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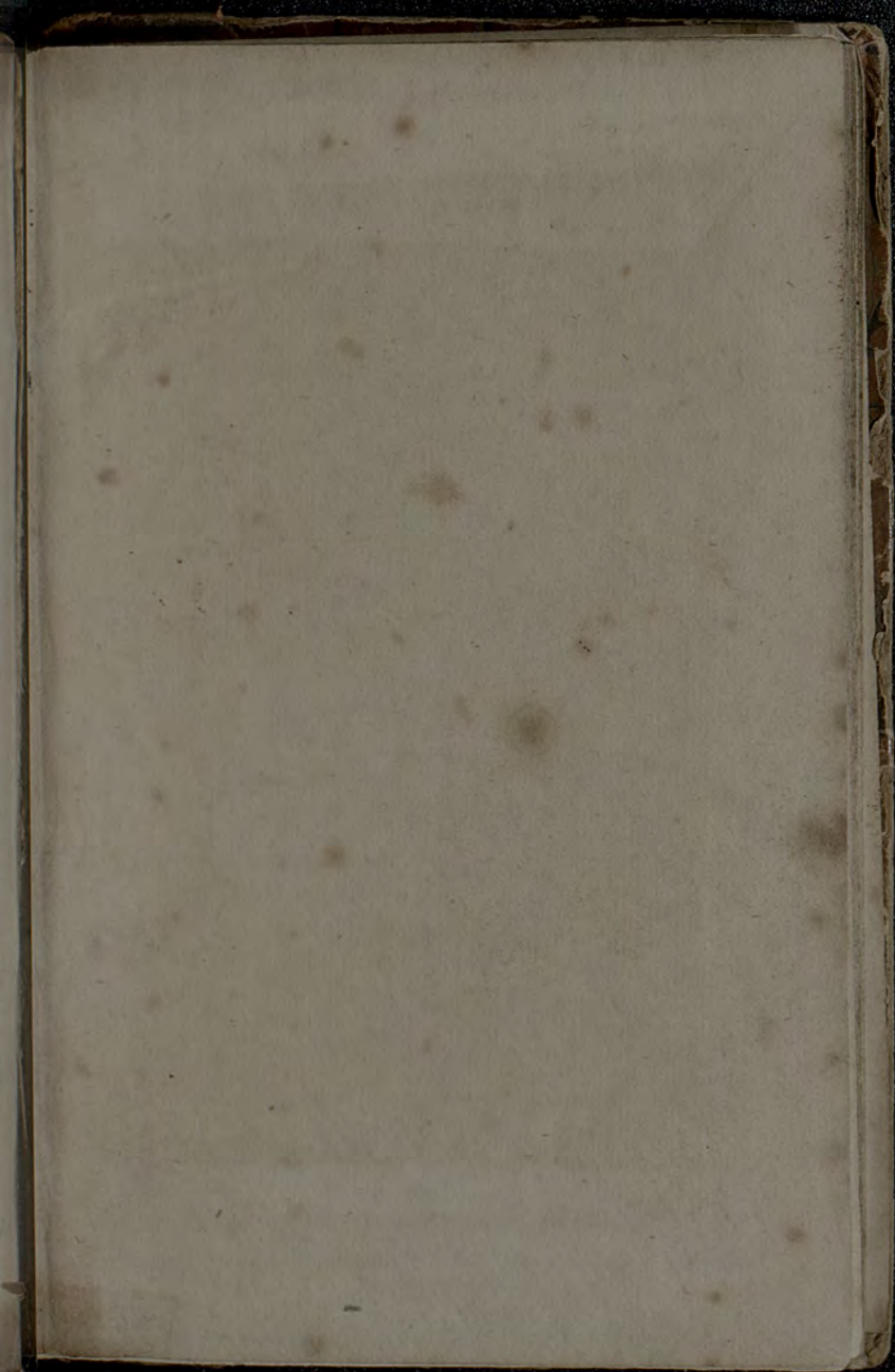
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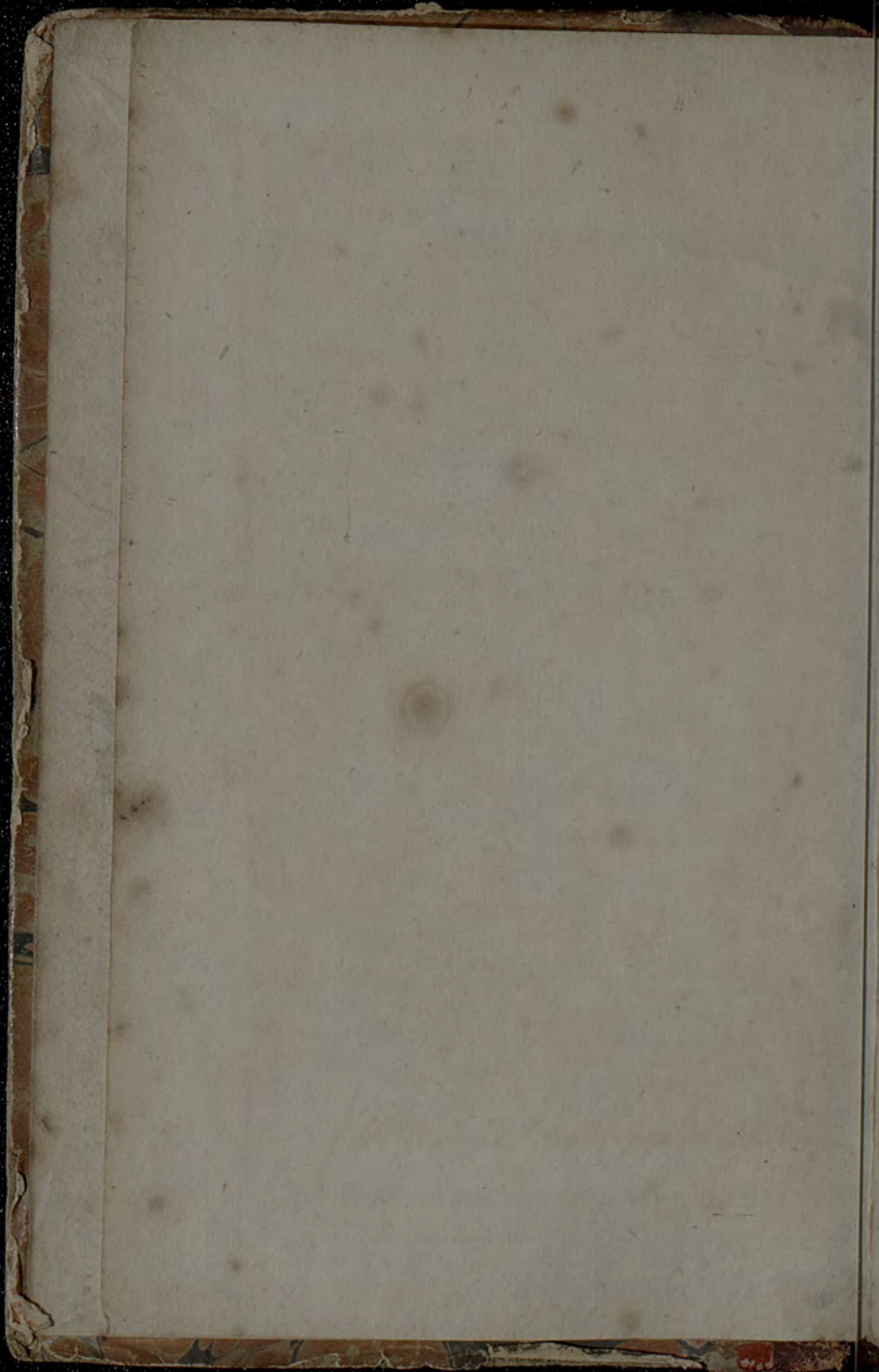
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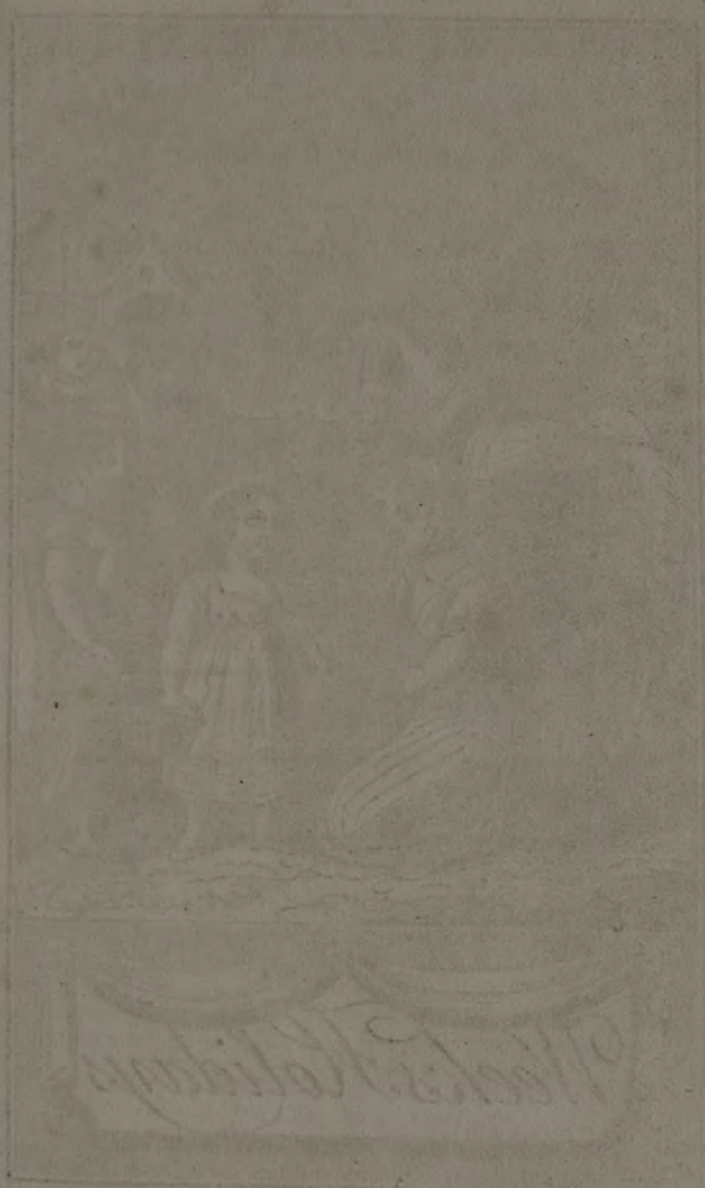
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Week's Holidays

EDWIN AND HENRY;

OR, THE

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TALES,

FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH.

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IN THE WEEK.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS instructive volume first, appeared in the month of March, 1818, the number then printed, being 1250, was insufficient to answer the demands which succeeded its publication, and rendered a reprint of 2000 copies necessary so soon after as the month of May, in the same year. The demand for it since has been very considerable; and the circumstance of many orders having gone unsupplied, has induced the publisher to have it cast in stereotypes.

The following is from La Belle Assemblée,

“ This little interesting pocket volume contains a series of moral and instructive tales, for the amusement of youth; and is one of those useful works for the juvenile library, which we earnestly recommend to the notice of those of our correspondents who bear the honoured title of parents.

“ EDWIN and HENRY, the children of the worthy Mr. FRIENDLY, EDWIN aged thirteen, and HENRY twelve, are passing their

Week's Holidays of Easter, with their excellent parent, who makes every domestic incident a real source of instruction to his beloved offspring. Casualties, the phenomena of nature, the vegetable world, sickness, and the bed of death, are all treated of, and afford, as they pass immediately under the eyes of the young people, an opportunity to the intelligent father to draw from them a striking and moral lesson of instruction.

“To these moral tales is prefixed, a well written address to parents; and the following extract is well deserving the attention of those who are entrusted with the care of youth, see ‘If we examine the system,’ p. 6, to ‘the melancholy chaos of life,’ p. 7.

In the tale of the Village Fair, the following reflections on avarice are excellent:—see ‘It is a vice of that odious nature,’ p. 44, to ‘these qualities repel man from him,’ p. 45.

TO PARENTS.

It is an unhappy maxim, entertained by many persons to whom the education of children is entrusted, to attribute moral goodness partly to the power of custom, and partly to the knowledge of the advantage which springs from the observance and fulfilment of certain established duties.

Either, indeed, is sufficient to form those secondary characters, who are never expected to exalt themselves above the narrow sphere of intuitive virtue; but the great and noble character, which appears to set no bounds to its modes of action, and which, on all occasions, strikes into an original path, unfettered by established usages, customs, and prejudices, is only to be formed by that comprehensive system of tuition, which embraces objects in their most distant relations, and which is able to deduce the most important

inferences from premises of an abstract and complicated nature.

This character springs from a seed which the pedagogic system of the ancients allowed to shoot up into luxuriance, but which is checked in its growth by the systematic peculiarities of the moderns.

In order to form children into great and exemplary characters, and to preserve them from all lassitude and indolence of mind, it is necessary to converse with them in a manly and sensible manner.

Their imagination must be brought into action ; the independence of their mind must be awakened ; and whilst nature and mankind are exhibited to them in pleasing and cheerful forms, and they are led to the contemplation of the infinite, on which all human nature is founded, those pure and crystal sources must also be opened to them, from

which religion and devotion spring. If we examine the system of the majority of our academies, shall we find any part adapted for those purposes ?

Do we not behold rather a constant and unremitting endeavour to chain the imagination to a mere view of real things, and to shackle the remaining powers of the mind by a dull uniformity of tuition ?

The child, in its first employments, as well as in its sports, will never feel an inclination to court self-reflection, nor by a free and independent mode of thinking, and of reasoning, attempt to exalt itself above that narrow sphere in which it is confined, by the imprudent caution of a systematic tutor.

If nothing further were required, than to form man for the purpose of preserving the machine of life, it would be merely requisite to transform virtue as much as possible into

a mechanical quality ; which, in other words, is wholly to dissolve it, and to place duty and obedience to the laws in its stead.

But human nature soars towards a higher point, which can never be obtained by so limited a display of power. It strives, when once conscious of its noble faculties, to attain to a more perfect and invisible world, which is its proper and natural home ; and attempts to reach that station, where in placid and holy serenity it can look down on the melancholy chaos of life.

This enviable situation is, however, not to be obtained by the abolition of corporeal punishments ; neither by the distribution of rewards and honours ; nor by the trifling and futile methods of education so generally adopted in the present day. It is solely to be attained by an incessant endeavour to lead the mind to a pure and disinterested pleasure in

every thing that is good and beautiful, as emanating from a great and almighty Creator.

To those, who acknowledge the justness of those principles, this little book will not be wholly useless. It is at least the aim of the Author to promote those principles in their most extended sense, by the most easy and natural deductions.

Should it, however, happen, that some children may not comprehend particular parts of it, the aim of the Author is still, in some degree, accomplished; for, he has implanted those seeds in their minds, which, at a future time, will bear the most luxuriant fruit.

In the wonderful economy of the human mind, its noblest powers often work in secret; and the aim of the present work is to give it those materials on which it can employ itself with pleasure and advantage!!



DIRECTIONS TO THE BOOK-BINDER.---*I here are two subjects on each plate, except the frontispiece, of this Book, and they may be placed respectively in front of the page on which either subject is mentioned.*

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EDWIN AND HENRY;

OR,

The Week's Holidays.

MONDAY MORNING.

HYMN 1— PRAISE TO GOD ON HIGH

ALMIGHTY God, in heaven above,
By whom we live, and think, and move,
Eternal praise to thee.

Thy matchless power and skill divine,
O'er all thy works profusely shine,
In heav'n, in earth, and sea.

The sun, and all the starry train,
The verdant earth, and rolling main,
Thy mighty hand declare :
The beasts which o'er the desert stroll,
Or in the deep their bodies roll,
Alike thy goodness share.

But above all, thy mercies shine
 In man, the chief, thy great design,
 Who reason proudly owns :
 Thy world is his, to form his joy ;
 Thy works his active mind employ ;
 Thy love his pleasure crowns.

Then, O let man, with loud accord,
 Praise thee, his Father, God, and Lord;
 And bless thy Power and love :
 For ever let him own thy sway,
 Nor wilful from thy dictates stray,
 In paths of guilt to rove.

TALE I, ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE family of Mr. Friendly had finished their morning devotions, and Mr. F. taking his two sons, Edwin and Henry, by the hand, proposed a walk to the house of a friend, situated about two miles off.

The age of Edwin was about thirteen, and that of Henry twelve

They were placed at a respectable Academy, in the vicinity of the metropolis, and were now at home for the Easter Holidays.

Their dispositions were most amiable, and a due attention had been paid to the cultivation of their minds.

M. F. had himself felt the benefit, through life, of a liberal education, and he resolved to bestow the same on his children.

In their daily walks, he explained to them, the various operations of nature, as far as their youthful minds could embrace them; and he rejoiced to find an ardent desire for knowledge implanted in the breasts of his promising progeny.

On their way to the house of their friend, the brother stopped to pay a visit to an old play-fellow; who being at home, consented to join them in their walk.

Frederic Giddy was, however, a

youth of very different disposition to either of the brothers : and was an acquaintance which Mr. F. did not wish to cultivate for his sons.

As they proceeded on their walk, Frederic was some way before, and Mr. F. observed him stamping violently with his foot : “ What are you doing, Frederic ? ” asked Mr. F. “ I am only killing a beetle,” answered he with the greatest indifference.

“ And what right have you,” asked Mr. F. “ to kill it ? ”

“ I do not like it,” answered Frederic, “ it is an ugly creature.”

“ And is that a reason ” asked Mr. F. “ why you should deprive a harmless creature of life ?—what injury has it done you ? ”

“ It is of no use in the world,” said Frederic.

“ How can you tell that ? ” asked Mr. F. “ The same God that made you



TALE I.—Mr. Friendly reproving Frederick Giddy for killing the beetle with his foot.



TALE II.—Mr. Friendly and a vast concourse of people beholding an irruption of Mount Vesuvius.



Fig. 1. - The Western view of the ...
... the ... with the ...



Fig. 2. - The ... and a ...
... of ...

made that beetle; and it has its uses in the world, although we cannot easily discover them. Suppose one of your play-fellows were to kill your rabbits, and on being questioned for his reason, he were to say, 'he did it because he did not like them:' would not his answer be as good as yours?

"That beetle was under the care and protection of a divine Creator, who provided for its wants, with the same goodness as he provides for yours. You have taken a life away you cannot restore; and the Almighty will punish those who are cruel to his creatures.

"The most minute living object in nature has its use; and were man to extirpate any one species, the consequences, in some shape or other, would soon display themselves.

"Although an animal may appear noxious and disagreeable to the eyes of man, he is not, therefore, to exercise the pow-

er which God has given him over the animal creation, and destroy them at his pleasure.

“ I will relate a story to you, which will shew how dangerous it is for man to extirpate any species of animal, and that he always becomes himself the sufferer, whenever he attempts to interfere in the economy of the animal world.

“ In a certain part of Africa, the breeding of cattle is the chief occupation of the natives, and their flocks and herds are very numerous. The plains on which the cattle grazed, were infested by snakes of a very large dimension, and of a most poisonous nature.

“ Many of the natives were bitten, and died in consequence : they at last increased so much, that the natives determined to extirpate them ; and a certain price was fixed to be given for the head of every snake.

“ Not a day elapsed without several

being brought in, and the shepherds had reason to believe that the species was extirpated.

“ In proportion, however, as the snakes disappeared, the cattle died, and various reasons were given for the mortality.

“ At last, it was supposed that their God was offended with them, in having destroyed so many of the snakes, knowing that it was his will that they should be upon the earth, and therefore it was criminal in them to attempt to destroy them. They, therefore, resolved to restore the breed of snakes, and, to their great satisfaction, they observed, that in proportion as the snakes increased, the mortality amongst the cattle diminished, and in time, entirely subsided.

“ It was at length discovered, that those snakes fed on an herb of a very poisonous nature, and that in consequence of them being destroyed, the herb had

risen to luxuriance, and the cattle eating of it, were poisoned; but, as soon as the snakes were restored, the herb disappeared, and the mortality amongst the cattle ceased.

“ Thus it will always happen when short-sighted man attempts to interfere in the works of Providence. He cannot fathom the depths of the wisdom of the Almighty, nor discover the uses of the various creatures, and therefore it is criminal in him to destroy any individual creature, because he cannot immediately discover its use.

“ Be assured that it has its use in the world, and that it is performed according to the powers which are put into it.

“ There is no doubt that in the animal system, one creature is the food of the other, from the most minute fly that warms itself in the evening beam to the Ox, which is the food of man.

“ That beetle which you have just

killed, if it hath no other use, may be the chosen food of some other creature, which, in its turn, may be the food of that animal which is ultimately the support of man.

“ The fly which skims the surface of the water is a delicious morsel for the fish ; and the frog, from which one would, perhaps, turn away with disgust, is the food of the ravenous pike.

“ The snail, which you throw away with disdain, possesses a medicinal quality, highly beneficial to man. Therefore, let no one presume to say, that God has made a creature in vain ; or, because he cannot discover its use, that he has a right to kill it.

“ Let this maxim be always impressed upon your minds : never to take away the life you cannot restore.”

As the party proceeded on their walk, they passed the cotton mills of Mr. — and, on application, permission was

granted to them, to inspect this wonderful instance of human ingenuity.

They had, however, scarcely entered the mill, before the mischievous dispositions of Frederick began to display themselves; for, on passing one of the machines, he pulled out a small peg, by which the working of the machine was instantly stopped. Mr. F. made the necessary apology, and the party soon after left the mill.

He expostulated with Frederic on the thoughtlessness of his conduct; "but," he added, "it will have one good effect, as it will illustrate the danger of destroying the most trivial insect.

"You pulled out a peg which appeared to you as trifling, and of no import; but small as it was, you observed that the machinery was at a stand as soon as you had removed it from its place.

"This whole world is but a stupendous piece of machinery, of which God

is the architect. The most minute object tends to the general harmony, and to the welfare of the whole; each part is dependant on the other; and though in your eye it may appear of no use, yet, were it removed by the art of man, the chain, which binds the animal creation, would be broken, and pain and confusion would ensue.

“ Let me also impress on your minds, that cruelty to animals is a hideous trait in the human heart. Their Almighty Creator gave them for your support, surely not for the wanton infliction of injury or of death;—and you, Frederic, and you, my beloved children, be assured, that he who is cruel to animals, will also be cruel to his fellow-creatures.”

Thus discoursing, the party reached home, and the remainder of the day was spent in harmony and mirth.



MONDAY EVENING.—
TALE II.—THUNDER STORM.
—

It was a stormy night; the rain beat in torrents against the windows; and through the black and turbulent clouds the moon at times shot forth her feeble rays.

Mr. Friendly sat with his children round the fire: the flame burned bright, and casting a cheering light round the apartment: the merry laugh and harmless joke went round, and each felt himself happy in his situation.

The conversation at last took a more serious turn, and Henry asked, "How happens it that whilst we sit round this cheerful fire, we feel a secret pleasure

in the roar of the tempest, and the dashing of the rain?—it must certainly be owing to the consciousness that we are protected from its fury.”

“I acknowledge,” said Edwin, “that I feel myself happier now than while seated under the great walnut tree, on a summer’s evening: we watched the flocks and herds driven to the folds: summer is indeed a beautiful season; but a winter’s evening has, in my eyes, a peculiar charm!”

“We should be tired of the summer were it to last for ever;” replied Henry, “we are always longing for something new, even though it be not so beautiful as that of which we are already in possession.”

“Our enjoyment of a stormy evening, my dear children,” said Mr. Friendly, “may in the mean time be nothing more than a dislike to a continued sameness, and our propensity to a love

of change. In my opinion the consciousness of safety with which we enjoy the warmth of the fire, and the idea that the storm and rain cannot injure us here, contribute not a little to our enjoyment.

“ It is possible for the most horrible phenomena of nature to be a source of pleasure to the mind of man : there is, indeed, no moment in which we are not surrounded by dangers.

“ We all resemble, more or less, the man who sleeps over a Magazine of Powder ; for the heaven above us, and the earth beneath us, are filled with a quantity of destructive matter, which could form a junction every moment, and destroy us.

“ A momentary suspension of the equipoise of the elements, creates tornados, earthquakes, water-spouts, and whirl-winds. It does not even require such strong exertions of nature to destroy us ; a single spark, which is set

on fire in the air, is sufficient for the purpose."

"These things appear to me most strange;" said Henry, "it is indeed a painful impression on the mind, that the life of man hangs by a thread so brittle."

"If man," said Edwin, "be thus incessantly threatened with death, I can no longer subscribe to the doctrine, that he is the most favoured creature of the creation."

"And yet," said Mr. Friendly, "that he is the lord of the creation, admits not of the smallest doubt, and he never shews his superiority more than when he thinks of all the danger which surrounds him, with calmness and composure.

"Is not a king the lord of his people? and yet the latter are superior to him in power; and to a good and virtuous king the idea of this superiority is attended with as little fear as the thought of the

dormant but destructive powers of nature, is to the rational man.

“ If a rebellious people demand an act of injustice from their sovereign, he would step forth before the people, and say, ‘ I see that your daggers are turned against me : you may take my life ; but you cannot take my honour. If you sacrifice me to your unjust demands, the justice of my cause will still triumph over you, and you will in time be ashamed of your paltry conquest.’

“ In the same manner man rules over nature : its power can in a moment destroy him ; but it cannot debase him ; let its combined forces burst upon him, his better part will still conquer over death, which is the apparent annihilation of his being. It is the sublime consciousness of an eternal and incorruptible force, which makes the view of the terrible phenomena of nature so attractive, when we can enjoy it with safety.

“ A few years ago, during a short stay at Naples, I had the indescribable satisfaction of viewing an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. I repaired on the approach of night to the sea shore, where an innumerable crowd was collected, in anxious expectation of the sublime phenomenon.

“ Dark and dingy clouds hung on the summit of the mountain, from which incessant lightnings were seen to issue.

“ The flames which burst from the crater imparted a reddish hue to the heavens; and the thunder was heard roaring in the interior of the mountain.

“ We felt at times some slight shocks of an earthquake; and the imagination might have painted the approaching dissolution of a world.

“ Whilst I was thus employed in contemplation of the awful scene before me, the moon rose in placid splendour from the ocean, and the gentle undulation of

the waters was fringed with a silvery light.

“In this moment I forgot the terrible scene of the Volcano, and turned my view from it to behold the silent composure of the night, which resembled a great and noble soul ; who, in the dignified consciousness of its existence, triumphs over the anarchy of rebellious nature, and over the accumulated sufferings of life.”

HYMN 2— GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.

Glory to thee, Almighty God on high,
By whose command the vullied lightnings
fly ;

Glory to thee, from whom creation rose,
And every blessing, every comfort flows.

Thy power divine supports this wondrous
frame

Which ever moves, and ever shines the same:
In adoration lost, I sing thy praise,
Thou rock of ages, and thou sire of days.

Almighty cause, 'tis thy preserving care
Which keeps thy children from each sinful
snare :

Thy watchful Providence o'er all presides,
Supports the needy, and the wanderer
guides.

O gracious God ! omnipotent and wise,
Lord of the earth, and ruler of the skies .
I ask not wealth, nor rank, nor splendid
power ;

O give me virtue, and I ask no more.



TUESDAY MORNING.

HYMN 3— MORNING PRAYER.

With the first hour
I'll praise the power
Of God, who sits above ;
My voice I'll raise
To sound his praise,
And bless his gracious love.

Throughout the night
His endless might
Around me sleeping mov'd ;
His sovereign aid
About me strayed,
And ev'ry ill remov'd.

This coming day,
My God, I pray
Thy bounty let me share ;
Thy help bestow
Wherever I go,
And bless me with thy care.

To God, the Son,
The Holy One,
 Be adoration given ;
His triumph sing,
Our Lord and king,
 Our righteous judge in heaven.

TALE III.—THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The morning devotions being over, Mr. Friendly informed his sons that he was under the necessity of paying a visit to the neighbouring town, and therefore he left it to them, until his return, to amuse themselves in the manner most agreeable to their inclinations.

They immediately set out on a ramble into the fields; and when they were a few miles distant from their home, their ears were on a sudden struck by the melody of a fife: which they found, on examination, to proceed from a young

man who was sitting under a tree by the highway. They immediately hastened to him, and his cheerful countenance prepossessed them much in his favor.

By his side lay a large dog asleep ; but at their near approach, it suddenly arose and stood growling in defence of his master. He was, however, immediately checked by the authoritative tone of the young man ; and Edwin and Henry accosted him with the true familiarity of generous hearts.

There was something in the manners of the young man which bespoke him to be superior to the common class of beggars : and the brothers were therefore the more solicitous to know the cause which drew him to such a precarious and uncertain method of gaining his subsistence.

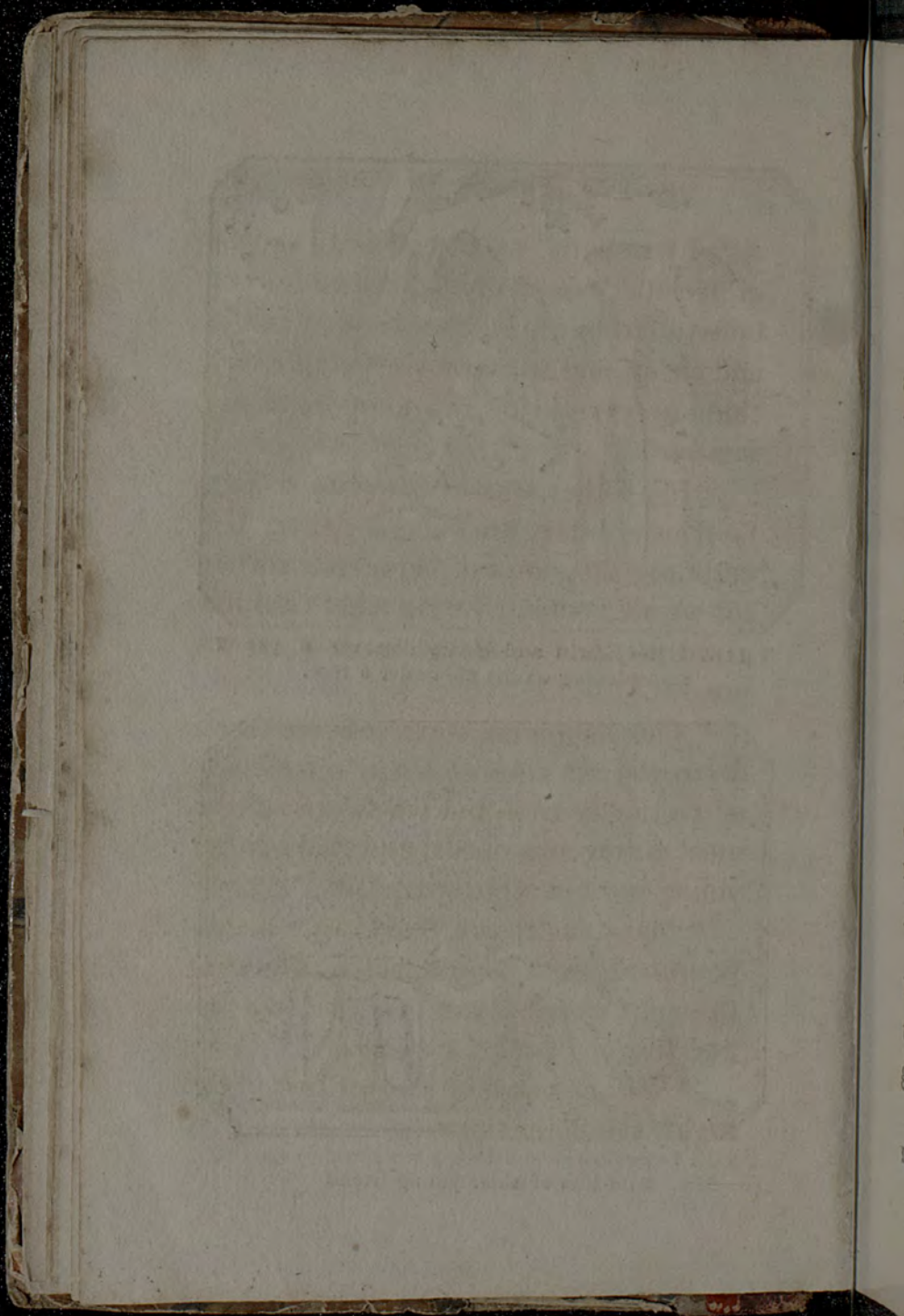
He gratified their wishes by relating to them the following history :—



TALE III.—Edwin and Henry discover a young man playing on his fife under a tree.



TALE IV.—Edwin and Henry watching the dying moments of their young friend



“ I was born” said he, “ in the north of Ireland, where my father had an extensive farm ; we had horses, and cows, and sheep, and our farm yielded us every thing necessary for the support of the family.

“ My father was often wont to say, ‘ our neighbours are indeed richer, but certainly they are not happier than we, for we are contented with what God has given us, and desire no more than we possess.’

“ Our happiness was, however, soon destroyed ; an army of Frenchmen landed on our coasts, and we heard of the most outrageous deeds, and that neither young nor old were spared.

“ Many fugitives arrived in our neighbourhood, from the coasts, who told us of the most horrible actions ; and we began to tremble for ourselves.

“ We oftensaw, by the darknes of the night, the flames of villages burning at

a distance: and we heard the dreadful roar of the cannon, and the shouts of the successful pillagers.

“We went to bed with trembling, and rose with fear: for all the misfortunes of which we had heard, now threatened to fall upon ourselves.

“The war at last reached our neighbourhood. We saw soldiers scouring our country: and many stopped at our house and demanded refreshment.

“One day we heard a strong cannonade: and, towards the evening, we were informed that the French were defeated, and were in full retreat.

“This was joyful intelligence: but, we determined, at all events, not to go to bed. By day-break, a violent knocking was heard at the door; I looked out of the upper windows, and I saw a troop of horsemen, who were preparing to break the door open.

“My father, however, thought it more

prudent to admit them with good will : and with great good humour, asked them what they wanted.

“ They instantly demanded all the money which he had ; some drew their swords, others presented their pistols, and threatened to murder him if he did not immediately comply with their demand.

“ My father went up stairs to fetch the money ; during which time they kept my mother and myself in close custody. Some swore the most horrible oaths, and threatened to take us with them, or to kill us.

“ My father now brought a sum of money ; I know not the amount, but he gave it to the soldiers ; they were, however, not contented, and swore they would ransack the house.

“ On a sudden, some cannon were heard at a distance ; on which they

immediately mounted their horses, and rode off at full speed.

“ When they were gone, we thanked heaven that we had escaped with only the loss of a little money ; but my father spoke not, and my mother wept ; she afterwards told me that she then prognosticated the fate which awaited us.

“ Many foot soldiers and horsemen passed our house in the course of the day, but none stopped until the evening, when three horsemen knocked at the door, and demanded our money.

“ My father hastened out to tell them that he had just given away all that he possessed ; but he prevented us from following him. We however listened at the door, and heard the most violent language pass between them.

“ We then hastened out to protect my father : but at this moment one of the horsemen levelled his piece at him, and we saw my father fall, writhing in

his blood." At these words the young man paused, and the tears trickled down his cheeks.—

After some time, he continued: "When my mother saw the misfortune which had befallen us, she threw herself on the body of my father, and fainted away. I then thought that my mother was dead also, and I seated myself by her side, and wished to die with her. The horsemen, in the mean time, entered the house, and collected all the valuables they could find; they then rode away, and took no further notice of us.

"I knew not what to do. I called aloud for assistance, but no one heard me, as our house lay at some distance from any other.

"My mother at last began to breathe again, and in a faint voice, she enquired where she was?

"My joy and my sorrow were too

great to allow me to make any answer, for my tears choked my utterance.

“ At this moment, however, the flames burst through the roof of our house. My mother, weak and trembling, rose, and would have rushed into the burning house; but I held fast, or I am certain she would have perished in the flames. The house was now all on fire; several people ran to our assistance, but it was too late; the house was in a short time a heap of ashes, and we had not saved a single thing but what we wore on our bodies.

“ Many people were now assembled round us, and commiserated our fate. Each related the misfortunes which he had experienced; but no one had been murdered but my poor father.

“ When the sun rose my mother was very ill: we had been the whole night in the open air, and we still knew not whither to bend our steps. My mother

still sat by the side of my father's corpse. and held me close to her, that, as she said, she might not lose me too.

“ At last, a poor widow, who lived in the neighbourhood, and to whom my father had shewn some kindness, came to our relief, and offered us her cottage as an asylum : she was willing to share with us all that she possessed, and taking my mother by the arm, she led us to her house.

“ In three days after, we buried my father, and the priest said, on his grave, ‘ that my father was now in heaven ; for he had always loved and feared the Almighty.’ And he spoke the truth, for my father was a pious man, and did all the good in his power to his fellow creatures.

“ When every person had left the church-yard, I seated myself on the grave of my father, and wept bitterly ; and I prayed to God—
D

good a man as he was.' This dog lay on the grave by my side, and my tears flowed the more copiously when I thought how attached my father was to the animal. My mother continued ill, and we lived in the most sparing and frugal manner. The good widow had but little, and my mother was too weak to earn any thing.

"As I saw that my mother grieved so much at us being such a burthen on the good widow, I said, 'Mother, you grieve that we are so poor, and that you cannot earn any thing : I am young, and will seek my fortune in the world ; and when I have gained a little money, I will return, and bring it you.'

"My mother made no answer, and I prepared for my journey : I asked the poor widow for a piece of bread, called the dog, and set out. My mother burst into tears, and wished to restrain me from my purpose ; but seeing me deter-

mined, she said, 'Go then, in God's name; I will pray for thee.'

"I kissed my mother, and with my dog I left the good widow's cottage. I arrived at the coast, and the captain of a fishing vessel gave me a passage to England. I have now been here more than six months; I have saved a little money for my mother; and I am bending my steps towards Ireland."

The brothers were much pleased with this instance of filial duty and gratitude, and desired him to return home with them, that they might make a collection to increase his store. He remained at Mr. Friendly's several days, and after promising Mr. Friendly that he would return to England with his mother, to whom employment should be given, he set off with a joyous heart to relieve the distresses of his parent.



TUESDAY EVENING.

TALE IV.—THE BED OF DEATH.

IN the neighbourhood of Mr. Friendly's house, lived a good and excellent man, who had an only son, about the same age as Henry. During the holidays the three boys always met, and being of congenial tempers, a truly brotherly affection was cemented between them. Their young friend now lay dangerously ill; the physicians had given no hopes of his recovery; and every day brought him nearer to his grave. Often during his illness, he had enquired about Edwin and Henry, and had expressed a wish to see them. They therefore took the opportunity of their father's absence from home, to pay a visit to their dying friend; and 'ere they set

forth, they held a consultation on what kind of present they should take to him. Not being aware that the dissolution of their young friend was so near at hand, Edwin proposed to present him with an excellent little book, called "*Pity's Gift*," by PRATT; and Henry, who knew the fondness of his play-fellow for flowers, hastened into the garden and plucked him a nosegay of the choicest which the garden afforded.

The two amiable youths set forward with their presents, and on their arrival at the house of their friend, they were conducted into the room in which he lay. He was in bed; his head was resting on his hand; and as he heard the well-known voices of his friends, a slight blush shone on the paleness of his countenance. Edwin and Henry stepped to the side of his bed, and each grasped one of his hands. He took the book from Edwin, looked at it, and shook his

head. With the flowers of Henry he appeared particularly pleased. He took them, looked at them for some time, and then laid them on his pillow. He expressed a wish to be carried to the window, that he might once more see the trees under which they had played, and where he could point out to them some little memento of their joyous sports.

He attempted to walk, but he sunk almost senseless into the arms of his father. He was now carried to the window ; but his eyes appeared not to rest on the trees, nor any other earthly object ; they were upraised to heaven, and the pious tears of resignation dropped from them.

He now requested to be conveyed to his bed. The coldness of death was creeping fast upon him ; and as the rays of the setting sun shone into his apartment, he faintly asked if his bed might

be removed to that quarter, from which he could see the sun set. His wish was gratified, and as the rays of the sun shone upon his bed, he looked on those who stood around him, and the smile, which graces the countenance of the dying saint, broke through the gloom of approaching death.

Lower and lower sank the sun, and fainter grew the eye of the dying youth: he threw his arms round the neck of Edwin, and in a faint whisper said, "I die with the sun, but tell it not to my father or mother."

But his mother had heard him whisper; she threw herself on her knees by the bed side of her dying favourite, and the tears of maternal sorrow fell upon his cheek.

"Weep not for me, beloved mother," he said, "I am no longer ill." In a few moments afterwards he added, "I shall not remain in the grave; and when you

and my father are dead, we shall meet again in heaven, where death no more can part us."

Having said these words, he lay for some minutes in a tranquil state; then suddenly raised himself, sunk upon his pillow, and died. The last ray of the sun shone upon his pale countenance.

Edwin and Henry returned home with tears in their eyes; and their father being returned, they related to him the melancholy decease of their playfellow; they had, however, received an agreeable image of death; and when in their riper years they thought of death, they pictured it to themselves under the image of their dying friend.

HYMN 4— THE SORROWS OF MAN.

Full of sorrow, full of woe,
Are all thy days, O man
The tenure of thy earthly life
Is shorter than a span.

Thy Morning's gay, and brightly shines,
And bliss thy steps attend ;
But soon the clouds of grief appear,
And misery quick descends.

When all the winds of winter blow,
And storms deface the skies,
The flowers and trees droop low, and fade,
And all their beauty dies.

The winter gone ; the spring returns,
And beauty decks the plain :
All nature wakes to life and joy,
And flourishes again.

But man this earthly scene forsakes
To night's deep murky gloom ;
The ray of morning ne'er will cheer
His slumbers in the tomb.

Then, O ! be wise, and live to-day
O man of woman born !
Thy God declares that dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.



WEDENSDAY MORNING.

HYMN 5— O BLEST BE THOU, MY GOD !

O ! blest be thou, my God above,
To whose celestial source I owe
The blessings of thy bounteous love,
And all the comforts here below.
Glory to thee, great Lord of all ;
Thou guardian of my sleeping hours
Thy sovereign word prevents my fall,
And cheers my faint and languid pow
When wrapt in sleep, O Lord, I lay,
And darkness spreads its dangers ro
Thy love restored the cheerful day,
And made the joys of light abound.
Hail ! holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Thy praise my soul shall ever sing ;
For ever be thy name adored ;
Hail holy, holy, holy, king.

TALE V.—THE VILLAGE ON FIRE.

WHILST Mr. Friendly and his family were sitting at breakfast, intelligence was brought to them, that a fire had broken out in the neighbouring village, and was then raging with great violence. Mr. F. and his two sons repaired immediately to the spot ; but the major part of the houses was already in ashes, and their former inhabitants were wandering about, overcome with sorrow and despair. Mr. F. desired the mothers to take their children to his house, where every comfort and assistance should be provided, and the decrepid and the aged were also conveyed to his hospitable mansion.

Amongst the persons whose premises had been destroyed, an old man, of the name of Williams particularly distin-

guished himself. All his property had become the prey of the flames, and he stood with his arms folded, like a statue, and viewed the ruins of his former dwelling. Nobody, however, appeared to take any notice of him, or to compassionate his fate. His pride had rendered him obnoxious, and his avarice had made him hateful in the eyes of all the inhabitants of the village. He always drove the poor beggar, with opprobrious epithets, from his door, and no one shared with him the riches which he had amassed. The striking conduct of Williams, who, notwithstanding his present loss, was still the richest man in the village; and the opinion which was universally expressed of him by his neighbours, gave rise to the following conversation between Mr. F. and his sons:

“ You have here,” said Mr. F. “ a striking example how little riches tend to confer happiness, when we do not

possess philosophy sufficient to bear their loss. Riches are undoubtedly a benefit, but only so far as they relieve us from care, and procure a noble and worthy employment for our mind: but as soon as they attract our attention, as soon as their preservation becomes our chief employment, and their loss our greatest fear, then are they no more a benefit, but an evil."

"But," said Henry, "how are we so to conduct ourselves, as not to be afflicted like Williams, at the loss of so many things, on which he placed a particular value?"

Mr. F. answered, "Whilst we are in full possession of them, we should often think on the possibility of their loss. He who has borrowed any thing of another will return it to him without any regret. Now, we should regard all our property as a debt, which we are obliged to repay to fortune as soon as it

is demanded. We should even regard our life as held upon the same tenure."

"But would it not be better," asked Edwin, "to be bereft of all possessions, than to lose that which we possess by misfortune?"

"There have been wise men in the world," answered Mr. F. "who have entertained that opinion; they believed that they could never preserve the equanimity of their minds more effectually than when they emancipated themselves from all wants, which were not immediately required for the support of life. They returned voluntarily into that state from which the savages emerge, when they attach to themselves a property, and cultivate it with their own hands. Attached to no spot, they passed their lives contented and free; the attainment of virtue, and the improvement of their mind were their only aims; and no earthly care prevented them in their

noble occupation. Others were of opinion, that it would have been more worthy of a rational man not to regret the enjoyment which the possession of worldly property bestows, and to take every means of increasing it even to the injury of others. As long as you take no part in their connections and relations, you will do well to imitate Diogenes, who said, 'the fewer wants you have, the more freedom you possess;—the more freedom, the more happiness and joy.' ”

“But why,” asked Edwin, “is so little compassion shewn for Williams? he has lost more than any one besides.”

“Without doubt,” answered Henry, “because he was so proud and avaricious. I heard many people say, he has deserved his misfortune, for he never gave any thing to the poor.”

“This is the natural punishment of avarice.” said Mr. F. “It is a vice of

that odious nature, that every one turns away with disgust from him who is guilty of it. The miser shuts his heart against that feeling, which in general opens every heart, namely, 'compassion. The miser loves no one but himself; he even often torments himself to increase the treasures on the possession of which he doats with the greatest fondness. Such a disposition is hateful both to God and man.—What is more natural than sympathy? and where is there a more pleasant road to promote our own happiness than in promoting that of others? Of this feeling, however, the miser is wholly ignorant. He is selfish, hard-hearted, and mistrustful. These qualities repel every man from him. You saw how ready every one was to assist during the fire; even persons who were total strangers to all its inhabitants sympathised in the fate of the unfortunate sufferers. By misfortune the bond

of kindness between man and man is drawn closer. The great and the rich feel themselves in that situation, that they are not wholly free from a similar calamity ; and this feeling, although on some respects it may be founded in self-love, makes them kind and good.

Were men always reminded in such an impressive manner of their mutual dependance, they would never be proud, arrogant, nor hard-hearted. How joyous and merry would life be, were men to regard each other as brothers ; and, contented with that which he has received from the hand of God, never to envy the possessions of another. The ancients imagined an age which they called the golden one, in which neither envy, jealousy, nor avarice existed. Joy reigned upon the earth, and nature presented her gifts in superfluity ; every one was satisfied with that which he possessed. All men were just and ho-

nest; and neither judges, laws, nor punishments, were known. It is impossible to restore that time; but you perceive that every noble and well-minded man ought so to act, as if it were possible. Every one ought to carry the image of the golden age in his heart, and at least attempt to restore it in himself, by disinterestedness, justice, humanity, and honor.



WEDNESDAY EVENING.

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TALE VI.—THE GYPSIES.
—◆—

Mr. F. being engaged with a party of friends, Edwin and Henry set out to spend an hour in fishing in a lake, situate about three miles from their father's house. On their arrival at the margin of the lake, they found a boy of rather prepossessing appearance, already engaged in fishing. They questioned him of the place of his abode, and on some other matters; and they discovered such a candour and simplicity in his manners that they seated themselves by him; and as in the answers which he gave them, some mysterious expressions had dropped from him, they requested him to relate to them the circumstances

which brought him to his present situation.

“ I can remember,” said the boy, “ it was on a summer’s evening, that I was playing before the door of our house, under the trees. I had a little basket on my arm, in which I was collecting stones, and without any fear I rambled some distance from my brothers and sisters. I might be about half-a-mile distant from home, when a number of strange people came towards me, some on horse, and some on foot, who spoke in the most friendly manner, and threw some cherries into my basket.

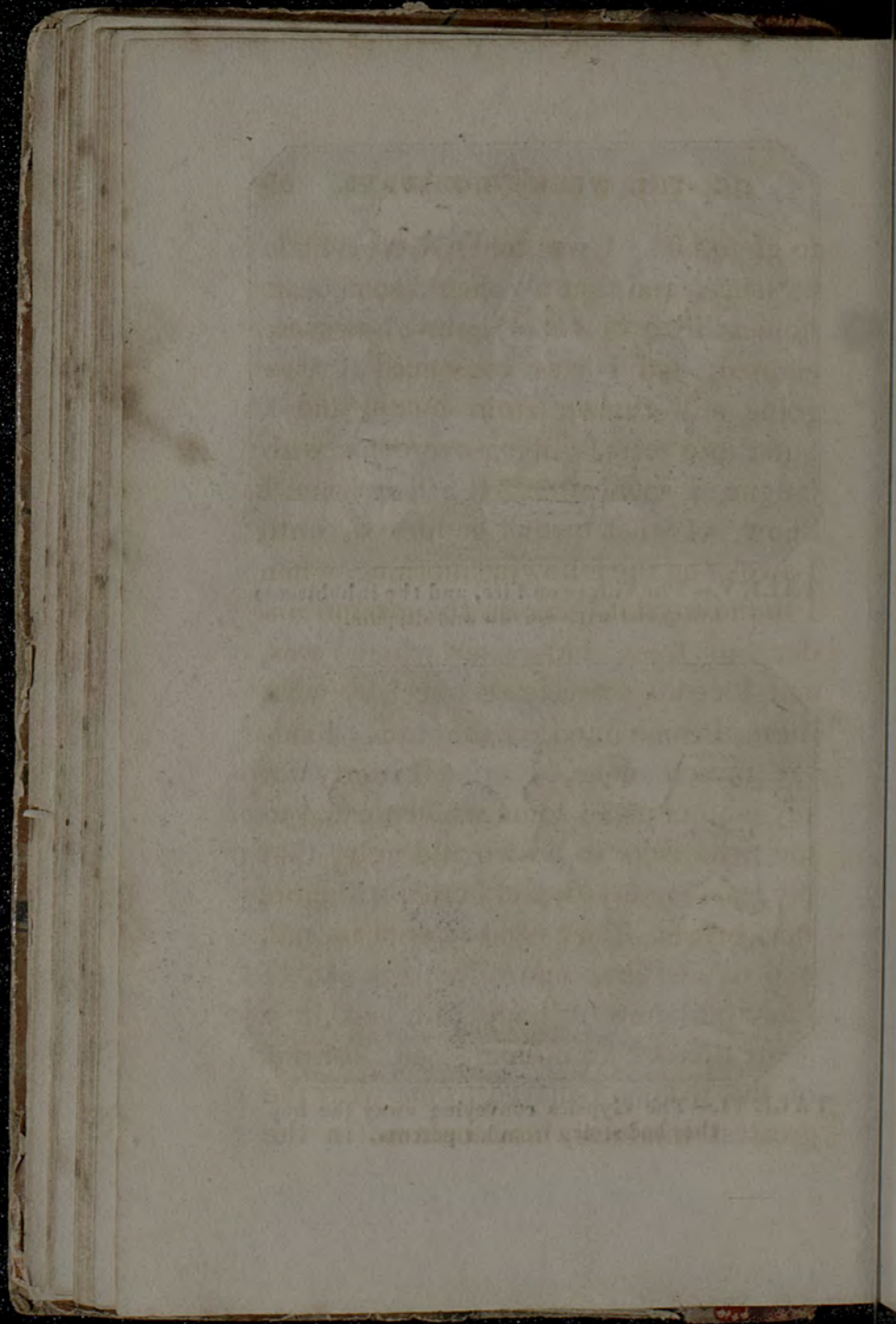
“ I was so pleased with their kindness that I walked some way with them, and then one of them took me upon his horse, and rode away at a quick pace. I was delighted with my ride, and never thought of home until it began to grow dark. I asked them to take me back to my father, for I was tired, and wished



TALE V.—The Village on Fire, and the inhabitants overcome with sorrow and despair.



TALE VI.—The Gypsies conveying away the boy they had stolen from his parents.



to go to bed. I was told to have a little patience, and that we should soon be at home. Two or three hours, however, elapsed, and I was convinced I was going still further from home, and I burst into tears. Being overcome with fatigue, I soon after fell asleep; and I know not what further happened, until I awoke on the following morning, when I found myself lying on the ground under some trees. I knew not where I was, and I could scarcely recollect by what means I came into that situation. Finding myself alone, I cried bitterly for my mother; and some women came to me, who were so brown and ugly, that my fears increased, and I cried still more than before. They tried to appease me, and offered me some victuals to eat. I know not how it happened, but in a short time I became composed; for one of the women behaved to me with the greatest kindness, and became in the

future during my stay with them, the protectrix from the ill-treatment of some of the gang. I was in a little time informed, that the persons with whom I associated were gypsies, and some of the lowest of that wandering tribe. We spent the greater part of the night in the woods, where we always lighted a fire, and we sung and danced to pass away the time. In the winter we slept in barns on the straw. In this manner I passed many years. They taught me songs, and music, and I was soon a favorite with the whole gang."

"How could you be so merry and happy?" Henry asked, "Did you never think of your parents, and the sorrow which they must feel on your account?"

"For the first half-year," answered the boy, "I thought of nothing but my parents, and my brothers and sisters; by degrees, however I became accustomed

to the mode of life, and I looked upon the woods as my home.

“But how came you to escape from those people at last?” said Edwin.

“The following are all the circumstances which I can remember,” said the boy. “One evening as we were all sitting round the fire, intelligence was suddenly brought to us, that some soldiers were on the march to take us prisoners. The greatest consternation now prevailed amongst us; no one knew what plan to adopt; and before any was formed we heard some firing at a distance, and we all took to flight in opposite directions. Trembling with fear, I ran deeper into the wood, and I expected every minute to see the soldiers in full pursuit of me. Having gained a part of the wood where there were some thick bushes, I crept into one, and I there remained concealed until the morning. I did not leave my place of con-

finement until the following mid-day, and even then I was at a loss which way to bend my steps. Hunger, at last, prompted me to leave the wood, and I arrived at a village, where I obtained some food. I then travelled on, and lived for several days by begging. At last I arrived at the door of the good man with whom I now live. I had on that day not touched any food. The rain had wetted me to the skin, and a dreadful night was coming fast upon me. I knocked at the door, and in a plaintive tone, I asked for a morsel of bread. I knocked several times, and at last the old man opened the door, and seeing me in such a piteous condition, he bade me enter. He gave me some food and dry clothes, and he made me a bed of straw. I never felt myself happier than on this night. I heard the rain beating against the window, and the wind blowing tempestuously; but the fatigue

which I had lately suffered, made my sleep sound. The sun was high when I awoke, and I was preparing to pursue my journey ; I had already opened the door, after having thanked the good man for his care and kindness, when he called me back and said, ' if I thought you faithful and honest I would retain you in my service ; I am now in want of a youth of your age.' I promised to perform his orders in every respect, and I am certain he has had no reason to complain of me.

By degrees he became attached to me, as he said I resembled a son, who had long been dead ; and from a state of indigence and want, I now found myself removed to one of happiness and plenty. My adopted father sent me to school, and he himself instructed me in the management of his farm. I was attached to him by the strongest tie of gratitude, and as he is now weak and helpless, I

am enabled, in some measure, to repay him for all his kindness to me."

"Were you to see your parents," asked Edwin, "could you recognize them?"

"It is certain I could not," answered the youth, "I have long given up all hopes of ever seeing them again."

Night was now drawing on apace, and Edwin and Henry returned home, where, on their arrival, they related the story of the gypsey boy to their father, who, being struck with his adventures, made some minute enquiries, and by advertisements and other skilful measures, he at last discovered the parents of the youth, and he had the gratification of restoring a long lost son to the arms of his disconsolate parents.

HYMN 6— THANKSGIVING TO GOD.

Now night again its shadow throws,
And silence wraps me round ;
To God again my voice I raise,
His gracious love to sound.

Tho' in the paths of death I've trod,
With dangers overspread,
My heart its trust reposed in God,
Nor fear my footsteps led.

Eternal Lord of life and death,
Thy precepts let me keep,
And let me from thy holy word,
My soul's salvation reap.

For ever let me bless thy name ;
Thy matchless love adore ;
Thy power, and might, and grace revere,
Which last for ever more.



THURSDAY MORNING.

HYMN 7— O, RAISE THE SONG!

O, raise the song! the rapturous anthem
raise,

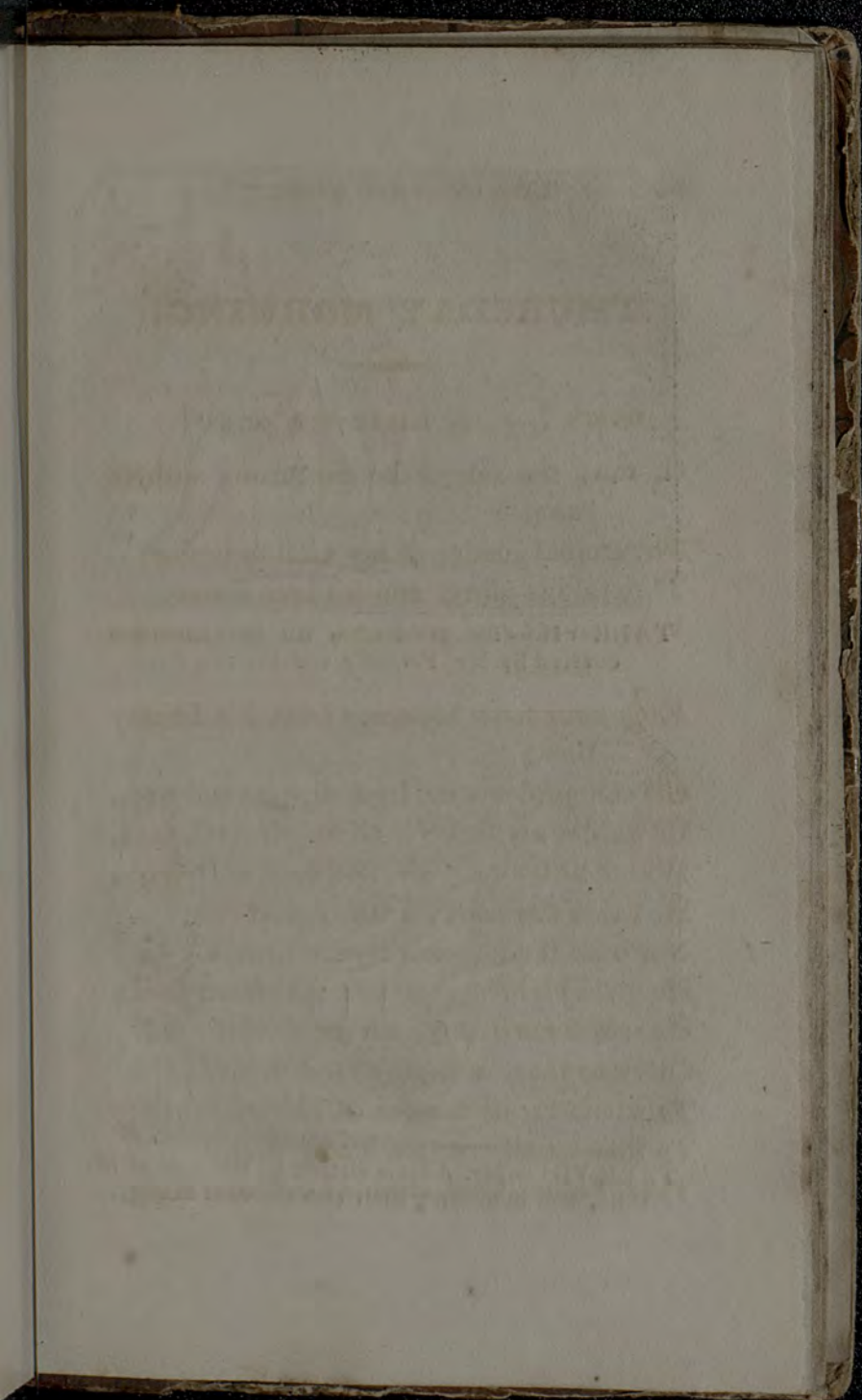
Th' eternal justice of my God to praise :
T' extol his glory, and his love divine,
Whence all his goodness, all his mercies
shine.

Each hour fresh blessings from his bounty
flow ;

His care protects me from distress and woe ,
He guides my feet o'er all his pleasant ways,
Where bliss awaits me, and each toil repays.

He hears the ravens in the desert cry ;
Nor from the meanest reptile turns his eye ;
He gives his creatures their appointed food ;
He sees them happy, and he calls it good.

Glory to thee, almighty God of earth,
To whom creation owes its glorious birth :
To thee let all creation loudly sing,
Thee, Father, God, eternal Lord, and King.





TALE VII.—The Nest of a Hedge Sparrow discovered by Mr. Friendly and his two Sons.



TALE VIII.—Mr. Adams sitting by the side of his Wife, and beholding their two children at play.

TALE VII.—THE NEST.

As Mr. Friendly and his two sons were walking in the garden, the former espied, in the hedge which bounded the garden on one side, the nest of a hedge sparrow.

“Here is a beautiful sight, my sons,” said Mr. Friendly, as he pointed out the nest to them; “look how carefully the bird covers the eggs with her plumage; her mate sits on an adjoining branch and sings. In a short time the female will be released from the care of sitting on her eggs; her nest will be filled with young, and her sole employment then will be providing for their support.

“This affection,” continued Mr. F. “is an inestimable instinct, which nature has implanted in the hearts of animals, and without which the brute creation would go to ruin. Even rational and meditative man would, without that

strong instinct of affection, not be able to support the care and anxiety attendant on the rearing of his children. With animals, however, this affection exhibits itself no longer than the helplessness of their offspring continues: when that epoch is past, parents forget their young ones, and their offspring feel no gratitude for them. The young hedge sparrows will in a short time leave their nest, and never visit it again; and if, in their flight, they should meet their parents, they will not even know them. Their love returns not, and it is in the care and affection which they will one day shew for their offspring, that they will pay the debt which they owe to nature.

“ How wholly different, and how much more beautiful is, in this instance, the nature of man constructed. Among men, mutual love continues during their lives, for this love is not solely founded on necessity. The parents rejoice when

their children prosper in the world, and participate in their sufferings in every season, and at every age. The children too, forget not their parents, and even at the greatest distance they think, with a pleasing remembrance, of the house in which they were born. They endeavour, by virtuous actions, to give joy to their parents, and in their old age they repay them by care and attention, for the pains bestowed on their education. The animal, however, dies in the woods, and none of its offspring attend upon it, to alleviate the pangs of the dying moment. No other animal deploras its death, or prays for its recovery; but man leaves behind him the memory of his good actions; his children rejoice in that memory; and on the grave of their parents they form the resolution of a virtuous life."

Mr. F. paused. His heart was affected. Henry threw his arms around him; "I

will never forget you, father, and even when you are dead, I will keep in my remembrance the precepts which you have taught me."

Edwin embraced his father; he said nothing; but in his heart he thought like his brother.



THURSDAY EVENING.

TALE 8—THE RICH, BUT UNHAPPY MAN.

As Mr. F. was sitting on the sofa with his two sons, a letter was brought to him with a black seal, which he broke with evident emotion, and having read the letter, held it in his hand, and sat for some time immersed in thought. His sons observed him with anxious looks, and at last he broke the painful silence, and said, "Do you remember, my dear boys, the elegant mansion in the neighbourhood of H—— which we visited, and which contained so many curiosities to excite our wonder?"

"Yes, father," answered Henry, "I remember the beautiful pictures which adorned it."

"And I" said Edwin, "remember

the library which contained the finest collection of books I ever beheld."

"You considered the proprietor of all those things very happy;" said Mr. F. "and if my memory fail me not, I then remarked to you, that it is not external riches which can make a man happy. Were he afflicted with illness he could not enjoy his possessions; and had he an unjust conscience, his riches could never grant him happiness. The history of the person to whom that elegant house belonged will fully corroborate the truth of my remarks. His death took place a few days ago, of which this letter conveys to me the intelligence."

The young people expressed a wish to know the history of the unfortunate, but opulent man, and their wish was immediately gratified by their father, who related to them the following history:—

“Adams was the name of the rich, but unhappy man; he was the son of an obscure tradesman in Yorkshire, who died in indigent circumstances, and left a son and daughter wholly unprovided for. A distant relation of the deceased took compassion on the boy, and sent him to London, where he was placed in the warehouse of an opulent merchant: the daughter was sent to service.

“Adams was a youth of excellent disposition. He exerted himself to please his master; performed his business with fidelity and ability; and the time which was not employed in mercantile pursuits, he devoted to the improvement and enlargement of his mind. His zeal and assiduity were not unrewarded. His master soon distinguished him from all his other servants; entrusted him with the most important transactions, and saw his undertakings crowned with success. Some specula-

tions which were entered into by Adams, succeeded beyond all expectation, and placed his employer in the possession of a very large property. In consequence of this success, Adams was made a partner, and he enjoyed his good fortune without pride or ostentation. His situation was most enviable, and agreeable; and as his business often obliged him to travel, he profited by it, to improve his taste, and enlarge his understanding. His mental powers developed themselves more and more, and he acquired the esteem and friendship of all who knew him. The rich sought his society because he was amiable, and the poor because he was ever ready to assist them. It may be easily supposed that he did not forget his sister. He removed her from her state of servitude, and she in a short time married a clergyman, and by the interest which Adams possessed, a handsome living was obtained for him.

In the course of a few years Adams' master was taken ill, and as no hopes were entertained of his recovery, he sent for Adams, and being left together, he said to him, 'I shall not live much longer; I have this day made my will, and appointed you my sole heir. It is what your merit requires; you have faithfully fulfilled your duty towards me, and in your hands my property will be increased ten-fold. I shall not have the melancholy reflection, in my dying hour, to think that my property will be squandered after my decease. The children of my sister are wholly excluded from my will; they have not conducted themselves according to my wishes; and I am convinced that they are rejoicing at my approaching dissolution. Their joy shall be turned into sorrow.'

"I was made acquainted with all these circumstances," continued Mr. Friendly, "from Adams' own lips. I

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visited him many years, and he opened all the secrets of his heart to me without reserve. On mentioning the above circumstances of his life to me, he exclaimed, 'I thought I now stood on the summit of human fecility, and I did not suspect that fate had laid a deep, treacherous, and dreadful snare for me! My business obliged me to take a short journey, and I hoped, on my return, to find my worthy benefactor alive: but heaven decreed it otherwise. My business detained me longer than I expected, and a few days previously to my return he died. The nearest relations of my deceased friend were a nephew and a niece, who, I knew not on what grounds, had provoked his displeasure. Their mode of life might not have been regular, and in hopes of succeeding to the property of their uncle they had incurred many very heavy debts. Immediately on the death of their uncle they opened his will, and

on discovering that they were excluded from all benefit in it, they broke out in the bitterest curses against me: disappointed in their expectations; persecuted by their creditors; they were obliged to take themselves to flight; and in a short time I heard of their arrival in London. I now took possession of my immense property, which, by good fortune and diligence, I daily increased. I married a beautiful and amiable woman, who, in the course of three years, brought me a son and daughter.'

"At this period," said Mr. F. "he built that beautiful mansion which attracted your admiration so much. During his travels he had contracted an acquaintance with many artists and virtuoso, and he now profited by that acquaintance, to make a collection of rarities and curiosities. In his charming residence he passed the happiest years of his life in the bosom of his family,

and surrounded by amiable and virtuous friends. Adams then pictured to me the happiness which he then enjoyed in the most glowing colours; 'all my wishes,' he said, 'were fulfilled; in other words, my happiness far exceeded any thing which I had ever pictured to myself of human felicity. When sitting by the side of my wife in the garden chair before my house, and I saw my two children playing round me: I thought I beheld the world at my feet, and I the sole commander of it. But the prosperity which had fallen to my lot, had turned aside my looks from heaven, and I had forgotten the instability of human happiness. It was not till I had lost the better part of it, that I thought of my God; and my oppressed heart again sought for him, whom in my prosperity I had forgotten. You now behold my sufferings! but what you now witness is merely a shadow of them.'

“When,” continued Mr. F. “Mr. Adams related to me his history, he lay on his bed in a small room in his country-house; the curtains of the bed were always closely drawn, and no ray of the sun was ever permitted to enter his apartment. His incurable gout had rendered all his limbs useless, and the slightest motion was attended with agonizing pain. He received no visits; and his sister, who had lost her husband, and myself, were the only persons admitted into his presence. His house was deserted; and where the noise of joy only once was heard, now sounded with the groans of the miserable sufferer. During his short intervals of pain, when he saw that I was afflicted at his situation, he pressed my hand, and said, ‘I will open to you my whole heart. You participate in my sufferings, and I feel my heart alleviated of its weight, when I can open it to a sympathising friend. I

had lived six years in a state of complete felicity, when my business called me to London. I was detained there beyond my expectation for two months. It was the first time after my marriage that I had been so long absent from my family, and I longed ardently to return to them. The pleasures of the gay and dissipated metropolis were hateful to me, and I made the necessary preparations for my departure.

‘ One morning early, as I was passing Newgate, preparations were making for the execution of two malefactors. I had no wish to behold the awful ceremony, and was hastening by, when I accidentally heard that one of the criminals was a Yorkshireman. Being myself of that county I felt some curiosity to see him, and you may conceive my horror, when, in the unfortunate wretch, I beheld the nephew of my deceased benefactor. I fondly hoped my eyes had deceived me,

but on enquiry, I heard his name was Oliver. No doubt now rested upon my mind; I felt as if a thunderbolt had struck me, and I reached home, scarcely conscious of my actions. To add to the distraction in which I was plunged, I received a letter on that morning from my wife, in which she informed me, that my daughter was lying dangerously ill of the scarlet fever, and that some symptoms of the same disease had displayed themselves in my son; but she desired me to be composed, and trust in God for their recovery. This intelligence would at any time have alarmed me, but at this particular juncture it came upon me like an awful dispensation of Heaven. I had not the smallest hope to see my children again, and I associated the danger with which they were threatened, with Oliver's unfortunate fate. I said to myself, I am the cause of Oliver's deeds and of his death. I possess the property which by

natural right belonged to him : I possess it because I never spoke a lenient word for him to his uncle, and never attempted to effect a reconciliation between them. Now that this unfortunate youth, whom despair drove from his country, has suffered death for a crime to which extreme distress, perhaps, impelled him, am I suffering a double death in anxiety for my children, and in the agonizing reflection that I have been the cause of the miserable death of a fellow-creature !

‘ I was no longer to be detained in London. I left my business unfinished, and as I journeyed home the image of my children stood before me ; and as I approached my house my anxiety knew no bounds. I little thought that they were then the tenants of the grave ! I arrived at home. I looked towards the apartment in which I knew my children slept ; but all was dark ! I felt a coldness creep upon my heart, and looking

towards the apartment which my wife occupied, I observed several persons passing to and fro, and the most dismal omens took possession of my mind.

‘ On entering the house, sorrow was depicted in every countenance. I enquired for my children; no one appeared willing to answer me! I hastened to the apartment of my wife! In the middle of the room stood a coffin—the lid was taken off—it contained the body of my wife! I will not attempt to describe to you my feelings! I stood like a statue at the head of the coffin, and I gazed on those features, which in life had so often given me delight, and which were still adorned with the smile of an acquitting conscience. I was soon after seized with a violent fever; I grew delirious, and the physicians doubted of my recovery.

‘ I had not, however, emptied the bitter cup of life to its dregs, and, contrary to all expectation, I recovered.

From this time my house appeared to me a desert, which was formerly the abode of joy and happiness. I looked upon it as the grave, in which all that I loved on earth was for ever entombed. Whithersoever I looked, or to whatsoever part I directed my steps, I beheld nothing but the traces of departed joy, at the memory of which I shed the tears of deep and poignant regret. Even the enjoyment of that melancholy sorrow, which throws a soft and soothing veil over the sufferings of the heart, was denied to me. The terrible form of Oliver, bleeding under the hands of the executioner, obtruded itself between the dear shades of my children and my wife: I saw it in my daily walks, and in my sleep! How often have I risen from my bed, dreaming that I saw him strangling my babes, or I saw him dashing them into the flames of my house, and laughing hideously as they expired. I saw him attack-

ing us with the fury of a fiend, and demanding the property of which I had robbed him. These dreams appeared to me to be more and more the arousing voice of conscience. My possessions gave me no joy, and I regarded them as a proof that I possessed them wrongfully. Under my wretchedness I might have tasted some consolation, had my conscience wholly acquitted me, I could not indeed reproach myself with having obtained the signature to the will by any sinister act; yet could I say, I exerted myself in the least to repair the breach between my late benefactor and his nearest relation?"—Could I say that I ever expostulated with him in his resolution to disinherit them? Alas! not. This wilful neglect of mine, therefore, stood always before me, like a threatened fiend, and which accused me as the cause of Oliver's death. In vain I contended with these thoughts; they always re-

turned, and if the occupations of the day dispelled them, they beset me with greater violence in the silence of the night.

‘Once, after a harassing and distressing night, it suddenly occurred to me, that Oliver had a sister, and that she accompanied him to London. This thought fell upon my heart with accumulated force, and a gleam of consolation broke through the clouds of sorrow which oppressed me. Heaven be praised, I exclaimed, I can at least repair one part of the injury. I will save her wherever she may be. With these thoughts I rose from my bed, and made immediate preparations for my departure. No one knew my design, for I had kept the cause of my sorrows carefully concealed in my own breast, and the world believed that the death of my family was the sole reason of my sorrow. I arrived in London, and with the greatest trouble I at last

gained some intelligence of the person of whom I was in search ; but the traces of her existence were almost obliterated, and the little which I did hear was not calculated to inspire me with hopes of success. It was, however, represented to me that she had sailed for America. I followed her thither, but without success. Thus I spent many years in the most fruitless inquiries ; and I at last returned to my home. The fatigue of my journey ; the dangers which I had experienced ; the grief which kept constantly gnawing at my heart ; had exhausted my powers, and I sunk gradually into that helpless condition which you now behold me. My health is irrecoverably gone ; my riches are hateful to me ; all my hopes are fixed on death, which will relieve me from all my pains, and restore me to the arms of my children and my wife.'

“ You have now heard, my dear

boys, the history of this unfortunate man, whom the neglect of one philanthropic act made so inexpressibly wretched. It is, however, only an honorable man, and one of the most upright sentiments who, for such a venial neglect, could accuse himself of so great a crime. After passing many years in this sorrowful state, his sister died, whose presence and care had alleviated his sufferings. This fresh calamity hastened his death ; and as he felt the approaching of it, he thanked his God for the deliverance from this state of suffering and of pain. Misery had long separated him from the world, and he longed for the rest of the grave, and the beatitude of heaven.

“ Thus the grave can be regarded by man as the place of rest, and the magnificent palace can be regarded as the abode of misery. The possession of external riches cannot make us happy, if

it be not connected with the greatest of all earthly benefits—internal peace—unity with ourselves—and the acquittal of our conscience!?”

HYMN 8— ALMIGHTY FATHER.

Almighty Father of the world,
On thee my hopes remain,
On thee I call for ev'ry want,
Nor let me call in vain.

From thee all joys and bliss spring forth ;
Thy mercy's ever great
To those who keep thy holy paths,
And on thy precepts wait.

From early years to manhood's prime,
Thou wert my constant friend,
And as my life with thee began,
With thee my life shall end.

For all the blessings of this day,
O Lord, my thanks receive ;
Thy goodness kept me safe from ill,
Nor gave me cause to grieve.

Thro' life in thee I'll ever trust,
In death thy name adore ;
Thy love and grace I'll ever trust,
Till time shall be no more.

This night, O Lord, thy guardian wings
Around my bed extend ;
From ev'ry danger guard my frame,
From ev'ry ill defend.



FRIDAY MORNING.

HYMN 9— O, LORD OF LIFE!

O Lord of life! thou mighty one,
Who wert from all eternity,
How shall I dare t' approach thy throne,
And pay the homage due to thee?

O God! 'tis thy almighty hand
Which gave me health, and life, and joy:
Each danger flies at thy command,
And sorrows which my peace annoy.

I know the Power in whom I trust,
Whose countless mercies daily shine;
He loves the good, and guards the just,
And turn's the villain's base design.

The Father praise; the Son adore,
Hail righteous Lamb of God above!
His Spirit bless for evermore,
And thankful praise his gracious love.

TALE IX.—THE OLD MAN.

IN their morning walk Mr. F. and his two sons were suddenly overtaken by a shower: they repaired to the neighbouring village, and entered the first house, requesting shelter from the storm. The request was immediately granted, by an aged man, who sat in the middle of the room, surrounded by three children, who were all employed in the manufacture of Baskets.

“The rain comes very seasonably,” said the old man; “it will fill the corn, and our harvest may still be plentiful.”

“Have you any garden or land of your own?” asked Mr. F.

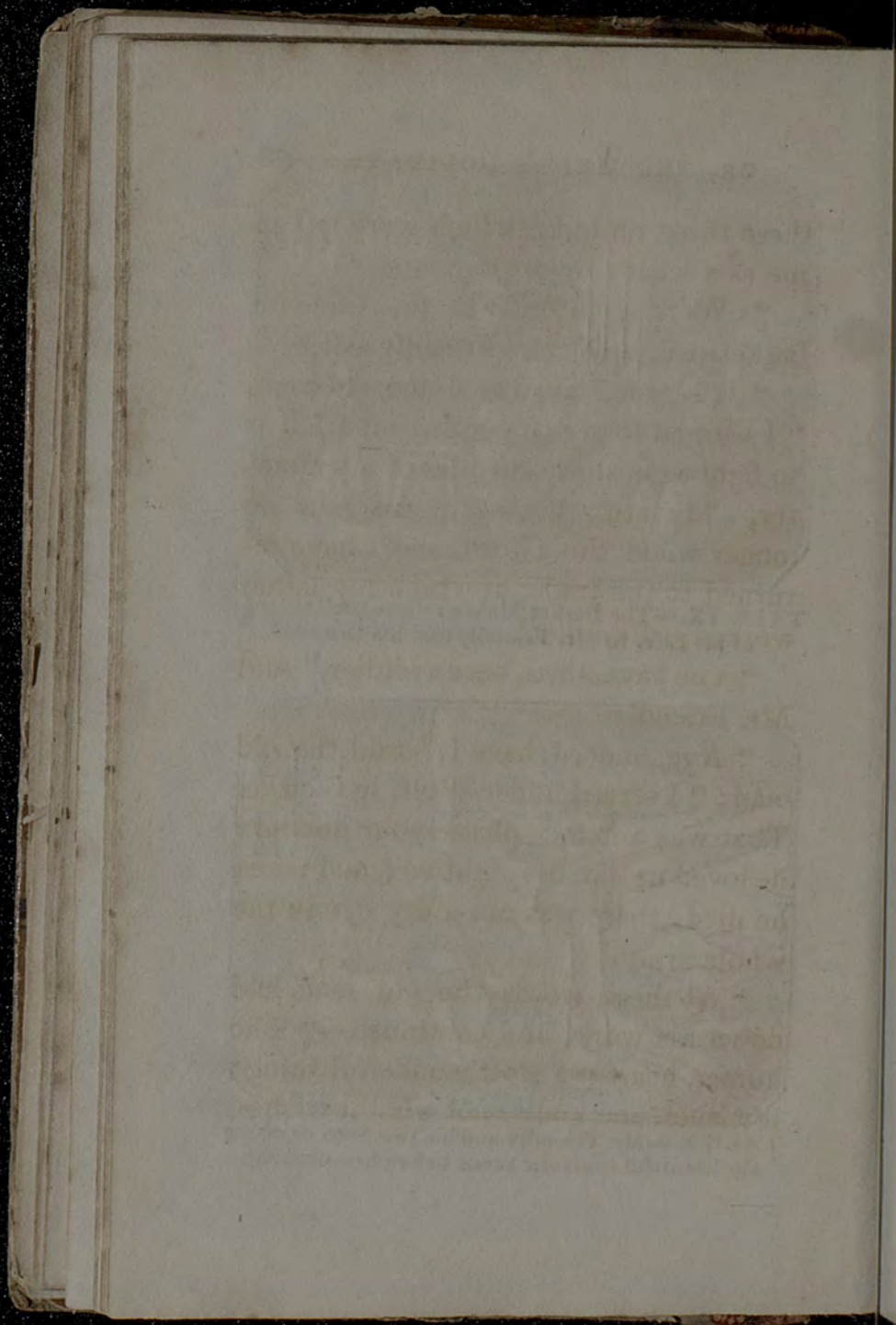
“I call,” answered the old man, with a smile of inward satisfaction, “yonder willow bushes my property, and the whole world I call my garden; but for actual riches I have none, except



TALE IX.—The Basket Maker relates the History of his Life, to Mr. Friendly and his two sons.



TALE X.—Mr. Friendly and his two Sons enjoying the beautiful romantic scene before his mansion.



these three children which were left to me as a legacy by my daughter."

"Were you bred to the trade of basket-making?" Mr. Friendly asked.

"It is true," answered the old man, "I learned it in my youth, but I left it to fight against the enemies of my country. My arm, however, can now no longer wield the sword, and I have returned to the trade, at which my father worked before me."

"You have, then, been a soldier," said Mr. Friendly.

"Aye, indeed have I," said the old man; "I served under Wolf, in Canada. That was a man! please your honour: he loved us like his children; and when he died, there was not a dry eye in the whole army.

"At these words the old man laid down his work, and continued—"The human heart is a most wonderful thing; it wishes, and knows not what it wishes.

He would leave his fate in the hands of heaven ; but he will interfere in every thing, and thus often spoils his fortune. I lived in this house as a boy happy and contented. I did not, indeed, possess any thing ; but at the same time I wanted nothing, for I had health and employment enough to gain me a livelihood. On a sudden I took it into my head, that the sphere in which I moved was too small for me. I longed to see the world, and try my fortune in it, like others of my companions. My mother urged me to stop ; but my father praised my courage, and seconded my wishes. I and two others enlisted, but they were killed in battle. The sword of war, however, spared me. What terrible and bloody scenes have I witnessed : but man can accustom himself to every thing, and even to that at which he at first shuddered. But heaven be praised ; I always conducted myself as an honorable sol-

dier, and never shed the blood of another when I could preserve it : or how could I now sit so happy amongst these children ? When the war was at an end I obtained my discharge ; but I left the service as poor as I entered it. I now longed to return to my native spot, and to close my life in the society of an affectionate and industrious wife. With a more joyous heart than I formerly left it, I now returned to my native village. I had seen much ; had visited many cities ; but no spot appeared to me so beautiful as that in which I was born. I married a poor but worthy woman, with whom I lived twenty years, happy and contented. She is gone before me to heaven ; and my two daughters have followed her. I shall also soon follow her ; for although I have no reason to complain of the world, I am yet every moment prepared to die. He who has carried with him a happy heart through

life, takes also a happy heart with him out of it."

"You informed me," said Mr. Friendly, "that you have no possessions in the world. Had you never any? or, did you never desire any?"

"Desire any!" repeated the old man; "O yes!—but I could never succeed in my desire. My earnings were but sufficient for my daily wants; and if I had a little in store, I always found a number of people who wanted it more than myself. I am now grown old; but during my life I have been happy and merry; and I have seen those whose riches were great, overwhelmed with grief. He who has much on the earth, clings to the earth, and is seldom happy; and at no time is this truth more striking than in the dying hour: their hearts cling to earthly objects, and they shut their ears to the voice of God, which calls them from the world. When I consider mat-

ters in this point of view, I am happy that I have not any thing to attach me to the world. When I am laid in my grave I shall require no roof to cover me. I shall feel no longer hunger nor thirst; and He before whom I shall then stand, will not reject me because I am poor. Naked I came into the world, and naked I shall leave it. God sees the heart, and by that will he acquit or condemn me."

"It is not often," said Mr. Friendly, "that old people can look upon death with so much calmness. Life is to them, in general, more dear the longer it lasts; and a continual fear hangs upon them that to-morrow may terminate their existence."

"What have I to fear for to-morrow?" said the old man: "I acknowledge, indeed, that my life is dear to me; and why should it not? for I have been happy in it. Indeed, when my Maria died I wished to die also; I prayed to God

for my death, but he granted not my prayer, but sent me support and consolation. Since that time I have resigned myself to every thing which comes from God. He gave, and he can take away. Is not every thing his property? and he gives us life as well as death. The latter leads me to God in Heaven. When, therefore, I think on death, my soul exalts itself to God, and I offer to him all the wishes which could attach me to the world."

Edwin and Henry listened to the old man with the greatest attention. Death appeared to them no longer clad in all its terrors; but it shone upon them as the finisher and restorer of life.

The storm was now past, and having taken a friendly leave of the old man, the party set out on their return home. Several times the young people visited the old man, and they never returned without deeming him happy, and wish-

ing that their old age might be as calm and peaceful. The following summer they found the old man no longer at his labour. As the first rays of spring appeared, and the hedges began to look green, he one evening felt an unusual lassitude: he laid himself to rest—fell asleep—in the morning he awoke—he saw the sun rising, and closed his eyes for ever.—Well for them who so can die.



FRIDAY EVENING.

TALE X.—THE TREE.

ON the lawn before the house of Mr. Friendly, stood a large and aged elm, and a short time before the arrival of his sons, he had constructed a rustic seat under its shade. They were this evening sitting upon it, enjoying the beautiful prospect before them, when Edwin exclaimed, "What a number of leaves! a month ago the tree stood naked and bare, and now it is covered with such a beautiful green."

"This is one of the wonders of nature," answered Mr. F. "and many similar ones are strewed around us, without exciting our attention. The interior construction of the tree the thin and al-

most, to our eyes, imperceptible fibres which ascend under its bark, and the sap which they extract from the earth, are the causes of the wonder which you observe. From the acorn, which is not bigger than a nut, a small germ bursts forth, which by degrees developes itself in a stem, branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit. The same sap assumes the greatest variety of forms, plays in a thousand colours, and forms the diversified texture. By its power the tree covers itself with this beautiful green, the meadow with grass, the garden with its numerous flowers. When the sap no longer rises, the plants become dry, the leaves fall off, and rot upon the earth, which is by these means manured, and filled with new powers. You have heard stories of magicians who have transformed men into animals, a desert into a blooming garden, medlars into precious stones, and flint into gold. These are the fancies

of the brain. Nature, however, performs still greater wonders, without the magic wand. It changes, without intermission, one form, and one being into another. From the earth rises the precious sap which swells the grape, the mellow, the pine apple, and all the noble fruits of the world. A caterpillar divests itself of its skin, assumes, in a short time, a harder coat of mail, and emerges then from its covering, adorned with tender and beautifully diversified wings. The air which surrounds us, and the whole earth, beget from time to time, in their womb, water, snow, hail, and lightning; and, in this new form, either fertilises or ravages the earth. In the interior of the mountains, the clay is transformed into marble, and the opaque stone is pregnant with a precious metal. The creative and transforming power is every where, and incessantly employed. Every moment something ceases to be; and the existence

of another thing commences. Every man returns to the earth, and the body which has been long nourished by its products, becomes itself dust, and fructifies the land. There is, however, an essential difference between rational man and irrational nature. The trees, the stones, and the metals obey in their transformations an exterior Power, to which our own body is also subservient. But that faculty, which in us thinks and wills, is not subject to that power. Our health and life depend not upon ourselves, but we have it in our power to make ourselves better, and to live with greater contentment. If we never lose sight of this power, we exalt ourselves above nature, and it is that which entitles man to the name of the Lord of the Creation."

HYMN 10— MY GRATEFUL VOICE.

O God, this night my grateful voice I raise,
To chaunt thy goodness, and thy bounty
 praise;
Great has thy mercy thro' this day been
 shewn,
And ev'ry hour thy love paternal shone
In health I saw the morning sun arise,
And spread its glory 'fore my raptur'd eyes;
To thee, my God, with humble fear I knelt,
Thy power rever'd, thy awful presence felt.
In health I saw the evening sun descend,
And blessings still around my couch attend;
Thou art the source whence ev'ry blessing
 flows,
Thine is the hand which ev'ry good bestows.
My lips each morning shall thy praises sing,
My grateful heart each night its off'ring
 bring;
To thee, responsive, let creation sing,
Thou one almighty and eternal King!



SATURDAY MORNING.

HYMN 11— HIM, LORD OF ALL !

O, spread to all the nations round,
The great Creator's name ;
Let earth with loud and rapt'rous sound,
Him Lord of all proclaim.

Hallelujah ! let all mortals sing,
The whole creation join,
With one accord, to praise the King,
Whose mercies ever shine.

He gives us food, our wants supplies,
And ev'ry blessing sends ;
Before his power each danger flies,
From ill our steps defends.

He hears his meanest creatures cry,
And quick relief imparts ;
He gives them bliss and endless joy,
And rapture fills their hearts.

O ! spread to all the nations round,
The great Creator's name ;
Let earth, with loud and rapt'rous sound,
Him, Lord of all proclaim

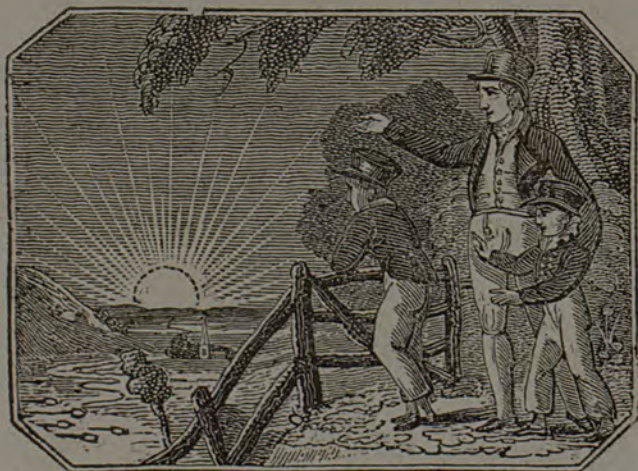
TALE XI.—THE FAIR.

THE town of M—— was situate about eight miles from the residence of Mr. Friendly; and it being at this time the annual fair, Mr. F. formed a small party for the purpose of giving his sons a little pleasure, as it was determined that they should return to school on the Monday following. The party set out at an early hour, and every road leading to the town appeared to be thronged with carriages, conveying commodities and visitors to the fair. Several hours were passed by Mr. Friendly's party in witnessing all the humours of the scene; and on their return, each declared the object which gave him the greatest pleasure. "To me," said Mr. Friendly, "the picture of concord and unanimity which prevailed in the fair was the most pleasing."

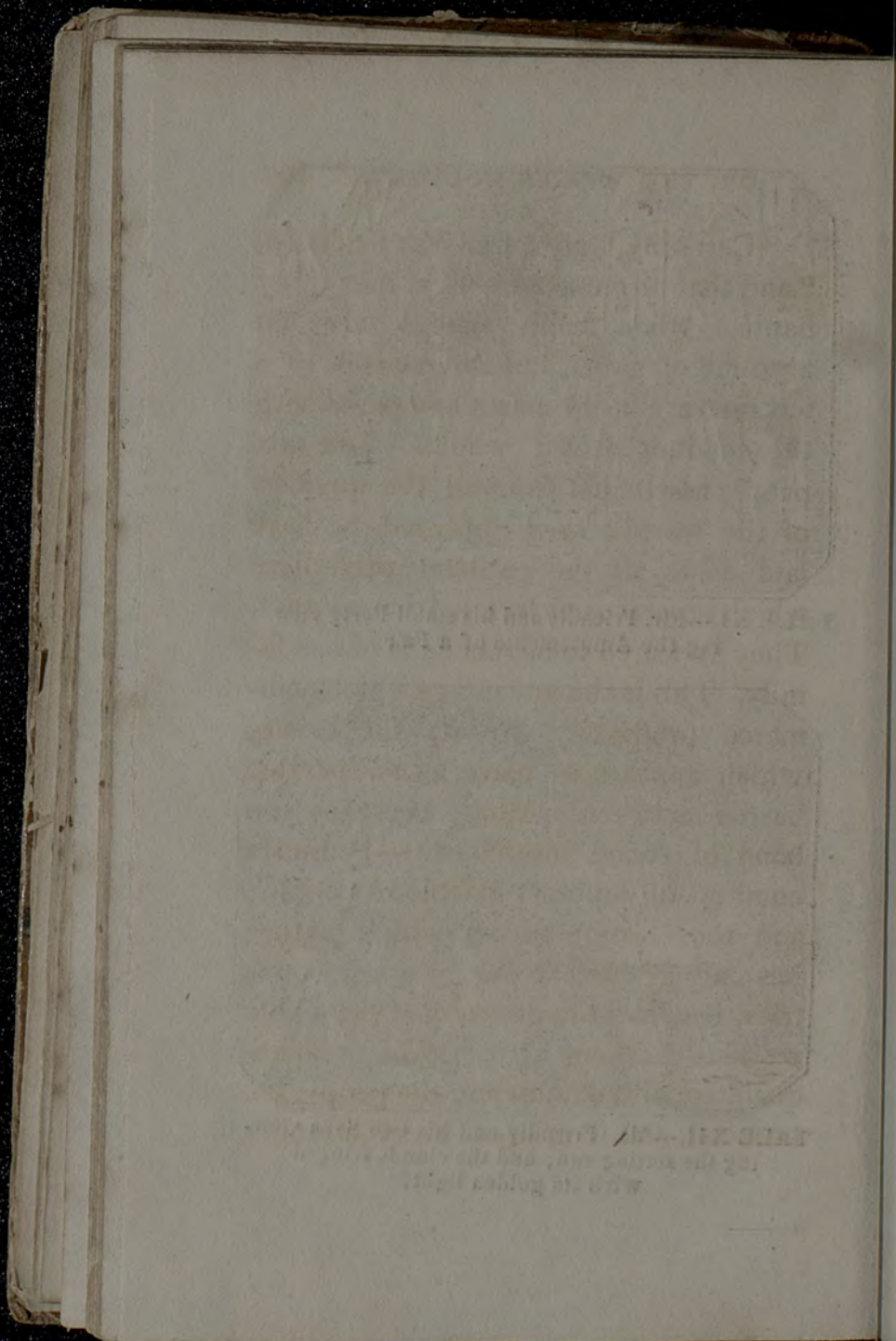
"How so?" Edwin asked, "did we not see several persons fighting?"



TALE XI.--Mr. Friendly and his small Party viewing the Amusements of a Fair



TALE XII.--Mr. Friendly and his two Sons viewing the setting sun, and the clouds fringed with its golden light.



“Certainly,” answered Mr. Friendly, “and that circumstance must inevitably happen when many persons meet on account of gain: but the quarrels of a few men are insignificant compared with the conduct of the whole. You saw people assembled from all the quarters of the world; they appeared to have laid aside all the national prejudices which separate one people from another. They appeared to be members of one family. This is the advantage which commerce produces. By it, the ocean, which appears to place an inseparable barrier between nations, becomes the bond of social intercourse.—It unites country to country, people to people; and those commodities which nature has only granted to one or a few countries, becomes the property of the whole world. As long as a nation is unacquainted with commerce, the people are unsocial, and look upon every stranger

as an enemy. Its manners remain rough and uncultivated, and its knowledge partial and confined. But if it has once known the advantages and comforts of commerce, the world, which has been hitherto shut from it, opens itself to its view. Harbours and docks are built upon its coasts. Foreigners repair to its markets: its cities become larger, and more beautiful; and the streets are crowded with active and busy men. Industry and ingenuity are awakened; the land becomes better cultivated, and its productions are more carefully preserved. The desire for knowledge extends itself, and the arts and sciences flourish by the side of commerce. All these circumstances are the fruits of the social compact, and you now perceive why I regard a fair as a beautiful picture of human unanimity. How many must connect themselves and combine the powers of their body and mind, to produce and

bring to perfection all those things which were exposed to your view. How many hands must be set in motion to fill one of the shops with the various articles which it contained. How many jour- nies must be undertaken to procure the raw materials. How many artists and manufacturers must co-operate to pro- duce the articles. Indeed, these can only be the effects of concord and unani- mity! You must, however, also have observed, how many disputes self-inter- est excited amongst single persons at the fair. Similar disputes often arise between whole nations, and then war destroys in a short time what industry has been years in completing. Instead of friendly fleets, which convey to one country the produce of another, the ocean is now covered with armed vessels, which often destroy the property of the innocent merchant. By war, commerce is destroyed, and the harbours are block-

aded, which were formerly open to the foreigner. Flourishing cities are given up to plunder, after being almost demolished by cannon balls, and often they are reduced to ashes by the desperate warrior. The streets are then deserted, in which, a short time before, the most important mercantile affairs were transacted; and where palaces once stood, the prowling beasts now find shelter, and the birds of prey build their nests. Thus in ancient times Carthage became a prey to war: this city surpassed all others in magnitude, beauty, and riches: its colonies were the most numerous; its commerce the most extensive. But a hostile nation destroyed this city, and the spot is now scarcely known where it once stood. This is the track of human things: some build, and others destroy; and whatever escapes the rage of man, becomes the prey of time. This thought ought not, however, to deter us

from doing as much good as lies in our power. Nothing on this earth is destined for eternity; but it is useful, and tends to general happiness as long as it continues, and it is a part of our duty to increase the mass of general happiness to the full extent of our ability!"



SATURDAY EVENING.

TALE XII.---NATURE.

IN the company of their father, Edwin and Henry set out on their evening walk. They ascended a small eminence, from which a beautiful prospect presented itself before them. The sun was near its setting, and a few light clouds were fringed with its golden light. A pleasing stillness rested upon all the works of nature; and on the summit of the distant mountains shone the last ray of day.

“How beautiful is the setting sun,” said Mr. Friendly, “how glorious, how sublime his orb declines! To-morrow it will rise again in renovated splendour, and with its cheering beams invigorate the earth.”

In the east the moon arose.—“ How beautiful and mild its beams,” said Edwin, “ but its appearance is not always so.”

“ It is yet in its infancy,” said Mr. Friendly, “ but it will increase daily, and its light will become stronger, until it is at its full. Some heavy clouds will, perhaps, at times obscure it, and it will be concealed from our view: it will then decrease, and, in a short time, wholly disappear. This is a perfect picture of human life.”

“ I do not understand it,” said Henry.

“ O yes,” said Edwin, “ I know what our father means: man grows, and gradually decays;—he shines for a time upon the earth, then disappears, and is concealed in the grave.”

“ And what signification,” asked Mr. Friendly, “ do you attach to the clouds, which sometimes obscure the moon?”

“ I acknowledge my inability to explain them,” said Edwin.

“ They are the misfortunes which happen to man,” said Mr. Friendly. “ There is no life, the splendour of which is not obscured by the clouds of adversity. Every one has his sad and gloomy days. But with the good and innocent man, these clouds pass away, and the tranquility of his soul remains undisturbed : and even when he vanishes from our view, he is not annihilated—he shines in another sphere, eternal and unchangeable.”

Night came on apace ; by the side of their father the amiable youths returned to their home, and the luminaries of heaven were for ever after to them symbols of immortality.

O Lord! almighty, King of earth and heaven,
Eternal Glory to thy name be given :

Let men adore
For evermore
Thy gracious love
Which shines above ;

Let earth and all her thousand creatures join
To praise thy goodness and thy power divine.

At thy command the varied forms arose,
Which o'er the earth their splendid charms
dispose :

The rivers flow,
The mid-day glow,
The roaring main,
The starry train ;

Whatever stalks the earth, or skims the air,
Alike thy hand omnipotent declare.

Thou saw'st thy works, and called them good
and fair,

And angels sang thy heavenly love and care :

The cherubim
And seraphim
With loud accord
Praise thee, their Lord ;

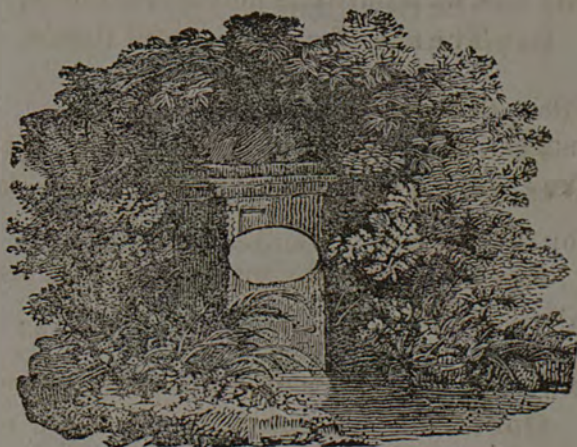
And hallelujahs from the sainted host,
Sang loud the Father, Son, & Holy Ghost

Hail, holy, holy, holy, Lord above,
Creation's Father, and the God of love ;

Thou ever wer't,
And ever art,
And wilt exist
When time is past :

Thro' thee, O Lord, we breathe, we live,
and move,

Hail, holy, holy, holy, Lord above.



SUNDAY MORNING.

HYMN 12-- THE DAY ONCE MORE RETURNS.

Almighty God ! the day once more returns,
Sacred to thee, and called by thee thy own ;
My soul with pure and holy fervor burns,
Its prayers to offer at thy awful throne.

Glory to thee, eternal praise be thine,
Thou good bestower of this life and light ;
O'er all thy works thy gracious mercies
shine,
And all display thy matchless power and
might.

The choir of angels loudly chaunt thy praise,
Our earthly temples with thy name re-
sound ;
In joyous songs let men their voices raise,
And earth adore thee to its furthest bound.

My heart with grateful thanks to thee is
fill'd

For all the blessings which thy hand be-
stows ;

Thou art the source whence ev'ry joy's dis-
till'd,

Thou art the spring whence ev'ry comfort
flows.

Thee I adore, my Father and my God,

Thy precepts ever in my heart I'll love ;

Teach me to bear resign'd thy chast'ning rod,

And in the sphere of virtue shortly move.


This day be with me in thy house of prayer,

Let no unrighteous thought my mind
molest ;

And when at night I to my sleep repair,

Guard me from danger, and confirm my
rest.

TALE XIII.--THE BURIAL.



THIS was the day appointed for the funeral of the deceased friend of Edwin and Henry. During his life he had been universally beloved, and his death was generally deplored. Early in the morning the two youths repaired to the house of mourning, and they witnessed the last ceremonies performed to the dead. Laid in his coffin, the deceased appeared to enjoy a sound and tranquil sleep. His countenance was calm and serene, and no contraction of the features spoke of the convulsions of death. In his hand he held the nosegay which Henry had brought him, but the flowers were now withered and decayed. When the coffin was closed, and the corpse of their young friend was shut for ever from their view, the youths burst into tears, for they now

felt the keenness of the pang, which the heart experiences when a long and last farewell is taken of a beloved object. In a short time the melancholy procession began to move toward the place where the body was to be deposited. The sun appeared to shine with unusual splendor on the narrow grave ; but the eyes of him who was soon to rest in it, would open no more to enjoy the glory of the rising, nor the majesty of the setting sun. The gloomy or the cheerful day was now alike to him ; and he heeded not the rain which fell upon his grave, nor the genial sunbeam which invigorated the flowers with which the grave was strewn. He saw no more the busy occupations of men, nor the twinkling stars of heaven, nor the mild radiance of the moon. The flowers of the spring bloomed no more for him ; nor the fruits of autumn ripened for his enjoyment ; but the incorruptible bliss of heaven has opened

itself to his view, and in the abode of the blessed he will be crowned with that wreath which the pious and the good only wear.

SUNDAY EVENING.

TALE XIV.—ALFRED.

As it was the last evening that Edwin and Henry were to spend at home, Mr. Friendly invited a few young people in the neighbourhood to supper. Amongst the party was a youth of the name of Alfred, of an agreeable form, but whose actions partook too much of the manly character. Many mothers held him out as a pattern to their children, and no

doubt was entertained that such a promising youth would make an excellent man. His society, however, was not courted by any of the youths of his own age and standing in the neighbourhood; and he soon perceived that his company was disliked by persons of maturer years, although he behaved with politeness to every one, and was not conscious of wilfully giving offence. Notwithstanding all his endeavours to please, he saw himself contemned, and his vanity was wounded. In his early years he had been the play-fellow of Edwin and Henry, but he had lately neglected their society, as their behaviour was too boyish for him. He had, however, within the last week, heard them much extolled, and he wished to renew the acquaintance. He longed to see what was so praiseworthy in them. He had been informed that their dress was simple and neat, and their manners open and candid. He had

also been told, that they knew their proper place, and never intruded themselves into society above their standing in life. This was meant as a gentle reproof upon his own behaviour, but he had not the penetration to discover it. He had not been long in the house of Mr. Friendly, before he met with one of those keen reproofs which wounded his vanity sorely, and he complained of his unpleasant situation to Edwin and Henry. "Why," said he to them, "are you so caressed by every one? How must I conduct myself to gain the applause which you receive? What can I do more than I at present perform? I speak with politeness to every one; and I try to make myself as agreeable as possible to those who are older than myself." Mr. Friendly overheard all these questions, and taking him aside, he said, "I heard all your questions, my dear Alfred, and my children are unable to answer them; but I

can do it; and you must not be offended if I tell you a few unpleasant truths."

"Alfred promised he would not; and Mr. Friendly continued:—"You are in most respects a well-bred youth, and the reason of your not being more generally beloved is not owing to your want of politeness. But, believe me, your manners are not consistent with your age. You force yourself into the company of persons older than yourself, not for the purpose of learning from them, for that were commendable in you, but to participate in their pleasures, and to place yourself upon an equal footing with them. This is most disagreeable to grown up-persons; and they cannot refrain sometimes from making you feel that you are out of your sphere. This, no doubt, gives you pain, and I am much mistaken if the questions, which you put to my sons, did not originate from that very particular circumstance."

Alfred blushed, and looked on the ground.

“ If you wish to avoid similar affronts ;” continued Mr. Friendly, “ if it be your earnest desire to acquire lasting approbation, attempt not to appear more than you really are ; but endeavour to be more than you appear. You have got no claim to the society of grown-up persons ; but if you employ all your powers and talents to make yourself one day worthy of that situation, you will even then, at this period of your life, be respected and beloved. However, do not think that a mere attention to your exterior is sufficient for that purpose ; it is in some respects laudable, but it should not be carried too far. Without interior worth, all dress and foppery are like an empty shell ; and bear this in your remembrance, if you wish to procure the lasting approbation of your friends, to pay more attention to the cultivation of

your mind than to the adornment of your person; but do not expect that instantaneous applause will be granted to you. He, who in his actions and endeavours thinks only of the praise which he is to reap, is not serious in his attachment to goodness and virtue, and will often find himself deceived in his expectations. Acquire a love for retirement; you will find a greater pleasure and satisfaction in it than in the splendid assemblies of the gay, which in the first place is not consistent with your age, and in which your presence is only suffered, not desired. When you have laid aside your vanity, when you have gathered that knowledge which is an ornament to man, when your heart and imagination have been ennobled, then return with modesty into the world: you will be received with pleasure, and every one will pay to you the respect which you deserve?

Mr. F. paused, and some tears trickled

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TALE XIII.---Edwin and Henry witnessing the interment of their deceased young Friend.



TALE XIV.—Mr. Friendly advising young Alfred to intrude less on the company of grown-up persons.

down the cheeks of Alfred, who, in this instance, felt his vanity so deeply wounded. Shame and chagrin, his former inclinations, and the new doctrine which he had just heard, contended for dominion in his heart. The feeling of virtue at last conquered. He promised Mr. F. to follow his admonitions; and he fulfilled his promise. He shunned all assemblies, and forced himself no more into the company of grown-up persons. He became attached to the sciences, which he had hitherto regarded as useless, and unworthy of his notice. His faculties developed themselves with wonderful alacrity, and he enjoyed an inward satisfaction, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He often consulted Mr. Friendly on different subjects, and he was ever grateful to him for having, by his good and salutary advice, enticed him from his former paths.

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Creator, God, our Lord,
For ever hallow'd be thy name,
For ever kept thy word.

Grant thy kingdom soon may come,
Thy sacred will be done
On earth, as 'tis in heaven perform'd,
Till time has ceas'd to run.

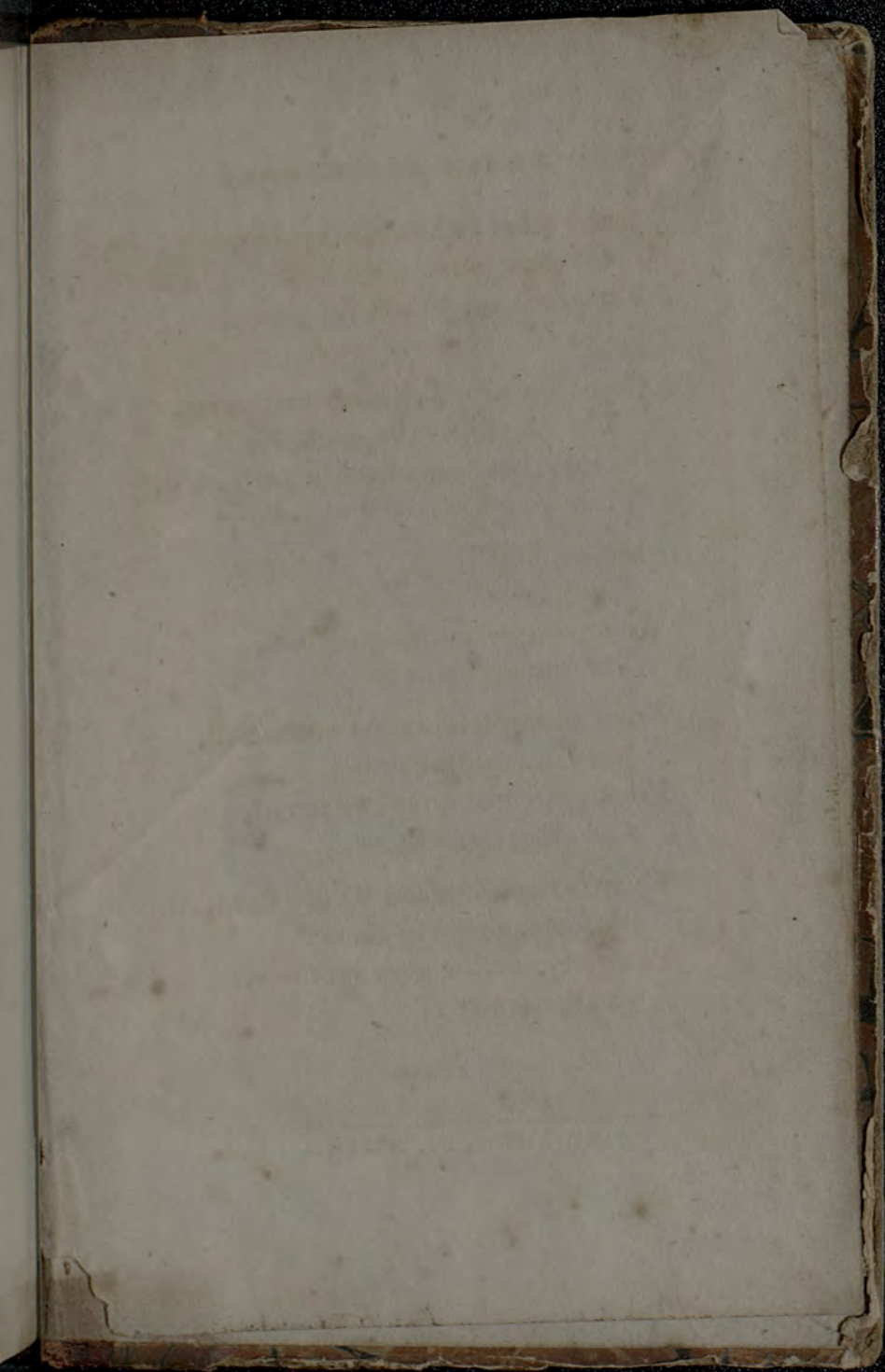
Give us this day our daily bread,
Our meanest wants relieve ;
As we forgive our sinning foes,
Do thou our sins forgive.

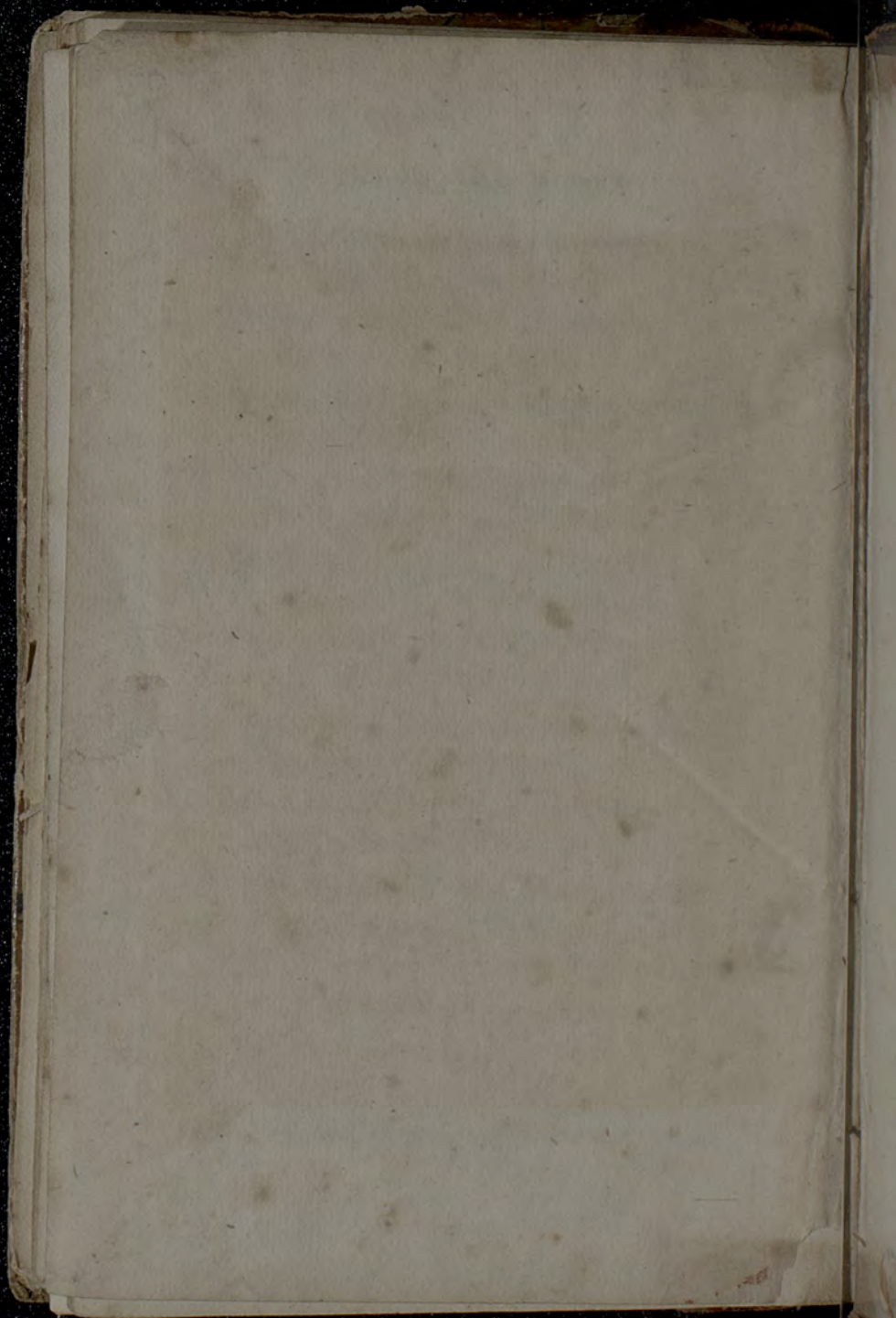
From strong temptation save us all,
Nor let us wilful stray ;
From every evil guard us round,
And chace each ill away.

Thine is the kingdom, O our Lord,
Be homage paid to thee,
The glory and the power is thine,
To all eternity !!

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