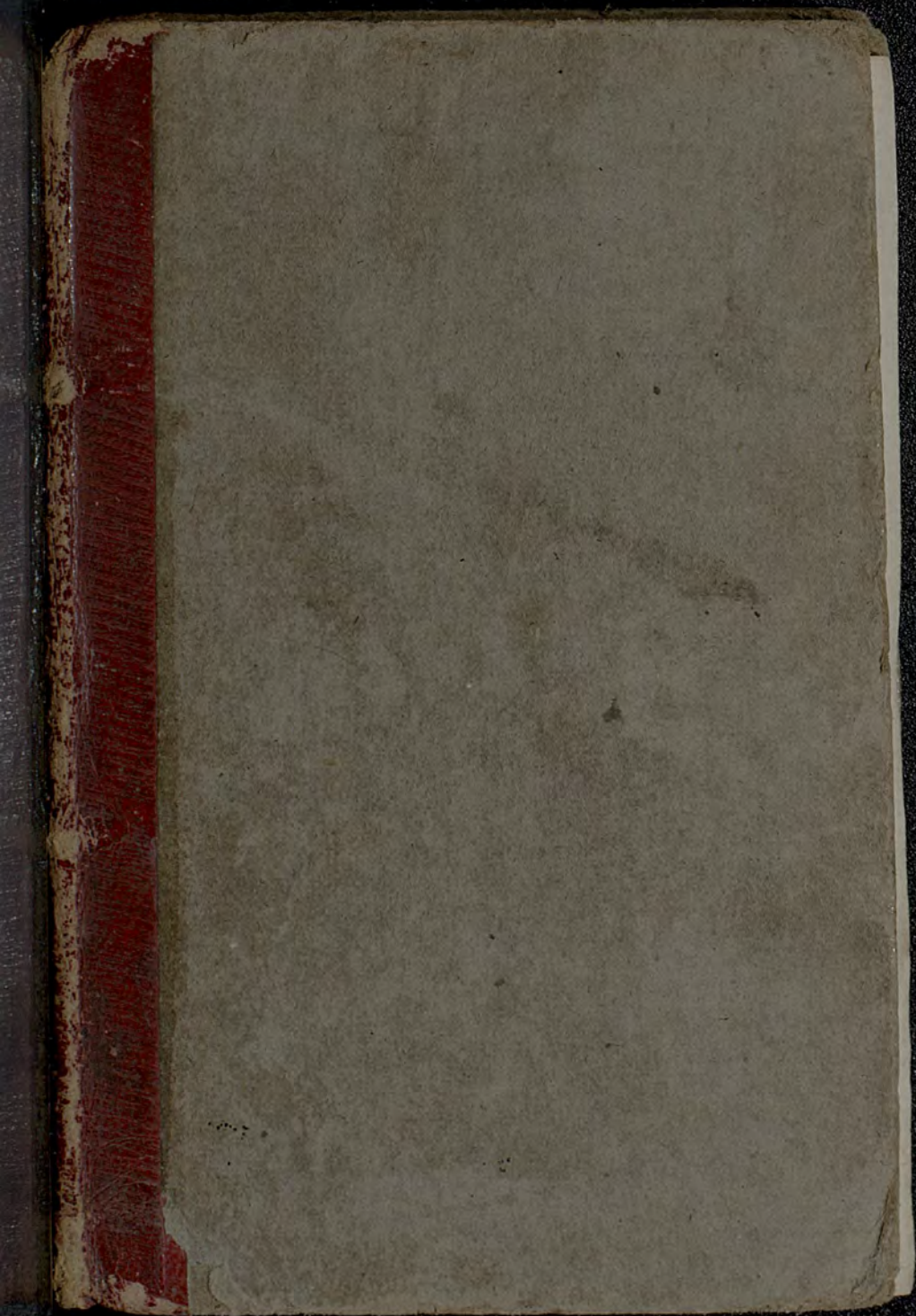




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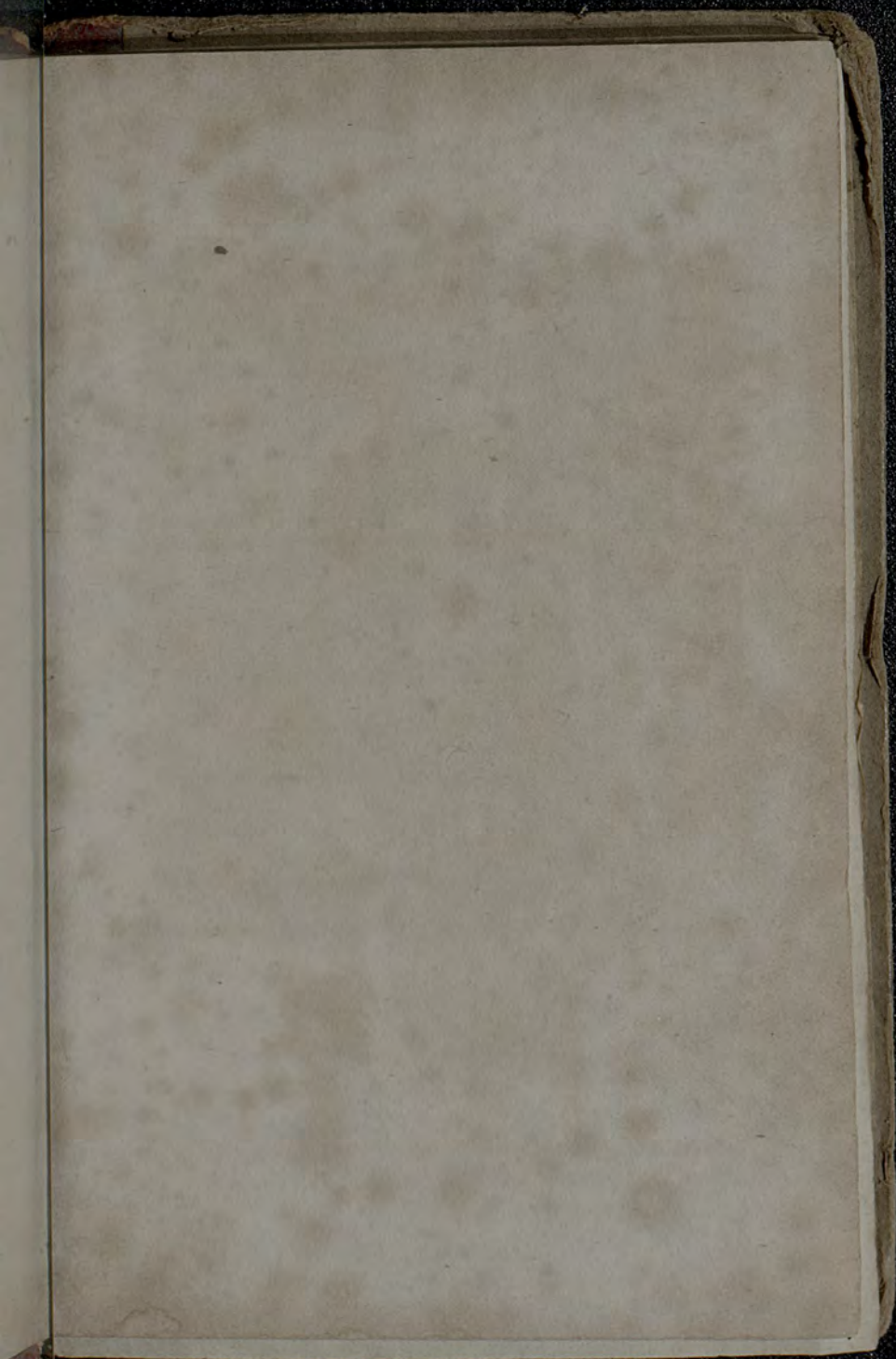
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Maria Dynelery Hill,

August 27th, 1820.

From her affectionate friend.

Henwick Tales.





*Jem at his Mother's grave, surprised
by Old Ralph the Gardener.*

Tale 1st

HENWICK TALES;

DESIGNED

TO AMUSE THE MIND,

AND CORRECT THE SENTIMENTS

OF

YOUTH.

BY. MRS. MARSHALL,

Author of "A Sketch of My Friend's Family."

Third Edition.

"Principle, my hearers, moral and religious principle,
is the only solid basis of a good education."

G. CLAYTON.

London:

Printed by Henry Teape, Tower Hill;

And Sold by

J. Hatchard, Piccadilly; J. Conder, St. Paul's Church
Yard; Darton and Harvey, Gracechurch Street, and

L. B. Seeley, Fleet Street.

1818.

(Price 2s. 6d.)

HENWICK TALES;

by

JOHN HENWICK.

AND FOREWORD BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:

JOHN HENWICK.

1871.

Printed by the Author, at the
HENWICK TALES, 1871.

First Edition, 1871.

Second Edition, 1871.

(1871.)

TO THE
YOUNG LADIES
OF
HENWICK SCHOOL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

SOME among you will, perhaps, recal the simple tales which, not unfrequently, beguiled the last hour of your winter-evenings; and by those who do, this little Volume will be received under the favorable circumstances of an old friend. Before I present them to you in this public manner, however, I shall venture a few remarks on their design and tendency.

First, then, let me observe: these tales are not put into your hands, as fit models for your composition, nor as specimens of my invention. In the style, as well as the narrative, I have aimed at simplicity; and avoiding every thing, that might heat the imagination, have endeavoured only to reach and engage the heart. In the first and second tales, I have made happiness the meed of virtue; yet, in these I have endeavoured to convince you, that neither the esteem of our fellow-mortals, or the smile of prosperity, are the proper springs of good conduct. In the third I have gone still farther; I have not only discarded earthly happiness, as an incentive to duty, but I have traced genuine purity of character to its true and only source—Religion. Nor have I

wished to delude you with a hope that the best are exempt from sufferings here—no, the reverse, I believe, is oftener the case: gold is not pure, till it has passed the refining furnace; and the heirs of immortality are not made perfect, but in the school of affliction. Where, then you may ask, is the superiority of virtue?—My answer is derived from the Volume of unerring Truth: “there is another world,” where those who sow in tears, shall reap in joy—where pride shall be humbled under the frown of Omnipotence—and they, who meekly suffer adversity here, for a little season, shall be crowned with unfading joys through a blissful eternity.

Among that host of human gems, or-

*dained to sparkle in the Redeemer's
crown, may I recognise my much-loved,
though absent, Pupils.*

I am,

Your faithful Friend,

And affectionate Teacher,

META.

November, 1813.

HENWICK TALES.

THE VICAR'S GARDEN ;

OR,

The Greek Medal.

E'en children gather'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to gain the good man's smile.

GOLDSMITH.

IN a remote village of England stands an ancient building, which the neighbouring rustics dignify with the name of "The College;" but whether this honour arises from any tradition they have concerning it, or the vicinity of an academy for young gentlemen, I could never learn. Be that as it may; the cloisters belonging to the ruins, and that side of the church-yard which joins them, have long been claimed by the young academicians as their rightful play-ground.

In the same village lived a poor, but honest woman, named Mary; who sometimes carried cakes and fruit to sell at the school. But, at last, poor Mary died, and was buried in that very part of the church-yard which the school-boys had chosen for their play-ground.

Little Jem, her son, was about ten years old; and being desirous of earning an honest living, as his poor mother had done, soon found many people willing to employ him in going errands, and doing little jobs, for which he received some odd pence, and sometimes a good meal.

But poor Jem had observed for several days, that the grass was all worn off his mother's grave by the heedless feet of the school boys, who continually trampled over it. Accordingly, on the first moonlight night, he repaired to the burying-ground with a basket full of

nice smooth turf from the common: this he placed neatly over the grave, and then sat down by the side. The spot was near the Vicar's garden, and divided from it by a wall and deep ditch. Over this wall, however, by means of a ladder, a party of the scholars had climbed, with the wicked intention of stealing the fruit. The two last were to bring the ladder with them, and this kept them very far behind their companions.

They were going to take their way directly over poor Mary's grave, but the foremost, named Townsend, stumbled on Jem's empty basket, and both fell—"How now," cried he, "what have we here, a basket? just the thing to put our peaches in, Stanhope."

"No, young gentlemen; that is my basket," said Jem, starting from the grave.

"And who are you?" asked Townsend: and letting go the basket andadder both at once, seized Jem by the collar, exclaiming—"And pray, sir, don't you know that this part of the church-yard belongs to the gentlemen of the school? so down with you, and ask pardon for being here."

"I know," replied the undaunted Jem, "that you young gentlemen choose to make this your play-ground; and that you pull poor people's graves to pieces; and you have torn all the grass off my dear mother's too; so I came to-night to put some more on, and you can't hinder me, Mr. Townsend, from coming again to-morrow night."

"Can't I, though," said Townsend; saying which, he began to beat poor Jem in the most cowardly manner, who all the time disdained to utter a word; but, at last, Stanhope interposed in his favor,

and Townsend desisted, exclaiming—
 “Now, my little master, will you come here again to-morrow night.”

“Yes,” replied Jem; “if you tear the grass off my mother’s grave, I will.”

“What an audacious little rascal, to speak to the son of a gentleman in this manner!” cried Townsend; but this son of a gentleman forgot, that when rich men, or children, disgrace themselves by mean or dishonest actions, they are below the contempt of the very beings they affect to despise.

“Come,” cried Stanhope, “we shall be found out, if you stay any longer; for I think I hear old sly Ralph, the gardener, creeping along the other side of the wall.”

And he thought right; for old sly Ralph (as he called him) had traced their steps to that part of the wall which they had just scaled. Here he stood

some time, to consider how they could climb the wall, when suddenly recollecting the means of a ladder—"The young rogues!" he exclaimed; "but I'll be a match for them." So saying, he placed one of his ladders against the wall, and looking over the top, saw poor Jem sitting on his mother's grave, and alone, for Stanhope and his companion were out of sight. Instantly concluding he was the culprit, the gardener softly descended the ladder on the other side of the wall, and caught poor Jem roughly by the collar; who, in a respectful manner, begged to know why he was so rudely handled?

"Why, you young villain; what! you thought to get off unpunished another night, did you? Very well, Mr. Jem; so, it was you stole my fine ripe melons the other night, was it? and now you would have carried away all my peaches, would you? But you shan't go un-

punished; no, I will serve you as I would have all other thieves served."

"You may beat me as hard as you please, Mr. Gardener," said Jem, with the pride of conscious innocence; "but I am no thief for all that. And I never saw, nor touched, one of your peaches or melons either."

"Indeed, Mr. Honesty!" replied Ralph, taking up near a dozen nice ripe peaches, which Stanhope, in his haste to escape, had dropped—"indeed, Mr. Honesty!" he repeated, as he took up Jem's empty basket; "pray then, how came these peaches here if you never touched them? and what was this basket brought for? I suppose you never saw *this* before?"

"Yes, I have though," replied Jem; "for it was my own dear mother's basket, and now she is dead, it is mine; and I brought it here to-night myself, but not to put your peaches in, Mr.

Ralph, for, I am sure, I did not know there was one there, till you took them up."

"No equivocations, Mr. Jem," said Ralph; "facts are stubborn things, and them you can't deny."

"Take me to the Vicar, then, and let us see if *he* will believe me," required the little hero.

"Ah, marry! to the Vicar thou must go, I believe. But pray, if you did not take the peaches, who did?"

"I tell you once for all," said the unshaken boy, "that I never stole any thing out of your garden; but as to saying who did, I scorn to tell a tale *almost* as much as I do to tell a lie."

Finding all attempts to make Jem confess were ineffectual, the gardener bade him run home as fast as he could; and returned back to the vicarage meditating what he should do. At length, he

determined to say nothing about it that night, but, in the morning, to give a full account of all to his master. This he accordingly did; but only received a strict charge from the Vicar to keep the whole matter a secret; who, at the same time, told him he had his own suspicions on the subject, and would watch there that evening himself.

Now, it never occurred to Ralph that his master's suspicions might possibly be different from his own; and, therefore (notwithstanding the caution he had received,) by several sagacious shakes of his head, and many sage reflections on the misfortune of honest people's children turning out to be thieves, he completely ruined the poor boy's character with the more suspicious part of the villagers.

No one, indeed, had ever missed a

farthing, or a morsel of a tempting dainty, all the time they had employed him; yet after the gardener's tale began to spread, Jem found it very hard to obtain a job, or, when he could get one, it was still harder to procure a dry crust for his supper. Indeed, he was often very hungry, though he never complained; yet, in the evening, he would go to his mother's grave, and cry bitterly, when he thought that no one saw him but God.

In the mean time, near three weeks had passed, and no further depredations had been committed on the Vicar's garden, when Ralph, having now another fine gathering of nectarines, began to triumph in having so successfully stopped the young plunderer. The little banditti also began to exult in their fancied security, and resolved once more to taste the Vicar's ripe fruit. The evening, accordingly, being fixed, and a

fine moon seeming to favor their wicked design, they met exactly at a quarter past nine, behind a yew-tree which nearly joined the wall of the garden. They fixed on this hour, because they knew the Vicar retired to his study at nine, and that the servants would be at supper in the kitchen. Thus secure, the ladder was placed against the wall; they all climbed it safely, and descended on the other side, where they boldly stripped off every nectarine from the tree, which Ralph, in the pride of his heart, had that day called, "The king of nectarine trees."—When, oh, the terrors of a guilty conscience! a rustling was heard among the trees: each one took to his heels; not one thought of his friend and accomplice; but descended from the wall in haste; and the impatient Stanhope ran away with the ladder just as Townsend reached the top of the wall—"Stay, Stanhope, stay; bring back the

ladder : here's your old *friend* left behind you ; do you hear ?" cried Townsend, hallooing after him as loudly as he could ; but Stanhope did not hear, or he did not think it was worth his while to come back for his *old friend* in a time like that. Again the noise among the trees was heard.—What could he do ?—To be discovered in that situation was certain ruin : yet, the wall was high—the ditch deep and wide ; however, attempt to leap it he must. And so he did ; but guilt made him tremble, and he fell half smothered in the dirty water. In vain he called for help, no friend was near to answer him ; till, at last, poor Jem, who came to pay his pious visit to his mother's grave, hearing him call, ran instantly to the spot, and asked who was there ?

" Oh ! help me out, for mercy's sake ; I am half dead," cried Townsend.

The generous little fellow stayed for

no more, but throwing off his jacket, plunged in; and, after much difficulty, brought him safely out.—“ There, Mr. Townsend,” he said, giving him a hatful of clean water to wash his face; “ there, now I hope, since you have got safe out of *this* scrape, you’ll never do such a wicked thing as to steal fruit again.”

“ Thank you, honest Jem; I am sure, I am very much obliged to you.—And I am sorry that I beat you so the other night; I am afraid I hurt you very much.—But you look hungry; here, take these two nectarines.”

“ No, I thank you,” said Jem, turning away; “ I have not ate any thing but a dry crust this morning for my breakfast, yet I thank God, I would rather starve than taste your *stolen* fruit. So, good night to you, Mr. Townsend.” Saying this, our little hero retired to his hard lodging, in a stable, where he slept till morning, without one uneasy thought to

disturb his slumbers; whilst our *gentleman's son*, limping along the church-yard, started at every grave, and fancied a spectre was hid behind every pillar in the cloisters. Wet and cold, he stole up to bed in the dark; and when the bright morning sun shone into his chamber, he feared to arise, lest he should be called to an account for the actions of the past night.

When they assembled the next morning at breakfast, each guilty eye seemed to ask what his companion had seen the last night? but no one dared venture a question, lest their school-fellows should suspect them.

The little banditti were six in number; among whom Townsend and Stanhope, being the eldest and the richest, were acknowledged the leaders.

That morning the great school-bell rang at half-past nine, which was half an hour before the usual time. All, who had watches, looked first at them, then at each other in surprise.

“What does this mean?” said they, “our master does not think to abridge us of half our play hours, does he, and all for no fault that any of us have done?”

Townsend, Stanhope, and their party, alone heard it in silent consternation, and repaired each to his desk without uttering a word.

Ten minutes of dreadful suspense ensued; when Dr. Franklin entered, followed by the Vicar. All rose at their entrance; every eye was fixed on them as they walked to the upper end of the room, but not a sound was heard.

Dr. Franklin looked round the little assembly, and at Townsend and his companions among the rest. How each guilty heart trembled !—" Mr. Townsend," at length, said the Doctor, in a stern voice. Townsend wished the ceiling to fall in and hide him ; but he was forced to advance towards the *dreadful* desk, amid the buz of fifty voices. " Do you know any thing of these nectarines ?" said the Doctor, eying him with a severe but steady countenance ; " they were found by the sweeper of the school room near your desk this morning."

" I did not put them there, upon my word, sir," replied Townsend ; and in this he spoke the truth, for Stanhope, who took charge of the booty, left them there in the haste and confusion of the past night.

" Very well, sir," replied Dr. Franklin ; " but how came you not to be in bed last night till ten o'clock ?"

"I was reciting against to-day, sir," he answered, remembering he had made the same excuse to his bedfellow the preceding night.

The Vicar looked at his friend; both were silent a few minutes; when the Doctor observed that he must make enquiries of some other person.

"Shall I sit down then, sir?" said Townsend, beginning to respire again; a motion of the Doctor's eye, however, kept him standing.

At that moment little Jem, who had received a hasty summons, entered the room. He had an honest heart, but the sight of so many eyes fixed on him made him blush.

"Come forward, my little friend," said the Vicar, with a smile. "You have been at work in my garden this morning, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think the gardener said something about a gold medal which you found under the nectarine tree?"

"Yes, sir, and here it is; I begged Mr. Ralph to bring it to your honor, but he said, I had better give it to you myself." As he spoke, he produced a beautiful medal, which Townsend, a few days before, had received for being the best Greek scholar.

The medal was seen by all; and "Townsend's Greek medal!" was repeated by a buzz of whispering tongues.

"Oh! sir," said Townsend, finding a discovery was now inevitable, "I will tell you all, if you will but forgive me." He then related the whole transaction; taking good care, as he thought, that Stanhope and the other four should not escape sharing his punishment.

"Well, Mr. Stanhope," said the Doctor, "what can you say for yourself?"

"Nothing, sir," said Stanhope, advancing from the other end of the room, in great confusion. "No punishment you can inflict upon me will be too great, only, sir, if I might speak one word."

"Say on," replied the Doctor.

"Then, sir, it is, that you will please to pardon the other four, who are twice as young as I am, and would never have thought of stealing, I am sure, if Townsend and I had not first put it in their hearts."

As Stanhope thus interceded for the partners of his crime, the countenance of the Vicar, indicated pity mixed with hope, that he who could blush for his own faults, and yet plead for his accomplices, might repent and amend.

Dr. Franklin heard him with attention; then turning to Townsend, said, "You, sir, may return to your friends,

and give what account you can of the transactions of this day. Had you possessed an honest heart, your talents would have reflected honor on them and on me; but as you are capable of hiding your crimes with the basest falsehood, I am convinced you are *thoroughly* depraved. Retire, I say, sir, you are no longer one of this community."

Townsend, overwhelmed with confusion, now quitted the room. Stanhope and his companions stood in silent expectation. "And now, gentlemen," continued the Doctor, turning to them, "what do you think *you* deserve?"

"The same disgrace that Townsend has just received, sir," replied Stanhope; "yet I hope you will give me the severest punishment I can have in your school, and I will joyfully submit to any thing so as I am not expelled."

"It certainly was my intention to

expel every one whom I found concerned in this infamous robbery," said the Doctor, "but, as some sparks of candour appear in you, Mr. Stanhope, I hope that you are not totally depraved: I shall therefore permit you with your four accomplices to form a separate class, till your good conduct shall have entitled you to be again admitted into your former places."

"Oh! sir, to the latest moment of my life, I shall never forget this lesson."

"I hope not; and if you make a proper use of it, I may soon again shake hands with you as one of my much esteemed young friends: otherwise, your talents, your fortune, or even the great respectability of your father's character, will never gain you the esteem of the wise and good."

"Well," said the Vicar, with a smile, "justice has now been administered to the guilty; and it remains to take public

notice of your noble conduct, my honest little lad. I overheard your conversation with Mr. Townsend last night; and, from that moment resolved to protect you in future. You shall live with me, and I will myself instruct you; and, when you are old enough to take care of yourself, will settle you in whatever business your inclination and abilities may lead you to choose. Nor do I doubt of one day seeing you an honorable and useful member of society, *because I see that you fear God.*" As the benevolent Vicar spoke the last words, he gave his hand, in token of esteem, to poor Jem, whose eyes were filled with tears of gratitude.

The good Vicar then rose to depart; and Dr. Franklin followed him, saying—"Those who think they deserve it, may call the remainder of the day their own."

This permission from the Doctor was

no sooner heard, than all those whose consciences did not accuse them, crowded round the Vicar to gain that smile of which they were so proud. But Stanhope and his companions remained in a corner of the room by themselves, and unnoticed by any one but little Jem; who, as the Vicar led him out of the apartment, turned towards the sorrowful guilty little groupe with a tear of genuine pity.

Many a merry heart, which had before experienced Jem's good nature, now wished him joy of his *good fortune*; the Vicar, however, assured them, it was not *good fortune*, but a reward which God bestowed on his unshaken honesty.

THE LOVE OF PRAISE,

AND

*The Love of Virtue.*Farewell the wish of *human* praise,

The Music of a name.

GUYON.

AT one of the large schools in the North of England, were placed two orphan cousins, descended from a noble Scotch family. Constance, who was a few weeks older than her cousin, possessed great natural abilities, nor had she what is commonly called a bad heart; but she mistook the love of *praise* for the love of *virtue*; hence, all her good actions were rather ostentatious than useful.

Amelia was the reverse; mild, kind, and unassuming, she practised every

virtue, without a wish of being praised for it.

Their amiable Governess had observed the difference; and calling them one day into her room, she thus addressed them:—"My beloved children, the letter I hold in my hand is from your uncle, Lord Donald, at whose hands I first received the charge of you; that sacred trust is now reclaimed, and we must part to-morrow."

"So soon!" exclaimed Amelia, taking the hand of Mrs. Jeffries.

"Yes, my dears; and I tremble for you," she replied, looking tenderly at Amelia, and anxiously at Constance.

"You are now about to enter on the busy stage of life, where your sincerity will be tried by many alluring temptations; but hold fast the moral and religious principles which you have learned as the rule and motive of your

actions, and implore the God of heaven to preserve you in the paths of truth."

"Oh! Madam," said Constance, whose heart beat high with expectation, "you need not fear for me; for I can assure you, there is nothing affords me so much pleasure as to do what every body thinks is right."
 "I know it, Constance; but, I fear, you do not distinguish between what is right, and what every body thinks is right."

The next day, in a tumult of spirits, they bade adieu to their young companions; and, at the close of the third day, they arrived at the mansion of their uncle. A crowd of fashionables, who had fled the city's smoke, now enlivened the Gothic Abbey with their presence. How each little heart beat, as they were ushered into the drawing-room, where Lord Donald, whom they had never

seen, was surrounded by his numerous guests.

His Lordship was in the decline of life; and was remarkable for his strong penetration, strict integrity, and inflexible temper. Having no children, he formed the resolution of adopting one of his neices as his heiress; with this design, he placed them under the care of Mrs. Jeffries, strictly charging her never to acquaint them with his intention. They had now reached the age of fifteen, and Lord Donald had sent for them in order to adopt the one whom he should find the most *amiable*. With this object in view, it may be naturally supposed, that his discerning eyes narrowly watched their conduct on the first interview.

Seated by his side, Amelia's timid eyes watched every motion of her Uncle's

countenance, in order to fulfil his wishes before they were uttered.—While Constance, dazzled with the splendour that surrounded her, thought only how she could display her accomplishments. At the request of some ladies she performed on the harp, with great applause; but Amelia, though she knew she excelled her Cousin on that instrument, chose rather to sing a little Scotch ballad, which she heard her Uncle admire. Her simple strains were hardly listened to, after the *splendid display* of Constance's musical powers; but they were *sweet* in the ear of Lord Donald, whose heart was soothed by this little attention. At a late hour they were conducted to separate apartments by a female servant, who loved talking better than any thing else—"Can I do any thing for you, Miss?" said Jessy, as she attended Constance to her room.

"Oh, no, I thank you," she replied;

"I am so sleepy, I shall soon be in bed, without any assistance."

"Ah! Miss, but if you knew something I could tell you of, you would not be so sleepy, I guess; something about *you* too, Miss."

"About me!" said Constance, in amazement—"Pray, my good Jessy, tell me what it is."

"Will you promise me then, Miss, not to say any thing about it? for, if my Lord knew that I told you, I might lose my place."

"You may rely on my secrecy," said the impatient girl.

"Why then, Miss, my Lord intends making you his heiress."

"Me, his heiress!"

"Yes, Miss; either you or Miss Amelia, which he likes best, on acquaintance."

Constance now stood silent for a few

moments; then suddenly asked if her Cousin knew of it?

"No, Miss, not a word about it, you may depend on it."

"That is right, my good Jessy; pray don't tell her," said Constance.

Jessy promised obedience, and soon withdrew.

All night the anxious Constance lay forming plans to gain her Uncle's favor; and, in the morning, she arose with an aching head, and a bosom full of care.

Amelia, on the other hand, ere she retired to rest, poured out her heart in prayer to her Heavenly Father; and, in the morning, arose with renewed cheerfulness and tranquillity.

It was not long before the active mind of Constance discovered that benevo-

lence was an infallible recommendation to her Uncle's esteem; and, as Lord Donald, on the first morning after his Nieces' arrival, had replenished each of their purses with a present of five guineas, she resolved, the first convenient opportunity, to astonish him with her generosity. Before this convenient opportunity occurred, however, his lordship proposed taking them to see the New Town of Edinburgh. On their way thither, the restless mind of Constance was all anxiety to rival her Cousin in every little attention that could possibly gain their Uncle's notice; while Amelia, from motives of the purest affection, sought only to encrease his pleasure.

As the carriage stopped at a fashionable jeweller's shop, their generous relation put an additional guinea into their hands—"Here, girls," said he, "I know

children are fond of fine things; I am going to my bookseller's, so you have half an hour to amuse yourselves with these pretty toys."

He then left them; and the assiduous tradesman displayed all his shining treasure to tempt them to become his customers.

Constance bought a pearl necklace; and Amelia's attention was attracted by a locket corresponding to it, which, she thought, she should like to give Constance, for a keepsake, but, just as she was going to lay down the two guineas demanded for it, a loud cry in the street made them run to the shop door.

"Oh, it is only some poor creatures," said Constance, and she returned to the tempting counter; while Amelia stayed behind to ask what was the matter with

the *poor creatures*. She saw a man, pale as death, led by two rough looking fellows, and followed by a woman, who was weeping and wringing her hands in the greatest distress.—“What is the matter, good woman?” said Amelia, following her a few steps.

“Oh! Miss,” said the poor woman, “they have dragged my husband out of a sick-bed, and are going to take him to prison.”

“To prison!” said Amelia; “and for what?”

“Because we owe five pounds to that hard-hearted man yonder, who is dressed like a gentleman.”

“Five pounds! and is that all?” said Amelia. And, running up to the unfeeling creditor, exclaimed—“Here, take your money, and release your debtor.”

The man, astonished, looked first on

the generous girl, then at the money in his hand.

"Will not that be sufficient?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss, there's enough, to be sure, to pay me; but the bailiffs must have something for their trouble, or they wont release their prisoner."

"Will that be enough for both of them then?" said Amelia, putting half-a-guinea into his hand.

"Oh yes, Miss; they can't in reason ask for more," was the reply. And Amelia bade him release the poor man; then, without staying to be thanked, returned into the shop before Constance had missed her from the door.

"Well, Amelia," said Constance, "do you mean to have the locket, or the bracelets?"

"Neither of them."

“Neither of them! well, Amelia, I did not think you were such a miser.”

Amelia made no answer; and just then Lord Donald’s coach drew up.—“Well, girls,” said he, as soon as they were seated, “how many pretty things have you got to shew me?”

“Oh, a great many!” replied Constance, displaying her bright collection.

“All very fine, upon my word; and what have you bought, Amelia?”

“Nothing, Sir,” replied the blushing girl.

“Nothing!” repeated Lord Donald, in surprise; “what, was nothing fine enough for you?”

—“Yes, Sir, every thing was very elegant; but——”

“But what?” said her Uncle.—“I am resolved you shall never be extravagant, but I do not like to see young people fond of hoarding up money.”

Constance cast a triumphant look at Amelia; who just then saw the poor man, released by her bounty, leaning on the arm of his delighted wife, who was calling on her God to bless the preserver of her sick husband. Amelia *heard* this, and felt what neither the trinkets nor triumph of Constance could impart to her.

On the evening of the same day, the conversation happening to turn on painting, Amelia observed, that Constance excelled in that art. Her portfolio was, accordingly, produced, and gained universal applause. But after Lord Donald had looked at the contents, he said—
 “Yes, these are all very pretty; but whose performance was the Moonlight Scene, your Governess sent me last Christmas? *that*, I think, is a masterpiece.”

"Oh, that must be your prize-piece, Constance, which my Uncle means," exclaimed the affectionate Amelia.

"Is it indeed," said the judicious Uncle; "it does you honor then, Constance; go fetch it, it hangs in my dressing-room."

The delighted Constance ran to execute her commission; and was returning with it to the drawing-room, swinging it triumphantly in her hand, when a corner of the frame caught in a stand of jellies, and threw down an elegant trifle dish.

Just then, Amelia, who saw that her Uncle was in want of his spectacles and recollecting he had left them in the dining-room, came out to fetch them.—

"Oh! Constance," said she, "what will you do?"

"Do! why, nothing, to be sure: who is to know that I broke it?"

"Why you will say so yourself, I should think, Constance."

"Not I: you may rely on that."

"But suppose any of the servants should be blamed for your fault—would not that be very unjust?"

"Not at all!" replied Constance, sharply; "and as I do not concern myself about you, Miss Amelia, I should thank you not to interfere with my actions."

"Well, do as you please," said Amelia; "but you will find my advice right in the end, you may trust me, Constance."

But Constance was in too great a hurry to receive the expected praise, to care about servants, and what was right or wrong; and away she ran, flushed with vanity, and full of spirits.

The drawing passed in pomp from hand to hand, and at last it came to Lord Donald's—"I cannot see without my spectacles," said he.

"Your spectacles, Sir; Oh dear! Amelia said, she was gone to fetch them, half-an-hour ago," said Constance, impatient to receive the crown of *all*, her *Uncle's praise*.

Amelia, who stayed to dry the tears, drawn by Constance's unkindness, entered with the spectacles.

"How long you have been!" said Constance, snatching them hastily from her hand, and giving them to Lord Donald. But, Oh, unfortunate girl!—No sooner had he put them on, than, laying down the piece, with evident dissatisfaction he exclaimed—"This is not the right; the piece I mean is a transparency, executed in a *much* superior style!"

"A *transparency*! said Constance; Oh! Sir, I did not think you meant a *transparency*."

"By your countenance, however," said her Uncle, "I suppose that piece is an effort of Amelia's skill." Amelia blushed, and he continued,—“ You will find it, my love, in my dressing-room window; by moonlight or at sunrise, I am never tired of examining its exquisite touches. Go, Amelia, fetch it here; modest unassuming merit, like yours, must not *always* remain unknown."

Amelia obeyed; and when her little performance was exhibited, she was confused by the number of compliments she received.

Constance unable to conceal her mortification, left the room; and Amelia soon followed her. When she reached the anti-room, she saw poor Malcolm,

the House-keeper's boy, with the broken trifle dish in his hand—"What is the matter, Malchholm?" said she, in her usual tone of kindness.

"Oh! Miss," said Malchholm, ready to cry, "while I was eating my supper, I left this stand of jellies here; and great Pompey, the dog, bounced out of the dining-room, and threw down this beautiful cut-glass trifle dish, and broke it clean asunder: and I am sure that when Mrs. House-keeper knows it, she'll turn me away for being so careless as to leave it here."

"But how came you to think that Pompey threw down the dish, Malchholm?"

"Oh, Miss, because Miss Constance saw him do it."

"And are you sure that the House-keeper will be so very angry?"

"Yes, Miss, without I could buy another just like it; and there is a poor

woman below, who has brought a great many such things to sell, but I have not half money enough to buy one."

"How much would it cost, Malchholm?"

"Oh, a great deal of money, Miss."

"More than eighteen shillings, I suppose, then?"

"Yes, Miss; but, with what I have got, eighteen shillings would buy one."

"Amelia had just that sum left in her purse, which she emptied into Malchholm's hand, and went to seek Constance. She sought her, but in vain.

Constance, in a paroxism of grief, fled to her own apartment, whither Jessy soon followed her—"I beg pardon, Miss," said she, "for intruding; but you desired me, when I knew a proper object of charity, to let you know: so I come to tell you there is a poor woman below,

who has four small children, and her husband has been ill these five months; and a hard-hearted man, to whom they owed five pounds, would have put him in prison this morning, if a good young lady had not paid the debt for them; and now their landlady threatens to turn them out, if they cannot raise four guineas, to pay her by to-morrow night."

"Nothing could have happened more luckily," thought Constance: "my Uncle *adores* a benevolent spirit: now, if I go down before all the company, tell the piteous tale of these poor people, and raise a subscription for them, by putting in my remaining guinea, it will quite out-do the effect of Amelia's transparency."

With this idea, she hurried into the supper saloon, where she pathetically related her tale of woe; and putting her own bright guinea into a silver waiter, she proposed raising a collection for the poor

family, and went first to Lord Donald—"What! Constance," he exclaimed, "will nothing less than a guinea do? upon my word, you make me ashamed of the little seven-shilling piece I was going to put in."

From thence she went round the room, receiving from every one a piece of money, and a compliment on her own generosity. Just as she began to count her store, Amelia entered—"Well, Amelia," said she, running up to her, "what will you give to a poor sick man and his distressed family; you see, we have all subscribed something, and, I am sure, *you can afford it better than I could*, for you did not spend one farthing at the jeweller's, you know."

Amelia, who had given her last shilling to Malholm, blushed, and turned away.

"Oh! you won't be such a miser as to refuse one shilling, when, I know, you have six guineas in your pocket, will you?" she continued, still holding the waiter to her.

Amelia, however, put it gently aside, and sat down almost behind her Uncle.

"Well, Constance," said Lord Donald, "you may send for the poor woman up stairs, and have the pleasure of giving her the money yourself." The woman, accordingly, came up; she seemed abashed at the sight of so many elegant persons; but Lord Donald called her to him, inquired into the particulars of her case, and asked how much money she wanted to make up her rent?

"Three pounds, Sir,"

"*Three pounds only!*" repeated the benevolent Nobleman; "I heard, just now, you wanted four guineas."

"Yes, please your honor, and so I did; but I had four-and-twenty shillings, just now, for a dish, which my husband is to get cut for a young lad here; because, he said the fellow was just broken by a dog."

"Oh, that must be Malholm," said Constance.

Malholm was accordingly summoned to appear, and give an account of the manner in which he procured so large a sum of money; when the tale of Amelia's kindness to him, was related with the most unaffected gratitude.

"Well, Amelia," said her Uncle, archly, "I see that you are not quite *such a miser* as your Cousin suspects. But," added he, turning to the woman, "my little niece has made a collection for you, which amounts to six pounds four shillings; go to her, and she will give it to you."

The poor woman was approaching Constance, who stood ready to empty the shining contents of the waiter into her hand, when her eye accidentally caught sight of Amelia, and in a transport of gratitude, she exclaimed—"Oh! my Lord, *this* is the dear good young lady who saved us all from ruin, this morning."

"No, impossible!" said Constance: "she would not give you a farthing; it was I who raised the subscription for you," she continued, pouring the money into the poor woman's hand, with a triumphant air.

"Thank you, Miss, for all this bounty," she replied, with tears of gratitude: "but yet it is no more than right to say, that this is indeed the *very* young lady who paid my husband's debt this morning, and would not stay to be thanked; though, I thought I saw you go into the jeweller's shop, Miss, but I could not make bold to follow you there."

"What is all this about?" asked Lord Donald.

The woman then gave the history of the jeweller's shop.

Every eye glistened with pleasure, and every heart revered in silence the modest worth of the young Amelia; but as Lord Donald listened to this proof of unostentatious benevolence, tears of transport and affection bedewed his venerable cheek—"Come to my arms, child of my bosom," he exclaimed, clasping her to his heart; "one gentle deed of mercy, *performed in secret*, like this, my Amelia, is worth a *thousand* acts of *ostentatious charity*. And know," he continued, "that from this hour I adopt *you* as my heiress; to you I may safely consign the wealth of my forefathers, convinced that, when I slumber in the tomb, the poor and the needy will never turn away from

the Abbey-gates without the relief they sought."

The sequel is short. Lord Donald never changed this resolution; and Constance, who received a small fortune at his hands, had now learned, "the difference between what *is right*, and what every body *says is right*."

THE INFLUENCE OF GENUINE PIETY;

OR,

The Life of Mary Mordant.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
 Leads to the land where sorrows are unknown.

COWPER.

THERE are characters, my dear young Friends, of whose names the world never hears; who, while living, attract no curiosity, and, dying, are remembered only by the immediate circle in which they meekly moved; there, where their virtues were rather *felt* than *seen*, their absence makes a vacuum, which is never quite filled up in this world.—And these names, at the last day, when the books of God are opened, will be found to stand high in the annals of eternity; while kings and heroes, with the founders of many public

charities, will be disowned and disgraced for ever.

A character of this description it will be my present aim to pourtray; and, while I exhibit all which her fellow mortals can know of her virtues, I must entreat you to trace them to their true and *only* source—Religion.

In one of the fashionable Squares at the West of this great Metropolis, lived Mr. Mordant. With him, Fortune had shewn herself more than commonly capricious. His youth had passed in the mediocrity of life; but, married to an amiable woman, whom he had loved ever from childhood, he seldom regretted, or even thought that he was not rich. In the course of a few years, two fine children were added to their comforts, and their cares. But the birth of the younger, seemed a signal for the mother's death;

from that period her health slowly, but visibly declined; and after struggling with disease and languor a few years, she was laid in an untimely grave. In her dying moments she was attended by a humble, but faithful friend, who accompanied her from her father's house, and had since lived with her in the capacity of a servant. This person was named Morris; and to her care, the dying mother consigned her darling Edward and Mary—"Morris," said she, "as you have been a faithful friend to me, so never leave my children. I have but one anxious care for them; their father will take care of their temporal interest—do you of their eternal; he will be desirous of seeing them accomplished—but do you seek to make them *truly wise*. Instruct them in the great realities of religion; I have long considered it as the 'one thing needful in life,' and, I find, the God in whom I have trusted, is able to support me in death.—

To Him, and to you, I commend my children."

Having received so solemn and endearing a charge, the excellent Morris, proved herself worthy of the sacred trust reposed in her, and became indeed a mother to the motherless children.

Mr. Mordant now found himself a widower, under thirty years of age; with a person and manners the most prepossessing, a taste for all the elegancies of life (as they are called,) and but a slender income, on which to support himself, and two lovely children. It has been said, he fondly loved his wife; and truly he mourned her loss. To divert his grief, he left his peaceful abode in Berkshire, and with his children, removed to a fashionable watering place. Here he soon found easy access to the higher circles; and, it was not long, before he formed an alli-

ance with a wealthy heiress. It is true, he could neither love, nor esteem the lady, yet the possession of her fortune, was a temptation he could not withstand; and, in less than a year after the death of his beloved Mary, he again became a husband, with the addition of a great wealth.

With his rank, his character seemed to undergo a complete change: he launched out into all the extravagancies of London (whither they had immediately removed,) neglected his children, shunned the presence of his wife, and was gay and volatile every where but at home. Mrs. Mordant perceived it: and her temper, naturally bad, was roused by this disappointment in the man she loved. But in this general change none suffered so severely as Edward and little Mary; confined closely to the nursery, whole weeks passed without seeing their once-

indulgent father ; and his new wife, they felt, was no mother to them.

In these melancholy hours, Morris was their only friend. On her they depended for comfort ; with her they loved to talk of "departed joys," and would often listen to her tales of their mother's goodness, till the tears started in their eyes, and their little hearts dissolved in tenderness. At such seasons, Morris, who watched for a favorable moment to sow the seed of religious instruction, would point them to God, as the Author of all that was amiable in their mother : and when they wept for her death, she would tell them how Religion supported her in her dying hours ; and always affectionately reminded them, that the same God was willing to become *their* Saviour and *their* Friend.

In this manner passed the two first

years ; when another inroad was made in their partly re-established comfort by the loss of Edward's society. A brother of the first Mrs. Mordant was on the point of embarking for India, where a promising settlement was offered him ; and previous to his departure, he came to take leave of the children of his lamented sister. He saw and mourned the change in Mr. Mordant ; yet, wisely judging the affairs of a family too delicate to admit of the interference of another, he confined his feelings to his own bosom ; at the same time, intimating his wish to take Edward with him, and adopt him as his own son. The offer was too advantageous not to be accepted by Mr. Mordant ; and Edward, now in his eighth year, embarked with his uncle for India.

The remaining years of Mary's childhood we shall pass over, briefly noticing, that, during that period, Mrs. Mordant

became the mother of several fine children. Of these, when Mary had attained her fourteenth year, two lovely girls, one aged nine, and the other seven, and a little boy only four, were all who survived.

Near this time, a sudden fever removed the excellent Morris to a better world, and deprived Mary of her only earthly friend. With truly filial tenderness, she watched her last moments, and in them beheld an irresistible testimony of the power and truth of the Religion of the Cross; which enabled her, though conscious of many imperfections, to die resigned, and comfortable.—A very short time before her death, even after her sight failed, and her feeble tongue could with difficulty utter and articulate sound, she inquired if Mary were beside her? and on being told she was, faintly said, “The hand of Death is on me, my dear child; but do not weep for me; I leave you the same

testimony as your dear mother did : Religion is ' the one thing needful,' and the Saviour of sinners is faithful unto death."

When all was over, Mary uttered no loud complaint, she made no ostentatious show of sorrow ; but retired to her own room, where, unheard, unseen, she poured out her full heart, into the bosom of that God, who hears and sees in secret. From this humble and constant intercourse with Heaven, she derived a source of pure, unmixed consolation ; while from the same fountain, flowed through all her actions, a sweetness of temper and manners, which endeared her to the whole family, but, most of all, to the hearts of little Fanny, Ellen, and Charles. — And there were moments too, when the disappointed Mrs. Mordant felt soothed into complacency by the kind and unwearied attention of the gentle Mary. But the time was now hastening

on, when this amiable girl was to prove the truth of that declaration, "Through much tribulation ye shall enter into the kingdom of God."

Mr. Mordant, for many years an extravagant man of the world, had now become what the *world itself* calls vicious. To gratify his dissipated taste, he at first outran his income : and then, to raise present supplies, mortgaged the capital : in this manner he soon reduced an ample fortune. But fearful the world would suspect his *real* circumstances, he increased his style of living, in proportion as the means of supporting it *decreased*. At last, his creditors became clamorous, and his mind was filled with gloomy forebodings, and painful reflections on the past ; to escape from these, he fled to the gaming table, with the mad hope of relief, and there his remaining thousands soon became the prey of pro-

fessed gamblers. Here, my dear young Friends, your moralist might well pause—and bid you consider the end of vicious pleasure! but she would rather refer you to the page of real life; and ask, if the daily experience of folly does not prove the picture too strictly true?

One evening, Mary and her sisters were employing the last beams of a faint November's sun, in tracing on the globe the rout of a traveller, whose adventures they had just been reading, when the sudden entrance of their father put a stop to their employment. He had not been home the whole of the past night, yet he took no notice of the affectionate inquiries of his children, and, throwing himself on a sofa, angrily bade Mary take away the children. Perceiving something more than common agitated him, she bade Ellen and Fanny go to the nursery, telling them, at the same

time, in a voice too low to be overheard, not to be afraid, or say any thing to their maid about their father.

The terrified little girls had hardly retired, when an ill-dressed man entered the room, and presented a paper to Mr. Mordant: he read it without any alteration of countenance, and then looked expressively at Mary. The truth could no longer be concealed; he was a ruined man; and this was an officer sent to arrest him.

What a scene for Mary!—She was ready to sink beneath it; but a sense of duty induced her to exert herself, and hiding her own feelings, she inquired what she could do for her father?

“Nothing—nothing; I have ruined you all! leave me,” he exclaimed.

“No, never, my dear Father,” she replied; “I will never leave you; I will

go with you wherever you go." Then turning to the officer, said, "I shall return soon, Sir; my Father will be here when I come back?" The man, in reply, civilly promised to wait; and she hurried to the Housekeeper's room, informing her what had passed, and begging her to acquaint Mrs. Mordant with it on her return from the opera; then hastily putting on her bonnet and pelisse, she told the children she was going out with her Father, and would see them again the next day.—But here nature overpowered her, and, as she kissed the blooming cheek of her darling little Charles, she sobbed hysterically.

"What is the matter, dear Mary?" asked the little groupe, gathering round, and joining in her tears.

"I cannot tell you now," she replied, recollecting herself; "but I will see you again to-morrow;" and kissing each of them once more, tore herself away.

She accompanied her father to the house of the bailiff, where, after several hours, and many fruitless entreaties, he consented to retire to bed.

Here Mary sat by his side, and wept in silence, while the half-drawn curtains hid her from his view. Thus passed great part of the night; but, at last, the tumult of her spirits subsided, and she remembered a pocket Bible which she always carried with her. The recollection seemed to inspire comfort; she took it out, and turned to those parts she thought best calculated to afford her consolation. Here, while she read, she found “she was not alone, for the Father was with her.” A force and sweetness now appeared in every word which she had never felt before; and, in humble faith, she seemed to hear her Saviour say—“Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” Now, indeed,

she felt the power of Religion; amid accumulated evils her heart was filled with holy gratitude; she kneeled down, and silently raising her heart to God, held such sweet communion with Him, as I will not attempt to describe, but which, I trust, the hearts of some who read can imagine. This, my dear Girls, was *real religion*; and, thus supported, you must not wonder that she was equal to the exertions and sufferings of which you are about to read. The next day, returning home, she found the furniture was all seized by her father's creditors; Mrs. Mordant had been in strong hysterics all night; some of the servants were gone, and those who remained, were insolent and unfeeling; in the nursery she found the affrighted children, with a kind good girl, who attended them in the capacity of under nursemaid.

Mary recollected to have heard this young woman (whose name was Kitty) talk of a sister, a widow-woman, residing at Kensington, and having been assured by her father that it was necessary they should immediately remove to lodgings, she asked Kitty if her sister was in the habit of letting apartments? Being answered in the affirmative, she went to look at them; and conscious that, as Mrs. Mordant was incapable of any exertion, every thing must devolve upon her, she engaged them for the family, and then returned to her father.

He had spent the day in the most torturing reflections; and this mental conflict had brought on a fever, which rather strengthened, than abated, during the night. Mary, ever watchful and affectionate, sat with him till near daylight, and then slept a few hours. The next day she again returned to their

former splendid abode; and, with the assistance of Kitty, had their wardrobe, and a few other things, removed to her sister's neat, but humble dwelling, which was situated in one of the pleasantest parts of Kensington. But the hardest task now remained, of soothing into compliance the reluctant spirit of poor Mrs. Mordant, who had lost all that, in *her estimation*, appeared worth living for; at length, however, she suffered herself to be led into a hackney coach, which conveyed her and the children to the widow's house, when arrived at the lowly dwelling, she burst into an agony of tears, and bitterly reflected on the conduct of her husband, whom, she positively declared, she would never again behold. The two youngest children regarded all with silent, sorrowful, astonishment; and a tear of mortified pride, mingled with tender regret, stole down the cheek of Fanny. Here again the

kind exertions of the indefatigable Mary were employed to restore composure. In the children they soon succeeded; but with Mrs. Mordant, it was more difficult, and, when the evening began to close in, she was obliged to resign the fruitless attempt; and bestowing on each of her little darlings a kiss, mingled with the tears and smiles of affection, left them, promising to return the next day.

The evening was cold, and before she reached the present abode of her father, a heavy shower of rain came on; unused to walking alone, she missed her way, and after it was quite dark, arrived at the place of destination, wet, cold, and weary; but all these smaller difficulties were absorbed in anxiety for her parent, whom she found much worse. His cheek was flushed, his eyes sparkled with an unusual lustre, and as the trembling

Mary touched his hand, she started at the feverish heat it betrayed. After the fatigue of the day, she stood much in need of rest, but, knowing her father was very ill, determined to watch by his bed that night also; yet Mary knew not how ill he *really* was, or she could not have formed the resolution of passing the night alone with him.

When the clock struck eleven, Mr. Mordant turned, and looking on his child, said—"Do you not mean to take any rest to-night, Mary?"

"I am not inclined to sleep," she replied; "and as you are ill, my dear Father, I would rather sit with you to-night."

"Well, do as you like," he answered, in a passive tone; and then closing his eyes, seemed to sleep lightly. Towards one, he appeared to struggle faintly, and the burning crimson on his cheek was

succeeded by a deadly paleness, and a sudden damp which bedewed his forehead; still, however, he slept.—Mary bent over him; his breath was quick, and seemed shorter every time he respired.—Terror-struck, she cast her eyes round the silent room.—“ I am all alone!” thought she; but instantly remembered—“ I am not alone, for the Father is with me.”—This thought, it is true, could not banish her fears, but it inspired her young mind with a steady confidence altogether foreign to the tender timidity of her disposition. She went to the door, it was fastened; again she returned to the bed-side of Mr. Mordant; he appeared to breathe more freely, and slept sounder.—A tear of joyful hope relieved the full heart of Mary—“ His sleep will do him good,” said she; “ my terrors arose from the lonely circumstances of the night—My Father, I trust, you will not die thus!”—Then, by the side of her

unhappy parent, she kneeled, and supplicated for him the grace of her Heavenly Father.

—She was earnest in her devotions; nor perceived that Mr. Mordant had awaked, till something like a sigh startled her. She would have risen, but he motioned her not, saying, in a voice scarcely articulate—“Pray on, my Mary—never cease—it would have been well for me if I too had prayed in my youth!”

Mary still knelt; she clasped his feeble hand in hers, and raised it with them to Heaven.—Her lips moved not, but the Omniscient was witness to the inward breathings of her soul.

The sick man faintly struggled for his breath; his kneeling child looked at him, then at a clock which stood near the bed; it was on the stroke of two—it

struck, and again he sighed—the clock struck again, but Mr. Mordant breathed no more.

To attempt describing the feelings of one, so young and susceptible, on an event like this, would be a fruitless effort. One thing alone I shall observe, that *but for the support which Religion* afforded her, she must have sunk beneath the stroke. Nor was this inward consolation the only assistance assigned her by Providence on this night of darkness; when, and where, she least expected it, she found sympathy and alleviation.

In the house of the bailiff lived a poor boy, whose heart God had lately softened by the death of his widowed mother; her loss left him exposed to want and misery, which made him joyful, on any terms, to become the slave of this family. On that night, being sent with coals into

Mr. Mordant's room, he caught a slight view of the death-like countenance of the father, and heard Mary declare her intention of sitting up with him.—“The poor gentleman above stairs is dying,” said he, when he returned to the family; Joseph's prophetic declaration, however, gained no credit, and the whole household retired to rest at twelve, as usual. Not so the kind-hearted lad; when he thought he could not be heard, he crept to the sick man's chamber-door, and there attentively listened to all that passed within. When Mary attempted to open the door, he was there, but the fear of incurring anger kept him silent; when she resigned the effort, however, he looked through the key-hole, and saw her kneeling by the side of the bed. Instantly Joseph remembered a worthy minister in the neighbourhood, who had visited and relieved his mother on her death-bed. No sooner did this recur to

his mind, than running to his master's door, he told him Mr. Mordant was really very ill, if not dying, and solicited leave to fetch a doctor; secretly resolving, at the same time, to go to the house of Mr. Stanly.

Alarmed at the account given by Joseph, the bailiff's wife arose, to see what service she could render to their prisoner.

The doctor to whom Joseph was sent was not at home; but before he would go for another, he ran to Mr. Stanly's house, and having roused the family, told his little tale with so much simplicity, that the good man immediately set out to visit the chamber of death; not regarding the unseasonableness of the hour, or the inclemency of the weather. On his arrival he learned that all was over, and was on the point of returning home, when he recollected, that Joseph had mentioned

the extreme youth of Mr. Mordant's daughter—"This poor child," said he, "may stand in need of assistance; perhaps, she has no friends in London; at least, I will see her."

The first meeting between this excellent man, and Mary, I will not attempt to describe: yet it afforded the mourner much consolation, and very strongly interested the feelings of the venerable Mr. Stanly. Without curiously prying into her circumstances, he manifested such a fatherly concern for her welfare, as encouraged the timid girl to acquaint him with all her sorrows—yet, *without dwelling on the faults of her father.*

The tear of pure philanthropy fell from the eyes of Mr. Stanly, as he listened to the recital—"My dear Child," said he, "you have suffered much; but be not discouraged; your Heavenly Father has

not sent so many afflictions without a gracious design; depend on it, he has some important end to accomplish by these means." He then left her, recommending her to the care of the landlady; who, without much difficulty, withdrew her from a scene which, Mary felt, was now unfit for her.

Here we will leave her, to follow the returning steps of Mr. Stanley, who, in the warmth of his feelings, immediately repeated all that had passed to the amiable partner of his life; and concluded by saying—"You must go and see her, Eliza, as soon as it is light; and if you cannot bring her home with you, accompany her to her mother's lodgings. I will call on the creditor, at whose suit her father was arrested; perhaps, when the circumstances of the case are explained, something may be done for the family of this unhappy man." This, and

similar topics, occupied the conversation of this worthy couple during their morning repast; after which, they immediately separated, each to pursue their work of love.

The task which Mr. Stanly had assigned himself, was no pleasant one; yet he succeeded better than he expected. Through his interposition, the funeral of Mr. Mordant was solemnized at the creditor's expense; and after the sale of the furniture and other valuables, the amount being found nearly equal to the discharge of his debts, some articles of plate, with her jewels, were returned to the widow.

To detail every occurrence, is by no means my design, nor should I have been thus circumstantial but to give some adequate idea of the friendly warmth of Mr. Stanly's character. Mrs. Stanly also, was truly the friend of the unfortunate;

she soothed the mourner with her kindness, cheered the house of sorrow by her presence, and, without wounding the feelings of mortified pride, contributed to their comforts all that by the strictest economy she could redeem from a very slender income.

To this kind friend, Mary expressed her wish of employing her time in some way which might render their little store sufficient for their support. Mrs. Stanly highly applauded her design; and introduced her to a dress-maker, who promised to give her constant employment.

From her early youth Mary had been accustomed to *habits of industry and self-denial*; it was, therefore, no hard task for her to rise early and sit late, in the performance of her duty. But the labour of her hands was the smallest part of her fatigue: Mrs. Mordant, naturally indo-

lent, now gave herself up to inactive despondency, till, at length, the want of exercise produced indisposition, and, without any primary disorder, she was, at last, confined to the bed of sickness. The whole care of the family, consequently, devolved upon Mary; nor was it an easy part to bear with the fretful impatience, and comply with the fancied wants, of the unhappy invalid.

About this time Mr. and Mrs. Stanly went into the country; where having stayed a few months, immediately on their return, Mr. Stanly visited the mournful family. As he entered the house, the widow, with whom they lodged, shook her head, saying, with a tearful eye —“ Ah! Sir, you are come to a sorrowful house; the mother is gone, and that dear young lady is not far from heaven.” The sudden disclosure of this melancholy intelligence visibly affected the venerable

man; and, with a full heart, he ascended the clean, but narrow staircase to a neat little sitting-room above.

It was now the latter end of May, and the unclouded beams of the setting sun enlivened the chamber. Mary sat nearly opposite the light, and as it shone on her pale, but placid features, the alteration visible in her whole appearance seemed to confirm Mrs. Bennett's supposition; Fanny sat near her, employed on the same work; the younger children were in bed. As the door closed after Mr. Stanly, Mary raised her eyes from her work, and the glow of pleasure and surprise immediately irradiated her countenance. She arose to welcome him; and, as he pressed her hand, tears and smiles blended on her cheek with equal warmth of feeling—"Oh! Sir," said she, "if you had been here when my mother died."

"I could not have saved her, my beloved young friend."

"Oh! no; but you could have pointed her to Him who could."

"And could *not you* do *that*, Mary?—do not *you* know who the Saviour of sinners is?"

As he spoke, the tears ceased to flow down the mourner's cheek, and with a smile of peace and hope, she replied—"Yes, and, he is my Saviour too."

"Then could not you tell her of that Friend, whose love you have yourself experienced?"

"I hope I did endeavour to do it, Sir; but I could not convince her it was not *too late*."

"And had you pressed the important subject sooner, perhaps, she would have said, it was all in *good time*. This will furnish us with an impressive lesson, not to delay our preparation for eternity, to the bed of sickness, or the hour of death."

"Oh! Sir," said Mary, "I believe *that hour* is not far from *me*; I wish I could learn to contemplate it with more composure, but I feel reluctant to leave these dear unprotected orphans."

Her friend replied—"Is not God the father of the fatherless, and could you wish them better protection, my dear Mary?—But," he continued, "have you *no fears* on your *own* account?"

"When I consider the purity of God's law," said she, "the sinfulness of my heart, and the many imperfections of my whole life, I should be overwhelmed with despair, but for this *one hope*, that He who died to save me, was the well-beloved Son of God, and if His blood was shed to cancel the dreadful debt, I am sure that not one of all my sins, will appear against me."

"But, Mary, the sins of the whole world are not blotted out: how then do you know that *your's* are?"

"The Redeemer will cast out none who come to him," she answered, with inexpressible sweetness; "and I am not afraid to venture my eternal happiness on the truth of his promise, for he will not disappoint me; but acknowledge my worthless name, before his Father, and his angels."

Mr. Stanly did not answer her immediately; but while he contemplated for a moment, in silence, the unusual glow which sparkled in her eyes, and lighted up her whole countenance, he mentally ejaculated—"Thou art, indeed, not far from the kingdom of God!" After remaining with them a little longer, he took his leave, promising to see them again soon. At the foot of the staircase he met Mrs. Bennett, and stopped to inquire, how long Mary had been declining?

"You know, Sir," replied the woman, "she has had a bad cough ever since she was backwards and forwards in the wet,

to see her poor father ; but it was waiting on Mrs. Mordant, day and night, which compleated it. And indeed, Sir, the poor lady was so cross, and so very troublesome at last, that no one *else* could do any thing for her ; and a hard trial, poor dear, she had of it for three weeks ; yet I hardly think, she got one kind word for it, after all, Sir."

" Her reward is in heaven, my good woman," replied Mr. Stanly, and hastened away to conceal his emotions. Returning home, he called on a medical friend, and engaged his attendance on the interesting object of his friendly care. All human skill, however, was of no avail : the sure arrow of consumption, had given the mortal wound ; and before any danger had been suspected, the disease had made too great a progress, to admit a cure. Yet, while the weather continued mild, her decay was very gradual ; so much so, that Mr. and Mrs. Stanly, who

daily visited her, began to hope, that her life might be *prolonged*, even though the disorder precluded a recovery. Towards the end of June, the weather became very sultry, and the feeble invalid, unable to support the excessive heat, was evidently very near the close of her sufferings.

One evening, on Mr. Stanly's return home, after a day spent in visiting the sick and the afflicted of his flock; he was informed a gentleman waited to see him. Entering the room where the stranger was, he beheld a young man standing near the window: he was a tall and pleasing figure, dressed in mourning; his face was half averted, and by the doubtful light of the setting sun, appeared to bear the traces of ingenuous sorrow. As Mr. Stanly entered, he eyed his venerable figure, with profound attention and respect; and, after apologizing for

the intrusion, said—"My name is Mor-dant, Sir. I arrived this day in London, after an absence of many years; and have the grief to learn the death of my father, and subsequent misfortunes of my family. I am also informed," he continued, "that you, Sir, can direct me, where to find the unhappy widow, and orphans."

Mr. Stanly warmly shook his hand, and motioned him to sit down, for he could not speak; at length, recovering himself, he said—"I am rejoiced to see you, my dear young friend, (for such you must permit me to call you); and I thank God, that you are returned so soon."

"I most cordially thank you, Sir," resumed Edward; "but, excuse I entreat you, the impatience of my boyish heart; I cannot rest, till I have seen the beloved sister of my infant days, and the other orphaned children, of my dear, unhappy father."

Mr. Stanly took up his hat—"I will

go with you *then*," said he ; " and as we are walking will endeavour to prepare your mind for some changes, which, after so long an absence, you must not be surprised to find." As they walked towards Kensington, Mr. Stanly explained the melancholy circumstances of the family ; and dwelt, with the fondest delight, on the piety and virtues of Mary.

Edward, heard all with that kind of corrected sorrow, which, usually distinguishes a well-regulated mind ; but, when the venerable narrator, hinted his apprehensions of the probable termination of Mary's illness ; he caught his hand, and, with all the energy of youthful feeling in his countenance—" Oh ! Sir," he exclaimed, " is *this* the reward of her unexampled piety and goodness ?"

" My dear Friend," returned the good man, " the thoughts of God, are not like our thoughts. You, and I, would have

deemed the transitory happiness of *this* life, a fit recompense for all her sufferings and exemplary conduct.—Not so, her Heavenly Father: He is early removing her from the severe trial of her patience to the full possession of unfading joys, ‘prepared for her, before the foundation of the world.’ ”

By this time, they had reached the house; and were informed, the physician had just left it, saying, “she needed no further assistance from him.”

Mr. Stanly left his young friend below, and went to prepare the dying saint for the affecting interview. It had been a day of extreme heat, but a soft south wind arose as the sun declined, and refreshed the languid sufferer with its cooling breath. To feel the exhilarating breeze, she had been placed on a sofa near the window; her head rested on the

bosom of Mrs. Stanly, and her face, pale with approaching death, was turned towards the setting sun. As Mr. Stanly inquired how she then was? she said—
 “ Oh! my dear friend, I have been wishing to see you, and to tell you I am not afraid of dying: for, I am sure, that Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, will never leave me, nor forsake me.”

“ And can you *now* leave the objects of your fondest earthly care, without regret?”

“ Oh! yes,” she rejoined, with a tender smile: “ the Father of the fatherless will provide for all their need; and you, I know, will teach them to trust in Him. —I feel convinced, that my prayers *for them* are heard, and will be answered, when I am far hence.”

“ They will *indeed*,” said Mr. Stanly: “ the prayer of humble faith *has* prevailed; and your Heavenly Father will

not remove you from them, till your affectionate lips, have commended them to another protector."

Edward, who had followed Mr. Stanly to the door of the chamber, now felt it impossible to refrain from entering, and throwing himself on his knees beside the sofa, he exclaimed—"I am Edward—I am your brother!"

Mary clasped her feeble hands, and attempted to rise; but, in the effort, fainted on her brother's neck. She was immediately removed to the bed, and a little timely aid soon restored her. When she recovered the power of speech—"My dearest Edward," said she, "God has heard my prayers, and answered them in a manner that I did not *even hope*; my Saviour, has indeed remembered me; he gives me to taste of earthly joys, before he takes my soul to be with him in paradise."

"My Sister," replied Edward, "I am

overwhelmed with grief—my Uncle has made me his heir, and I hastened home with the fond idea of sharing all with you.”

“I thank you for these kind intentions, my dear Brother; but the Most High has prepared for me a better inheritance—a heavenly mansion, in that holy place, ‘where the wicked cease from troubling—where the weary are at rest.’—I love you, Edward,” she continued, “but even you cannot make me wish to live; for it is far better to be with God and his angels in heaven.” Exhausted with speaking, she now fell back on her pillow, and remained silent for some time; when, seeing the weeping children surround her bed, she called them to her, and giving each, one last kiss of peace, she put her brother’s hand in their’s, and bade them, love *him* as she had loved them. She then turned to Mr. Stanly, saying, “My dear Sir, I have one more request to

make—it is, that you will pray that God will be with me in this last, hard conflict.”

Her wish was immediately acceded to ; they all kneeled round the bed of the dying maid ; while Mr. Stanly committed her spirit into the hands of her reconciled God in Christ ; intreating, if it were the Divine Will, that her soul might have an easy dismissal from the body, and a joyful entrance into the rest of the saints. The fervent prayer of this righteous man, was heard in heaven, and received an immediate answer. As they arose from prayer, a smile of ineffable peace sat on her pallid features, and she seemed to have fallen into a sweet sleep. Mrs. Stanly, not aware of the change that had really taken place, bent over her, to wipe away the tears which rested on her clay-cold cheek ; but what were her feelings, on finding the sanctified spirit was already gone to that place, “ where God himself

shall wipe away all tears from their eyes
—where there shall be no more death !”

Never was the chamber of death more truly solemn, yet never was it less dreadful ; all was tranquil, and it seemed as if the Redeemer’s voice was heard amid the awful stillness, speaking peace to every heart.

Mr. Stanly was the first who broke the silence : and taking the hand of the sorrowful Edward, he said—“ Who can tell the rapture that awaits the saint, so lately freed from this lovely tenement of clay ?—what heart can conceive the joy, there is now in heaven, to behold another of the ransomed family of God, escaped from the snares and dangers of the way, and safely arrived in her Father’s house above !”

Mrs. Stanly then drew the curtains

round the bed, and they all quitted the room.

On the following Sabbath, Mr. Stanly delivered a short address, as he committed her sacred remains to the dust. The tears of nature and affection, indeed bedewed the grassy turf; but the eyes of faith, beheld her happy spirit far above pity, and beyond the reach of sorrow.

And now, my beloved young Friends, I must address one parting word to you. I feel that the above tale, needs no remark to explain its moral: the obvious design, is, to exemplify the nature and tendency of *real Religion*. I will, therefore, only breathe this farewell wish—may you, like Mary, choose that good part, which can never be taken away?

THE GRAVE OF MARY.

RELICS of our much-lov'd maid,
 Rest in peaceful slumber here;
 Angels love to watch the shade,
 And will hold their vigils near.

Lilies of the vale shall bloom,
 And Sharon's rose its fragrance shed,
 O'er the nameless grassy tomb,
 Where the meek believer's laid.

Simple childhood here shall pay
 The heartfelt tribute of a tear;
 And the lips you taught to pray,
 Oft address their Saviour here.

Stealing from the cares of day,
 Here the aged saint shall come;
 And contemplate the thorny way
 Which led so quickly to thy home.—

And oft, as his returning feet
 Homeward with weary steps shall bend,
 His soul shall view in vision sweet
 The day when all his toils shall end.

Here too, that fond, that bleeding heart,
 Which Nature kindly twin'd with thine,
 Though sever'd from its dearest part,
 Shall learn to suffer, nor repine.

HENWICK, 1810.

ELLEN,

A TALE—IN THREE PARTS.

WRITTEN SINCE THE FORMER, FOR A DEAR LITTLE
GIRL, WHO WILL RECOLLECT THE CONVERSATION
THAT GAVE RISE TO IT.

 PART. I.

What is a great Mind?

I must be measur'd by my mind,
The mind's the standard of a man. WATTS.

SEVERAL little children, were educated at home, by their Mamma, a sensible woman, to whose instructions they were very attentive, and, as might be expected, made great improvement in *useful* knowledge. Among these little girls was one, named Ellen, who, as she

one day sat, on her little stool, by the side of her mother, lifted up her eyes from a book which she had been attentively reading, and asked—"Mamma, what is the reason King Alfred, Alexander, and several others, are called the Great?"

"Because they are supposed to have great minds, my Love."

"Great minds, Mamma; I cannot tell what you mean by *that*, unless it is, that they were very sensible; is that what you mean, Mamma?"

"Not *all* that I mean, my Love; nor is it possible to give you an idea of true greatness, unless, I could illustrate it by example."

"Will you be so good as to tell me something that was *great* in Alfred, Mamma?"

"It was the greatness of his mind, which sustained him in his misfortunes,

and which, enabled him to extricate himself, from so many difficulties."

"It is *fortitude* then, Mamma; is it not?"

"I will give you another instance, Ellen: it was great in Richard I. when he forgave his treacherous brother, John."

"Oh, Mamma, I always thought that was forgiveness of injuries. Will you tell me any thing else that is *great*, Mamma?"

"Yes: when Edward III. besieged Calais, it was greatness of mind, induced six of the citizens to offer themselves to *die*, for the preservation of the whole city. And many other instances of this characteristic, I could give you; but you must now think for yourself."

"Thank you, Mamma. I like greatness of mind very much; but *I* cannot have a great mind, I am not a king or a hero," said Ellen, mournfully.

"Think, my dear," said her Mother,

"can only *kings* and *heroes*, support misfortunes, forgive injuries, and prefer the good of others, to their own?"

"Oh yes, Mamma," said Ellen, smiling; "little girls can do *that*: so I am resolved that I will try."

A few days after this conversation, Ellen and her sister Lucy, were sitting at a small round table, drawing, when little Laura came to stand beside them—"Oh, how beautiful!" said she, pointing to the nearly-finished drawing; "dear sister, Ellen, I think you will get the prize; and, you know, Mamma says, that if industry could gain it, she thinks you would have it, because you have got up so many mornings in the cold to draw."

"I think at least, Papa will be pleased with it," said Ellen; "I am sure I have taken great pains."

"Yes," said Lucy, while her countenance lowered with vexation, "I am sure Ellen will get the prize, so it is no use

for me to try," saying this, she threw down her pencil with a sullen air, and began kicking the leg of the table.

"Oh, Lucy," said Ellen, in a soothing tone, "do not say you are *sure*, for you cannot be *sure* till the time comes. Besides, if you *do not* get the prize, Mamma, will be pleased if it is done *well*; and, you know, that she will think you very indolent, if you have no drawing finished; so you had better go on."

"No," said Lucy, "it will be of no use, for I know I shall not get the prize."

"Then pray, Lucy, do not shake the table so; for I shall spoil poor Bertha's face, if you do."

"I am sure I do not shake the table *much*," said Lucy, whose good humour was quite eclipsed in that odious passion—*envy*.

Poor Ellen was much inclined to be

cross; but, recollecting that was not like a great mind, she took her paper and paint-box to another table.

Lucy sat pouting for some time; but, at last, tired of doing nothing, she exclaimed—"Ellen, give me the ink-stand down; it is on the top of the book-case, and I can't reach it, unless I get on your chair."

"Pray wait a *little* while," said Ellen; for if I leave off before I finish laying on this tint, it will dry, and show where I begin again."

"No, I can't wait," said Lucy; "I shall get it myself."

"No, Lucy, I am sure you cannot reach it; I shall be ready in less than a minute; pray wait."

Lucy, however, was deaf to this gentle remonstrance: she got up in Ellen's chair, but even then, she could not

reach it; and, in attempting to get it, she threw down the ink-stand; it fell on the table, and the black streams flowed in every direction over the blooming face of Bertha, and quite defaced the figure of Augustine!

“ Oh, my drawing!—my poor drawing,” said Ellen, “ it is *quite spoiled!*” the cloud was now beginning to lower; but in less than a minute, recollecting herself, she wiped away the tears, and smiling, said—“ I won’t cry, nor yet look cross, though my drawing is quite spoiled, and it is impossible to do another by Thursday.”

Lucy, who saw the mischief she had done, began to cry violently—“ Oh! Ellen, what shall I do?”

“ Nothing can be done now,” said Ellen, “ but to wipe up the ink, before Mamma comes in, for I should be sorry for her to know of this sad accident.”

Lucy looked ashamed—"I was afraid you would be very angry Ellen," said she; but now I find you bear it with so much good temper, I am really a great deal more sorry, than I should have been, if you had put yourself in a passion."

They then wiped up the ink, put away their drawings, and were set down, talking over the affair, when their Mother entered the room.

"Mamma," said Lucy, going up to her very sorrowfully, "I am not glad to see you *now*; can you tell why it is that I am not happy to see you now, Mamma?"

Her Mother smiled; but it was a *serious smile*, which spoke *affection*, not *pleasure*—"No, Lucy," said she, "but, I think, when you have *done well*, you are not in general GRIEVED to see me."

"Oh, *no, no*, Mamma. But pray do not smile so *kindly*, for when I tell you what I have done, I am sure you will look grave, very grave *indeed*," said Lucy, ready to cry again, at the recollection of the mischief she had caused.

"Mamma," said the generous Ellen, "I will tell you all, if you will allow me;" for she wished to put the best construction on her Sister's conduct.

"No, my dear," said their Mother; "*Lucy* shall give me the recital, if it is any thing *she* has done."

Lucy then, without attempting to *form* any excuse, related the fate of poor Ellen's prize-piece; nor did she fail to portray, most faithfully, the kind forbearance of her Sister.

Her Mother smiled—"Ellen," said she "I congratulate you, my love; you have gained a *conquest* over *yourself* to-

day; and I think Lucy feels so much gratitude, that she will be very careful not to injure you again in any way."

" Oh, yes, *indeed*, Mamma; I would lose my *whole drawer-full of playthings*, rather than vex Ellen, now she is so kind:" Saying this, she kissed her Sister most affectionately; and, hand-in-hand, they followed their Mother into the parlour, where their Papa, and a merry little groupe of Brothers and Sisters, were waiting tea.

PART II.

*Let us examine our MOTIVES before we
say we have DONE WELL.*

ELLEN, and her Brothers and Sisters, used to sit round the fire with their Mother, about half an hour after tea: this

was a time, which they all liked better than any other part of the day; it was then, that the performances of the day were canvassed, and, with their Mother's assistance, they learned to judge *themselves*, and trace their actions to their *true source*.

"Mamma," said Ellen, in a whisper, "was it any thing like a great mind, when I forgave Lucy, and bore the disappointment of all my hopes so *well* to-day?"

"We must see if the *motive* was *purely* good, before we give so dignified an appellation to it, Ellen."

"Oh, yes, Mamma; we will examine the motive," said Ellen; "now let me *think*—" putting her hands before her eyes, as if to exclude every other object; "What was it helped me to conquer my ill-humour to-day?"

"Well, Ellen," said her Brother Al-

fred, after ten minutes silence, "now we have *let you think*, you know, so do you *let us* hear what you have found out by your thoughts."

"Why, Mamma," said Ellen, uncovering her face, "I do not much like *examining my motives*."

"And why not, Ellen?" said her Mother; "I should fear it is the *motive* which you do not much like, not the *examination*."

Alfred laughed—"Oh, poor Ellen," said he, "so you do not like to lose the credit of your good actions, I suppose."

"Indeed, Alfred," said Ellen, "I am afraid it was the wish of being *thought* like people with *great minds*, that more than half helped me to conquer myself to-day; and, in that case, you know, it was as much *pride* as *patience*."

Mamma," said Alfred, expressively, "is it not one mark of a *noble* mind, candidly to acknowledge a fault, and

particularly, when, by keeping it to ourselves, we should gain *praise* which we do not deserve?"

"Oh, Alfred," said Ellen, with a sparkling eye, "pray do not praise me, for fear I should be *proud* again; and indeed I did not say that, to be *thought candid*."

"My dear little Girl," said her Mother, with a smile of unmixed pleasure, "let all your conduct be animated by the wish of pleasing God: *then* you will like examining your motives."

Some days after this, a Lady, who was a great admirer of drawing, came to spend the evening with Ellen's Mother; and, as this Lady was very fond of children too, they did not lose their beloved half-hour on her account.

Alfred, who dearly liked to have a *scheme* (as he called it) in hand, went be-

hind his Mother's chair, and whispered something in her ear.

"I am afraid you will go *too* far, Alfred," she replied.

"Oh no, indeed, Mamma; if I see your eyes looking at me, I *know which way*, I will stop directly."

"Well, then, remember that you do."

Alfred left the room, and in a few minutes, returned, bringing a portfolio in his hand.

"Oh, you have a treat for *me*, I suppose," said the Lady.

Alfred opened the portfolio, which contained some of Ellen and Lucy's drawings.

The Lady looked at all, and at last came to Lucy's prize-piece; this was

much better than any other drawing in the portfolio, but not nearly so well done as that of Ellen's, which Lucy had spoiled—"This is *really* beautiful," said the Lady; "I need not ask who drew this; it is my Ellen's performance, I know."

"Oh no, indeed, Ma'am, this is Lucy's; Ellen *began* one, but it is such a *shocking* fright now, you would be sorry to see it."

Ellen looked at her Brother, but, though she thought it was very *ungenerous* of him, yet she was afraid to speak, lest the sad tale of Lucy's ill-humour should be known; she therefore kept silent, saying to herself—"I can bear it though—I can bear to hear him say so, for poor Lucy's sake."

"Well, Lucy," said the Lady, "since you have such a taste for drawing, if your Mamma will permit you to come and

see me, I will shew you a very choice collection of water-colours, out of which, you may select one for yourself."

"Oh no, indeed, Ma'am——" said Lucy, but just then her Brother pinched her elbow so violently, that she was obliged to stop, and turned round to inquire what he meant?

"Hush! I have a scheme in hand," Alfred whispered.

Lucy did not like to hold her tongue, because she knew she had no right to this indulgence: but she looked at her Mother, and thought she *was* to be silent, though could not tell *why*.

Poor Ellen's mind was now severely tried—"Ah!" thought she, "If I were Lucy, I could not do so."

The Lady then asked permission for

Lucy to come to her house the next day, and her Mother gave consent.

When she heard this, Ellen could not help sighing, as she thought, if her drawing had not been spoiled, she *too* might have had this pleasure; and as she sighed, a tear, in spite of all her efforts, stole down her cheek. Ellen, however, thought it was a *jealous tear*, and dashed it away; but it would not do, for as fast as she wiped one off, another came, till at last the Lady caught sight of her struggle—"I *hope* Ellen is not *envious*!" said she.

Ellen blushed—"I wish I could keep from crying; and yet I think it is not *all envy* either; Mamma, do you think it is?"

"No, that I am *sure* it is not," said Alfred.—"Now, Mamma, is not our Ellen a *dear* little creature? I declare, I did not suppose she would have borne

it so nobly ; this was *thinking*, and *acting* greatly too, was it not, Mamma ?”

“ Indeed, I think it was rather so,” replied his Mother.—“ But, Lucy,” she continued, “ I will no longer lay any restraint on your candor ; tell our Friend the history of the ink-stand.”

Lucy blushed ; and while she candidly related the *whole* of her fault it was obvious that she was *ashamed* of it.

Though this Lady *liked* pictures, she *loved* candor and generosity still *better* ; and therefore she told the little girls, if their Mamma approved it, she should be very happy to see them *both* the next day.

PART III.

The Wax Fruit.

IN the morning of the day on which Ellen was eleven years old, her Mother called her into the room where her Brother Alfred slept, and where she found her Mother busily employed in placing his linen in a pretty new chest of drawers, which had just been put in the room. Ellen waited with impatience till her Mother had done, not doubting, that as it was her birth-day, she should receive some present, or hear of a new pleasure.

When the clothes were all neatly laid in the different drawers, Ellen's Mother

said—"Look at the manner in which I have placed these things, Ellen; do you think they are arranged in the *most* convenient order?"

"Yes, Mamma," said Ellen, after looking at each draw separately; "I think I could find any of these things in *the dark*; but why did you ask *me*, Mamma?"

"I will tell you, my Love," replied her Mother: "you are now eleven years old, my dear Ellen, a time of life at which all girls should begin to be useful in the *domestic* circle; it is therefore my intention to give you the charge of Alfred's clothes—to mend them, to look out every thing as he wants it for wear, and to see that they are placed in proper order in the drawers. And that you may know if any thing is missing, I have written this inventory, which I advise you to refer to after every wash." Her

Mother then gave her the key of the drawers, and Ellen felt highly delighted with her new employment.

For some time every thing went on very well, and Alfred's clothes were kept perfectly neat. But in a few weeks, a young Lady came to stay with their Mother, and offered to teach Ellen and Lucy to make some very pretty wax fruit.

Ellen was ingenious, and soon succeeded in the manufacturing of some, which looked very natural. Pleased with her success, she resolved on making more to fill a pretty painted basket, which she intended as a present for her Aunt on her next wedding-day. This was no sooner thought of than it was put in hand; and Ellen, unfortunately, forgetting that the *ornamental* must always yield to the *useful*, was so anxious to

complete her design, that she devoted to *that* the time she *should* have given to her Brother's wardrobe.

"Miss Ellen," said the Laundress, "I have put my Young Master's clothes on the bed in his room; will you please to put them away?"

"Not just now, I cannot," said Ellen, whose whole mind was wholly engrossed by her wax fruit; "I shall find time to put them away before dinner, when I have done this peach." The dinner-bell, however, rang ere she had quite finished the peach; the afternoon-school succeeded; the evening-lessons next must be attended to; and bed-time came, but Alfred's linen lay still in the same place.

The next day again she flew to her favorite employment; when, just as she was painting a plum, and her fingers were soiled with oil and color, the

Housemaid came to beg she would put away Master Alfred's linen, or it would get so dirty and tumbled, it would not be fit to wear.

"Oh, dear;" said she, "how tiresome!— Well, I suppose I *must* put them away, Martha, and so I may as well do it directly;" and away she ran, with her mind wholly occupied by her wax fruit; consequently, poor Alfred's clothes suffered still *more*, from the careless manner in which they were placed in the drawers, than they would have done by laying another day about the room. In her extreme haste, she had neglected to wash her hands; nor did she recollect that they were soiled, till she saw the dirty spots on some of his neatly-plaited shirts; besides this, the inventory was not referred to, and his stockings she put away without even knowing if they wanted mending; and then returned to her new, delightful employment, contenting her-

self with the thought of putting every thing in order, when her basket of fruit was completed.

The event, however, proved the impropriety of neglecting to perform any duty in its *proper* time; for, not to do a thing at *first*, is generally to do it *ill*, and, not unfrequently, to leave it undone.

The Anniversary of her Aunt's wedding-day at last came, and Ellen, with her Mother and Lucy, went early in the morning to spend the day with her. Alfred was to accompany his Father there at the dinner-hour.

"How happy I shall be to-day!" thought Ellen, as they seated themselves in the chaise, which was to convey them to her Aunt's house. "My Aunt will be pleased with my basket of fruit; and, I am sure, that my Cousins do not know

how to make it.—Besides, how surprised Mamma will be, that I have done so much, without her knowing of it!—I think she will smile, and say—‘ You have been industrious, Ellen.’ ”

From this self-complacent reverie, she was awakened, by her Mother’s inquiry, if she had laid out every thing her brother would want to wear?

Ellen hesitated, blushed, and did not answer; for she had been so busily employed packing her basket, that she had entirely forgotten Alfred.

“ Why do you not answer, Ellen? ”

“ Because—Mamma—I am very sorry—but I forgot to look them out; however, I remember, the key is in the drawers, and he can get them himself.”

“ I am sorry you have been so careless,” observed her Mother, *gravely*; “ if

I had done the same by your Father, do not you think he would very justly suppose I cared little about his convenience or appearance?"

Ellen hung down her head, without replying; and her Mother seeing she was ashamed of her negligence, said no more at that time.

We shall pass over the interval that elapsed between their arrival at her Aunt's, and the dinner-hour, when Ellen intended to present her fruit, having previously arranged it very tastily, between some leaves she had gathered from the garden.

The dinner was announced before her Father came; and when he did come, Alfred was not with him.

"Oh, Papa," said Ellen and Lucy,

running up to him, "where is Alfred?—why did you not bring him with you?"

"*You, Ellen*, can best answer that question?" replied her Father, looking earnestly at her.

"I, Papa!"

"Yes, *you*, Ellen; for it is you, I understand, who are intrusted with the care of his wardrobe!"

Ellen crimsoned more deeply than before, conscious how ill she had discharged the trust reposed in her.

"You cannot answer me, I see," said her Father; "but your Mother will understand this best."

A short explanation given to her Mother, though unheard by any one else, prevented all further discussion, till the cloth was removed, and the servants had

retired. Ellen's beautiful basket was then placed on (by her desire,) with the desert; and she could not help exulting, when she saw her Uncle take one of the peaches in his plate, observing that he did not know before his garden produced any so fine. Another moment, however, discovered the exquisite deception; and as soon as the history of the basket was known, many eulogiums were passed on Ellen's skill; and as many thanks returned by her Aunt, for the attention displayed in the present.

All the praise bestowed on her, however, could not make Ellen feel happy, or satisfied with her own conduct. She longed to ask *why* Alfred did not come, and yet was certain the answer would only expose her negligence. To add to this, her Father silently fixed his eyes on her, while others were admiring the fruit;

neither did her Mother commend her ingenuity, or seem pleased, as she was wont to be, with any little effort of skill and industry.

“Why,” said her Aunt, looking round the table, after a pause in the conversation, “I did not expect to see so many countenances without a smile *to-day*: we want my Alfred here, I suppose, to make us gay.”

Ellen burst into tears.

“What is the matter, Ellen?” inquired her Aunt; “why are you not cheerful and happy, as you are used to be?”

“Oh, Aunt,” said Ellen, “because I feel I have neglected my duty.—It is *my* fault that Alfred is not here.”

“Your fault! how can that be?”

"I rather think I can unravel the mystery," said her Mother, smiling: and then proceeded to inform them of the charge she had placed in Ellen's hands; adding—"I am afraid I must resume it, or Alfred may often be prevented from going out, as he is to-day, by holes in his stockings and gloves, or spots of red paint upon his shirt-frill."

"Oh no, Mamma, pray do not," said Ellen, "I shall not be so negligent any more."

"Why not, Ellen?"

"Because, Mamma, I know what it was that made me do so this time: it was—it was, Mamma, making that basket of fruit."

"So then, Ellen, you never intend making any little presents to your friends again?"

Ellen hesitated; and then said—"No, Mamma; because, I find, if I do, that I

cannot keep Alfred's clothes in proper order; and, you know, Mamma, you say, that *useful* things should be attended to before *ornamental*."

"But did I say, Ellen, that the ornamental should *not* be done *at all*?"

"No, Mamma."

"Then think a little while, Ellen. Had you put away Alfred's linen the *first* day it came from the laundry, it would have escaped the dust; and had you put the stockings which wanted mending in your work-basket, you might have darned them in many short intervals which you usually waste: thus, by doing each thing in the *proper* time, you might easily have done *both*."

"So I might, Mamma; then, in future, I must remember, that *useful* things I *must* do, and the ornamental I had better not *leave undone*."

"A very proper distinction, Ellen,"

said her Mother ; “ and if you keep that in memory, and reduce it to practice, I shall have no cause to resume the trust reposed in you.”

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