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CHEERFUL
CHERRY
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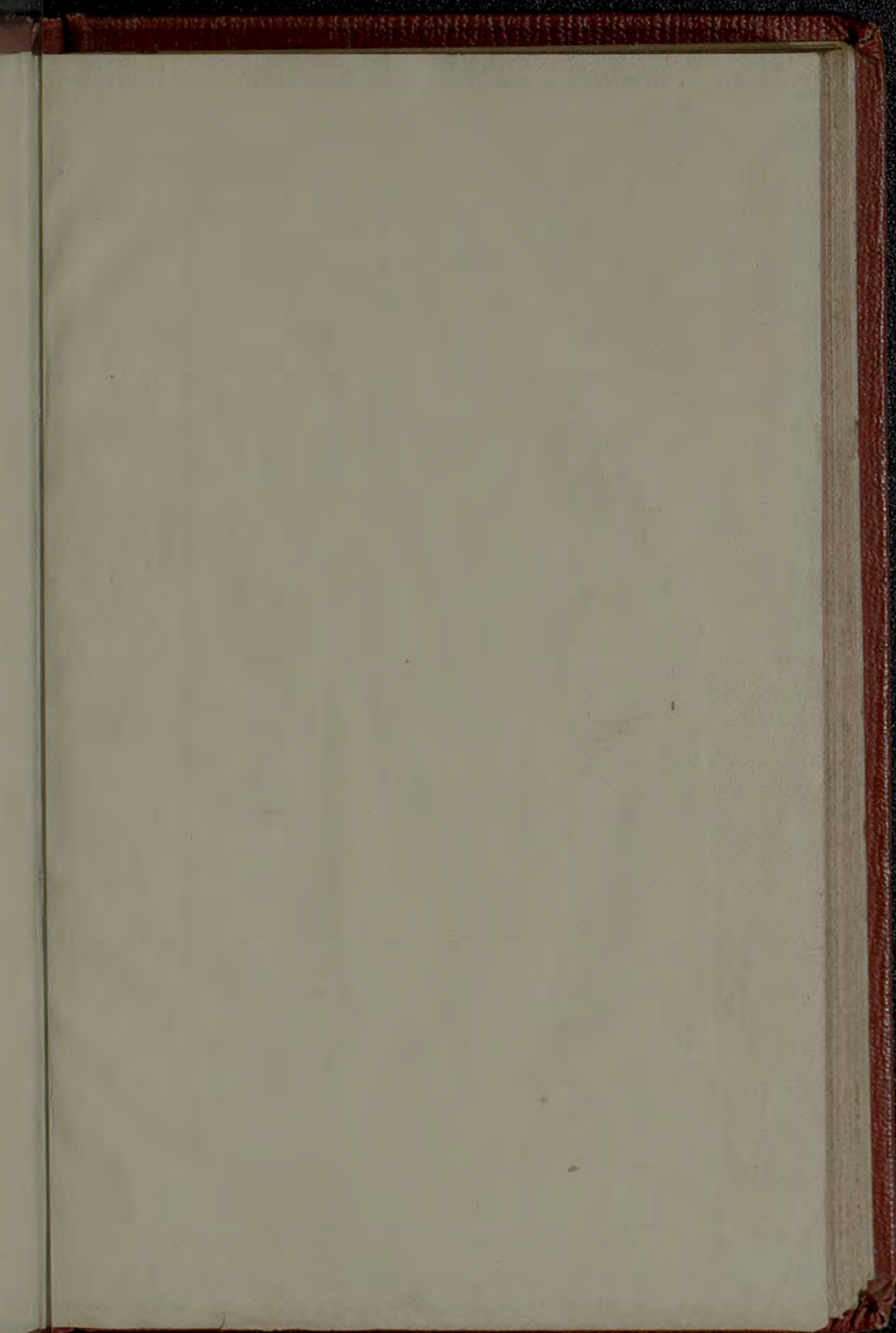


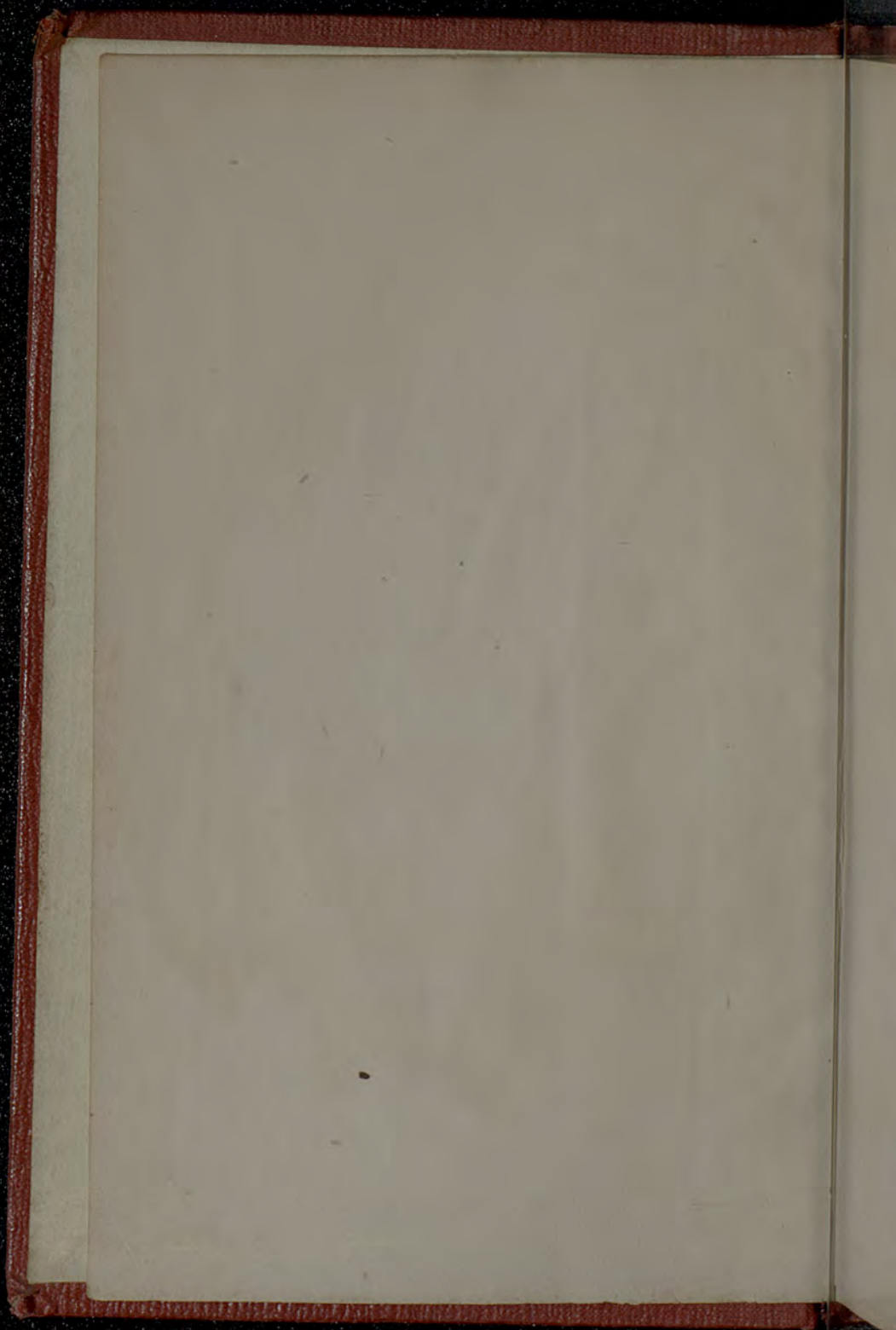
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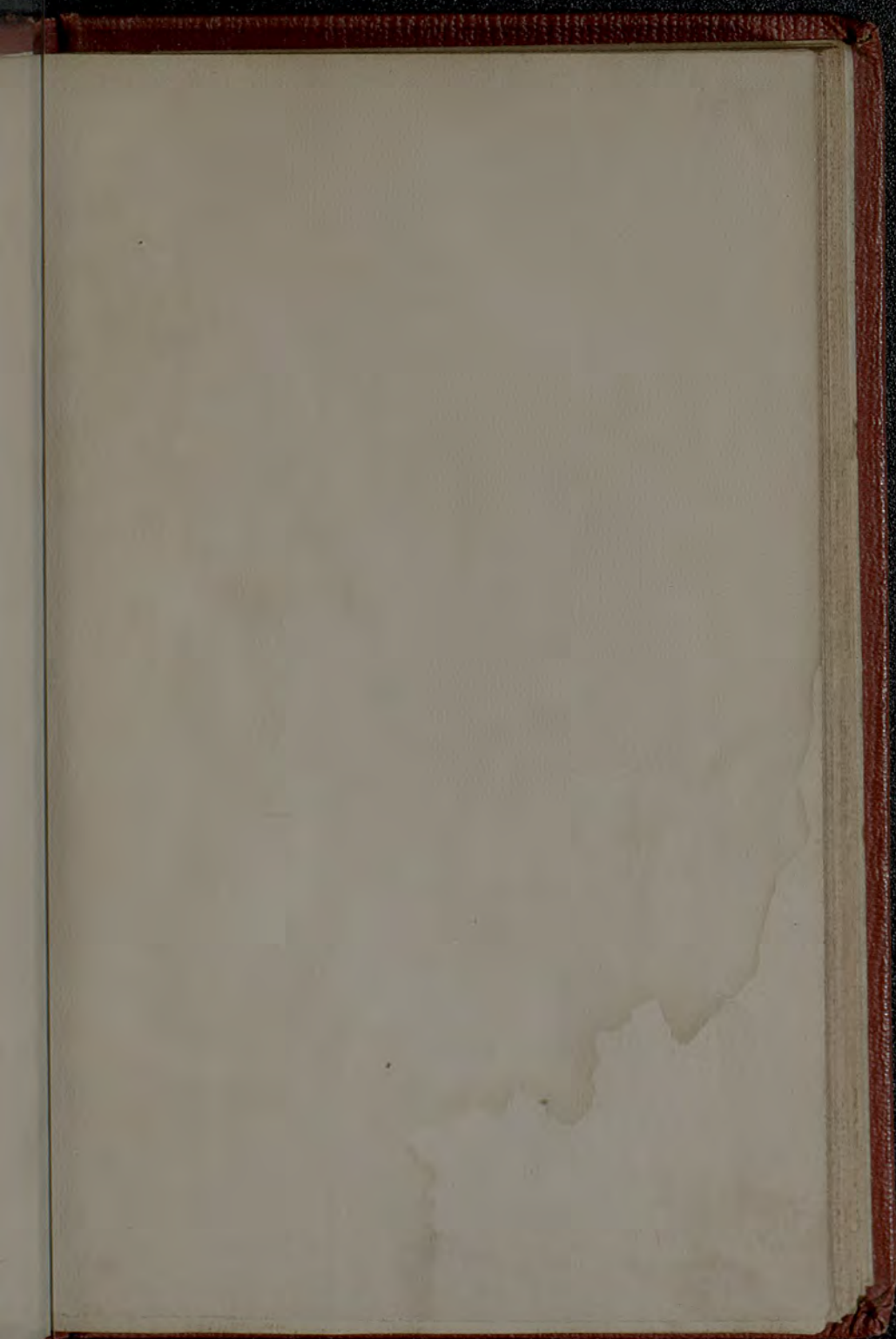
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"Grace accuses Milly of prying into her correspondence."
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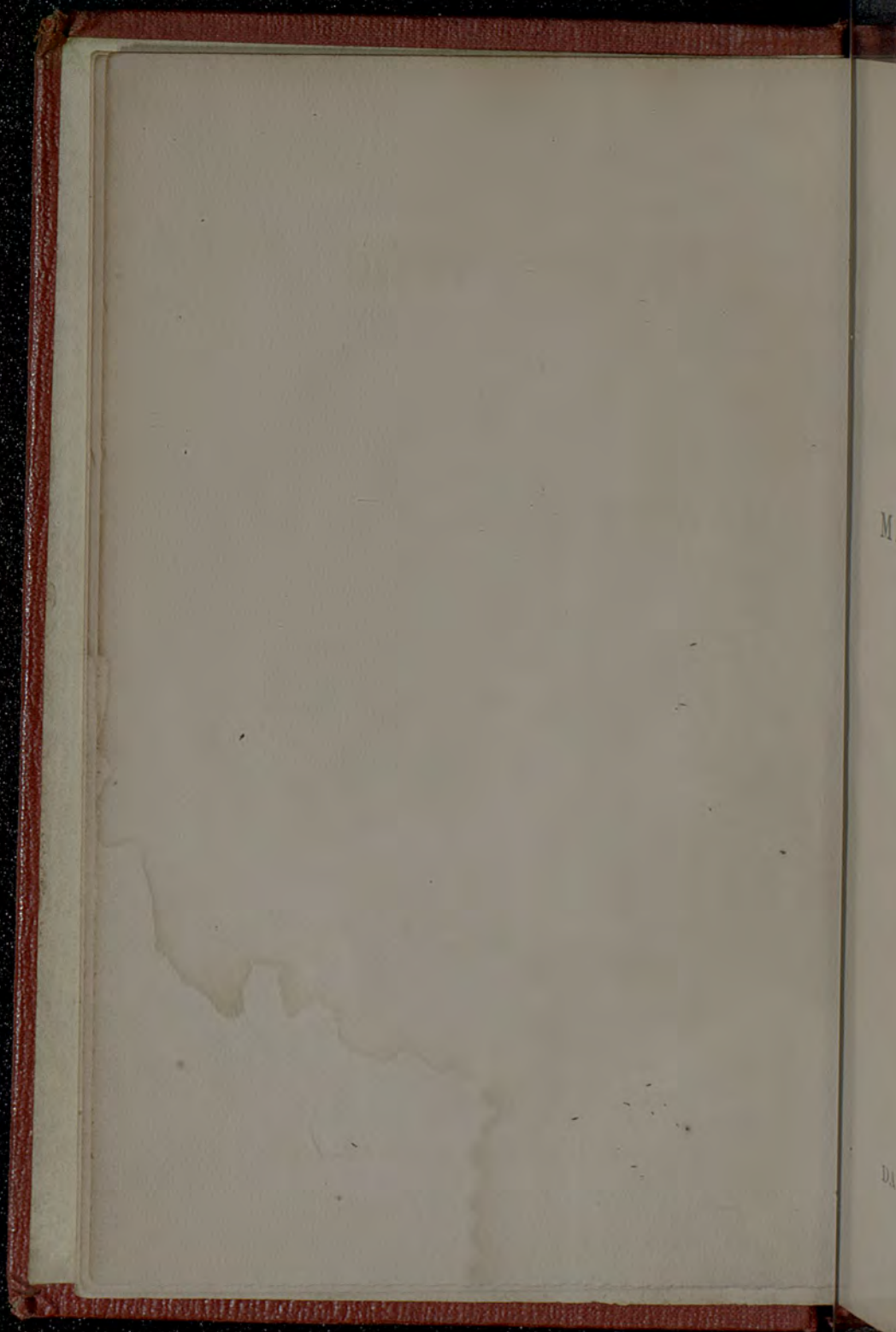
W. H. P. 1842

CHEERFUL CHERRY.



London.
DARTON & CLARK

Wm. H. P. 1840



CHEERFUL CHERRY;

OR,

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

With other Tales

BY

PETER PARLEY.

LONDON:

DARTON AND CLARK, HOLBORN HILL.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

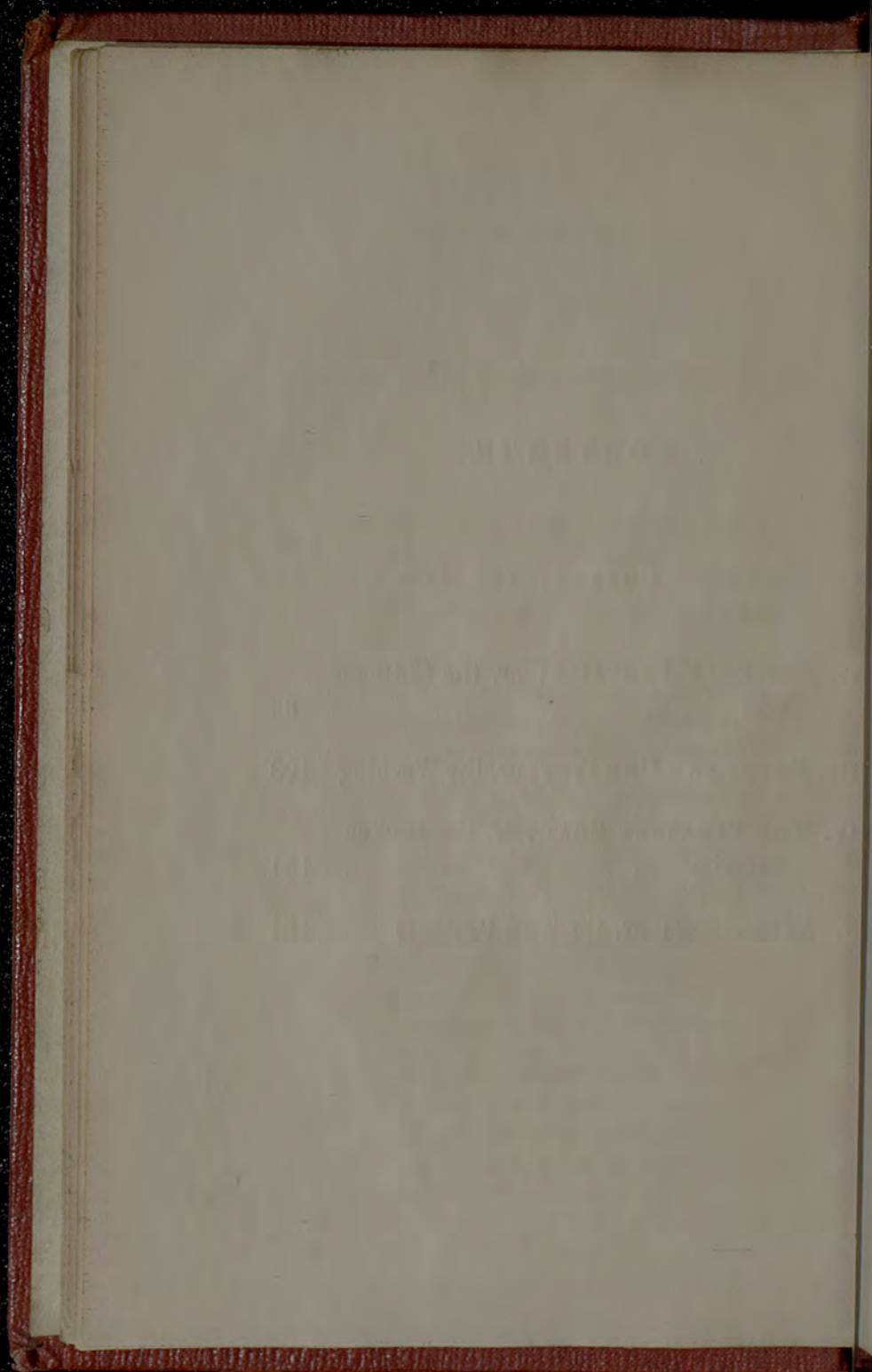
This Edition has been revised by the Rev. T. Wilson.

C. AND J. ADLARD, PRINTERS, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

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PETER PARLEY'S POETICAL PREFACE.

REMEMBER me, my youthful friend,
When o'er this little book thou'lt bend :
It is a sign of Love to Thee,
And in return—remember me !

Remember me, though far away,
For with these pages love will stay,
And round thy heart a beggar be,
Whispering the wish—remember me !

And when perchance the stealing tear
O'er Kitty's story sparkles clear,
If pleasure blent with sorrow be
Within thy heart—remember me !

Or if some laughing page awhile,
O'er thy smooth face may move a smile,
Still at thy side thy friend would be,
And share thy mirth—remember me !

Think not that youth and age apart
Must live divided, heart from heart ;
But twined like oak and ivy be
Thy thoughts and mine—remember me !

Hast thou not seen gray forest-bowers
Made lightsome by the laughing flowers?
Then thou the flower and I the tree,
My gentle Friend—remember me!

PETER PARLEY.



"Oh
wind do
throw it
blow so
"Oh
a-going

CHEERFUL CHERRY;

OR,

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.



“Oh dear me,” said Frederic; “how the wind does blow! It will take my hat off and throw it into the water! I wish it would not blow so!”

“Oh dear, oh dear!” said little Philip, set a-going by the cries and complaints of his

elder brother, "Oh dear, naughty wind, blow Philip away!"

"How it does rain!" said Frederic.

"Oh how it rains!" said Philip.

"Oh dear, I am so wet!" said Frederic.

"Oh! Philip all wet!" said the little boy.

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Geraldine; "do not mind the wind and the rain. Why Freddy, you should be more of a man. Philip, my dear, it will not hurt you to get a little wet. You are not made of sugar, child! We will run home as fast as we can, and if you get wet I will put you on a nice dry frock and dry shoes, and you will be all right again. Come along! Do not mind the storm, Freddy. *Always make the best of it.* We shall soon get home!"

Thus cheered by their sister, who was considerably older than themselves, the children scampered towards the house as fast as their little feet could carry them. On the way, Freddy's hat was taken off by the wind, and away it went, hop, skip, jump, across the field. Geraldine, or Cherry, as she was familiarly called by the family, left Philip, and

gave chase to the runaway hat. It was a funny race, for the hat really seemed as if it was alive, and having gained its freedom, was determined to take final leave of its owner. At one time it rolled along edgewise, like a hoop, and then it leaped from a little eminence and skimmed away on the wind, like a



hawk with expanded wings. At last, it seemed to pause for a moment, and Cherry, who was close upon it, reached out her hand to take it. But just then a puff of wind lifted it high in the air, whirled it round and round, and with a determined sweep, cast it into a pond.

Cherry still pursued, and nothing daunted

by the water, in she went, and seizing the truant hat, brought it safely to land. It was dripping with water when she gave it to Frederic, who, greatly distressed at the unaccountable behaviour of his hat, stood crying where Cherry had left him. Philip was at his side, and led on by the example of his brother, was screaming at the top of his little lungs.

"Do not cry, Freddy! do not cry, Philip!" said Cherry; "there is no harm done!"

"I say there is," said Frederic; "it is all wet!"

"Oh dear, it is all wet, it is all wet!" said Philip.

"Oh poh!" said Cherry, "that is nothing; *always make the best of it*, Frederic! We shall soon be home now: do not stop to cry about it—come! come! We shall be all safe in a few minutes, and then what a laugh we shall have! We will tell mother all about it—how the rain and the wind came, and Fred's hat ran away, and jumped into the pond, and how I waded in to get it! Come on! come on!"

Thus cheered and encouraged, the children hurried forward, and were very shortly safe at home. By the time they arrived there, they had been put in good spirits by Cherry, and instead of weeping and wailing about their adventures and mishaps, they laughed about them very heartily, and told the story to their mother with the greatest glee.

"Oh mother," said Frederic; "we have had such a funny time!"

"Oh! mamma, such funny time!" said little Philip, determined to have his share in the glory.

"Oh yes," said Frederic: "it rained big drops, and it blew a hurricane."

"Yes," said Philip, impatient to speak; "a hurricane, a great big hurricane, as big as a barn!"

"Yes mother," continued Frederic; "and the hurricane took my hat, and it went whirling along just like a hoop, and then it went a great way up into the air, and then it went right down into the pond, and it would have been drowned if Cherry had not gone into the pond, and got it out."

"Yes, so it was," said Philip; "Freddy's hat went right into the pond and was all drowned, and Cherry was all drowned, and the hurricane was all drowned, and the pond was all drowned, and everything was all drowned, and it was all so funny!"

This eloquent speech of little Philip's caused a merry laugh in the party; the mother and Cherry and Frederic all joining in it, and Philip was so cheered by the applause, that, like an orator, he went on in the same strain, raising his voice, and throwing up his hands, until he was quite out of breath.

Thus the disagreeable adventure of the morning, instead of being a source of sorrow and vexation, was turned into a subject of merriment, and it was a long time remembered as the occasion of agreeable recollections.

Now it will be seen by the reader, that Cherry, through her cheerfulness, by *making the best of it*, drew pleasure and mirth out of circumstances, which in most cases would have been sources of trouble and vexation. Nor was this all: for she taught her little

brothers by example, that even misfortunes met by gaiety of heart and cheerfulness of mind, cease to be misfortunes, and are turned into blessings. And Cherry's example may teach us all, that cheerfulness has a power that can transform many of the evils, accidents, and adversities of life, into sources of positive pleasure.

If this virtue of cheerfulness, then, has such a wonderful power, why should we not all cultivate it? It is certainly worth more than silver and gold, for these cannot ensure happiness: we may still, though we possess riches, be ill tempered, discontented, malicious, envious, and consequently miserable. But cheerfulness chases out these bad passions from the heart, and leaves it peaceful and happy. Cheerfulness is like sunshine: it clears away clouds and storms and tempests, and brings fair weather over the soul.

This subject is so important, that I propose to tell my young reader something more about Cheerful Cherry, thus hoping to impress her example on the mind, and render the lesson I would teach, enduring and effectual.

Cherry's father, whose name was Larkin, had removed from his home in the country, and lived in Boston, where he pursued his business as a merchant. Now, when spring comes, we all know that it is a delightful thing for city people to get out into the country, where they can see the green fields, gather wild flowers, and hear the birds sing.

Well, two or three years after the storm I have described, upon a certain occasion when spring had come, Mr. Larkin told his children on a Friday evening, that it was his intention to take the whole family the next day to Chelsea Beach, about five miles from Boston. This promise delighted the children very much, for they wanted to go into the country, and above all they wished to go to Chelsea Beach. Frederic was in ecstasies, and Philip, as usual, echoed his elder brother's thoughts, words, and feelings.

When it became time to retire to bed, the two boys could not go to sleep for a long time, so excited were they by their hopes and wishes and expectations for the morrow. At last they sunk to repose, but they woke as early as the

lark, and talked of their enterprise till the time came for them to be dressed, and to go down to breakfast.

What was the disappointment of the family, and especially of Frederic and Philip, to find that the weather was chill, cloudy, and rainy, so as entirely to forbid the idea of taking the proposed excursion! Frederic pouted, and Philip cried outright.

"Oh dear, dear, dear!" said Frederic; "I wish this ugly rain would stop."

"Oh dear," said Philip, "I wish the ugly rain would go away!"

"Father," said Frederic, "why cannot we go to Chelsea Beach?"

"Why it rains very fast, my son," was the reply.

"Well, I do not mind that! we can go as it is."

"Certainly you would not go in such a storm?"

"Yes I would: I do not care for the storm."

Such was the reply of Frederic, and nothing could be said by his father or mother,

to pacify either him or little Philip. They both became sulky, and were consequently sent out of the room. Cherry now came to them, and began to talk in her cheerful way with them.

"Why, what is the matter now?"

"We want to go to Chelsea Beach; father promised to take us there, and now we cannot go, because of this ugly rain," said Frederic.

"Yes," said Cherry, "he promised to take us, but it was with the prospect that it would be pleasant weather. I am as sorry as you are not to go. I wished very much to pick up some shells upon the beach, and to see the blue ocean, and to observe the white gulls, skimming and screaming over the water, and to watch the vessels with white sails gliding by in the distance. I love the ocean, and every time I see it, it makes my heart leap, as if I had met some dear friend whom I had not seen for a long time."

"And so do I love the ocean, and wish this dirty rain had kept away," said Frederic, with

a very sour face. "And so do I love the ocean, and the rain is very naughty!" said Philip, in the same temper as his brother; for it is to be observed that one child is very apt to reflect the feelings of another.

"Well, well!" said Cherry, "you may call the rain all the hard names you please: you cannot mend the matter. The rain does not come or go at your bidding. Do you know who makes the rain, Frederic?"

"Yes, God makes it," was the answer.

"Yes, my dear brother," said Cherry, "God makes it rain; and do you think it right to bestow such hard words upon that which God has made? Is it right to grumble or complain on account of what God is doing?"

"I did not think of that," said Frederic.

"I know you did not," said his sister; "if you had thought of it, I am sure you would not have spoken so: but we ought always to consider that what God does is right, and instead of grumbling at it, we should feel cheerful and content; knowing

that what he does is not only always right, but really for the best, even when it might seem otherwise to us. Now I wish to show you that in this case it is for the best that it should rain.

“You know that it is spring: that is, all the buds of the trees, and flowers, and seeds, are now *springing* forth. Well, these things all need rain, for it is as necessary that they should have drink, as that little children should. Now God looks down upon the earth, and he sees millions and millions of buds, as it were, lifting up their heads, and asking for drink. The sun has been shining very warmly for several days, and all the plants, the grasses of a hundred kinds, the primroses, the daisies, the lilacs, the violets, the leaves of the trees—all, all are thirsting for water, and these myriads of God’s creatures look up to him and seem to ask him for rain. And God says, ‘Let there be rain!’ and the rain begins to fall, and the leaves, and grasses, and plants, and shrubs, and trees are rejoicing; when, lo! Frederic Larkin comes

forth, and calls out, "Stop, stop, rain ! for I wish to go to Chelsea Beach !"

Here Frederic smiled, and though he felt the absurdity and unreasonableness of his conduct, he was silent, and Cherry went on as follows : " You see, Frederic, how very important it is that we should have rain ; for without it the grass and grain would perish, and we should perish too for the want of food. The rain that falls to-day, will probably be the cause of producing food enough for ten thousand people a whole year ; and you, just for the sake of going to Chelsea Beach, would prevent all this good ; you, for a day's pleasure, would make ten thousand people starve."

" But I did not think of all this," said Frederic.

" I know you did not," said Cherry ; " and I am not complaining of you ; I am only telling you these things, so that when the rain comes in the way of your pleasure or your plans, you may see that it is all for the best. If, instead of looking out for causes of discon-

tent, we would always regard the bright side of things, we should never fail of finding something to make us cheerful.

"Now as it regards this matter of the rain, if any one had the power of putting it off, we should never have any rain, and therefore all the living things in the world would starve. You would put it off to-day, because you desire to go to Chelsea Beach: somebody else would put it off to-morrow, for he might then wish to go there, or somewhere else. The next day, some other person would put it off; and so it would be put off and put off, till all plants and animals would perish, and the earth would become a scene of desolation.

"God, instead of intrusting so important a matter as rain, to us short-sighted human beings, has kept it in his own hands: and now tell me, Frederic, are you not satisfied, nay, happy that he has done so?"

"Yes I am," said Frederic; "I did not mean to complain of God."

"I know you did not, my dear brother," said Cherry; "and what I am now saying is

not designed to rebuke you, but to make you take a right view of this matter; for if you will do this you will be able, even when your favorite plans are thwarted by the dispensations of Providence, to turn the very disappointments you meet with into sources of peace and content. When we find our schemes marred, our wishes defeated by the weather or some other event of Providence, we can reflect that it is best that it should be so; it is best, as well for others as ourselves; and this conviction, if it is sincere, will reconcile us to every disappointment."

By such talk as this, Cherry soon put her little brothers in good humour; partly by making them forget the cause of their vexation, and partly by making them feel and see that it is right that God should rule the weather, and that his creatures should cheerfully submit to his will. Besides all this, they had now acquired some new ideas, and these were a source of diversion. Frederic himself went to the window, and looking across the street, saw there a climbing rose against the

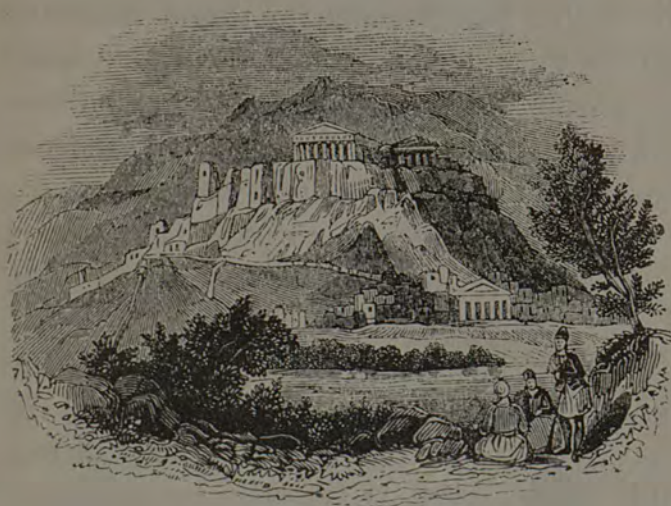
side of the house, just putting forth its ruddy blossoms; and for the first time in his life, it seemed to him one of the children of God, looking to its Heavenly Father for water: and thus it was that the rose acquired a new interest in his eyes; he now saw that it was an object for which even God had cared.

He also reflected upon the vastness of God's works, as compared with those of man; for while God was sending his clouds to quench the thirst of myriads of plants, and provide for millions of animated beings, he was only thinking of himself and his ride to Chelsea Beach. This touched his heart with a feeling of humility in respect to himself, and reverence towards his Maker.

After Frederic had been standing at the window for some time, Cherry, who had been out of the room, returned, and sitting down called Frederic to her side, and said that she would tell him a story. He therefore seated himself, and she proceeded as follows:—

“There is a famous country called Greece,

which a few years ago was part of the Turkish empire, but it is now an independent kingdom. If you should ever travel there, you will see a great many ruins of fine temples. Here is a picture of a steep hill on which stood the citadel of Athens, the chief city of Greece, called the Acropolis. It contained some



of the most beautiful buildings in the world, which were erected more than two thousand years ago, by the ancient Greeks, who had very erroneous notions about religion. Among

other things of the kind, they believed in a deity whom they called Jupiter, who was represented by such a figure as I here show you. The people fancied that he lived upon a tall mountain, called Olympus, and from this place issued forth his decrees. They believed that he ruled over the earth; that he made the clouds, and bade them go forth to water the earth; that he made the thunder and the lightning, and commanded them to display his power; that he made the sun, and required it to rise upon the world, giving light and heat to its inhabitants.

“Now I will tell you a sort of fancy story, founded upon these notions of the ancient Greeks. At the foot of mount Olympus, there was a little village, the people of which were always grumbling at the weather. It was always too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold. Even when the weather was appropriate to the season of the year, there were some persons in the village always finding fault with it. If Jove sent a shower of rain it produced dissatisfaction and disappointment to some of the people. Some wished

to go a fishing, and the rain interfered
Some wished to proceed on a journey, and
they were disappointed. Some wished to



work in their fields—some to go on excursions of pleasure, and the rain prevented the execution of their several plans.



“Now the murmurs of these people came to the ears of Jove, and he determined to show them their folly. Accordingly he sent them a messenger, called Mercury, a lively little fellow, with wings on his head and his heels, which enabled him to fly very swiftly, and execute his master’s commands with despatch.

“Mercury flew to the village, and told the people that Jove, having heard their complaints, had concluded to resign his government over the weather, and give it up to them; that accordingly he had commanded the clouds and the rain, the thunder and the lightning, the sun and the wind, the heat and the cold, to obey the inhabitants of the village.

“This news was received by the people of the village with the greatest demonstrations of joy. They assembled in the street of the place, and bade Mercury take back their

thanks to Jove, their benignant master. Mercury promised to do this; 'but,' said he, 'I have one thing more to communicate: that all may be satisfied, it is Jove's decree that you must be unanimous in your proceedings. The sun will not rise while one individual opposes it; nor will it rain till every one is ready; and, in fact, all the business of making the weather must stop, until all are prepared.' The people considering this as a new evidence of Jove's justice and mercy, shouted aloud in their exultation, and Mercury departed, to report the reception of his message to his great master.

"It was evening when Mercury went away. The next morning, at the usual hour, the greater part of the people arose, but the sun did not appear as before. It was the time of summer, and the hour of sunrise was four o'clock. But now it was nine, and the sun had not risen. This caused a good deal of confusion in the village; the farmers wished to be at work in their fields; the dairy-women wished to milk their cows; the traveller desired to set out on his journey;

the fisherman to go to his nets; but all were prevented by the total darkness. The fact was, that there were some lazy people in the village, and the sun had always risen too early for them, so now they determined to snooze it out; and consequently it was not till twelve o'clock that all could agree to have the sun rise; so that about half the day was lost.

"This was only the beginning of trouble, for when the sun was up it was difficult to get all to agree when it should set; and thus everything was thrown into confusion. Similar difficulties occurred in regard to everything else. The people could not all agree to have a brisk wind for several months, in consequence of which fevers began to visit the place, and pestilence swept off numbers of the inhabitants.

"Nor could they agree upon any particular day when all were ready to have it rain, so that at last when they did agree, the rain was too late, and everything was parched up; the crops were cut off, the cattle died, and the people were nearly starved to death. Neither

could they agree upon the degree of heat that was required for vegetation; for many people did not like hot weather, and so it continued to be very cold, and this was another reason why famine came upon the land.

“After having tried the experiment for a year, and finding that more than one half the people of the village had perished, and that the rest were very miserable, those that remained signified their wish to communicate with Jove. Accordingly Mercury came to them, and the people desired him to take back to his master the power he had placed in their hands. ‘Tell him,’ said the people, ‘that we are now satisfied that Jove is wiser than we; and that it is in mercy, and not in judgment, that he has ruled over the weather. We wish to restore things to their former condition, for we believe that it is best for man, that there should be a Providence whose ways are above his ways, and whose thoughts are higher than his thoughts.’”

“This allegory,” continued Cherry, “may teach you, Frederic, what I have before said,

that things are better managed as they are, than they would be if confided to men: and instead of grumbling at the ways of Providence, we should submit to them in cheerfulness, regarding them as the ways of a Father, who knows the want of his creatures, and tenderly regards their happiness."

"This is all very well," said Frederic, "and I thank you for it, Cherry; but I am afraid I shall never be like you. Pray how is it, Cherry, that you make yourself so cheerful?"

"By making the best of everything, Fred."

"But everybody cannot do this," was the reply.

"Yes, they can, my dear Frederic," said Cherry; "I know they can. I used to be whimsical and capricious myself—sometimes sweet and sometimes sour, but our good grandmother, who is now dead, used to talk to me, and she taught me better. She once told me, and some of my companions, a little story, which made a great impression on my mind, and I began to practise on the plan

suggested by that story. At first I found it difficult, but after a while it became more easy; and now it is my custom to be cheerful: it is my habit to take pleasant views of things. When any disagreeable event occurs, I repeat the title of the story my grandmother told me—*‘always make the best of it,’* and this puts me in a right frame of mind, and so I do make the best of it. All this is easy to me now, for it is easy to do that which habit has rendered familiar. Our habits are of our own making; so if a person wishes to render cheerfulness easy, he has only to cultivate the habit of being cheerful.”

“It must be a good story that can do such wonderful things,” said Frederic; “pray tell it to me, Cherry!”

“With all my heart,” said Cherry; and so she related the fairy tale of

ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

“You must know that my grandmother was a very old woman, and she loved dearly

to tell tales of fairies. These are not real beings, but only little people, fancied to live in beautiful vallies and amid the flowers, and



butterflies' wings for sails. These little creatures take a lively interest in the affairs of human creatures. It is supposed that one of

by the side of flowing streams. Small as they are imagined to be, they are invested with great power, being able to change the natures of things, to alter their own forms, or to make themselves invisible; to move as quick as thought either through the air or through water, or to float on the surface of the streams in boats of nut shells, with

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them for some reason sometimes attaches itself to a particular person, and does all in its power to protect him from evil, and to promote his happiness. But I must go on with grandmother's story.

"Once upon a time, in a far off country a youth set out upon a long journey. One day, as he was travelling along a dusty road, he became very much heated, and having proceeded a great distance he grew fatigued, and at last angry and impatient. 'Confound this dust and heat!' said he; 'I wonder why it must be so hot and dusty to-day, just as I am obliged to travel over this road. Why, it is enough to melt an ox!'

"Thus complaining of the heat and dust, the youth worked himself up into a fury, so that he became hotter than ever, and it seemed as though he would be choked from the influence of dust, heat, and vexation. Just at this moment a lively little woman, with bright blue eyes and flaxen hair, stepped out from the road side, and joining the youth unasked, walked along with him. The two soon fell into conversation, and the youth's mind being diverted, in some degree, from his

troubles, he forgot the evils which had disturbed him before.

“Taking counsel of his companion, he walked a little slower; avoided the deep sand in the path, and chose his way along the turf by the road side; amused himself with thinking of something beside his toil, and thus he forgot his cares, and mitigated the labours of his journey.

“After a while, the little woman left the youth, and with a lightened heart he proceeded on his way. He wished very much to get to a certain tavern to lodge for the night, so he travelled late in the evening. At last it grew very dark, and the youth once more became impatient. ‘I wonder why it need to be so horrid dark just now!’ said he. ‘Why, it is black as Egypt!’ Thus talking to himself, and working his feelings up to a considerable pitch of discontent, he became careless, and ran against a post by the road side. In an instant he fell to the ground, and as he was getting up he heard the little woman by his side.

“‘Never mind, never mind!’ said she; ‘it is pretty dark, but still, we can see well

enough if we are careful and patient. This accident arose from your indulging your passions, which always tend to make us blind.' Saying this, the little lady took the youth's hand, led him into the middle of the path, and directing him to be of good cheer, left him to proceed on his way.



"The youth had not gone far, when he saw something before him which seemed to be a mighty giant, standing by the road, and stretching his long arms almost across the sky. He looked at it steadily for some time: at one moment it seemed to be a windmill, and then again it seemed to be a giant. He was a good deal perplexed, and though his reason told him that it must be a windmill—

for there are no giants of such a size—still his fears got the better of him, and he stopped short in the road, afraid to proceed any further.

“While he stood here, his teeth beginning to chatter with terror, he heard the voice of the little woman close in his ear. No sooner did he hear her tones, than his alarm vanished, and shame for his fears came over him. He immediately set forward, and the woman keeping along with him, they soon came close to the place where stood the occasion of his terror. There it was, an honest old windmill, standing perfectly still, and as little like a giant as possible!

“‘You see,’ said the little woman, ‘how we get cheated, when our fancies are led away by our apprehensions. Fear is always an unsafe guide, especially in the dark; for then it can turn a windmill into a giant, or a bush into a ghost.’

“Having said this, the lively woman departed, and the youth soon reached the town in which he was to lodge. At the inn where he put up he had a poor bed, and this vexed

him very much. While he lay upon it, fretting, and keeping himself awake with his murmurs, he heard the little woman's voice, and looking up, there she was before him! 'Lie down,' said she—'lie down!—and instead of magnifying the evils of your condition, consider that thousands are worse off than you. Your bed is small, and rather hard, but how many are there that have no bed at all!'

"Doing as he was bid, the youth lay down, and closed his eyes, and was soon buried in sweet repose. The next morning, much refreshed, he arose, and proceeded on his way. He travelled steadily until toward evening; being then much fatigued, and finding the road exceedingly rough, he became discouraged. So he sat down by the way-side, and gave himself up to despair. While he sat here, wailing at his fate, the lively woman leaped out from some bushes, and placed herself before him. 'Courage, courage, my friend!'—said she, cheerily—'You have done a good day's work, and the place of rest, for the night, is near at hand. Then do not give

way to despondence ! Think not of the evils that you have suffered, or of those that lie before you : reflect rather upon the good things in your condition. Remember how much you have done—and how little remains to do, before sleep will restore strength to your limbs and courage to your heart.'

"Saying this, the bright-eyed lady lifted the youth from the ground, and reanimated him by her voice ; he then left her, and proceeded cheerfully on his way. Soon he reached the place where he was to sleep for the night, and here he was speedily buried in peaceful dreams.

"The next day the youth proceeded on his journey—and for several days he continued to pursue his way, until at last he had nearly reached the point to which he was bound. On every occasion when his courage had failed ; when fatigue had oppressed him or when difficulties had stared him in the face, the little lady of flaxen hair and bright blue eyes, had come to his aid, and chasing away his despondence, had given him new courage to proceed. As the youth came in sight of

the city, to which he was travelling, she appeared once more, and addressed him for the last time.

“As he was about to bid her farewell, his heart smote him at the idea of parting with her for ever. ‘My dear lady,’ said he, while he kissed her hand tenderly; ‘I owe you much more than my tongue can speak. You have watched over me in this long and tedious journey; you have lightened my burthen, cheered my fatigues, chased away my fears, and given me courage in the place of despondence. Had it not been for you, I had long since lain down and died in the path, or had lingered in misery by the way. Would that I could induce you to live with me for ever.’

“‘That may not, cannot be!’ said the lady, as a pensive smile passed over her face; ‘that may not be. I am not of flesh and blood, like you: I am a Fairy, and my form is but a thing of hues like the rainbow, that seems a bridge leading from earth to heaven, and yet is baseless as a dream!’

“‘Lovely fairy,’ said the youth, kneeling,

pray tell me your name ; and oh, if it be possible, tell me the art by which you have taught me to conquer difficulties, to rise above doubt, to triumph over indolence, murmuring, and despondence !' The fairy replied as follows :—

“ ‘ Listen, youth, for I tell you an important secret. My name is *Cheerfulness*, and all my art lies in a single sentence: *always make the best of it.*’ So saying, the fairy departed, and was seen by the youth no more ; but he now perceived the force of the fairy’s words, and practising accordingly, he soon possessed the great art of securing happiness, and of making himself agreeable to others.”

“ Now, my dear Frederic,” continued Cherry, “ the use I wish to make of this fancy tale is this : Every one cannot have a real fairy to attend upon him—to watch over him in trouble, doubt, and danger ; but every one may cultivate cheerfulness, and this, like the fairy in the tale, if encouraged to come, will always be at hand in case of need. If you get into any difficulty, do not call upon

Fretfulness, or Vexation, or Impatience, or Anger, to come and help you out, for these will not only make you more unhappy, but they will sink you deeper in the mire. Call rather upon Cheerfulness, with a smile on your face and in a gentle tone, and quick as the fairy it will be at your side, and give you such aid as you need."



Frederic thanked his sister very ardently, as well for the pleasant story as the good advice, and promising to follow it, went away.

Time passed on, and at last events took place which severely tested the character of our young heroine. She had observed for a long time that her father was often gloomy, and sometimes she could see that her mother

had been weeping. She felt that some deep trouble afflicted her parents, and her curiosity was excited to know what it might be. "But still," she said to herself, "if it were my business to know, my mother would tell me. My duty is to be patient and content, and to do all I can to alleviate the cares and sorrows of those to whose kindness I owe so much." Saying this, Cheerful Cherry went about her work.

In a few weeks after, while she and Frederic were engaging themselves in the parlour looking over their toys, their mother came in, and holding up one of the articles, asked them if they could consent to part with it? they both looked serious, but made no answer. The mother then went on to say, that their father had failed in business, and was now a ruined man. "Next week, my dear children," added she, "our house and all the furniture are to be sold. We must immediately prepare to leave them, and go into the country."

Cherry was greatly affected at these sad tidings, not so much on her own account, as

on that of her parents. She knew and felt how much they must suffer from wounded pride; from the hard observations always made by the world on such occasions, from seeing their hopes of affluence swept away, and the certainty of poverty and toil, and care and anxiety, that would stare them in the face. She knew and felt how much her parents must be pained to see their children, brought up in affluence, now reduced to the level of the indigent; to see their handsome toys taken away, their fine clothes exchanged for others of a coarser kind; their ample means of education withdrawn, and hours of luxury, ease, and indulgence, exchanged for days of drudgery and toil.

All these things flashed through Cherry's quick mind, and for a few minutes she wept bitterly. But this was a transient weakness. Recovering her accustomed serenity, and her bright eyes looking like sunshine in a shower, she spoke cheerily to her mother, and talked so pleasantly to Frederic about going into the country and living like country people, that the boy soon thought he should like the change.

Events hurried rapidly forward, and in the space of a fortnight the family was settled in the new house. It was a plain brown house, situated in a wild spot at the foot of some mountains. In every respect it was as



unlike the city mansion they had before inhabited as possible. Mr. Larkin felt the change deeply, and though he said little, the gloom upon his brow declared how much he suffered. His wife too, though she strove

to appear cheerful, was evidently so much depressed as almost to render her incapable of effective exertions in behalf of her husband and family.

But not so with Cherry—she seemed



really to be as happy as ever, and was in fact more mirthful than usual. She pursued her humble occupations in the same spirit she had always lived. She drew the attention of her brothers to everything that was pleasant, and if they chanced to discover anything disagreeable, or to make an unfavorable comparison with former times, she put the matter

aside by some happy joke, or dexterous diversion. She could draw amusement out of circumstances that might seem at first very unpromising, and thus converted evil into good.

The effect of Cherry's cheerfulness was even greater than could have been anticipated. Her father and mother, finding that their children were happy, had one cause of anxiety removed or mitigated. And besides, the gaiety of Cherry was irresistible: like the sun, it shone on others, and made them bright also. Her example and skill had also a good effect. Throwing aside her city dress, she put on an attire appropriate to her new condition, wandered through the dells, gathered the brightest flowers, and brought them home in basketsful, showing that even an humble house may be made pleasant, if taste and industry will combine to adorn it, using only the means which the field and forest afford.

Nor was this the only way in which Cheerful Cherry made herself useful. As all Mr. Larkin's library had been sold for the

benefit of his creditors, the family had now



no books. Frederic and Philip felt this privation sadly, but even this difficulty was in a

great degree removed by the happy genius of Gertrude. She now taught her brothers to observe the objects around them, to make nature their book; to read with their own eyes, the trees, the plants, the flowers, and the insects.



Most people imagine that books are the only things to read and study, but Cherry

had a more just notion of this matter. Accordingly, when she and her brothers were walking about, instead of passing anything



by with a hasty and indifferent glance, she would fix their attention upon some particu-

lar object. She would point out a beech tree, for instance, and tell her pupils to observe the shape of its glossy leaves, the smoothness of the trunk, and the graceful spreading of the branches. She would then direct their attention to some other tree, as an oak. She would point out the more angular and jointed shape of its limbs, the roughness of its bark, the jagged edges of its leaves, and the sturdy aspect of its whole outline. She would lead her little friends to observe these things ; to compare the beech with the oak, to see in what points they agreed and in what they differed. Thus they learned to distinguish one kind of tree from another, and became curious to know all about trees. These objects, before matters of indifference in their way, were soon endowed with a new life and a new charm in the eyes of our little friends.

It was the same with flowers. At first they were all alike to Philip and Frederic, or at least they only seemed to be distinguished by a few qualities, some being red, some blue, and

some yellow, some being small and some large, some fragrant and some scentless. But beyond these obvious distinctions the children had marked no difference. Cherry opened a new leaf to their minds by showing the various forms of plants; how curiously they are constructed; how they all spring from seeds, how carefully these seeds are wrapped up in cases till they come to maturity; how the whole kingdom of vegetable nature is arranged by its Creator into brotherhoods or families; how every tree and plant and shrub depends for life upon heat and moisture; how the sun, that gives light and comfort to man and animals, is also the great source of life to the whole generation of plants.



Nor was this all. Even insects, which most children regard as of little interest, were the

theme of many a tale told by Cherry to her brothers. The wild bee of the mountains was traced to its hollow tree, where it assembled by thousands and built its hive, storing it with choicest honey. And then Philip had something to say of bee-hives of



straw that he had seen, and Frederic would tell of the delight he had enjoyed in former days in seeing a woman beat a pan with a stick so as to charm a swarm of bees, and induce them to settle down and suffer themselves to be taken into a hive.

There are few persons who can look at a squirrel in his native woods without an emotion of pleasure. The agility of the beautiful animal, the fearless dexterity with which he glides from bough to bough, the graceful waving of his long feathery tail, the happiness of the little fellow, seeming like a fairy of the forest, all combine to stir up agreeable emotions. But Cherry never let an opportunity pass without improving upon their first suggestions. She had always something to say that her brothers had not thought of, some quality to point out in the animal, some story to tell, or some question to ask. Of this I will give you an instance.

One day as the little party were wandering in the mountain, they saw a fine gray squirrel sitting on the limb of an oak tree, his bushy tail lying over his back. "Oh! see that squirrel!" said Frederic. "Oh, yes!" said Philip, "what a big fellow it is!"

"It is a fine fellow, to be sure," said Cherry; "but do you know, boys, how many kinds of squirrels there are?"

"No, I do not," said Frederic: "And I do

not," said Philip. "Well," said Cherry, "I will tell you. Here in America there is the black squirrel, and the gray squirrel, and the fox squirrel, all of which are very large. In some parts of the country they are numerous, and what is very curious, they sometimes emigrate in large companies from one part of



the country to another: in their way they often destroy the corn fields of the farmer. When they come to a river, they swim across it, though in doing this thousands are often drowned. When they come to the opposite side of the river, they are sometimes met by

boys, who finding them exhausted, kill them by hundreds.

“Besides these kinds, there is the red squirrel,—a lively, chattering, saucy little fellow, that often comes near the house, and seems to be cracking his jokes upon everybody who passes by. Then there is the little striped squirrel,—a gentle timid creature, who peeps at you from a hole in the wall, and seems to say, ‘Do not hurt poor little chip squirrel.’ ”

By such amusing prattle as this, Cherry taught her brothers that every object in nature is worthy of study and observation: that there is nothing to be met with, which, if viewed aright, may not afford instruction: and more than all, that even the humblest condition of life, even poverty and destitution, may yet furnish the means by which the mind may be cheered, cultivated, enlightened, and improved. She taught her brothers the art of observing: she trained them in the habit of looking into things, and not being content with the mere outside of them: she opened

the book of Nature, and taught them how to read it.

Nor did the good effect of Cherry's conduct stop here. Her example was full of instruction, even to her parents. They too saw the moral of her life—that every condition is tolerable; indeed, for the most part happy, if you *make the best of it*. They adopted this hint by degrees; and their country house under such auspices gradually changed, as well in fact as in their own eyes. They set themselves about turning away evil and taking in good: they cultivated their advantages, small and humble as they might be, and contentedly enjoyed them with a right spirit: they removed or averted troubles as well as they could, and met those which were inevitable with a smile of content. It may seem strange that so great consequences could flow from such simple causes; yet so it was,—for the power of cheerfulness, teaching us in every condition *to make the best of it*, is very great.

Well, things passed on, till by and by win-

ter came. Frederic and Philip were at first delighted to frolic in the snow drifts; but at last these became so deep that they could go out but little, and therefore then were chiefly confined to the house. What could they do for amusement now?

In this new discouragement Cherry was their great resource. Wherever she had been she had read a great deal, and therefore her mind was stored with a multitude of tales, adventures, and anecdotes. From this fruitful magazine of her memory she drew forth a fund of amusement, as well as instruction for her brothers. And while I state this, I may as well recommend Cherry's example in this respect to all my little friends. The art of telling stories—I do not mean fibs!—is a very pleasant one, and enables the possessor to entertain his friends in a delightful manner. It is easily acquired, and therefore I would urge all little boys and girls to practise telling over the instruction, stories, facts, and observations, which they gather from books.

If I had time and space, I could relate a great many pleasant things which Cherry

told to her brothers ; but I must only give one more story, and this for the purpose of communicating an important truth to my readers.

It was of a winter's evening when the three children were by the fire, that Frederic spoke as follows :

"Cherry—come! tell us that story you promised yesterday."

"What story?" said Cherry.

"Why that one you called *Harold the Discontented*."

"Well, Fred, I'll tell it," said Cherry, "for the purpose of showing you that we can be unhappy with riches, if we will be so; and that we can be happy in poverty, if we seek aright. So, here is the story.

"Once upon a time there was a man by the name of Harold. He was very rich, but he was very miserable. One night as he sat gloomily in his garden, his face covered with one of his hands, trying to keep out unpleasant thoughts, he fancied that he heard a soft voice, saying, 'Harold! Harold!' He looked up, and beheld a lovely creature, like

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a child, but more like a spirit, at his knee. Though greatly amazed, he still said, 'Gentle maiden, why are you here?'



"'To bring you a great discovery,' said the maiden.

"'What is it?' said Harold.

“‘Happiness,’ was the reply.

“‘Alas!’ said Harold, ‘there is no happiness for me. I have sought it, but in vain. I have travelled far and wide: I have visited various climes and countries: I have questioned trees and animals and plants, and philosophers and antiquities: I have asked them all to show me happiness, but none have been able to teach me the way of attaining it.’

“‘Tell me your story,’ said the little maiden.

“‘Wherefore?’ asked Harold.

“‘Perhaps I may teach what others have failed to show.’

“‘Nay,’ replied Harold, smiling; ‘that can hardly be: a child is not likely to know that of which the learned and the wise are ignorant.’

“‘Yet, try me;’ said the maiden.

“‘You shall have your way;’ answered the gloomy man, smiling, and thus he began:—

“‘It is the desire of all, rich and poor, to be happy. I was born with this passion, as all others, and it seemed that I had the means of attaining its gratification, for, at the period

of early manhood, my father left me with unbounded wealth. It seemed as if I wanted no more, for I had fancied that wealth was happiness. But, alas! I have learned my error. I had fine houses, fine gardens, fine horses, fine dresses—everything that money could buy—but still, I was unhappy. I indulged every whim, every fancy, every appetite—but all left me discontented.

“‘How is this?’ said I to myself. ‘I am born with a desire of happiness,—I have money, and I have tried to buy it—but alas! all my wishes are vain. Surely happiness cannot be a dream! for my bosom tells me that it is a reality. But where is it? how shall I find it? I have tried money; I have tried society; I have tried pleasure; I have tried books; I have tried learning. I will now travel; I will study nature and the world. I will go to the trees, to the animals—to other climes, to mountains and cities, and the wonders of the world; I will inquire of them all, and see if they can show me how to attain happiness.

“‘I commenced my journey forthwith. One

of the first scenes that attracted my attention was a group of wild goats, chewing the cud in idle content. Are you happy! thought I; and it seemed as if the brutes could have



answered 'Yes;'—but still I passed on, finding no satisfactory reply to my inquiry.

“I proceeded on my journey, and pursued my inquiries. I travelled through forests,

over mountains, amid valleys, along deserts, and everywhere seeking the object of my pursuit. Often it seemed that others had attained it, but no one suggested to me where I could find it. I remember, that, one winter's night, I lost my way.—I was chilled to the heart, and almost found that I must lie down in the snow-drift and die. While these apprehensions filled my breast, I saw a light at a distance: hastening toward the spot, I found a large farm-house, and was about to enter, and ask for shelter. Passing by a window, I saw the farmer and his wife, with four or five children, peacefully seated within. I stopped, and asked myself,—is this happiness? It seemed to me that the group would have answered yes, but still, the scene did not instruct me how to find it. A feeling of bitter chagrin came over my bosom: I did not enter the house; I would not ask for shelter. I passed by, and spent that fearful night with the tempest, amid the mountains.

““ Continuing my journey, I came to a far southern country, where all seemed smil-

ing with perpetual spring. The shrubs and trees were in constant bloom, and the ripe fruit hung down by the side of the budding and full-blooming flowers. In this lovely land I met a group of children, as I thought: one was playing with a bird that



she held up in one of her hands; one little cherub was flat on his back, his arms outstretched, in infant transport; others were binding a wreath of flowers around the head of one of their number. It seemed like

a group made on purpose to tell me that innocence is the source of happiness; and with this thought in my mind I began to address them.

“‘Sweet little friends,’ said I, ‘pray listen a moment to me. I am unhappy, and ——’ at this point of my address the group started as if in affright, and in an instant they had vanished.

“Here the little spirit-like girl smiled, and said, ‘I was there; but pray proceed.’ Harold went on.

“‘I became disgusted with cheerful scenes, and now visited lands which were celebrated for their desolation.—I went to Arabia, and stood on the site of ancient Babylon.

Nothing could exceed the wildness and loneliness of the scene. Around me were mounds, composed of ruined walls, built by men’s hands, and telling of a vast population that once inhabited the spot: yet, now, the place was given up to the bat and the owl. The plain was, indeed, to a great extent, but a marsh, where reptiles and creeping things seemed to have chosen their abode.

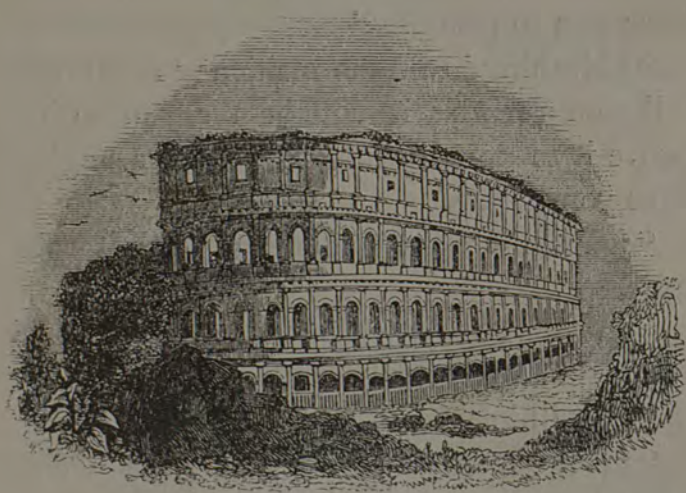
“I passed on to Egypt. Here, too, I wandered amid the wonders of human art, and the mementos of the mighty past. I stood



before obelisks almost a hundred feet in height, and surrounded by ruins of temples, seeming to have been built by giants. I saw

graven upon these strange signs, and I thought, perchance, they might tell me how to attain happiness; but, alas! I could not read the mysterious record.

“I proceeded to Greece: I visited Rome, and saw the Coliseum: I went to the



New World, and saw the savage in his wigwam. I visited all countries. Everywhere I asked for happiness, but I found it not. It seemed to me that others had discussed the secret, but no one would impart the mystery to me. In despair I returned; and now, with

everything that might seem to ensure enjoyment, you find me a wretch.'

"At this point Harold paused, and the gentle maiden sighed. At last she spoke. 'It is a sad tale you have told, but your case is not hopeless.'

"'Indeed,' said Harold, starting; 'what have you to promise?'

"'Nothing,' said the maiden; 'I can only tell you a truth; it will be for you to improve it to your own advantage, or neglect it as you please.'

"'Tell me what you mean,' said Harold, eagerly.

"'Will you follow the advice I give?' said the little messenger.

"'I will,' said Harold.

"'Let me speak plainly, then,' said she. 'You have sought happiness everywhere, except in the right place,—your own bosom. You have fancied it to dwell in something out of yourself; you have pursued it in riches, in pleasure, in knowledge, in everything, save your own heart. Happiness is planted in every breast,—cultivate it aright,

and it will bud and blossom, and give forth perfume; neglect it, and it dies.' Saying this, the fairy spread forth wings not before visible and vanished. But Harold understood her, and adopted the advice which her words implied. He now sought happiness by doing his duty, by occupying his time, his thoughts, his means and powers, in such a manner as to obtain his own self-approval, and satisfy his own heart and conscience. In this way the proud man discovered what every one should know, that happiness depends not on our circumstances, but upon our own conduct; that wealth does not necessarily bring happiness, nor poverty exclude it."

Here the story was ended, and the little party broke up; its several members retiring to bed.

I am afraid that my little readers by this time are ready to go to sleep, or to bed, also. I will therefore finish the tale of Cheerful Cherry, only adding, that she continued to be the comfort of her parents, and the favourite of her brothers and all who knew

her. After several years of depression and sorrow her father made another effort in business, and with such success, as to recover his former position; and he often said, that, but for Cherry, he should have sunk down in despair. Thus it appears, that her good conduct, and good example, saved a whole family from misery, and surely her simple philosophy, *always make the best of it*, is worthy of universal adoption.



PATIENCE PREVAILS ;

OR,

THE COTTAGE GIRL.



It was in the evening of a summer day, that the Cottage Girl sat at the door of her father's humble dwelling with her supper on her knee; and looking round upon the scenes that had been familiar from her infancy,

began to feel the tears steal down her cheeks. Why was this? She was to leave her home to-morrow and go to live with Mrs. Sherwin, in the fine house on the hill, at a distance of two or three miles.

It is common for young people to love novelty—to be fond of change, and to look forward with bright expectation and fond hope to every new scene and situation. And Millicent Dale, for that was the Cottage Girl's name, enjoyed more pleasure than pain in the prospect before her. She was to live in a splendid house, to be the friend and assistant of a fine lady, who always spoke to her in a voice of musical sweetness. She was to have better clothes than ever before; and all these, and many other pleasant things rose in Milly's fancy, and painted the future fair as a morning dream.

But still, Milly's heart was true and sensitive, and the scenes and memories of her cottage home, now that she was about to leave it, appeared more dear than ever. The little brook that ran bubbling by, seemed to speak to her, and in a plaintive tone to bid her farewell. The bushy hill-side beyond

the brook, was sadder than ever it appeared before, and seemed to beckon her up its winding walks and shady pathways. The little garden too, though it had but few flowers, still pleaded by a thousand pleasing recollections, to be remembered in her parting contemplations.



Tempted by these objects that lay before her, Milly set out and took a long ramble, admiring everything she saw with more than usual vivacity. Straying into the wood she came to a large oak tree, where a dove had

built her nest, and which at the moment was feeding her young ones. "Farewell," said Milly, for now her young heart made everything a companion; "Farewell, gentle dove, I am going to leave you."

But though she grieved at taking leave of the pleasing sight, the happiness that reigned in that little nest refreshed and comforted her. She thought of the care which God takes of little birds, so that not one of them falls to the ground without His will. A quiet feeling of love rose up in her heart; she was strengthened for the moment, and said, "It is surely my duty to be cheerful and contented, for I know that God takes care of me, and that whatever is his will concerning me will be for my good. Though I shall never cease to love what I am going to leave, it is foolish that I should be wretched because I lose it."

Saying this, Milly proceeded, and at last she came to a marshy thicket of flags and rushes. It might seem that there was nothing interesting in such a scene as this; but still, Milly said, "Farewell, pretty flags and rushes!"

After walking about among all the by-ways to which her feet were familiar, and taking leave of the objects that had become dear, as associated with home and youth, the little girl came back at last to the cottage. As she approached it she paused, looked at it steadily



for a long time, and with the tears trickling down her cheeks, entered it.

It was the day after this scene that Mrs. Sherwin called, in her coach, and took Milly with her to her own house. She was here presented to Grace Sherwin, a girl somewhat

older than herself, and was told that her particular duty was to attend upon her. Grace received her kindly, and very soon took her into the garden, and showed her over the grounds about the house.



These were all very beautiful. The garden was embellished with groups of the rarest and most lovely flowers, and the grounds consisted of lawns, and hills, and hill-sides, covered with the greenest grass, and with

here and there collections of trees of various kinds. Among the grounds were winding gravel-walks, leading through lawns, and vallies, and conducting to many pleasant spots.



Following along one of these walks, the two girls wandered for an hour, paying a visit to a little lake with a fountain, upon which some swans were sailing about, with an air of stately majesty, with other water

birds ; and in the bosom of which gold fish were gliding, as if they had nothing to think of but pleasure and pastime. They also seated themselves for a time in an arbour, consisting of green trellices, covered with creeping plants, and forming a cool and refreshing shade ; and they then promenaded through a forest of lofty oaks, whose tall branches seemed to touch the skies.

Returning from this ramble, the girls went to a play-room fitted up for Miss Grace's own use, for she was an only child, and everything that wealth could obtain for her amusement was freely purchased. Here was collected a great quantity of costly toys, among which were a beautiful doll, a curtained bed and a great variety of articles, making up a complete set of little furniture, and all arranged in proper order. The doll was dressed like a fine lady, and seated in a cushioned chair, lined with pink satin. She was attended by two doll waiting maids, who seemed to watch her ladyship and stand ready to do everything she desired to have done. By her side was a shaggy little dog, with bright eyes

and silky hair; and at a short distance was a negro boy, holding a pony, as if expecting that his mistress would go forth and take a ride.

Milly thought she had never seen anything so charming as these toys. They next went to Grace's sleeping-room, and there Grace showed Milly her dresses, which included at



least twenty frocks, of costly materials, with a number of other articles.

At first Milly was treated by Grace as an equal, and one whom she desired to please and dazzle with the beautiful things she possessed. But in a few days her manner was

changed, and Milly was made to feel that she was not an equal but a dependant, and one who was expected to submit to every whim and caprice of her young mistress. Now Milly, like Grace, was an only child, and had never been accustomed to look upon herself as an inferior: but her family was poor, and she had not been indulged with having all the fine things she might desire, nor had she been accustomed to be surrounded with those who obeyed every wish and flattered every fancy.

At first, therefore, she felt pained to see herself treated as an inferior and a menial; and a kind of discontent crept over her heart to see how rich and cherished was her young mistress, while she was so poor and dependant, and so little cared for. Under the influence of these feelings, the Cottage Girl became home-sick, and stealing away to her own room, she buried her face in her hands and burst into a flood of tears. Oh, how she longed to see her mother; how she yearned to go back again to her simple home; and how much more dear to her heart were

its naked beams and sanded floors, with father and mother, than the stately apartments, and turkey carpets, and gorgeous furniture of the great house of Sherwin Hall!

Milly sat for some time in her room, and had opportunity to reflect upon a lesson which



it is well for us all to learn; that happiness lies in the heart, and not in the things by which we are surrounded; that the bosom, if contented and at ease, may be blessed in a cottage, while it may be miserable in the midst of every luxury.

After a time, Milly was called by Mrs. Sherwin; and on appearing before the lady, the latter discovered that she had been weep-

ing, though the child sought to hide her sorrow beneath a cheerful face. "Pray what is the matter?" said Mrs. Sherwin.

"I beg you to forgive me, ma'am," said Milly, "but I believe I am home-sick. I ought to be very happy here, but I cannot help it—I am all the while thinking of home, and of mother: everything I see reminds me of them, and makes the tears come into my eyes."

"You are an ungrateful child!" said Mrs. Sherwin, somewhat sharply. "No, no; I am not ungrateful, my lady. I know you are very kind; I know I ought to be happy; I will try to be so, and I shall be so after a time. I am weak and foolish, perhaps, but not ungrateful. If you would let me go to my mother for a short time, I am sure I shall come back with a bright face, and I hope that I shall never offend you with any more of these tears."

To this proposal Mrs. Sherwin consented, and Milly was permitted to spend the next day with her mother. Into her bosom she poured all her sorrows, and in return was

counselled to put aside the feelings of pride that had arisen in her heart, and which had been offended by discovering that she was to take the place of an inferior and a servant. "My dear child," said Mrs. Dale, "in this world some are rich and some are poor; we cannot be all alike. It is God's will that it should be so, and we must be content. And besides, this arrangement is not so unequal, all things considered, as you may suppose. You have many advantages over Grace Sherwin."

"Pray how can that be?" said Milly.

"I will tell you," said the mother. "She is rich, it is true. She has every luxury: she has fine dresses; many elegant and costly toys; she is surrounded by those who pay her many attentions and who flatter her every whim; she rides in a coach, and she is made to feel that she is superior to others. Now, all this may seem a blessing, but it is attended with great danger. How likely is this young lady's heart to become puffed up with pride—how likely is she to be hard-hearted, inconsiderate of others and only considerate

of herself: how likely is she to forget that kindness, gentleness, meekness, and charity are the true riches of life: how likely is she to be rich without, and poor within!

“On the other hand, you are every day learning a lesson of humility, the source of almost every virtue. Your situation may be trying, but it is salutary. You may suffer, but your suffering will produce a rich harvest; you will grow up under it, with a tender feeling for others; and with a heart that can pity distress, for you will have felt it: you will learn to be just, for you will have felt the bitterness of injustice; you will learn to be kind, for you will have experienced the pain of unkindness. Thus, though you may be poor without, you will grow rich within; though you may be ill furnished, as to things that money may buy, you will be well furnished in those things that money cannot buy. I hope then, my dear child, that you will bear yourself meekly and patiently, feeling that in so doing, you perform your duty, and consult your own happiness.”

Milly returned that day to Sherwin Hall, with a bright face and a resolute heart. She loved her mother, for she was ever kind; she

respected her, for however poor and humble her station, she was a wise and good woman. She had taken pains carefully to instruct her



child when very young, not permitting even the objects to be met with in a walk, to be passed by without some useful observation.

In this way she had prepared the latter to adopt modes of reasoning rather beyond her years.

In the present instance, the light in which she had presented things to her daughter, had a great effect upon her; it caused her to look on the unequal condition of herself and her young mistress with cheerful content: indeed, the inequality seemed rather to be in Milly's favour. Instead of feeling her pride wounded—instead of indulging envy, which had budded in her breast, a sentiment of real kindness and affectionate interest towards Grace Sherwin sprung up, and became a leading motive in all her actions.

Thus things went on pretty smoothly for a time: but it was not long before Milly discovered many evidences that the enjoyment of wealth, and the indulgence that attends it, are apt to be corrupting to the heart. We shall endeavour to describe a few scenes which may clearly show what we mean.

Grace Sherwin was of a fair complexion, with blue eyes, flaxen hair, and a light, deli-

cate skin. Her features and her form were fine, and she was esteemed very beautiful. Her looks were often the subject of compliment, and she became, at last, quite conscious, if not vain, of her beauty. Well, one day she was going to join a dinner party at a gentleman's house not far off, where a great deal of gay company was expected to be present. But it happened unluckily that Grace had a slight cold, which made her feel a little "out of sorts:" besides which, her eyes were red, and her complexion looked less fair than it commonly did.

When she was dressed for the party, she did not look quite so well as usual, and her mirror told her so. She was therefore in ill humour, and the more so, because she desired to look particularly well. She grumbled, therefore, at Milly, and accused her of being malicious, and trying to make her look like a fright. She made Milly take off her dress and put on another, and then another, and finally a fourth and fifth; and still she was dissatisfied. Milly did everything in her power to please her, tried every art to make

her mistress look as beautiful as possible, and by the exercise of her good taste and skill, really succeeded in making her look very charming. But still Grace was out of humour, and went pouting to her mother, saying that Milly was malicious, and would not dress her beautifully.

This charge brought down upon Milly's head a sharp rebuke from Mrs. Sherwin, who, though a woman of good intentions, was too much accustomed to see everything through the eyes of her darling child. Milly was about to defend herself, but she was told not to say a word; and thus she began to learn that hard, but often salutary lesson, to submit patiently to harsh rebuke and unjust accusations.

Everything went wrong with Grace at the party, for bad temper, like cloudy weather, throws a gloom over every object around us. She returned, and vented her spleen on Milly's head. The latter took it quietly, endeavouring by her cheerful talk to divert the train of Grace's thoughts into more pleasant channels. But all in vain: the more

Milly tried to soothe her, the more irritated was Miss Grace. In this frame of mind she went to bed.

The morning brought fair weather to the young lady's heart, and she seemed to feel regret for her injustice, and treated Milly with more than ordinary kindness.

A few weeks passed pleasantly enough, but it was not long before another trying instance



of injustice to Milly occurred. The two girls were taking a ramble one summer afternoon, when Milly observed that a thunder shower was approaching, and proposed that they should return. Grace objected, and insisted upon going to the top of a hill, at a con-

siderable distance. In vain did Milly point to the blackening cloud and the flashing lightning: Grace would go on, and at last they reached the top of the hill.

They had scarcely arrived at this place when the rain began to fall in heavy, but scattered drops: the thunder burst over their heads, and in a few minutes the full force of the shower poured down its torrent. The girls now set out to return, but they were drenched to the skin in a few minutes. While they were flying along, the lightning struck a large oak tree in their path, and ploughing down its trunk, hurled the blazing fragments at their feet. Under the thick and spreading branches of this very oak tree they would gladly have taken shelter, if they had not been warned of the danger of doing so, by the effect of the lightning which they had witnessed. They now saw that their only safe course was to hurry forward at a sufficient distance from the trees, however they might be thereby exposed to the pitiless storm. The storm grew more violent every moment, and the thunder succeeded the lightning

in still quicker succession. The scene was appalling, and Grace, either from the effect of fright, or the concussion of the air, fell to the ground, apparently lifeless. Milly's presence of mind did not easily forsake her, but what could she do? The rain fell like a flood, and



she was more than a mile from the house. She attempted to raise Grace in her arms, and bear her along, but this was beyond her strength. After going to a little distance,

vainly seeking to find some one, she returned and rubbed Grace's temples and hands. In a few minutes the poor girl opened her eyes, but it was several minutes before she was able to walk.

Raising her on her feet as soon as possible, and supporting her with all her strength, Milly conducted her towards their home. They proceeded slowly forward, for Grace's limbs tottered, and she was several times on the point of falling to the ground. Fortunately the family had become alarmed, and servants being sent out in every direction to search for her, one of them soon discovered her, and taking her in his arms, carried her to the house.

It was not till the first panic was over, and Grace had fully recovered her senses, that an inquiry as to the circumstances of the misadventure was made. Milly was then about to answer, when Grace took the words out of her mouth, and went on to tell the story. This she related with general accuracy, but still in a manner to throw the

blame of their not returning when the storm began to threaten, upon poor Milly. The latter knew that it would be deemed impertinent for her to speak, and especially to contradict anything that her young mistress had said. It was hard to bear: it was very hard—when she knew that she had counselled their return, and that the fault lay wholly with Grace—that she should be thus cruelly misrepresented, and made to suffer the blame of a serious misfortune. Yet deeming it her duty to be silent she said nothing, and patiently withstood the severe frowns of both Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin, who were present.

Milly had now become accustomed to acts of injustice, but this was a grievous one, and especially so as Grace was seriously unwell, in consequence of her fright and exposure, and for several days was confined to her room with slight fever. Milly saw by the looks of both the parents, as well as of the servants, that she was regarded as the cause of the trouble, and several times her heart

gave way, and she retired to her room to indulge in tears. But still her mother's counsel came to her support and relief. "It is a severe lesson I am learning," said she to herself; "but I hope and trust *it may do me good.*"

Grace at last recovered, and one day taking advantage of a happy state of feeling on the part of her young mistress, Milly ventured to allude to the storm, intending to beg Grace to do her justice before her parents, and remove the unfavorable impressions that had taken possession of their minds.

"Nay, nay, do not mention that horrid affair, Milly," was the reply.

"My dear Miss Grace," said Milly, "I do not wish to pain you: but pray forgive me for asking you to say to your mother that I was not to blame in that matter."

"Oh, nonsense!" was the reply; "everybody knows that you were not to blame."

"No, no, it is not so!" said Milly. "You led your parents to believe that I insisted on proceeding to the top of the hill, against your own inclination."

"Well, well, what if it is so? Can you not bear such a thing for your friend?"

"I could bear it, certainly, if it could be useful to you: but I cannot feel that you are benefited by doing an act of injustice: I hardly feel that it is right, regarding only your good, to permit you to pass off a misrepresentation. Pardon me, Miss Grace, if I speak plainly. I love you: I honour you, as becomes my station, and my relation to you: but if I wish you to *appear* lovely, I also desire that you should *be* so: I wish, not only that your person should be fair, but that your *heart* should be so too."

"My dear Milly," said Grace, touched to the quick; "I know you love me: I know you love me! I wish I were as good as you are. But you cannot expect one like me to be perfect. Pray say no more about it. I will set it all right with mamma, some time, but not now; and do not say anything more about it."

Thus the matter ended, and the time did not come for setting it all right with Mrs.

Sherwin. Nay, other cases occurred, in which Milly was made to suffer for the indiscretions, follies, and foibles of her young mistress. Her own conduct was so gentle, so consistent, so faithful, in all that came under the immediate observation of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin, as well as other members of the family, that she was loved and respected; though the frequent misrepresentations of Grace did something to impair her good character. There was, after all, in the mind of Mrs. Sherwin, whose mother's pride, and mother's affection, led her to take part with her daughter, some suspicion of Milly's truth and integrity, in consequence of the multiplied tales that Grace told of her, either thoughtlessly, or to screen herself from blame. Events at last occurred which brought matters to an issue.

Milly had now been an inmate at Sherwin Hall for more than two years: she was the constant companion of Grace Sherwin, and spite of that young lady's faults, the two girls were much attached to each other.

Grace could, indeed, hardly live without Milly for a single day. The latter was not only sweet tempered, gentle, and gracious in her manners, but she was ingenious in all the arts that might render her useful to a young lady of the age to which Grace had attained. Besides, she was cheerful, well informed, of a lively fancy, and full of those mental resources which enabled her to make the hours of leisure pass pleasantly away.

About this period, Grace received from her mother a beautiful cameo brooch, as a birthday present. It was a costly stone, elegantly cut, and richly set in gold, representing the head of Minerva, the ancient Grecian goddess of wisdom. A few days after receiving it, she gave it, somewhat thoughtlessly, to a cousin of her's, a young gentleman who was about setting out on a voyage to some distant country, and who had been staying a few days at Sherwin Hall. Grace said nothing of it, and after a time she was a little ashamed of what she had done, and was desirous of having her folly concealed.

In two or three weeks, Mrs. Sherwin remarked to Grace that she had not lately seen her wear the brooch; and, taken by surprise, the young lady replied that she had missed it from her jewel case. This led to immediate inquiry, and suspicion fell upon Milly. Grace said she did not think her capable of theft; but still she spoke in a way rather to give colour to the idea that Milly had taken the brooch. Instead of charging her with it, Mrs. Sherwin began to make inquiries of the servants, and particularly of one of her own waiting maids. This young woman was pretty, and valued herself upon her appearance; but as Milly was still prettier, and withal rather more of a favourite, she looked upon her with eyes of jealousy, and when inquiry was made of her, she said she doubted not that Milly had taken the brooch. She concluded by saying, that if Mrs. Sherwin would give her leave, she would go and search among Milly's things, and see if she could not discover the missing trinket.

Leave was accordingly given, and after a

little time the girl came back, and with a mysterious air took Mrs. Sherwin to Milly's bureau, and, opening one of the drawers, lifted a handkerchief, and behold, there lay the cameo brooch !

Mrs. Sherwin immediately sent for Milly,



charged the theft upon her, and pointed to the trinket in her own drawer as conclusive evidence against her. Milly was astonished, but not abashed. The suspicion instantly crossed her mind that the maid, whose name was Dais, and whose malignant jealousy she knew, had placed it there to bring her into disgrace. Making no reply for a moment,

therefore, she looked Dais steadily in the face, who averted her eyes and seemed agitated. Milly then slowly but significantly raised her finger, and pointing to Dais, said, "She can tell you how the trinket came there—I cannot."

Mrs. Sherwin looked at the waiting-maid, and did not fail to notice her confusion: but still this was not the first time that Milly had been accused of error. Many little things had been charged upon her, by her own daughter, and therefore, she felt bound to take them into account, in judging of the present case. The result was that she concluded Milly to be guilty, and did not hesitate to announce her belief to that effect. The story soon rang through the house, and Milly was condemned, even without a trial.

Grace was absent at the time these events were transpiring, but immediately on her return, she became apprised of what had happened. She was greatly grieved as well as puzzled. Having given the brooch to her cousin, she could not at first imagine how it

had come back into the family. After some reflection, she concluded that the young gentleman to whom she had so foolishly presented it, had bestowed it upon Dais; and some little intimacies she had observed between him and her, soon established this conclusion in her mind.

If Grace had possessed true nobleness of heart, she would immediately have told all that she knew to her mother; but she had been in the habit of caring only for herself, and above all, she had been accustomed to think that justice to menials was not a thing of sufficient importance for the feelings of one so high as herself to be sacrificed on account of it. Beside this, she was ashamed of having given the brooch, which was the birth-day present of her mother, to a young gentleman; and that shame was increased by supposing that he had parted with it to a waiting-maid. She therefore determined to let things take their drift.

Mrs. Sherwin having fully decided that Milly was guilty, communicated the facts

which she had gathered, to her husband; and steps were immediately taken for the punishment of Milly. In the mean time Grace received a letter from her cousin, dated on the eve of his departure, saying among other things, that the keepsake she had given him, had been stolen from his room by Dais, for he saw it in her hand, just as he was leaving Sherwin Hall. He did not think it worth while to mention it at the time, as he fancied it might be disagreeable to his sweet cousin to have any noise made about it.

This letter explained the whole case to Grace: she now saw clearly, the malice and wickedness of the waiting-maid towards Milly. Having read the letter, she was called to receive some company, and hastily going out, dropped it on the floor of her room. Milly came in a moment after, and seeing what she supposed to be a piece of waste paper, her eye having glanced upon the words *brooch* and *Dais*, she read it, and at once became possessed of a key to the

whole mystery. Her first thought was to carry the letter to Mrs. Sherwin, but on a little reflection, she concluded rather to throw herself upon the magnanimity of her young mistress. She therefore folded up the letter and put it in Grace's secretary.

The young lady soon returned, and Milly told her at once that she had read the letter. Grace reddened with confusion, and fell into a fit of passionate rage. She accused Milly of prying into her correspondence, of meanly stealing her secrets, and concluded by saying that she might go to prison, or the penitentiary—she, at all events, would not lift a finger in her behalf.

Milly's heart sunk within her: a sickness came over her, and she sat down, burying her face in her hands. She, however, said not a word. After a little time, she rose and went to her room. It was not long before she was summoned to appear before a magistrate. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin, Grace, Dais, and other members of the household.

The poor girl was as pale as ashes, but there was no look of sin upon her face. It was pure as the white rose, that opens its unspotted leaves in the face of heaven. Far otherwise with Dais : there was a flush upon her countenance ; a brazen daring, as if her mind was made up to all that might happen.

Just as the examination was about to commence, the father and mother of Milly entered the room, and silently took their place behind the magistrate. Milly's eye fell upon them, and a bright beam, as of hope and help, flushed over her face. Her cheek was tinged for a moment with a ruddy glow ; but it vanished, and left her as pallid as before.

Mr. Sherwin now stated the charge, and Milly was called upon to stand up before the magistrate. She walked into the middle of the room, and took the place assigned her. The justice then spoke, and said to her, "Are you innocent or guilty of this charge?"

There was a breathless silence to hear the reply. After a momentary pause, Milly an-

swered, "I am innocent!" She spoke in a tone scarcely above a whisper, but it reached every ear and went to every heart. "I hope it may prove so," said the magistrate; the tears gathering in his eyes, and his voice being almost choked with emotion: "but we must hear the evidence." Dais was then



called, and with a bold and decided tone related how she had discovered the brooch. Mrs. Sherwin then rose, and added her testimony in confirmation of that of the waiting-maid. The evidence appeared conclusive, but the magistrate was evidently not

satisfied, and said to Milly, "What have you to say to all this?"

Milly seemed to hesitate for a moment, and her mother bursting through the circle, fell on her knees before her child, and exclaimed "Milly, dear Milly—if you are guilty confess it; confess it before God, and these witnesses! Oh my child! my child! that it should come to this!" Milly instantly fell on her knees, and burying her face in her mother's bosom, sobbed aloud.

The scene was affecting, and every eye was drowned in tears. Nothing was said for a moment; but soon Milly arose, and drawing back her long locks which had fallen over her face, she said to the magistrate—"Sir, I am innocent! I say before heaven, I am innocent! I say to my mother, and she will believe me, though all beside may condemn; I am innocent! And one thing more—there is a person in this room, who can prove that I am innocent!"

As Milly uttered these words, her eye fell full upon the countenance of Grace Sherwin.

The beseeching look of the poor girl went to the heart of her mistress. The appeal was irresistible. The young lady sprung from her seat, and putting her arms around Milly's neck, she exclaimed, "Milly! dear Milly! you are innocent—you are innocent. Mamma, let me see you alone, and I will explain it all. Milly is innocent!"

Grace went out with her mother, and in a few moments Mrs. Sherwin returned, and stated that Milly was innocent of the crime.



No sooner were these words uttered than Dais stole out of the room, and Milly sunk down into her mother's arms, overcome with the feelings that rushed to her bosom. The magistrate, at a sign from Mr. Sherwin, left the room, and the rest followed, leaving the

parents of the COTTAGE GIRL alone with their daughter!

The remainder of the story is told in few words. Dais was dismissed in disgrace. Grace Sherwin, smitten with remorse—not only did her justice in this case, but in others in which she had herself done her wrong.

Nor was this all. Grace now saw her conduct in its true light, and she set about correcting her heart, which had been so long indulged in selfishness, meanness, and injustice. Milly was restored to the confidence of the family, and took a higher place than ever, in the estimation of all who knew her.

Thus her patience and forbearance, wrought not only her own deliverance, but it was a charm that corrected, purified, and exalted one whose station in life was far above her own. Nor was the benefit she conferred forgotten, for Grace Sherwin and Millicent Dale were bosom friends through life.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY;

OR,

THE WARNING.



A FEW years since an Irishman with his wife, came to the city of New York in America, and established himself there. His name was Terence O'Keefe; and he had three children, a girl and two boys. His occupation was that of a weaver, and he soon found employment. He hired a small house,

and though it was poorly furnished, and by no means so comfortable as he desired, yet it was the best he could afford.

Terence worked very industriously at his trade, and was soon able to provide his family with clothes and furniture sufficient for their necessities. He was also able, every week, to lay aside a little money, in the hope and expectation of living, by and by, in a better house.



Thus Terence went on for two or three years, rendering his wife and children happy, and having himself the comforts of a pleasant home and a contented family. His children were sent to school, and being good children, they improved very much, and were a source

of great satisfaction to both father and mother.

Kitty, the daughter, was the eldest of the children, and she had learned to read very well. Her parents had not either of them been sent to school when young, and did not know how to read; so it was the custom of



the family in the evening, to sit together and for Kitty to read to them. In the course of a year she read through several instructive books to them.

Now, in this way, all the family obtained considerable knowledge; and beside, they enjoyed a great deal of pleasure, for as I have

said, Kitty read very well, and there are few things so agreeable as to hear a young person read well.

Now I mention this particularly, because I desire to let young people know how easy it is for them to do a great deal of good. They may all learn to read well, and thus they may read to their parents, and brothers and sisters, and bestow upon them much happiness, and be the means of communicating much useful information.

But my young reader must remember that it is necessary to *read well*, if they wish to gratify their listeners, for while everybody is charmed with good reading, everybody dislikes bad reading.

Now Kitty read in such a way that every one could understand her easily. She read slowly, observed her stops, spoke every word distinctly, and in a sweet, musical voice. Terence himself used to say to his wife, "That child is a real treasure; I would rather hear her read than go to the theatre."

What a blessing was Kitty to this poor family! She helped to make home pleasant;

to furnish amusement that was not merely innocent, but useful. She assisted in making the whole circle, father, mother, and brothers, happy and contented, even in the midst of poverty. She made her father forget his toil, and her mother her cares. She did more than this, for she made home so pleasant, that Terence preferred finding his enjoyment there, rather than at the tavern near by, where most of his companions spent their evenings in drinking and smoking. Nor was even this all. Her brothers, Patrick and Thomas, were always at home in the evening, instead of running about the streets to learn mischief. They were impatient when evening came to have supper over, to get the lamp, for their mother to put away the dishes, and get quietly settled down to hear Kitty read.

Is it not pleasant to think that even a child may do so much good, and by means so easy, and so completely within the reach of the poorest children? These may learn to read well, for schools are provided for nearly

all, and they may go home and read to their parents and friends, and thus bestow upon them a great benefit. They may assist in making home happy, and in inducing all its members to be contented with the pleasures which home affords. They may induce them all to abstain from theatres, taverns, tap-rooms, and other similar places, which so often lead men and boys to destruction.

And here let me say that reading is different from almost everything else in one respect; it gratifies alike the reader and the listener. Now, you cannot eat a nut and give it to your friend, but you may read for yourself and him at the same time.

But I must go on with my story. Terence O'Keefe got along pretty well for several years, but at last the times became hard, and he could not find employment every day, nor was he paid so much for the work which he performed as he used to receive. Formerly he got six cents, or threepence English, for weaving a yard of cloth, and now he could

get but half as much. He was before able to earn a dollar and a half a day, and now he was able to earn only half a dollar a day.

Perhaps my young readers will ask me why such changes take place. I can only tell them that sometimes they proceed from one cause, and sometimes from another. Sometimes the seasons are bad, and the crops of corn, and grain, and potatoes, and other things being cut off, food becomes dear; and sometimes war and other political events injure trade, and bring misery to the poor man's house.

But however it happened, Terence O'Keefe was now growing poor. He could not get enough pay for his work to feed his family, so he was obliged to use some of the money he had laid up. This diminished his little store very fast, and he became afraid that it would soon be all gone.

One evening, after thinking over these matters, he mentioned the subject to his wife, and told her that he was afraid they would all be reduced to want. "Well," said the good wife, "I have been thinking of these

things myself, and I will tell you what we must do. Mrs. Rich, who lives in the beautiful new house just round the square, wants a girl, and we had better let Kitty go and live with her. This will save you some expense, for Mrs. Rich will feed and clothe the child."

Terence objected to this, for he loved his children, and wanted them all around him; besides which, he could not bear the thought of parting with Kitty, who was so great a source of comfort and amusement to him and to the whole family by reading to them, as she did, almost every evening. He particularly wanted her now that he had a good deal of leisure, and because his mind was harassed with anxiety and care.

For a time, therefore, the project of letting Kitty go to live with Mrs. Rich was abandoned; but things grew worse day by day; the quantity of weaving to be done constantly diminished, and the prices grew less and less. Pressed with the necessity of the case, Terence at length yielded his reluctant assent, and Kitty went to live with Mrs. Rich.

From this time, Terence O'Keefe seemed to be changed. He was now almost wholly out of employment, and his little store of cash was nearly gone. He became anxious and restless, and occasionally stepped into the neighbouring tavern to meet his companions, who, like himself, were now nearly out of employment, hoping to gain a little relief to his feelings in that way.

Now this little tavern was kept by a very nice, respectable, accommodating sort of person, who made it as pleasant as possible for his customers. In winter, the bar-room was warm and comfortable; in summer, it was cool and refreshing. In winter, he had a hot poker to make the flip foam; in summer, he had ice in abundance to put into the punch and other drinks.

Besides all this, the bar-room was kept clean; the floor being nicely sanded every morning, and along the counter was a row of rich decanters, sparkling with the choicest liquors. On the shelves around were lemons, bottles of syrup and bitters, and other things

to tempt and please the eyes of those who are fond of such places.

Thus, the prudent tavern-keeper had made his bar-room as attractive as possible ; and as he got his money by selling liquors, it was important that his customers should be thirsty ; so he set on the counter a dishful of small pieces of salt fish, which every one might eat without paying for it, because if a man would eat a little salt fish, he would soon be thirsty, and want some liquor to wash it down.

Well, it was to this place that Terence began to resort, to get relief from trouble, to while away the time which hung heavily upon his hands, and to forget his cares. In such a place, he was likely to adopt the habits of others, and as they drank liquors, he drank too. At first he drank rather from the force of example, for he had ever been a sober man ; but he soon began to love the liquor which once rather disgusted him.

But the more he drank, the more he wanted to drink ; and in a few months after

he began to frequent the bar-room; he every day felt uneasy till he went there, and when he got there he did not wish to go away. He became fond of the society that he met there, and as his love for the bar-room increased, he cared less and less for his home. Nay more, he soon became quite changed, for as he before loved his family and his home, he



now neglected both: he was formerly industrious, and anxious to do all the work he could get, but he now refused to do the little that was offered to him. At the same time, he became petulant, ill-tempered, and unreasonable, and was at last very cross to his wife and children.

In addition to these circumstances, it was not long before his stock of money, which, while he was a sober man, he had laid up so carefully, was entirely gone. The last dollar was expended for liquor, and that very money which might have blessed his family, made him drunk, and sent him home to abuse his poor heart-broken wife, and his now unhappy children.

Thus it was that the bar-room turned poor honest Terence into a miserable drunkard. Thus it was that the bar-room brought desolation and distress into his family. It may seem strange that anybody will keep a grog-shop or a bar-room which brings such misery upon mankind, which ruins whole families, and is worse in its consequences than pestilence and death; but so it is. Some persons can be found, who, in order to get rich, are willing to keep such places, and who are willing that men, and wives, and children shall be made wretched, here and hereafter, so that they may themselves get money.

It is one of the fearful consequences of intemperance, that after a little while, the

drunkard loses his good feelings. He also loses his self-control, and will do things now that would have shocked him before. He also becomes wretched beyond description. When he is sober, he reflects upon his miserable situation; he sees the ruin he has brought upon his friends and himself; he feels a burning shame, a dreadful sense of degradation at his situation; and yet, instead of flying from the cause of his misery, he goes to the grog-shop, and there drowns his trouble in drunkenness. What an awful thing it is to love a grog-shop! What a fearful thing to become a drunkard!

One day, quite early in the morning, Terence, as usual, after tasting a little breakfast—and it was very little, for he had now a poor appetite for food, and his wife had scarcely the means of getting enough to sustain life—he went as usual to the tavern. Here he spent the day, drinking glass after glass, until, late at night, he fell senseless on the floor, and the tavern-keeper, who was really kind-hearted, directed his servants to take him home. They took him accordingly,

and putting him inside the door, left him to the care of his wife.

Enfeebled and emaciated by sorrow, she was hardly able to move him, but at last with a great effort she laid him upon his bed, and sat down by his side. Oh, who can tell the sorrows of that poor woman! She could bear poverty; she could suffer for the want of food, and be poorly clad; she could suffer cold and destitution in silence and patience; but to see her husband, the father of her children, one whom she had honored and still loved—to see him thus ruined, his mind broken, his body an object of disgust, his soul, which was once so full of kindness and generosity and affection, now debased and degraded—this was more than her reason could bear!

In a state bordering upon insanity, the woman sprang upon her feet, and though it was past midnight, she flew along the street to the little tavern. The lights were burning, and she entered the bar-room. There was the keeper behind the counter, attentively supplying his customers, several of whom

were visible, with bloated faces, through the mist of tobacco smoke that filled the room.

With an earnestness that would not be resisted, she rushed up to the tavernkeeper, and said, "In the name of heaven come with me!"



"What do you want?" said the man.

"Oh, do not delay; come this moment!" said she.

The tavern-keeper was taken by surprise, and thinking this some case of instant necessity that demanded his attention, he left his place, and followed the wife along the street. She gave him no opportunity for reflection

or delay, but led him straight to the bedside of her husband.

"There!" said she, taking him by the arm, and pointing to her unconscious husband, "There! *that is your work*. You have ruined an honest man—a good husband—a kind father. You have converted this once happy home into a scene of agony. Look upon *me*, and see one so lately a contented wife, a cheerful mother, now a broken-hearted, despairing wretch!"

The woman spoke these words with a voice that went to the heart of the tavern-keeper, and having spoken them, she fell forward upon the bed, in a state of utter insensibility. The man looked upon her for a moment, but feeling that he could do nothing, left the place. He carried the awful scene in his mind, however, and though he tried to banish and forget it, still it would come again and again to his recollection. The brutal aspect of the drunkard; the pallid features and agonizing tones of the wife; the scene of poverty, destitution and distress around the whole establishment, haunted him like a

painful dream, and the woman's words would come like an echo, "*it is your work; it is your work!*" The tavern-keeper did not sleep that night.

The next morning as the wife of Terence awoke from her state of insensibility, she was unable to recall her wandering thoughts for a long time. At last, looking upon the face of her husband, she recollected the painful scene of the preceding evening. Sick at heart, faint from the want of food, and now wasted away by sorrow, she rose with difficulty. It was already broad day, and she found her two boys expecting their breakfast. She had not however either meat, or bread, or milk; the house was absolutely destitute of every kind of food.

The mother now desired one of the boys to go for Kitty, who being informed that she was immediately wanted, came to the house. The mother told her of her father's situation and of the starving condition of the family.

"I will go to Mrs. Rich," said the weeping girl; "she is kind, and I know she will help us."

Seeing no other resource, Kitty was permitted to go, and as soon as her mistress was dressed, the child rushed up to her, and knelt down, weeping bitterly, but unable to say a word.

"What is the matter, child?" said the lady,— "Pray what is the matter?"

"Oh, my mother! my mother!" at last sobbed out the girl.



"Well, what of your mother?" said Mrs. Rich.

"She is unhappy and miserable," said Kitty; "she is starving."

"Starving, child? that is impossible. Starving! why does she not send to the butcher, or the baker?"

"Alas, ma'am, she has no money," said Kitty.

"No money, who ever heard of such a thing? Nonsense, Kitty, you have been dreaming."

"Nay, nay, dear lady, it is too true."

"But where is your father? Why does not he give your mother some money!"

"He is ill, ma'am, very ill, he cannot give my mother any money—he has not got any himself."

"This is more and more strange. You are a good girl, Kitty, and I never knew you to tell a lie, otherwise I should suspect some deception here. It is impossible that any body so near to us here in this very square, in sight of our own house, should be so poor and destitute. Starving, child? I will not believe it."

"Nay, dear lady, I am telling you the truth—the simple truth."

"Hush, hush! I cannot attend to you now. You exaggerate; because your friends are not so rich as we are, because you do not see such fine things at home as you see here,

and because you do not see more food than can be eaten, you think your friends are starving. This is sheer folly. Here is the person who has come to see me about the fancy ball. Leave me now, and do not trouble me any more at present. I will see you again about this matter, by and by."

Saying this, the lady made an imperative sign to Kitty to leave the room, and turned to give her attention to the dress-maker, who had come to consult about a magnificent costume, such as was worn in the days of antiquity by a famous Greek poetess, called Sappho, in which character Mrs. Rich was to appear that very night at a splendid fancy ball to be held at her own house. Seeing that it was in vain to hope for help from this quarter, Kitty left the house, and went home to inform her mother of her ill success.

When she reached the house, she found her father sitting in a chair, in a state of great distress. He was affected by a kind of insanity, which usually attends habitual intoxication, and at the same time he seemed suffering extreme bodily pain. As Kitty en-

tered the room, her mother was standing over him, the picture of despair; and the two little boys, half bewildered by the scene, had drawn close to the feet of their father, and having buried their faces in their hands, were weeping bitterly. Kitty was greatly affected, and she too burst into a flood of tears.

Terence was quite beside himself; at one moment he screamed for brandy, and then he asked for food, and then he cursed his wife and children; and as Kitty approached him, he spoke fiercely to her, and bade her get out of the house.

Oh, what a scene of distress was here! And what was the cause of it? It is easy to tell. The nice little grog shop at the corner of the street; this was the cause of all. When Terence was out of work, this shop tempted him; he went on, he there learned to drink rum, and brandy and other liquors. The place was provided with every allurement that could tempt the lover of liquor; nay, it was provided with every art and device that could make even a sober man a tippler.

This grog shop was to Terence a school-

house of intemperance. Here he became a drunkard; and thus it was that this place converted a respectable, useful man into a wretch; it turned a happy home into a scene of misery and madness! Nay more, we are only telling of one among the many instances of ruin caused by this shop; for there were at least a hundred persons in the habit of frequenting it, and who can say how many families were made as miserable by it, as that of Terence O'Keefe?

I am sorry to tell so painful a story, but having begun, it is proper to tell it all. Poor Terence grew worse and worse, and, at last, he became frantic: weak as he seemed to be, he now rose from his chair, and turning towards his wife with a frightful scream, struck her upon the head, and laid her senseless upon the floor. The children, in great terror, fled away, and hid themselves from the fury of their parent.

At this moment the keeper of the tavern, Mr. Ellis, chanced to be passing by. The frightful cries within the house reached his ears, and he could not refrain from entering.

He opened the door, and the whole scene was before him. The frantic husband stood over his prostrate wife, his eye gleaming with the fire of insanity. The senseless woman, once the picture of content, now haggard, and pallid as a corpse; the children, emaciated from want of food, and seeking to escape from their frenzied parent—all, together, formed such a picture of woe that Mr. Ellis could not endure it. He shut the door, and fled from the scene. But flight could not drive it from his mind, and there was in his heart a perpetual echo, "*this is thy work!*"

The tavern-keeper went to his home; he took his place behind the counter, and began to mix the liquor for his customers, who, as it was now about eleven o'clock in the morning, were flocking in. But his hand had lost its cunning. He mixed brandy toddy for one who ordered a mint-julap, and he poured out gin when whiskey was wanted. Everything went wrong. The man who was famous for his dexterity in serving his customers, and who was celebrated for the accuracy and perfection with which he mixed his drinks,

was now at fault. He called Mr. Thomas Mr. Smith, and Mr. Smith he called Mr. Thomas. He was evidently bewildered, and his customers seeing it, began to utter their jokes at his expense. He, however, did not notice them.

Mr. Ellis had been bred an innkeeper, and being industrious and attentive, he had acquired great skill in his art. It was on account of his good reputation that Mr. Rich, a wealthy importer of liquors, had established him in the shop at the corner. Mr. Rich was a shrewd man, and as the shop belonged to him, he foresaw that it would be a double advantage to get Ellis there, for he would thereby secure a large rent for the shop, and get a good customer for his liquors.

Ellis had now been established for several years, and the result had justified Mr. Rich's calculations. The shop had become a noted drinking place, and the quantity of rum, gin, brandy, &c. that Ellis bought of him to supply his bar, was very great. Ellis himself had pursued his business with untiring devotion, and was already advancing towards

independence. His shop was one of the most respectable in that part of the great city of New York, and he himself was much esteemed. He went regularly to church, and was regarded as a good citizen and neighbour.

From these circumstances, it may be well imagined that Mr. Rich was greatly surprised when, about an hour after the scene we have described at the bar-room, Mr. Ellis entered Mr. Rich's counting-house, and having obtained a private interview, told him that he desired to give up the tavern.

"I am greatly astonished," said Mr. Rich; "pray what is your reason for such a sudden change? I thought you were doing well."

"And so I am," said Ellis, "in some respects; I have made money, but I am afraid I am ruining my fellow-men."

"*Fear that you are ruining your fellow-men! Do I hear this from you, Ellis? Have you caught this whining, hypocritical cant? Pray has the church been putting its screws upon you, or has some old woman, in the shape of a temperance lecturer, been filling your head with folly?*"

"Neither, Sir; I am only influenced by facts that have come under my observation. I said that I feared I was ruining my fellow-men. I spoke too gently; I know at least one instance in which I have converted a good and useful member of society into a wretch; and have made one happy home a scene of desolation and despair; and I have reason to believe that this is but one case out of many."

"And pray, what family is this, that thus excites your holy sympathy?"

"That of Terence O'Keefe, a weaver, who lives near your own house, and whose daughter is a servant in your family."

"A weaver! yes, a weaver! And is this poor, paltry instance to upset the understanding of such a man as you? If so, you are not the person I have taken you for."

"Sir, one instance is enough, if it be clearly proved. If I have ruined one man, though he be a poor weaver, still his blood is on my hands. If I have ruined one family, however humble, I am accountable for that which I know not how to answer. But, sir, I have

reason to believe, as I have said, that this instance I name is but one among many. I am convinced that it is so; I am satisfied, by seeing my customers, month by month, grow degraded, sottish, and brutal, that the general tendency of my trade is to ruin my fellow-men—to make men drunkards; to convert good and useful citizens into sots; to break up the peace of families; to turn kind husbands into brutal tyrants, and affectionate fathers into monsters more savage than wolves—for these are at least tender to their offspring. Sir, I will not pursue a trade that tends to such results: I had rather die a beggar in the streets.”

“Why, Ellis, this is sheer madness. I am astonished that a man of common sense, a cool, clear-headed fellow like you, should get this temperance maggot in your brain. Why, this present excitement is all moonshine—a fever of a few hot heads, and will soon pass away. Even now, every sensible man who knows the world, laughs at it: a few politicians may yield to it out of doors, and go about making temperance speeches, but they

treat themselves to the best of wines and liquors when they get home. You take too narrow a view of the matter. If you do not sell liquors, somebody else will; if you give up the shop, I can easily find another man to take it."

"That may be, sir, but it is enough for me to know my duty. It will not excuse me for committing sin that others will commit sin. It would be a poor plea for a murderer to set up, that if he did not kill his fellow-men, others will be found who will."

"But look here, Ellis—by keeping a tavern, you do not make men drink: you do not make drunkards."

"I do not force them to drink and to become drunkards, but I furnish inducements, facilities, temptations. I set snares for their feet, and though I do not push men into these, I know that they will, and I intend that they shall, fall into them. My success depends entirely on their yielding to the temptation offered to them. Now, in a moral point of view, in the sight of God,

what is the difference between forcing men to sin and tempting them to sin? What is the difference, if knowingly and with your eyes open, you ruin a man, whether it is done by force, or by playing upon his weakness or his passions? What is the difference between pushing a man off a precipice, and leading him through a dark passage where you have dug a pit into which he falls?"

"This is mere wire-drawing, Ellis. Men will drink, and you may as well have the profit as another. You cannot cure mankind; there will be about so much evil, and if one kind of evil is prevented, another as bad will spring up."

"I think not, sir. Drinking certainly is the parent of many other vices and crimes. The gangs of thieves, counterfeiters, burglars, pilferers, and robbers that infest this great city, generally get their first lessons in crime at the public-house. It is liquor that first hardens men's minds and sets them into criminal courses. It is liquor which sustains and supports these criminals in their hours of leisure. Annihilate drinking houses,

and you destroy the schools of crime: and one thing more, you destroy the great means by which rogues sustain their resolution, and fortify their nerves in the evil pursuits to which they are addicted. A sober thief, or robber, or burglar can hardly be found: it is liquor only, which, like an ever present fiend, rouses the heart and the arm to deeds of evil. Before committing a crime, the rogue drinks to give himself courage; after the crime is committed he drinks to drown his thoughts. His mind, his conscience would force him to abandon his way of life, if he could not quiet them with drink."

"And how is it, Ellis, that you have just got a notion of all this?"

"My way of life has taught it to me; I have read all this again and again in my bar-room."

"It seems to me that your new light has come all of a sudden."

"So it may seem; but the fact is I have resisted the light and appeased my conscience, by the common-place arguments such as you have just been using to me. I

have done this, but I will do it no longer. I will not rebuke others who are yet blind, but my own eyes being opened, I shall follow the light, fearless and careless of the sneers of those who still linger, as I think, in darkness."

"This is very cool."

"But it is at least sincere, and I hope the hour will come, sir, when you will see the subject as I do."

"No sir, never; this whining cant may do for the weak, but not for me. It is sheer hypocrisy. Besides, this game is not to be all played on one side. Look at the consequences of this temperance movement, Ellis! If drinking is given up, I shall lose the rent of the shop, which brings me 1500 dollars a year; and besides, my business, which yields at least 5000 dollars a year, will be ruined. What right have a set of madmen thus to combine to ruin people's property, and destroy the means by which they live? Ellis be warned in time! This conspiracy of a few hot-headed enthusiasts, united with a parcel of political mountebanks, will not be endured."

“Remember that there is a vast deal of property at stake upon this question. Remember that many of our richest men are drawing their income from the liquor trade: a trade which has been the foundation of some of the greatest estates among us, and the making of some of the greatest fortunes in the country—an interest involving millions of dollars and the pride of great names will be arrayed against you. Remember that you are taking sides with the narrow-minded, the poor, the weak, the contemptible. Remember that in the strife that is to be waged, you will yourself be selected as a mark to be shot at. I have hitherto been your friend; if you take this step, I shall be your enemy. You shall be hunted down if twenty thousand dollars can do it! I have no more to say; leave me, and reflect upon what I have said.”

Ellis went away, but every word that Mr. Rich had said tended to confirm him in his virtuous purpose. He knew Mr. Rich to be a man of good sense, and generally of good feelings. Perceiving that on the pre-

sent occasion, he resorted to the most shallow arguments and indulged in malignant threats, he justly inferred that the cause must be bad which required such false reasoning and such threats of persecution to sustain it; and which induced a sensible and respectable man so far to forget himself as to be guilty of unfairness and violence.

Mr. Rich had scarcely recovered from the ruffling effect of Mr. Ellis's visit, when his splendid carriage stopped at the door of his counting-house, and his lady entered. Obtaining a private interview with her husband, she told him that the expenses of the fancy ball were likely to be much greater than she had calculated upon, and she requested him to let her have five hundred dollars more, which, she doubted not, would cover all.

"You must have it, my dear, of course," said Mr. Rich, "but I do not know what we are all coming to. Ellis has just been here, and says he must give up the shop, on account of scruples of conscience about selling liquors! My trade is falling off because of

these temperance movements, and I really fear the consequences."

"Nonsense, my dear Mr. Rich," said his wife gaily; "why, this temperance movement is only carried on by a few low fellows, is it? It cannot surely affect such a man as you."

"Why, my dear, the difficulty is that upon these low fellows, our trade mostly depends. If the lower classes stop drinking, it will ruin half the importers of liquors in the city. We liquor dealers thrive by the thirsty throats of the poor. It is by emptying the pockets of those who have only a few shillings, into our own purses, that we get rich. The fact that the poor have taken up the temperance business is alarming, and what is most to be dreaded is, that the Irish are taking the temperance pledge. We shall hardly be able to give fancy balls, if this goes on."

"But it will not go on; it cannot go on. It is impossible that these dregs of society should undermine the rich and the respectable. As well might the worm of the sod take wings, and attack the eagle."

"You are poetical, my love."

"And why should I not be, dear, as I personate Sappho to-night, the sweetest woman-poet of all antiquity? But to be serious; pray get that frown off your brow before you come home!"

"I shall try; but Ellis has just been here, and it has shocked my feelings to see such a man as he is carried away by this temperance frenzy."

"Pray what is it that has turned the head of Ellis?"

"Why it seems that Terence O'Keefe has turned drunkard, and Ellis thinks he has been led into it by frequenting his shop."

"Fiddle de dee! and is all this uproar to be made because a poor Irish weaver has turned drunkard? Are *you* to be disturbed, and is a cloud to be thrown over our fancy-ball by such a trifle as this? My dear Mr. Rich, it is too bad. I heard something of Terence O'Keefe's family this morning. Kitty came and told me that they were all starving, the minx! And it seems that this was not enough, but this drunken weaver

must be thrust upon us again, just when all our thoughts should be free to make this fancy-ball pass off well! Do, my husband, dismiss this matter from your mind! It is unworthy of you to allow these insects of society to annoy one so infinitely above them."

"Well, well, my love, it shall be so:" and the lady departed taking the five hundred dollars in her hand. She hurried home, and had scarcely taken off her bonnet, when Kitty, impelled by the necessities of her family, appeared at the door of the apartment, prepared once more to appeal to her charity. But the moment was unpropitious. It is true that Mrs. Rich was esteemed a kind-hearted woman, and was rather distinguished for her benevolence. But her charities were generally of the fashionable kind, and when she gave, it was always so largely as to make a noise. The little silent acts of kindness, which, as gentle rains fertilize the earth, scatter peace and happiness over society; and which, like the widow's mite, are of more account in the sight of God than

all the ostentatious donations of the rich—these she did not approve, or practise. In the common intercourse of life, she was imperious, harsh and selfish, and as is common with this species of character, was most severe when the insignificance of the object rendered her most sure of impunity.

To poor Kitty, then, who little dreamed of the storm that was impending, the first salutation of the lady was like a clap of thunder.

“So, you have come again, have you? And I suppose it is to beg for your good-for-nothing drunken father.”

“My dear lady!” said Kitty.

“Don’t *dear* me!” was the reply; “I have just learned that your father is a good-for-nothing drunken fellow, and I make it a matter of principle not to encourage such people.”

“But my poor mother!” began Kitty, humbly, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

“I know nothing about your mother, and do not wish to know anything about her. I have seen enough of the family already; so

pack up, Miss, and do not come here again ! I am quite tired of the sight of you ; and just now when everybody should be cheerful about the house, it makes me angry to see your wo-begone face ; so pack up and be gone !”

As these words were uttered in a decisive tone, Kitty, making no reply, sped to her chamber, took the few articles that belonged to her and ran home. Her mother had recovered from the stunning effects of the blow given by her insane husband, and he had relapsed into his former state of weakness. He was now lying upon the miserable bed, and the wife scarcely able to support herself was watching by his side.

It was perhaps the most painful part of poor Terence's condition, that he was fully conscious of his degradation, and the horror of his mind at the ruin he had wrought, not upon himself only, but upon his family, was dreadful. He felt like a wretch condemned, and longed for something to quiet his distress. He was like a person whose sight is offended by the light, and who is willing to

put it out, to obtain relief. His mind dwelt with an insane desire upon drink, and again he besought his wife and children to get him some brandy. His brain seemed on fire, and he appeared to think that the liquor might quench it. But although his wife would



have complied with his wishes, it was wholly out of her power. She had not one cent in the house, and she knew it was vain for one like her to hope to get trusted for liquors.

The day passed, and the night came. About eight o'clock in the evening, one after

another of the rooms in Mr. Rich's splendid mansion was lighted up, and in a short time the whole edifice seemed illuminated. At nine, the carriages began to drive up, and the street in front of the house was soon thronged with them. The clanking steps were let down, and the gaily-dressed guests entered the door, one after another. There were the costumes of all countries, and all ages; kings, queens, troubadours, knights, diplomatists, Turks, brigands, poets, shepherds and shepherdesses. These entered the saloons; the music struck up; the merry masquers arranged themselves in sets, and the dance began.

It was at this moment that Ellis entered the house of Terence O'Keefe. Mr. Rich's mansion was at a short distance across the square, and the light gushing through the windows, cast a dim reflection into the darkened dwelling of the weaver. It was the only light there, for now, even a candle was a luxury beyond the means of this impoverished family.

Everything around was silent, and Ellis,

whose mind was now roused to reflection, paused to moralize. "How little," said he mentally, "do these gay and thoughtless people in the great house yonder, reflect that a scene of misery like this, in this humble dwelling, is so near to them ! How little do the rich care for the sorrows of the poor, and how little do these revellers reflect upon the fact, that the money that pays the cost of that gay scene, is obtained by making drunkards, by ruining the poor, by bringing agony and distress upon men, women and children ! Yet so it is, and I have been a participater in these crimes ; I too have done my part in degrading my fellow-men. But thank Heaven, my eyes are now opened ; I have closed my shop this night, and never again shall it be opened by me. And now let me do what I may, to repair the mischief I have done."

Saying this to himself, Mr. Ellis called aloud, and the wife of Terence O'Keefe answered him. With some difficulty, she rose from the floor where she was sitting at her husband's bed-side. She came forward, and Mr. Ellis told her he had brought some

food, and asked her to furnish a light. To this the woman replied that she had none. The heart of Ellis was pained at this evidence of extreme poverty, and he immediately went to his own house, and procured a lantern. Returning speedily, an ample supply of bread and cooked meat was set by him upon the table. The children who had sunk into an



uneasy slumber, were awaked, and all were permitted to partake of the first food they had tasted since the preceding morning.

In a short time, by the aid of Ellis, who now seemed to take the guidance of matters into his own hands, a fire was kindled, and a cup of tea was prepared for Terence. It

was with difficulty that he could be aroused. He had sunk into a state of stupor, and it is probable that he would never have opened his eyes again, if it had not been for the timely interference that was now afforded. He tasted the tea, ate a small quantity of bread, and then fell asleep.

It was near midnight when Ellis left the house of the poor Irishman, having first seen that all were as comfortable as he could make them. On leaving it, he remarked that the gorgeous light still gushed from the windows of Mr. Rich, and the music still pealed through the apartments. He saw, too, the gay figures pass and repass before the windows, as if all were happy, and there was no drawback to their bliss. "So it is," said he; for it is wonderful how an enlightened conscience draws truth and wisdom from every passing event; "So it is; one portion of mankind feeds upon another; so it is that the happiness of the poor and the weak and the ignorant must be sacrificed to feed the luxuries of the cunning and selfish; so it is that the heart's blood of the poor, must

furnish oil to light up the revels of the selfish and the unprincipled. That gay entertainment of the haughty liquor-dealer will cost a thousand dollars, and how many families of the poor and ignorant must be made wretched to pay for it !”

The morning that followed these events found the shop of Ellis closed. The conjectures upon the occasion were various : some said that he had cut his throat ; others that he had failed ; and others that he had turned teetotaller, and was about setting up as a Methodist preacher. While these rumours were rife in the street, Ellis paid another visit to Mr. Rich, for the purpose of giving up his lease.

Mr. Rich used every means in his power to induce the inn-keeper to change his determination. He argued, pleaded, flattered, threatened, but in vain. He grew angry at last, and Mr. Ellis left him in a state of high excitement. “ Go,” said he, “ poor driveller, and sign the pledge—go and make yourself a beggar and a bye-word.” These were the last words of the incensed wine-merchant

that reached the ears of his quondam tenant.

From this place Ellis went to the house of O'Keefe, and found that the aspect of things had greatly improved. Terence was better, but still unable to sit up; his daughter was reading to him. He seemed however in a



tranquil state of mind, and Mr. Ellis entered into conversation with him. He frankly confessed to the Irishman that he thought he had contributed to his downfall, and was anxious to repair his error. The wife was present, and she wept aloud in the fulness of her heart. Terence also wept, and said that he wished to recover, so that he might do

something for his family, but at the same time said that he was much afraid he should relapse into his former habits.

Mr. Ellis now advised him to sign the temperance pledge, in which so many of his countrymen had set him an example. Terence promised to do it, and Mr. Ellis the same day brought a clergyman to the house who had one of the papers, and Terence gladly signed it.

From this time forward the prospects of the family improved. Terence gradually recovered, though for some weeks he was too feeble to work much. When he was unemployed, Kitty read to him, and this seemed to be his greatest pleasure. Mr. Ellis was very kind, and furnished such necessaries as the family wanted, until a few months after, when business revived, and Terence being fully employed, was able again to obtain ample support for them. He observed his pledge of abstinence faithfully, in which he was much assisted by the amusement furnished by the reading of Kitty.

We need say little more, as our story is

new near its close. Mr. Ellis adhered to his determination never again to sell liquors, and he was strengthened in his resolution by visits which he paid to the houses of about twenty of his best customers. In every instance he found that the liquor they drank at his shop was injurious, and in several he was forced to believe that by his own means, the peace of families had been destroyed. In no case had he the least reason to suppose that the liquor he sold was beneficial; and like an honest man he resolved not to pursue a trade, however profitable, which was injurious or destructive to his fellow-creatures.

Mr. Rich, being wealthy, had that self-confidence which wealth often induces. He was wise in his own conceit, and fortified by the suggestions of interest, he still continues his trade. The case of Ellis startled his conscience a little, but he resisted its suggestions. Moreover, he drank good liquors pretty freely, and nothing quiets the disturbed conscience like this habit. He was not a deep drinker, but a moderate one, as the phrase goes. He drank just enough to sustain his

resolution to continue his traffic ; just enough to shut out the light that would otherwise have burst in upon his mind ; just enough to cultivate that habit of selfishness which induces a man to promote his own interest, with little or no regard to the good of mankind.

Mr. Rich is a business man, and though he lives freely, yet his line of business is a thrifty one, and he grows more and more wealthy, gives splendid parties, and is in an eminent degree what the world call, a prosperous man.



THE
PLEASURE BOAT;
OR,
THE BROKEN PROMISE.



A GENTLEMAN, who lived in a fine house upon the banks of a beautiful lake, had five children, the two youngest of whom were twins—a boy and girl: these were four years old; while the others, a brother and two sisters, were much older.

The father of this family had a very pretty boat, and it was one of the greatest pleasures that the children could enjoy, to sail in it upon the lake. It was delightful to glide over the blue water; to see the fishes playing down deep in its bosom; to see the birds shooting over its surface, and often dipping their wings in the wave; and above all—it was delightful to visit a little island in the lake, upon which a pair of swans had hatched a brood of young ones, and which were now able to swim with their parents over the water.

One fine summer day these children begged their parents to let them go to the lake, and sail upon it in the boat; but the parents were afraid that they would get drowned, and refused their consent. The children then requested permission to go and walk along the border of the lake, saying that they would not go out in the boat. Upon this promise, the parents consented to the request, and accordingly the children started for their ramble.

They strolled along the edge of the water

for some time, picking flowers upon the banks, or gathering shells and pebbles on the beach. By and by they saw the swans near the island, at a little distance, and they looked so quiet, beautiful and happy, that the children longed to get into the boat, and go out and see them. At last Thomas, the eldest of the group, proposed that they should do so, saying that the water was so smooth, no doubt their parents would be willing to let them go.

Now as Thomas was the eldest, he had influence over the others, and as he promised to be very careful, they consented. Having all got into the boat, Thomas took the paddle, placed it at the stern, and shoved the little vessel briskly through the water.

Directing its course at the same time that he urged it forward, he took the party from place to place, and at last they came to the island of the swans. Close by its margin they found the flock, consisting of the two parent birds, and their three young ones.

The swans were well acquainted with the children, and seemed to regard them as

friends; so that when the boat approached, they arched their long necks, and came up close to it. The old ones even put their heads forward and ate some corn out of the hands of the twins, which they had brought for the purpose. The young ones ate the pieces of bread which were given to them in the water, and dived down to seize the grains of corn that were thrown out.

The twins, who were named Frank and Fanny, were greatly charmed with all this, but they seemed to enjoy it in different ways. Fanny was mild and gentle in her feelings, and her happiness seemed to partake of her general character. She regarded the swans with a pleased but tranquil look, and spoke to them in soft and tender tones.

But Frank was more ardent in his temper. He could not conduct himself with much order. He threw up his arms, and clapped his hands, and shouted till the borders of the lake echoed with his merry cries. Nor was all this enough. He was very anxious to take hold of one of the little swans. His sisters both warned him against this, and

told him that in stooping over as he had done several times, he was in danger of falling into the water.

But most children are thoughtless, and seldom fear danger, till they have had some experience of evil. So it was with our joyous little boy of the boat. He heeded not the



caution of his sisters, but continued his pranks, and at last, reaching forward to seize one of the young swans, fell headlong into the water!

There was a wild shriek from all the children as their little brother plunged into the lake and disappeared beneath the water.

In a few seconds the poor boy came to the surface, and being very near the boat, the two sisters reached suddenly forward to take hold of him; this turned the boat on its side, and in an instant it was upset and all the party were thrown into the water.

Fortunately the water at this place was not deep, and Thomas soon succeeded in getting his sisters, including little Fanny, to the island, which was close at hand. But Frank, who was the cause of the accident, was still in the water, and had disappeared beneath its surface.

I cannot tell you with what agony Thomas searched about in the water for his dear little brother. I cannot tell you how his older sisters, standing on the shore, wrung their hands in anxiety and grief. I cannot tell you how little Fanny too cried out to Thomas to bring brother Frank out of the water.

Already Frank had been two or three minutes in the lake, and Thomas knew that if he was not very soon taken out he would never breathe again. It was, therefore, with

a degree of distress which I cannot describe, that he plunged into the water, and searched along the bottom for his little brother. At last he felt something upon the sand, and, laying hold of it, he drew it forth, and lo! it was little Frank. Thomas brought him to the land, but how pale and deathlike was the face of the child!



One of the sisters took him in her arms, and held him to her bosom, seeking to bring back the colour and warmth to his cold cheek. She sat down with him in her lap, and they all knelt around, and while they wept they took his little cold hands in theirs, and with streaming eyes kissed him over and over again.

It was heart-rending to see little Fanny, looking into his face with terror at seeing it so white and so still. It seemed to her like sleep, but oh, how fearful seemed that strange, cold sleep, in one, but a few minutes before, the very image and impress of love and life and joy.

With timid and trembling fingers, Fanny at length took the hand of her brother, and lifting it to her lips, kissed it tenderly; and then she kissed his cheek; and then she spoke gently to him, saying, "Dear Frank, do you not know little Fanny? will you not speak to Fanny? will you not open your eyes, and look at me?" There was no answer, and the child burst into a gush of tears. But at this moment there was a slight movement in the little boy's frame, and he opened his eyes.

These signs of life gave inexpressible joy to the children. They even sobbed aloud, and clapped their hands, and wept, and jumped up and down, all in the same moment. After some minutes, and symptoms of great distress, Frank recovered, and look-

ing round, seemed to know his sisters, and to become conscious of his situation. Soon after this, Thomas swam to the boat, and having pushed it to the shore and baled out the water, the little party returned towards their home.

Now these children loved their parents very much, but they were afraid to meet



them, and really did not wish to go home. The reason was that they were conscious of their error, and saw that their disobedience had put to risk the life of their little brother. It was proposed by one of the unhappy party to conceal the fact, and account for the condition of Frank by saying that he had slipped into the water while walking along the bank. Thus it is that one fault begets another. Disobedience brings about accident, and this

leads to falsehood: nay, it makes children, who before loved father and mother, dread their presence, seek to avoid them, and at last to deceive them.

But I am glad to say, that in this instance the little party did not act thus: they went straight to their mother, told the truth, confessed their faults, and begged forgiveness. This was granted, and then the father knelt down, and they all knelt with him, and they thanked God that the life of the little boy had been saved, and prayed that the erring boys and girls might be kept from farther disobedience.



ATTENTION ;

OR,

THE TWO BROTHERS.



ATTENTION is either praiseworthy or not, according to the object it selects. Praiseworthy attentions are chiefly as follows :

Attention to the duties of religion.

Attention of children to parents.

Attention of young people to their studies.

Attention to the sick.

Attention to business.

Attention to dress.

Attention to the duties of religion, such as praying to God, and attending divine service, is not only the most delightful attention that can be paid, but is of most solid advantage to us, as by it we secure the blessing of Providence upon our actions, and it is only a preparation for the numerous comforts we enjoy.

Attention of children to parents who have taken care of them from infancy, being a proof of a grateful mind, is always lovely and praiseworthy.

Attention of young people to their studies is the only way for them to secure improvement, for without it they must remain for ever in ignorance; for instance, if, when I am addressing you, you were all the time playing, or thinking of something else, you could never know what attention meant, nor the advantages to be gained by it.

Attention to the sick is required from us by the precepts of religion, and by the need we may some day have for such attention ourselves.

Attention to business merely consists in minding what we have got to do, and is always rewarded with profit.

Attention to dress is necessary, as far as relates to cleanliness and propriety, but no further.

You shall now hear a story which will show you the great use and value of attention.

Charles and George were twin brothers. the children of Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of small income, but who had, nevertheless, given them an excellent education. Both Charles and George were boys of naturally good dispositions; but Charles was careless, and George thoughtful. George always paid attention to what was said to him, and Charles did not. Charles was clever, and George rather dull; but the attention which George paid to his studies was so great, that he presently got the start of his brother. Charles was very much astonished when he found that George understood Latin better than himself, and was not aware, that his deficiency was entirely owing to the want of attention.

One day, when George and Charles were both of them very young, their father, who was a wise and good man, made each of them a present of a picture, entitled *Attention*, with strict injunctions to keep it safe, and to look at it often.

George had made a great many friends when young, by the attention he was always disposed to pay to his acquaintance, and particularly one old gentleman, who was very infirm, and who received his civilities with great kindness. As Charles, on the contrary, did not care for any one, so there were very few but his parents who cared for him.

At length, George and Charles were both of them sent into the world, and placed in the counting-houses of merchants of eminence, who were friends of Mr. Wilson. George immediately began to pay *attention* to business, and Charles was as inattentive as ever. George was always employed, and Charles did nothing but follow pleasure. Now there is not anything more agreeable than amusement, when it does not interfere with business; but, at the same time, there

is not anything that can be more dangerous, when it does.

In a few years, Charles and George were established in business as Leghorn merchants, by the liberality of their father, who left himself but a very small income to live upon. Mr. Wilson had, however, the pleasure to see both his children in good circumstances before his death.

George paid so much attention to his concerns, that he was already in a way of getting rich; and, in addition to his own industry, he had to reap the benefit of his dutiful conduct to the merchant whom he had served, who died about this time, and left him his whole property.

Charles, during the time of his being in London, had not visited his brother more than three times; and though George had frequently called to see him, he never took any notice of his kindness, but altogether neglected him. Charles was engaged wholly in folly and extravagance, and was going on in a very bad way; in short, his concerns had been so mismanaged, that he was on the point of becoming a bankrupt.

One day, Charles returned home to his house, in great distress of mind, as he had not been able to make up a payment on which his credit depended. He had occasion to examine his desk to find some papers of consequence, when, in his search, he happened to lay his hand upon, and unrolled the neglected gift of his father, the picture of *Attention*.

Charles burst into tears when he beheld the picture, and threw himself in an agony of despair upon his bed, when a letter was brought him by the servant from an acquaintance, which informed him that his brother was very ill. Charles, for the first time in his life, felt that he had neglected his brother, for the portrait of *Attention* had made an impression upon his mind. He arose immediately, and went to the house of Mr. George Wilson, but found that he kept his bed; he was, however, admitted, and George, who had not expected such a visitor, was nearly overcome at the sight of his brother.

They embraced; and Charles, who hap-

pened to have heard of a case similar to his brother's, which had been managed with great success by his own physician, sent for him, while he remained at the bedside. In the course of conversation George inquired very kindly after the state of his brother's affairs, and told him, that he hoped he was going on prosperously. Charles, with a heart full of pain, only gave evasive answers; and, on his brother's insisting that something pressed on his spirits, took his leave.

George Wilson presently after got well, and the very first thing that he did was to call upon his brother Charles, to thank him for his kind *attention*, which had been the means of restoring him to health. George, having found the door open, walked immediately towards his brother's counting-house, when he heard some very strong language, and found his brother engaged in conversation with one of his principal creditors, who threatened to make him a bankrupt, if he did not immediately come to a settlement.

George had been noticed by his brother,

and could see, in his turn, that Charles was sensible that he had heard everything. George, therefore, begged of the creditor to acquaint him of the cause of his treating his brother with so little respect. The creditor made answer, that payment had been put off continually, and that he would wait no longer.

George requested to know the amount of the debt, which was two thousand pounds, and, with a heart full of love and joy, sat down instantly at the desk, and having drawn a check on his banker for that amount, put it into the hands of his brother, saying at the same time, "My dear Charles, this is but a small return for the kind attention you showed me a few days ago." The creditor retired satisfied, and Charles embraced his brother, while tears of gratitude for such timely assistance flowed from his eyes.

George now desired to know the real state of his brother's affairs, which, after some difficulty, he was prevailed upon to disclose, and which were as bad as they could be. However, such was the prudence and *atten-*

tion of George Wilson, that he soon presented his brother with a plan, by which, with *attention*, he might extricate himself. Charles, thoroughly sensible of the wisdom of his brother's advice, forsook his former propensities, and paid the necessary *attention* to his affairs, when his difficulties lessened by degrees; and, at length, he had the pleasure to find himself out of debt, and is now a rich man.



CONCLUSION.

I must now say a few words to my young readers in bringing this little book to a close. I hope the stories it contains will please you, and have the effect on your minds which I

intended them to have. It has been my chief object in the longer tales to set forth the excellence of good temper and cheerfulness, united with energy and perseverance; to show that sources of proper enjoyment will be found all round us if we will but look for them in a right spirit. However strange it may sound to you, it will be found true, that blessings come by looking for them. If you are inclined to be miserable and discontented, whether you live in a palace or a cottage, you may easily find enough to grumble at. You will have wishes which cannot be fulfilled, and you will be sure to meet with disappointments. But if, on the contrary, with a thankful heart, you look around you, to see what comforts and advantages God has given you, the search will not be in vain, and you will find that the prime elements of happiness lie within you and in your own power.

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