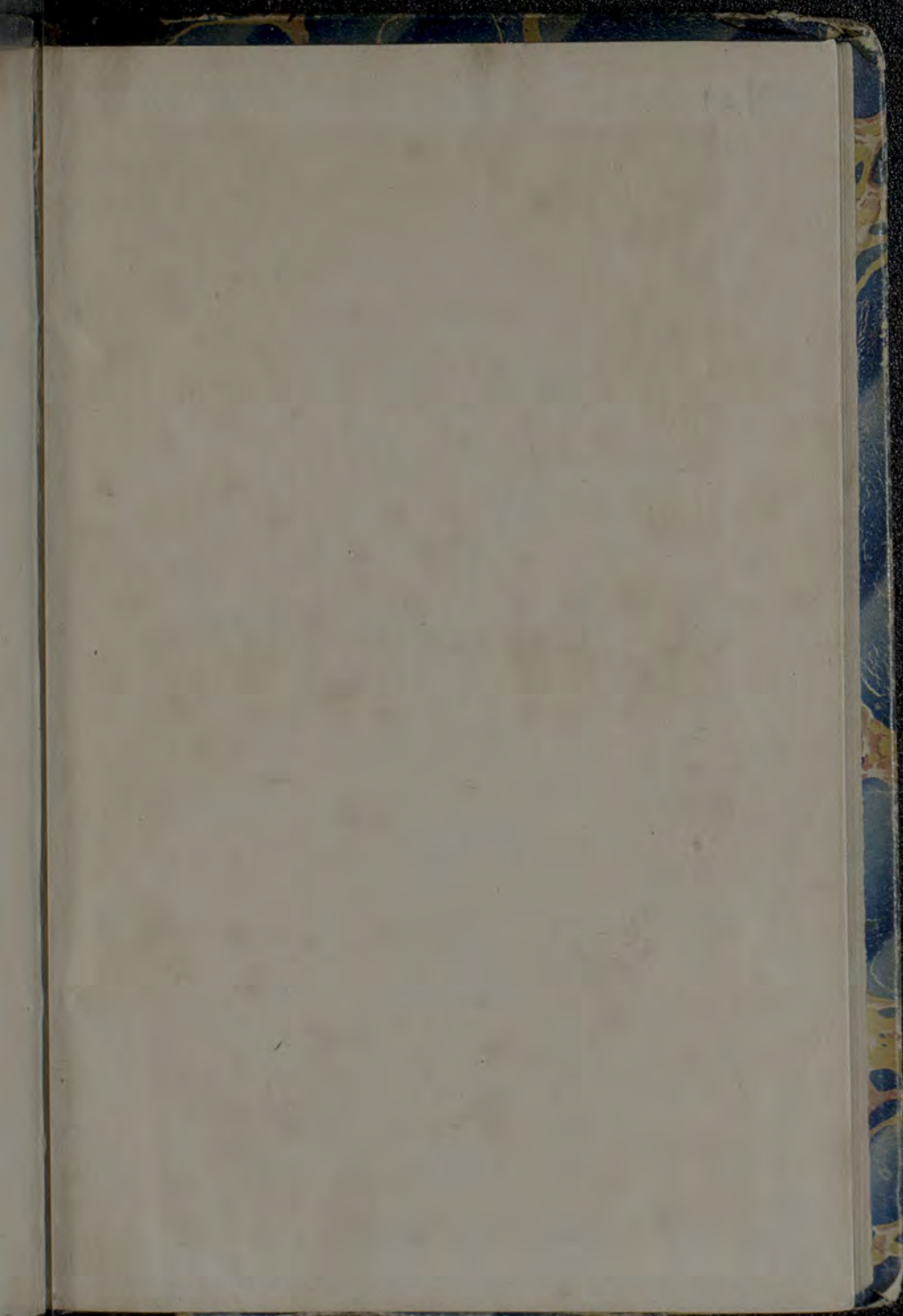


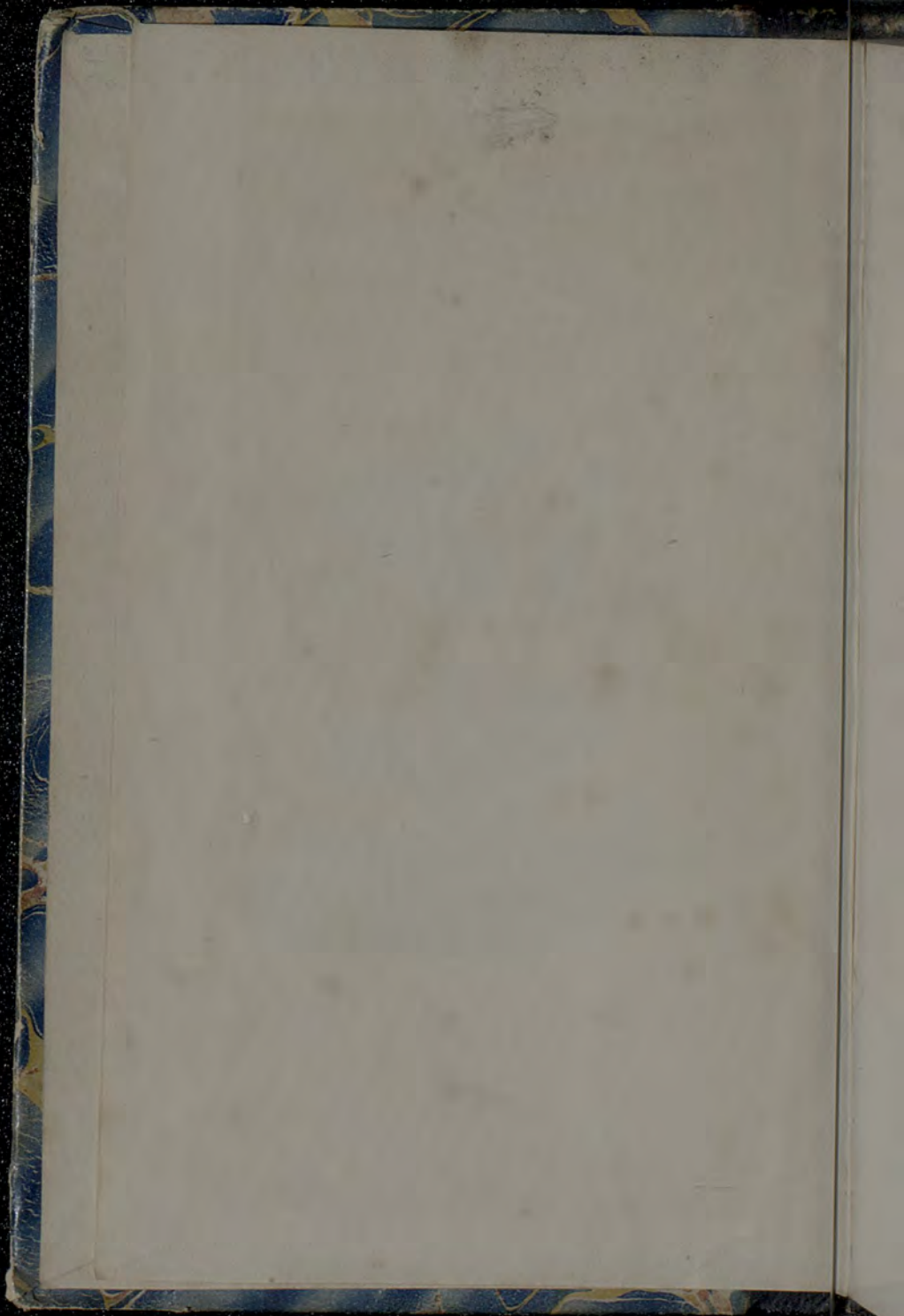


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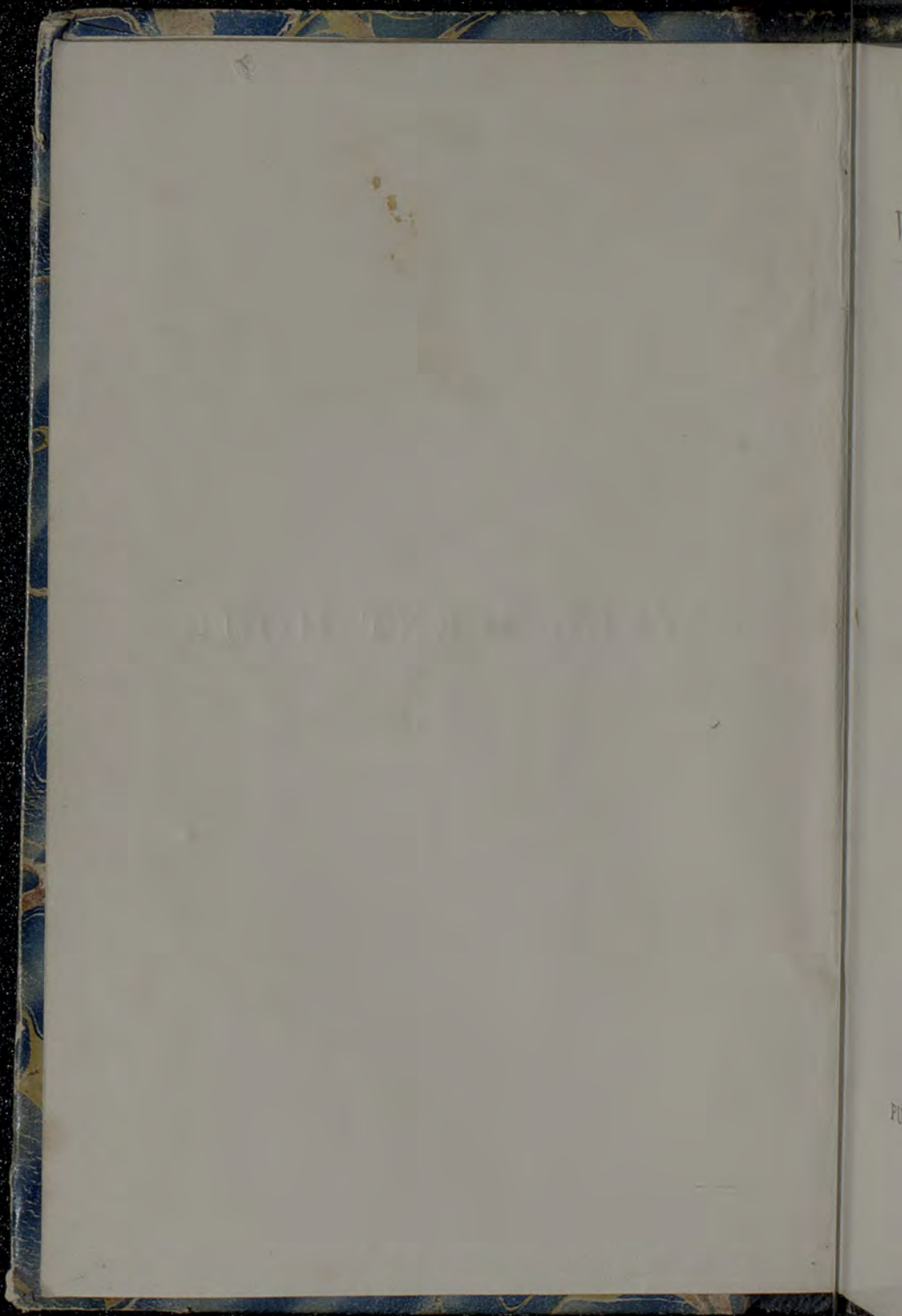


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THE  
WELL-SPENT HOUR,  
A TALE.



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WELL-SPENT HOUR,  
A TALE.

REPRINTED FROM THE LAST AMERICAN EDITION,

AND REVISED BY

THE REV. S. WOOD, B.A.



SECOND ENGLISH EDITION.

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LONDON:  
PUBLISHED BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.

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1833.

PRINTED BY G. SMALLFIELD, HACKNEY.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THIS beautiful little work was first published at Boston, in the United States. It conveys such admirable lessons, and is written in so attractive a style, that the Editor has thought it well deserving of being reprinted in England. He has not scrupled, however, to correct many inaccurate expressions, and to alter several passages, where the sentiments appeared to him such as would not naturally suggest themselves to the mind of a child. He has also materially altered the description of *the eye*, as he was informed by an eminent oculist that it was not correct, as given in the original edition. He has substituted English money for American, and in Chapter XII., the names of books which he knows and approves; and he has added explanatory notes re-

ADVERTISEMENT.

specting Washington and La Fayette. He trusts that these alterations will contribute to the utility of the work, and that it will be found to be an interesting and valuable addition to our juvenile libraries.

*London, June 9, 1832.*

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This Second English Edition is reprinted from the Third American, a copy of which was kindly sent to the Editor by the Author herself. The new matter consists chiefly of an anecdote of La Fayette, at the end of Chapter VIII.; of several respecting Washington, in Chapter XII., and of the whole of Chapter XIII.

March 27, 1833.

THE  
WELL-SPENT HOUR.

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CHAPTER I.

PIETY AT HOME.

‘MOTHER, I am tired of reading; can’t you tell me of something to do?’ said Kitty Nelson, one day, as she stretched herself out, and gaped, as if she were very weary. ‘Oh yes, my dear,’ said her mother, ‘you may hem this handkerchief, or you may pick up these shreds.’ ‘Oh,’ said the little girl, ‘but that would be tiresome, and I want something pleasant to do: you know you told me I might do what I pleased in the vacation, if I did nothing wrong.’ ‘True, my dear, but I told you I did not believe you would be happy when idle, and advised you to employ yourself; yet I left you at liberty to choose for yourself.’

‘But, mother, can’t you think of any thing pleasant for me to do?’ ‘Can you tell me any thing of the sermon that we heard yesterday?’ said her mother. ‘I remember the text, I think,’ said Kitty. ‘What was it, my dear?’ ‘It was, “Let them shew their piety at home.” What is piety, mother?’ ‘Piety, my dear, is love and obedience to God; it is a desire to please him, and a continual and grateful remembrance of all his kindness to us, and a fear of offending a Being of such great goodness. Do you remember any thing that the minister said about it?’ ‘He talked a great deal about spending one hour well; I did not understand all, but I understood a great deal of what he said, and it made me think of what I could do in an hour.’ ‘Well, Kitty, what could you do in an hour?’ ‘Do you mean, mother, how many of my lessons I could learn in an hour?’ ‘No; but if you had no lessons to learn, as now, for instance, and wanted to spend an hour well, what good could you do?’ ‘I am sure, mother, I don’t know. If I were to sew an hour, I could not do much; and besides, Roxy does all your sewing; and there is some one to do all the

other work in the house ; there is nothing for me to do.' 'Is there no way of doing good but in doing the work of the house, or sewing?' said her mother. 'Do I never do you good, except when I make your clothes, or give you food?' 'Oh yes, mother, you teach me, and you make me happy.' 'And cannot you make any one happy?' Here Kitty hesitated.—'Sometimes, mother, when I am good and industrious, you say I make you and my father happy.'—'Is there no one else you can make happy or unhappy, my dear?' 'Yes, mother, I can make James and Lucy happy, and sometimes I make them unhappy ; and I am afraid I troubled Lucy this morning.' 'And could you not make her happy again?' 'Oh, yes, mother, I think I could.' 'Then, my dear, you have something to do. If we are really anxious to do good, we shall find opportunities enough.' 'Shall I go to Lucy now, mother?' I left her crying up stairs.'

'Stop one minute, my dear ; I have something to propose to you : suppose you try this one hour, and see how much good you can do in it? It is now twelve o'clock ;

when the clock strikes one, come and tell me whether you have found any thing to do, and whether you have been happy: should you like to try?' 'Yes, mother, I should,' said Kitty; 'but I am afraid I cannot do much in one hour.' 'Well, my dear,' said her mother, 'you cannot better begin the hour than by going to little Lucy, and trying to make her happy.'

Kitty was a sensible, thoughtful girl: she sometimes did wrong, but was soon sorry for it, and tried to do better: she walked slowly out of the room, thinking what good she could possibly do in an hour. By the time she had shut the door she thought again of Lucy, to whom she had been so disobliging, and skipped up stairs to make up with her first, before she did any thing else.

There she found Lucy sitting on the floor, fretting just as she had left her. She sat close down by her, and said, 'Don't cry, Lucy, and I will dress your doll.' 'But you sha'nt,' said Lucy; 'it's all torn, and you can't; you would not dress it when I asked you, and I won't let you do it now.' And

sure enough Lucy was so impatient because Kitty would not dress her doll, that she had pulled and twitched the frock till it was torn and spoiled. Kitty knew that it was her fault, and that if she had been kind to her little sister she would have been happy and good, and the gown not torn. 'I am sorry,' said she, 'that I was so cross; and if Roxy will give me something to make the doll a frock of, and cut it out, I will make you a nice one, Lucy, and make her look as pretty as ever.'

Roxy soon found something pretty for the doll, and cut it out, and Kitty went to work as busy as a bee upon the frock. Little Lucy now felt pleased, and began to clap her hands and laugh, and they both felt very happy. Just as Kitty was putting in one of the sleeves, her brother James came running into the nursery. 'Do, Kitty,' said he, 'help me to find the answer to this question in Colburn,' 'Oh dear, James!' said she, 'I am so busy I can't leave off for one minute: I want to get Luey's doll dressed.'—'Then,' said James, 'I shall lose my place in my class this afternoon, for I cannot puzzle it

out, and I shall lose a mark, and shall not get a book. Oh do, Kitty, help me !'

Kitty could not bear to leave the doll ; but she remembered that she was to try and see how much good she could do this hour, and she knew it would be doing harm instead of good to refuse to assist her brother ; so she told him she was ready to help him, and they soon found the answer together, for it is certainly true that two heads are better than one.—James said, ' Thank you, Kitty,' so pleasantly, and ran off looking so happy, that Kitty was very glad she had been able to assist him. But her patience and good resolutions were to have further trials. She was just going on nicely with the doll's frock, when her aunt came in. ' Kitty,' said she, ' I want you to carry this book to old Mrs. Welles ; I know you like to go there, and your mother says you may if you please.'—' Oh, she is making a gown for my doll !' said Lucy, ' and must not go.' ' But your mother says *you* may go with her, if Kitty will take care of you,' said her aunt.

Now Kitty did not like very well to walk



with Lucy; for, as she was only six years old, and Kitty was nine, she had to walk slower with her than she liked, and she wanted to finish dressing the doll; but she again remembered that this was the hour in which she was to do as much good as she could, and she knew how much pleasure the book would give to poor Mrs. Welles; so she jumped up, and put on her bonnet, and Lucy's, and they soon set off. The poor woman was rejoiced to see the little girls, and very glad of the book. 'My eyes are so weak, Miss Kitty, I should be much obliged to you if you would read a little of it to me.' Kitty wanted to go home, 'but,' said she to herself, 'it will be doing good, I am sure, to read to this old lady;' so they gave Lucy some playthings, and Kitty read as well as she possibly could.

Before long Lucy became restless, and Mrs. Welles, who was very considerate, said, she was much obliged to Kitty, but as her sister was tired, she had better go home with her; 'but I shall be happier all the day for the pleasant thoughts I have got from the book you have been reading, and the remem-

brance of my little friends, and the sight of their pleasant countenances. God bless you, dear children; you have done me good.'

They arrived at home just as it struck one, with fine rosy cheeks, and light and happy hearts, and found their mother in the nursery. 'Well, my dear,' said she, 'how has the hour been passed? have you done any good? have you been happy?' 'Oh, very happy,' said Kitty.—'Mrs. Welles says we have done her good.' 'And what else have you done, my dear?' Kitty then told her of every thing she had done during the hour. 'So,' said her mother, 'you have made Lucy and James and poor Mrs. Welles all happy, and been happy yourself, and made your mother happy too, my child.'—'And me,' said her aunt. 'And you have done all this,' continued her mother, 'by thinking of the happiness of others, rather than of your own; and you have done it in one hour; and now you know what a *well-spent hour* means.—But there is another Being, whom you cannot see, but who has witnessed and who approves of what you have done; who do you think it is?' 'It is

God, mother, for you have told me that he sees me always.' 'Yes, my dear, and it is by doing your duty, as you have done for this last hour, with a hearty desire to please Him, that you can shew piety at home.'

Kitty understood what her mother said, and felt very happy, though she said nothing more; for when she thought that such a little girl as she was had pleased Almighty God, her heart was too full to speak, and she did not know how to express what she felt. She sat down by the side of her mother, and finished the doll's gown, and she spent the remainder of the day as she had that one hour; for she found she was so much happier when thinking of others, and trying to do good, that nothing that day could have tempted her to be selfish and disobliging; and often afterwards, when she was older, and was in danger of doing wrong, the recollection of the happiness of this one *well-spent* hour has encouraged her and given her strength to do right; and from that hour she began 'to shew piety at home.'

CHAPTER II.

THE WONDERFUL BOOK.

THEY who remember Kitty Nelson's first Well-spent Hour, may, perhaps, be glad to hear how she passed more of her time; and we propose to give an account of some of what she called her happy hours: this you will find always means her well-spent hours; for there are no others that we can call happy after they are passed.

As Kitty was only a name she received when she was an infant, as an expression of endearment, we think it best, as we shall hear about her as she is growing up, to call her by her own name, Catharine.

She was one day sitting with her mother; she had just finished reading the Sequel to Frank. She had taken great pleasure in it; and as she shut up the book, she said, 'I like Frank very much, mother. Was there ever really such a boy as Frank? And did he save his mother from being bitten by a mad dog?'

'I dare say, my dear, that there has been

such a boy as Frank.'—'But, mother, was he a real boy? Did he live, and talk, and act just as it says in the book, with Mary, and Lewis, and Granville, and all of them?'

'No, Catharine. This boy never lived or talked, except in the book. This is what is called a fiction.'

'That means, you told me yesterday, mother, a story made up; and yet it seems to me as if there was a boy named Frank, and that all that is told about him is true; and if I were to go to Frank's country, I am sure I should expect to see him and his friend Mary.' After a short silence, Catharine added, 'Mother, is it not curious that such a little thing as that book, with only those little black things put all in rows, should make you think so much, and make you laugh and cry? A book seems very curious to me, now I think of it.'

'It is, my child, very curious,' answered her mother; 'but I will tell you of something that is like a book, but is far more wonderful. There is a something, which we will call a book, that contains a great variety of beautiful pictures, a vast many interesting

stories, and all sorts of things to make stories of. They who possess it, have only, after they have read the stories and looked at the pictures for a while, to wish for others; and these disappear and others come in their place, and so on, till they are wearied; and those that go away will come again when they are called.

‘This book is possessed of two of the best contrivances possible to furnish itself with pictures. They copy the most glorious and beautiful things in an instant; they represent the grandest and most magnificent, and the smallest and most insignificant things exactly; they paint every thing just as it is in nature, with every variety of form and colour that it possesses, and there is always room enough in the book for all these pictures, let them be ever so numerous; it will shew you one—and when you are tired of that, another appears, and so on according to your fancy.

‘This book has many other ways of increasing its treasures when you please it should; it can write upon its pages all that is said in its presence. It has a way of collecting and retaining the delicious fragrance

of flowers, when the flowers are all dead and gone. In the midst of the wintry storm, as you are sitting over the fire, it can make you enjoy the fine summer fruits, and the music of the singing birds, and the soft, warm air.'

'Why, mother,' exclaimed Catharine, 'who has this book?'—'Every body, my dear, has such a book as this; you have one; you carry it with you wherever you go; the poorest child there is has one. Children have not had time to collect as many pictures, or write as many things in it, as grown people, but every year of their lives they add something to it; and if, as they grow up, they seek for true and useful and beautiful things to put in it, they will find great delight in reading in it themselves, and communicating its contents to others. You can hardly imagine how many, and what interesting and valuable things a very wise man has in this book. It is composed of a soft substance, and kept in a hard case to preserve it from danger.'—'O mother,' said Catharine, 'do tell me what you mean!'

'Cannot you guess?' said her mother.

'No, I don't think I can.'

‘Well, my dear, I will help you. If you will do just as I tell you, you will soon know what I mean.’ Catharine said she would.

‘Tell me,’ said her mother, ‘the story of Simple Susan.’ Catharine repeated all she remembered of it.—‘Now will you tell me where you were, and what you saw, the day that La Fayette\* entered Boston?’ Catharine told all about the guns, and the music, and the procession, and of all the children that

\* La Fayette is a Frenchman, who went over to America in the year 1776, and helped the people of that country to fight against the English, who oppressed them. The Americans obtained their freedom, and many years afterwards, when La Fayette was an old man, he said that he should like to go and see them again. When they heard that he was coming, they sent one of their largest ships to bring him, and when he arrived, they received him with many honours, to shew how thankful they were for all that he had done for them. When he visited the city of Boston, a long train of children from a school went out to meet him, and one little girl stepped forward, and was taken into the general’s carriage. She repeated some poetry very prettily, which made the tears roll down the old man’s cheeks; and she then placed a wreath of flowers on his head, and said, ‘Welcome, welcome, La Fayette!’



went in it, and of their opening to the right and left, and his walking through. ‘And he spoke to me, mother,’ said she, ‘I am sure; and he smiled upon us all.’

Here her mother interrupted her, to ask her to give an account of her sail down to Nahant in the steam-boat. Catharine did not like to leave La Fayette; but she did as her mother desired; and presently she told her of her going with her father to look at the engine, and of the great ocean, how it astonished her, and of the rocks, and the shells, and the beautiful polished stones; ‘And you remember, mother,’ she continued, ‘when we were sitting upon the rocks, and looking at the long sea-weed waving backwards and forwards so gracefully, and the beautiful moss of all sorts of colours, how finely the horn sounded; oh! it seems as if I could hear it now.’ Here Mrs. Nelson stopped Catharine, for otherwise she would have talked an hour, without stopping, of Nahant, and asked her whether she had been reading the account of Simple Susan, and La Fayette and Nahant, out of a printed book. ‘Oh! no, mother, I remembered it.’ — ‘And now, my dear, do

you not know what I mean by this wonderful book? Did you not tell me one story out of it, and then another? and then did they not both give place to a third? and did you not see pictures of La Fayette and the procession, and of Nahant and the ocean? and hear the sound of guns and music, and the horn, in the book you were reading? and do you not know now, what I mean?' Catharine looked much pleased, and put her hand to her head. 'This curious little book, in a hard case, full of pictures and stories, is up here, mother, is it not, where little Lucy says her thinkers are? But the two wonderful painters, mother, who are they?' 'How,' said her mother, 'were all those pictures drawn in your little book?' Catharine thought for a moment, and then exclaimed, 'Now I know all;—but it seems to me, mother, that these eyes are very small to be painters of such great things. Why, I can see the whole sky, and the great ocean, with only this little eye!'—'And it is,' said her mother, 'only a small part of this little eye that paints the picture in this wonderful book. Look in my eye, my dear, and you will see a picture upon it.'—

Catharine looked straight into her mother's eye, and stood so near that she saw only her own face. 'O mother,' said she, 'it is painting my picture now!'—'Stand a little on one side,' said her mother, 'and see what picture it is taking now.'—Mrs. Nelson was sitting at the window; the sun had gone down while they were talking, and a beautiful new moon, with its sharp-pointed crescent, and a little twinkling star close by its side, were seen as she looked up in her mother's eye. 'Oh! beautiful,' said Catharine; 'now it is painting that pretty moon, and that little bit of a star; I see them as plain as day. O mother, it is very curious!'—'It is, my dear child, very wonderful and very beautiful; but the picture which you have just seen in my eye is not that of which I was speaking to you at first; the picture of things which we ourselves see is not at the *outside* of the eye, like that which you saw of your own face, and the moon, and the star, when you looked up into my eye, but it is in the *inside*, at the back.' 'Let me look again, mother, to try if I can see this other picture in your eye.' 'It is so deep within the eye, my dear, that you cannot see

it; but another day I will tell you more about this wonderful instrument.'

'You said the other day, that you should like to see the lady who wrote the Evening Prayer at a Girl's School; and do you not want to know Him who made this beautiful thing, the eye, and gave us all our wonderful faculties?' 'Oh! yes, mother, but you know I could not see God.' 'And you cannot now, and perhaps never will, be able to see the lady who wrote that prayer; but should you not like to know every thing about her? and if you heard she was very good, would you not love her, though you cannot see her? and would you not love her more and more for every good thing you heard of her?' 'Yes, mother, I am sure I should.' 'And cannot you love God for every good thing you know of him? and cannot you seek for more knowledge of him? and will you not love him better and better, as you become better acquainted with his works?' 'Oh! yes, mother,' said Catharine, 'I know I shall; and I never shall forget this little curious book that he has given me, or how good he was to give me such a one, where I can keep

all the pleasant and useful things I learn, and all the beautiful things I see, so safe, and enjoy them again when I please; and those two busy little painters—I shall remember them. Do tell me more about them.' 'I will,' said her mother, 'another time, but we have talked enough now.'

'This has been one of our happy hours, mother, has it not?' said Catharine, as she put her arms round her mother's neck. 'Yes, it has been, my dear, and I hope we shall have many more.'

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CURIOUS PAINTERS.

THE next afternoon, when Catharine found her mother at leisure, she came and said to her, 'Mother, don't you remember that you promised to tell me more about those curious little painters that form an image of every thing we see at the back of the eye? Is it

only that small dark spot in the middle of your eye that sees?’

‘That little place, my dear, is a sort of window, which lets in the light that makes the picture upon the back part of the eye. It is called the *pupil*, and it is what is meant by the *apple* of the eye, which you recollect being puzzled with in the psalm that you read for your Sunday lesson. Do you remember it?’ After awhile, Catharine said, ‘Oh yes;’ and repeated this verse, ‘Keep me as the apple of thine eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings.’

‘By this little round window the light enters the eye, and passes through to the back part of it, and represents there, upon what is called the retina, every thing that we see. So you perceive, that if by any accident the pupil of the eye were injured or closed, no light could enter it, and we should see nothing of all this beautiful and glorious world around us; we should be in perpetual darkness.’ ‘And now, mother, I understand the psalm; for it is necessary that these two little windows should be kept very safe, as safe as we pray that God would keep us.

‘But is that a little hole all through the eye, mother?’

‘No, my dear, it is only a hole in a sort of curtain, that hangs down in the eye; and in front of it is a covering like a watch-glass, called the *cornea*, a Latin word that means *like horn*, because it resembles thin horn which the light can shine through—as you may ascertain by asking the cook to shew you a fish’s eye, and looking at this part.’

‘And is the eye all hollow, mother? or what is between the pupil and the place on the back part of the eye where the picture is painted, that you called—I forget what you called it, mother?’

‘The *retina*, my dear, from a Latin word that means *a net*, because it is spread over a part of the eye like delicate net-work. You ask me what is between the pupil and the retina. There are in the eye three different substances, called humours, all transparent. A transparent substance means any thing that can be seen through. The first one is directly in front of the pupil, and is called the *aqueous*, from a Latin word that means *watery*; it is a thin liquid like water. The

second, behind that, is called the crystalline humour, from its clearness and brightness. It is formed like the magnifying glasses they use in telescopes. The one beyond this, and next the retina, is called the *vitreous* humour, from its resemblance to glass. All these substances assist in forming the images of objects on the back of the eye; but you are not yet old enough to understand how, my child.'

'Then, mother,' said Catharine, 'our eyes are as curious as grandfather's telescope, or as the camera obscura, which he gave us to see pictures with.'

'They are far more curious, my dear, and it is by imitating the eye that telescopes and the camera obscura are made so well. I remember, Catharine, when your grandfather sent that camera obscura to you the other day, and your father shewed you the pictures in it, that you and Lucy and James capered about the room with joy, saying, "Oh, how good grandfather is to give us such a beautiful thing!" and now, my dear, when you go into a garden and dance with joy at the sight of the flowers; when you look up with so



much wonder and delight at the beautiful moon sailing through the clouds, and at the bright twinkling stars; when, after having been even one day away from your father and mother, you feel so happy at looking in our faces, and reading in them our love for you;—of whose goodness ought you to think? Who has given you eyes to see all these delightful things? Whom should you then love? Of whom should you then speak, and say, “Oh, how good he is!”

Catharine felt and understood what her mother said, and answered her that it was God.

‘I have yet much more, my dear,’ said her mother, ‘that is very wonderful, to tell you about the eyes. This beautiful little round window grows larger and smaller as you want more or less light. When there is a great light, it contracts so as to take in but a little, and when the light is faint, it becomes nearly twice as large, so as to take in more.’

‘Why, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘how can that be?’

‘Shut the shutter,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘and then look in my eye.’ She did so; and she

saw the pupil of her mother's eye grow larger and larger. 'Now open it,' said her mother. She did so, and it gradually became smaller. 'Oh, it is very curious!' said Catharine. 'But, mother, is not that pretty rim round the pupil of any use?'

'That is the curtain I spoke of,' answered her mother; 'and it is called the *iris*, (which is the Latin name for *rainbow*,) from its being the *coloured* part of the eye, and from the colour being so different in different persons. It is by means of it that the pupil of the eye is enlarged or contracted. If you remember, my child, the pain you feel in your eyes when you come from the dark suddenly into the light, you will understand the use of this, and see what a beautiful contrivance it is. In the dark your pupils suddenly become very large, so as to catch all the light they can; but when you go into the light again, they grow immediately smaller, so as to keep out of the eye a degree of light which would be very painful and injurious.

'There is another thing that you never thought of. You know that if your eyes were fixed fast, as your ears and nose are,

you could only see straight forward, or you would have to keep your head twirling about continually. But the eye is set loose in the head, and surrounded with little muscles, things with which we can turn it up or down, or any way, just as we wish. You know how long it takes your grandfather to fix his telescope; but our eyes are ready, quicker than we can think.

‘You perceive, my dear, that this beautiful and curious thing, the eye, is very delicate, and easily injured, and that if any thing destroys our sight it is a great calamity, and that the eye ought to be carefully protected. And so you will find that it is. It is placed in a deep socket, surrounded by bone, and lined with something very soft. This socket shelves over on the upper part, so as to form the eyebrow, which is a great protection to it. It is important that it should be kept clear and bright, and there is a little vessel close to it, full of salt water, called tears, to wash it clean whenever we open or shut the eye; and there is a little hole in the bone of the nose to carry off the water after it has washed the eye. Then it has a nice covering, which we

call the eyelid, with a beautiful fringe on the edge of it, to shut the eye up tight, away from the dust and air, when we do not want to use it, and which moves so quickly that it shuts up in a quarter of a second, if any thing touches or alarms the eye. Indeed, it seems to be always employed in watching over and protecting this precious instrument of knowledge.

‘There is still another thing, my dear, to be remembered about the eye. It is so made that sight is pleasant to it. The blue sky, the green grass, the flowers, the rainbow, all give it pleasure. A baby, you know, loves to look about, though it knows nothing. Our Father in heaven has made it a great happiness to us, merely to open our eyes upon the beautiful world he has made.’

After a short silence, Catharine said to her mother, ‘You told me that these curious painters, as you called them, drew the pictures of every thing in that wonderful book which you described. How is that done, mother?’

‘All we know,’ answered Mrs. Nelson, ‘is, that the back part of the eye, where the pic-

tures are painted, is connected with the brain, and that by this means we become acquainted with the appearances of things.'

'Then, mother, is the brain our mind?'

'No one can tell, my dear, where the mind dwells. The brain seems to me a sort of storehouse, that safely keeps all that we see and hear, or that our other senses teach us, ready for use, or, as I described it at first to you, like an entertaining book, that we can turn to at any time, and read for our own or another person's amusement, just as you did when you told me about La Fayette and Nahant. The power you have of reading in this book, it seems to me, is your mind. Whenever you think, you use your mind. But you know, my dear, you can think of what you have never seen, and what, therefore, you can have no picture of in your brain. Cannot you think of truth and goodness?'

'Yes, mother.'

'It is your mind, my dear, that thinks of goodness, and that loves it though you have never seen it. You have heard all that I have told you about the eye; you have look-

ed at mine, and you have now a picture in your brain of the eye: but when you think of that great and good Being who formed the eye, who placed such a watchful guardian over it in the day-time, and has given it such beautiful curtains for its slumbers, you have no picture in your brain of Him; you cannot see God. But you feel wonder, and gratitude, and love towards him; and though you cannot see him, yet something within you is conscious of his presence; this is your mind. This is what will live when your body dies; this is what never dies. Every thing around you speaks to your mind of the goodness of God. If you listen to these lessons, you will fully understand and admire that beautiful prayer which I taught you in Thomson's Seasons the other day: can you repeat it?

‘Oh yes, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘I shall never forget it.

“ Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !  
Oh teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.” ”

CHAPTER IV.

NANCY LEONARD.

A FEW days after Mrs. Nelson's conversation with Catharine about the eye, she had taken her favourite low seat by the side of her mother, and appeared very busy at work. Presently she said, in a sorrowful tone, 'Mother, how I do pity little girls, whose mothers have to work hard all the time, and who don't know as much as you do, and can't teach their daughters how curiously their eyes are made, and all about things as you teach me!' 'What made you think of that, Catharine?' said her mother. 'It came into my head this morning, mother, when little Nancy Leonard came here for rags, for her mother's ankle. For while you were gone up stairs to fetch them, I wanted to do something to amuse her, and I asked her to look in the book which has the picture of the eye and the ear in it, and I tried to explain them to her just as you did to me: and she did not seem to care any thing about it; and when I was telling her that the eyelid, with that

pretty fringe on the edge of it, was to keep the eye clean and bright in the day, and safe at night, she interrupted me and said, "Miss Catharine, have you an old pair of scissors you would be so kind as to give me?" And just then you came in, and you know I asked you if I might give her my scissors, and you said "Yes:" and she looked more pleased with those ugly old scissors, than with all I had told her about her eyes. Now I am sure, mother, that I had rather learn about the eye than have an old pair of scissors, and I suppose it is because her mother has not taught her any better.'

'I am afraid, my dear,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'that it was because *you* did not know any better, that you wondered at Nancy's preferring a pair of scissors to looking at the pictures of the eye. I promised Nancy that I would come very soon to see her mother: it is Saturday, and if you had rather go with me to see her than amuse yourself at home, we will go this afternoon.'

'Oh, I had much rather go with you, mother.'

Accordingly, Mrs. Nelson took her daugh-



ter with her in the afternoon to see Mrs. Leonard. They had to go into a very narrow, dirty street, up two pair of stairs, in an old, disagreeable-looking house.

'Oh, mother!' said Catharine, 'how can they live here!' 'There is more happiness here, my dear, than in some beautiful houses that you go to,' said Mrs. Nelson. As she was saying this, she opened the door of the little chamber where the poor woman lived; the room was small, but perfectly clean. Little Nancy was sitting by the window, working very industriously upon a cotton shirt. A door on the opposite side of the room was partly open. Nancy rose immediately and handed Mrs. Nelson a chair, and said in a low, soft voice, 'Please to sit down, ma'am. Mother is asleep now, but she will soon be awake: do sit down, Miss Catharine;' and she gave her a low chair, which she liked herself, and so she thought Catharine might prefer it. Then Nancy quietly sat down again to her work, and her little fingers soon flew as fast as little fingers can fly, when it is love for a sick mother that makes them move. 'For whom, my dear,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'are

you doing this work?' 'For Mrs. Munroe, ma'am,' said Nancy; 'and if I can leave my mother, I want to carry it to her this afternoon, and get the money for it.'

'But can you finish it in time?'

'I think I can,' said Nancy; 'I have only the rest of this and the other flap to hem.' 'Let me help you,' said Catharine. 'Oh, I would not trouble you, Miss Catharine.' 'I should like very much to do it,' said Catharine; 'do let me.' Nancy then took a nice little needle-book out of a drawer, and chose a needle for Catharine. 'If you please, Miss Catharine, you shall use my thimble, and I will put some paper into my mother's for myself; but you are used to a silver thimble, and I am afraid you will not like mine.'—Catharine was so glad to be able to help Nancy that she did not care about the thimble; besides, she had too much delicacy of mind to hurt Nancy's feelings, by shewing her that she did not like her thimble.

'I could not have done so much of this shirt to-day, Miss Catharine, without the scissors that you gave me this morning: for my mother's came apart yesterday, and they are

not worth mending, and we have not any money either; and now I can get the money to-night for this shirt, and buy my mother some sugar, and tea, and rice, as I come home. These scissors are so much sharper than my mother's were, that I can pare the edges of my work a great deal quicker and better; and now I can do more work. Oh, I was so glad to have them given me this morning! I was afraid my mother would blame me for begging, but you looked so pleasant at me, Miss Catharine, I thought I would ask you, and now I shall finish the shirt.'

Catharine felt very happy, and worked away as fast as she could; she was not used to working fast, and she pricked her fingers, but she did not mind it, and though she could not do so much as Nancy, yet she did pretty well. They had finished it all but two or three inches, when from the little room into which the door opened, they heard Mrs. Leonard say, 'Nancy!' Quick as lightning, Nancy was by her mother's bedside: and Mrs. Nelson heard the sick woman say, 'Smooth the counterpane, and reach me a clean cap before the lady comes in.' Nancy

came out of the bed-room, and took a cap out of an old bureau in the room, where Mrs. Nelson was, and carried it in to her mother, and in a minute returned and said, 'Please to walk into the bed-room, ma'am.' By this time Catharine had finished the little piece of the flap, and Nancy had asked her mother's leave to go with it to the House of Employment, to receive the money which she had thus earned for her sick mother.

Mrs. Nelson went into the bed-room, and the following conversation passed between her and the poor woman. 'How, my friend, did you hurt your ankle so badly?'

'Splitting wood for my stove, a sharp stick struck it and scraped off the skin; it was only a small place at first, but it is now so bad that I can hardly stand, and I cannot sleep, for the pain, more than a few minutes at a time.'

'But who takes care of you and nurses you?'

'Nancy, ma'am; she does all she can.'

'Oh, yes! I know Nancy does all she can, she is a good child; but who washes your clothes, and makes your bed, and keeps your room so clean and nice?'

‘Nancy, ma’am, does all that I cannot do myself.’

‘Does Nancy cook your dinner and breakfast, and make your tea, and procure for you all you want?’

‘We have not much of any thing to cook, ma’am. I have no tea in the house. Yesterday, all we had was a little bit of meat that a friend who has not much herself sent to me, and Nancy broiled it to-day for me, but it has oppressed me ever since I ate it. But Nancy will buy me some rice and tea this afternoon, with the money she receives for the shirt she has made.’

‘How long have you been so helpless?’

‘About six weeks, ma’am; but it is six months since I first hurt my ankle.’

‘But how have you obtained money to support yourself with?’

‘A good deal of the time, ma’am, I have been able to sew myself, and when I could not work, Nancy has done what she could, and we have managed to live with that; and Mrs. Munroe has been very kind to us, and once, when we were in great distress, lent us

money, and then we paid for it in work afterwards.'

'Why did you not send to me for food?'

'I did not like to beg, ma'am; I sent, you know, for old rags to-day, to dress my ankle with, and Miss Catharine gave Nancy what she wanted most, a pair of scissors. I told her it was very bold in her to beg for them: but the poor child cried when mine came apart yesterday; her work cannot be done neatly without a pair of scissors to pare the ragged edges, and she knew that all the money we should have for food was what we could obtain for her work, and mine when I can do any. We have nothing in the house now, and if she had not finished that shirt this afternoon, we must have begged or starved to-morrow, for it is Sunday; but now Nancy will bring home something, and we shall pass a happy Sunday, and I shall relish what she brings, for it is my dear child's earnings; though I grieve, too, that she should be so kept from school, for she loves to read and learn.'

'You have a great blessing in this good child,' said Mrs. Nelson.

‘I am sure I have, ma’am,’ said the poor woman: ‘besides all the rest that she does for me, she has time every day to read a chapter in the Bible; and when she asked me yesterday where she should read, though I was in great pain, and had nothing then for the poor thing to eat, I felt so thankful for such a good child, that I asked her to read the 103rd Psalm, which you know begins “ Bless the Lord, O my soul.” ’

Mrs. Leonard would have talked much longer about her daughter; but just then Nancy returned: her cheeks and eyes were glowing with delight. ‘Here, mother,’ said she, ‘is some rice, and some sugar, and some tea, and a loaf of bread: and oh! Miss Catharine,’ said she, ‘I should not have finished the shirt to-day, and bought all these nice things, if you had not given me the scissors. How good you were to give them to me, and to help me!’

The sun was set. It was time for Mrs. Nelson and her daughter to return. Mrs. Nelson desired Nancy to come on Monday, and fetch some comfortable things for her mother, and she and Catharine bade them

good night very affectionately, and went home.

Catharine did not speak till they had been at home some time. She had looked into the little dark bed-room where the sick woman was; she saw her pale thin face; she heard that she and her daughter had no food, nothing but water to wet their lips with; there were none of the thousand comforts that Catharine knew were so important for a sick person. She saw that this little girl, the poor woman's daughter Nancy, only one year older than herself, did every thing for her mother; prepared all the nourishment she had; kept her room, her bed, and her clothes, clean and nice; and earned, while her mother was too ill, all the money that they had for their support with her own little fingers; and Catharine felt such a respect for Nancy, that, though she pitied her sufferings, she yet felt that Nancy was much her superior: for she did more good.

'Mother,' said she, at last, 'I never shall be such a comfort to you as Nancy is to her mother. All Nancy's hours are well-spent hours. I wish, mother, I was as good as



Nancy,' and then the tears rolled down Catharine's cheeks: her heart was quite full, and she could not speak without crying.

'If you do all the good you can, my child,' said her mother, 'that is all which God requires of you; he places us all in different situations, and gives us different duties; and we must be contented and happy with doing what we can, even if it be but a very little. For this is what our Father in heaven gives us to do.'

Presently Catharine added, 'I don't blame Nancy now, mother, for not caring for what I said to her about the eye, for she was thinking of her sick mother. I am glad she asked me for the scissors. Don't you think, mother, she would like a little work-basket to keep her thimble and scissors and all her things in? Mother,' she continued, 'I never saw my cousin Julia look half so happy as Nancy did, when she came in with those papers of rice, and sugar, and tea, for her mother; though Julia's mother is so rich, and is not unwell, and lets Julia do just as she pleases; but she is always fretting, and never looked so pretty as Nancy did this af-

ternoon. Mother, I do love Nancy. When she comes on Monday, we will give her a great many things, won't we ?'

'Yes, my dear child,' said Mrs. Nelson ; 'but if *we* had not been happy enough to hear of her, to know about her, and to be able to give her any thing, there is a Being who can and will take care of her and her mother ; there is a Friend who is ever near her poor sick mother's bed, and who guards her and her good little daughter, and who will never forsake either of them. He is *their* Father and *our* Father. He sends those of his children who have health and riches, to their poor, and sick, and unhappy brothers and sisters, that they may give them a part of what they have so much of. We, my dear daughter, ought to rejoice when we are thus sent, and have the means, as we have now, of doing good to those who want it. So dry your tears, my dear, and in your prayers to-night, thank your Father in heaven that he has allowed you to do a little good.'

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CHAPTER V.

THE SWALLOWS.

CATHARINE'S friends will not forget her visit to Mrs. Leonard and her daughter, or her mother's words to her when she bade her good night. She had often said that she wanted to pray to God, but that she did not know what to say: and her mother had told her, that when she really wanted to speak to God in prayer, she must remember that he was ever near her, and knew what was in her mind; that whatever she might say, he looked at the heart, and knew exactly what she meant; that he could hear the faintest word she uttered, and that he knew all her thoughts. She told her that after she had thus thought of his presence till she felt conscious of it, she must then remember his goodness, and that he is pleased when children speak to him with confidence, just as they speak to their earthly parents; and that after she had thought of both these great truths, that God is ever near us and is pleased when we pray to him, then she must speak,

in her own words, whatever there was in her heart that she wanted to say to him. If she had done wrong, she must ask to be forgiven: and if she felt that it was difficult to do right, she must ask her Father in heaven to give her strength, and shew her the right way to do it; that whatever good things she wanted she might ask for, and that whatever good things she had received she ought to thank him for. Her mother had explained to her the meaning of the word to pray—that it meant to ask for any thing with a great desire for it, and that she must really wish for whatever she prayed for; and had also assured her, that as she grew older, and thought and knew more of God, she would have more to say to him, and find it easier to speak to him, and take more pleasure in it.

Catharine found it easier that night than she ever had before to follow her mother's directions. As soon as she was alone, she felt happy to think that God was near her, and would listen to her. She prayed that she might be as good as little Nancy; that she might be as great a comfort to her mother; and she humbly thanked her Father

in heaven for giving her the means of doing a little good, and prayed that he would teach her how to do more: she prayed that he would make the sick woman well, and bless her good little daughter. And Catharine fell asleep with her heart full of pure and happy thoughts.

The next day was Sunday. She rose early that she might have time to read over and think of her lesson for the Sunday-school. It was the account of the widow who put two mites into the treasury.

As Catharine was reading it over, she said to herself, 'I never gave away as much as this poor woman; but then I am only a child, and I have nothing at all of my own. I wish,' said she aloud, 'that I had something of my own that I might do just as I pleased with.'

'You have, my dear,' replied her mother, 'a great many books and playthings, which have been given to you, that are your own, and that you can do as you please with.'

'But books and playthings are nothing, mother.'

‘Sometimes, dear, you seem to think them something.’

‘I mean, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘that books and playthings would not do little Nancy any good, they would not make her mother any better; and now that I have given her my scissors, I have not got a single thing in the world that I can give her that will do her any good. And besides, mother, I did not want my scissors, and I am sure I was not generous at all in giving them to her, for I did not care any thing about them; but the widow who gave two mites to the poor did want them, for it was all she had. Why, mother, I have not got any thing that would do Nancy any good; I have nothing but what I should rather give her than not.’

‘If you have any earnest desire to do good, my child,’ said her mother, ‘you will find opportunity enough. If you are truly willing to give up, for the good of another, what you want yourself, a time will come when by so doing you will be able to do real good. And if you can do but very little, still

cherish this disposition, for you will be far happier than when you were thinking only of your own pleasure.'

It was now the school hour, and Catharine went with her little heart full of the thought, that some time or other she might be able to do something for Nancy and her mother, and that, though she was so young, she might do some good.

When the teacher read the account of the poor widow, and had explained to the children that the treasury was the place where all the money was put, and described to them the rich Jews, in their splendid robes, coming one after another with their bountiful gifts for the poor, and then this poor lone widow woman, with her mean dress, and her humble appearance, coming to put in her two mites for those who had nothing; and when she looked in her scholars' faces, and asked them who was the most charitable, they all answered, 'The poor widow.' And when the teacher asked them whether they had ever given as much as the poor widow, Catharine was the first to answer, No. 'Have you never,' said the teacher, 'given as much as one half-

penny, which is more than twice as much as she gave ?'

'Yes,' said Catharine, 'but I never gave all I had, and what I wanted as much as the widow wanted her two mites.'

'You are right,' said the teacher ; 'and this story is a very good one for children, who have so little to give, and can do so little good ; for here they learn from the lips of our Saviour, that it is the disposition that God regards ; that it is not the value of what we give, but the desire to do good, the willingness to give all that we have to bestow, which is true charity ; and that this disposition can make the meanest offering great and acceptable in the sight of Him who looks only upon the heart.'

Catharine went home from meeting happy in the thought that her desire to do good was pleasing to God. But she could not give up her desire actually to do something for Nancy and her sick mother, which would be really useful to them.

In the evening she had been sitting silent for some time upon her little stool close by her mother, when suddenly she jumped up



and said, 'Mother, I have thought how I can do it!'

'Do what, my dear?' said her mother; who, as she did not know what her daughter had been thinking of for a quarter of an hour of entire silence, could not help being startled at her quick manner and unintelligible words.

'Why, mother,' said Catharine, 'I have just thought how I can do something for Nancy of myself,—something that will do her good,—something that will help her mother.'

'Well, my dear,' said her mother, 'tell me what this something is; you have repeated the word three times, and I trust it is something I can approve of and assist you in.'

'Oh, mother!' said Catharine, 'I don't want you to help me, only to say I may do it. It is something you will like, I know. You remember when Nancy came home from the House of Employment yesterday, she brought two new shirts to make. Now I can make one of them in my play afternoons, and she will have the money for it, and then she can buy more tea and rice for her mother. And another thing, you know, if I make the shirt, she need not work so hard, for Nancy did

look pale and tired : and, oh mother ! I should love dearly to do it, and I am sure you will let me ; for you said that my play afternoons were my own time, and I might do what I pleased with them.'

'Your play afternoons are your own time, my dear child, and you shall spend them as you please ; for I can trust you, I am sure, and I entirely approve your plan.' 'And, mother,' said Catharine, 'when you have no company, and are not going out, will you let me sit with you when I am doing it ? and then we shall have some pleasant conversation.'

'Yes, dear, I hope we shall ; but you must not be disappointed if you find it sometimes rather dull and tiresome to sit and sew in your play afternoons.'

'Oh yes, mother,' said Catharine : 'but I shall not mind that ; you know poor Nancy never has any play-time.'

When Catharine kissed her father and mother and went to bed, she felt happier than many a little girl has done at the thought of some great pleasure that has been promised her ; and when she thanked her Father in heaven for all his goodness to her, the thought

that she could do something for Nancy and her sick mother was uppermost in her innocent heart.

Catharine was at school on Monday morning when Nancy came for the things for her mother; but Mrs. Nelson did not forget her daughter's request to her, that she would bring one of the shirts for her to make. Nancy very modestly made some objection; but Mrs. Nelson told her that she particularly desired that she would let Catharine help her, and accordingly she brought it.

Thursday and Saturday afternoons were Catharine's play-time; the rest of her time, except what was actually necessary for exercise, was taken up with learning lessons and going to school. As she loved to amuse herself in her own way, and had, as other little girls have, many little plans of pleasure of her own, the sacrifice she made was considerable; but we shall find that she bore it well, and did not repent of her choice.

On Thursday, as soon as dinner was over, Catharine began her work. As she had never made a whole shirt, her mother promised to shew her how to do those parts of it

which she had never done before, and accordingly she consulted her about the best way to begin. And now you must imagine her sitting close by her mother, sewing very industriously upon the side of the shirt, and looking so sweet and happy, that you might see plainly that it was not a task she was doing, but that her heart and her fingers kept time together.

Mrs. Nelson was sitting at her favourite window which looked upon a pleasant court, from whence was the entrance to the house. It was now the spring of the year, and a swallow was very busy repairing a nest in the portico, which had been her home the last summer. From the window where Mrs. Nelson and her daughter sat, with a little effort the nest and the swallow at work upon it might be seen. Catharine found that every time the swallow passed the window, as its shadow fell upon her work, she could not help lifting her eyes, and once or twice she stood up and watched it at its ingenious labour. At last she began to think that poor Nancy's work would not be done, and to feel that what she thought would be a pleasure

would become a task, if it were done in this way, and she resolved to try to look another way and forget the swallow. So she resolutely turned her back to the window, saying as she did so, 'Well, I shall never finish the shirt, if I keep looking at that swallow, shall I, mother?'

'I am afraid not, Catharine; but I am pleased to see that you are able to deny yourself this pleasure for the sake of doing good to another; and as you have conquered yourself, my dear, I will now tell you something that I lately heard about swallows, which I think is very curious.'

'Oh do, mother!' said Catharine; 'then I shall forget all about *my* swallow, as I call the one that is building in our portico.'

'When you look at the nest of this swallow,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'you will perceive that it does not rest *upon* any thing, but is built against the wall, and that it is made of a parcel of straws, made to stick to each other and to the wall by a kind of mud that is very adhesive, which means very sticky. We call it clay, and it is the kind of earth that bricks are made of. The swallow pro-

cures this clay where it is wet, and makes her nest of it. As it dries, it grows hard, and makes a tight and comfortable house for her young. Now the great and good Being who made us and the swallow, and all that exists, teaches the swallow, in this part of the world, where there is an abundance of clay, to use it for her nest, instead of any other kind of earth, which would crumble to dust after a short time. But in China, one of the countries of Asia, where it is very hot, and the soil is very sandy, there is no clay to be found; and yet there are swallows there that build their nests very much as they do here, and make them stick to the walls. How do you think they make them strong, and keep them from crumbling to pieces?’

‘I am sure, mother, I cannot guess.’

‘The swallows have in the inside of their necks a little vessel called a gland, which contains a sort of glue. With this they can make the materials of their nests stick fast together, and render them perfectly secure; so that their nests are as safe and as good as those of their relations in this part of the world.’

‘How,’ exclaimed Catharine, ‘can that be, mother?’

‘It can only be, my child, because God, who made the swallow, cares for it, and provides for its safety and comfort. This is only one among the many proofs of his particular and watchful goodness to the creatures that he has made. Every day of your life you may find some new display of his wisdom and power, and of his tender regard for the smallest of his works. Do you remember what our Saviour said of the sparrows?’

‘That not one of them falls to the ground without our Father in Heaven knowing it.’ After a minute or two, Catharine added, ‘I am sure, then, mother, that Nancy and her mother will be taken care of.’

‘Yes, my dear,’ said her mother, ‘they surely will: and you are doing your part towards taking care of them, guided and blessed by that great Being who is present every where, but who especially dwells in the hearts of those who humbly seek to do good. And this, my child, is the way in which we are told to imitate him, who spent his whole life for the good and happiness of others.’

Catharine felt happy, but not proud, at what her mother said. She remembered how very little she could do; and the more she thought of perfect goodness, and of doing good, the less she thought of herself. But still we do not believe that in her short life she had ever felt so pure and real a pleasure as at that moment. But there was more in her little heart than she knew how to express, even to her mother; and we will leave it to those who may resemble her, or who may wish to imitate her, to imagine how happy she was, as her little fingers moved faster and faster on her work for Nancy.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CONSCIENCE.

CATHARINE had enjoyed herself so much on Thursday afternoon, that she was quite pleased when Saturday came; and when she seated herself to her work, her face was as bright and pleasant as the sunshine.



‘We shall have a delightful afternoon, mother, sha’n’t we?’

‘Perhaps so, dear; but I rather expect your aunt Nelson. She wants me to pay a visit with her; and then, unless you are disposed to put away your work and go with us, you will be alone. She intends taking Julia, so I think she will invite you to join us.’

‘If she does, mother, do you think I had better go?’

‘I think, Catharine, you had better do as you think best. This, you know, is your own time, to do as you please with it.’

‘But,’ said Catharine, ‘I should like to have you tell me what is best, mother; for I don’t know myself; I want to do both. I want to go with you and aunt, and I want to stay at home and work on the shirt for Nancy; and I can’t tell which to do.’

‘It often happens, my child, that there are two things which we want to do at the same time, but as we can do but one, we must choose which we will do. I shall not always be near you to tell you which is best, so you must learn to decide for yourself, and the

sooner the better. You are nearly ten years old. Don't you think it is time for you to know your own mind?'

'Why, mother, it seems to me as if I wanted to do one as much as the other, and I cannot tell my own mind. So I want you to say which I had better do.'

'Are they both equally agreeable? Will it be as pleasant to sit at home alone, sewing all the afternoon, as to walk out with us?'

'Oh no, mother, I am sure it will not. I don't like to sit and sew when I am alone.'

'Then what makes you want to stay as much as you want to go?'

Catharine considered a little and then answered, 'Because I want to get the shirt done for Nancy; and I made a resolution to work upon it every Thursday and Saturday afternoon till it was finished. So I don't like to leave it.'

'Then,' said her mother, 'you are unwilling to leave it, because it is a pleasure?'

'No, mother; now that you are going away, I am sure it is not a pleasure; but it was a pleasure last Thursday.'

‘But if it will not be a pleasure, why do you wish to do it?’

Catharine thought awhile, and then answered, ‘Because I do not think it is quite right to leave it.’

‘And yet, my child, you said you wanted to go as much as you wanted to stay. And it appears to me that you want to go, because you think it will be a pleasure; and you want to stay at home, because you think it is a duty. Is it so, my dear?’

‘Yes, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘I believe so.’

‘Then,’ said her mother, ‘you have only to decide which of these two wishes is the right one, and which will give you the most real pleasure—pleasure that will last the longest.’

‘Oh!’ said Catharine, ‘I am sure I know which will last the longest; and, mother, now I have made up my mind.’

‘Did you not think at first, my child, which was the right thing to do? And was it not an idea of *duty* that made you want to stay? Was it not a small voice in your little heart

that said, "Stay and keep your resolution, and perform your promise" ?'

'Yes, mother,' said Catharine, 'I think it was.'

'Never neglect this voice,' said Mrs. Nelson. 'Always when you feel so, try to find out what is right, and never act till you feel satisfied with what you are doing. Children are ignorant, and may think that to be wrong which is not so; or that to be right which is wrong. But they can always go to some friend who will help them to find out what is their duty, and then this little judge within will soon tell them what to do. We all pray that God would teach us our duty; and when we pray from our hearts, and God grants our prayers, it is by shewing our consciences which is the right way, that he teaches us; and he makes them speak so plain, that we cannot misunderstand what they say. So you perceive that this voice is a messenger from God, telling us at all times what is our duty, and that this is the way he instructs us. It is of very trifling importance whether you go or not this afternoon; but it is of the

greatest possible importance that you always listen to this voice of God in your heart, when it directs you what to do even in a trifle. The way that children learn to be wicked is, by not listening to this voice and obeying it in little things at first; and at last they forget it entirely, till they do something so wrong, that it speaks to them so loud, and blames them so severely, that they cannot help hearing it and trembling.'

Catharine's aunt and cousin now entered. Mrs. Nelson was just going up stairs to put on her bonnet and shawl, when she heard her sister saying to Catharine, 'Come, Kitty, my dear, you are going too; get your things quickly.'

'I am not going,' said Catharine.

'And why not?' said her aunt. 'I hope you do not mean to sit sewing all this afternoon. Why, sister, you will spoil the poor thing's health. She ought to have a walk.'

'Catharine prefers staying at home,' said Mrs. Nelson; 'she has had a walk this morning with her father, and brother, and sister, and it is her own choice to stay at home.'

‘What!’ said her aunt, ‘don’t you want to go with us, Catharine, this pleasant afternoon? I am sure you do.’

‘I had rather stay at home,’ said Catharine. And she spoke the truth. It was her determination and choice to remain at her work. She felt more satisfied in so doing, though she could not help thinking it would be rather dull to pass the afternoon alone, instead of talking with her mother, which was her greatest pleasure.

Mrs. Nelson saw that her daughter was distressed by her aunt’s remarks, and thought she would rather not be observed; so instead of going herself for her bonnet, she sent her up stairs to fetch it. Catharine was glad to be out of the room. As soon as she was gone, her mother told her aunt the story of the shirt, and begged her to say nothing more to her about going with them. When Catharine returned, her pleasant face had recovered its usual expression of cheerful good humour: and she said, ‘Here, mother, are your things,’ in a happy tone of voice.

Her cousin Julia, whom we have spoken of before as fretful and discontented, was yet

very affectionate, and loved Catharine; and she was so disappointed, that she said *she* did not wish to go either; and then, in her usual way, said she would not go.

‘What will you do?’ said her mother; ‘we must go. Will you return home, or stay with Catharine?’

‘I should like to have you stay,’ said Catharine; ‘but I cannot play with you, Julia, for I must do my work; but you may look at my books and playthings.’

After some fretting and many disagreeable looks, Julia determined to stay with her cousin. Her appearance and manner were so unamiable, that Catharine began almost to feel sorry that she stayed; for there is something in this sort of fretful sulkiness, which is, to an amiable, happy-tempered child, nearly intolerable. But when Catharine remembered that Julia really did love her, and that she had been greatly disappointed, she thought she ought to bear with her, and try to make her happy. She asked her to go to the window, and see the nest her swallow was building. She repeated to her what her mother had told her about the swallows, and

she asked Julia to tell her what the swallow was doing; 'for,' said Catharine, 'I can't leave my work to look at her now, though I want to know what she is about.' Julia did as her cousin desired, and she was quite pleased for some minutes. She heard what her cousin told her about the swallows in China, as if it were only a very curious thing, for she was too selfish to enjoy, as Catharine did, the thought that the swallows were taken such good care of. At last she grew tired of looking at the swallows, and she left the window, and came and stood by Catharine, looking dull and dissatisfied. 'Do, Catharine,' said she, 'put away your work, and let us play. I can't think how you can endure to do it. I would not sit and sew all the afternoon for anybody.'

'Oh, yes,' said Catharine, 'you would sit and sew for Nancy Leonard, if you knew her, she is so pleasant and so good; and then she is poor, and her mother is ill, and they can get but just enough to keep them from starving. If my mother were ill and very poor, and I were to work as hard as Nancy does for her mother, and take care of her all by



myself, and you were to come and see me looking pale and tired, would you not want to help me; and would not you be willing to sew all the afternoon?’

‘But,’ said Julia, ‘if you were unwell I should give you every thing I had, if you wanted it.’

‘But suppose,’ said Catharine, ‘I was so poor as to have nothing to eat and make me comfortable, and that nothing would do me good but money, or food, and clothes. You know you have none of these to give.’

‘Oh, then,’ said Julia, ‘I should beg my father to give you whatever you wanted.’

‘But would you not want to do something for me yourself?’

‘Yes,’ said Julia, ‘but then I love you.’

‘And I know you would love Nancy,’ said Catharine; ‘if you knew all about her, you would love her better than me; for I am not so good as Nancy. She is so modest and so kind to her sick mother—oh, I know you could not help loving her, if you saw her working so hard for her, and always looking so pleasant, and treading so softly about the

room. And she looks thin and pale, and sometimes she has not enough to eat.'

'I am sure,' said Julia, 'I feel sorry for Nancy, and I should like to help you now; but I am afraid I don't work well enough. I can't hem and sew as well as you can. But I should like to help you, if I knew how.'

'You can pare that sleeve nicely,' said Catharine, 'with my mother's sharp scissors that she lent me.'

Julia liked this employment very much. She pared all the edges nicely for Catharine, and her face began to lose that discontented, unpleasant look which it was so apt to have; for she felt, for almost the first time in her life, the pleasure of thinking of others and forgetting herself. When all the edges were done, she said,—'What shall I do next, Kitty?' with a lively, good-humoured tone.

'I don't think,' said Catharine, 'you can do any more to help me on the shirt; but if you would read to me out of my new hymn-book, I should work faster and be very much pleased to hear you.'

'Oh yes,' said Julia, 'I should like to read

to you, Kitty. I am glad I stayed with you.'

Julia read two or three of the hymns. At last she read one that had this line in it—'God hears what I am saying now.' She stopped here, and said to Catharine, as she looked round with a sort of terror, 'Do you think that God sees and hears us now, and at all times?'

'Yes,' said Catharine; 'when I once asked my mother that same question, she asked me, whether, if I were all alone and were to do a thing which I knew was wrong, I should not feel as if some one saw me? and I said, Yes. Then she asked me, whether I thought it was any body in the room that saw me? and I told her, No. Then she asked me, where it was that I felt as if some one saw me. And I told her in my heart; and she said that it is there that God speaks to us, that it is there he is with us wherever we go, and that it is there we know and feel that he sees and hears us. And she told me that this feeling is what we call *conscience*; and though we cannot see it, any more than we can see God, yet we know when it speaks to us, and

what it says, and feel just as if our conscience saw us.'

'But are you not afraid,' said Julia, 'to think that God sees and hears you always?'

'No,' said Catharine, 'because I know that it is he who makes me so happy when I do right, and that he would know when I did right, and love me, if nobody else did. And then if I do wrong, he makes my conscience tell me of it in an instant; so that it seems as if some good friend were taking care of me all the time. I don't feel afraid now of being alone, for I think that God will take care of me. I should only be afraid of doing wrong.'

Julia, though nearly a spoiled child, had very good sense. She thought for some minutes, and at last said, 'Catharine, I never knew before that what I feel when I do wrong is God speaking to me in my heart. I wish your mother would talk to me about it. My mother visits so much that she never has any time, or I suppose she would tell me all about it. But I hope I shall be good, and then I shall not be afraid any more than you.'

'But if you are not good,' said Catharine,

‘and you want to grow good, and you pray to your Father in heaven to forgive you and to help you, he will hear you, and teach your heart the right way; for he wishes us to be good and happy.’

The little girls’ mothers now returned, and when they asked them if they had enjoyed themselves, they both answered, ‘Yes, very much.’ As for Julia, though she looked serious and thoughtful, she had what was unusual for her, a sweet and happy expression in her face; and she said, ‘Good night,’ and kissed her cousin, with a better feeling in her heart than she had ever known before. She was beginning to know something of God; she was beginning to think of him as her best friend. What Catharine had said to her affected her deeply. Thus the words of this simple child were like good seeds sown in her heart; and we shall hear that they sprung up and grew there, and bore the fruits of peace and joy.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE CHRYSALIS.

ON the next Thursday afternoon, Catharine had been silently and industriously seated at her work for perhaps twenty minutes. This was an unusually long silence for our little friend; and Mrs. Nelson was sure that her daughter must be thinking of something, or she would not be so quiet. Presently Catharine said—‘Mother, did our Saviour love Peter?’

‘Yes, my dear, doubtless he did.—Why do you ask the question?’

‘Because,’ answered Catharine, ‘it seems to me he was very wicked to say that he did not know him, and to be so angry, and to use such language. And our Saviour knew that he would do it, for he told him so.—Why, Peter told a falsehood, mother, and I am sure that was very wicked!’

‘It is true, my dear, that Peter committed a great sin; but there are some things to be considered that I do not think you have

thought of, which will make him appear rather less wicked, as you call him.'

'I should like to have you tell me all about him, mother, for this is our next Sunday's lesson, and our teacher always says that she should like to have us ask our parents about the lesson.'

'You remember, Catharine, that the disciples had seen our Saviour perform many miracles. They still believed that he would have a kingdom in this world, and that they, as his friends, would have power themselves; and when he told them that he should be betrayed, and killed, and rise from the dead, they did not understand him, and Peter especially could not believe it. He undoubtedly thought that Jesus would escape from the hands of the Jews. You know it is said, that he followed at a distance, probably expecting that he, who could raise the dead and heal the sick, would save himself. When he found that he did not, and saw that his Master, whose power he thought so great, would be killed by his enemies, he, perhaps, doubted whether he had not been deceived; for a moment he lost his confidence in his Saviour.'

He felt as he did when he began to sink, as he was walking on the waves in the storm. When he told the woman that he did not know the man, he was perplexed and terrified. He had lost his faith, and of course his courage. So you perceive, my child, that this was not so bad as an intended falsehood. When he said that he would die before he would deny his Master, he really meant so, and he was right in feeling as he did then. Do you remember what followed?’

‘Oh yes,’ said Catharine. ‘It says, when the cock crew, Peter remembered the words of Jesus, and he went out and wept bitterly.’

‘Then it was,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘that his faith in Jesus returned. Then all his love for him came back to his heart again. Then he felt shame at having denied him, and he wept bitterly. And we must remember that our Saviour, who could see the heart, not only saw Peter’s weakness, but also saw his real love for him. He saw his deep sorrow for his fault. He knew he would weep bitterly, and he pitied and forgave him.’

‘I should think, though,’ said Catharine, ‘that he must always have felt very unhappy



when he remembered what he had done. But, mother, if Peter thought our Saviour would save himself, perhaps Judas thought so too ?'

'Perhaps so, dear ; but still Judas was indeed very wicked.'

'Oh yes,' said Catharine, 'I can never bear to think of Judas, it makes me so unhappy ; he must have felt so dreadfully, when he killed himself.—But, mother, was that right in Judas ?'

'Certainly not, my child. He ought to have been willing to suffer the dreadful torments of his conscience for the rest of his life, as a just punishment, and to have spent the whole of it in repentance. But then we do think better of him for hating himself for his wickedness.'

'But, mother,' said Catharine, after a short silence, 'what shall I say when my teacher asks me what is taught by the history of Peter ?'

'It is for you to think yourself,' answered her mother. 'It would do you no good if I were to tell you what to say.—What did Peter do that was wrong ?'

‘He was frightened,’ answered Catharine, ‘and forgot his promise, and denied his Master, though he said that he would die first.’

‘What happened afterwards, when he heard the cock crow?’

‘He remembered and wept bitterly.’

‘Do you not remember something which our Saviour said to Peter and John and James in the garden, just before he was betrayed, when he found them asleep?’

Catharine could not remember the whole. She therefore got the Bible, and her mother read these words to her: ‘Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.’ ‘Mother, I believe I know; but I should like to have you tell me what temptation means.’

‘It means,’ said her mother, ‘any thing that makes us desire to do a wrong thing. Now, did Peter watch and pray, that nothing might make him desire to do a wrong thing?’

‘No,’ answered Catharine.

‘Now, Catharine,’ said her mother, ‘will you tell me what Peter ought to have done?’

‘He ought,’ said Catharine, ‘to have prayed that nothing might make him wish to do wrong and break his promise.—He ought to

have remembered it, and not have been afraid to tell the truth, even when he was tempted to tell a falsehood.'

'Yes, my dear; but our Saviour knew that he would not do this, and that he was not aware of what a dreadful scene he was to witness, and how difficult it would be for him to keep his resolution, and he doubtless felt great compassion for Peter. And now what next do we learn from his story?'

'To be very sorry when we have done wrong,' said Catharine, 'for he wept bitterly.'

'Yes, Catharine; and we find that he never was afraid again. He never again denied his Master; but went boldly from one place to another, telling men who Jesus Christ was, and that they must repent and believe in him.'

'Mother, I do not quite understand what that means—telling men to repent.'

'To repent, dear, is to be very sorry for having done wrong, and sincerely to endeavour to do right. All have some fault, and all, therefore, are called upon to repent. But each one must judge from his own heart what his fault is, and repent. Peter knew ever after, I dare say, and we all can tell for

ourselves. Cannot you tell what *you* have to repent of, Catharine ?'

'Yes, mother,' said Catharine, 'I think I know. Shall I tell you, and see if you think so ?'

'You do not think, I hope, Catharine, that you have but one fault ?'

'Oh no, mother, but I mean the one I find it hardest to cure ; the fault that troubles you most.'

'Well, dear, what is it, do you think ?'

'I think, mother, that I am very impatient when I do not have things my own way ; and it often makes me feel cross, and then I say something wrong. But all the time that I have had this work to do for Nancy, and ever since that morning when I tried to spend one hour well, I have not been so impatient, and I don't think I shall ever be so again.'

'I fear you will be impatient very often, Catharine, before you are quite cured.'

'Well, mother, you will see if I am,' said Catharine.

Just then something called Mrs. Nelson out of the room. Catharine was so much engaged in her work, that she did not mind

sitting alone. She began to think that in a short time she should have made a shirt herself. She was putting on one of the wristbands. She had stroked the gathers nicely, as her mother had taught her. She was just going to fasten a gathering thread round the pin, when her brother James ran into the room in great haste. 'Kitty, Kitty,' said he, 'come this minute as quick as you can.'

'Oh I can't possibly,' said Catharine.

'But you must,' said James; 'for the—I can't tell the name of it, I forget it—will be all gone and fly away. I say you *must* come.'

'After I have fixed this, James, 'I will; but I can't now; for these gathers will all be spoiled if I leave them now; I wish you would not make such a noise, for I can't work half so fast while you are disturbing me.'

'But it will be gone, and you will lose it,' said James. 'You must come, and leave that work. Oh come, put it down; don't wait to puzzle over it so. It will fly away. You *must* come, Kitty.' And he ran up, and caught the sleeve which she was at work upon, suddenly, and threw it on the floor, and began to pull her towards the door. The

gathering thread was in one hand, and the sleeve in the other, and the thread broke. Catharine lost her patience and good humour.

‘You naughty boy,’ said she, ‘I don’t love you, and I won’t go any where with you. I don’t care any thing about what you want me to see; you have spoiled my work, and oh dear! what shall I do? I wish you would go away.’ All this was said in such a tone, that James knew she was really affronted; and despairing of inducing her to go with him, he ran back and said no more. In a minute or two, she heard her mother call her name in that serious tone of voice, which Catharine’s conscience well understood. She knew that her mother had heard her angry words to James. ‘Catharine,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘you had better come and look at what James wants you to see. You will be very sorry if you do not.’

Catharine felt very sorry as soon as she heard her mother’s voice; and these words, *very sorry*, made her remember what they had just been talking about. She made an effort to command herself, and though she looked very serious, she conquered her ill-

humour, and went into the library, where her mother was. As soon as she saw what they were looking at, she forgot every thing else but the pleasure of seeing it. In a window was a queer black-looking thing, which her father had told her was a *chrysalis*; and which, when she had asked him what it was, he had promised at some time to explain to her. It was now merely a thin, dirty-looking shell. But close to the place, on a rose-bush in the same window, was a butterfly. It quivered all over at the slightest breath, and it seemed as if the soft air, as it passed over it, would steal away the fine down on its beautiful wings, though it spread them out as if it were pleased with the gentle touch, and enjoyed the warm sunshine. 'Oh, mother,' said James, 'the spots on its wings look like your peacock's feathers; and look at his little bits of eyes. Do see, Catharine; he came out of that ugly thing! I wanted you to see him coming out. Oh, how curious it is! I am glad, father, I minded what you said, and did not meddle with it.'

'Did it come out of that thing?' said Catharine.

‘Yes, my dear,’ said her father; ‘that was a *chrysalis*, which means a butterfly, moth, or other insect, when it is changing from one state into another. This has been all this winter changing into a butterfly.’

‘Oh, there it goes!’ said James. ‘There it goes!’ said little Lucy. ‘How beautiful!’ said Catharine.

The window was open. Trembling, quivering all over, it rose in the air; the insect looked lighter than the air itself, and as if it would be blown away; but it grew stronger and stronger as they looked at it; it balanced itself an instant, and away it flew. James clapped his hands, and ran out of doors to see where it went. Lucy remained for a few minutes at the window, looking after it with Catharine, who then returned to her work.

Catharine had half gathered her sleeve again, when her mother said to her, ‘Well, my dear, were you not pleased at knowing what a chrysalis is, and seeing the butterfly?’

‘Yes, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘I am sure I was.’

‘And yet, Catharine, you do not look as



happy as you did before. What is the matter?’

‘Because,’ said Catharine, ‘I am not as well pleased with myself. I was very cross with James, who only wanted me to go there immediately, to see the butterfly before it was gone, and while it was coming out of that shell.’

‘And you remember, I suppose, how sure you were that you should not be impatient again?’

‘Yes, mother, I remember it all, and about Peter. I did as he did, the very thing I was so sure I should not do.’

‘And after you had been warned, Catharine?’

‘Yes, mother.—But was it wrong in Peter to think he should not do wrong? And ought not I to feel sure I shall do right?’

‘You ought to feel sure, my dear, that you *wish* and will *try* to do right. But when you make a resolution, you must remember how difficult it is to keep it; and make your resolution, if possible, as great and as strong as the difficulty, and try to remember it when something tempts you to break it. If it is against being angry and impatient, the mo-

ment you feel a little impatient, you must be perfectly still, and think of your resolution before you grow more angry. Then, my dear Catharine, you must also "watch and pray," and think of what may make you angry, and guard yourself immediately. Remember your faults, and ask strength in your prayers. There is a good lesson you may learn from your faults this afternoon. What is it, do you think ?'

'To be humble, and not think I have cured my fault before I have,' said Catharine.

'But you must not be discouraged with yourself, Catharine. You must be willing to bear the pain you feel at having done wrong, and try and hope to do better another time.'

'I hope I shall remember at the right time, when any thing vexes me again,' said Catharine; 'but I shall find it rather hard, I am afraid.'

'Feel so, my dear, and you will do it.'

Just then, James came in again.—'Catharine,' said he, 'I hope I did not hurt your work; but I thought the butterfly would be gone. After flying about in the air a little while, it is come back, and is now resting on the lilac bush in our yard; and you can see

its long horns that my father calls antennæ, and all its bright colours, and it seems quite strong now. Don't you want to go and see it?'

'Yes,' said Catharine. She was glad of this opportunity of pleasing James, and she jumped up and ran out with him to look at the butterfly. This act of kindness to her little brother restored her cheerfulness; and this time she received nothing but pleasure from the beautiful insect.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### TRUE GREATNESS.

'MOTHER,' said Catharine, 'I think I shall finish the shirt by next Thursday evening, if I am industrious this afternoon. This will make the second Saturday, and that will make the third Thursday—five afternoons in the whole—that I shall have been doing it.' This Catharine said with a very busy tone, without looking up from her work, while her little fingers went as fast as her tongue. As

her mother made no answer, after waiting perhaps a minute, Catharine said, 'Don't you think, mother, I shall do pretty well, if I finish it then?'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'very well, but I am not certain that you will; you never made a shirt before, and you cannot tell how long it will take you.'

'O,' said Catharine, 'but I am sure I shall get it done; you will see that I shall, and then I will go with you, mother, if you will let me, and carry it to Nancy, and tell her I made it all myself.'

'What have you been making this shirt for, my dear?' said her mother.

'For Nancy,' said Catharine, 'so that she may receive the money for it, to give to her mother.'

'And yet,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'when you think of carrying it to her, you speak only of telling her that you made it yourself: will she receive more money for it, than if Roxy or any one else had made it?'

'No, mother; and then Catharine thought awhile, and added, 'but Nancy will be pleased to think I did it, I am sure.'

‘Was that the reason, dear, why you meant to tell her?’

Catharine hesitated a minute or two, and then smiling said, ‘No, mother; it was because I felt proud at the thought of shewing Nancy what I could do.’

‘Then I fear,’ said her mother, ‘you feel proud of doing it.’

‘Is there any harm in that, mother? for I am afraid I shall be a little proud of doing this shirt myself: I never did one before.’

‘Perhaps it is natural to be a little vain, Catharine; but when you think of carrying home this shirt, is there nothing else you can think of, but that you made it?’

‘O yes,’ said Catharine; ‘I shall think how glad Mrs. Leonard will be of the money, and how glad Nancy will be; and I shall wish it was a great deal more, so that poor Nancy need not have to work so hard. I suppose she will not receive much for it, for she said they did not give her much for the work.’

‘No,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘what she will receive for the shirt would last but a little while.’

‘I wish I could do more,’ said Catharine.

‘Have this wish in your heart,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘and you will never, my child, be vain; for then you will be ever thinking of how little, instead of how much, you do. As soon as you think of Mrs. Leonard and Nancy, you see you forget yourself, and then you are not vain. Therefore, my dear child, I advise you, when you have any thing to do for any one, to think only of them, and not of yourself; and then you will be in no danger of vanity.’

Catharine’s cousin Julia entered at this moment. She came up directly to Catharine, with such a look of pleasure in her face, that she hardly seemed the same child. ‘Catharine,’ said she, ‘I have something for Nancy. When you told me about her the other day, I thought I would coax my father to give me some money for her, some time when I had a chance, but he is hardly ever at home: to-day he *has* been, because he had a cold, and so I told him all about Nancy, and before I had told him half, he put his hand into his pocket and gave me all this money, and said, I might buy some candy, and give her what was left; but I have brought it all to you. Aunt Nel-

son, do count it, and tell me how much there is.' Mrs. Nelson did, and found there was nearly four shillings.

'Oh,' said Catharine, 'how happy Nancy will be when we go to take her the money! Mother, do let Julia go with you, that she may see Nancy and her mother.' Mrs. Nelson promised she would. After the little girls had talked together awhile, Julia said, 'Do let me try, Catharine, and see if I cannot help you; I do not want to sit doing nothing all the afternoon; I shall be tired to death.'

'I wanted,' said Catharine, 'to do it every stitch myself; but, mother, don't you think I had better let Julia do a little if she can?'

'I had rather,' said her mother, 'that you and Julia should settle this for yourselves.'

'Why, then, mother,' said Catharine, 'I believe that if I do as you just told me, I shall let her help me, for then I shall think of how soon it will be done, more than of doing it all myself; so, mother, if you will be so kind as to fit this gusset in for Julia, I will let her try to do it.'—Mrs. Nelson said, 'Yes, my dear,' with such a look of pleasure, that Catharine knew she approved of her decision. She fitted

the work for Julia so nicely, that the little girl found she could do it with more ease than she thought she could. The two cousins were now both industriously employed, and were very happy. Presently, they began to chat about what they had seen, and where they had been. 'I went this morning, with my father and mother, to see the statue of Washington,'\* said Catharine.

'Did you like it?' said Julia.

'Oh yes,' said Catharine. 'I never quite understood before how a statue looked, and I liked to hear the people who came to see it talk about Washington. One gentleman said, he remembered that when Washington came to Boston, they made a beautiful arch for him to pass under, and a wreath to put on his head; and he pointed to me, and said, he was not quite so big as I was, and yet he remembered his father's holding him up in his arms, and telling him to look at the greatest man in

\* Washington was an American, who was of great service to his countrymen, in helping them to recover their freedom; and when they had separated themselves from England, he was their first President or chief magistrate.



the world, and to *hurra* when the other boys did.—And another gentleman looked at it for a long time, and then said, it would do for a personification of true patriotism; and, mother, I wish you would tell me what he meant—for I am sure I don't know, and I could not ask you then, because you were talking.'

'Do you not remember,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'the figure of Time, that I explained to you the other day?'

'Yes, mother,' said Catharine, 'but do tell Julia.'

'You know, I told you that it was a personification of Time—which meant a figure that represented time, and looked as we suppose time would look, if it were a person. He is, therefore, made old, with only one gray lock on his head, because time is old; and he has an hour-glass in his hand containing running sand, because that shews the hours of time which are constantly passing away.—Then he has a scythe in his hand, because time destroys every thing in this world, just as a mower with his scythe mows down the grass. Now, true patriotism is a perfect love of one's country. He who loves his country

better than himself, is a true patriot. If his country be in danger, he must be willing to fight for it. He will be willing to sacrifice any thing he possesses, even his life, for the real benefit of his country. One must be very great and very good, to be a true patriot.—The cloak that is round the statue, is such a one as generals and soldiers wear. It is intended to shew that when his country was in danger, he fought to defend it. He holds a paper in his hand, to shew that he helped to make the laws, which render this country so happy a place to live in. And the gentleman who spoke of personification, meant to say, that the statue looked such a beautiful thing as true patriotism would look, if we could see it. He knew what a true patriot Washington was—that he had no selfishness, no fear; that he loved his country as a father loves his children; and that if God had not given us such a friend and protector, we should not have so happy a country to live in, as we now have. But when you are a little older, dear, we will read the life of Washington together, and then you will understand it all.'

After a minute's silence, Catharine said, 'You said, mother, when you were reading to me about Howard, that when we read of good and great people, we should think of trying to be like them. We cannot any of us, I am sure, be like Washington or Howard.'

'You cannot, Catharine,' said her mother, 'it is true, fight for your country as Washington did, or go into dungeons as Howard did; but what did I tell you made Washington a patriot?'

'It was loving his country better than himself,' answered Catharine.

'And what was it made Howard go into dungeons to visit and comfort the prisoners there?'

'It was,' said Catharine, 'because he loved to do them good, better than to be comfortable himself. He cared more for them than for his own life.'

'Cannot we all, cannot even children, my dear, imitate them in the principle which made them so great and good? Cannot we care more for others than for ourselves? Here come James and Lucy, and now if

Lucy will be still, I will tell you a *true* story of a little boy who did something, which must have made him happy to think of, when he became a man.'

'Oh! do tell us,' said all the children; 'and I'll be as still as a mouse,' said little Lucy.

'There was a little boy whom we will call Charles; he was about seven years of age: he had a friend who was twice his age, whose name was Robert, whom he loved very dearly. Charles would not have loved Robert so much as he did, if he had not been very good and kind. One winter day, all the boys with whom Robert and Charles usually played, had been having a snow-balling frolic. They made as usual, two parties; and unhappily they fell to quarrelling, and were separated by some gentlemen. As Charles was coming home from skating late in the same afternoon, with his friend, they met six or seven of the boys of the party who had been opposed to them. Robert was a stout, brave boy, and had thrown a great many snow-balls in the morning, and the boys knew that it was he who had thrown the

hardest ones; and they determined to take advantage of his being unprotected, and punish him. So they fell upon him at once with snow-balls. He defended himself as well as he could; Charles kept close by, and made balls for him, and did not mind being hit himself. They stood it manfully for a time. At last, however, Charles saw that Robert could hardly stand; they were too many for him,—and he ran and placed himself directly between the boys and his friend, and cried out, “Now, cowards! throw your balls at me!” The boys all threw down their balls, and shouted, “He’s a hero! let him alone! He sha’n’t be hurt, nor his friend neither.”

‘So he was a hero, mother,’ exclaimed James, ‘wasn’t he?’

‘Yes, my dear, he certainly was—and if, when he grew up to be a man, he continued to care as much more for his friend than for himself, he must also have been a patriot, and been willing to sacrifice himself for his country.’

‘But, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘I don’t

see how girls can do any thing for their country.'

'Yes, dear,' said her mother, 'they can make shirts for the poor of their country, and help to take care of them.' Catharine blushed at these words of her mother, for nothing makes any one more truly modest and humble, than a sincere desire to do and be good. It looks only to God for reward, and shrinks from the most delicate praise. Catharine longed to put her head in her mother's lap, and pour out her full heart in tears.

'I will tell you another true story, James,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'about a little boy that I call a hero. His name was Frank. He was not seven years old. He went to play with a boy of his own age, who was very passionate, and who, as something happened to displease him, flew at Frank, and fastened his nails so deeply into his face, as to hurt him, and make him bleed sadly. Frank pushed him away, and ran home to wash the blood from his face. His mother saw how much he was hurt, and asked him how it happened, and he told her. As he finished his account, a

gentleman who stood by, and who knew that Frank was a strong, brave boy, and could not have been afraid of the other boy—asked him in sport, “why he did not serve the naughty boy in the same way.” “Because,” said Frank, “it says, in the good book, that we must not do so; and, besides, he was not quite so big as I am. I did want to give him a good blow, but just then I remembered, and so I let him alone. But, mother, my face does smart dreadfully; it makes the tears come into my eyes.” Now,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘which of these heroes do you love the best?’

‘I love Charles best, mother,’ said James.

‘Frank was the best boy I think,’ said Catharine; ‘and I think it was much harder to do what Frank did than what Charles did.’

‘I think,’ said Julia, ‘I should not have liked very well to have my face scratched; I think I should have scratched the boy that did it; and I can’t tell which was the *best*, but I love Charles the most.’

‘What do you think, mother?’ said James.

‘I think,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘that a boy

who could think of what the good book said, when he was angry, and love to obey God better than to revenge himself, would love his friend better than himself, and when he became a man, would love his country better than himself, as Washington did; or pity all who were suffering in the world, as Howard did; and I think, dear, that many a boy would be snow-balled for his friend, who could not command his temper, and remember what was right, when his face was scratched.'

'And now, children,' said she, 'I will tell you an anecdote of a really great man, that is, such an one as we all might imitate. When General La Fayette was here, a poor old man came one day to see him, and asked him whether he did not remember him. La Fayette received him very kindly, but told him he did not. "Do you not," said the man, "recollect a very cold, stormy night, before such a battle, at such a place?" (I have forgotten the particular battle and place, but the old soldier named them.) "Oh, yes," said La Fayette, "indeed, I do." "Do you remember a poor soldier you saw lying on



the cold ground without a covering, and whom you desired to get up and find something to wrap round him, and when he told you he had nothing, do you remember what you did?" "No," said La Fayette. "You took your own blanket," said the poor man, "and you tore it in halves, and gave him one half of it. I was that man, and I thank Heaven for allowing me to see you again, and bless you for your kindness."'

It was now time for Julia to go home. Her aunt asked her, if she would not like to come the next Thursday and help Catharine to finish the shirt; for perhaps, with her assistance, she might finish it in another afternoon. Julia was much pleased with the invitation, and promised to come.

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## CHAPTER IX.

EMILY CORRETTE.

BEFORE the family had risen from table the next Thursday, Julia entered. She had a nice little work-bag in her hand, in which

were her thimble and needle-book; and she had a smiling face, and a heart full of good humour—which every little girl will find a great help to her when she has a task to perform. Though Julia loved her cousin Catharine, she did not love to sit still at work a whole afternoon; and a short time before, she would have pouted and shaken her elbows, at the thought of sewing for any one but her doll on Thursday afternoon; but she had lately felt so much happier with Catharine than with any one else, that she was always begging her mother to let her go and see her. They went to the same school, and the last Saturday she had been so happy when she was helping Catharine to do the shirt, that she was more pleased with her aunt's invitation to come and assist in finishing it, than she usually was at any expected pleasure.

The little girls were soon seated at their work. Catharine had, by great industry, found leisure, during the first part of the week, to do a little upon the shirt, so that she might be able to finish and carry it home on Thursday.

The sleeves were partly in; one was en-

tirely done on the right side, and the other had only a few of the gathers to be sewed. Mrs. Nelson fitted the one that was nearly done, for Julia; and Catharine, who could now fit her own work, soon made her little fingers fly nimbly, while she talked as fast as we all know little girls do talk sometimes; that is to say, a great deal faster than we could write if we were close by, with our pens all ready to put down every thing they say.

At last, when they began to be tired, Julia said to her aunt, who was sitting in the room with them, 'Do, aunt, tell us a story.'

'O do, mother,' said Catharine, 'then we shall soon get our work done; we shall work much faster, if you will.'

'I have just been reading,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'a true story that I will tell you about.'

'But, mother,' said Catharine, 'do read it all to us.'

'It is in French,' said her mother. 'It is about a French girl. A gentleman who received it from France, was kind enough to lend it to me.'

‘Did not La Fayette come from France, mother?’ said Catharine.

‘Yes, my dear, and the girl that this story is about, was, I think, as disinterested as he was.’

‘O do tell us,’ said both the little girls.

‘About ten years ago,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘Emily Corrette, daughter of a farmer in Nanturil, in France, went to live as a servant in the family of Mr. Charveys, in Paris. Her father was dead, and her mother was married to a man whom Emily could not love. All the property that was left her, amounted to about £17, which she put into the hands of a good friend, to take charge of for her, that, in case of sickness, she might have something to depend upon. Emily was active, industrious, and honest, and her heart was full of good and kind feelings. She knew that she could never see her father again on earth, that he could not come to her; but she knew also, that she might follow him to heaven, and she felt that every good action, every generous feeling, every pure thought, carried her nearer and nearer to her dear father, whom she

never ceased to love. She was sixteen when she went out to service.—There were seven children in the family in which she lived. She was affectionate and faithful in her care of them, and they all loved her dearly. She served her master and mistress more as a friend than as a servant, and they always treated her with tenderness and respect.

‘At length, Mr. Charveys met with misfortunes, and lost his property, so that he found it difficult to support his family.

‘Emily asked leave to go out one day, and went immediately to her friend and received from him her little property, of which she begged her master to make use. The poor man was in great distress, and took it, meaning to return it, but he died not long after, owing this and all her wages to the good young woman.

‘After his death, Emily redoubled her affectionate devotion to his widow and the children. Deprived of the support of her husband, Madam Charveys had to sell all the furniture and every thing that they could turn into money, to supply her family with food. When these were gone, Emily sold

every thing of her own that she could possibly do without ; a pair of ear-rings, and all her little finery were exchanged for bread for the children.

‘The health of her mistress was so bad that she could not work. The affectionate Emily found means for the support of the family.—She went a part of every day to a washing establishment, where she worked hard, and brought home her wages, and after the children were asleep and her work in the family done, she sewed half the night, and by this means, gained a little more money.

‘If you had seen her in the family, you would have found her occupied in washing and dressing the children—often in the very clothes she had herself purchased for them—taking the tenderest care of the little ones, and doing every thing that the fondest mother could do for them.

‘Emily Corrette, who was so faithful and good a servant, could not fail of being a good daughter. Her mother’s second husband was cruel and wicked, and finally left her to starve, after selling every thing they had in the world,

even their bed, and taking the money away with him. As soon as Emily heard what a miserable condition her mother was in, she went immediately to Nanturil, and brought her to the house of her mistress. Her mother was old and infirm,—there was no bed for her,—Emily had only a narrow mattress for her own use, but she gave it to her mother, and slept on the floor herself, on a little straw—as cheerfully resigning her bed to her mother, as she had performed all her other duties. But her sleep was sweet, and her waking joyful. Oh! if all did but know how easy and pleasant an innocent and pious heart can make the hardest bed, they would cease to wonder that Emily slept so sweetly, and arose so cheerful in the morning.

‘Thus Emily went on, labouring hard all the day and half the night, and dividing her earnings between her mother and the family. Many knew how good and devoted Emily was; she was so pleasing that she had many friends, and a very respectable coach-maker wanted to marry her, which would have been a very advantageous thing for her, but she would not leave her mother, her mistress, and

the children. What is still more remarkable, Emily never supposed that she did any thing very meritorious ; she seemed always to think that she was only doing her duty.

‘At last Madam Charveys, on account of the services of her husband, who had held an office under the French government, received some assistance. She immediately paid fifty francs (about £2) of the money they gave her, to her faithful Emily, begging her to buy herself comfortable clothes with it. Emily received the money, but knowing that what her mistress had left was scarcely enough to buy them a little wood, and pay some small debts, she purchased with a large part of it a warm cloak for her mistress ; and when some one spoke to her of her disinterestedness, she answered, “Could I leave my unhappy lady without a cloak, suffering from cold ?—With the money that is left I can buy a gown, a pair of stockings, and a pair of shoes. This is enough for me at present : Providence will supply me when I want more.”

‘A benevolent man in France, by the name of De Montyon, had left a large sum of money to the French Academy, to be distributed



every year among those whom they should think deserving, by their poverty and good conduct, of such assistance. As they could not give to all, they selected those who were the most worthy. The sums they distributed in this way were called "the Prizes of Virtue." Some one who knew of Emily's goodness, and also of her poverty, told the story to the Director of the Academy, and when the prizes were bestowed, one of the value of five hundred dollars (about £106) was sent to Emily Corrette. Emily never knew before that such prizes were given; she had laboured for the far better prize of a good conscience: she had thought of no reward but that happiness which is the never-failing reward of a benevolent heart; and when the money was brought to her, and she understood that it was for her faithful and affectionate services to her mistress and her children, the tears came into her eyes, and she said, "I did not wish to be rewarded for doing my duty. I have done the best I could out of love for them: I did not do it for money. I do not want to be paid for it; their love is all I ask; it is for that I have laboured, and that is enough. I have

that within my heart which is better than riches." "True," said the good friend who brought her the money, "but with this you can do a great deal for the comfort of your aged mother, and for these children whom you love so much, and for their poor sick mother; and for all their sakes you ought to keep it. God sees your heart, and knows the purity of your intentions; he knows that in doing all which you have done for others, you have only sought his blessing in return, and that happiness which is the constant reward of disinterested goodness." Emily blushed at hearing her own praises. She took the money, she managed it very judiciously for the benefit of the family, and the only difference that could be perceived in her was, that she seemed more humble and affectionate than she had ever been before. In her prayers that night she thanked her Father in heaven that he had given her the means of doing more good, and prayed for a blessing upon her efforts to serve those whom she loved.

The tears started into Catharine's eyes as her mother finished the story of Emily Corrette: she felt that such goodness might be;

and though it made her think how trifling were all the sacrifices she had ever made of her own comfort for the good of others, compared to Emily's, yet she had a strong persuasion in her heart that in time, if it should be necessary, she could do as much for others as Emily had done. But Julia, who had led a selfish life, could hardly understand it. She was generous with respect to money; she had always had enough to spend and to give; but to make a sacrifice of her own comfort and ease for the good of others was a new idea to her. She felt as if Emily must have been foolish to do so much for others, and she almost doubted the story. 'Why, aunt Nelson,' said she, 'is that story true? Did ever a girl work so for others, when she might have been married, and lived as she pleased?'

'Yes, my dear,' said her aunt, 'it is, I believe, perfectly true. I have just read it here; and it is, I presume, a fact; there can, indeed, be no doubt of it.'

'I am sure,' said Julia, 'I never could be so good.'

'Perhaps,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'you don't know how good you can be; but you must

really desire to be as good first, or you certainly never will be. Do you think that you wish to be as good as Emily was?’

‘I should like,’ said Julia, ‘to be as good, if I could without working as hard as she did.’

‘Yes,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘every one would like to be good, if it did not cost too much ; but we must never think of the difficulty of doing a right thing, my dear Julia. If it were not for the difficulty, there would not be any goodness in it.’

‘You know,’ said Catharine, ‘that a fortnight ago you told me you would not sit and sew a whole afternoon for any body in the world, and yet you have been sewing two whole afternoons of your own accord.’

‘Oh!’ said Julia, ‘but I like to sit and sew with you.’

‘But you thought,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘that you could not make the effort to work, and that it was pleasanter to sit still. What made you try to work with Catharine?’

Julia thought awhile, and then said, ‘I believe it was because I wanted to please Catharine ; and then she seemed so happy her-

self, that I thought I should be happy too in helping her.'

'And are you not happier than when you are trying only to please yourself?'

'O yes,' said Julia, 'a great deal happier; but then Catharine and I talk pleasantly together: and then, aunt, you have been telling us a charming story, and I am sure I cannot help being happy.'

'But tell me honestly, Julia,' said her aunt, 'and think a moment before you speak, if Catharine and you were not to talk together, and I had not told you a story, would you not feel better satisfied in helping Catharine to do that work, than if you were only trying to please yourself?'

Julia thought a moment, and then answered, 'Yes, aunt, I am sure I should; if neither you nor Catharine spoke a word, I know I should be happier for doing this work.'

'Then,' said her aunt, 'you think the pleasure you feel from doing this for Catharine is worth the trouble that it costs you to do it; and you remember that Emily Corrette was satisfied with the pleasure she felt from doing

good, though she sacrificed all her selfish desires. Now what does this teach you, Julia ?'

'That it makes us happier to do good to others than to try to please ourselves,' answered Julia.

'And could you have the pleasure,' said her aunt, 'if you took no pains, and made no sacrifices for it ?'

'No,' said Julia, 'I don't think I could.'

'And if,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'neither Catharine nor I, nor any of your friends knew that you did right, would not you feel happy still ; would you not feel as if some one was pleased with you ?'

'I think I should,' said Julia.

'Believe me, my dear, you would,' said her aunt. 'Our Creator has made our hearts to be happy in goodness, and in the belief of his approbation of us, just as he has made our eyes to be delighted with beautiful flowers, and our ears with sweet music. Our souls rejoice in goodness, just as our bodies enjoy the sunshine, and all the bright and good things that we see ; only there is this great difference, our bodies must be sick and

die, and this world be nothing to us ; but our souls he has made never to grow old, and we may keep them always in good order, and then they will live and be happy for ever.'

The shirt was now finished ; it wanted an hour of sunset, and Mrs. Nelson went with the little girls to carry it to Nancy Leonard : but we must defer the account of their visit till another time.

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## CHAPTER X.

### TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CATHARINE had taken very good care of the money that Julia had brought her for Nancy Leonard ; and before they set off to carry her the shirt which she had finished, she brought it to Julia, and told her, that as it was her present, she would rather have her carry it and give it to Nancy herself.

'Oh ! but I don't know her,' said Julia, 'and I should not know what to say.'

'Why you need not say any thing,' said

Catharine; 'only look as pleasant, Julia, as you did when you brought it to me for her, and I am sure she will be pleased.'

'Will you be so kind as to give it to her for me, aunt Nelson?' said Julia.

Her aunt consented and took the money; and it was not many minutes before they entered the narrow yard in which Mrs. Leonard's house was.

'O aunt!' said Julia, 'what a dirty place! I shall spoil my shoes.'

'I hope Nancy will be at home,' said Catharine.

'Why, aunt,' said Julia, 'you are going up into a garret! What a place!'

'Softly,' said Catharine; 'you know Mrs. Leonard is unwell, and she may be trying to go to sleep; don't speak loud.'

They were now at Mrs. Leonard's door; Mrs. Nelson knocked gently, and a weak voice said, 'Walk in.'

They found Mrs. Leonard alone; her lame leg was comfortably placed in a chair, and she was trying to do a little work; but she looked very pale and ill. When Mrs. Nelson asked her how she was, the tears came into



her eyes, as she answered, 'Tolerably well, I thank you, ma'am;' she tried to smile and look cheerful, and told them she was glad to see them, and begged them to sit down.

'Where is Nancy?' said Mrs. Nelson.

'She is gone to get a trifle that a man owes me for doing some work; I expect her in every minute. She will be ready to cry if she should miss seeing Miss Catharine. I hope she will be in soon.'

'I heard you were much better,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'but you look sadly, and as if you did not feel so well as you say you are.'

'I have been much better, ma'am,' said the poor woman, 'but I believe I have hurt myself with work. I felt pretty well, and I did more than I was able, and now I am almost worn out. Indeed, I am a poor broken down creature. I sometimes wonder why I am not taken away; but I know it is right — all right; every thing is just as it should be. We do not always see how, but then I know that God is good, and when we go to a better world we shall know all about it. Yet it sometimes seems strange that we should suffer so much. Oh! you don't know,' said

she, as she looked at the little girls, 'what a blessing it is to sleep soundly in your beds, free from pain. As you always rest well, you don't think of it, or else you would never forget to thank God for a night of quiet sleep.'

'I am glad to find,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'that notwithstanding your suffering, your trust in the goodness of God remains the same as it ever was.'

'O ma'am!' said the poor invalid, 'it is stronger than it ever was before, and, in fact, my body is so weary, that, if my mind had not a resting-place, I should be a poor creature indeed. When my troubles first came, ma'am, I resisted and complained, and then my trial was dreadful; but when my spirit was reconciled to the will of God, it became easy. When we bring our minds to our situation, we can bear any thing; but when our will lies one way and our situation another, then,' said she, 'it is hard to bear such sufferings as mine. But, after all, there are worse troubles than mine: sin and a guilty conscience are worse.'

'If your sufferings have taught you this humble trust in God,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'do

you not already see the good that they have done you? I feel grateful to you for the lesson of Christian fortitude that you teach; and if I should be called upon to suffer, I shall remember, and be encouraged by, your patience and submission to the will of God.—It does me good to see so noble a spirit in so weak a body!

‘O ma’am!’ said the poor invalid, ‘it is the gift of Him who has promised not to forsake those who put their trust in him. It seems to me as if his good spirit had sent you to me this afternoon, for I have met with trouble to-day, and felt very miserable when you came in.’

Mrs. Nelson asked what was the matter. Mrs. Leonard coloured, and seemed sorry she had spoken. ‘You are so good to me, ma’am,’ said she, ‘I don’t like to make any complaints; for it seems like begging, and I had hoped never to come to that; we shall make out very well without, if I can only work.’ Mrs. Nelson insisted upon knowing, and, at last, Mrs. Leonard told her, that she had been obliged, in the winter, to have a hole in the wall of her room repaired, and

that she had not been able to pay for it; for it had taken all the money she and Nancy had earned, to support them and pay for her medicines; and that, although it was only six shillings, she could not pay it, and the man insisted upon it she should, and had been very unkind to her. 'And,' added Mrs. Leonard, 'I felt almost discouraged, but Nancy will bring home something this afternoon, I hope; and I mean to try to keep up a good heart.'

Nancy now entered. Her whole face glowed with delight at seeing Mrs. Nelson and Catharine. As soon as she had spoken to them and to Julia, she went up to her mother and opened a little paper. 'Here, mother,' said she, 'is three shillings, which they gave me for the work; that is half enough for the mason.'

'And here,' said Catharine, 'is the shirt I have been making for you.'

'That will be two shillings more,' said Nancy; 'and, O Miss Catharine! how good you have been to do it for me! I know you have given up your play-time, and I know you don't love to work, and you have so

many things to learn too, that you have not much time. How good you are to us, Miss Catharine! Now mother can rest when she is tired.'

Mrs. Nelson now took the money that Julia had given her, out of her purse, and said to Mrs. Leonard, 'This is some money that my niece, whom I have brought with me, desired me to give you; and I know she will be glad that it has happened to come this afternoon, when you are particularly in want.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Leonard, 'how good she is—how good you all are—how ungrateful I was to be so cast down!'

'I told you, mother,' said Nancy, 'not to be distressed about the money; for I knew that we should have it; you know it always happens so. Don't you remember the day when the load of wood came, when we had none to burn, and we thought we should be so cold? And don't you remember the little basket, with sugar and tea and rice, that came in that evening, just as you were saying, you wished you had some tea? And don't you remember the good gentleman who

brought you four shillings the other day, when you had not any money or any work, and felt so ill? And now, only think, how rich we are! Sha'n't I go and pay the mason this minute, so that he need not come here again?'

'Yes, do,' said her mother; 'but do you know, Nancy, how fast you are talking?'

Nancy's walk in the open air, and the sight of Mrs. Nelson and Catharine, and the thought of paying the mason what they owed him, made her so happy, that she forgot every thing else for a moment, and she had talked away to her mother as if she had been alone with her. She blushed when her mother spoke to her, and, without saying another word, took the money to carry to the mason. After she had taken enough from the money to make six shillings, with what she already had, there was tenpence left. 'This,' said Mrs. Leonard, 'with what we shall receive for the shirt, will keep us comfortable for some days, and by that time I shall finish the work I am now doing. Nancy was right: I ought not to have been so downcast. I wish, ma'am, you had heard her beg me not to be

down-hearted this morning. Her voice sounded like the singing of a bird; but you know, ma'am, sometimes we cannot bear to hear even a pleasant sound, and the more she begged me not to cry, the faster my tears ran down. But it seems as if Heaven had sent you, this afternoon, to teach me how wrong it is to despond. I am sure I have a great deal to be thankful for in so good a child.'

Nancy now returned again, for the mason to whom they owed the money, lived only a few doors from them. 'Mother,' said she, as she entered, 'Mr. Horton said he was sorry that he had said so much about it, and made me keep this fourpence for myself; so, mother, put it with the tenpence.'

Mrs. Nelson and the little girls now bade them good night, and returned home.

'Nancy looked more pleased with the shirt,' said Julia, 'than she did with all my money, though she can get but two shillings for it, and the money was almost four shillings.'

'What do you think was the reason?' said Mrs. Nelson.

'I suppose she loves Catharine better,' said Julia.

‘What did she say to Catharine when she thanked her?’ said Mrs. Nelson.

‘She said,’ answered Julia, ‘that it was so good in her to work for them instead of playing, and she knew she did not love to work.’

‘Then,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘Nancy knew that Catharine had given up what she liked, in order to do them good, and she thought more of that than of the money. Now, Julia, do you like Nancy any the less for that?’

‘No, aunt, I don’t think I like her less for it.’

‘I believe, Julia,’ said her aunt, ‘that you gave up something you liked for Mrs. Leonard; did you not?’

‘Yes, aunt,’ said Julia; ‘but it was only some sugar-plums: but I am glad I did. If Nancy had known it, I suppose she would have been more obliged to me for the money.’

‘Would that have made you much happier?’

‘No, aunt,’ said Julia; ‘I can’t tell why, but I was glad that she did not know it. I thought of it, and was glad I had passed the new French shop, with those pretty things in the window, made of sugar, that I should



have liked: and I don't think I should have felt at all happier if she had known it, and thanked me as she did Catharine. Still I wondered she was more pleased with the shirt, when they were so poor.'

'It is, my dear Julia,' said her aunt, 'because our Father in heaven has given to her, as he has to each of us, a heart to love goodness more than any thing else. While we keep these hearts innocent and pure, as he made them, love and kindness are more precious to us than money. And there is hardly any being in the world so degraded and wicked, that he would not be more grateful for a cup of cold water, given in love, and when he who gave it wanted it himself, than for the richest gift that did not come from the heart of the giver. Nancy knew that Catharine must really care for her, if she made a sacrifice of her time and pleasure to do her good. She did not know that *you* had given up something you liked, for the same thing; but your conscience, which felt so happy at the moment, told you that there was some one who knew it, and who approved of your conduct, and that, you say, was enough;

you did not want Nancy and her mother to know it.

‘Never,’ continued Mrs. Nelson, ‘forget this afternoon, my dear Julia. Never forget that the poor, if they are ever so much in want, think more of the kindness and real goodness of those who assist them, than of the value of what they bestow; and that you must *be* good, if you would *do* good.’

The sun having set, Julia kissed her cousin and ran home. When Mr. Nelson and his family were all assembled around the tea-table that evening, he told the children, that he meant to take them all out to their grandfather’s the next Saturday afternoon. The children were all delighted. As for Jemmy, he tumbled like a monkey about the floor for joy; for they all loved their grandfather, and loved to go to his pleasant country-house in Brookline. Saturday soon came. When they were all seated in the carriage, Catharine said, ‘O father, if you would but stop for Julia—she would like to go so dearly.’

‘Well,’ said her father, ‘this ride is to reward you for being so industrious and good a girl as you have been for these many weeks

past; and you may tell the coachman to go to your uncle's house for Julia. But, I fear, she will shew her ill-humour, and spoil our ride.'

'Oh! no, father,' said Catharine; 'I know she will not. Julia is very good now.' Accordingly, they went for her. Julia was delighted to go, and they were now all as happy as we know children can be and always are at going into the country. As they were going over the Neck, little Lucy exclaimed, 'Oh! do see all those pigeons upon the top of that house! You could not put a pin between them. What are they all there for?'

'I'll tell you,' said James, who was in such glee that he could hardly speak. 'Don't you see? No, you can't read, Lucy, so far off; but you can, Kitty. See that sign; it says, "Seed and Grain Store;" and the pigeons are come to get some for themselves.'

'Poh!' said Lucy, 'the pigeons can't read.'

'Well,' said James, 'I know that is what they are after. You see they are only waiting for those carts to be gone.'

‘They can’t read, mother, can they?’ said Lucy.

‘No, dear,’ said her mother.

‘Now, James, be serious, and see if you cannot tell why they are there.’

‘I have been thinking about it, mother,’ said James.—‘The grain is in the bags in those carts, and I suppose some falls out, and the pigeons know it; and when the people are all gone they will pick it up. So, Lucy, the pigeons know more than you do, and I don’t believe they are so old as you either. Do you think they are, mother?’

‘No, James; some of them are very young—not six months old.’

‘But, mother, how can they know so much, when they are only babies?’

‘This knowledge is born with them, dear; it is called instinct. They will never have any more than they have now: but Lucy, by and by, will be wiser than the pigeons; for her knowledge will grow every year of her life.’

‘Till she knows as much as you, mother?’

‘Till she knows much more, I hope, my child. This is the great difference, my dear, between us and the animals; we are always acquiring more knowledge; we may always be improving if we please; we have never done learning. After we have learned as much as we can here, in this world, when we shall have entered upon a new state of existence, we shall go on improving without any end.’

‘Then, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘we shall learn all about the stars, and whether they are like our world.’

‘Yes,’ said James, ‘and whether such a boy and girl as you and I are there, Lucy.’

‘I don’t believe there is such a queer boy as you there,’ said Lucy.

They were now quite in the country. The air was scented with an odour from the fresh earth, and from the young and tender grass which was just springing up. The robin was very busy, collecting materials for her nest, and you could see her running along for some distance, seeking for what she wanted, and then stopping, and looking round as pertly as if she knew you were observing

her. The sparrow chirped merrily; the blue bird seemed—like Jemmy himself—too full of glee to know what she did; and the pleasant voices of the children sounded sweetly, as they mingled with the song of the birds.

They have now reached Brookline, and are at their grandfather's door. One kiss and a 'How do you do?' to their grandfather and grandmother, and they are running in every direction about the grounds. At last, Mrs. Nelson called them, and invited them to go with her to walk. 'O, mother!' said Catharine, 'do go to that beautiful place, where we went last year, to gather columbines.' She consented, and the happy party set off. Mrs. Nelson stopped, and made the children look at the beautiful tassels on the oak trees. 'But look at this little brook, mother,' said James; 'see how the tiny waves run after each other; just as we boys do, when we come out of school. You see it has been frozen up all winter. Here is a beautiful yellow flower; what is it, mother?'

'There is another,' said Lucy.

'And there are a great many,' said the children all at once.

‘They are cowslips,’ said Catharine.

‘Here are the great stones,’ said James, ‘to cross the brook upon. But, no; this shall be the bridge of boats, and I will be Xerxes, and this brook shall not be a brook; it shall be the Hellespont, and you shall be my army. You will find all about Xerxes in Rollin, Lucy, when you are old enough.’

Mrs. Nelson laughed heartily at Jemmy’s drollery; and the children made the woods echo with their merry sounds. They soon came to the place where the columbines grew. It was a little sheltered nook under a rock, and there they hung their bright scarlet and yellow heads, nodding on their slender stalks to the slightest breath of wind. They gathered a fine bunch of them, and sat down on the rock to rest for a minute. ‘Mother,’ said Catharine, ‘how happy every thing seems in the country! No one can be naughty, I think, in the country, can they?’

‘I think, dear,’ said her mother, ‘we are less likely to be out of humour in the country.’

‘I never should be cross in the country, I’m sure,’ said Julia.

‘But it is not merely necessary to be good-

natured, but to be good,' said Mrs. Nelson. 'Yet Boston is full of things more beautiful than these flowers.'

'Why, what, mother? I am sure I don't know what you mean.'

'Would you give up Nancy for a bunch of columbines, or even for the pretty book?'

'No, mother, I like her better than the flowers.'

'Well, my dear, there are thousands such as she, in such a city as Boston. These flowers will fade away, but Nancy's good heart and pure mind that we love so much, will be growing more beautiful every day.'

'Oh! yes, mother,' said Catharine; 'when I think of Nancy and other people that I love in Boston, it seems pleasant there; but here, in the country, every thing looks so beautiful—and there are so many sweet sounds! There are all the pretty birds singing; and every thing smells so sweet, it makes us happy without our thinking any thing about it.'

'There is no harm in being happy, dear; but if it teaches you to love your fellow-beings, it is better to be in the city than in



the country. But wherever we go, we find the works of God. Look up at those beautiful clouds; you can see them in Boston. And see the golden sun just setting—and see that lovely moon—what a pretty silver bow she looks like now! When the sun is quite down, she will grow brighter, and then the stars will appear. We can see all these in Boston. But we must go home now; your grandmother's tea is ready, I dare say.' The children had an excellent appetite, from running about so much, and enjoyed their supper highly; after which they set off for home, as merry as they were when they arrived. But little Lucy soon fell asleep, and Jemmy had talked himself out. Catharine often repeated as they rode in, 'What a delightful time we have had!' and as they left the pleasant green fields, and the birds that had nestled to sleep in the trees, she tried to remember what her mother had said to her, that *wherever she went she would find the beautiful works of God, and that a pure and good heart, like Nancy Leonard's, was more beautiful even than spring flowers.*

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CHAPTER XI.

PARABLES AND FABLES.

MRS. NELSON was rather surprised to see Catharine, the next Thursday afternoon, come and seat herself by her side with a piece of sewing work in her hands, just as she did while she was so busy making the shirt for Nancy.

‘I thought, my dear,’ said her mother, ‘you would play this afternoon; what work are you doing now?’

‘I am cutting these pieces of calico square, for patch-work, as you shewed me, mother. I did not want to play this afternoon, as I used to do; we had such pleasant times while I was making the shirt for Nancy, that I thought I had rather come and sit with you, and talk, if you will let me.’

‘As there is no one here, Catharine,’ said her mother, ‘you may talk as much as you please—what have you to say?’

We all know, that if any thing will make a little girl silent, it is a full permission to talk; this effect was now produced upon Ca-

tharine; she was silent for ten minutes at least.

‘I thought, dear,’ said her mother, ‘you wanted to talk.’

‘I did,’ said Catharine, ‘but when you said I might talk as much as I pleased, and seemed to be listening, I thought you might think what I said foolish.’

‘Perhaps it might be so,’ said her mother; ‘but what made you so concerned about being foolish at this moment, any more than when you first sat down? Have you any thing particularly foolish to say?’

‘Oh no,’ said Catharine; ‘but when one thinks about what one says, it always seems as if one talked foolishly.’

‘If you think about what you are talking of,’ said her mother, ‘I should think you would not have any thoughts to spare for how you say it; when you were repeating to me what your Sunday-school teacher told you about the resurrection of Lazarus, I do not believe that you were thinking of the manner in which you told me about it.’

‘Oh no, mother,’ said Catharine; ‘I was only thinking of Lazarus and his sisters, and

our Saviour; I did not think of any thing else.'

'You did not think of yourself,' said her mother, 'and so you could talk, and you could tell me all you knew of the subject; and I was very glad to hear you. And now you cannot talk, because you are thinking about yourself, and whether you shall not say something that is not very wise. I will allow you, dear, to talk foolishly, (as you call it,) that is to say, just as you please—I will think of what you mean to say, and not of you. So, my dear, what have you got this afternoon in that little book of yours that I once told you of, and that I hope one day will be worth reading?'

'Oh,' said Catharine, shaking her head, 'that is my own book, mother; perhaps I shall not let you see it.'

'Yes, you will, dear,' said her mother; 'I shall have to read it over and over again; and I shall probably know more about it than you do yourself.'

'Oh, mother,' said Catharine, 'there are a great many queer little pictures there, that you never saw—and stories too.'

‘And I suppose,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘you meant to tell me some of the stories this afternoon?’

‘I was going, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘to tell you a little story that I told James last night, when he asked me to tell him one. It is a fable; if you would like to hear it, I will tell it to you.’

Her mother said she should, and Catharine repeated the following fable:

‘Once there was a little bee who lived in the nicest hive that could be made: it was in the midst of a beautiful garden, and there were roses, and sweet-briars, and pinks, and honeysuckles, all around it.’

‘And you said there were tulips and mignonette,’ said little Lucy, who was sitting also by her mother.

‘Yes,’ said Catharine, ‘there were all sorts of flowers. Well, this was a very happy little bee, and very good, except sometimes, when he got into a passion, and then he was very disagreeable, and very naughty. His mother used to tell him that he was very foolish, and that one day he would do some terrible thing, and have to be punished; but he did not mind

her, and one summer's day, two little girls were walking in the garden, and went up to see the beehive; they were two good little girls, and were pleased with seeing the bees, and the flowers, and did not wish to hurt any thing; but this passionate bee, as soon as he saw them, flew at the younger, who was about three years old, and stung her in the face: she cried and ran to her father, who was in the other part of the garden; and he carried her into the house, and put something on the place where she was stung, to make it ache less.

'The next morning, when the bees came out of their hive to get honey from the flowers, they found, to their great sorrow, that the flowers were all gone: there was nothing but green grass and tall trees; there were no flowers at all. In the middle of the night, when the bees were all asleep, the father of the little girl that was stung, had had the beehive taken out of the garden, and put far away in the orchard, where the little girls never went. In the morning the queen of the hive sent for the little bee, and told him that it was all his fault that they were turned

out of their pleasant garden, and away from the beautiful flowers, and that if he did not learn to cure his temper, something worse would happen to him, and perhaps to them all; that he would lose his sting that he made such a bad use of, and be good for nothing.

‘The foolish bee did not mind what was said to him—he did not care much, he said, for being turned out of the garden; he had wings, and he could fly there whenever he pleased, and he could get just as much honey as ever. This was a very industrious bee; he collected a great deal of honey to carry home to the hive every night, and he was very proud of gathering so much, and angry with any one that went near what he called his flowers.

‘It was not long before he was punished for his folly. As he was collecting his load of honey one day to carry home, these same little girls came to the rosebush where he was; their mother had sent them to gather a rose-bud for her: they did not touch the full-blown one the bee was taking honey from, but as soon as he saw them touch one of the

flowers, he flew at them in a great passion. This time, instead of flying in the little girl's face, he flew at her bonnet; it was a straw bonnet, and he was in such a rage that he stuck his sting in so far that he could not get it out, and it broke off short; this hurt him sadly, and he flew home in great pain and very much ashamed.

'The queen bee, who knows every thing that happens in the hive, sent for him as soon as he came in. He came to her hanging his head, and dragging his wings on the ground. "You have been punished as I expected," said the queen, "for your passionate behaviour; you are now unfit to gather honey; you will see no more flowers for the rest of your life; the only thing you are fit for is to carry dirt out of the hive: you will never go for honey again; and I hope that all the other bees will learn from your example, the folly of being passionate.'

'The poor bee thought of all the beautiful flowers that he should never see, or smell at, again, and he was so grieved, that he could not lift up his head or move, and they had to carry him off.'



‘Did you make that all yourself?’ said her mother.

‘No,’ said Catharine; ‘aunt and I were telling stories together the other day, and she told me what a fable was, and I made this; but she helped me to think what to say, and how to tell it.’

‘And what did James say?’ asked Mrs. Nelson. ‘He said,’ answered Catharine, ‘that he hoped if I wrote my fable, I should not write the meaning under it, as they did in *Æsop’s* fables, for he hated that, and any body would know what it meant without being told.—And now, mother,’ said Catharine, ‘I want you to tell me exactly what a parable means; because, though our teacher told me, I don’t think I understand it well enough to tell any body myself. What is the difference between a parable and a fable? though I know they are not alike.’

‘Do you remember any parable that you can repeat?’ said Mrs. Nelson. Catharine related the parable of the Good Samaritan.

‘Is there any thing impossible in this story?’ said Mrs. Nelson.

‘No, mother, I should think it was true.’

‘Could your fable be true?’ asked her mother.

‘No, mother; bees never talk as we do.’

‘Then how are they alike, Catharine?’

‘Why, mother, do you think the parables were really true stories?’

‘No, my dear, I do not.’

‘Then fables and parables too, are stories made up,’ said Catharine.

‘Yes, but fables *cannot* be true.’

‘And parables,’ interrupted Catharine, ‘*might* be true.’

‘Was there not any part of your fable true, Catharine?’

Catharine hesitated, and seemed to be thinking. ‘What part of it,’ said her mother, ‘was it that James said you need not write down?’

‘The moral,’ answered Catharine; ‘Jemmy called it the meaning.’

‘And what was that?’ said her mother.

‘It meant, mother, that passionate people, if they do not conquer their temper, may do some dreadful things, which they may suffer for all their lives.’

‘And is this true or not?’

‘Oh, yes, mother,’ said Catharine; ‘aunt told me that it was very true.’

‘Well,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘can you see any resemblance now between a parable and a fable?’

‘Yes, mother, I think I can; they both *teach* us something true.’

‘And what part of the parable of the Good Samaritan do we know is true—what moral does it teach?’

‘That we must take care of every body that we see suffering, just as if they were our neighbours and friends,’ said Catharine.

‘And now,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘cannot you see any resemblance between a parable and a fable?’

‘Yes, I think I can; they both teach us something true, and that is the moral: still a fable cannot be true, but a parable might be. Then, mother, why is it not called a story, just like any other story?’

‘That is a sensible question, my dear, and I will do my best to answer it. I believe a parable means not only a story, which might be true, and which is to teach something that is true, so as to have what James calls a

meaning, but it must also be a story, bearing a resemblance to a real state of things, so as to make you see directly that the story which is not true is just like one that is, and you perceive immediately what is its design. I will explain this to you by the parable of the Good Samaritan.

‘ You know that the ten commandments were given to Moses, and the Jews all acknowledged their authority. Our Saviour wished to reprove the Jews for keeping the words of their law merely, and not attending to their meaning or spirit, and to teach them at the same time that the Samaritans, whom they despised, might have much more goodness than they had, and obey the laws of that Being whom they pretended to serve, better than they did themselves.

‘ The conduct of the Priest and Levite was exactly like the conduct of the Jews in general—but more especially of the rulers, who were almost always Priests or Levites. And the Samaritan meant those people of other nations whom the Jews despised and called idolaters, and yet who really, even according to their own law, were often more obedient to

the will of God, and understood their law better than they did themselves.

‘This parable too was related to a lawyer ; so you see in every part there was a meaning and a resemblance, which made it apply exactly to the purpose and shewed its design, and made it different from any common story. Do you think you understand, my dear ?’

‘Yes, mother, I think I do,’ said Catharine.

‘The Eastern nations were very fond of parables, as we find in the Old Testament. Their prophets took that method to reprove kings when they did wrong. They sometimes called their poems parables ; and it is supposed by some, that the book of Job is one of these poems—teaching us what great sufferings might be inflicted upon a good man, and teaching us also, at the same time, the greatness and goodness of God, and that all which he does is right, and that he never forsakes his children.

‘And now, my dear child, I think you had better put down your work, and take a little run, for I fear your poor brains may be puzzled.’

‘I shall try,’ said Catharine, ‘to repeat

what you have told me to aunt, and if she can understand it, then you will know that I do.'

This is a very good method, and we recommend all little girls and boys to follow it, when they are not sure that they quite understand a thing.

Catharine took Lucy with her, and called James, and they all went to work in their little gardens.

James had heard at the Sunday-school he went to, an account of the way the scarlet-bean grows, and how curious and beautiful it is, and he did just as the Superintendant who gave them the account advised them. He asked his father how moist the earth should be, and he planted a number of beans at different times, so that he might see every change, and some he planted which were not to be touched, but to be left to grow.

James believed what he had heard about the bean ; but then he thought he should feel more sure of it, if he saw it ; and he found it very difficult to let those which he had planted have a single quiet hour when he was at home.

The first day that he planted any, he took one up at dinner-time, when he came home from school, another in the evening, and another the next morning. His father laughed at him, and Catharine coaxed him at last to leave the poor beans a little while to themselves, and this very evening was the time he had fixed to take them up, the last one first, so as to be able to see the whole from the time the bean first changed till it was a real plant.

James had been near the place a dozen times, and turned round and ran away, for fear he should break his resolution. But now his time was come—he had just scampered into the house for Catharine, as she was calling for him to go to their little gardens together. Catharine went to hers, to see if her mignonette seeds were come up, and found they were.

‘Oh, James, come and see!’ said she; ‘my seeds are all come up.’

‘Your fiddlesticks!’ said James; ‘here, look at my beans. I see the two little leaves just peeping from the one I planted first, so they are all fit to be looked at. Go, call

father and mother, Lucy; go as fast as ever you can. Do come and see, Catharine, this very minute.'

'I will,' said Catharine; 'but, James, you ought not to call my mignonette seeds fiddlesticks.'

'Well,' said James, 'I won't say so again, if you will only come and see my beans.'

Catharine made an effort to overcome her displeasure at having her mignonette seeds slighted; for she remembered the chrysalis. Their father and mother soon came out, and Jemmy had the satisfaction of seeing in his beans exactly what he had heard described at school. One bean was just bursting out of its coloured skin, another had spread its two halves apart, and you could see the little hinge which holds the two halves together; then a very little root, to go down into the earth, and two very small leaves which had been nicely folded inside of the bean, just ready to shoot up.

Then James took up the bean which had been in the ground the longest. 'There, father,' said he, 'are the little roots, and they are all hollow for the water to go through, and



that is the way the bean drinks; and there are the little leaves which are to grow up out of the ground for the plant to breathe with, for plants breathe; and now you see, father, it is a plant.'

'I am glad, my dear boy, that you have remembered what you heard, and hope, also, that you remember what this was to teach you—that you are to love and obey the great and good Being who has given you eyes to see these beautiful things, and who causes millions and millions of seeds to grow thus all over the world for food for all his children.'

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## CHAPTER XII.

### WASHINGTON.

CATHARINE'S cousin, Julia, came to pass the next Saturday afternoon with her, and what was still more agreeable, she came with a happy face and an obliging disposition. Catharine really loved Julia, and was willing to bear with her faults; but she loved her

much better, and enjoyed seeing her much more, when she was amiable and good-tempered.

After the little girls had talked awhile, (which means a *great* while, when it is two little cousins chatting together,) they came to Mrs. Nelson, who invited them to join her in a walk she was going to take, to visit a poor woman. Both of them gladly accepted her invitation, and they all soon set off.

Soon after they left the house, Julia said to her aunt, in a whisper, 'Aunt, I have got a little money, that my father gave me this morning, in my work-bag; if you are going to see any body that wants money, you can give it to them.'

Her aunt thought a little while, and then said, 'If you would like it, dear, we will stop at a bookseller's, and buy some little books; for where I am going, there are children who would be delighted with them.'

'Oh yes,' said Julia, and 'Oh yes,' said Catharine; but no sooner had she said it, than she remembered that she had no money, and could not have the pleasure of buying a book herself, to take to the children; and

when, a few minutes after, they stopped at the bookseller's, there was a slight shade of vexation on her countenance. She made an effort, however, to put away her feeling of mortification, and to enjoy the thought that Julia would give the children some books, and that, if they had them, it was as well that Julia should give them, as that she should. 'It is quite as selfish,' said Catharine to herself, 'for me to envy her this pleasure as it would be for me to envy her the money to buy sugar-plums with; and I am sure I am glad, that Julia likes better to give books to these poor children than to eat sugar-plums.' All this passed in Catharine's mind as she stood by the counter, while her mother inquired for children's books; and when Julia called her to another part of the shop and said, 'Come, Catharine, help me to choose these books,' she went with her face as bright as usual, to comply with her cousin's request.

We all know what an enticing occupation it is to little girls to look over a collection of picture books, and if the mothers and friends who assist them, tell the whole truth, they

will acknowledge that they enjoy it no less than their children.

After looking at perhaps a hundred, they decided upon 'Early Lessons,' 'Harry Beaufoy,' 'Ellen and Mary,' and 'Cottage Stories.' Julia had not money enough to purchase all these, and they were trying to decide which they would relinquish, when Mrs. Nelson said to Catharine, 'My dear, if you please you may buy "Juvenile Correspondence;" you know I promised that, as you so patiently bore Lucy's tearing yours to pieces, you should have a new one.' Catharine looked pleased, but hesitated, and seemed as if she desired something else.

'Is there any other book, dear, you would prefer?' said her mother.

'No,' answered Catharine, 'but I want to take all the books that we have selected, to the poor children that we are going to see; and if you will allow me to spend the money which the Juvenile Correspondence would cost, that will make enough to pay for them, and you know I sewed together all the torn leaves of my old one; I can manage to read

it, and I should rather do so, if you like it as well.'

'Just as well, my dear,' said her mother, 'and better too, if you wish it.'

'Then,' said Catharine, 'we can have all these'—

'And some more,' said the bookseller; 'you can have two or three more.'

'Then,' said Catharine, 'I will have that nice spelling-book, and that hymn-book.'

'There is still threepence due to you,' said the man.

'Then, said Catharine, smiling, 'I will have "James Talbot" for it, if you please.'

We must recall the time when we were little children ourselves, if we would form any just notion of the ecstasy of these little girls, as they took possession of this parcel of books, to carry to some poor children that they had never seen.

Would parents give their children a treat? Would they bestow a luxury upon them? Let them feast their hearts with the thought of doing good to others; let them have the luxury of giving to those who are in want. We doubt whether any child ever enjoyed

so much from going to a ball, or to the theatre, as these two little girls enjoyed on their way to the poor woman's house.

It was a pretty long walk, and they had to go through narrow, dirty streets, where Julia would have once thought it was very disagreeable to go, but she had become interested in other things, and did not think so much of soiling her shoes now as she once did.

At last Mrs. Nelson went into a house, and up a flight of stairs, and then up another; the passage was so dark that she told the little girls to take hold of her gown, so as to keep close to her, for she knew the way. When they had all got up the stairs, she knocked at a door, and a young, pleasant-looking woman came, with a baby in her arms, to open it. She looked much pleased at seeing Mrs. Nelson and the little girls, gave them each a chair, and, seating herself, took up some work that she was doing, still keeping her baby in her lap.

‘How is your husband? and how is your own health?’ said Mrs. Nelson.

‘I thank you, ma'am, he is pretty well, for

him; he cannot yet sit up all day, and he is lying down now, but he is getting stronger, and now that he has given up spirits he is quite happy. Oh, ma'am, you can't think what a different house ours is now; when my husband can sit up, he helps me to sew this coarse work; he has learned to do it very well; and now, instead of wicked words and wicked actions, we are as peaceful and happy as can be.'

'Have you yet learned to read the book I gave you, Mrs. Reed?'

'Yes, ma'am, and you know not what an unspeakable comfort it is to me to be able to read in it. I cannot afford to spend my time in reading it during the day; so after I have done my work, and my husband and children are in bed, then I take my book. People, ma'am, that always have been able to read and to know about God, cannot think what, or how, I felt when I learned to read that first lesson myself. I was in great trouble, but I minded this lesson. It was, 'God is good; love him, think of him, pray to him, and trust in him.' And when I got on so that I could read all of it, one night, when I

was dreadfully distressed, the lesson that says, 'I will lift mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help,' was such a comfort to me!

'What first made you so earnest to learn to read?' asked Mrs. Nelson.

'Why, ma'am', said the poor woman, 'I wanted to read, that I might read my Bible; every thing went against me in this world; my husband had very bad habits, and was very cruel to me; I was even in danger of my life from him, when he was intoxicated. I had no means of support for my poor children; I had an infant and could not do much; there was no help for me here, and I wanted religion; I wanted help from God; I could not read; I could not go to church; I was afraid to leave my babies so long: but I sent my children, that were old enough, to a Sunday-school, and when they brought home their hymn-books, that the teachers gave them to learn, I used to take them in my lap, and make them point out the words to me as they read them, and thus I tried to learn to read; and when my little children repeated those hymns which speak of the mercy and



tender kindness of God, I used to feel stronger, and as if I could bear my trials better. One day the teacher came to see the children, and after she had been talking to them a little while, I could not help wishing I had such privileges; and I told her so, and then she said that if I would come to the school, she would teach me to read. I felt rather awkward at going among children to learn to read with them, but I wanted so much to read my Bible, I thought I would not mind it. I went with the children, and the teacher was very kind, and took me in a corner by myself, and I was so determined to learn, that I remembered every word she said; and then, ma'am, a little after this time, a good gentleman persuaded my husband to try the medicine to cure people who drink spirits; and this had such an effect upon him, that instead of treating me cruelly, he began to teach me to read, and learned of me how to sew; and now he assists me in my labours, and helps to teach me how to read the word of God. And now, ma'am, instead of thinking that there is nothing good and happy, I feel as if every thing was good, every thing was right, every

thing was just as it should be. Oh, ma'am, the world is all changed to me, and when, after a hard day's work, my poor sick husband and my little children are asleep; then, in the middle of the night, I open my book, and read in it words of encouragement and peace for those who wish to serve God; and I feel as if he was speaking to me. I read my book over and over, and every time I read it, I take more pleasure in it; and I suppose it is because my mind improves, and I understand its meaning better.'

Just then the poor woman's husband entered. Mrs. Nelson spoke very kindly to him, and asked him how he was. He said, 'He was getting better, but he was very weak, and could not work out of doors yet; but he felt so much happier now, that he wondered at his own folly and wickedness.'

While he was speaking, the children came in; they had been picking up chips for their mother. Mrs. Nelson called them up to her and asked their names: and Catharine and Julia gave them the books they had brought for them. They expressed their thanks as well as they could; but it was evident their

little hearts were too full to speak; they each caught hold of the books with the same eagerness they would have caught at a piece of bread, if they had been half starved; their bright eyes shone, and the colour came in their smooth round cheeks, and they looked confused with their own feelings.

‘Thank the young ladies,’ said their mother; and the little boy bobbed his head, and made the best bow he could; and the little girls made their best courtesy.

‘They have learned to love books so, at the Sunday-school,’ said Mrs. Reed, ‘that they like them better than any thing. The young ladies are very kind, I’m sure.’

Mrs. Nelson then told Mrs. Reed, that she was rejoiced to see her so comfortable. ‘You are now,’ said she, ‘in possession of the true riches; for you say, Mrs. Reed, you are entirely satisfied with your lot, since you became religious; and this is the true meaning of what our Saviour said to the woman of Samaria, which you can now read about: “He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst.”’

She bade her and her husband good bye, very kindly; and told him, that she trusted

he would have strength given him to keep his good resolution.

‘I hope, ma’am,’ said the poor man, ‘that I shall. I shudder to think how I have lived, and how I might have died.’

Before Mrs. Nelson and the little girls were down stairs, they heard the shrill voices of the children exclaiming, ‘Look at mine! look at mine! what beautiful books!’ jumping and dancing, and giving vent to all those expressions of their happy hearts, which they had kept in, while Mrs. Nelson and the little girls were there.

As soon as they were in the street, Catharine said to her mother,—‘Oh, mother, was it not good to see them so pleased?’

‘How pretty they looked!’ said Julia. ‘I should not have thought they could have looked so pretty in such old plain clothes; why, aunt, I wanted to kiss them; they were little dears, and I am glad, aunt, you thought of the books; they would not have been so much pleased with sugar-plums; and I am sure I had rather have seen them and given them the books, than have had all the sugar-plums in the world.’

‘I never before, mother,’ said Catharine,

‘knew what a comfort it was to be able to read the Bible; and I almost felt as if I should cry, when Mrs. Reed told of her trying to learn to read the hymns from her own little child, which it had learned at the Sunday-school, and then going there herself to learn. Mother, I’ll tell you what our visit made me think of.’

‘What, dear?’ said her mother.

‘Of what you told us, when we were sitting with you upon the rock, where we gathered the columbines, that there were a great many people with pure and good hearts in Boston, and that they were more beautiful than the spring flowers.’

Mrs. Nelson was glad to find that Catharine remembered what she had said to her, and she was much pleased to see the improvement in Julia. She had hoped, as she was really a generous and well-disposed child, that she might be cured of her vanity and fretfulness; and she perceived with pleasure that Catharine was gaining a quiet but certain influence over her.

As they were passing the State-house in their walk home, they overtook Mr. Nelson, walking with James and Lucy, and he pro-

posed their going in to look at the statue of Washington. They had none of them seen it more than once, and they were quite pleased with the proposal. There was no one else there; the light was beautiful, and the calm dignity, the quiet grandeur, and the noble simplicity of the figure, seemed to have an effect upon them all, even upon the little girls. At last Catharine said, 'How good he looks, father!'

'I don't think I should have been afraid of him,' said Julia.

'Oh no!' said Catharine, 'I am sure I should have loved him.'

'All children would have loved him,' said Mr. Nelson. 'I heard an anecdote of him the other day that I should think would make them love him. As he had no children of his own, and had such great concerns as the freedom and the defence of his country to think of and attend to, no one would have wondered if he had not thought much about children; yet, when his secretary had a child very ill, he often assisted the parents in taking care of it, and frequently joined them in prayer to God for its recovery; and once, it is said, some one went into the room and

found him alone with the child, kneeling by its bedside, and praying fervently to God for its life.'

'I would rather have seen him then,' said Mrs. Nelson, 'than when he received Lord Cornwallis's sword.'

'I saw the picture of that the other day,' said Catharine; 'but the next time I see it, I know I shall think more of how good he looked when praying for the little child.'

'It was once,' said Mr. Nelson, 'made a question by some one, whether he, like some other distinguished men, was not deficient in piety. A gentleman who heard it said, that at the opening of the first continental congress, at which he himself was present, it was thought proper that the meeting should be opened by prayer; and among all those who were there assembled there was but one man seen on his knees; and that man was George Washington.'

'Don't you remember, father,' said James, 'when you took us all, last summer, to see the beautiful great elm tree, in Cambridge, under which General Washington first drew his

sword after he was made Commander-in-chief of the American army? Mother, did not you make a drawing of it?’

‘Yes,’ said his mother, ‘and you shall have it to copy; and I will tell you, James, of something I heard the other day of Washington, that will please you, I think, and encourage you to be a good boy.’

“ ‘One day there were a number of gentlemen dining with Washington’s mother; and after they had been speaking with great enthusiasm of some of the glorious deeds of her son, she remarked, ‘I have never been astonished at any thing he has done, for George was always a good boy.’ ”

‘Mother,’ said Catharine, ‘that reminds me of what I saw the other day, when you carried me to Miss M.’s infant school. While you were talking to her, I was reading those large cards that were hung up about the room. On one of them was a little anecdote of Washington. It said, ‘When he was a little boy, his father gave him a hatchet; and he went into the garden, and cut a beautiful tree with it till he spoilt it. It was a favourite tree of his father’s; and when he saw the



mischief he was quite grieved at it, and he asked every one in the house who it was that had ruined the tree. George then came in, and his father said, "George, who killed my beautiful cherry tree?" George was silent for a moment, and then he wiped away the tears that were in his eyes, and looking right up in his father's face, he replied, "I can't tell a lie, father; you know I can't; it was I did cut it with my hatchet." His father took him in his arms, and said to him, "You have told the truth, my dear boy; and it is better than a thousand trees, if all their fruits were silver or gold."

It was now time to return home; they left Julia at her father's, and the two little girls agreed before they parted, that they had passed as happy an afternoon as they did in the country. They had no pretty bunch of flowers to carry home, but they had the pleasant thought of little faces which they had brightened with smiles, and this they would not have exchanged for the most beautiful nosegay that ever bloomed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## NEWTON FALLS.

‘MOTHER,’ said James, a week or two after the visit to Mrs. Reed’s which we described in the last chapter; ‘mother, this is Catharine’s birth-day: it is the second day of June; she is ten years old; what shall we do? It is Thursday, and so I am ready for a frolic.’ ‘What kind of a frolic do you propose, James, for your sisters? a game of ball, or of puss-in-the-corner, or hoop, or what?’ ‘Oh! father,’ said James, ‘girls are so tender, so afraid of falling, and of being hurt, that there is no fun in having them play boys’ plays; but can’t we plan some amusement that will do for us all?’ ‘Well,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘let us leave it to Catharine. What shall we all do this afternoon, Catharine, that will be pleasant to all? You shall choose.’ Catharine thought a few minutes, and then said, ‘Let us take a ride to Newton Falls, and see uncle William.’

‘Good! good!’ said James, ‘that’s the very thing; I like it better than any thing.’

‘And so do I,’ said Lucy. Their father and mother were as well pleased as the children, and it was agreed that they should go. ‘I think,’ said Mrs. Nelson, ‘that we had better go there to dinner.’

‘So many of us?’ said Mr. Nelson.

‘Yes, my dear,’ said Mrs. Nelson; ‘you know that such things never incommode uncle William; his hospitality always insures you a welcome, whether he has any dinner or not. If he had nothing but bread and water to give you, he would make it a feast by the cordiality with which he would offer it. And if he had the most sumptuous entertainment, it would all be forgotten in the love which would spread the table for whoever was there to partake of it. Come! let us go, and not think about the dinner, for he will not, I am sure. Happy faces, and honest hearts, always find a welcome and a place at uncle’s table.’ The children obtained leave to return from school a little earlier than usual, so that the party succeeded in arriving at Newton Falls about one hour before dinner-time.

The first view of the house in which their uncle lived was, from the top of a hill, at the

foot of which it was placed. It was in a small sequestered valley, through which the Charles river winds its way, among steep, rocky banks, covered with the most luxuriant and beautiful foliage. It was an old-fashioned house, with a porch in front, and a piazza at the side, almost hidden by the old elm trees that bent over it so completely and so gracefully, and with such an appearance of kindly protection, that its owner seemed to dwell there not as an usurper, but as a beloved inhabitant of the spot; not to disturb its peacefulness, but to rejoice in it, and to love it, as the birds did, who, with their merry notes, seemed to be keeping there a perpetual holiday. Very near the house, the river was seen sparkling through the rich shrubbery and wild flowers on its borders. The road was continued to the opposite hill by a simple bridge, beautifully shaded and sheltered by the trees on the banks.

‘There is uncle William in the porch!’ said the children all at once; ‘he is looking towards us; he sees us; oh! he knows us, I am sure, for he has called cousin Ellen, and she is come out too.’

And now they are at the foot of the hill. They drive up under the old elm trees, and their uncle stands at the little gate to receive and welcome them. His was a real welcome that assured the most timid, and gave new joy to the gayest heart. There was in his manners a child-like gaiety, mingled with a gentle, manly dignity, that inspired confidence and respect at the same time. In him Christian love had given the abiding charm of reality to the character of the country gentleman. Children, (those nice judges, where the truth of kindness of manner is the question,) were the most ardent and devoted admirers of the character of this good man. Boys felt that he did not forget that he had once been a boy, and girls seemed to consider him as a sort of playmate.

‘This is Catharine’s birth-day, uncle,’ said James, after ‘How do you do?’ had been said, and as they stood in the porch around him; ‘father left it to her to choose some pleasure, and she chose coming here, and I like her choice.’

‘So do I, my boy,’ said his uncle, ‘and we will spend the day merrily. So let us go in;

you want to see the old parlour, I know, though it is so low and small ; but it teaches me good manners,' he said, as he took off his hat, 'for there is not room enough for me and my hat under the old beam.'

It was true that the room was so low that a broad beam that went across the middle of it did not leave room enough for their uncle, who was very tall, to stand under it with his hat on.

'Oh, I have the advantage of you, uncle,' said James : 'I can stand on tip-toe and not touch. In our high rooms in Boston, I am a short little fellow, but here I feel pretty tall.'

'James,' said his mother, 'your uncle lets you talk too much, I fear.'

'I can't help talking, mother,' said James, 'when I come to Newton.'

'Talk as much as you please, Jemmy,' said his uncle to him, as he saw the little fellow running backwards and forwards in the piazza, looking into the windows as he passed them, to pour out the fulness of his joy in whatever words came uppermost.

'May we run down to the river before dinner, mother?' said Catharine; 'and will

you go with us?' Her mother gladly consented.

'And I will be your beau,' said her uncle, 'as it is your birth-day, Catharine. Here is an old man's arm for you.' Catharine caught hold of her uncle's arm, as every girl who knew him would have done, with an expression of grateful delight; and in a few minutes they were by the river side.

'Now, my dear,' said her uncle, 'I will set you free; and you may run about where you like, and as you like, while your father and mother and I chat together upon that bench under the old oak.'

Little Lucy remained seated on the bank near her mother, while Catharine and James scampered over the green lawn, and through the wild shrubbery. Lucy was so engaged in filling her lap with buttercups, that she made no noise. James and Catharine were out of hearing, and there was no sound but the music of the river running over its stony bed, not in angry, but in sportive mood, its waters all sparkling and smiling as they hurried on, continually descending to the Fall at

a little distance, where they tumbled over the rocks down a height of about twenty feet. The full, deep, and unceasing roar of the great Fall, the gentle, more broken, and varied tones of the rapids above, and the silvery, soft notes of the little waves running over the smooth pebbles at their feet, made a concert of sweet sounds, that can only be understood by those who have listened to such music, and given their hearts to such scenes. Mrs. Nelson, who had passed weeks and months in this secluded spot when she was a girl, who had there first learned to love the works of God, and read the great book of nature, felt as a child that returns to its home after a long absence; joyful, but serious and silent, from the fulness of her emotions. The character of her uncle, which seemed only a sweet echo of the spirit of the place; the sight of her own children, expressing their childish gladness at its beauties, just as she had once expressed her own;—every thing around awoke feelings and thoughts that filled her mind, as she sat with her husband and uncle under the old oak, contemplating



and drinking in the blessed influences, the deep joy, that seemed to dwell in this lovely and peaceful place.

After a while her uncle said, 'There are some people who think this spot must be too lonely for me—that this valley is too narrow and confined. The surrounding hills do, it is true, cast their broad shadows over us; but the river makes up for all; that is always a cheerful companion; it tells a tale that is never tedious, and it suits me in all humours. It is never dull; it puts life into every thing. As it comes down from its quiet source among the hills, I welcome its sober face; as it hurries on to the busy world, I bid it carry my prayers and my blessing with it. But see those little rogues; they are on the bridge, and I must go to them lest they forget themselves, and fall over the railing, which is not strong.' From a little island in the middle of the river, a very narrow bridge had been thrown over to the opposite bank; and there were James and Catharine leaning over and watching the leaves and flowers which they had thrown in, in order to see how they would sail down the stream. In a few mi-

nutes the tall, graceful figure of their uncle made one of the little group, on the rustic bridge in the middle of the river; and the gratified parents saw him with one in each hand, leading them back across the bridge.

The dinner hour had now arrived, and they all returned to the house where their kind cousin Ellen waited to welcome them. Exercise and a long ride had given them an excellent appetite for the repast, which the hospitality of their uncle had provided for them.

Never was there a table at which happier faces assembled, than were always seen round the table of this good man—this true gentleman, gentle in word, in thought, in deed, who never forgot the rights, the wants, the feelings of any one, the most insignificant, who came within the sphere of his kindness.

As soon as the dinner was over, a walk was proposed to the Falls by the children, which was granted them upon the condition that they should be careful, and go only where they were directed, as the wildness and abruptness of the banks made it dangerous. 'I shall take charge of Catharine,'

said her uncle. 'And I of Jemmy,' said his father. 'And I will take little Lucy,' said cousin Ellen. 'It is left for me to lead the way,' said Mrs. Nelson; and they all sallied forth.

Just below the Falls a narrow, rocky point runs out into the river, so narrow that one is obliged to walk with care in the little path that has been trodden by those who have been there to enjoy the scene. From this point the view extends up the river, and embraces the Falls which we have already described. There the stream comes tumbling and roaring over the rocks, and all is tumult and foam; a little below, all is peaceful, the motion of the waters is so gentle, as scarcely to be perceived, and the high banks, covered with tall trees and flowering shrubs, are reflected so perfectly, and look so still, that one can hardly believe it is the same broken and rough waters that lie there like a mirror, sending back every image with the sober quietness of truth. On the side of the little cove, formed by the point as it stretches into the river, is an old snuff-mill, so brown from age, so covered by old trees, so carefully

placed among the rocks, that it does not, like most of such money-making contrivances, mar the natural features of the place; on the contrary, the rude bridges, and narrow pathways made for the accommodation of the workmen, add to the beauty and picturesque loveliness of the scene.

After the whole party were safely seated upon the rocks, on the little point we have described, and had viewed and enjoyed its beauties awhile in silence, the children, who, like the birds, must make their own music, began to chatter. 'Mother,' said Catharine, 'do look at that beautiful hemlock, how it leans over the top of that rock; it looks like the plume in the picture of the warrior that my father shewed us the other day.' 'Uncle,' said James, 'there's that tall, thin-looking man going up the side of that steep bank; it does not seem as if there was any path for him to walk in; he looks like Don Quixote. See, he is stopping to look at us; oh, uncle! see, he is bobbing his head at you.' 'Why that is Captain Nat; don't you know Captain Nat, James?' said his uncle. 'Mother, mother,' said Lucy, 'did you ever see so many

flowers together? What a noise the Fall makes! how the water keeps tumbling down and running on without ever stopping! Mother,' said she, after a short pause, 'how does the water ever get back again?' 'It does not go back again the same way,' said her mother. 'But where does it all come from, mother?' 'I can only tell you, Lucy, that rivers usually come from small springs rising among the hills, which are fed by rains, and which never fail. When I think of a river, Lucy, thus flowing on for thousands of years, it seems as wonderful to me as it does to you.'

After a little while, Catharine and Lucy asked to be allowed to go into the woods, to fill their baskets with wild flowers. Cousin Ellen was kind enough to take charge of the children, while Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, with their uncle, enjoyed in their own way, which was sometimes in pleasant talk, and sometimes in silence, the remainder of the afternoon, strolling about amidst the lovely scenes around them, scenes, as Mrs. Nelson said, that could never be forgotten, and cannot be described.

The deep shadows now spread all over the little valley, except where, here and there, the light of the declining day streamed in through the narrow openings in the woods and the surrounding hills, or the yellow beams of the setting sun gilded the upper branches of the old oaks and elms, the feathery tops of the hemlocks, and the wild shrubbery on the summits of the high rocks.

“‘Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,’” said their uncle, as they all stood together admiring the lovely scene. ‘I have requested Ellen to let us have tea early, that you might have time to return in season, as you have a long ride before you.’

The cheerful meal was over, the children had all received their uncle’s farewell kiss; all of them, Catharine especially, were loaded with flowers, and the last ‘Good night, uncle!’ was said as the carriage drove off from under the fine old elms before the house. There the kind old gentleman still stood in the porch; the honeysuckles, as the wind blew them, waved their fragrant wreaths round his beloved and honoured head. ‘Dear, kind

uncle!' said Catharine, 'how good he looks! There he is, standing in the porch, just as when we came, waving his hand to us. How I do love him!' 'And so do I,' said James and Lucy. 'I am glad I remembered that it was your birth-day, Catharine,' said James; 'and I think you chose the very best thing. Have not we had a delightful day, father?' 'I am sure we have, my dear boy,' said Mr. Nelson. 'Don't *you* think so, mother?'

'Indeed I do, James,' said his mother; 'there is no pleasure I enjoy so much as I do passing a day at Newton; and when I used to pass weeks and months there, it was always the same thing. If it was rainy, and we were all shut up in the house, it was just as pleasant; for uncle William was only the more agreeable, and, if possible, more kind. And he was so to all; he never forgot any one; he made all happy who came under his roof.'

'How is it, mother,' said Catharine, 'that uncle William makes every body so happy?'

'It is his true Christian charity, my dear; his Christian love, that feels for all, and

honours all. He never asks whether a person is old or young, rich or poor, wise or simple, distinguished or obscure, but all are to him as brethren; he sympathizes with, and feels for all. This in him is not merely a matter of principle, but of feeling; it influences him in trifles, just as it does in great things; it is never forgotten. He does not keep his goodness, as Patrick does his Sunday coat, only for holidays and great occasions; it is his every-day garment.'

'That is the reason,' said Mr. Nelson, 'it sits so easily, so gracefully upon him. He is the best illustration I know of the great truth, that the perfection of Christian kindness, produces the perfection of gentlemanly manners. I like to take you to your uncle's, my children, not only for the pleasure it gives you, and that you may learn what truly graceful manners are, but still more, that by becoming acquainted with, and loving his character, you may learn to know and to love what is the only true foundation of genuine hospitality and of real politeness.'

The hearts of the children were so full,



that there was not a sleepy eye among them when they arrived at Boston. And the thought of what a pleasant day it had been to them, and how good their uncle was, mingled with their simple prayers, as they thanked their Father in heaven for all the happiness they had enjoyed, and all the blessings they possessed.

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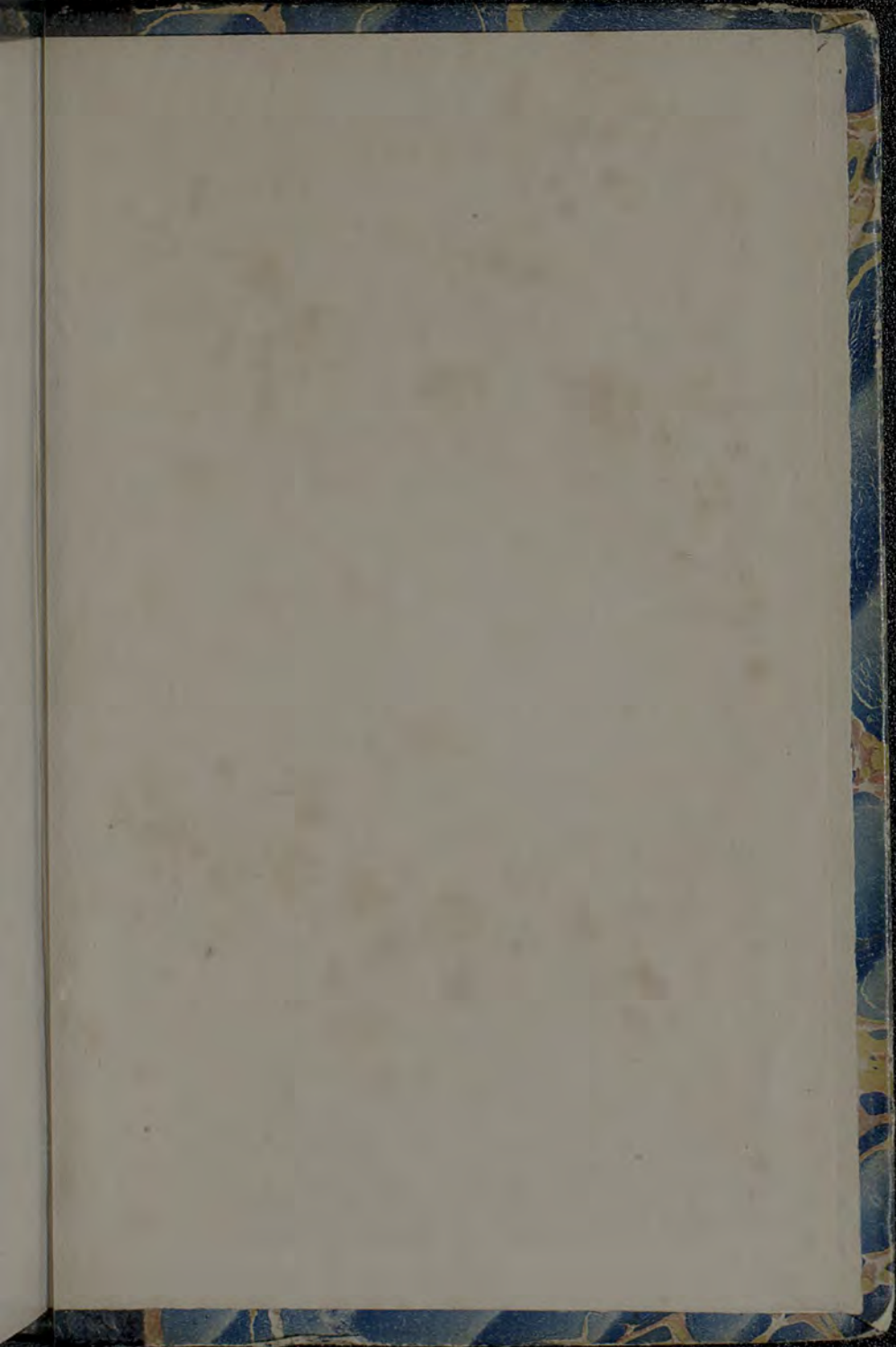
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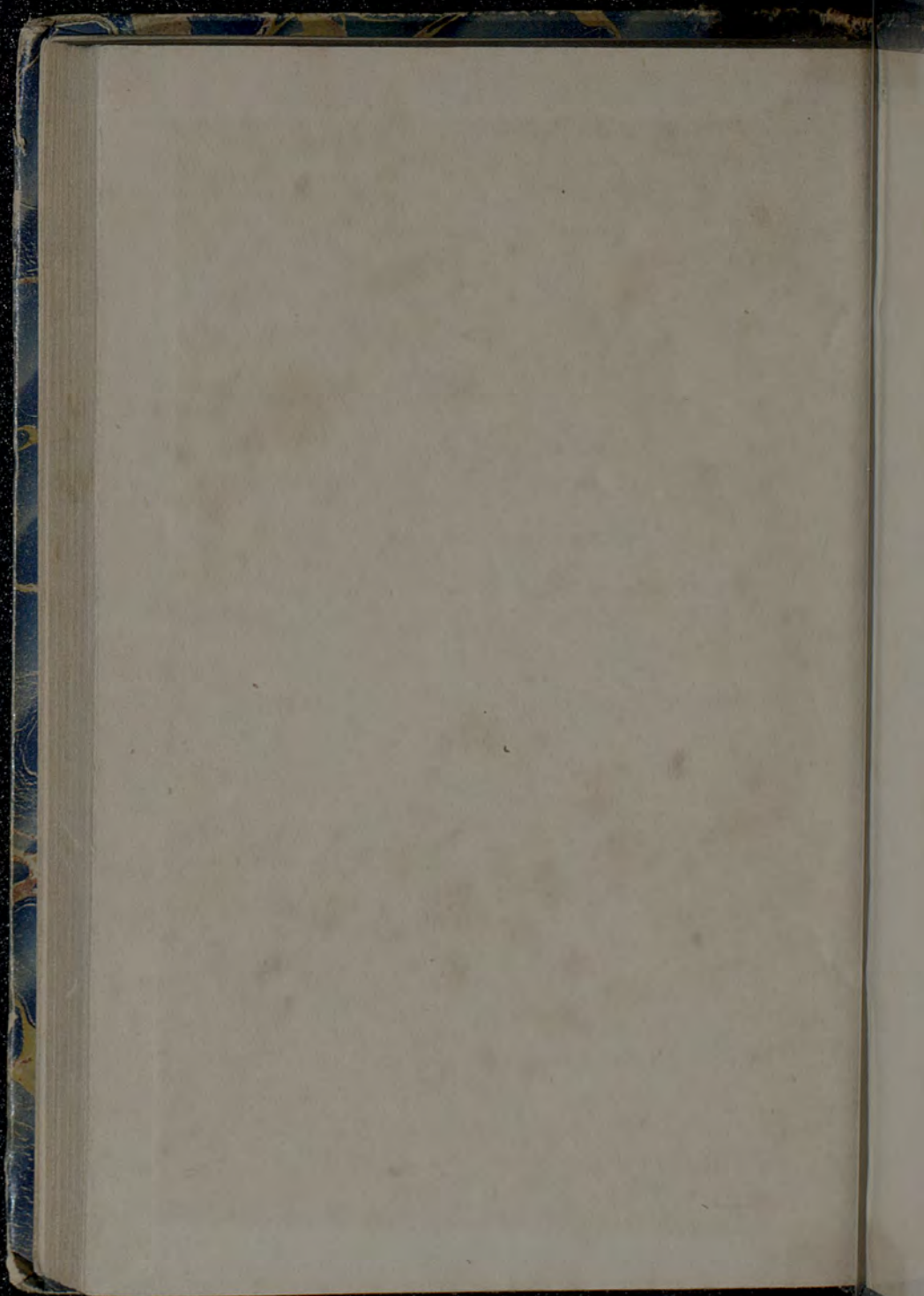
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