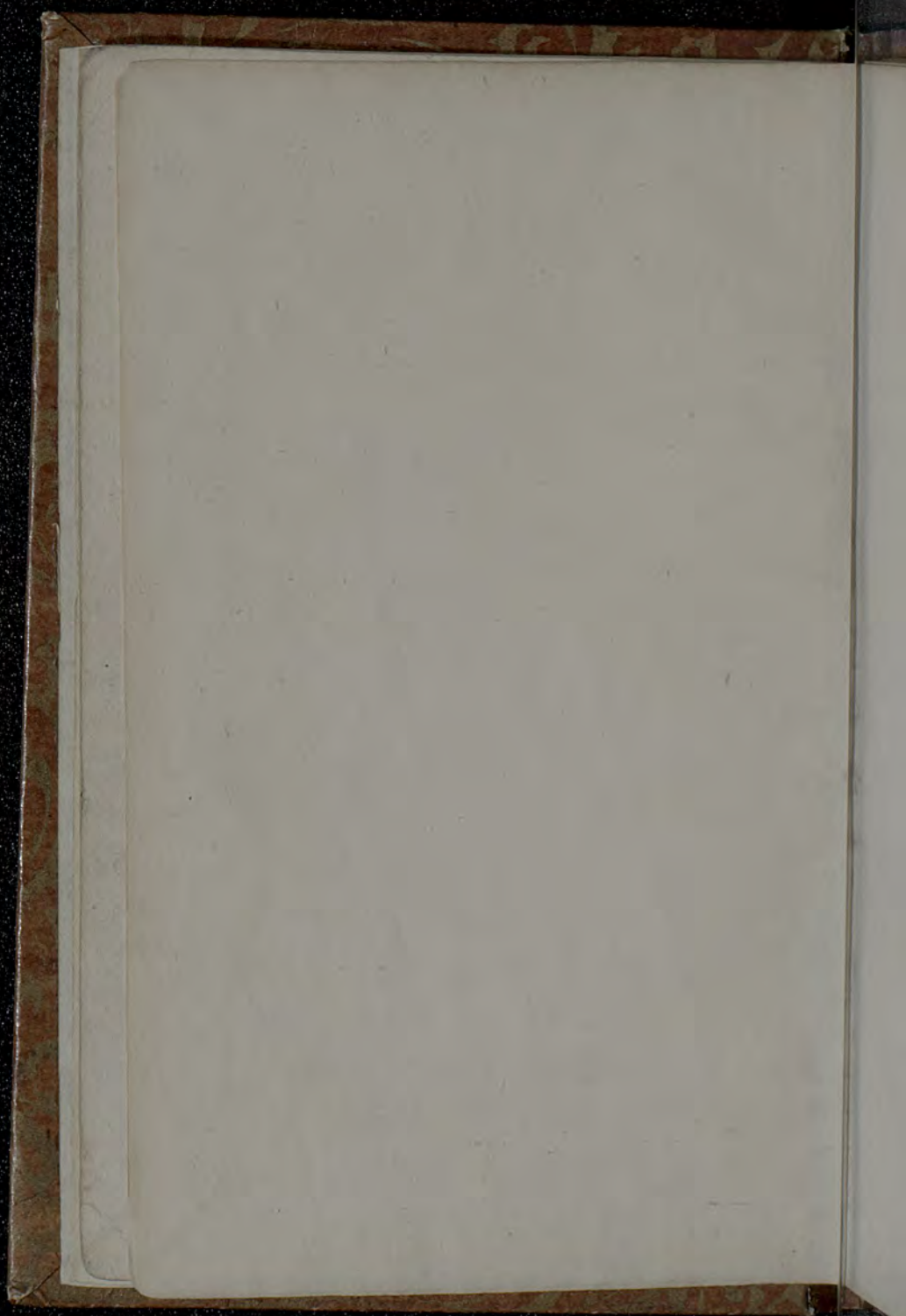
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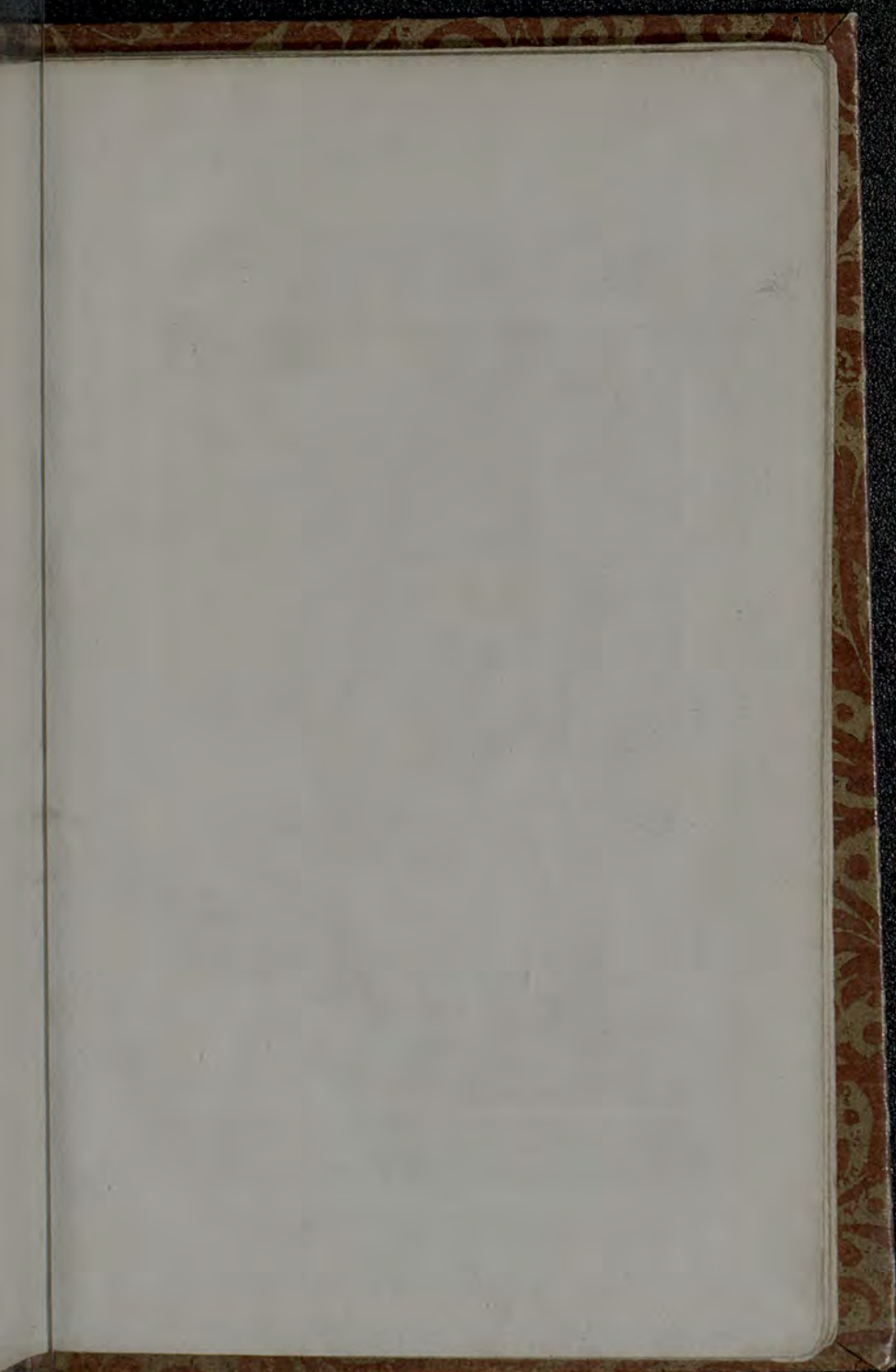
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Page 20.

Caroline & Emma.

London. Published by Harvey & Darton. 1826.

*Miss Pease's kind present
to the little THE Miss*

CONTRAST;

OR,

CAROLINE AND EMMA.

INTENDED TO

CONVINCE LITTLE GIRLS

THAT

PERSEVERANCE IS NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1826.

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GENERAL AND PARTIAL

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

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IT is impossible for us to succeed in any difficult undertaking, without industry and perseverance; —without firmly resolving to surmount the little obstacles that may retard our progress, and determining to finish what we have once begun. From the want of this useful habit, I have sometimes seen even intelligent children daunted at the outset, and have, not unfrequently, heard them exclaim, “ Oh! impossible; I am sure I can never finish it! I am tired already;

it is quite in vain to try any more! Oh, no: I liked it when it was fresh; but now that the novelty is worn off, it seems tedious and uninteresting. Indeed, I shall take no further pains!" Now how much better would it be if such children would be prevailed on to continue their undertakings, instead of making these useless exclamations. Perseverance would most probably ensure their success; for it much more frequently happens that we renounce some intended project because we have not sufficient patience to continue it, than because we *cannot* do so. There is something so delightful in the consciousness of having sur-

mounted trifling obstacles, and in the pleasure of finding our efforts rewarded, that I am ready to imagine many children would consider this as stimulus enough, had they once allowed themselves to taste it. The good and the ill effects of perseverance will be well exemplified in the opposite characters of two little girls of my acquaintance, who, although tenderly attached to each other, differ as much as possible in their dispositions.

Emma, the eldest, is all life and vivacity, and possesses good sense and good temper. But, alas! many of her amiable qualities are sadly counterbalanced by the want of perseverance,

whether as it regards her lessons, her amusements, or, in short, any thing that she has to do. She is sure to be tired, often even before she has actually begun. She is one of those unfortunate children who imagine that novelty constitutes happiness; and unless something new and entertaining occurs to her almost every hour of the day, she feels unsatisfied and uncomfortable. Her enjoyment is, of course, frequently clouded; for it is impossible, you know, to furnish a constant succession of novelties, to one who cannot consider them as such after the first few minutes have elapsed. Caroline is the very opposite of Emma. She is also

gentle, docile, affectionate, and generous; but instead of following her sister's example, as it regards her lessons and amusements, she possesses such admirable perseverance, that she succeeds in almost every thing she undertakes. She is not daunted by trifling obstacles, nor is she weary when the novelty of a thing is worn off. No; she still perseveres, determined to accomplish it if possible, whatever pains it may cost her. It is true she had to practise a little self-denial, patience, and resolution in acquiring the habit, *at first*; but now that she has allowed it to gain the predominance, no difficulty remains, and she has the

gratification of finding all her endeavours attended with success; a success which not only ensures for her the reward of her own conscience, but also the affection of her parents, and the love and esteem of a numerous circle of friends.

Towards the latter end of summer, Mrs. Grenville was unexpectedly summoned from home, on account of the indisposition of a beloved sister, who had earnestly entreated her to accompany her for a month to the sea-side. Affection induced her to comply with the request; though it was not without some reluctance that she consented to so long an absence from home,

as she was the sole instructress of her two little girls. She thought at first of engaging a young person to take the superintendence of their education during her absence; but, upon maturereflexion, this plan seemed to present some inconveniences, as it would necessarily take nearly a month to initiate a stranger into the customary routine of their school business, and to commence a fresh one might be attended with unforeseen difficulties. As they lived in rather a remote part of the country, there was no school either to which she could with propriety send them, (for her maternal feelings shrunk at the idea of

their being allowed to associate with children of their own age, who had not received similar advantages with themselves,) she therefore complied with their urgent solicitations to “trust to their prudence,” and to allow them to spend the month exactly as they liked, either in amusement or any thing else, as inclination prompted.

“But, my dears,” said she, “I shall expect to receive on my return, a circumstantial account from each of you, respecting the manner in which you have spent a month devoted exclusively to holiday. I trust you will be able to assure me that the time has not passed wholly without im-

provement, and will be able to convince me, by proofs of your industry or ingenuity, that it has not been unoccupied. I have frequently talked to you respecting the value of time, and have repeatedly told you, that as we are accountable for the manner in which it is spent, it particularly behoves us to dispose of it to the best advantage. It is astonishing how much time may be saved by habits of punctuality. By taking care to clear away one employment before you commence another, you will gain many of those odd minutes and quarters of an hour, which are so apt to be lost by indolent people, from a want of regularity in their

successive occupations, or of a little reflection beforehand upon what the next shall be; although, as an immense number of drops of water compose the mighty ocean, so do moments and minutes constitute the greatest treasure we possess. I believe I need scarcely mention the subject to my gentle Caroline; but to you, Emma, I can scarcely refrain from expressing an ardent hope that you will endeavour, by constant attention during the ensuing month, to reward my indulgence in granting you a holiday, by convincing me, on my return, that it has not been wholly spent in useless or unprofitable occupation, or that,

from a deficiency in perseverance, you have not accomplished any thing. Remember, my love, perseverance can alone ensure success. Finish whatever you begin."

Emma listened attentively to her mother's admonitions, and secretly resolved to profit by them. But, alas! the sequel will prove how much she suffered her own indolent habits to predominate. It was a lovely morning when the carriage came to the door; the sun shone brightly, the birds were singing, and all nature was smiling in beauty. A tear started into the eye of the affectionate Caroline when her mother had kissed her for the last

time for a whole month, the longest separation they had ever known. And many trickled in rapid succession down Emma's cheeks; but ere the carriage was out of sight they had disappeared, and, rejoicing in the anticipation of freedom from all the restraint of her daily studies, she began to make loud acclamations: "What a delightful thing it will be to have a whole month's holiday!—to go without lessons and without school for a whole month. Well, I will prove to mamma that *my* time has not been thrown away. I will go—I will do a great number of things. She shall have proof enough, Caroline, that I can be as industrious as you can,

when I please. I will take care to convince her that my time has been employed to some purpose. Let me see, what shall I do first? I think I will send Donald to Calne for some netting-silk and a gilt clasp, and then I will make her a very nice purse against her return. Or, perhaps I had better wait till I go there myself, that I may choose the colours. Purple and yellow, or brown and yellow, which will be best? Brown and yellow look well together, because they form such a contrast. I cannot wait till Friday: I will send Donald this very morning. And, now I think of it, the purse shall be for papa, and I will make a pair of elegant

fire-screens for mamma. I recollect she admired your honeysuckle azalea, Caroline. I will paint that upon one; and as for the other, I dare say I shall think of something before the time comes. Then there are all our books to arrange. You know we promised mamma that we would label them, and put them in order. And I promised her too, that I would translate *Le Missionnaire*. I shall like doing that much better than *Levizac*; for it is much more amusing to translate a tale than to write exercises: it will be a nice evening amusement. Then there are the globes: you, Caroline, know how to work the fifth problem, though I do

not, and I dare say you will be so good as to show me how it is done. It is true you are a great way before me in geography; but I mean to get up to you now, if you will just show me the use of the quadrant of altitude. Then I have two or three little frocks cut out, and before mamma's return I mean to have made them all, and to have finished a complete suit for Sally Neale's child. Then, let me see, what else have I to do; oh, to twine the clematis round the pillars of the hermitage, that the wind may not break it. Well, that will be a nice little job: I will do that to-day. And I must not forget the Turkish costumes, which a pro-

mised to send to the Bazaar; and the pair of watch-cases for my aunt Mary, and the wax doll which I have to dress for little Augusta, and the pencil sketch of Tintern Abbey for my cousin Frederick, and the pen-wipers, and the verses Miss Claret lent me to copy, especially that about Memory.

(Sings.)

In Memory's land dwells never a flower,
There never a summer breeze blows,
But some long-cherished thought of joy or grief
Starts up from its solemn repose."

As well as a hundred other things," continued the voluble girl: "Well, I have plenty to do, and I am really at a loss to know which to begin with."

“ Let us go into the study,” said Caroline, “ and put up all our books, and maps, and drawings, and paints, and pictures ; for you know they were left in confusion yesterday morning, because the dinner-bell rang, and then in the evening we were busy, helping mamma to make preparations for her journey. So there they remain, just as we left them, I dare say ; for you know Nanny never likes to touch our drawings.” So thither the sisters went, and Caroline immediately began to place all the drawings neatly in her port-folio, and to put the maps into their proper places.

“ I know what I will do,” said

Emma, emptying the whole contents of her port-folio upon the carpet: "I will sort all my drawings, and all my papers, and arrange them afresh. The flowers shall be placed together, and the landscapes together; and all the verses shall be turned out, for they have been in great confusion for these last three months." Caroline commended the laudable intention, and Emma began to separate the miscellaneous heap with great care. The flowers occupied a place by themselves; and the pretty little sketches, which she had taken from nature during a recent excursion, (for she was very ready with her pencil,) occupied ano-

ther; and in short, all seemed proceeding as well as could be wished, when a servant entered the room, to inform the young ladies that there was a man at the door with a collection of beautiful birds. Away they instantly ran. "Shall we purchase a canary?" said Emma: "it would be such a nice amusement to tend it and to take care of it. I would deck its cage with fresh groundsel every morning, and feed and tend it with the greatest care. I think I will have one. How much do you ask for that little beauty?" "Only five shillings, Miss." "Five shillings, that is not much. Do not you think I had better buy it,

Caroline?" Caroline remonstrated. "We are not sure," said she, "that mamma would like it: you know that she disapproves of our keeping birds in cages." At length Emma yielded to the suggestions of her more prudent sister, the pedlar was dismissed, and the girls returned to the study.

Caroline went on with her employment as busily as before; but Emma's attention had been distracted, and she could not think of finishing the arrangement of the contents of her portfolio. "Let them remain where they are, at present," said she: "I dare say Nanny will take care that Fido does not come

into the room. I have sorted some of them, and it would be a pity to mix them again. Let them stay where they are. Perhaps I shall finish them to-morrow: I am tired of doing them now. I will begin to put the books in order, for it makes my head ache to stoop down on the carpet about the pictures; (by the bye, a very unfit place for them;) and I shall like to do the books, because I shall be obliged to stand upright, you know. And I will print some neat little labels, on that blue paper which I bought last time I went to town." As Emma spoke, she went towards the book-case, and reached out volume after volume, till they were all placed on the

tables. "Now this will be nice work," said she. "Do you mean to help, Caroline?" Her sister replied, that it was her intention to do so, as soon as she had finished putting her pictures in order; but that she would rather complete that job first, that there might not be such a litter about the room. You can do one half of the book-case, and I can do the other half," said she.

"So we will," said Emma; and she began triumphantly to imagine that her portion would be completed long before Caroline's. This book-case contained the books expressly devoted to the use of the two sisters, and their mother had desired that, during her absence, they should

be duly arranged, according to the different subjects upon which they treated, fresh covered with nice white cartridge paper, and neatly labelled at the back with their various titles. Now this seemed amusing work. Emma quickly began to disrobe her books of their old covers, and in the course of half an hour so much of the task was completed. She then covered two or three, just to see how well they would look; rubbed up her Indian ink, reached her little clarified crow-quills and her blue paper, and seated herself, apparently in good earnest, to print the labels. She had actually finished "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," "Tales of

the Castle," "Popular Tales," "Winter Evenings," "Goldsmith's History of England," and three or four more, before it occurred to her that it was a rather tedious employment, and that it would be better to have a little change. "I can go on with them to-morrow," said she. "Such a task as this must take a long time to do properly: even if I were to go on from morning to night, I should scarcely have done! I will go and twine the clematis round the pillars of the hermitage; for if the wind should happen to be as high to-night as it was last night, its curling tendrils and slender stalk will probably be broken, as it has at present no support." So saying,

she reached her straw-hat, and away she ran, leaving Caroline busily employed at her writing-desk, in making neat little labels, *before* her share of the books were even reached down from the shelves; whilst all her own, together with their dirty covers, lay strewed about the tables and the chairs in every direction. "Never mind," said she: "I am too tired with printing all those little letters, to stay another minute."

Before Emma had arrived at the bower where the beautiful white scented clematis was waft its fragrance to the morning gale, it occurred to her, that it could not be tied up without

string, or matting of some sort. So she flew across the lawn, to the gardener's house, intending to fetch some; but there another object attracted her attention. "I dare say," said she, "that the clematis would not signify for one night, and I recollect promising Sally Neale a frock for her little girl: mamma gave me the print for it some time ago. I will make it to-day, that I will. Working for a poor person, and working for one's self, are very different. Though it is so fine a morning, I will go in and begin the frock; for then I shall perhaps have done it in a day or two, and little Lucy may have it to wear on Sunday."

So, leaving the poor clematis to be blown about unheeded, by every passing breeze, she hastened back to the parlour, rummaged her mother's work-drawers for the bundle of prints, fetched her work-basket, and began to run the seams of the frock. Only one seam was done, before it occurred to her, that to do another part of the frock before she ran the other seam, would at least cause a little variety. So she made a sleeve, put on one shoulder-strap, and began to hem the bottom. "There, now I will do something else. This is only Wednesday. I dare say the frock will be done by

Sunday, or by Sunday-week, at least. It is holiday-time. It is not worth while to work for a long time together now—now that I am allowed to do just what I please, without any restraint. I think it would be prettier work to make a cap than a frock. Here is a piece of muslin that would do nicely for it; and I can let in a bit of lace behind, and then it will be the smartest cap that Sally Neale's baby ever had."

So Emma cut out the muslin, and sewed in the lace; but then she was tired, and began to make another frock, that she fancied was a prettier pattern. "Pink sprigs are much prettier than

brown spots," said she. But, alas! even *pink sprigs* did not possess lasting beauties in the eyes of the volatile Emma: the frocks were soon folded together, in their unfinished state; the little cap, and all the fragments of muslin and print were rolled up together, and thrust, in strange confusion, into the work-drawer again.

Emma then returned to the study. There sat the patient, persevering Caroline. "What! are you still about the labels?" said she, peeping over her shoulder: "'Mavor's Universal History, volume 23.' What, Caroline! have you really done twenty-three labels already? how in-

dustrious you have been!" "Not only twenty-three," said her sister, looking towards the book-case. Emma looked too, and saw with surprise, that all the books in the two lower shelves of the book-case were equipped in their new covers and neatly labelled." This does show what *perseverance* will do," said she: "I wish I had followed your example! but it is too late now, and wishing is in vain."

"Not too late to follow it," said Caroline, smiling; "though too late to take the precedence."

"I never, never shall be able to imitate you," retorted Emma.

"Well, then, set the example, and let me have the pleasure of

imitating *you*," said Caroline, laughing. At this moment the dinner-bell rang, and the two girls hastened to the dining-room: Caroline happy, in reflecting that the morning had not been spent in vain; and Emma rather satisfied, in thinking that, as she had *begun* so many things, so she had the more to complete another time. "And," said she, "there are all the pictures and books still strewed about the study-carpet; and, for all I know to the contrary, the clematis may be broken by this time; (for mamma has repeatedly told me of it, day after day;) and although I have begun some of the baby-clothes, there is not

one thing nearly finished. Well, a month is a long time: there will be plenty of time yet."

As soon as dinner was over, Caroline returned to her employment. "I do not mean to leave it," said she, "until all the books are quite finished, even if they should take all the rest of the day; and I advise you, Emma, to do so too." Emma again reached her brush and her pen; but no sooner had she completed the label she had last begun in the morning, than the little French book which she had talked of translating came to hand.

"This is the very book which mamma wished me to translate during her absence," said she:

“ I will begin it now, that I will ; for as there are but sixty-two pages, if I were to translate two pages a-day, I might finish it by the time she returns.” So, notwithstanding the number of books that were still scattered about in the study, she reached down the dictionary and the grammar, and began to translate the little volume, commencing thus :

“ Whoever has passed by Lake George, may have observed on the eastern shore, about ten or eleven miles from the outlet, a little cottage. It stands at the bottom of a narrow glen, a few rods distant from the water’s edge. A little cove puts up from the lake, between the rugged

mountain on one side, and the southern skirt of the glen on the other. The clouds, on a lowering day, are always seen to rest on the summit of the mountains, which rise on each side of the valley, which stretches off to the east of the cottage. It was here that I one morning requested the boatman to land me, as I was returning from the excursions of the day."

So far, so good. But now came a more difficult sentence: "*Qu'allez vous faire de l'autre côté de la rivière.*" "Caroline, can you help me? Perhaps I might find *côté* in 'Boyer's Dictionary,' but I do not want the trouble of fetching that. '*Il*

faudroit donc.' Indeed, I do not know what it means. Well, if I only do one page to-day, perhaps I shall do two to-morrow. I think I have been pretty industrious, and I like a little variety; but this book seems to get harder, as it goes on."

"Then," said Caroline, "if you finish it, you will have the pleasure of finding that perseverance overcomes little difficulties."

"Oh, but here are French words, *houle, chaloupe, crique, ombre, bouffée*, and half a dozen others, of which I do not know the meanings; and who, Caroline, could think of looking in a dictionary for French words,

on a holiday : not I, I am sure !” So saying, Emma closed the book, and forgot the Missionary and the little cottage on the banks of Lake George.

The next objects that occurred to her were the Turkish costumes. A benevolent lady in the neighbourhood, had applied to Caroline and Emma, (knowing they were ingenious little girls,) to request their assistance in preparing some articles for a bazaar, which was to be held at L——, in the course of a few weeks, for the benefit of an Infant School. Various ladies were requested to make contributions of fancy-work, of different sorts : such as screens, port-folios, watch-

cases, dressing-cushions, card-racks, &c. &c. Caroline had already completed several elegant little things. Emma had made many fair promises to Mrs. Y——, and had actually commenced two purses, one of purple and one of crimson silk; a pair of landscape card-racks, and five or six other things; but as she happened to be turning over the leaves of a volume of Turkish travels, at a friend's house one day, it had occurred to her, that some of the Turkish costumes would form a pretty addition to the bazaar. Her cousin Fanny had told her of a mode in which they might be set off to advantage, by tracing

the figure on paper, in pencil; and then, instead of painting the dress, to compose it of little bits of satin, ribbon, &c. according to the pattern, only painting the countenance. She had, herself, done a figure of Sidy Hassan, bey of Tripoli, which had answered very well, and Emma was determined to begin one too. So she ransacked her mother's drawers, as though she had been provided with a search-warrant, in order to collect all the scraps of velvet, satin, ribbon, &c. that they contained. She then seated herself to the table, and did actually proceed so far as to trace out a Turkish bashaw, and to ornament him

with a robe of purple and gold. Pleased with his appearance, she bid fair to be more persevering than usual; but, alas! his robe was scarcely finished, when she bethought herself, that some spangles would be necessary to complete the dress, and that she had better leave it till another time; or, at least, till Donald went to town, that he might purchase some. In vain did Caroline try to assure her that little bits of gilt paper would do equally well; and that, as the gentleman was so far accomplished, it would be better to finish him than to leave him as he was, as it was most likely that, before the spangles could be obtained,

she would have thought of something else. To no purpose. Emma was at last obliged to own she was weary, and that the bashaw might go to the bazaar as he was, for she certainly should bestow no further pains upon him.

Evening was come, and thus passed the first day of Emma's holiday month.

Now let us turn to Caroline, and see what were her reflections at the end of the day. It is true that she had not commenced so many fresh things as her sister; but then she had the gratification of knowing, that what had been done at all, had been *well done*. All her pic-

tures were neatly arranged in her port-folio, her writing-desk put in order; and every single book upon her shelves was duly equipped, and carefully labelled with its appropriate title. Besides this, she had finished a group of flowers upon a fire-screen, and thus completed a very pretty pair, commenced two or three weeks ago.

We may suppose that the reflections of these little girls were of a somewhat different nature, when they sat down to write, according to their mother's desire, an account of the manner in which the day had been spent. Caroline, with alacrity, completed the task, for con-

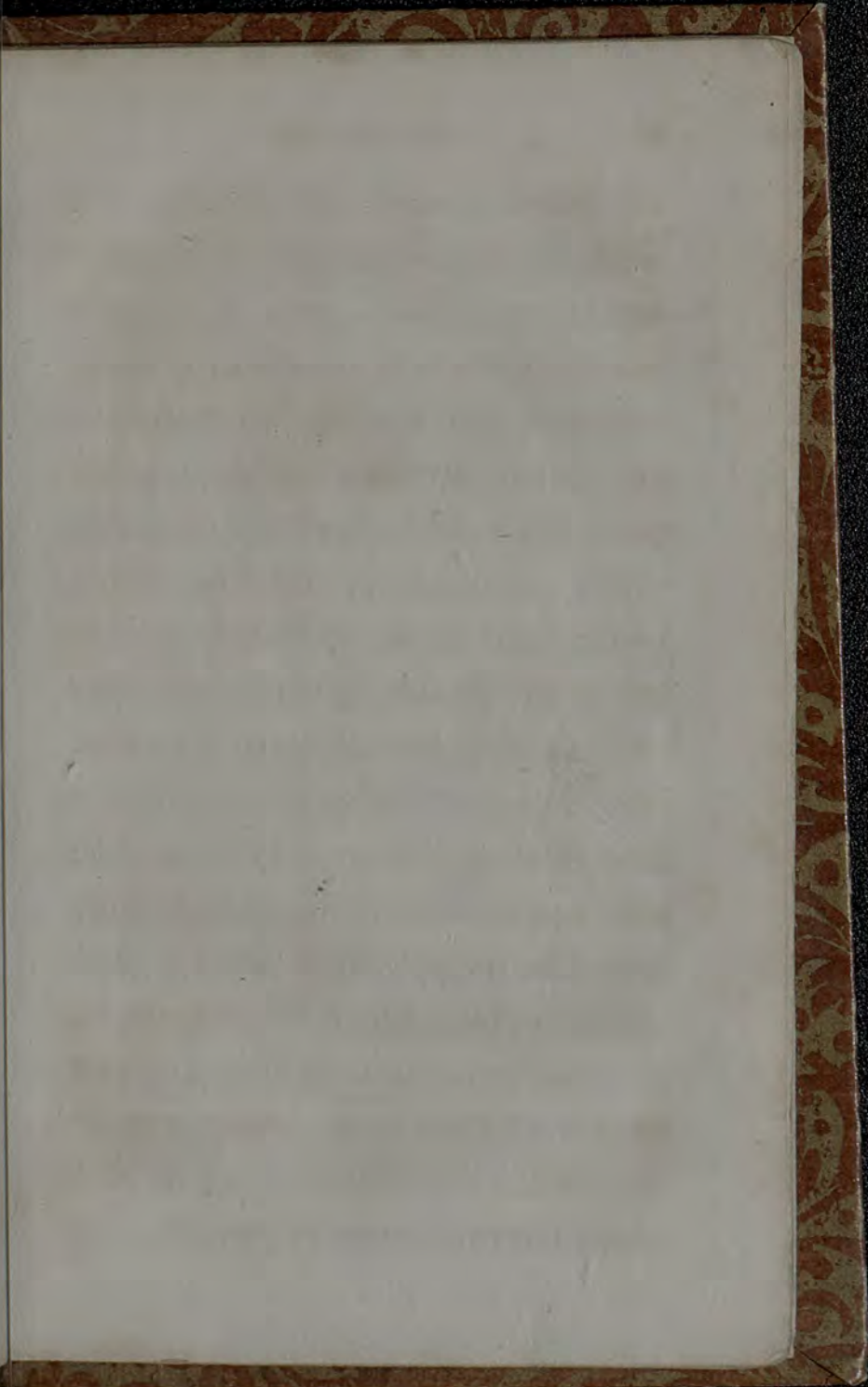
science told her it had not passed wholly in vain; whilst poor Emma endeavoured to satisfy herself with thinking that she had *intended* to do a great deal. "I hope mamma will be convinced," said she, "that I began a great many things, with the intention of finishing them; but — but — to tell the truth, it is tedious to keep on long at a time, especially now it is holiday."

To-morrow came, and Emma ran to the study, as soon as she was up, *intending* to finish one thing, at least, to compensate, in some degree, for the errors of yesterday. She thought she *would* complete the arrangement

of her port-folio ; but (witness the sad effects of procrastination and want of perseverance) Nanny had not taken such sedulous care as to exclude the favourite Fido from her mistress's apartment, and three of the pictures, which had been left on the carpet on the preceding day, were literally torn to pieces. She regretted this circumstance the more, as one of them happened to be a beautiful pencil-sketch of Llangollen Vale, which her cousin Henrietta had given her, and which she peculiarly prized. She felt, at first, inclined to be displeased with her little dog ; but a few moments' reflection, as she possessed a tolerable share

of good sense, convinced her that it was entirely her own fault, and that poor Fido was quite exempt from blame, as it was natural for her to consider any thing thrown about on the carpet as her lawful property. After vainly regretting what could not now be helped, Emma went to the garden, in hopes of diverting her chagrin by other objects; but, alas! almost the first object that met her view, as she approached the hermitage, was the beautiful white scented clematis, borne down by its weight of blossoms, and almost broken in two. It had been rather windy in the night, and as she had delayed tying it up, accord-

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Emma's disappointment.

ing to her mother's desire, on the preceding day, it had been blown backwards and forwards with every breeze, till, being at length no longer able to support itself, it had fallen to the ground. Emma was extremely vexed, for it was covered with beautiful flowers, and she had particularly desired the gardener to leave it to her; but nothing could now be done to remedy the disaster.

Now one would have thought that such circumstances as these would have induced her to determine, for the future, to persevere in whatever she began; but so it is, that when an unfortunate propensity has once gained possession of the mind, it is

extremely difficult to eradicate it, as the very effort of doing so requires an *additional* degree of perseverance. Emma *thought* that she really would *finish* something; but theory without practice is nothing. Scarcely had she returned to the school-room, ere she recollected that some bell-ropes were wanted for the dining-room; and she therefore went to the worsted-basket, and began to sort and arrange the different shades of red, green, and yellow, intending to begin them with all due expedition, regardless of the books and pictures that were strewed around her in all directions. How far she succeeded we cannot say;

but we are ready to conclude, from the manner in which the preceding day had been spent, that this was probably passed in a similar manner. She began, it is true, things good in themselves, but such as, when left in an unfinished state, were perfectly useless; whereas Caroline, on the contrary, sedulously endeavoured to complete every thing she undertook, before the commencement of another; and whilst her too volatile sister was seen seated on a little ottoman, surrounded by skeins of yellow, red, blue, and crimson, canvass, and patterns without number, she was seated at her writing-

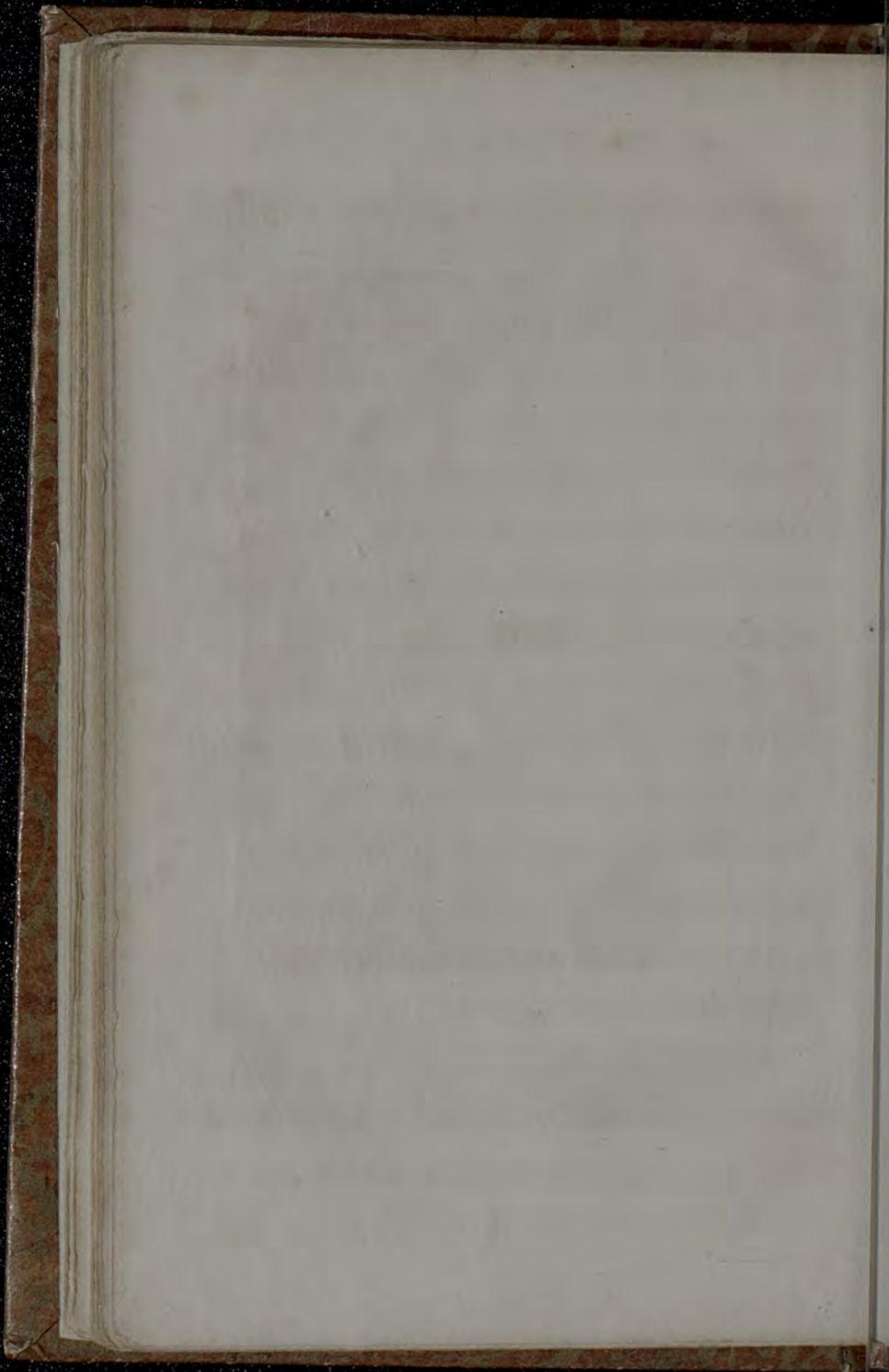
desk, and finishing a French tale she had begun a short time since.

But it would be tedious to describe the mode in which every day was passed at Grenville Grove till the time of Mrs. G.'s return. Suffice it to say, that, with little exception, the one already described may enable the reader to form a tolerably correct idea of the rest.

At length the month expired, and the little girls stationed themselves at the parlour-windows, watching, with eager anticipation, the appearance of every carriage. At length one was seen descending the distant hill: a few trees obscured it for



Caroline finishing her french tales.



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a time—it was lost—then again it came in sight; and the anxious hopes of Caroline and Emma were realized by its turning in at the avenue. They had now, in a few moments, the gratification of embracing a beloved mother, from whom they had never before been so long separated. We may suppose, however, that their feelings were not exactly in unison at this moment, though their affectionate congratulations were mutual. Caroline had, indeed, nothing to reproach herself with, as the sequel will prove. But poor Emma! what shall we say for her? Amidst the numerous articles

she had begun, not one, save a little purse, was completed.

In the course of a day or two after her return, when all due congratulations and enquiries had been made, Mrs. Grenville requested her little girls to produce their journals; and also to place upon two separate tables in the study, all that they had done during her absence, together with the books which they had read. The journals were therefore produced, and the tables duly arranged, when Mrs. Grenville entered the room. Caroline's, which was first examined, contained the various works which had employed some of her leisure hours during her mother's

absence, with little paper marks in the books, to show what parts she had read. There were Hume's History of England, Mrs. Hamilton's Life of Agrippina, Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales, *Les Exiles de Sibirie*, &c.; a neatly-written manuscript translation of Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns *en Françoise*, a nicely-finished pair of screens for her cousin Henrietta, a purse for her father, two frocks and three little caps for a poor child; and twenty specimens of wild flowers, nicely dried, and arranged according to their different classes, with the names under each. The journal, neatly written, afforded still fur-

ther proof that her mother's indulgence had not been thrown away. It began thus :—

“ *July 27.*—As soon as mamma was gone, (which was before six o'clock,) I arranged the pictures and manuscripts in my portfolio; then covered all my books, and placed fresh labels upon them, and in the evening finished the group of flowers on mamma's fire-screens.

“ *July 28.*—Completed the hymn I began to translate the day before yesterday. Worked in my garden, and in the evening began a little cap for Sally's baby, which I mean to finish to-morrow.

July 29.—Rose early, that I

might not waste any time in sleep. Hemmed the nightcap border of striped muslin, and finished the cap, (which just fitted little Lucy,) before breakfast. Began to press some wild flowers, which I found under the hedges by the road-side as I returned from the village, and spent most of the day in arranging them, because I wished to have a nice collection," &c. &c.

The history of these three days is just given by way of specimen of the manner in which the industrious and amiable Caroline had employed her month's holidays. Now we will turn to her sister.

"You seem to have done a

“ Well, my dear,” said her mother, “ I wish the contents may prove that your *time* may have been more laudably occupied,” and she began to read :

July 27.—As soon as the carriage was out of sight I hastened to the study, and began to arrange my portfolio afresh. After this I began to put my books in order ; and I really did print the little labels till my fingers ached, so I went into the garden for a change. When I came in I began to make some frocks for a poor baby, and worked till I was tired. Then I put them up, and began to translate *Le Missionnaire* ; but coming to a difficult word which puzzled me, I left off, and began to paint a Bashaw, to

send to the bazaar. Now it is just bed-time.

July 28.—I am sorry to say that on entering the study this morning, I had the mortification of finding that my little dog, Fido, had torn my beautiful view of Llangollen Vale to pieces ; and on going to the hermitage, I had the additional vexation of finding the stalk of the clematis broken. I could scarcely help owning that these misfortunes were caused by my own want of perseverance and care ; but it is troublesome to take pains about any thing. I next began some bell-ropes, which I mean to do before mamma's return.

July 29.—I began some bell-

ropes yesterday; but now that the pattern is done I begin to feel rather tired of them, as that was certainly the most amusing part; and as I recollect to have heard mamma say that the present bell-ropes would do very well, I do not mean to go on with the new ones. After dinner I thought of writing to Alfred, and had done half of my letter, when Caroline said she was ready for a walk. As soon as we returned I wrote a few more lines; but did not think it worth while to go on, as we shall most likely send a parcel to him when mamma returns. In the evening I amused myself with playing with the kitten: it is a very entertain-

ing little creature; its name is Rachel," &c. &c. Thus began Emma's journal.

"I wish," said Mrs. Grenville, "that I could say of Emma what I can say of Caroline. You, my love," continued she, turning to the latter, "deserve my highest commendation. Your journal proves that your time has been occupied to the best advantage; not only for the good of others, but also in the cultivation of your own talents. It is true that it does not exhibit such a list of *intended* projects as Emma's does; but it convinces me that you have sedulously endeavoured to attend to my frequently-re-

peated admonitions, respecting the necessity of *completing* whatever is once *begun*. You now reap the reward of perseverance, in having gained an additional portion of your mother's esteem and love. Nor is this all: your aunt, whose health is much improved, is recommended to travel; and she proposes to spend some weeks in visiting the most beautiful parts of Wales, a country whose romantic and picturesque scenery cannot fail of gratifying the lover of Nature in her wildest and most uncultivated forms. In compliance with her kind solicitation, I agreed that one of my little girls should accompany her, as I knew either

of them would highly enjoy such an excursion. You, Emma, as being the eldest, would have been, of course, entitled to the indulgence, if I had not considered it necessary to take some means of counteracting that troublesome propensity which you have allowed to gain such an ascendancy over you. Caroline, as the reward of her diligence and perseverance, must accompany her aunt; but you, my dear, must stay at home, and complete the various articles which that table displays; for, in their present unfinished state, they are entirely useless. You can never be perfectly contented and happy, until you have lost

that excessive taste for novelty, which now renders the common duties and employments of life so tedious and uninteresting; and until you put in practice that perseverance, which can alone crown your endeavours with success. I am aware, indeed, even if your journal had not asserted the fact, that you consider it "troublesome to take pains." But you must endeavour to counteract this unfortunate impression; for so long as it remains in full force, you cannot expect to succeed in any undertaking. It is for your own good that I am thus reluctantly compelled to punish you. I am anxious that the good qualities you do pos-

sess, should not be so entirely lost or obscured, by the prevalence of one mischievous habit. The day after to-morrow, Caroline will set off, and at that time I shall expect you to set diligently to work, to finish, one by one, every thing that you have begun during the last month; and I trust that you will, throughout your future life, ever bear in mind, that without *perseverance* you cannot accomplish any thing either truly great or truly good."

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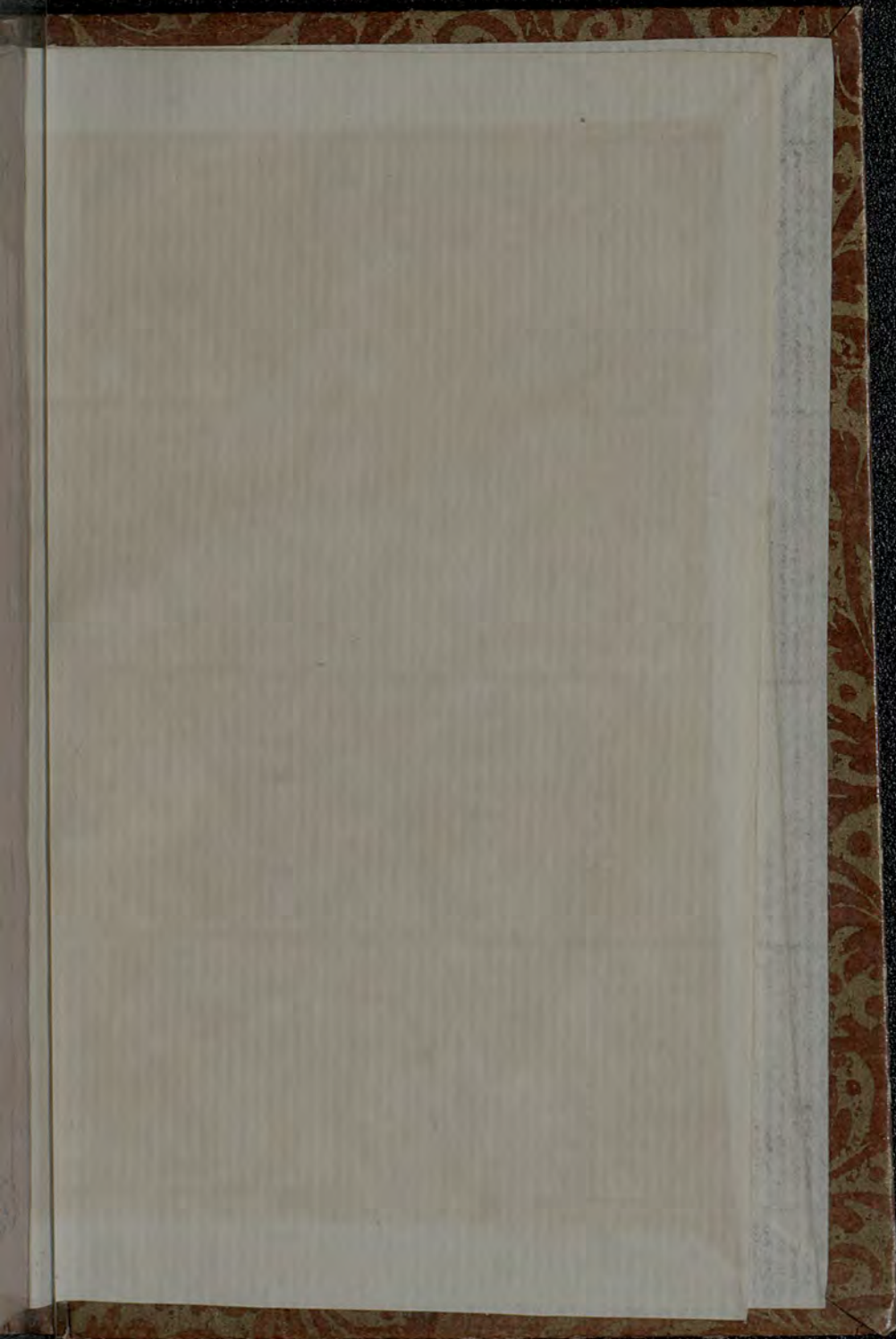
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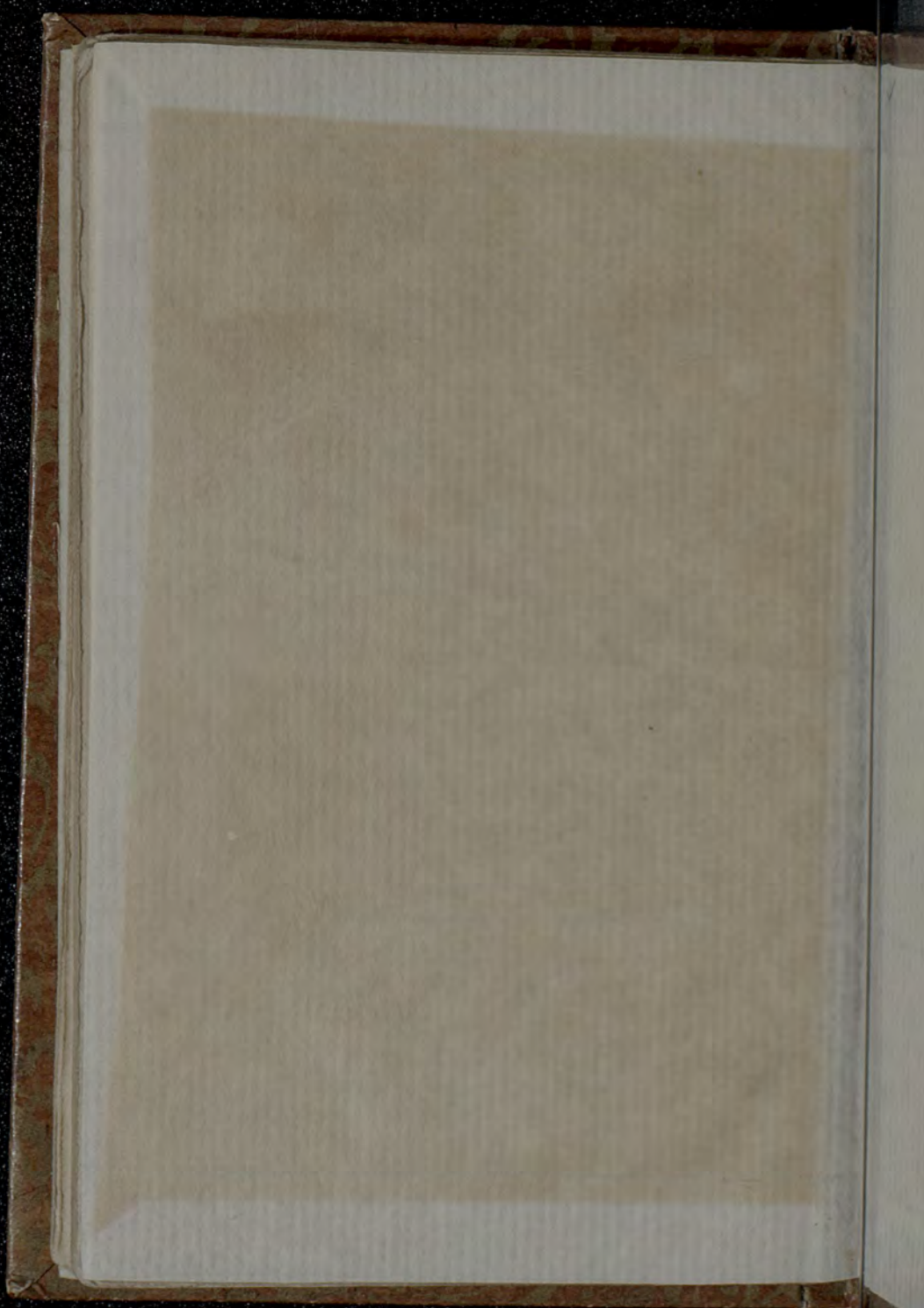
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