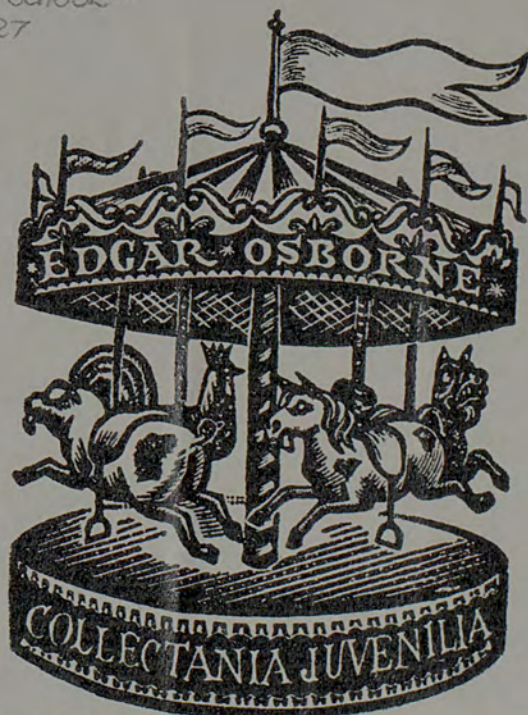


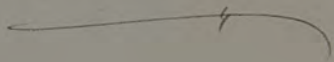
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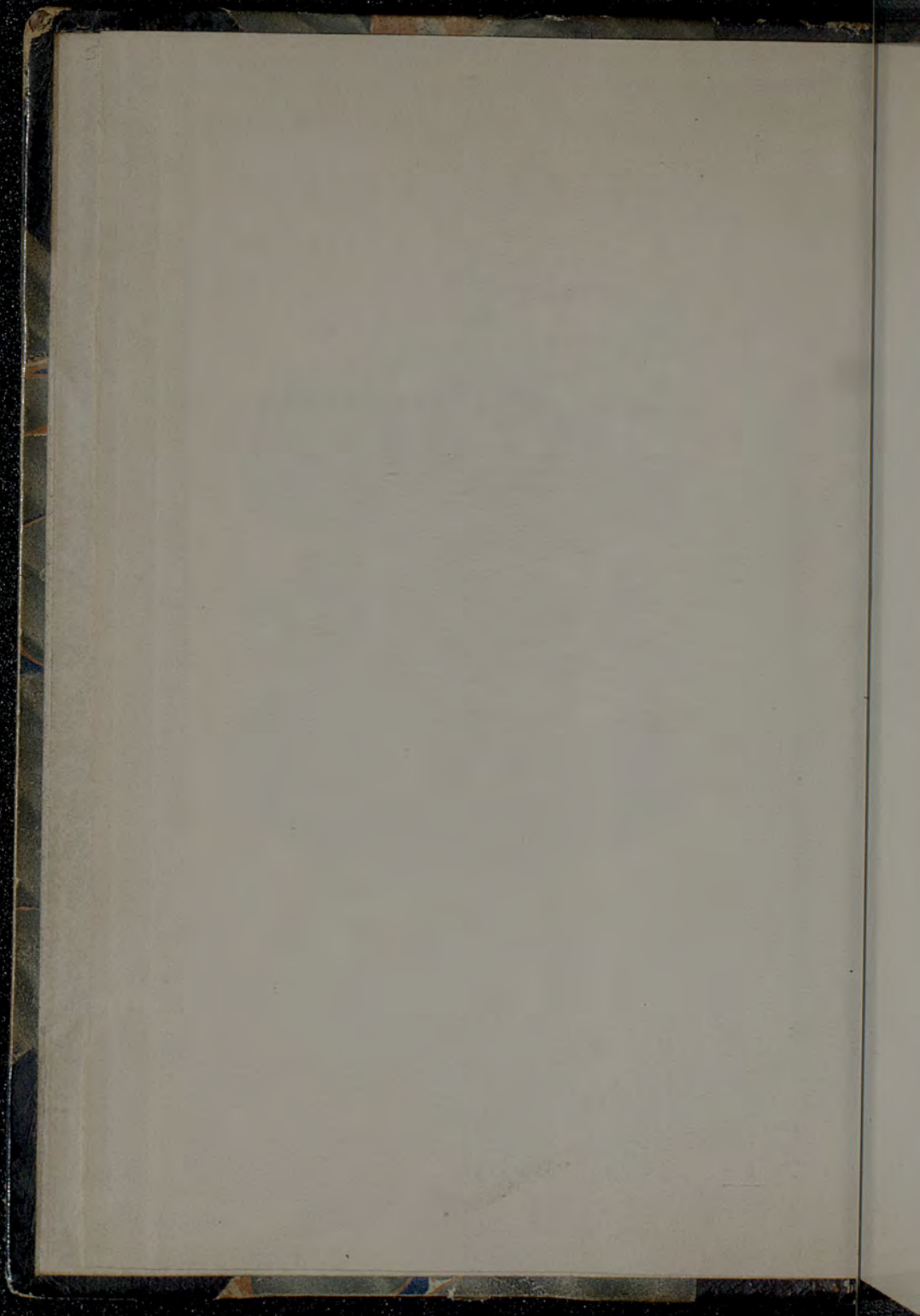


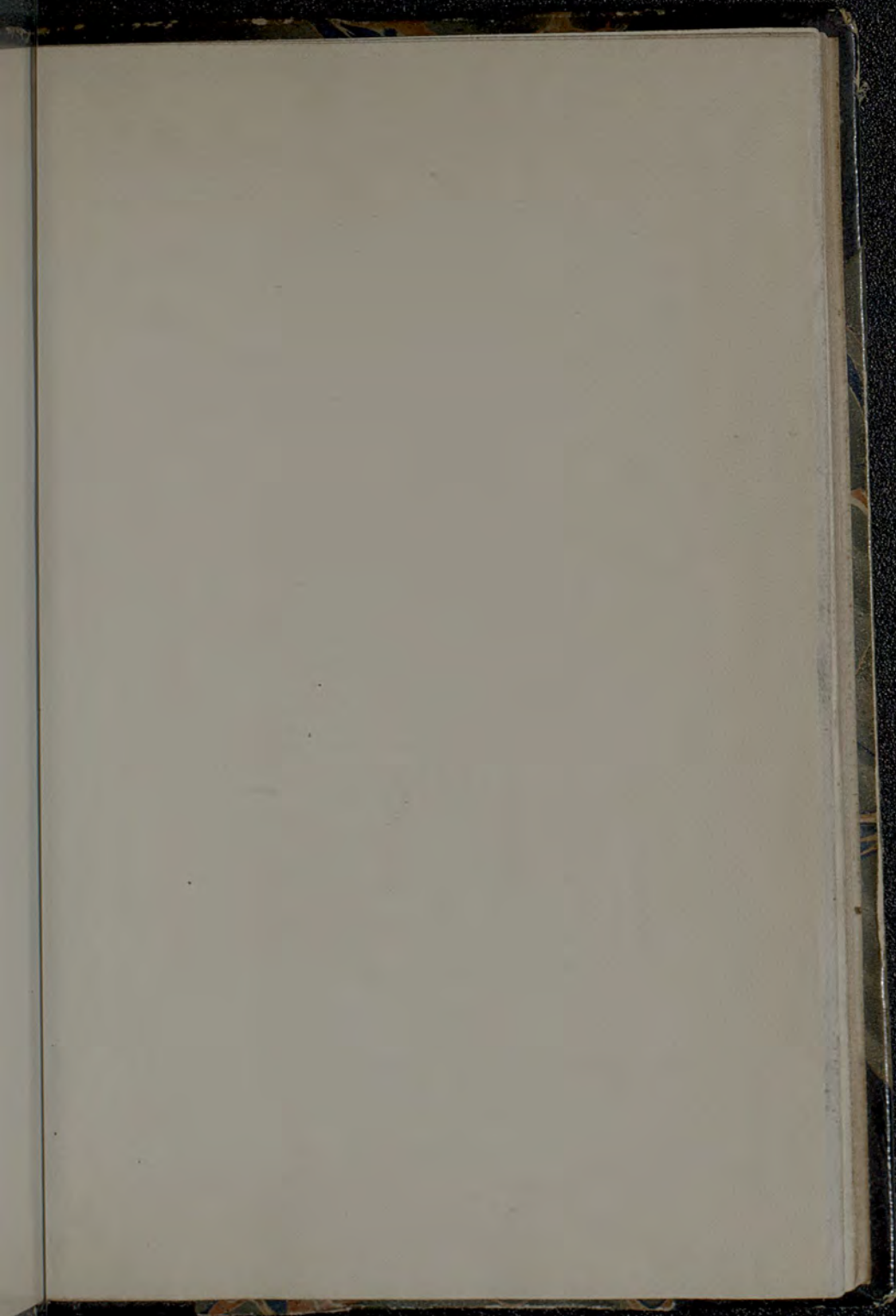
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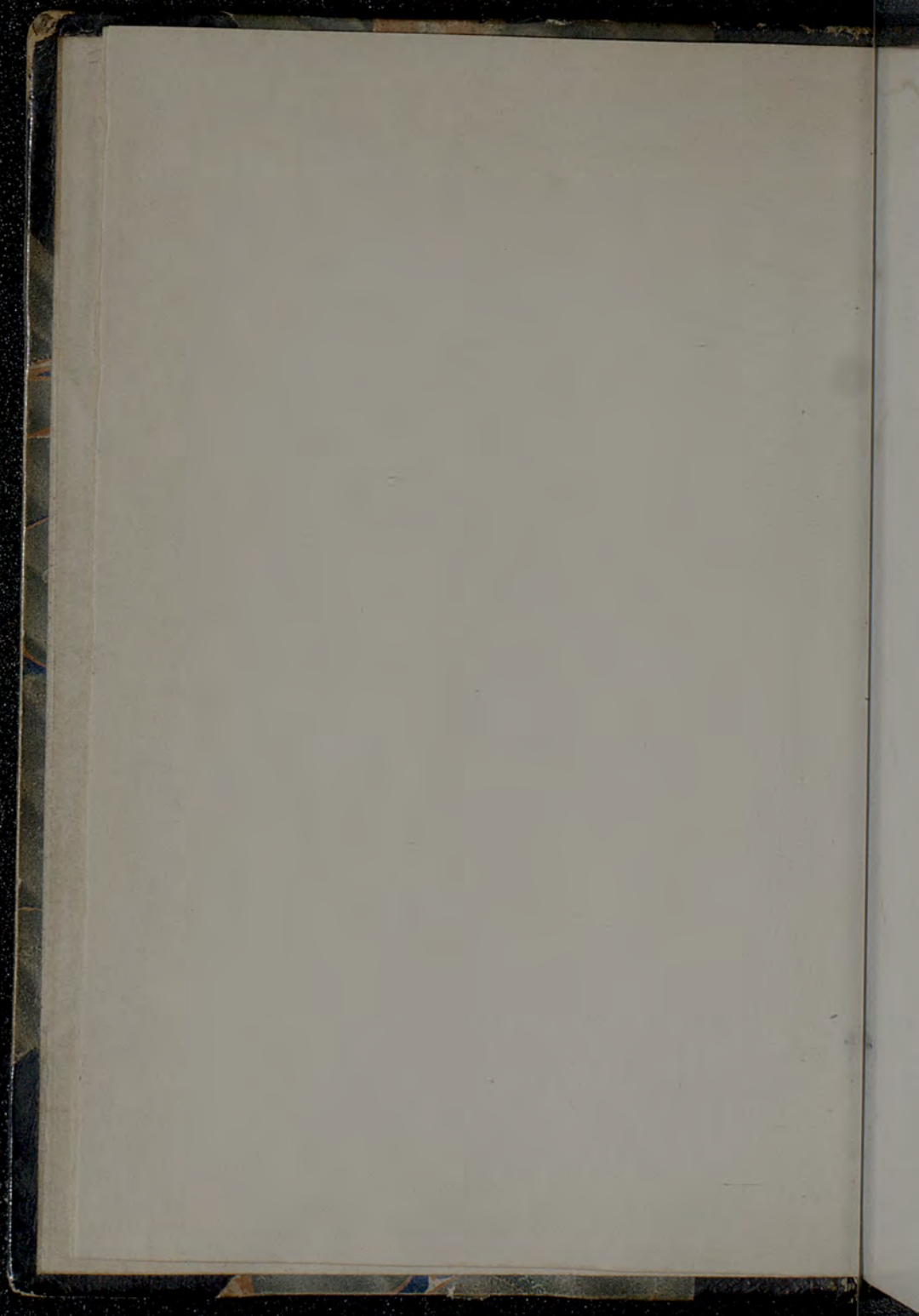
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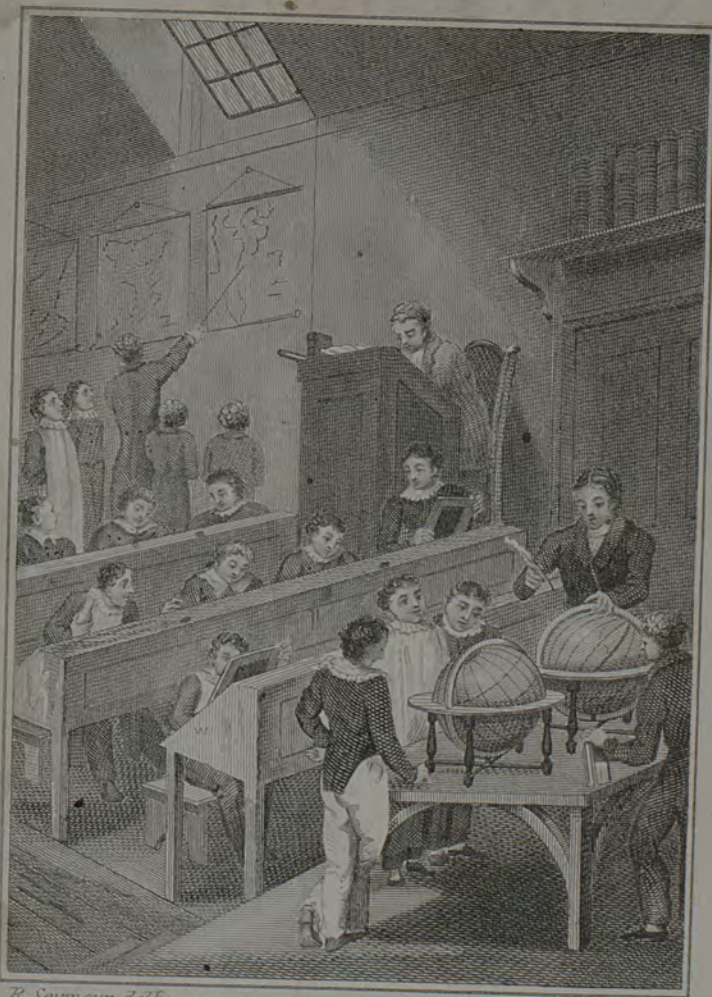












R. Seymour del.

Engraved by S. Bellin.

THE SCHOOL DESCRIBED.

to face page 3.

IN SCHOOL
AND
OUT OF SCHOOL,
OR, THE
HISTORY OF WILLIAM AND JOHN.

AN INTERESTING TALE.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS BOTH.

London:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY DEAN AND MUNDAY,
THREADNEEDLE-STREET,

1827.

THE HISTORY OF THE

OUTRAGE OF 1837
... in the latter part of the late
... on account of their extensive
... the result is assumed that
... they are strictly true, both in
... and expansion.

It is hoped, that no one will
to read without an objection to
... and without being
... and without being

ADVERTISEMENT.

SHOULD it be thought that the things stated in the latter part of this little history, on account of their extraordinary nature, are too wonderful to be believed, the reader is assured that they are strictly true, both in sense and expression.

It is hoped, that no one will begin to read without an intention to continue, nor end without being both entertained and benefitted.

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to read without an intention to con-
tinue, nor end without being both
entertained and benefited.

IN SCHOOL

AND

OUT OF SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

IT is not a little remarkable, that though the heroes of this Tale were not brothers, yet they were born of the same kind of parents, were educated at the same school, learned and loved the same things, resided in the same town, lived nearly to the same age, died in the same manner, were buried in the same burying ground, went to the same place, and are now engaged in the same happy employments.

As William and John, for these were their real names, had passed their sixth year, their

parents were very anxious that they should be placed under a tutor, who would not only instruct them well in knowledge, that would fit them for the duties of life, but who would also sow the seeds of that higher wisdom, which if watered by the dews of heavenly grace, would make them happy for ever: persuaded that one without the other, if not injurious, would be but of limited advantage.

Their school being selected, they were informed of the day when they would be likely to enter it. At this news joy sparkled in their faces; but not that excessive joy that too much resembles those flowers that bloom and die in a day. They did not beg their parents to let them go and then give them trouble, by making objections when the time arrived, but patiently waited the event, forming good resolutions of future behaviour, which they were so happy as not merely to make, but to observe.

The important period soon came, and our young heroes got up very early in the morning to welcome it. The sun had just ascended above the horizon, and the little lark,

with other merry songsters, was singing sweetly, and encouraging them in their anticipated duties; for fearing they might not be so good as they wished to be, their spirits were somewhat dejected.

Having thanked the Almighty for his kind protection during the night, and committed themselves afresh to his care, they washed their teeth, face and hands, and brushed their clothes. For it is worthy of notice, that at this early age, they had learned to do these things, not as a task, but as a pleasure. Thus they went from their chambers quite fit for school. After breakfast was ended, they proceeded cheerfully to their tutor's house, and their parents having embraced them, committed them fully to his direction; who, kindly taking them by the hand and encouraging them, introduced them into the school-room, which was well adapted for the purposes of study, being very lofty and retired. The walls of it were hung with various astronomical and philosophical illustrations, and with several large maps. The new scene at first, naturally excited their astonishment,

and not seeing any boys so young or so small as themselves, they felt a little strange; but they were not discouraged, and contentedly took the lowest places, resolving, however, that they would get higher as soon as they could.

As their last school was only preparatory, and they were so very young, it is not surprising that they should appear somewhat backward in their new situation, where the pursuits were of a much higher kind than those to which they were accustomed; for several of the pupils were reading the highest classic authors, and studying the superior branches of the mathematics. Besides they had before only assembled with children of their own age, who perhaps had not abilities so good as theirs, but now they had a new tutor to please and new lessons to learn. How they succeeded, our young readers will shortly be informed.

Being examined as to their progress, they had lessons appointed them which were by no means small for such little fellows, for they were directed to learn a portion of Latin gram-

mar and geography, which was to be studied after the hours of school in the evening as preparatory for the next day, when, in addition to the repeating of lessons, they had to attend to writing, reading, arithmetic, &c. and to answer promiscuous questions proposed by the different masters as they might arise out of their studies.

To youth of indolent habits, such arrangements would have been far from agreeable, but William and John entered on them with all that cheerfulness which made their duties pleasant to themselves and to those who superintended them. Their repetitions were uniformly correct, and their replies to the promiscuous questions generally good: a proof that they understood what they learned. They were not seen unemployed, nor badly employed, but strictly complied with the rules of the school, not talking to others nor listening to those who wished to talk to them.

CHAPTER II.

SOON, however, their fortitude and docility were severely exercised, not from any neglect or misconduct on their part, but from the envy of two or three of their companions, who, perceiving the esteem their good conduct was procuring for them, strove hard to lay a stumbling block in their way. One of these boys, called Robert Woodberry, was greatly inclined to indolence, and, happening to sit at the same desk with William and John, sought every opportunity, when the back of his instructor was turned, to get them to talk to him. Sometimes he would begin by saying, "I say, I have got a fine lot of prime things in my pocket, and if you'll only help me out in my sums, you shall go sharers." At another time, in anticipation of going up to be examined, he would say, as he took a handful of

marbles out of his pocket, "I'll give you all these, and a capital ally to the bargain, if you'll just whisper in my ear one or two of the answers that come to my turn." Finding, however, that these offers were disregarded, he next tried threats, and declared that he would be a match for them out of school, for if he saw them at marbles he'd baulk them when in the act of shooting, and snatch up their taw and all they had in the ring. And if they played at long-rope, when it came to his turn to take the rope, he'd "cut up" nicely.

The consequence was that they were sometimes compelled to leave off in the middle of a game; but as he was frequently detained for bad lessons, they were not obliged to give up their sport entirely, and had often finished by the time he came out of school. To this treatment they quietly submitted, which so much vexed their persecutor, that he even had the audacity next to threaten them with a good thrashing, a vulgar phrase, meaning his design to beat them, which he actually did, and probably would have continued to do,

had not their tutor been apprised of it; for William and John had such an aversion to tale bearing that it might have been a long time before they would have complained themselves. But as soon as an explanation had taken place, it need not be told how great and good their conduct appeared, and how despicable that of their enemy, who had not only exposed himself to the displeasure of his tutor, and to the abhorrence of all the good boys of the school, but was sent to Coventry for a week, and placed at the bottom of his desk, whilst they were seated in his place, and more beloved than ever.

It is not to be inferred from this that they were unwilling to grant a favor to another who really needed it; no young gentlemen could be more obliging than they, but they were better inclined than to oppose the wishes of those whom they were bound both to love and fear.

But this was not the only circumstance that brought their good resolutions to the trial. Another of their schoolfellows, called Harry Cumberland, the son of highly respectable

parents, had watched their conduct very closely, and was mortified to perceive that any in his class should be thought better of than himself, for pride and envy are the sure companions of indolence and folly. This young gentleman was in the habit of bringing to school a number of articles, consisting of nuts, oranges, figs, apples, and even knives, silver pencil-cases, &c., which he said were given to him by his uncle. With these articles he used to trade, and even went so far as to persuade some weak young gentlemen to take a knife in exchange for gingerbread, and a pencil case for a halfpenny-worth of marbles. He generally came to school with a pocket full of eatables, yet he seemed always to be hungry, and though he had so much money he always seemed to be poor, which serves to explain to our young Latinists a line in their syntax, "*crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit,*" or to those who have not learned Latin, the truth of the sentiment, "the more you have the more you want."

CHAPTER III.

IT will be unnecessary to say what kind of a student Master Harry was, or to describe minutely the objects of his chief gratification ; nor will it require any great share of discernment to infer, that he was not unfrequently in disgrace. At first he manifested a great deal of hardihood under punishment, but finding his tutor resolved to persevere, he puzzled his brains to deceive him.

There lived in his father's house an old nurse, who waited on his mamma, at this time very ill. This old nurse was a famous snuff taker, and would frequently employ Master Harry to fetch her a penny-worth of snuff from the tobacconist's shop, promising to give him some of his mamma's jelly and apples if he would make haste. And as his

appetite was never satisfied, he was willing thus to be hired.

It came into his head one day, after having fetched the usual quantum of snuff, to ask her a favor. "Nurse," said he, "can you write: I tell you what, if you'll only just write me a note or two, I'll fetch as much snuff as you like, and pay for it into the bargain." "La, bless your dear little heart!" replied the old canting woman; "well, let me hear all about it, I'll try what I can do for he—but where will he get the money, my dear little pigeon, eh?" "O, leave that to me," said Harry, "you only promise to get the notes written, trust me for the money—there are two new chaps just come to our school, and I can get a penny or twopence out of them any day in the week, if I tell 'em their lessons!" "O, I'll get 'em wrote," rejoined the nurse, "only give me a subscription of it, my honey." "And to-day too," said Master Harry, shaking his head significantly, "and I'll get the pens and ink and buy some paper."

All the apparatus being procured, nobody knows how, and nobody knows where, he

sat down to write copies of these said notes. How well adapted he was to get money by teaching will now be seen. His orthography and syntax will hardly be envied.

“This is to be No. I.” exclaimed this hopeful youth, as he made a great blot on the paper, and smeared it over with his finger till he had made a hole quite through. “Aye sure,” said the nurse, “we’ll ha’ it all in apple-pie order, my deary; you subscribe as fast as he can, there’s a dear, for I’m almost come to the last pinch.”

The notes were as follow.

COPY, No. I.

Sir,

MY son *as* been *kep* at home because he *his* very ill.

MRS. CUMBERLAND.

Another was thus indited.

Sir.

I WILL *think* you to *escuse* my

son, *has* I am very ill, and he has been *waiten* upon me.

MRS. CUMBERLAND.

“There,” said Harry, as he upset the inkstand over the table, and dirtily lapped it up with his tongue, “that’s the way to write notes, but you must take care not to blot your’s, or they’ll not think mamma wrote them.” “Well, well,” rejoined the nurse, almost tired and *starving with an empty box*; “well, well, I’ll soon get ’em done, but you mind to be here with my box by my return, and tell ’em to send the best Scotch.” “I must have six of each,” said Harry, as he bounced off full of joy; “six of each, don’t forget.”

As the old nurse could neither write nor read, she posted off to the house of a woman that washed for the family, telling her that her mistress had sent her to get her to write half-a-dozen notes or so. “Bless your soul,” said the laundress quite astonished; as well she might be, that such a lady as Mrs. Cumberland should send to her on such an errand,

“I’m no scholard any more than you; I never had any larnen in all my born days any more than you, and knows no more how to write epossels than this wash-tub. I havs to pay for every letter I writes to my husband, and your misses must do the same.”

“La,” replied the old nurse, quite disappointed and confused; “Well, well, it don’t so much matter to be sure, but I should ha’ thought that a woman in your way of business, could ha’ wrote like a layar, for they say how that Betty Blaze, that lives up street, and married Thomas Buckle t’other day, is as good a scholard as any in the parish, though she’s rather an or’nary washer, and she’s o’ the same perfession as you: I should ha’ thought howsomdever, that yau’d larnen enough to write a ticket or two, but it’s no matter, only misses is poorly, and would ha’ took it kind, as master’s gone to Lonnon, and wo’n’t be home this week may be.”

During this conversation the old nurse had put her hand several times into her pocket to feel for her snuff-box, but not finding it there, did not stop to have her customary

hour's gossip, but trotted off towards home not having had a pinch for nearly half an hour, which was as bad to her as it is for a school-boy to work out of school hours. She soon reached the door and met master Harry sallying forth full of glee to meet her. "Here it is," said he, as he held out the snuff-box, "I hope they're done nicely!" "They wool be," replied the false old woman. "Will be," said Harry in a discontented tone, "I don't like your will bes!"

As it is a fact well known by our young friends who have studied the elements of natural philosophy, that with respect to the mechanical powers what is lost in time, is gained in weight: so the old nurse made ample amends for the long absence of her snuff-box, by very soon emptying it after its arrival: for pinch followed pinch in such rapid succession, that there was scarcely time to shut the box, before it was tapped on the cover and opened again.

Harry persisted still in his enquiries about the notes, and was further informed that "she

had seen the laundress who begun 'em immediately, that she "wrote a charman nice hand, and would make a complete *dissemblance* of his mamma:" adding, "do, my dear Harry, geet me another penn'eth o' snuff."

CHAPTER IV.

How master Harry managed to get the money for the snuff is doubtless a matter of surprise to our young readers. The fact is, that he had gone on trust for it, and this had been the case long before he made the offer to pay for it himself, having laid out the old nurse's pence in barley-sugar and gingerbread. For as his parents were much respected in the neighbourhood, the shopkeeper did not suspect master Harry of dishonesty, though he was somewhat surprised that a young gentleman like him, should be made a constant errand-boy to a nurse; for he was always informed that it was for Mrs. Cumberland's nurse, who would call at the end of the month and pay for it.

Master Harry felt very anxious about the

notes, and gave the old woman no rest until she had made other journeys in search of an amanuensis. As there are plenty of bad people in the world besides Harry Cumberland and his mamma's nurse, a suitable person for this dirty work was ere long found, and No. I, and No. II, were written tolerably well to the satisfaction of Harry, who though a wretched writer himself was in his opinion a mighty judge of penmanship.

It has been justly said, that a wicked person betrays himself, and so it proved in this instance.

As it was the practice at the school to which Harry belonged to enter the absentees, and read over the list every day, an inquiry was often made at the end of two or three days at the parent's house. He knew this, and therefore at the close of the second day's absence, sent off No. I. with all possible speed.

"No. I.!" said his tutor as he eyed this beautiful note, and knitted his brows at the spelling: "there is some mystery here;" but having heard of Mrs. Cumberland's illness,

thought it might be possible, that the servant had been directed to write for her.

Proud of the success of this note, No. II. was dispatched two days afterwards for fear any one should call. This periodical return of excuse, yet founded on a very different statement, at once proved them both to be forgeries in the estimation of the tutor; for the first intimated that Harry was very ill, and only two days after, it is said that he had been waiting upon his mamma—a flat contradiction.

One of the assistants was now commissioned to wait on Mr. Cumberland by way of explanation. And while master Harry was in high glee, in the kitchen, rat-tat-tat was heard at the front door. The very first stroke of the knocker struck very hard at the door of conscience, making his heart beat pittity-pat, and as he in the greatest agitation said, "I wonder who that is?" every bit of colour left his face, and if ever there was a ghost in the world he certainly resembled him.

Nurse took the hint, and hemming and

ha'ing, in much agitation trotted off to the fore door as fast as she could, fearing that the knock might be repeated and some close questions be put to her by Mrs. Cumberland. "Your sarvant, Sir," said she as she cautiously opened the door just far enough to put her head out. "I have a little business with Mr. Cumberland," replied the gentleman. "La, Sir," rejoined the nurse, "I'm vastly sorry that you should ha' the trouble o' calling, but master's out, he's gone to Lonnon this week past, and wo'n't be home this fortnight may be, but if he'll leave your business I'll perform it to the best o' my power."

"My business," said the gentleman, "is about his son, and some notes of excuse that have been sent to school."

"O! O!" she exclaimed, "I can tell he all about that, it's all right, perfectly right, master Harry has been very halen, very halen indeed, and a' wo'n't be able to stir for a week may be."

"Well, that's strangely odd," said the gentleman. "We are informed by his com-

panions, that they saw him this morning go into a tobacconist's shop, and his last note intimates that he's kept at home to wait upon his mamma : can I see him ?”

“ Bless your soul, Sir, he's bad a-bed, poor dear little fellow. He waits upon his mother when he can, but he's very halen I assure he.” With this the conversation dropped, and during the time Harry had crept into the coal-hole and so rubbed his black hands over his clothes and face in the anxiety of his mind that no chimney sweep could have looked more smutty.

On her return to the kitchen not finding Harry there, she shook with fear, lest he might have gone out to play and so be met by the gentleman. But on sitting down to regale her nose she heard a rustling in the coal-hole, and at once concluded he was there. On opening the door she espied him at the farther end in the plight we have described, trembling like an aspen leaf. “ He's quite gone, my deary, it's all safe, I've managed matters nicely.” But as one

liar will always mistrust another, it was with great difficulty she could prevail upon him to come out. After many persuasives he at length summoned courage and crept forth, a horrid spectacle. A thousand questions followed to know all about what had been said, which his patroness very ably answered.

CHAPTER V.

THE father's unexpected return, however, put an end to this wicked imposition ; for just as he alighted from the coach which reached the town at eleven o'clock in the morning, who should he see, to his great surprise, but his son Harry, gazing into a confectioner's shop, apparently in company with several vulgar looking boys, and on his asking him why he was not at school, his reply was that the nurse had kept him at home to go errands for her and his mamma. As Mr. Cumberland had three servants, he felt exceedingly angry with the nurse, to whom he had given an especial charge, prior to his leaving home, to see Master Harry sent to school at the proper hour ; and from the conduct of his son, who, during the inquiry, trembled and turned pale, and the quibbles of the old woman, he was

led to suspect that the evil was greater than was immediately known. He accordingly made it his business, after he had paid his tribute of affection in the chamber of his afflicted lady, to go to school with Harry, in the afternoon, to be informed of what he could not learn from him or the nurse, who both declared that it was the first offence, and that at all other times his attendance had been quite regular.

The feelings of his son all this time are easier imagined than described. His infamy was now to be unfolded, and the anguish of his mind was truly distressing; for he seemed every step of the way to be treading on thorns, and would willingly have changed his situation with those who had been constant in their attendance at school. But as he had not honesty nor courage enough to unfold the cheat to his papa, he was subjected to the disgraceful mortification of appearing both a truant and a deceiver.

On entering his tutor's house, he hung down his head, which was a tacit acknowledgment of his guilt. And on the produc-

tion of the excuse notes, when the badness of the spelling and the baseness of the forgery were exposed, he looked like a poor condemned criminal at the bar.

The circumstance so affected the mind of poor Mr. Cumberland that he wept tears of regret, and was moved to say that he would rather have followed his son to the grave, had he been virtuous, than have him live so to dishonour his parents and disgrace himself. As a prudent husband, however, he kept the degrading affair from his afflicted lady, who would certainly have broken her heart had she thought she had a son capable of such matured wickedness ; but as a wise father, he shut up his son in his room, leaving him to his reflections for two or three days, and not allowing any one to speak to him. The nurse was of course immediately discharged, and just before her departure a bill of six shillings was sent in from the tobacconist's, so that for her base conduct she lost a most excellent situation, and had to pay for her snuff into the bargain.

CHAPTER. VI.

LET it not be thought that, because our young heroes have not for some time been mentioned, they have therefore been idle. Regular in their attendance at school, dutiful to their parents, and unremitting in their attention to their studies, they were rising in their classes, and securing the firm attachment of all those whose good opinion was worth having.

It will be recollected that in Chapter II. after describing the provoking and cruel conduct of Robert Woodberry, it was intimated that their good resolutions were brought to the trial by Harry Cumberland; and it will not be forgotten, that when Mr. Cumberland alighted from the coach, he found his son at the confectioner's shop. This was a place

where he went to make his mouth water every day, and to spend his ill-gotten pence, and even silver.

He chanced on one occasion, previously to his father's return, to fall in with William and John just at this spot; and in order to induce them to be accomplices in his crimes, offered to go in and get trust, if they'd go bird's-nesting with him; telling them, that he often went there to procure tarts and jellies for his mamma, and that she had given him leave to get what he liked.

An offer of this kind to any but really good boys, especially when the objects of gratification were before them, would have been sufficient to secure their immediate concurrence. William and John could willingly have eaten a tart or jelly as well as other boys, and hence their inclinations were in some respects at variance with their judgment. But as they had seen somewhat of Master Harry's attempts to deceive before, and as the offer was on condition of their doing what they hated from principle,—for study was to them a pleasure, not a toil—they at once

objected; nor were all his arguments of the hatred he had for his teachers, his school, and his book, nor all his fine descriptions of the blackbirds' and goldfinches' nests, which he professed to know of, sufficient to win our young heroes from taking a holiday only when it was granted, and of never going any where without the leave of their parents.

Unwilling to be conquered, and thinking he had laid himself open to an exposure of his guilt, by these unsuccessful persuasions at the confectioner's, he accompanied them down street, and knowing their fondness for books, arrested their attention at a bookseller's shop. It happened that there were in the window a number of pretty little volumes, such as "Mr. Campbell's Juvenile Cabinet," &c. "There," said he, "if you'll go with me a-nesting, I'll give ye one a-piece of these pretty picture-books;" for he always valued a book by its plates, and indeed would not look into one that was not studded with them from beginning to end.

William and John, at this proposal, looked at each other, as if to say, I should uncom-

monly like one of them to read to mamma at evenings ; but recollecting on what conditions they were to be obtained, and not forgetting how willing their parents were at all times to gratify their wishes, "No," said they, "mamma will purchase them for us ; besides, I am sure," continued William, "they can never encourage us in playing truant." "Then," answered Harry, "the books are as stupid as you are, and so are they that wrote them ; besides, I don't call that playing truant, to stay from school only now and then ;" adding, that "if they would not go with him, they might mope off to school ; but that as he had a holiday given him, he would get some one to accompany him that had more sense than they ; but if they dared to tell of him, he would break their heads the next time he met them."

Had he said his own head would be broken before their next meeting, he would certainly have been a better prophet.

William and John made no reply to this threat, but quickened their steps towards

school, thankful they had escaped such artful temptations.

Harry, according to his promise, soon procured suitable associates for the cruel sport of bird's-nesting, who doubtless did not want to be asked a second time to eat the said tarts and jellies.

They went; and in their hurry to escape the eye of the farmer, (for, like other skilled bird's-nesters, they had learned to enter orchards as well as fields, and fruit-trees as well as others) Master Harry received a severe hurt on his forehead, together with a horse-whipping, which will not be easily forgotten; and a solemn promise, on the part of the farmer, that if they were found there again, they should certainly face the magistrate, and stand their trial at the assizes.

CHAPTER VII.

PRIOR to relating this last occurrence, we left Master Harry doing penance in his chamber. When his father locked his chamber door, he manifested a great deal of haughtiness and obstinacy, and declared that he would break every thing in the room ; and as soon as he thought he was gone, began to throw down the chairs and kick the door, muttering the most wicked threats of revenge on him and his tutor ; going so far as to wish them dead, and almost inclined, if he had it in his power, to be their murderer. At times he was heard to rave through the key-hole that he would jump out of the window, and again, that he would kill the servant if she did not come up and let him out. But finding that no attention was paid to him,

and having exhausted himself with rage and revenge, his spirits began to droop more, until, as the evening approached, he became completely disheartened, and fear and despondency took possession of his mind. The shades of night gathered thickly around him, and he could hear nothing but the almost exhausted sound of his father's voice, in prayer with the family below. Conscience now talked very loudly and very unpleasantly, and brought to his recollection his mis-spent days, his acts of dishonesty and falsehood, his base ingratitude to his affectionate and afflicted mamma, who had so often wept over him and prayed for him, and his disobedience to his kind and faithful father, who had been so prompt at all times to gratify his wishes, and render him every lawful indulgence.

Could our young readers have seen him moping about the room, first sitting on a chair, then on the bed, endeavouring in vain to rid himself of the piercing convictions of his guilty mind! Could they have discerned him throw himself at night on the bed-clothes, half undressed, whilst the heavy pulsations of

his tortured heart were relieved only by the deep-fetched sigh, and a flood of tears that would burst at intervals from his swollen eyes and deluge his pillow! Could they have heard him a hundred times wish himself to be like William and John, whilst the recollection of his conduct to them seemed to overwhelm him with shame and anguish! Could they be informed of all the misery with which the mind of this unhappy boy was exercised, they would readily come to the conclusion, that it would be far better to spend the whole of a virtuous life at school, than one day in the dungeon of a tormenting conscience, and would join with the poet in saying,

“ Vice is a monster of so hideous mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.”

The wisdom of Mr. Cumberland's treatment, however severe it may at first seem, was evinced by the results.

Having been in his room for two whole days, Harry was quite humbled, and brought

to a sense of the demerit of his conduct. He considered himself to have deserved a thousand times more than he had suffered; and as the servant who brought his food was locking his chamber door, he said to her in the most touching manner, "Charlotte, do ask papa to permit me to go and speak to him, if it be but one word." The humble and affecting way in which this request was made, reached the servant's heart, and she communicated, with tears in her eyes, the wish to her master, who directed her to liberate him immediately.

Little perhaps can it be imagined what unhappy days and sleepless nights Harry's misconduct had cost his father; how frequently he had prayed the Almighty to change his heart, and how much he had wished after the first hour's confinement to liberate him: but as his future welfare was at stake; as his and Mrs. Cumberland's good name were so much in danger; and above all, as he realized his responsibility to God; nothing short of his son's reformation would satisfy him, and for this he was determined to sacrifice every subordinate consideration.

As soon as the servant opened his chamber door and told him that his papa was willing to see him, his heart seemed to sink within him, and he was unable to give utterance to its gratitude and penitence. But though unable to speak, he determined not to delay a moment in going to his father. On entering the drawing-room, he found him leaning his elbow on the table, and wiping his flowing eyes with his handkerchief. This was too much for Harry, who immediately flew to his father and threw his arms round his neck, sobbing bitterly.

Could our young readers have seen this occurrence they also would certainly have wept.

Having given vent to his feelings, Harry essayed several times, unasked, to speak. Father! father! my dear, dear; but before he could repeat the name of father, his sighs almost suffocated him, and the big tears rolled in torrents down his saddened cheeks. At length, recovering himself a little, he with difficulty proceeded to give him a full account of all that had transpired: adding, that he was sure his father could never trust him, nor

love him any more, and that he was afraid that God would never forgive him. What! "have you asked his forgiveness?" interrupted Mr. Cumberland. "Yes," returned Harry, "I have not ceased all day and almost all the night, to beg the Almighty to forgive me, and never suffer me to be so wicked again, nor to grieve the hearts of my dear parents."

His father was now overcome, and clasping him to his bosom with all the fervour of parental love, and all the joy that filial penitence must excite in a pious and affectionate father, "My dear son," said he, with an almost bursting heart, "if this be true, you have this day made me the happiest of fathers. O! my dear Harry, how have I prayed for you, and how now are my prayers answered!" and raising his eyes towards heaven, he poured forth his thanksgivings to the Almighty in the beautiful language of the parable of the prodigal son, "this my son was dead, and is alive again, was lost and is found." "Yes," continued Harry, "I am alive, dear father, to my wickedness, and hope I shall never make

such kind parents unhappy again ; let me go and tell mamma how sinful I have been, and promise her never to be so any more."

"This request, my dear son," rejoined Mr. Cumberland, "I must, at present, deny you, for your mamma's sake, whose weak frame could not bear the excitement of delight, that a belief of your reformation would produce, but I will on proper occasions, tell her all you wish."

"Let me, however, give you a caution on the subject of making promises. He who makes them without asking God's blessing and assistance, only deceives himself and others, seek these by prayer and meditation on his holy word, and you will not be disappointed. Fly from the very appearance of evil, and listen not to the voice of temptation, and your future life, by God's grace, shall be as much characterised by what is good, as the few past years of it have been by what is evil. Open your heart freely to me, and I will give you all the advice that my experience and the Divine assistance may enable me. This is your birth-day ; I trust in two senses of

the word: a birth-day of good principles, that I pray you may have reason to commemorate to the end of your life. Come, let us find your sisters, and call them to rejoice with us, and then we will betake ourselves to some cheerful and innocent amusements."

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT to return to our young heroes. It has been intimated that they were attentive to their studies, and as it is supposed that every one who reads this history, does it with a desire of improvement, it will not be uninteresting to such to be informed of the way in which their diligence was directed: for as “it is the diligent hand that maketh rich, so it is the diligent head that maketh wise.” And the wise man saith, “that wisdom is better than rubies; and that all the things that may be desired, are not to be compared unto her.”

The truth of this will be discovered by all who read to the end.

As nearly every young gentleman now

learns Latin, we shall tell them a curious story about the way they went to work to discover the true meaning of every sentence they attempted to translate. It will hardly be necessary to observe that they first of all made themselves masters of the Eton Grammar, and the rules of Syntax, so as to be enabled to decline any noun, adjective, or pronoun, or conjugate any verb after the method of the examples there given, and to say their rules both in English and Latin, and show where they were exemplified. This done, they were put to construe easy sentences in a very charming little book, that every body knows, called "Delectus," by Dr. Valpy, which for variety and purity of sentiment, has not been surpassed.

As our young readers well know the words in a Latin sentence are often placed very irregularly, those who do not attend to good rules in taking them up, are a long time before they can translate at all, and then often do it very badly.

It happened on one occasion, when William and John were sitting to prepare their lessons

with their nicely covered dictionaries and grammars before them, that Robert Woodberry, of whose fame we have already heard in part, came up, and seating himself just opposite, proposed to do his Latin with them. Though they would much rather he had not come; they did not, however, object to his proposition, but intimated their hopes, that he intended to look out his words. Before he opened his dictionary, he strenuously endeavoured to get them into a gossip about some nonsensical matter; but finding no attention was paid to it, he gave up the contest, and began to fumble over the leaves of his dictionary, which was full of dogs ears and blots from beginning to end. His "Delectus" was very little better. Having muttered out a few meanings to two or three words, he closed his books, and began to draw on the covers a number of ridiculous figures, such as soldiers fighting and slaying one another, and a variety of old men's heads, boasting that he could draw as good a face out of a blot with nothing but a pen and ink, as many a drawing-master would with his brushes and

paint. "What, don't you know your lessons?" said he, as he cut off one of the corners of his Latin Grammar with his penknife, and nearly cut his fingers in doing it. "Why, I knew it all but two or three words, before I began; it's as easy as can be." "Perhaps," answered John, "you will help us out then, Robert?" At this reply, he stood reproved; for he was scarcely ever known to have learned his lesson thoroughly, and was on the point of being turned out of the class for indolence. But unwilling to be challenged by those who had not learned Latin half as long as he had; and, above all, hoping to be set right without trouble, he promptly consented to read off.

The first sentence in the lesson was, "*In nuce inclusa est Ilias Homeri; carmen in membranâ scriptum.*"

The following was Master Robert's construction.

"*Homeri*, Homer; *Ilias*, he; *inclusa est*, composed; *carmen*, verses; *in nuce*, in a nut-shell; *scriptum*, wrote; *in membranâ*, on a membrane."

As it was not in school hours, William and John could not refrain from a hearty laugh. "Well done, indeed," said the former; "surely, Robert, you intend to win the Latin prize this half year, do you not?"

"You rattle it off in fine style!" observed John.

"Well," rejoined Robert, "if that's not the way, I should just like to know how you do it; for my part, I wish all the Latin books were burned; and as for that vile 'Delectus,'" said he, as he cut off another corner, and then banged it on the desk, "I can never make any sense out of that stupid book."

"Oh!" answered William, "I really do not think there's any fault in the book; our tutor says it's a most excellent little work. Nor do I think there's any difficulty in the sentence that you have so funnily read, if you go the right way to work. Don't you know that we have been often told, that there are three qualities requisite to do any thing well; they are, 'understanding, method, and dispatch;' but you seem to have too much

of the last, and not enough of either of the other."

"Humph!" interrupted Robert; "I dare say you have all these quite pat; but don't brag too soon, let's hear how you do it;" anxious to have it told him that he might go to play.

"John and I," continued William, "first read over the sentence carefully, and then look out the words we do not know; and as soon as we have found the verb which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer, we ask it the question *who*, or *what*, and the word that answers to the question, is the nominative case."

"Ah, but," interrupted Robert, "sometimes there's no nominative given."

"True," said William, "but there is one understood then, and you must in such a case consider that as the nominative."

"O," returned Robert, "I wish I was on board a man of war, there's no bother about cases there."

"Indeed," replied one of his companions,

wittily, "I should think that the worst case in the world! I should be afraid of getting into the same case as poor Robinson Crusoe."

"Oh!" said Robert, "that's just what I should like, if I only had Man Friday with me, to shoot the Indians." "Well," answered John, "I would sooner stay at home and shoot my pop-gun, for that hurts nobody."

"You would make a good sportsman yourself, I think, Robert," interrupted William, "for you seem to have killed Homer quite dead; for you said just now, in your construing, that he was inclosed in a nut-shell."

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed John, "that's droll enough, I am sure he could not be put in a nut-shell alive, could he?"

"And so I would have killed him dead, if he was a Frenchman," replied Robert.

"But," said William, "let us drop this, and get to our Latin, or you will get turned to-morrow, I'm sure, Robert." "Well, go on then," answered he.

"Look out Homeri," continued William, "it comes from the nominative Homerus, and makes Homeri in the genitive case singular,

and signifies a Grecian poet, not a Frenchman, as you called him."

"Yes," said Robert, "it says he wrote two poems, called the Iliad and Odyssey."

"Very well, then it cannot be the nominative case as you read it; but let us find the verb first. Est, you know, is a verb from sum, and inclusa I found to come from inclusus, a participle of three terminations like bonus, and signifies shut up or enclosed. Now, in order to know what a participle is derived from, I generally look just above it, or below it; and then, if I cannot find it out, I ask one of the senior boys or the assistants: looking just above *inclusus*, you will find *includor*, and the perfect tense or the participle is *inclusus*. That's the very word you want."

"O no," interrupted Robert, "that it's not I'm sure: there's no *inclusus* in the sentence, so you're wrong for once."

"Stop! stop!" said William, "I tell you it is; *inclusus* will make *inclusa* in the feminine gender; for you know participles are declined like adjectives." "Pish," replied

Robert, still interrupting, "how can it be feminine? Homer was a man; and besides, it does not say any thing at all about females, and it's only the names of females that are feminine—I'll stick to that."

CHAPTER IX.

“ IF you go on like this,” rejoined William, somewhat vexed, “ we shall never do the sentence. Surely, Robert, you are joking, or else you forget that you are doing Latin; you know there are hundreds of words that are feminine in Latin besides the names of females.”

“ Well then,” said he in a pet, “ the Latin is a downright stupid language: who is to know masculine from feminine, then ?”

“ You cannot expect to know in a day,” replied John. “ No, to be sure,” continued William, “ you must study your genders of nouns; that’s the way to learn.”

“ Ah!” said Robert, turning up his nose, “ there’s none of this nonsense in learning English; every body knows it without turn-

ing over the dictionary from beginning to end. I wish they'd let me translate English."

"What language would you translate it into?" enquired one of his companions.

"What language? Why, into English to be sure," replied he; "that's the best language in the world. That's the language Lord Wellington fought the battle of Waterloo in, wasn't it? aye, to be sure it was! He didn't say, make ready! present! fire! in Latin; they wouldn't have understood a word of it. Let me tell you, that if he'd only make me a colonel in his army, you might have all your Latin and French, and such like stuff, to yourselves."

"Ah!" said John, "but you cannot be a colonel all at once, you know; Lord Wellington himself was not a colonel at first, was he, William?"

"Never mind," continued Robert; "if he'd let me be a fifer, and have a cap and sword, I would go, if mamma would give me leave, for I can play God save the King already on the flute."

"But," interrupted William, smiling at

his valour, "if you intend to make out your lesson with us, we must not stop to talk about fifers."

"Go on, then," said he, "I will be steady."

"*Inclusa est*," continued William, "is the verb, and is to be found in the preterperfect tense, third person singular. Now, if you ask the question *what* with the verb, or enquire what has been enclosed, the answer cannot be *Homer*, for you must be sure he could not be inclosed in a nut-shell."

"It must be a good large one, if he was," interrupted John.

"Then," returned William, "there must be some other word for the nominative; it is not far off. Let us find out *Ilias*; it is a noun of the third declension, from *Ilias* genitive *Iliadis*, signifying the poem of Homer, that contained an account of the Trojan war. And mark the gender!"

"It is feminine," said Robert.

"Then you see," continued William, "other words are feminine besides the names of females. The participle *inclusa* will agree with it in gender." "And the verb *est*, taken

with *inclusa*," said John, "will make both of them together as one verb; which will agree with its nominative case *Ilias* in number and person; according to the first rules of syntax—a verb must agree with its nominative case," &c.

"If you recollect," rejoined William, "we said we thought *Homeri* to be the genitive case; and so it is, for the possessive or genitive case signifies possession; and the *Iliad* might well be called Homer's, as he composed it. Besides, when two substantives come together, the latter is put in the genitive case."

"Yes," interrupted John, "that is always the case when they signify different things, as they do in this lesson; for Homer and his poem must be two different things, by the rule, *quum duo substantiva*, &c.; or by the English rule, when two substantives come together, signifying different things, the latter is put in the possessive or genitive case."

"Stop a minute," exclaimed Robert, "I have it now," snapping his fingers with joy. "I have it,—just hear me." "Look out

nuce before you begin," said William, interrupting, "you must be able to parse as well as construe." "O," rejoined Robert, "*nuce. nuce!* why that comes from *nucis*, does it not?" "It was well I asked you," replied William, or ten to one you would have been turned to-morrow. See if you can find *nucis* in the dictionary."

"No," answered Robert, "but I can find *nuceus*, of a nut."

"Ah! but that will not do," said William, "that is an adjective, but this is a substantive, with the preposition *in* before it, which governs the ablative case." "And the accusative too, I believe," added John, "when it signifies into with motion; as, *eo in urbem*, I go into the city."

"O! do tell me what it comes from," exclaimed Robert, in an impatient tone.

"What does '*luce*—in the light,' come from?" enquired William, anxious to make him find it out himself. "When I cannot discover at first what a word comes from, I endeavour to find some other word like it. *Luce* comes from *lux*, does it not? then surely you

can tell now what *nuce* comes from." "Nix," answered he, "does it not?"

"O no! *nix*, is snow; that will not do," continued William; "think again." "Then it must be *nix*, *nex*, or *nux*," replied Robert, in an impatient tone.

"It is one," said William.

"Aye, to be sure," interrupted John, tired with this long trial, "it's *nux*."

"Ah, *nux*,—that's it," proceeded Robert, rubbing his hands; "how glad I am; I made it out all myself, didn't I? Now, hear me construe it."

"*Ilias* the Iliad, *Homeri* of Homer, *inclusa est* has been inclosed, *in nuce* in a nut-shell." "Carmen a poem, (added William) *scriptum* written, *in membranâ* on parchment. Not on a membrane as you at first said. Or to read it in a better manner:—*Ilias* the Iliad, *carmen* a poem, *Homeri* of Homer, *scriptum* written, *in membranâ* on parchment, *inclusa est* has been enclosed, *in nuce* in a nut-shell."

Not to detain our readers in the search that was made about the last three words, let it

suffice to say, that these were done in the same manner as the former part of the sentence; that Robert was constrained to say that he liked Latin better than ever he had before; and that when he went up and construed it to his tutor the next day, he received one of the highest reward tickets, and the most gratifying commendations besides.

CHAPTER X.

ONE afternoon some young gentlemen were invited to a little social tea-party at the house of a very intelligent lady. After tea was over, enquiries were made as to the proficiency of the young gents; and on its being found that all of them learned geography, or professed to learn it, a proposal was made for a little intellectual amusement at a geographical game, with an intimation from the lady of the house, that she should present him who succeeded best with half-a-crown. This declaration caused the colour to rise in the faces of several of the little party; but one young gentleman in particular was noticed to be agitated to a great degree.

As it is hardly fair to tell tales out of school, we shall not now expose his name;

but it is certainly worthy of remark, that this young gentleman, quite unknown to the lady, had only the day before been sent out of his class and put into a lower, for bad geography, and had been heard to say in his sulks, "that a parcel of dry geography was no use to him, and that he wished those who made the books had been obliged to eat them."

The game commenced, and this young gentleman's traveller led him to Dublin.

"What is Dublin remarkable for?" said the game-keeper. (Will not our young readers be shocked at the answer when we inform them?)

"Diamonds, drugs, and the Brazil-wood used in dying," said this learned geographer.

"Wrong," was the reply of course. "Of what is it the capital?" rejoined the game-keeper. "Of Spain, is it not?" answered he. Now, though it is considered rude to laugh out loud in company, do our young readers think they could scarcely have avoided it? The ladies were absolutely obliged to put their handkerchiefs to their faces to hide their blushes for this smartly dressed but igno-

rant-pated boy. These certainly would not have been the answers given by William or John, who would either of them, had they been present, gained [the reward. No lesson of geography was ever considered to be studied by them, until they had looked out every place in their atlas, and were enabled to stand at a great distance from the large maps that hung in the school on lecture-days, and with a wand point to every town of note in the world, and give the history, produce, and customs of any country.

Now, though the loss of half-a-crown may not be thought to be a sum of any great importance, the mortification of being found so ignorant as this young gentleman was, must have been painful to a degree that we heartily wish our young readers may never experience.

Before we conclude this chapter, we beg just to observe, that William and John's success was not confined to Latin and Geography; they were exceedingly good arithmeticians for such little fellows; and if their sum should not be right the first time, would immediately

attack it again and again, and would not be dependent on other boys for information that their own diligence might enable them to procure. Such indeed was their application when in their trial classes, that when promiscuous questions were given them, or, in the school phrase, when they were "dodged," they seldom failed to give a correct answer, and of shewing up among the first; nor were they ever seen to jog their next companion to ask what rule the sum was in, but learned to discover this by studying the nature of the question itself. The consequence of all this was, that they always stood high in rank and in honour, and as "knowledge is power," they had all the privileges of the school at their command.

CHAPTER XI.

IT has been said, though with no great deal of poetical elegance,

“ All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy.”

Their tutor was a firm believer in this, as most tutors are, though there are some who profess to disbelieve it, by publishing in their advertisements that they give no holidays. Whether their pupils make better scholars on this account is a matter of doubt. If it will be any satisfaction to our young readers to know the opinion of him who is telling them the story of William and John, they shall be informed; and he hopes, in return, they will not forget to drink his health in the holidays,

when grandmamma, aunt, and cousins, come to take tea with them, and then prove that holidays do them no harm, by imitating the example of our young heroes, whose method of spending a holiday is shortly about to be given.

The writer of this little book, then, is a decided friend to holidays, especially twice a-year.

“ Ah! then,” you will say, “ I am sure he is a school-master, for they all love holidays.” Upon this head he intends to leave you at present in the dark, but he will not deny that he is a friend to schools and to school-masters that do their duty, but above all, a friend to youth.

It certainly is the prospect of the vacation that animates the teacher to exert himself, that the pupil, on returning home, may not be found to be behind any that come from other schools, but, if possible, before them. And the hope, too, of being himself released, is a powerful inducement to the greatest energy.

The holidays are the pupil's loadstone, towards which he, as the magnet, turns most

powerfully. Proper hopes are awakened which animate him in his tasks ; he counts the days, the hours, and the duties, to which he has to attend ; and the consciousness that every task done, leaves one less to do, is an inducement to do the remainder well ; that every difficulty overcome is one less to be encountered, renders him patient under toil ; and above all, the belief that, in a few weeks, or months at most, he shall enter the paternal roof and enjoy its delights, inspires gratitude in his heart, that would never arise there were he always at home, or altogether removed from it. The very sound of breaking-up day, is a charm that makes the whole machine of education work all day long.

Health, too, is promoted by it. How nice the beds appear, how clean the walls, how orderly every thing, in a well regulated school, against the pupil's return.

It is true that the good design of the holidays has been perverted by the excessive indulgence or the imprudence of some parents, and by the ingratitude of some children, but

it is hoped that this is very rarely the case, and that it will soon cease to be so at all.

The writer has been informed, that in some instances, when the pupil has returned home for the holidays, satisfied with his school, and considerably improved by the instructions he has received, a number of questions have been proposed to him by his friends, which are not in any wise connected with the object of his going to school, and by no means calculated to excite his love of school or study, but painfully the reverse.

Parents, therefore, are most affectionately entreated to be on their guard in this respect, that the very desirable benefits which the holidays are so adapted to secure may not fail to be secured to their own personal happiness, and the welfare of their dear young charge.

Should it be said that a circumstance of this kind is a very strong argument against the holidays, we reply, that this is by no means the case; for similar injurious effects might be produced by an injudicious visit at

the school, or even by a letter; and therefore it might be as fairly argued, that parents should never see their children at the school, nor write to them; and on this principle we drive the poor child into a state of perpetual exile, and freeze up those channels of affection which, when flowing freely and in a proper direction, are so pleasing to God, and so dignifying and beneficial to mankind.

Now, as the writer of this history has the greatest confidence that the young ladies and gentlemen who read it will not suffer themselves to be spoiled by the holidays, he will present them with a few original verses on the subject.

How joyful and gay
 We pass every day,
 While o'er mountains of learning we're leaping;
 But if you'd know why,
 (The reason's hard by)
 It's because of the holiday keeping.

There's Hal at his books,
 How mopish he looks,
 In a humour 'twixt gaping and sleeping;
 Now I'll tell you why,
 In the twink of an eye,
 He looks for no holiday keeping.

Good philosophers say,
All work and no play,
Is to sow without prospect of reaping ;
And if this is the case,
With a very good grace
We may all go a holiday keeping.

Huzza! then, my boys,
With a merry loud noise,
Let's drive away moping and weeping
Then to school let us go,
And one and all shew
We're the better for holiday keeping.

CHAPTER XII.

How full of mirth was every heart, when it was announced one morning in the beginning of June, that as there was every prospect of a fine day, and the lessons before breakfast had been so uniformly good, there would be a holiday given for rural sports. That one of the seniors had been sent forward to secure the field, and all the cheese-cakes that were made ; and to tell the good country woman to set immediately to work and make more as fast as she could.

In an hour, from the time this proclamation had gone forth, all had assembled in the play-ground, fitly accoutred for their anticipated pleasures.

One was seen waving the bat in the air, as if to say, my side shall win the victory; another was clinking the wickets, as if to point out the fate of his opponent whom he intended, if it came to his lot to bowl, soon to put out: a third was throwing the ball in the air, and tempting those whom he hoped would be on his side to catch it, as preparatory for the achievements of the field; while not a few were soon beheld shaking their fingers that were smarting with the quickening influence of the swiftly-projected ball.

In fact, already, every one was doing or saying something, and contending and winning by anticipation. Already had the ideal fancy, pictured to the eye the far-struck cricket ball whizzing through the air, and the scouts running after it to the end of the field, whilst they were gaining the goal again and again in triumph, all attempts to bowl them out being entirely ineffectual. In fact, all thought themselves to be conquerors.

The word "Off," was now given, and at the exhilarating sound, the national triumphant shout of hip! hip! hip, huzza! resounded

from every tongue, and every eye was a mirror, reflecting the most unmixed delight.

As the road to the country-house lay through the fields, ample opportunity was afforded to play at hunt the hare, leap-frog, and other way-passing games. Some, rather mischievously inclined, were seen rolling in the new mown hay, or pulling their companions over the hay-cocks, while a few of a more studious turn were employed in gathering flowers for the exercise of their botanical skill. The linnet and thrush were filling the woods with their varied notes, and the monotonous sound of the cuckoo and sheep-bell, were heard in the distance. Nature was dressed in her beautiful green mantle, and seemed to invite to rural pleasures.

The little ladders were beheld roving abroad to see who could procure the largest posy of cowslips, and having filled their hands would run to overtake their advanced companions and contend for the palm of industry by consulting the opinion of the senior pupils on the momentous question of "who had gathered most." With the flowers they ornamented

their hats and the button holes of their jackets.

Some occasionally made their appearance with bleeding fingers from meddling with the wild rose-tree and hawthorn.

After passing through several fields, a pretty vista presented itself, and afforded a cooling retreat from the sun; the banks on either side were thickly covered with flowers, and trees over hung the path.

A short distance from the end of this vista, stood some woodmen's cottages, which were very neat and pretty. The ivy had climbed to the tops of their chimneys and over the doors, between the windows of these rural abodes; the monthly rose-trees had extended themselves, and were just in full bloom. Little beds of sweet william in the height of their beauty, pointed out the best room, which was used when the Lord of the Manor, or some great stranger, happened to call. This room was deficient in nothing that is peculiar to those of its kind. The corner buffett, with its store of fancy plates, and the well-ranged cups and saucers was to be seen

in its customary place. The ornamented tea-board, with its fine pattern of pheasant-shooting, stood on the nicely rubbed table. And in the corner behind the door, was the cuckoo clock, with gilded Chinese emblems on its case. In the adjoining kitchen, some of the little rustics might be seen scorching themselves by the fire, and adding fuel to make the pot boil for their busy mother, who soon expected the woodman home to dine on his meal of pork and cabbage.

But we must not forget to mention the diligent troop that were seen flying among the trees in the garden. The queen bee and her little colony were buzzing through the air, evidently in search of a new settlement. They had left their winter abode for one more commodious, which naturalists say, if left to themselves, would generally be the hollow trunk of some old tree. But man, who is ever desirous to serve himself, is alert at this season of the year, to appoint their dwelling for them, where, it is true, they will be quite secure; but this does not arise from compassion to the

poor bees, but solely to benefit himself, that he may procure the fruit of their hard toils.

A little beyond the Woodmen's cottages, in a very retired spot, quite surrounded by trees, stood the country pleasure-house. It was lowly, but nevertheless had the advantage of two stories, and the front upper room, which was set apart for company, commanded a good view of the cricket-ground. The nice white milk pails, with their bright copper hoops, were to be seen hanging on the low wooden fence, before the dairy all ready for Betty to milk the cows. The parlours as they were called, were well stored with chairs of wicker wood, and a variety of prints, such as the three graces: Faith, Hope, and Charity; and the four Cardinal virtues, Prudence, Temperance, Justice, and Fortitude; which were arranged very systematically. The kitchen was accommodated with a settle for the countrymen, a round table standing near the fire, a large chimney corner well stored with bacon, and a mantel piece laden with bright polished covers and candlesticks.

The hostess was found busily employed in making cheese-cakes; but soon had to desist awhile in order to supply the wants of our young visitors, whose appetites led them immediately on their arrival to her repository of milk, biscuits, &c. "A pennyworth of milk," said one, "a cheese-cake," exclaimed another; "oh, do serve me first," said a third." "I'm dying with thirst," cried a fourth! And strange as it may appear, in ten minutes, the whole stock in trade was cleared.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE game was now proclaimed, and sides and innings chosen by the decision of the high furred halfpenny, and after some little altercation, the distances were decided by eighteen lengths of the bat, and the wickets pitched in a very orderly manner, only two or three of the gents in striking them into the ground, were so witty as to strike their own fingers. Blue jackets were instantly removed and thrown at first, helter-skelter, over the field, and all stood forth in their white linen. Handkerchiefs were next tied round the knees and waists, that it might be done "*classically*" and for "*manly appearance*," as some said, so the sides were speedily arranged in battle array.

“Play!” cried the bowler, as he shut one eye, and took aim with the other, and “*miserabile dictu*,” down fell the middle stump of the champion of the “In side.” Shouts immediately rent the air, and the ball flew about in all parts of the field, warming the hands of those who were proud to show their ability at “the catch.” The discouraged bat’s-man looked first at the bat, and then at the wickets. “Oh, it’s quite down,” said one! “Ah, but,” rejoined he, “it was an uncommonly deceptive ball; besides the ground is so rough; the blocking notch is not in the right place, and just see what a round-bat I’ve got. “Never mind,” replied one, with a significant nod of the head, “you’re out, that’s enough for us.” “That’s the way to get the notches,” said another, “rubbing his hands heartily together.” “A famous short stop,” added a third; “I thought you said you had a knack at blocking.” “Mind your middle stump,” cried a fourth. “We’re done,” exclaimed one, of the “In-side.”

“Never mind,” returned the crest-fallen.

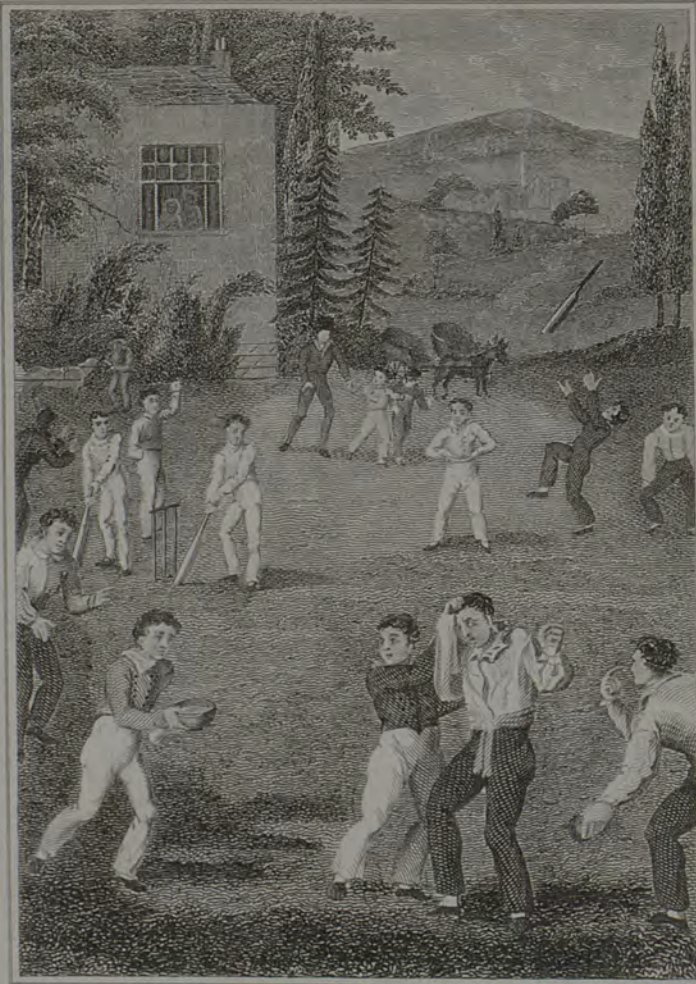
champion, as he reluctantly gave up his bat, and slipt one sleeve of his jacket on his arm, "there is another innings yet, it will be our turn by-and-bye."

As these remarks are considered quite fair on the cricket ground, they did not appear to excite the least animosity of feeling.

The game proceeded with considerable dexterity on both sides, though a circumstance occurred to mar its pleasures.

One of the young gentlemen, who was in the act of catching the ball that was projected from the bat, in a manner unusually swift, failing through timidity, was struck on the face and received a considerable bruise.

William and John were, at this time, very near, playing with the juniors, and in the midst of a game. But prompted by that compassionate feeling that was so peculiar to them, immediately forsook their amusements and ran to the assistance of their school-fellow; and while one wiped his bleeding nose with his own handkerchief, the other ran to give information to one of the assistants, and shortly returned with a basin of water.

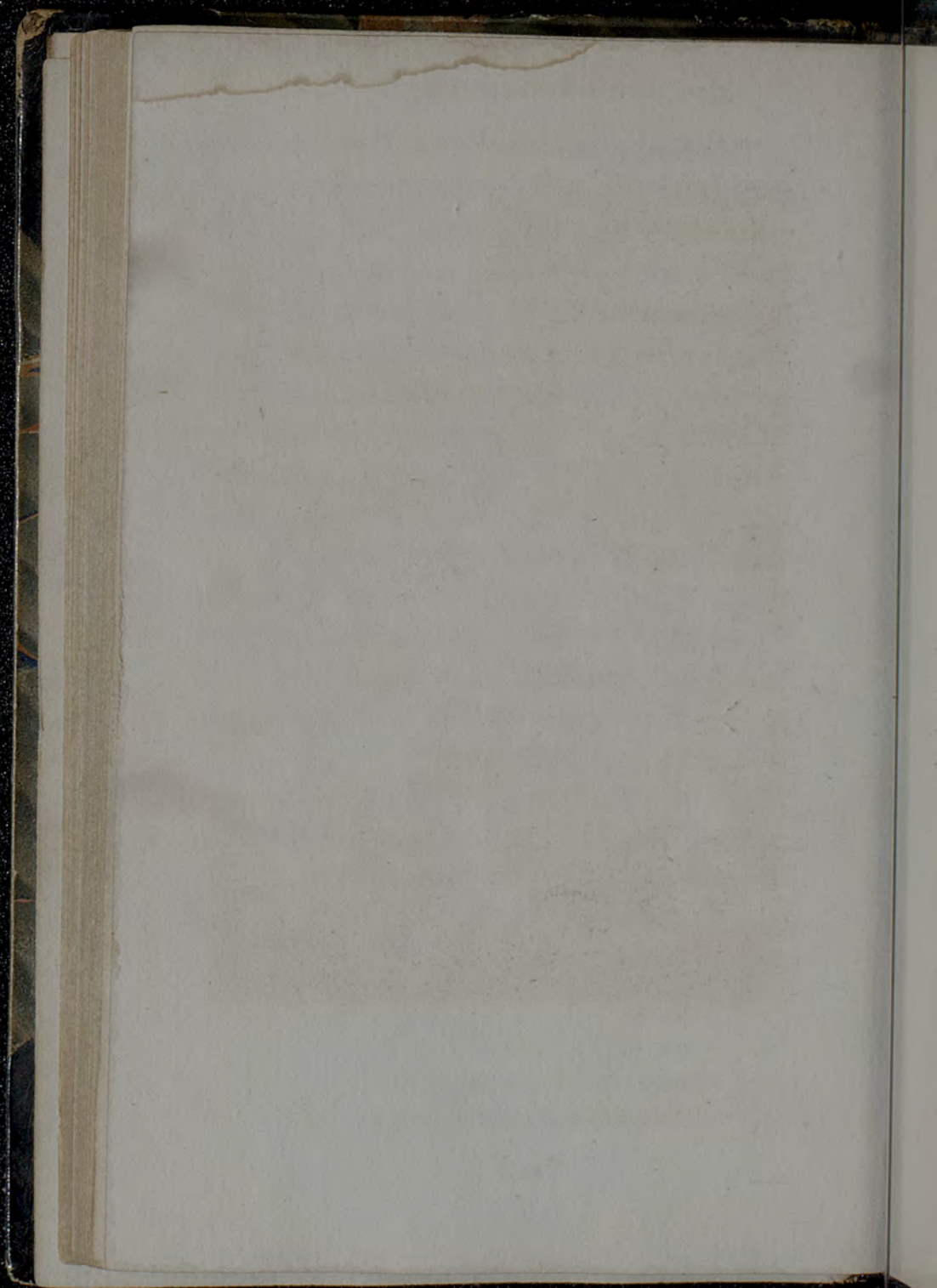


L. Seymour del.

Engraved by S. Bellin.

THE PLAY GROUND DESCRIBED.

to face page 74.



This kind act was not probably noticed by their other companions, but did not fail to be regarded by their tutor, as an office of kindness, unworthy of none, and deserving the imitation of all.

In the course of the afternoon, another event occurred, which showed the superior motives by which the conduct of these little boys was directed.

A dispute having arisen between two of their companions, about some trifling matter, their words grew very high, and from words "they almost came to blows," but William and John, who had learned to feel, as well as to say those charming little verses of Dr. Watts':

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,

"For 'tis their nature too ;

"Let Bears and Lions growl and fight,

"For God hath made them so.

"But children you should never let

"Your angry passions rise ;

"Your little hands were never made,

"To tear each other's eyes."

—William and John felt the force of these words, even on the cricket ground; and on being informed, that the young gentlemen intended to end the dispute by a fight, immediately ran up and advised them to be reconciled; but finding their advice to be of no importance, and perceiving that they were determined to settle their dispute by a trial of strength and brutality, they instantly communicated their intention to one of the assistants, begging him not to report them, but merely to prevent their fighting.

By this means, these young gentlemen, who would in a few minutes have given one another black eyes and bloody noses, and thus have exposed themselves to certain disgrace, were parted, and soon reconciled, and though at the time they did not like the interference of William and John, were constrained to say afterwards, that they had saved them from a “row.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE first game of cricket being ended, the horn blew for the troops to collect; which, as it was not for school, was done in a wonderfully short time, and without *one absentee*.

The place devoted to refreshment was exceedingly convenient. It was a long bower, with extensive tables, and fixed seats, capable of dining seventy or eighty. The rays of the sun were entirely interrupted by a thick canopy of willows, which rendered it a cooling retreat.

That all on this occasion should eat and drink heartily, none will doubt; but that any should go beyond the bounds of prudence, may be perhaps matter of surprise to those who have learned to bound their desires, and take enough only to satisfy the demands of

nature. Some young gentlemen certainly forgot, on this occasion, the name by which they were distinguished from those of their fellow-creatures who have no education, and whose gratifications are only those of sense. They both ate too much and drank too much, and were thereby prevented all other enjoyment for the day; unfit for any thing but to loll about on the chairs and benches. This grieved their instructors, and would have grieved their parents much more had they seen them.

It need not be told that our young heroes were not among these. They had satisfied their real wants, and, like other prudent boys, recruited their strength and spirits for future pleasures.

“Fools, from excess, the varied pleasures pall:
The wise are moderate, and enjoy them all.”

Cricket, prisoner's base, trap-ball, and all sorts of innocent amusements, were renewed, and many feats of agility performed.

In the midst of this, a shout of rejoicing was heard in the direction of the woodmen's

cottages; and shortly after, a cavalcade of poney and donkey chaises appeared.

These little vehicles were filled with ladies, who, out of respect to the school, had come out to witness the sports, and to render their kind assistance at the tea-tables.

A general honorary salute was immediately offered, which was graciously returned by the ladies, by the waving of handkerchiefs, parasols, and boughs of lilac.

Such, indeed, was the enthusiasm of feeling on this mark of distinction, that the most earnest entreaties were made to the ladies, by the young gentlemen, to suffer them to remove the tired beasts, and permit them to drag the chaises round the field by way of "chairing." This was granted with some degree of apprehension for the consequences, but providentially no ill resulted.

The sports having continued for a considerable length of time with uninterrupted good humour, the horn was again blown, and a merry convocation soon took place around the tea-tables, where buns and cakes of all kinds were profusely spread about.

The ladies took their seats at their respective tea-boards, and enlivened the scene with their affectionate and smiling countenances.

Propriety of conduct during tea was tolerably general, though it was regretted that some young gentlemen, notwithstanding they had before them numerous patterns of politeness, and had received all the instruction, and more than those who behaved so well, yet from want of an abiding conviction, or a disposition to attend to it, that neither holidays nor any amusement will excuse vulgarity or impoliteness, acted in a manner unworthy of their respectable parents, of themselves, of their instructors, and of the liberty, that is on those occasions, allowed, by snatching the cake out of the plates, upsetting their tea, and talking very loudly, and even not attending promptly to the call for order, when made by their tutor himself.

Silence being at length procured, several of the senior pupils were called upon to deliver appropriate poetical pieces, several of which were of their own composing. These were heard with bursts of applause, and afforded

an intellectual relaxation from the bodily exercises of the day,—forming a suitable interval to prepare for the evening regalia of cheese-cakes and syllabub.

After the speeches were ended, the worthy hostess made her appearance with two flowing bowls of the enlivening beverage, which were succeeded by towering plates of the much wished-for cakes.

During supper, the gentlemen who had put flutes in their pockets played some sweet airs, much to the gratification of those who loved music, which seemed to excite fresh melody from the vocalists of the surrounding woods.

CHAPTER XV.

As the sun was nearly on the point of setting, the return was prudently proclaimed, and each pupil took his companion for the homeward saunter. It has been said that nothing shews more evidently the character of any person, than the characters of those with whom he associates. Philosophers tell us, that the four elements, though blended together, have a strong tendency to separate from one another, and to unite themselves with their respective kindred elements;—that heavy things have a tendency to the earth, light things to the air, hot things to fire, and liquids to water.

However founded this may be in the nature of bodies, it is certainly true as to the mind. The good have a desire to associate

with the good; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that William and John should choose each other's society.

It would be impossible to tell our young readers of all the topics that were touched upon as the little groups moved on. Some discussed the merits of the best players, others spoke of the good quality of the entertainments; several were unmercifully crowding the poor donkey-chaises, and some who had not tired themselves as much as they wished, were absolutely at leap-frog. But our young heroes were perceived walking behind the rest, occasionally stopping to listen to the song of the nightingale, and were heard to repeat a number of interesting little pieces of a moral and religious kind. Should it be thought that this was very dull pleasure, the reader is informed, that they had not been so happy before all the day.

One piece of poetry that was repeated was exceedingly applicable to the state of nature on their return.

The sun was setting, and tinging the high-floating clouds with his golden rays: the

moon was seen rising in the east, clad in her silver livery.

“How beautiful the moon looks,” exclaimed John.

“It does indeed,” returned William; “I think I know a piece of poetry that speaks very prettily of the sun and moon.

‘ The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens—a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th’ unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator’s power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the ev’ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list’ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars around her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;—
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;

For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is *Divine.*”

Thus they conversed together all the way home; and will not our young readers grant that it was a very reasonable way of concluding a day's pleasure. How delightful must it be to have the mind stored with pretty descriptions of nature which can be readily quoted; and who would not, for such a pleasure, employ a little time, even out of the play hours, for this desirable object; or who would think it a task to be employed in obtaining that valuable knowledge, that is calculated so to enrich the mind, and afford it amusement.

In about an hour from the time of leaving the country house, all had reached home, fatigued but safe, and highly gratified, and in a very short time they were all safely resting in the embraces of sleep.

The general good behaviour that had prevailed called forth commendations from the tutor, who promised that the time should not be long, if they continued good, before they

should go out again, and no doubt he has kept his word.

Latin, Greek, and Mathematics were attempted the next day, but we cannot boast of their success, as the tone of application had somewhat declined, from the extra bodily exertion of the field; and besides, there were a great many things about the sports which could not be told in walking home the preceding evening.

CHAPTER XVI.

LITTLE was it contemplated that any who engaged in the pleasures of the holiday, would be prevented from enjoying the fulfilment of their tutor's promise, from the painful causes which it will be our duty now to state;—painful, and yet happy;—mysterious, and yet all wise!

No one will imagine that William and John had forfeited the promise by their misconduct, or that boys so habituated to do well could hastily be found doing, designedly, any thing ill; nor will our young readers conclude, that though their progress in knowledge was great, that therefore it would be well for their parents to think of removing them from school for some time. But there was an intruder that soon made it necessary.

A few months after the country holiday, William was perceived to be the subject of a growing debility. Perspirations of a very unfavourable kind were frequently seen upon his face, which gradually assumed an hectic flush. From these symptoms, it was thought advisable for him to unbend from his studies. He was therefore immediately prevented from going to school before breakfast. This was to William a sad deprivation. In this particular he was certainly very much unlike those who entreat their parents to write notes to excuse them for non-attendance; and of whom it may be justly said, from the unwillingness they manifested to rise, after being repeatedly called,

“ ’Tis the voice of the sluggard,
I hear him complain,—
You have wak’d me too soon,
I must slumber again.”

From preventing his attendance before breakfast, it soon became necessary to keep him at home entirely, his weakened frame being unable to support the fatigue of walking

to and from school. This was to him one of his severest trials, and the language of regret was on this account often heard from his lips. But though he could not go to school to study, he was a very diligent student at home, and devoted the chief portion of his time in meditating on the contents of a number of sweet little tracts, such as, "The Dairyman's Daughter," written by that excellent gentleman, the Rev. Legh Richmond; "Henry and his Bearer," &c. but especially the Bible.

The blessing of God on these meditations had already given his mind a strong tincture of habitual piety, and he was ever ready to converse on religious subjects. And as objects falling on the eye are impressed on it and reflected by it, so William, in the daily study of the scriptures, became more and more informed of their heavenly contents, had them both imprinted on his memory and his heart, and reflected their beauty to the admiration of all those who had the painful, but highly instructive, task of visiting him on his death-bed.

"It is better," said the wise man, "to go to

the house of mourning than to the house of feasting ;” and though William was so young, and the generality of those who attended him of an advanced age, yet every one who saw him, even advanced Christians, declared, that they had learned the most important lessons ; and by their united testimonies, proved the truth of that declaration, “ out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise,” and the propriety of that condescending saying of our Lord, “ suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*”

William was indeed a fit subject for the kingdom of heaven. The commandments of his King, the Lord Jesus Christ, he loved from his heart, on account of their holy tendency, and he loved to obey them, because his Saviour had enjoined them, and had been pleased to express his approbation of all those who delighted in them.

As illustrative of the bent of his mind, we would particularly request the attention of our young readers to those chapters in which he took so much delight, and of which he would

give such explanations as astonished all around him. He entered into their full meaning, because he prayed with all his heart that God would give him the light of his holy Spirit, that he might mark, learn, and inwardly digest them.

The eighth of Proverbs was a particular favourite, and will shew his anxiety for the possession of that best of knowledge that will outlive every other, where the wise man dwells so much on the nature of power, of riches, and the perpetuity of true wisdom.

That his mind was exercised much about the Saviour, is discernible from his so frequently calling for the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, in which the sufferings of Christ are so beautifully and strikingly predicted.

On one occasion when his tutor visited him, and by his wish read this favourite chapter, he exclaimed, "O, Sir, what are my sufferings when contrasted with those of Jesus! Mine are but light, and for a moment; his continued from the time he was laid in the manger, till he cried, 'It is finished,' on the cross. And besides, Sir, I have deserved

ten thousand times more than I can possibly endure, but the slightest pain that Jesus suffered was cruel and undeserved."

The attention that his pious parents had paid in his earliest years to furnish his memory with the truths of the Bible, and the power he had of retaining them, were sources of great satisfaction to them, and comfort to him when his sight became so weak that he was unable to read; and it furnishes a striking instance of the reward of well-directed parental solicitude.

William's mind was very deeply impressed with the depravity of the human heart, even in its best estate, and of the heinousness and danger of sin. On being asked by a gentleman, the Rev. Mr. D****t, whether he was convinced that he was a little sinner? Though at the time very weak, and apparently scarcely able to speak, lying on the bed with his eyes closed, the question came to him like an electric shock; his eyelids immediately flew open, and fixing his dark sparkling eyes on the gentleman, with a look of surprise, "*Little sinner* do you ask, Sir? There are no little

sinner;" and here his voice sunk again. "I'm a *great*, very great sinner; and, without the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, must have been sent to hell as a sinner for ever. O no, Sir, I think there is no such a thing in the world as a little sinner."

His piety was not of a confined and selfish nature; and this was the case in an eminent degree in both of these young Christians. His affectionate and pious sister, who not long since was joined, in the nearest and dearest ties, with a reverend gentleman, and who have both of them lately left their native land, to point poor sinners in foreign climes to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world; who, though "far from home and all its pleasures," have told us that their duty makes them happier than they were before—a consideration that should stimulate others to embark in the same laudable and holy enterprise;—this devoted young lady was very ill at the same time with William, and was considered by all who knew her to be travelling with the same rapidity to the grave as her brother. But by the will of that Pro-

vidence, of whose mysterious determinations it is said, "two shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left," the sister was preserved even from the very jaws of death, while in a very short time William fell an unrescued victim. The pious conversation that these two devoted characters enjoyed together, will never be forgotten by the survivor. They resembled the disciples going to Emmaus, and their hearts often burned within them while the Saviour talked with them by the way.

"Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share,
Christ and his character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope ;
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
Found him as prompt as their desires were true,
To spread the newborn glories in their view."

Their conversations together were eminently sweet, for they were those of kindred

minds, whose sympathies were both consolatory and instructive.

William was a pious son and a pious brother. On his tutor's asking how he felt in the anticipation of leaving his friends, a flood of tears burst from his eyes, but they were of a mingled nature. "I can leave my dear mother," said he, "and my dear father, and my dear sister, but I am afraid (mentioning the name of his brother, who, though a good boy in many respects, had not at this time, for he was very young, any marks of piety)—I am afraid that George will give his mother trouble. O, Sir," continued he, "if I could but see him a good boy before I die, how happy should I be. I think it would make me miserable indeed, if I had to reflect upon ingratitude to my dear father and mother."

"Well, William," rejoined his tutor, "you must pray for him, and leave it with God. Distress not your mind, for that will not make him pious, but only add to the grief of your dear mother." "O, Sir," returned he, "can I feel unconcerned to think, that when I die I

shall not see my dear brother. O if I should see my father, and mother, and sister in heaven, as I know I shall, and not meet George, I think I should not enjoy heaven myself. My constant prayer for him is, that he may fly to Jesus Christ as a poor helpless sinner."

CHAPTER XVII

DURING the whole of his illness, a kind friend volunteered to assist the mother in her distressing condition. Her conversations with this dear boy, were of the most delightful kind. The fact now to be stated, is from her own lips; and confirms the sincerity of his filial and fraternal regard. "He could never bear to be heard in prayer; but," said she, "of a night when he thought I was asleep, for I always slept by his side, I have heard him pour out his heart in the most affecting manner. Mentioning every one of the family by name, and soliciting some peculiar blessing on them all; for his parents, support; for his sister, recovery; for his brother, conversion; and never forgetting to entreat in the most

ardent manner for me, all that I ever wish to enjoy."

His confidence in Christ seemed to be supported and increased by the reading of the eighth chapter of Romans, for which he would frequently call, and after it had been read, was engaged with his heart in bringing his faith to the test, and in ascertaining whether he was indeed carnally or spiritually minded, that he might enjoy an unwavering evidence that what the Apostle Paul says, in the former part of the first verse was true of himself.

Could an infidel have seen his countenance, and beheld exulting hope sitting in all her peace-giving influence there, whilst the two last verses of this chapter were reading: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers; nor things present, nor things to come: nor height, nor depth, nor any creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;"—Could this have been witnessed by the infidel, he would have been compelled to the confession,

“ ’Tis Religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live :
’Tis Religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.”

It could be said of William, what ought to be said of all, that from the first dawn of reason he was never detected in a wilful untruth, which may be learned from the following anecdote related by his pious attendant.

On her requesting him to take his medicine, to which he had an unfortunate dislike; from a preconceived notion, that it would do him no good; “No,” answered he, “I will take no more.” “But why, my dear?” “Because the doctor told me a falsehood. He said, I should recover with my sister; but I knew I should not. She is getting well, and I am going as fast as time can carry me to the grave; and, therefore, I’ll take no more medicine of a man that has told me an untruth.”

No arguments were sufficient to prevail on him, and it seems but just to believe that his cough had much more power over him on this account.

The medical gentleman called on him at the usual hour, and on his presenting his hand, William drew his back. "What, will you not shake hands with me?" enquired the gentleman. "No, Sir," answered he, "you have told me an untruth; you said I should recover, but you knew I never could. You have, therefore, endeavoured to deceive me, and I cannot esteem those who do not tell the truth."

William had a peculiarly holy mind, and could take no consolation from what was not of this nature. A lady who had been very kind in sending him many nice things, supposing that as they came in the form of a present, he might be induced to take something of them, called one day to see him, and on entering his room, saw the Bible on his bed. Among other enquiries, she asked what books he read: the attendant being present, informed her that it was the Bible. "O pray," rejoined the Lady, "don't let him have too much of that, it will do him no good; I'll let you have one of my daughter's nice little books."

As William awoke out of a doze, he heard the words "my daughter's nice little books," and enquired after the lady was gone, what book it was, and begged they would send for it, as he was anxious to have all the good books that could be read to him.

From the dislike the lady had intimated to the Bible, his attendant did not immediately send for the book, hoping that he might forget it. But William had too good a memory, and would not have his request denied. The book was sent for; when, according to her expectations, she perceived it was one that would not suit her little charge.

"Well," said William, as she entered the room, hesitating what to do, "have you sent for the book?" The question was of a nature that could not be evaded, and she said, "yes, but I am sure it will not suit you." "Let me look at it," was the reply. And what do our young readers think was the title of it. Nothing better than "Jack the Giant Killer." Can they, after the account they have heard of William, think that this would suit him? O. no; it was no sooner in his hands, than,

casting his eyes on the title page, with a look of indignation and disappointment, he threw the trumpery volume across the room, and with all the strength of which he was possessed, exclaimed, "is this the comfort you bring me on my death-bed? burn it this moment." On being told that it could not be burned without offending the lady, he still continued, "let it be burned I say, I will bear the blame."

This surely should be a lesson to those who visit the sick, to be particularly cautious not to take with them, nor send unsuitable books, which are infinitely worse than none at all.

His disorder now began to make increased ravages on his tender frame, so that it was with difficulty he could converse at all, except at intervals when the paroxysms of coughing abated a little.

At his tutor's last interview, he was exceedingly collected, and expressed the greatest gratitude for his attentions, assuring him, that though the instructions he had received could do him no good in this world, they had

assisted him in thinking about another. His sympathies were of the most affectionate kind. "O my, dear sir," continued he, "I often think how you must be grieved with some, who in spite all the affectionate treatment they receive, are none the better. But you must not be discouraged; perhaps you will see one day that they have been blessed, though you were ignorant of it. Go on,"—the cough returning, he could not finish the sentence, and his tutor expressing a hope that their next meeting would be in heaven, clasped his hand. William returned it to the utmost of his ability, and smiled a hearty Amen to this wish.

As he had in very early life been impressed with the value and immortality of the soul, so that impression deepened as he drew nearer to death.

On one occasion, among other striking remarks, he looked up in his mother's face with all the serenity of Christian fortitude, while the drops of maternal affection were rolling down from her cheeks to the bed on which

he lay, and said, "Mother, why do you weep?" Her reply was, "to see you, my dear William, such a sufferer." "Grieve not for me," returned he, "it is true, I am going fast; my body is but a box, and it will crumble to dust, but my soul is a jewel, and it will go to Christ: he will take care of it for ever; therefore do not grieve."

A little before his death, he called his brother and sister to him, and gave to each some part of his little property, something by which he said they might recollect when he was dead, how much he loved them, accompanying it with a suitable admonition.

A day or two before his death, as his mother saw him absorbed in devotion, she retired for a few moments into an adjoining room, where she might unburthen her heavy heart, without giving pain to the mind of her beloved son.

On her return to his chamber, she perceived his eyes closed, but his lips employed in repeating part of that beautiful hymn,

“Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded by the fall,
Jesus ready stands to save you
Full of pity, joined with power :
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.”

When he came to the words “he is able, he is willing, doubt no more,” additional strength seemed to be given him, and with all the confidence that a saint could be the subject of, when treading on the threshold of glory, he repeated again and again, “Doubt no more, my soul ! doubt no more !”

The happy spirit was now just on the wing and employed the wasted body only for a short time, to tell the mourners round of its happiness. “Jesus is precious to you now, my dear William,” said the almost heart-broken mother. The immortal spirit replied, “I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me.”

His attendant, a few moments before he died, perceiving that he was going, begged his mother to retire ; and on asking him what she should do, his reply was, “read about

Jesus, and I'll go to sleep in his arms;" and
as soon as the words were uttered, he was
found,

“ As in the embraces of his God,
Or on his Saviour's breast.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE divine Being is not confined to particular means to effect his will. It is not always necessary that death, in order to discharge his solemn office, should be invested with authority over the raging fever, the withering consumption, or the pestilential plague. Nor is it required, in order to people the dark regions of the grave, that its tyrant should hold dominion over the devouring flame, or "more destructive flood," or that the objects selected for his devastating power should assemble on the field of carnage or the ocean of war.

A Christian poet, the pious Dr. Watts, compares the human frame to a harp of thousand strings, which, from their multitude and

extreme fineness, may be very easily disarranged; assuring us, that the matter of astonishment is not that these strings are rendered discordant, but that they keep in tune so long: that wherever we are, and however circumstanced,

“Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb.”

The news of William's death very deeply affected the minds of some of his school-fellows, and many of them begged permission to pay the last tribute of respect to departed worth, by following him to the grave, and dropping the tear of sympathy over his remains, as they were solemnly deposited in the ground. But little was it anticipated that it would be necessary, in so short a time, to carry to the same burying-place either of those who had walked in all the strength and bloom of health, to witness the interment of William; and that what they had said of him, others would, ere long, say of one of them,—“the place that

knoweth him now, shall know him no more for ever."

William had been known in the school; but the desk at which he had sat only reminded those that looked at it that he had been there. He had been known in the amusements of his young companions; but they must find others to associate with now. He had been known in the embraces of his dear parents; but they will clasp their dear child no more, until they greet him in a world that knows no separation. He had been known as a constant attendant at the church of God below; but he is now united with a more holy and glorious church above.

Would not some of our young readers like to follow him where he is now? But if so, they must follow him in what he was on earth.

John, his former companion, the sequel of whose interesting history we are now about faithfully to present, did follow him. These little Christians had both gone hand in hand in obedience to the divine commands; and though death for a time seemed cruelly to tear

them from each other, yet it was but as the separating of two powerfully attractive magnets, which fly to each other with increased velocity, as soon as the force that divided them subsides.

From the period of William's death, John's mind became more and more impressed with the necessity of divine things, though from the age of four he had seen and felt the evil of sin; but no one would have foreboded that a countenance covered with the blushes of health would, ere long, turn so pale, and that limbs so active and strong would soon be emaciated by disease, and stiffened by death.

The avenues to the grave are often times so contracted at their entrance, that the place to which they lead is not immediately discerned. It was thus with John.

He happened to be at play with his brothers and sisters in his father's fields, and having a desire for a ride on a donkey that was very quiet, he attempted to jump upon his back, and after a trial or two accomplished his wishes. It was scarcely known by him at the time, that in the last jump he had

bruised the bone in his back called by anatomists the vertebra, or spine. This he took no notice of until the next day, when he began more sensibly to feel the injury.

By the kind attentions of his friends, the evil seemed awhile to be removed and he attended to his studies. But this was but as the secret lurking of the tiger, which conceals himself for a while, that he may, with greater haste and more effectually, secure his victim. The bruise was internal, and working to his hurt; so much so, that in a short time it became necessary, as in the case of William, to remove him from school,—a circumstance which drew tears from his eyes.

The opinion of those who visited him was very various. Some said, “this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God;” but others, whose penetration seemed more keen, or at least more accurate, intimated that he would not, to all human probability, ever more recover.

Being at length confined to his room, he sent a request that his tutor would visit him, which was promptly attended to.

It must be exceedingly gratifying to those who have the arduous task of instructing youth, to find them thus disposed to make them their confidants,—to unbosom their troubles, and to be more anxious to receive direction and encouragement concerning the things of eternity, than those of this world.

John dearly loved his instructor, though possibly he had often given him advice that he did not at the time see the value of. But he was brought now to discern, that every little self-denial to which he had been called, was all for the best, and had prepared him to bear the adversity of which he was about to be the subject.

On his tutor's entering the room, he found him lying on the bed, attended by one who is always the best of companions, but especially in the chamber of affliction;—it was his affectionate mother, who had just finished reading to him the words of everlasting life. “I am rejoiced,” said she, “Sir, to see you. Poor John”—and her eyes shewed immediately the feelings of her heart;—“Poor John has been very anxious to see you; he is very,

very low." The curtains of the bed were now drawn aside, and presented an affecting but truly interesting spectacle. His little hands were extended on the bed, and his eyes raised towards heaven, intimative of the devotion that was within, but seemed utterly insensible to the presence of any but God. His mother now aroused him by saying, "John, here is your tutor come to see you." At this summons he glanced his eyes round, and looked eagerly, but said nothing. His tutor commenced:—"Do you not know me, John? Pray, be composed; here is an old friend come to see you." At this his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed, "Thank you, Sir, I am very glad to see you; I hope you are not offended that I took the liberty to send." "I am offended with myself," replied the tutor, "for not coming before; but I had no idea that you were so low. Be encouraged; Jesus, I hope, is with you, supporting you in the trial, and sanctifying it to your good."

"Yes," he returned, "I hope he is; though I am, Sir, a wicked sinner, and undeserving

the support he is so good as to give me.” “That is very true,” replied his tutor; “he hath not dealt with us according to our sins, nor rewarded us according to our transgressions. You cannot feel too sensible of your sinful state, nor be too strongly convinced of what sin has exposed you to; but it is our mercy, John, to be informed from the word of God, that such was the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he died expressly for the sins of those who believe. Now, do you believe that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of sinners?” “Yes, Sir,” replied he, “I see there is no other, and that without Jesus, God will not pardon me.” “Would you wish me to pray with you?” said his tutor. “O, Sir, it will give me much pleasure.” The afflicted mother knelt down on the other side of the bed, and it was a most delightful season. The spirit of prayer was enjoyed by all, and proved “a time of refreshing from the divine presence.” “I thank you a thousand times, Sir,” said the affectionate mother; “what a mercy is the throne of grace! Poor John and I find it so, I assure you,” and immediately

the tears chased one another down her cheek. "Be comforted," returned the tutor; "and recollect, that a pious son on a death-bed, is preferable to a profligate one in all the enjoyment of health;—you have much more cause of gratitude than regret." "Yes, Sir, I feel I have; and trust"——, but here a heavy sigh accompanied the faint and hesitating words, "I trust I shall be able to resign, if it be the Lord's will." "If it be not the Lord's will," replied he, "you will not have to resign him; so that whether the issue be for life or for death, you may immediately take encouragement from the full belief that the Lord's will will be accomplished." An affectionate farewell for the present was taken of each other, with a promise that it should not be long before a second visit should be paid.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER a short interval the house of mourning was revisited ; though, if we may judge of it in a spiritual point of view, it would be better called the house of joy. But it is to be expected, while we live in a world of sin and sorrow,—a world that is emphatically denominated a “ vale of tears,”—that parents will mourn for their departing offspring, and children for their departing parents.

There is something in the very name of the death-bed, however strewed with the flowers of piety, that makes the heart sad ; especially when survivors behold the objects of their affections tortured by disease, whilst they are unable to administer relief.

This was the case with respect to William and John. Willingly would their heart-bleeding parents have had their pains transferred to themselves; and if we may judge by mental sufferings, there is not a doubt but their friends suffered far the most, nor were their bodily sufferings by any means inconsiderable. Week after week had their parents lain by the sides of their dear sons, to listen to their first requests, that they might not have the pain of asking twice for any thing that could administer the least relief. Surely this speaks loudly to children who have affectionate parents, and directs them to think highly of their obligations to those who have sacrificed their own happiness, and would, if a duty, sacrifice their lives for them.

One evening, whilst John's tutor was at tea, a knock, that intimated hurry, was heard at the door, and a young lady was introduced, almost breathless with running, who with some difficulty told her message. "Master John," said she, "Sir, is very ill, and we think he will not be here long. He has a great wish to see you. We are very sorry to

trouble you," and the tears stole insensibly as she repeated, "I'm sure he will not be here long." "I'll be at the house in a very few minutes," was the reply.

The disorder had certainly made considerable inroads on its victim, but there did not appear to be any ground to anticipate immediate dissolution, though the outward man, or the body, was rapidly decaying, and it was more difficult for John to respire than it had been. There was one circumstance that rendered this visit very affecting, and the more so because it was one exactly similar to what occurred in visiting William.

Divine Providence, in its mysterious procedure, had seen fit to afflict John's sister at the same time with himself; and in compliance with his request, as in the case of William, she had been removed from an adjoining room to that in which he lay.

On his tutor's entering the chamber, and seeing the afflicted parent sitting between the beds of two of her dear offspring, the recollection of the past, connected with the present, was almost too much for his feelings, and

carried home the declaration, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," with a power that will be long remembered.

John had conversed with his sister very closely on the state of her mind, which seemed to be his object in having her removed to his room. On her saying to him one day, when in an agony of pain, "O, John, I wish we were in heaven," his reply was, "wishing will not get us there, sister; there is but one way; we must enter in by the narrow way and the strait gate. If we ever reach heaven, it must be by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ."

The conversation his tutor had with him on this occasion, was truly delightful. Instead of answering the description of those who have "the form of godliness without the power;" here was the power almost without the form, or at least only such as native piety would assume; every word that was uttered was the eloquence of the heart.

Like William, he talked of school, and expressed a great interest in his school-fellows. "I am very grateful, Sir," said he,

“ for your good instructions ; and since I have been on this bed, I have had full proof of the truth of a sentence in my *Delectus*, that I thought but little about when I read it, but it has dwelt greatly on my mind ever since :— ‘ *Homo ortus est ad Deum colendum ;* ’ ” or, in English, for he translated it, or rather gave the English first, and the Latin afterwards, that his tutor might the better recollect it, “ ‘ Man is born to worship God, ’ and no one else, ” said he. “ If we truly worshipped God more, I think, Sir, we should be more happy. ” “ And what do you mean, John, by worshipping God, for there are many that profess to worship him that are not happy ? ” “ I think, ” he replied, “ it is because they do not love Jesus Christ, God’s dear Son. God hath said, has he not, Sir ? ‘ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ; ’ so that I cannot be saved if I do not believe, neither can I worship God properly, can I, Sir ? ” “ Your remarks are very just, ” replied the tutor ; “ without faith in Christ, as the Saviour, there can be no religious service acceptable to God ; for we

are told, 'that it is through him we have access unto the Father.' So that you see that God cannot be pleased with you nor your services, but as both are offered through the rich merit of the blood of Christ that was shed to atone for sin. You feel this, John, do you?" "O yes, Sir, I see myself an undone sinner, that have merited the wrath and curse of Almighty God who made me, as I have learned in my catechism. I feel I could do nothing without Christ now—nothing!"

"How valuable," said his tutor, as he turned to the weeping mother, "is Jesus Christ;—a portion for life, 'and the antidote of death,' who takes the poison out of his sting, and makes it an instrument of mercy." "I believe, Sir," she replied, "John has no fear of Death, but rather a desire for his arrival." After having prayed together, his tutor took his farewell, which, though he did not anticipate it, proved the last. On leaving the room, his mother related the following pleasing circumstances, which had transpired since the last interview.

CHAPTER XX.

A LADY, who had been in the habit of frequently visiting him, reading to him, and engaging in prayer with him, calling on one occasion at a late hour, and finding him greatly exhausted with conversing so much during the day, desisted from talking, and seeing him shut his eyes, thought he had fallen into a doze. Unwilling to interrupt him, she quietly left the room.

She had not been gone many minutes, before she was accosted by one of John's sisters,—a trust-worthy little girl, who had been sitting by his bed-side to render any service that her affectionate brother might require.

“If you please, ma'am,” said she, as she

gently touched the lady's arm, "John says you have not prayed with him, and he is crying as if he would break his heart. Do, ma'am," continued she, as the tears rolled down her little cheeks, "do have the kindness to go back."

The lady could willingly have wept too, but suppressed her feelings, and repaired immediately to the chamber. Looking on the bed, she saw the crystal drops chasing each other rapidly from his eyes to the pillow.

On her explaining the reason of her leaving so abruptly, he seemed satisfied. She immediately knelt down, and both found it to be "none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

On her rising from her knees, his face had altered its appearance, and he looked upon her with a smile of satisfaction and transport.

His disorder was of the most painful nature; and he was once induced to express a wish that the Lord would take him out of his misery. But these words were no sooner uttered, than he recalled them with the deepest regret, expressing great concern lest he had

grieved the Almighty by repining at his will. It was three weeks before he ceased to bewail this circumstance.

Being very anxious to read, and yet unable to bear the weight of the Bible, his mother very judiciously strung some light tickets together, containing extracts from the Bible; and as soon as he had read them through, would change them for others. With this he was much delighted, and enjoyed some of the happiest seasons in meditating on these little messengers of mercy.

John, like William, enjoyed much from the reading of the Scriptures, and the repetition of pious hymns. From his choice, it will be easily perceived how anxious he was to draw all his consolation from the Saviour, and to reflect his glory.

Once, on his mother's entering his chamber, she found "Dr. Rippon's Selection of Hymns" laying on his bed; and taking it up, saw several leaves folded down.

As all our young readers may not be in possession of this book, we shall quote a few verses from each hymn.

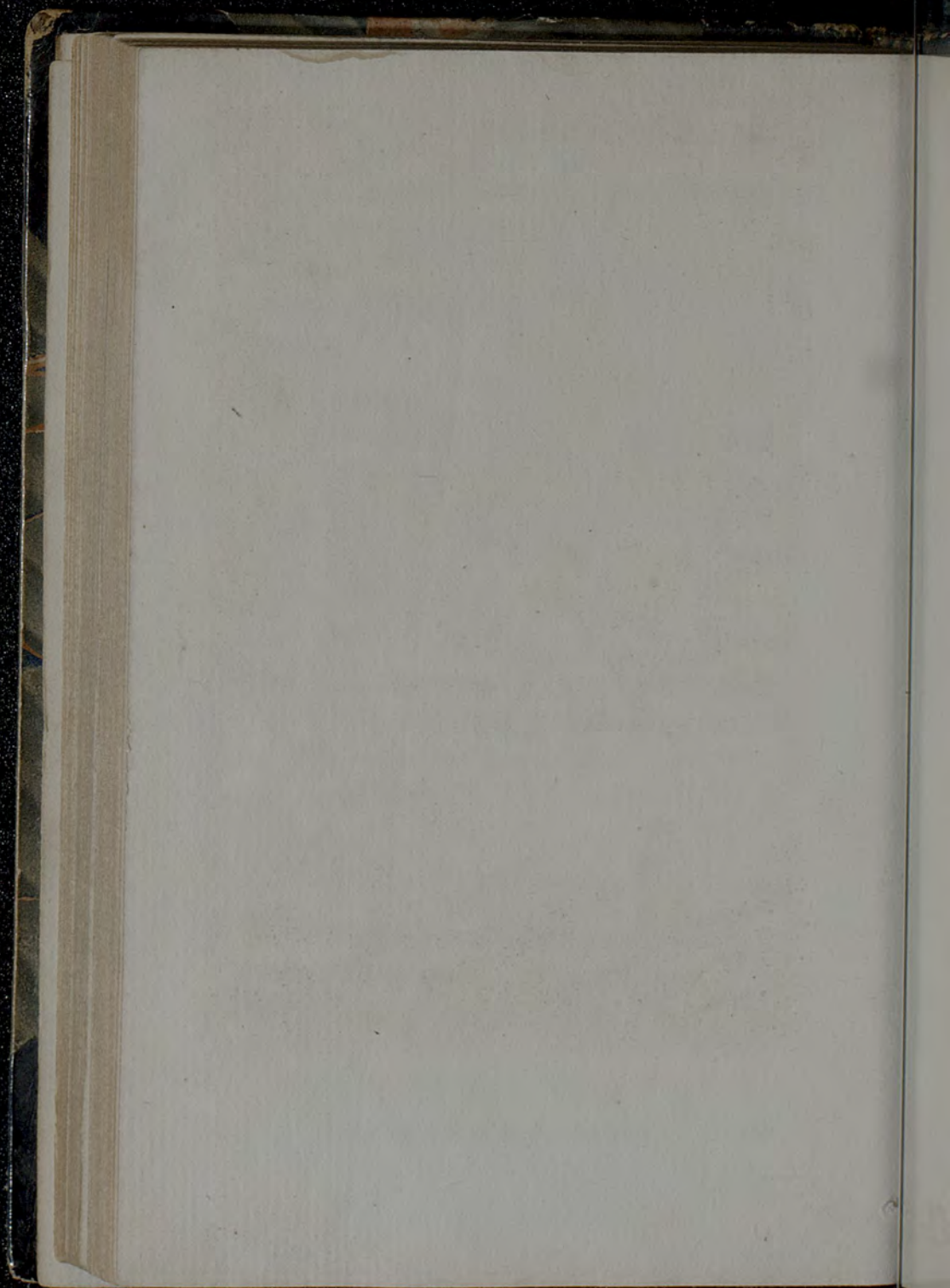


R. Seymour del.

Engraved by S. Bellin.

THE DEATH BED SCENE.

to face page 104.



The first was the 73rd.

Shall Jesus descend from the skies,
 To atone for our sins by his blood,
 And shall we such goodness despise,
 And rebels still be to our God?

Through him we forgiveness shall find,
 And taste the sweet blessings of peace;
 If contrite and humbly resigned,
 We trust in his promised grace.

While here, through the desert we stray,
 Our God shall be all our delight;
 Our pillar of cloud in the day,
 And also of fire in the night.

Till the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
 We land on the heavenly shore;
 Where we, the hid manna shall taste,
 Nor hunger, nor thirst any more.

Amongst others was the 151st.

How shall I my Saviour set forth?
 How shall I his beauties declare?
 O how shall I speak of his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are?

His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace ;
No ! this is a myst'ry unknown.

In him all the fulness of God,
For ever transcendently shines,
Tho' once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs :

Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

Now, sinners, attend to his call,
" Whoso' hath an ear let him ear,"
He promises mercy to all
Who feel their sad wants, far and near.

He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste ;
Here's pardon, here's grace ; yea and more,
Here's glory eternal at last.

The last, the whole of which we shall quote,
is the 196th, a beautiful hymn by the pious
Steele.

Jesus, the Spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her dark delusions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

No other name will heaven approve,
Thou art the true the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart ;
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide !
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains ;
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

On his mother's enquiring if he had folded down the leaves, and for what purpose? He replied, "because, mother, I have seen Jesus in every one of those hymns."

On being asked if he felt satisfied that Christ died for him: "Yes," he answered, pointing to his breast, "I feel the witness here; it is within!"

His patience was unabating to the last. His medical gentleman seeing him so great a sufferer, said to him, "my poor little fellow, I am sincerely sorry to see you lie in such a painful state." His reply was, as he looked up with an expression of gratitude for his kind sympathy, "I thank you, sir; but I must wait the Lord's will; we are only lent; by-and-by, Jesus will call for me."

Though he was so rapidly hastening to his dissolution, Reason held her throne to the last; and afforded his parents great facilities of conversation: and though his body was so reduced, yet his face retained its round and full appearance to the last.

Having heard his mother say, that just before the death of one of his sisters, her legs

began to be swollen to a considerable size ; in the absence of his mother, he asked his little sister, of whom we have before spoken, and who was entirely ignorant of his motive for the enquiry, "if she did not perceive that his legs had considerably enlarged?" On her answering in the affirmative, he said, "then call my mother," his mother came immediately ; and on her asking what she should do for him, "O mother," he replied, and a smile kindled in his cheeks : "I'll tell you something, if you will promise not to grieve;" but on her bursting into tears, he continued in an altered tone, "I'll not tell you, if you thus make yourself unhappy."

At this, she endeavoured to rally a little courage, and said, "My dear John, I will try to be composed."

"O mother," rejoined he, "my legs are beginning to swell, it will not be long now, will it? I shall soon see Jesus, and you will very soon come after me—it will not be long now."

A day or two before he died, having expressed a wish, from lying so long in one

position, to be moved a little, his mother signified her fears, that if she did, he would die in her arms ; to which he replied, “ then do as you please with me, I am satisfied.”

Within a few hours of his death, the cough which had been very troublesome, entirely left him ; and his closing scene was not unlike those days in nature, which brighten towards the evening, when just before the sun bids the world awhile farewell, he rides forth from the clouds that had for a time obscured him, and pours a blush of beauty on every object on which his rays may fall.

At this youthful even-tide, it was evidently noon.

Having feebly requested his mother to lower his pillow, and laid his arms down by his side, with all the composure of one preparing for a journey, he looked around upon the mourning family with a heavenly complacency, and whispered, “ the Lord is taking me now mother, fa—— ;” but before he could finish the endearing name of “ father,” he heaved a sigh, and fell asleep in Jesus, who

introduced him to enjoy a higher relationship
in heaven.

“ No marble marks, their couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep,
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er their tomb,
Affliction's self deploras their youthful doom.”

THE END

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