# LITTLE TALES FOR THE NURSERY

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# LITTLE TALES

FOR THE

# NURSERY.

BY SOLOMON LOVECHILD

LONDON: DEAN AND SON
THREADNEEDLE STREET.

# PREFACE.

Every one must know, from experience, that early impressions are the strongest and most lasting.

That which we learn in childhood, is often remembered to the latest period of existence; and exercises, perhaps, a greater degree of influence over our conduct through life, than we are ourselves aware of.

The books read by the little tenants of the nursery, assist, no doubt, in forming their matured characters: consequently,

the task of writing for very young children is one of the utmost importance; and those who undertake it, should never lose sight of the one great object,—which is, to plant, and to promote the growth of, moral principles in the youthful mind.

Such is the design of these little tales, which, it is hoped, will be found to impart, in a simple form, and infantile language, lessons that may prove of benefit to the very juvenile class of readers for whom they are intended.

# ARTHUR'S DINNER.

THERE was a sad noise in the nursery, a little while ago; and angry voices were heard.

Mamma had to go in haste to ask what the noise was about.

"It was Master Arthur, ma'am," said nurse,—"he will not eat his dinner."

"Why not? is he not hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am, he says he is very hungry, but he does not like mutton chops; so he will not eat his dinner."

"Oh, very well; he can go without, if he chooses."

"I should like some of the ham I saw this morning, at breakfast," said Arthur.

"You cannot have that, my dear; it is not for you; there is a mutton chop for your dinner."

"I do not like it," said Arthur; "I hate mutton chops; I would rather have no dinner at all."

"Very well, you need not have any dinner; ring the bell, nurse, and let it all be taken away."

Mamma went down stairs; the bell was rung, and Arthur's dinner was sent away untouched.

The little boy was sullen and silent.

First he played with his skittle table, but he soon pushed that on one side. Then he tried to amuse himself with his puzzle

map, but he was tired of it in a very short time.

He was out of humour, therefore nothing amused him. He knew that he was naughty.

At last he began to get hungry. "I don't care," said he to himself; "I can wait till tea-time."

But it was a long while till tea time, and he was getting more and more hungry, every minute. He could not help wishing he had eaten the mutton chop. He hoped nurse would ask him if he wanted any thing to eat, but she did not take any notice.

The clock struck four, and Arthur was now so hungry that the tears came into his eyes.

It still wanted two hours to tea-time, and he felt that he could not wait so long, without having something to eat.

At last he said, "Nurse, I am very hungry."

"There is nothing for you but the

mutton chop," said nurse, "and that is cold now."

"I will have that, if you please," said Arthur.

The cold mutton chop was brought, and a slice of bread that had been cut for him at dinner time, and was now hard and dry.

Arthur was very glad to eat it, dry as it was, and he thought no meat had ever tasted so nice before, as the cold mutton chop. It was the first time he had ever known the value of a good dinner.

He had been taught to say after each day's meal, "Thank God for what I have received." But he had never felt truly thankful till this very day.

He began to think what a sad thing it would be to be hungry, and not be able to get any thing to eat; and from that time, he always sat down to his dinner with a contented face, and cheerfully took whatever was provided for him.

# WHAT IS A FALSEHOOD.

Harry was in the garden, one morning, very early, playing with his hoop.

He had been told not to bowl his hoop in the garden, but perhaps he had forgotten that.

He had run round two or three walks, and no harm had happened; but at last the hoop went on to a flower-bed, and broke a very fine tulip that Harry's papa set a great value upon.

Harry had heard him say, he prized that tulip more than any other flower in his garden.

"Papa will be very angry, I dare say," said Harry to himself, "but the mischief cannot be helped, now. I wish I had not brought my hoop into the garden."

Just then, his mamma came from the house. "Dear me," said she, "the high wind has broken this beautiful tulip."

"It was not the wind, mamma; it was I who did it."

"You! Harry; how could you do it, unless you went on the bed? which you ought not to have done."

"I was bowling my hoop, mamma; and it rolled on to the bed."

"You have been told not to bowl your hoop in the garden."

"Yes, mamma; and I am very sorry I did not play at something else."

"And so am I, Harry; for your papa will be very much grieved at the loss of this flower, which he prized so highly. He will certainly be very angry with you, and you deserve that he should be so."

Then Harry's mamma went in to breakfast, and he was going to follow her, when John, the gardener's son, came along, and knowing what had happened, said,—"Why, master Harry, what need was there to say you broke the tulip? If you had held your tongue, your papa would have thought the wind did it; for I should

have said nothing about it, I promise you."

"I never tell a falsehood, John," said Harry.

"It would not have been telling one, sir; you had no occasion to speak a word, when your mamma said the wind had broken the tulip. Could that have been telling a falsehood?"

"It would have been just the same," said Harry; "for it is quite as bad to deceive any one: and if I had let my mamma think it was the wind that broke the tulip, it would have been deceiving her."

"And what would that signify?" said John; "it was not as if you had laid the blame on somebody else. I spoke for your sake, master Harry, thinking that at another time you might save yourself a scolding, that's all; but if you don't care about it, why, well and good."

"I do care about it, John; and am very sorry for what I have done; but it would be making the matter a great deal worse, to tell my mamma an untruth."

The lad muttered to himself in a sulky tone, that some folks were more nice than wise; and taking up his watering-pot, was turning away, when he heard a voice calling him back.

It was Harry's papa who called;—he was on the other side of the garden fence; and having heard every word that had passed, now came in at the gate. "I am very glad, Harry," said he, "that you have so proper a sense of what is right.

"Truth, my boy, is the best and noblest of virtues. Those who pay a strict regard to truth, are sure to be loved by their friends, and esteemed by every body.

"I would rather lose all the flowers in my garden, than have cause to think that my son would try to deceive me.

"To deceive either by word or deed, is to be guilty of falsehood. Nothing is so mean and base.

"I called you back, John, that you might hear me say this, and to tell you that were

I to act on the angry feeling I have at this moment, I should desire you not to come into the garden any more; but as I am sure you will see your error, you may assist your father, as usual; and I hope my son's example will have a good and lasting effect on you."

# THE OPPORTUNITY NEGLECTED.

George and Tom were flying their kites in a field, when they saw a paper parcel lying on the ground.

It was rolled up, and twisted at both ends.

George picked it up, and found it contained a few skeins of thread and some needles.

He looked about to see who could have dropped it.

"It must be that old woman, who has just got over the style," said he; "I will run after her with it."

"Nonsense!" cried Tom; "what signifies a bit of thread and two or three needles. If you go, your kite will come down, and see how famously it is flying, now.

"Never mind the old woman, and her thread."

George threw away the thread and needles, and thought no more about the poor old woman, who was soon out of sight.

She trudged along the road, with a bundle of work that she had brought from the town. She had walked four miles for this work, which she had promised to get done and carry home the next day.

She was very poor, and when she could get any work to do, was always glad to be employed, and now she expected to earn half-a-crown.

This, to her, was a large sum of money,

and she had been thinking all the way home what a good dinner she should be able to have on Sunday. Poor thing! she did not have a good dinner very often.

Well, as soon as she got home to her little cottage, she sat down to rest herself a while, and then she untied her bundle, meaning to set to work.

Then she found that her thread and needles were gone.

She shook the handkerchief and unfolded the work, but no thread was there. What was to be done? She had none in the house, and there was no shop near.

It was a long way to the town where she had bought the skeins, and she was too tired to go there again. Besides, if she had been able to go, it would have taken the rest of the day;—so the work could not be finished by the time she had promised it to the lady who had given it to her to do.

Her heart was sad, so she sat down and cried. She could not sleep all night,

for grief; and in the morning she was very ill.

She sent the work back undone, which vexed the lady so much, that she said she would never give her any more.

This angry message made the poor old woman worse, so that she could not get up at all.

Then one of her neighbours went to tell George's mamma, who lived near the village, and often went to see the poor people when they were ill.

The kind lady put some bread and meat, and a little wine, into a small basket, and went to the cottage of the old dame, to hear the story of her misfortunes.

How she had been all the way to the town to get work, and had lost her thread on her way home.

How she had offended the lady, by sending home the work undone; and how she had been distressed for the want of the half-crown she would have earned, if she could have done the work.

George's mamma gave her a little money, and promised to go to the lady herself, to tell her how it was that the work was not done.

The poor woman was very thankful, and tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks.

George heard the tale from his mamma, when she came home; and the good hearted boy felt sorry, then, that he had not run after the old woman with her needles and thread.

He told his mamma of his fault, and tried to make amends by giving up his pocket-money for a month, to buy a little meat for the old dame's Sunday dinner.

She got quite well at last, and the lady gave her work again.

George sometimes went to see her, and, with his mamma's leave took her many little presents.

He had a good heart, and from that time never neglected to do a service for any body, when it was in his power.

# THE "MOLLY."

"I DO not like to play with Sam Brown;—he is a nice boy, too," said Philip; "but he's such a molly."

"Pray, Philip, what do you mean by a molly?" said his papa, who happened to hear his speech.

"Why he's afraid of spoiling his clothes, papa, or wearing out his shoes; so he won't climb up the trees in the wood, nor go along the road that we like, sometimes, instead of the fields, because it is a nearer way;—he says it is so rough."

"I wish you and your brothers were somewhat afraid of spoiling your clothes, and wearing out your shoes, Philip," said his father; "for it costs me a great deal of money to supply you with those things."

"We are as careful as we can be, papa;

but I should not like to be such a molly as Sam Brown is."

"And do you know why it is that Sam is so careful of his clothes? You do not; then I can tell you. His mother is a widow, with a very small income, and she has two children, younger than Sam. Sam knows this; and he knows, also, that she denies herself many comforts for the sake of giving him a good education.

"If she had to spend as much on his clothes as I have on yours, she could not afford to send him to school. Sam is grateful for her kindness, and takes care to save her all the expense he can.

"This is the reason why he is afraid of spoiling his clothes, and wearing out his shoes. Do you think he deserves to be praised or blamed?"

"Oh! papa, he deserves to be praised. I am glad that you told me all this, for I shall like him more, now; and will never call him a 'molly,' again."

# DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

"I AM afraid, Betsey, you have been trying to make Rosa give her doll's house for your box of tea-things: is it not so?"

"I thought she would like the tea-things quite as well, mamma."

"Was it not because you liked the doll's house better, my dear?"

"Why, yes, I like the doll's house better, and I thought Rosa would like the tea-things; for I have heard her wish for a set of tea-things; besides, these are quite new, and her doll's house is old, you know, mamma."

"I know that one is not quite so new as the other, Betsey; but I also know that one is a much better toy than the other; and it is not fair nor just to take away your little sister's good and expensive toy

in exchange for one that is not worth half as much."

"But if she likes it as well, mamma, what difference can it make to her?"

"She might like the exchange, just now, while it is new to her, my dear; but most likely she would wish, to-morrow, that she had her baby-house back again.

"But this is not all; I wish you to see that you are acting unjustly. You are much older than your sister, and know very well that the toy you would take from her is better than the one you would give her for it.

"She is too young to understand the difference of their value, so when you ask her to make an exchange, you are taking advantage of her simplicity for your own benefit. This is not just.

"If you were to ask your brother George to exchange any one of his playthings for one of yours, it would be fair enough, because he knows which are the best, as well as you do: so, if he chooses to give you

a better one than you give to him, I should say he was a good-natured boy, and there would be no harm in your taking it.

"But to give your little sister an inferior thing in exchange, because she knows no better, is quite another affair. You would not like any one to act in the same way towards yourself.

"At all times, do as you would be done by. Always say to yourself, 'Should I like any body to act thus by me?' If the answer is 'No,' you may be quite sure you ought not to do the thing you were intending to do.

"Your attention to what I have said, makes me think that I shall not again have cause to call any of your actions unjust."

# AGE AND YOUTH.

It is the duty of youth to pay respect and attention to age.

They who neglect to do so, may fear a like neglect when they grow old.

Youth will not last for ever. Those who are young and gay, now, will, in a few years, be aged and infirm.

Yes, little boys and girls, old age will come sooner than you imagine. Time flies very fast.

Then, if you should be deaf, or lame, or blind, you will want somebody to soothe and comfort you. When old age comes, you will have pleasure in knowing that while you were young you did all you could to soothe and comfort those who were old.

Susan's grandmamma is almost blind. She cannot see to read, even with her spectacles.

So every evening, after tea, Susan gets the Bible, and sits down by her to read a chapter aloud.

She also goes out with her to walk, and takes care she does not fall over any thing that may be in the way.

She never misses saying, "Good morning Grandmamma; how do you do this morning?" and always wishes her a good night's rest.

These attentions are a great comfort to her grandmamma, who does not feel the loss of sight half so much as if there was nobody to read the Bible to her, or to walk with her in the fields.

And it is remarked that Susan plays with more spirit after helping her grandmamma than she does at any other time.

Her own happiness seems to be increased by being kind to her aged relative.

When she grows old, it is to be hoped she will have a good grandchild to be kind and attentive to her.

# WE CANNOT HAVE OUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO.

What can be more foolish than to buy things you do not want, merely because you happen to have money in your pocket?

You should keep it there till you do want something.

This would be much wiser.

Bob Turner is one of those silly boys who can never keep a single penny.

His father allows him four-pence a-week, for pocket-money. But pocket-money is not its right name; for it seldom remains in his pocket half-an-hour.

The moment Bob receives his four-pence, he goes out to spend it. If he is not in want of any thing, he goes to the little toy-shop, at the corner of the street, and looks in at the window till he sees something he thinks he should like.

Then he goes in and buys it; and, perhaps, before the day is over, he wishes he had his money back again.

The other day, as soon as he had received his pocket-money, he went, as usual, to the little shop.

He looked at every thing in the window, but saw nothing that took his fancy.

At last he went into the shop and asked the price of one thing, and then another.

"How much is this knife?" said he. "It is six-pence," replied the woman who kept the shop.

Six-pence was too dear; he had but fourpence.

The woman showed him a number of things that were but fourpence each.

He looked at one after another; but as he did not really want any of them, he was a long time making up his mind which he would have.

At last he chose a little almanack in a red case.

"If I have this," said he, "I can always see what day of the month it is, and can tell how long it will be before my birth-day comes."

Now, Bob very seldom cared about knowing what day of the month it was: and if he did want to know at any time, he could ask somebody.

Then, as to his birth-day, his mamma could tell him how long it was to that; so the almanack was not of much use.

However, he paid the fourpence, put the book in his pocket, and went out of the shop.

In his way home, he met one of his school-fellows, George Harley.

"Oh, Bob," said George, "I was just coming to your house to tell you there are to be some fireworks let off to-night in Cooper's cricket ground, and we are to pay fourpence a-piece to go in: will you go?"

Here was a fine piece of news! There was not any thing in the world Bob liked so much to see as fireworks; but he had no money.

"I wonder," said he, "if the woman would take this almanack back again. I wish I had not bought it. I shall never want it. I wish I had my fourpence to go to the fireworks."

He went back to the shop: but the woman said she could not take back any thing she had sold; for if she did, she might always have foolish children coming with their toys again, as soon as they were tired of them.

Then Bob thought he would ask his papa for money to go and see the fireworks.

His papa, of course, asked him what he had done with the fourpence that had only just now been given him.

Bob was obliged to own how he had spent it.

"I am sorry, Bob," said his father, "that you cannot go to-night; but if you have spent your money in a foolish manner, it is not my fault.

"I give you, every week, as much as I think it is right for you to do as you like with; if I were to give you more, because you choose to spend that idly, I should be as foolish as you are.

"You cannot spend your money twice. When it is once gone, you can have nothing more for it.

"You are always in too great a hurry to get rid of it.

"Be a little wiser, my boy; and try to remember, for the future, that you cannot have your cake, and eat it too."

## GOOD ORDER.

How very easy it is to put things in their proper places; yet how few young folks there are who do so. It is because they do not think about it.

They put a thing down anywhere, without considering whether it is the right place for it or not.

When Mary has done with her thimble and scissors, it would be quite as easy for her to raise the lid of her work-box, and put them away, as to leave them on the table; and it would save her a great deal of trouble the next time she wanted them, because she would know where to get them directly, instead of having to hunt about and say to every one, "Have you seen my thimble and scissors?"

When Edward has finished reading a story, he could just as well put the book in

its place, as throw it upon the chair; yet there it is usually left: and then the next person who wants to sit down on that chair, moves the book. Still, it is in a wrong place; so it gets moved again, and at last is not to be found.

Many things are missed in this way; but worse than that, much time is lost, too, in looking for them.

Children do not know the value of time, but they may easily see the advantage of being orderly.

I know a little girl, who used to be just as bad as Mary, in respect to disorder.

She seldom thought of putting any thing away when she had done with it, and the consequence was, that she was often looking for something that she had lost. She scarcely ever knew her lessons, because she had to look for her books, when she ought to have been learning her tasks.

When she was going to take a walk with her brothers and sisters, you might hear

one or other of them calling out "Come Kate, we are all waiting for you; we have been ready this long time!"

Then you would be sure to hear Kate reply, "I have lost one of my gloves," or "I cannot find my other shoe," or something of that sort.

One day, her grandpapa came to dinner, —he was very fond of the children, and they were very fond of him. He never forgot to enquire what improvements they

had made in their studies, since he last saw them.

"Let me see your copy books?" said he "and I will give this pretty writing-case to whichever has improved the most since Christmas."

The books were brought, one after another, and examined by grandpapa, who said they were all so well done, that he thought he must get three more writing cases.

"But where is Kate?" said he; "I have not seen her book."

No, nor did he see it at all; for Kate could not find it.

The next day, a parcel was brought with grandpapa's love; the parcel contained four writing-cases, directed to Eliza, Maria, Robert, and Charles; but there was none for Kate.

This was the more mortifying to her because her writing happened to be the best of all.

She had therefore not only lost the writ-

ing-case, but lost her grandpapa's praises, which always gave her great delight.

I am told she has been more orderly, ever since; and if so, this little vexation may prove a happy circumstance for her.

Habits of good order add very much to our own happiness, as well as to the comfort of all around us.

# ENVY.

My dear James, I am sorry to see you look so cross and dull, this afternoon.

What is the matter with you? Are you sad because your sister has had a new toy given to her, and you have not?

I hope you are not an envious boy, for envy is a great misfortune to those who feel it.

They who are envious cannot be happy, for no one can love them. They never make friends.

Who would wish to live without friends? Who would wish to live without being beloved?

I would not, and I think you would not either.

I have heard the story of a boy;—his name was John Grant.

He was of so envious a temper, that he could not bear to see another boy in his school, with a toy or a cake, or any thing that he had not; and if any of the boys were taken out by their friends for a holiday, it would make him so cross, that he would go and sit by himself, while the rest were at play, and think it was hard that another could go out when he could not.

He felt no pleasure in the joy of others; —he felt envy.

He wished that he could have the enjoyment, instead of them.

A generous boy would have been glad

when any of his playmates had a present or a treat of any kind; but the envious boy was not glad. So no one cared for him.

No one rejoiced when he was happy; no one was sorry when he was sad. In short, there was not a boy in the school who made so few friends as John Grant.

Yet he was not a bad boy. He did no harm to any one. He always spoke truth. He was not mischievous.

It was, therefore, a sad pity that he should have given way to a fault that caused people to dislike him.

When the time came for John Grant to leave school, there was not one boy who said to him "John, I am sorry you are going."

The boys did not run after him down the play-ground, to shake hands and say, "Good by," once more at the gate, as they did the day before, when Frank Hearty went away.

Every body had loved Frank. He was the best-natured boy in the school; always

ready to do a good turn for any one He envied no one. If Frank did not get a prize at the end of the half year, he was sure to say to those who did, "I am glad you have gained a prize."

John Grant never said so; for he always felt as if no one had a right to get prizes but himself. Yet he thought it was unfair that Frank should be preferred; and thought it very hard that the boys did not run to the gate to wish him "Good by," as kindly as they had said "Good by," to Frank Hearty.

Some people think they are ill-treated by others, when the truth is, that the fault is all their own.

John Grant grew up to be a man, and the same temper that made him disliked as a boy, grew up with him.

He was an envious man.

He could not bear to see any of his neighbours better off than himself. He was not rich, but he had the means of living in comfort.

He had a good wife and good children, yet he was not happy, because others were richer than he was.

He forgot how many were poorer, how many were in want and misery, whilst he was enjoying plenty.

Instead of being grateful to God for the blessings he possessed, he was always repining because he had not more.

He seldom smiled; he seldom spoke in a free cheerful tone.

The consequence was, people shunned his society; till at last he had not one friend left.

How different was the case with Frank Hearty, who lived in the same town.

He was known by every body, and was liked by every body. He had plenty of friends, for he was always ready to help any one; so those he assisted were glad to assist him.

And so it should be. We are not sent into the world to live for ourselves alone, but to do all we can for each other. This is the true way to be happy.

It is easy to overcome bad passions while we are young; but as we grow older, they grow stronger, and then it is difficult to get rid of them.

Then be wise in time, my dear James, and whenever you find yourself giving way to envy, think of the story of John Grant, and shake off the bad feeling as fast as you can.

# THE THUNDER STORM.

Emma and her cousin Mary, two little girls, were playing at ball in a garden, one evening in the summer time.

The air was hot, and dark clouds had been gathering around during the whole afternoon.

The blue sky at length was all hidden, and large drops of rain began to fall.

"We must go in," said Emma, "for it is raining. Do you not feel it?"

"Yes, I do," replied Mary; "I will just run and fetch my ball from under that tree, and then we will go in."

"Make haste then," said her cousin, "or else we shall be quite wet."

But scarcely had she uttered these words, when Mary gave a loud scream, and rushed into the house. A flash of lightning was the cause of her terror.

Emma had seen the lightning, too, but she went quietly to pick up the ball, and then followed her cousin to the parlour.

Another flash of lightning was succeeded by a loud clap of thunder.

Mary, shutting her eyes, again screamed violently. When the peal of thunder was over, she looked at her cousin, and said, "Are you not frightened?"

"No," replied Emma, "I used to be alarmed, and cry out when it thundered and lightened; but I did not scream as you do."

"And why do you not cry out now?"

"Because I have been cured of that folly? my papa cured me: if you like, I will tell you how."

A flash of lightning caused another scream from Mary; but it was one of less violence than before? for she was in haste to hear how Emma had been cured; so she said "Be quick, and tell me, Emma."

"I will, Mary. On the day I went with my papa to London, there was a storm of thunder and lightning. It began just as we had got to my aunt's house, near St. James's Park."

Emma paused; for a flash of lightning passed along the sky.

Mary put her hands before her eyes, and said, "Do go on with your tale, Emma."

"I only waited," replied her cousin, "for you to have time to scream."

"But I do not mean to scream, if I can help it; so do go on, there's a dear."

"Oh, well; if you intend to be quiet, I need not make any more stops.

"I was so glad to see my aunt, and to think I was in London, that I did not much heed the storm, which made only a little noise at first; but, while my aunt was out of the room, there came an exceedingly bright flash of lightening, and such a loud roar of thunder, that I cried, and began to be very silly about it."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mary; for just then a stream of lightning suddenly broke the clouds; but she did not scream. "Go on, Emma," she said; "did your papa cure you then?"

"My papa looked out of the window, and said, 'We must ask your aunt if this is real thunder and lightning, or some of the make-believe sort that is made in London; for the real and the sham are very much alike."

"Why, is there such a thing as make-believe thunder and lightning?" exclaimed Mary.

"Yes," answered the little girl; "and one of the sights of London is to see it made."

"I left off crying, although the storm increased; for I thought it would be very ridiculous to be ashamed of sham thunder and lightning. 'I am glad,' said my papa, 'that you are able to control your alarm till you are sure there is cause for it.

"'To-morrow is one of the days on which imitation thunder and lightning is made for the entertainment of people, and I will take you to see it done; so that you may know the difference, if there is any, between the real and the sham.'"

At this moment, the most vivid flash of lightning seen by the two cousins that evening, illumined the sky; but Mary did not scream.

Observing which, Emma said, kindly, "My papa's method is a good one; for the hearing about it has cured you, my dear cousin."

Mary smiled, although the storm was not quite over, saying, "I know the secret; it is to think about something else; that does the good. But pray tell me about the make-believe thunder and lightning."

"Well," replied Emma; "the Queen's birthday was the occasion my papa meant, and the sham storm was the firing of the cannons in the Park, and which very much pleased every one who was present.

"I saw the flash of fire that came from the cannon, and then heard the roaring noise that followed, like thunder.

"But papa said, that sham thunder and lightning is only a waste of money; whilst the real thunder and lightning, one of the works of the Almighty, is a great benefit to us, as it purifies the air that we breathe.

"And now my story is told; the storm is over; and, I think, you are cured."

# BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

Play is a suitable employment for youth, but it is not the only thing boys have to think about.

They have their business to attend to as well as their pleasures. You think that boys have no business to attend to. Oh, that is quite a mistake.

The business of a boy is, to make himself fit to be a man, and this is to be done by learning. Every boy must know that when he is old enough, he will have to attend to some trade or profession, by which he may get his living. Now, what business do you suppose he would suit, if he had spent all his time in play?

He would only be fit for some very mean occupation.

A clever lad may expect to rise in the world; an ignorant one has little chance of doing so.

There are many persons in the world who were poor in their youth, but have become rich and great by their industry; and there are many also, who were the children of rich parents, yet who, from idleness or neglect in boyhood, have grown up in ignorance, and sunk into poverty and contempt.

I will tell you two stories on this subject; they are true, for I know both the persons they are about.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING.

The gentleman, whose story I shall relate first, is the son of a poor carpenter.

His father could not afford to pay for his education, so he was sent to a charity school, where he got on so well, that he could soon read and write and cypher as well as, or perhaps better, than any other boy in the school.

The master, seeing that he was an industrious lad, and fond of learning, spoke

of him to the clergyman of the parish, who kindly lent him books to read.

It happened, one day, that Richard, in reading one of these books, met with a few words in Latin, and which, of course, he did not understand.

He, therefore, went to the clergyman

and begged he would have the kindness to explain them to him, at the same time saying, he should much like to learn Latin.

"Would you?" said the clergyman, "then come to me, and I will teach you Latin."

Richard was highly delighted with this kind offer, and did not fail in going to the parsonage-house twice a-week. He made such rapid progress that he soon became a pretty good Latin scholar; and, as he wrote a clear, distinct hand, the clergyman recommended him to an attorney, who took him into his office as a writer.

Richard was diligent and attentive, and soon gained the good will of his master, who paid him for all that he did, so that he was able to assist his parents and buy his own clothes.

In another year or two he even began to save money out of his earnings.

His master was so much pleased with his diligence, that he allowed him to take home books to study the law, and so well did Richard profit by this indulgence, that by the time he was twenty, he was quite a clever lawyer.

At length, by great industry, he had saved enough money to article himself;

that is, to bind himself to serve his master as an apprentice for five years.

No one may practice the business of a lawyer, without having served five years; but it costs a great deal of money, because every one, who is thus articled, must pay a large sum for the stamp affixed to the paper on which the agreement is written.

However, Richard paid the money to article himself, as I said before, and when he was out of his time, his master, who was then growing old, made him his partner.

Then Richard provided for his aged parents; bought them a cottage, and allowed them an income that made them comfortable the rest of their days.

He married a lady with a good fortune, and at this very time is living in a handsome house, keeps his carriage, has two sons at college, and is highly respected by all who know him.

## THE CONSEQUENCE OF IDLENESS.

I AM now going to tell you a very different story from the one you have just read.

It is of a poor man who is now a common porter in a warehouse where he once was the master.

His parents died when he was an infant, and he was brought up by his grandfather and grandmother, who spoiled him by over indulgence.

They suffered him to do just as he pleased, and gave him every thing he wished for. He did not like to go to school, so they let him idle away his time without learning any thing.

He used to spend the greater part of the day in playing at marbles and trap-ball with any one he could get to play with him.

His grandfather was an East India merchant, and very rich, as such merchants generally are.

He had no children of his own, so he meant to leave all his money to his grandson, and, unwisely, told him his intention.

I say unwisely, because it made the boy idle and careless, since he was sure of having plenty of money without working for it. He, therefore, grew up in ignorance.

He could scarcely write his name, or spell a dozen words together, without mistakes.

When the old people died, he was, as he expected to be, a rich man.

But he was ignorant and vulgar, therefore, no educated people would associate with him. His companions were, like himself, idle and ignorant persons, and helped him to spend his money in the most foolish manner. Instead of attending to the business, he gave it up to a young man who had been his grandfather's clerk.

He said that he hated business, that he had plenty of money, and would enjoy himself. But his enjoyment did not last,

for in a few years all his money was gone.

Then his companions deserted him, and he had not a friend in the world. He did not know how to get either food or lodging.

At last, he was in such distress that he went to his grandfather's old house, which might have been his own, to beg for some employment.

He was there taken in as a charity, and employed to carry loads, for he was fit for nothing better; and that is his present occupation.

# THE LOST SIXPENCE.

"Look here, papa, I have found a sixpence in the lane; what shall I buy with it?"

"You must not buy any thing with it, Fred. it is not yours."

"Not mine, papa! why I found it."

"That does not make it yours, my boy; it belongs to the person who dropped it."

"But how are we to know who that is?" asked the little boy, in a tone of disappointment; for he had been thinking that the sixpence would just do to buy a whip he had seen in the morning, at a shop in the village.

"We must try to find out who has lost this money," said Fred.'s papa, "and restore it to them. It would not be honest to spend it.

"If you were to drop your new ball in the same lane, it would not cease to be your's because you had dropped it.

"You would think it very unjust of any boy to keep it because he had picked it up.

"You would expect him to give it back to you."

"But I do not know who has lost the sixpence, papa."

"The person cannot be very far off, Fred. It has been dropped lately, or it

would have been picked up before, as there are people passing through this lane every hour in the day.

"When we find any thing, it is our duty to try to discover who has lost it.

"We ought to use every means to find out to whom it belongs, nor should we look upon it as our own, until we feel sure there is no chance that the owner will be found. And even then we must only consider it as a thing borrowed, which we are bound to return if the owner should ever appear. To do otherwise would be dishonest.

"Let us walk towards the village, and perhaps, we shall find out to whom this money belongs."

"Shall we ask this man, papa, if he has lost sixpence."

"No, my dear; we will not ask any one whether he has lost sixpence; but enquire in the village if anything has been lost.

"Then, we shall, perhaps, hear of some-

body that had lost six-pence; and in that case, we shall be sure that we give it to the right person.

Just at this moment, as Fred. and his papa came out of the lane into the road, they saw a little girl in a very ragged dress, and worn-out shoes, that hardly protected her feet from the rough stones.

She was crying bitterly, and looking on the ground.

"What is the matter, child?" said Fred.'s papa to her.

"Oh! sir," she replied, sobbing, "mother gave me a sixpence to go to buy a loaf in the village, and I have lost it.

"She has no more money, so we cannot have any supper, and we are all very hungry. Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

"Do not cry, little girl! here is your sixpence; I found it in the lane."

Fred's father asked her some questions about her mother and the family, and hearing that they were very poor, he gave

the girl another sixpence to take home, and told her he would call at their house.

She thanked them both over and over again, and ran off with a light heart to the baker's, to buy the loaf for supper, almost singing as she went.

And Fred. was exceedingly glad that he had not spent the sixpence.

The whip that he had meant to buy would not have given him half the pleasure that he felt in removing the sorrow of that little girl.

"I feel so happy, papa," said he.

"I dare say you do, my boy; and from the pleasure you now feel, you will learn that the surest way to be happy is to do that which is right."

# THE FOOLISH WISH.

The sun burns my face, mamma, and comes in my eyes.

I cannot see my ball as I throw it up in the air.

I wish the sun would never shine.

That is a foolish wish, Tom, and shows that you have not thought at

all about the matter.

We should never speak without thinking; for if we do, we are almost sure to say something that is either very silly or very wrong.

Now, what you have just said is both silly and wrong.

Let us first see why it is silly.

If there were no sun, there would be no day-light; the world would be dark, it would always be night.

If the sun did not warm the earth, we should have neither meat nor bread; for the grass would not grow, and the corn would not ripen.

There would be no food for the sheep and cattle; there would be no corn to make bread with.

There would be no pleasant green trees, no pretty flowers, no nice fruit.

It would be always dark and cold.

We should not hear the birds sing, nor see the bees or butterflies roaming from flower to flower.

Would not this be worse than feeling the sun a little too hot upon your face?

How silly then it was to wish the sun would never shine.

And now let us see why it was wrong as well as silly.

God made the sun to give us warmth and light, and to make all things grow for our use.

We ought to be grateful to Him for so great a blessing. We ought to say, "How good God is, who has made that beautiful bright sun to warm us and give us light."

It is ungrateful to God to say "I wish the sun would never shine at all." So now, Tom, I hope you see it is wrong as well as silly.

I do;—it was very foolish to say so, mamma. I hope the sun will shine every day; I shall not mind its coming into my eyes.

Im am glad to hear you say so, my little boy; and I hope you will not forget, another time, to think before you speak.

# THE WAY TO WORK WELL.

I CAN tell you who sewed this seam, and who sewed that.

Flora did this.

I know it to be her work, because it is soiled, and the ends of thread are not cut off.

It is a little puckered, too;—another sign it was done by Flora; but I am glad to see an amendment in that fault.

Now look at the other seam. Do you know who did it?

I do; it was Ruth. I know it because it is so nice and clean.

There is not a pucker in it, and I do not see a single end of thread hanging loose.

And now shall I tell you why Ruth does her work so much better than Flora?

She never sits down to it without washing her hands.

She always has her scissors near her, and before she begins to sew a seam, she pins it evenly all the way down, so that she may not pucker it.

Are not all these little arrangements easily made?

To be sure they are; but Flora seems to think it would be a great deal of trouble to be neat.

She comes in from playing in the garden, where she has, perhaps, been bowling her hoop or tossing a ball, and sits down to work without looking to see whether her hands are clean or not.

Her scissors, perhaps, are missing, so she leaves all the ends of thread, meaning to cut them off when she has finished her work, which she mostly forgets to do.

Then she does not pin a seam, but sews away as fast as she can, and never stops to look whether her work is even or not; so that, nine times out of ten, when she comes to the end, she finds one side longer than the other, because it is puckered all the way.

Sometimes, therefore, she has to unpick her work and do it over again.

This is surely much more trouble than to pin the seam at first.

Every little girl would rather be praised for neatness than blamed for untidiness; and I mention these errors in Flora, with the hope that she, and other little girls having the same faults, will get rid of them directly.

# RIGHT AND WRONG.

"May Willy and I just run round this field, papa? We can climb over the gate."

"First tell me, John, what is written on the board over the gate."

"Oh, I know what is written there; it is: — 'No one may trespass on this field; it is private ground.'"

"And what does that mean?"

"Why, it means that nobody may go into the field: but I don't see what harm it can do just to run once round; and there is no one there to see us."

"That is a very bad reason, John; if it is right to go, it does not matter whether any one sees you, or not; and if it is not right, you ought not to go at all."

"We would not go, if we thought it would do any harm," said Willy.

"That is not the matter to consider," replied his father.

"This field is private property, and the person to whom it belongs has as much right to say whether he will permit strangers to go into it, as I have to say that strangers shall not come into my garden."

"But a field is different from a garden," said John.

"It is different only as regards its produce," answered his father.

"Flowers and shrubs are grown in the garden; grass is grown in the field.

"But the field might be made into a garden, if its owner chose; and the garden might be made into a field.

"And if I chose to grow nothing but grass in my garden, I do not think that strangers would have any more right to come into it than they had when I grew flowers in it: do you think they would?"

"No, papa; they would have no more right."

"Then, do you think they ought to do it?"

John considered a little, and then said, No, he did not think they ought.

"Then, by the same rule, John, you must see plainly that you ought not to go into that field."

John owned that he saw it would be wrong.

"Besides," said his father, "when you said, '*there is no one to see us*,' those very words proved that you knew it was not right.

"Never do any thing, my dear boy, that

you would be afraid to be seen doing, or ashamed to own.

"It is mean and contemptible.

"You would be thought an honourable boy;—therefore let your actions always be such as you could avow without fear or shame to the whole world.

"He who can say, 'I have done nothing wrong,' must surely be more happy than he who says to himself, 'I have done wrong, but I shall not be found out.'

"Let your conduct be marked by honour and honesty in trifles, as well as in matters of importance, and you will always be respected."

# TRUE CHARITY.

"Mamma," said little Charlotte, I wish you would give me a penny to take to that poor boy at the gate. He looks very hungry, and says that he has not had a bit to eat, all day. I am so sorry for him.

"Do let me give him a penny to buy a penny roll."

"I think you have a penny of your own, Charlotte, that your papa gave you,

this morning. He gave you and Harry a penny each."

"Yes, mamma, but I want mine to buy a bun, while I am out."

"Do you think you shall be hungry while you are out, my dear?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"If you expect to be hungry, you may take a piece of bread and butter with you."

"But I like a bun, better, mamma."

"I am afraid, Charlotte, you are not very sorry for that poor boy, since you seem inclined to let him go away hungry, rather than give up the pleasure of eating a bun, although you have had a good breakfast, and he has had none."

Just at this moment, Harry came up to the gate.

The boy was standing there, still begging.

"Here, poor boy," said Harry, "here is a penny for you. I should have bought a bun with it; but I am not hungry, and you are; so you may have the penny."

The poor boy thanked Harry, and ran

over the way to a baker's, to buy a penny roll, which he began to eat with a joyful countenance.

Harry went away bowling his hoop, and thinking no more about the penny or the beggar boy. Charlotte hung down her head, ashamed, and resolved not to buy a bun that day.

It is very easy to say we pity the misfortunes of others; but if we will not forego a little self-indulgence to aid them, our pity is of no value, for it is not sincere.

Charlotte was not unkind, but she was rather selfishly disposed.

She would have felt glad to give a penny to the poor boy, but she did not like to give up her own enjoyments for the sake of another.

This is not charity.

True charity prompts us to give away what we can spare, when we see that it will benefit another person, although we may, in so doing, incur some inconvenience.

Harry was as fond of a bun as Charlotte

was; but he thought it would be much better for a boy who was hungry to have a piece of bread, than for one who was not hungry, to have a bun.

The occurrence, however, had a good effect on Charlotte; she felt herself undeserving of a bun that day, and persevered in her resolution not to have one.

# THE DANGER OF DELAY.

My dear Ann, look at that plant, which I gave you but a short time ago:—it is dead.

Last night, I heard you say—"That flower is drooping; I must give it some water, or it will die."

Did you do so?

No;—you put off the needful attention till the morning; and when the morning came, you did not think of it; so the poor plant was left all day without water, in the hot sun.

Its leaves, that were so fresh and green, are now withered and falling off. Its flowers that were so gay and bright, are faded; and their sweet scent is gone.

The plant is lost for want of nourishment; it is bending to the earth; it will bloom no more.

And yet, a little timely care would have saved your favourite.

If you had watered it last night, it might have been gay and blooming still.

You did not think it would die?—

You did not mean to neglect it?—

You meant to water it in the morning? but why, my dear child, did you leave it till the morning? Why not have done it then?

Is it easier to do a thing to-morrow than to-day?

Is it less trouble? I think not. I think it is far better to do every thing at the time when it ought to be done.

In the condition of this plant, you have proof of the danger there is in delay.

You might have kept it alive, but now that you have let it die, you cannot bring it to life again.

I know you are sorry that it is dead.

Then let this be a lesson to you, my child, never to put off till another time that which you ought to do now.

Delay is almost sure to be the cause of sorrow.

# LITTLE MARY.

Little Mary had a favourite cat, which she called Minette. It was a very pretty creature, its fur was of the glossiest black, studded all over with spots as white as snow, and its pretty white paws were like velvet to the touch.

Minette was gentle as a lamb, and so fond of her little mistress, that she would follow her about the house and garden all day long, and when Mary went out to take a walk, or pay a visit, pussy was quite disconsolate, and might be seen perched up at a window with her nose close against the glass, watching for her return.

Mary, on her part, was equally attached to Minette, she gave her some of her bread and milk, every morning, and took care that she had plenty of food every day.

Frequently, when she was reading or

learning her lesson, she would seat herself on a low stool, with Minette by her side, and stroke and pat her all the time, while the happy favourite purred, and seemed delighted at the notice bestowed on her. But these pleasant days were not to last for ever, and poor Minette experienced the fate of many more celebrated characters.

The downfall of a favourite is no uncommon event: my readers will not therefore, be surprised at what we are going to relate about Mary and Minette.

The latter was as happy as any of the tabby race could well be, never dreaming of a rival in the affections of her little mistress, when a new candidate for her favour, appeared in the form of a handsome spaniel puppey, that was given to Mary, and so charmed her, that she soon discarded her faithful Minette, giving all her caresses, and all the nice morsels she had to spare, to Carlo, for that was the name of the new favourite.

From morning till night she had him constantly in her arms, fed him with all the dainties she could get, and even carried him out with her, while poor Minette was quite neglected, and might often have gone a whole day without a meal, if she had not now and then pounced upon some little mouse; which, after all, was but a sorry substitute for the good fare to which she had been accustomed.

One day, Mary was sitting by the fire nursing and coaxing her little dog, when Minette ventured into the room, and creeping softly towards the little maiden, to whom she was as much attached as ever, notwithstanding the unkind treatment she had experienced; she touched her hand gently with her paw, and looked up wistfully in her face, as if soliciting the return of her affection; but the appeal was made in vain, Mary pushed away the humble suppliant, saying rather roughly, "Get along puss; what business have you to come here?"

Poor Minnette, as if conscious that her petition was rejected, slunk out of the room.

Mary's mamma, although she was engaged in writing a letter, had seen all that had passed, and as soon as she was at leisure, she called her little daughter to her, and asked her if she would like to hear a pretty story.

"Oh, yes, mamma, very much indeed," replied Mary, "there is nothing I like so well as hearing stories."

"Then bring your work, my dear, and sit down by me, and I will tell you one that I have just recollected."

Mary did as she was desired, and her mamma related the following story.

"There was once a lady, who having no children of her own, took charge of a poor infant who had lost both its father and mother, and was left without a single friend in the world.

"This child grew up so good and amiable that the lady became exceedingly fond of her, dressed her very nicely, and taught her to read and work, made her a constant companion, and was as kind to her as if she had been her own little girl; in short, no one who saw them together would have known the difference.

"The grateful orphan, on her part, tried by every means in her power to show how much she felt all this kindness, and how dearly she loved her benefactress.

"It happened, however, that this lady had a friend who was going abroad for two or three years; but she had a little boy about four years old, whom she wished to leave in England, and as she did not like to leave him with strangers, the lady offered to take care of him till her friend should return.

"This offer, you may suppose, was thankfully accepted, and the little boy was left. He was a pretty little fellow, very lively and good tempered; he had bright laughing

blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and beautiful light hair, that curled all over his head.

"All those attractions pleased the lady so much, that she cared no longer for the little girl, who soon found herself entirely neglected, and frequently wandered about the house alone for whole days together,

without being taken the least notice of, except by the servants; while the little boy was caressed from morning till night, taken out by the lady herself every day, and indulged in every fancy.

"You may imagine that it was quite grief enough to the poor little girl, who

had committed no fault, to find that she had lost the affections of her once kind mistress; yet, she did not complain, although every body saw that her health was slowly declining; for she grew thin and pale, lost her appetite, and pined away by degrees, till, at last, she died."

"Oh, what a sad story!" said Mary, "how cruel it was of that lady to behave so ill to the little girl who had never offended her; was she not sorry when she died?"

"I dare say she was, my dear; but that, you know, could not bring the poor child to life again."

"No, indeed, it could not," replied Mary; "I am sure, if I had been her, I should never have been happy any more."

"Nobody can be very happy, my love, who acts unjustly towards others, and yet, I think I know a little girl that has been guilty of the same sort of injustice with which that lady treated the little orphan

she had engaged to protect. Can you guess who I mean?"

"No, mamma, I cannot guess at all who you can mean."

"Think again, Mary; do you know of nobody who has discarded an old favourite for a new one?"

"Ah, now I do know what you mean, mamma; you are thinking of Minette, that I used to be so fond of, before I had Carlo. Poor Minette! yes, I see now that I have behaved unjustly to her, but I will make her amends for it all."

She ran to the door, and called "Minette, Minette!" and no sooner did poor puss hear the voice of her mistress, than she flew up the stairs, and was at her side in an instant.

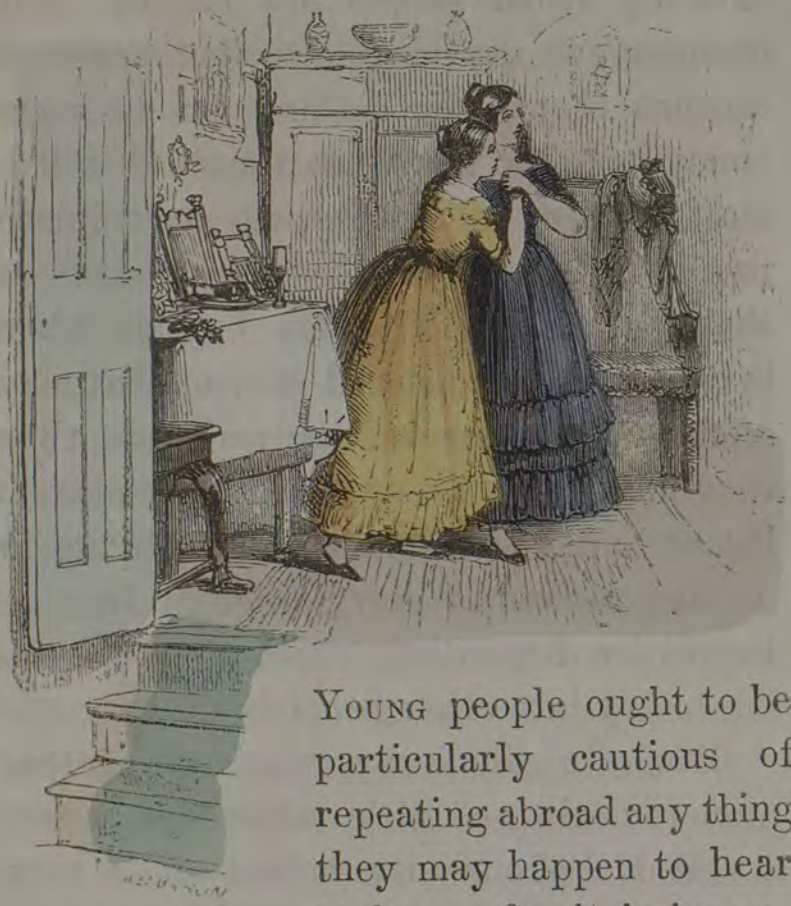
Mary took her up in her arms, and stroked her, saying, "My poor little Minette, I will never be unkind to you again; I love Carlo, but I will love you too; so, from this time, you shall both be my favourites."

Mary's mamma was pleased with this

decision, "For," she said, "we should never bestow our affection so exclusively on one object, as to be blind to the merits of others.

"But above all, we should never withdraw our favour from those on whom we have been in the habit of conferring benefits as long as they continue to deserve it."

# THE LITTLE TATTLER.



Young people ought to be particularly cautious of repeating abroad any thing they may happen to hear at home, for it is impossible for them to foresee the consequences of so doing; and a single indiscretion of this kind has been known to occasion more mischief, than a whole lifetime could repair.

Neither should they show any signs of curiosity when people are talking upon business, or anything else that does not concern them; for nothing can be more annoying; but there are times when it is most proper and meritorious for children to pay attention to the conversation of their parents and friends: I mean, when it relates to any general subject that may afford them some instruction; and then they may listen as much as they please; for an enquiring mind, that delights in gaining wisdom, is very different from an inquisitive disposition, which is ever seeking to pry into other people's affairs.

Charlotte Chataway, was one of that numerous class of little ladies who possess a vast deal of curiosity, united with a very small share of judgment, which is by no means an uncommon combination, although a very dangerous one. No matter who were the parties conversing together, or what was the subject of their discourse, Charlotte's ears were sure to be on the

stretch to catch every word they uttered, even though spoken in so low a tone as to show plainly they did not wish to be overheard.

But this was not all, for besides listenening, when she had no business to do so, she was very apt to mention whatever she heard, thus often doing a great deal of harm by causing a variety of mistakes, and giving rise to numerous misunderstandings; for words repeated are almost sure to convey a different impression to the mind of the hearer, than if they had been heard as they were originally spoken, since the least alteration of tone or manner may give quite another meaning to the same phrase.

One time, Mrs. Chataway lost a very good housemaid, only because Charlotte told the nurse something her papa had said when he was very angry, one morning, on account of the breakfast not being ready in proper time.

The nurse, as might have been expected, repeated it to the housemaid, who went

away in consequence, to the great regret of her mistress, and the inconvenience of the whole family.

On another occasion, Mr. Chataway, who was a jeweller, lost an excellent customer, from having incautiously remarked, before Charlotte, that she was a very disagreeable woman.

Charlotte communicated the observation to one of her school-fellows, who repeated it to the daughter of the lady in question, and, of course, it was not long in finding its way to the ears of the lady herself, who was so offended, that she immediately changed her jeweller.

But if I were to recount all the unpleasant occurrences that took place in consequence of Miss Charlotte's tattling propensities, I might fill a whole volume; therefore I shall content myself with the two instances I have already given, and leave my young readers to judge for themselves, whether such an example ought not to be studiously avoided.

One day, Charlotte was invited to spend the day at the house of a lady, named White, who had several children about her own age.

While she was there, a gentleman happened to call, who was acquainted with Mr. Chataway; when he heard her name, he asked her how her papa and mamma did, and desired his compliments to them. Charlotte answered him very politely, but as soon as he was gone, she said to Mrs. White, "That gentleman comes to our house, sometimes, and what do you think mamma said to papa about him, the other day? She said——"

"Stop, my dear," said Mrs. White, hastily interrupting her, "I do not desire to know what was said, and I am quite sure your mamma would not wish you to tell me; for you must be aware that any thing your parents say to each other in private, is not meant to be carried round to all their friends, especially by their children, whose duty it is to hold sacred whatever may be spoken in their presence.

"If any one of my daughters were to be guilty of repeating, out of my house, a word that passes between her father and me, I should consider her totally unfit for our society; she should never be allowed to sit at our table, nor to come into the room when we had any visitors. There is nothing more dangerous, more contemptible, or more to be guarded against, than a tattler."

Charlotte blushed deeply at this well-merited reproof, and the lady seeing it had made some impression on her, told her the following story:—

"When I was a child, I lived near a village called Mayfield; it was a sweet place, I can fancy I see it now, with its little white cottages, covered with jasmine and roses, and their neat gardens, where often I have plucked many a gay flower to adorn my straw bonnet, or carry home to my mamma.

"When you are as old as I am, Charlotte, you will love to call back to memory the days of your childhood; and if your parents, like mine, are then no more, you will find it a great happiness to be able to say that your conduct was always such as gave them satisfaction.

"However, to return to my story; the most striking object at Mayfield, was the church, an old gothic building, entirely overgrown with ivy, which gave it the most picturesque and romantic appearance imaginable. Many an hour have I spent in gazing on that sacred pile, whose time-worn tower formed an interesting contrast to the pretty parsonage house that stood close by.

"The rector, who lived in this house, was a very old man, nearly eighty; but the duty of the church was performed by a young curate, who expected to succeed to the living, whenever it should become vacant, as it was in the gift of the bishop of the diocese, to whom he was related.

"This curate was the son of a schoolmaster, who had a very large family; I think as many as ten or eleven children, with no means of maintaining them, but the profits of his school, which were not very great; therefore, it was a great comfort to him to know that one of them had so good a prospect of being well provided for, more especially as he was the eldest, and had promised that, as soon as it should be in his power, he would take two of his sisters to live with him, for he was one of the kindest of brothers, as well as the most dutiful and most affectionate of sons.

"And how do you suppose he lost all the good fortune that every one thought in store for him?

"It was, by the inconsiderate tattling of one of his sisters, who repeated, in the presence of several persons, something he had said, in jest, at his father's table, about getting as fat as a bishop.

"I never heard exactly what were the words he used, but it is certain they were

not intended to express any want of respect for his reverend relative, whom he held in the highest veneration.

"However, the remark he made, whatever it might be, went from one to another, till, at length, it was told to the bishop himself.

"Now, it is very likely that, had he heard the simple truth, there would have been no great harm done; but few people repeat any thing precisely as it is told to them, so that in passing from one to another, a tale is frequently so altered, that it would hardly be known again.

"Such was unfortunately the case in this instance, for the bishop thought he had been insulted and turned into ridicule by the young man, to whom he had always been so kind a friend; and the consequence was, that he never took any further notice of him, and when the living of Mayfield became vacant, by the death of the aged rector, which happened shortly afterwards, he gave the presentation to somebody else.

"This was a terrible blow to the curate and his whole family, and it was several years before they found out how he had lost the favour of his patron: but it was at last discovered that it was owing to a harmless unmeaning jest, that had been magnified into an intentional insult.

"The sister, who was the cause of this misfortune, has never been happy since. She was then a sprightly, thoughtless girl; she is now a melancholy, broken-spirited woman, a prey to sorrow and self-reproach.

"But, the worst of all was, that the young man, depending on the bishop's promises, married a very amiable young lady, whom I knew very well, which made the disappointment fall still heavier; for as he had now nothing but poverty to look forward to, the prospect of having a family to maintain, was a serious matter.

"In short, he is at this present moment a poor curate, in a distant part of the country, with seven children, for whom he is scarcely able to procure food and rai-

ment; while the rector of Mayfield rides about in his carriage, and is possessed of all the comforts this life can afford."

This story had the desired effect.

Charlotte, from that time, kept so strict a guard over her tongue, that, by degrees, she cured herself of the mischievous habit she had contracted; so that no one had occasion to say, as had sometimes been the case, "Do not speak so loud, Charlotte is in the room."

# THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

It was the eighteenth of December, and the young ladies of Mrs. Hunter's school were preparing to go home for the holidays.

The hall was filled with boxes, all corded and directed, ready for their several des-

tinations, and the whole house was a scene of bustle, some running one way, some another; while two or three, in bonnets and shawls, were anxiously watching at the windows for the arrival of the stage, which was expected every minute.

Every knock at the door was greeted with loud and joyful exclamations: "I hope that is my papa!" "I am sure that is for me!" were the expressions of hope that fell from many smiling lips; and each one as her expectation was realised, bade adieu to the rest, with delighted haste.

Every heart throbbed with pleasure except one.

Poor Virginia! she sat alone in one corner of the deserted school-room, sad and silent, while the tears trickled fast down her little cheeks.

"What is the matter, Virginia?" said Mrs. Hunter, who, in passing the school-room door, had heard the sobbing of the little girl, "are you not well, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am, but—"

"But what, child?"

"They all look so happy," said Virginia, "oh I wish I was going home, too!" and the tears flowed still thicker and faster than before.

Mrs. Hunter pitied her distress, and sitting down by her, tried to soothe and comfort her.

"My dear child," she said, "you knew before to-day, that it would not be possible for you to go home in the holidays.

"You surely would not like to cross the sea at this time of the year, even if you had the opportunity of doing so; do you think you should?"

"No, ma'am, but I should like to see my mamma and papa."

"I dare say you would, my love; that is very natural; but it is not a reason why you should make yourself so miserable just now.

"If you had expected to see your parents this winter, and had been disappointed, I should not have been surprised at your distress; but I cannot see that you have

more cause for sorrow to-day, than you had yesterday, or any other day: unless, indeed, you are envious of the happiness of your school-fellows, and I should be sorry to think that was the case."

"No, indeed, I do not envy them; I only wish that I was happy too."

"You ought to be happy, my child, and grateful that you have good parents who are anxious to see you a well-educated, clever, and accomplished girl.

"It is for this purpose, they have sent

you to England; and I hope, when you return to them, you will be all that they can desire; but the expense of a voyage to Jamaica, and the length of time it would occupy, puts it quite out of the question, until your education is completed, and you go back to remain: therefore, I hope you will show your good sense by being contented, and employing your time well, that you may be the sooner able to return."

"I am not to return till I am fifteen, and I am now only eleven," said Virginia, "four years—four whole years before I shall see my dear mamma again."

At this moment, a merry little girl, named Fanny Green, ran past the window that looked into the garden, singing gaily—

> "Now the holidays are come,
> And we are all going home."

This occasioned a fresh burst of grief on the part of Virginia, who exclaimed bitterly—"Oh, how I wish I was Fanny Green!"

Just as she gave utterance to this wish,

a letter was brought by one of the teachers to Mrs. Hunter, who, on reading it changed countenance, and seemed much distressed.

"Read this letter," said she, giving it to the young lady who had brought it to her, —"I am so shocked, I must go to my room for a few minutes to recover myself, and consider what is to be done: say nothing about it till you see me again."

So saying, she quitted the room, and the teacher having read the letter, followed, looking as much distressed as the governess.

When Virginia was thus again left to herself, she looked out at the window, and saw Fanny Green scampering like a wild fawn about the garden, laughing, singing, and clapping her hands with joy; a sight that made her hastily turn away, for she did feel envy, and even dared to say,—

"God is not kind to us all alike; why should she be so much happier than I am?"

Foolish child! she was not old enough to know the wickedness and absurdity of cal-

ling in question the goodness of God; but she was about to receive a lesson that taught her the uncertainty of human happiness, and afforded, even to her youthful comprehension, a striking and convincing proof that we should never think our lot harder than that of others, or fancy that God is not just and kind to all alike, merely because we are apt to indulge in wishes that cannot be gratified.

Virginia thought she had reason to be discontented that she could not, like her school-fellows, spend the holidays at home with her parents; forgetting how thankful she ought to be to the Almighty for blessing her with a good father and mother; and how grateful to those kind parents, who, in their anxiety for her future welfare, had sent her to this country, that she might receive a better education than they could obtain for her in the West Indies, and were hoping to see her return to them a clever and accomplished girl.

Virginia did not want for good sense, yet

she would not, perhaps, have been so soon convinced of her error, but for the melancholy news contained in the letter her governess had just received.

It was but a few minutes since she had said, "I wish I was Fanny Green!" Did she wish so now? Oh, no,—sorry, indeed, would she have been to exchange her lot for that of the little girl she had so lately envied.

Poor Fanny had now no mother, no happy home to go to.

Her mamma had died suddenly, that very morning; and the letter that announced her death, also contained a request that Mrs. Hunter would allow little Fanny to remain with her during the holidays, as it was feared that her presence would only add to the grief of her afflicted father.

When Virginia heard the sobs of the motherless child, she began to reflect on the folly and ingratitude of her own late conduct, and to think how little cause she had for the tears she had been silly enough to shed that morning.

The next time she saw Mrs. Hunter, that lady kindly asked her which she now thought the happiest, herself or Fanny Green; when Virginia, throwing her arms round her neck, promised that she would never more repine at being separated from her parents for a short time; and the good governess, kissing her tenderly, said—"And never forget to thank God, Virginia, that your parents are still in life and health; and whenever you feel discomforted at this temporary separation, think how much more cause you would have for sorrow, if, like poor Fanny, you had lost one of them for ever.

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