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MULLION, MARY
CURATE'S DAUGHTER
1823



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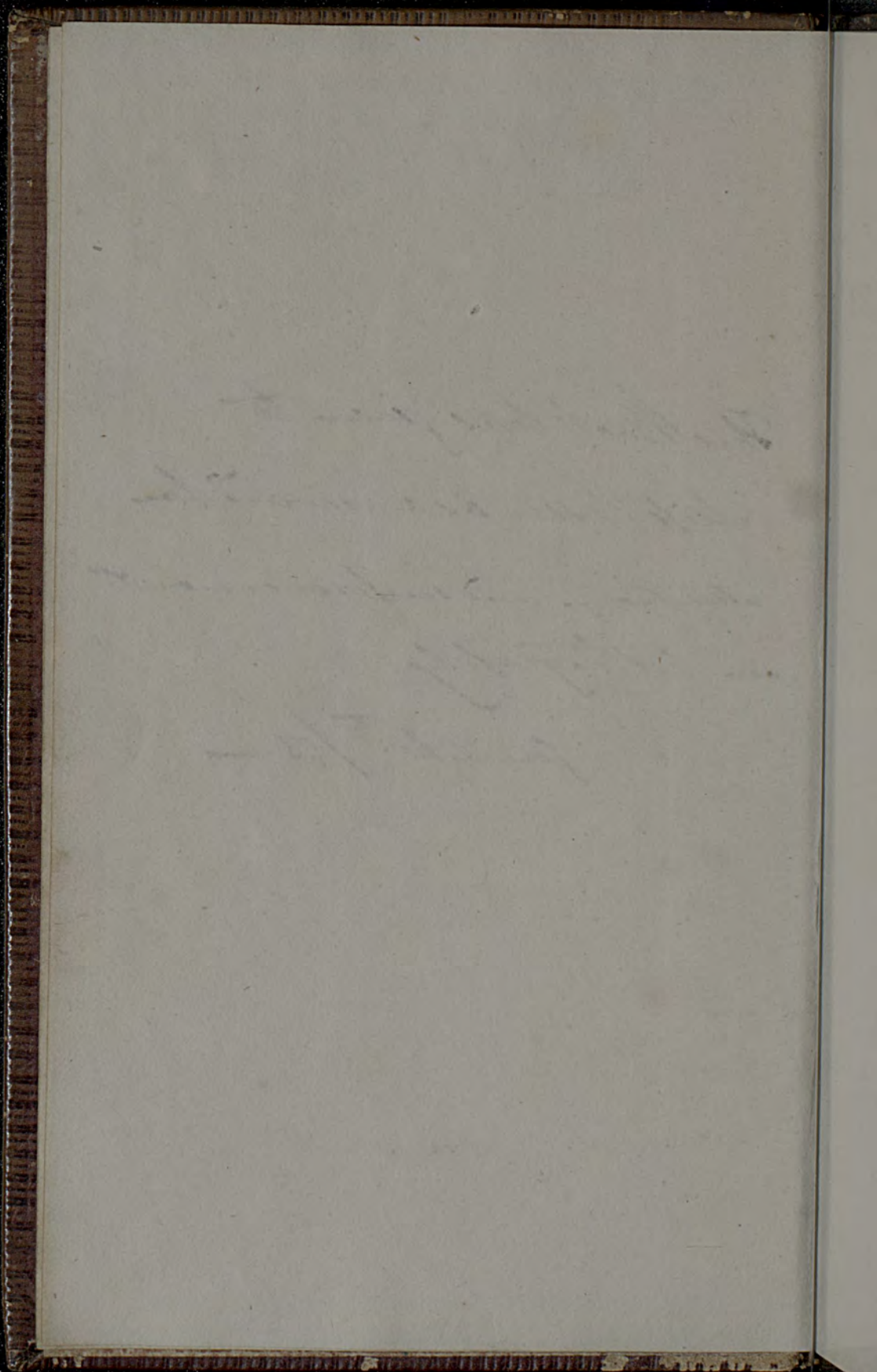


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This Book was given to
Miss Gibson as a reward for
attention and improvement
in orthography

June 20.th / 25—



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CURATE'S DAUGHTER

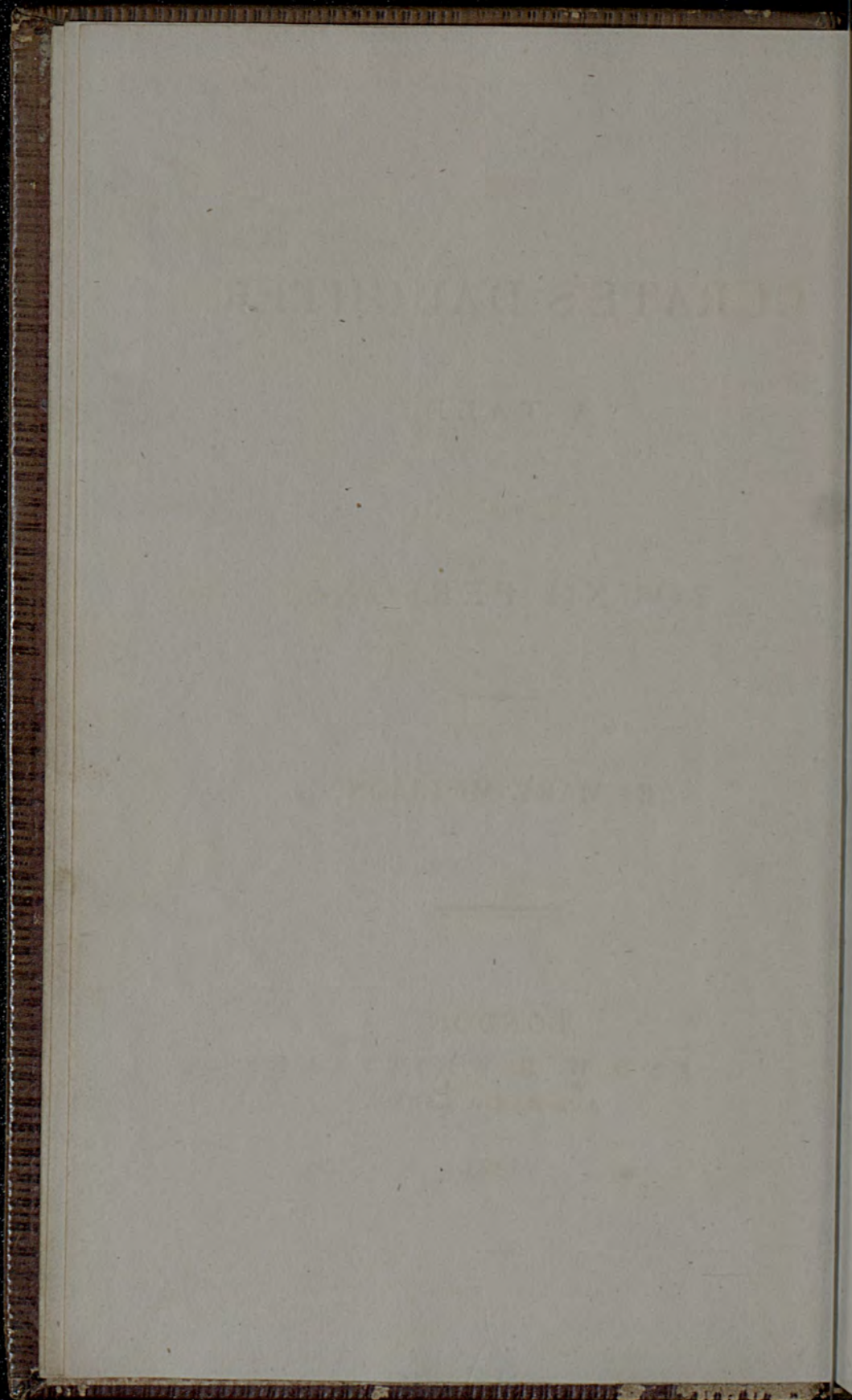
A TALK
FOR
THE
YOUNG PERSONS.

BY MARY MULLION.

LONDON.

G. AND W. K. WHITTAKER,
AVONDALE LANE.

1882.



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A TALE
FOR
YOUNG PERSONS.



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LONDON:

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

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THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
JOHN H. COOPER
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN, 1856.

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THE
CURATE'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

SHELTERED by one of the lofty mountains that rise above the river E—— stands a neat secluded cottage. A barrier of rugged rocks secure it from the northerly winds; and the remains of an ancient castle are an enclosure to the south. A narrow winding path amongst the rocks leads to the village church and the vicarage; these are elevated just above the river: and upon the slope of the mountain, farm-houses,

and highly cultivated lands, form a pleasant, rural scene.

Mr. Grey, the curate, who inhabited the cottage, had little intercourse with society, unless in friendly visits to the poor and the afflicted; but in a retired country village, where "husbandry abounds," poverty, in its most abject state, is seldom known. A farmer's life is generally that of health and strength: the last sickness often comes on quickly; then perhaps the prayers of the parish minister are required: and here the village curate proved the comforter; he gave hope to the dying, and consolation to those who had to mourn. The Curate had one daughter, a little girl, who was his chief companion. Beauty cannot

be given to her ; but there was that in her countenance that was a token of intellect bright and clear ; whilst her dark and sparkling eyes gave life to all she uttered, and there was a certain grace in her manner that made her actions pleasing.

The shore upon which the cottage stood was a solitary spot. Gay vehicles seldom crossed the sands, or fashionable loiterers paused to gaze upon the beauties of the scene. A boy, perhaps, with his dog might be seen searching amongst the bushes for birds'-nests ; or the wearied fisherman gathering the products of his nets : therefore the Curate and his daughter could pursue their own course undisturbed.

On an evening, when they were tired with rambling over the shore (for exercise he considered necessary to health), they seated themselves upon a bank, or in the ruins of the castle. The Curate would then hear his daughter repeat a certain portion of lines from one of his favourite poets; giving her, at the same time, a just idea of the sense of the author, or directions for the proper modulation of her voice. "To read with propriety," he remarked, "to suit the accent to the subject, is a proof of taste and judgment; but where a young person has neither one nor the other, she will be found deficient even in the perusal of a simple tale."

Sometimes the Curate would sketch

a blank map of Europe, and desire his daughter to point out the situation of the kingdoms; their boundaries; the seas, rivers, &c. Tell him how the separate countries were distinguished; what were the products, or the manners and customs of the natives. Then, perhaps, he would demand an account from history; for instance: "Give me your opinion of Queen Elizabeth: was generosity a leading feature in her character, or justice? Tell me what quality would have made her unrivalled as a sovereign."

Ellen would consider, and then say, "Mercy. Had she been compassionate and forgiving to the Queen of Scots, she would have been noble indeed! Do you not think so, father?"

“ My dear,” the Curate would observe, “ I love mercy so much, that I can scarcely think any character truly great or noble without it.”

By exercising Ellen's talents, her father was preparing her for the station he thought it was probable she would at a future day be called upon to fill. In opening her mind, however, he was not neglectful of those qualities that are essential in a domestic female: nor of others of higher importance. He considered, that whatever advantages young people derived from education, unless they were good as well as wise, their knowledge would only answer the purposes of this life; but would not refresh the spirits when consolation is most wanted.

CHAP. II.

THE cottage was in a plain style. The windows were small casements, shaded on the outside with slanting green boards; the chief ornaments within were Ellen's maps and drawings. It was her pride to have every thing neat and in order; and their plain meals well prepared. She thought that it was the duty of every young person in her station to attend to domestic affairs; idleness, indeed, she considered a fault, if not a neglect of talent: therefore when she was not engaged with her lessons her time was usually given to useful concerns.

The garden was arranged entirely for convenience. A few flowers, goose-

berry, and currant trees ; vegetables, with herbs and bee-hives, formed the whole of its contents.

Ellen had not time for cultivating plants ; two rose trees and a myrtle were the whole of her botanical pursuits.

“ We cannot attend to these things,” said her father. “ The rich are justified in occupying their leisure hours in these innocent amusements : in searching into the beauties of the vegetable world, their minds may be led to contemplate the beauties of the moral likewise.”

When the evenings were wet and gloomy, or on winter nights, her father gave her lessons upon the globes. He had made, too, a small orrery ; and

when she arrived at the planetary system, and heard the nature of the heavenly bodies explained,—when her mind was led to their structure, and the wonderful power that had formed them, her admiration was indeed excited ! Her questions, however, sometimes puzzled the Curate. When this was the case she was soon silenced : for he had said, “ that there were bounds to curiosity ; and that some things we should not attempt to scan, for they were above our limited faculties.

One day of Ellen’s life may be considered descriptive of months and years. Time rolled on until she was sixteen ; she had seen little of the world, or of society ; but was fortu-

nate in one respect: Martha, the housekeeper, was a good woman; had been in a respectable station; and knew the proper modes of genteel life; to her Ellen was indebted for much useful instruction.

To a young person who lived in so retired a manner, a visit to London was an affair of great consideration. When the Curate told his daughter that business would take him there, and that she was to be his companion, she could scarcely credit the words she heard; but when she found it was really the case, she ran to Martha to tell her the joyful news.

“ I too have been in London,” said Martha, “ and I hope, Miss Ellen, you will find it all you now think it is.”

The sun had scarcely risen on the morning of the expected journey when a chaise was at the cottage door. After giving many kind charges to Martha to take care of herself, with cheerful spirits Ellen stepped into it. In an hour the travellers arrived at the inn, from whence they were to proceed in a stage coach to London.

They were to spend two days in the opulent and extensive town of —, with an old college friend of the Curate's.

They arrived late in the evening, and on the following morning Ellen accompanied her father in a ramble through the principal streets. She thought it a busy, bustling place; was taken with the old church, and the

infirmary; and walked some time in the garden there. In strolling further, they came opposite a manufactory; at the moment the people were issuing out to dinner: some rude remarks were made by the children.

“ This must be a vulgar place indeed,” said Ellen; “ how rude and insolent are the people !”

“ In all manufacturing towns,” observed the Curate, “ there is a certain degree of boldness and sauciness visible amongst the working classes: and this we must place to their mode of life. But it would be unjust to conclude that they were all equally so, or that the inhabitants in general were uncivil. In this town, my dear, the society is mostly considered good,

and there is little frivolity amongst the people. They are rational, intelligent, well-informed; some, very superior characters; and I have heard that there is a strictness in their moral conduct that is rarely surpassed."

In the evening Ellen was taken, by the wife of her father's friend, to the concert. She had never been in a room so gay: she looked round with delight; so many well-dressed people she thought could not be met with any where; and for handsome women was persuaded this town must excel.

During the evening her eyes and her ears were equally charmed. When the kettle-drums and the trumpet sounded, and the full-toned organ

and the people's voices swelled in the Coronation Anthem, her heart fluttered with feelings she had never before experienced, for she had never listened to any sounds in sacred music but the humble chaunting of a few rustics in the village church.

“ I have indeed had a treat ! ” said Ellen to her father ; “ I shall think very little of London . ”

“ Ah ! Ellen, my dear, this is your entrance into life : your mind is elated with the enlivening music, and the joys of the evening . ”

“ I really think it is, father, for my ears still ring with ‘ Long live the King ! May the King live for ever and ever ! ’ ”

Her countenance brightened as she

spoke, or rather as she sang the words, for she had caught the tone exactly.

The Curate looked at her with delight; but some unpleasant thoughts pressed upon his mind, and his eyes instantly dropped. And Ellen, who seemed to read all her father's thoughts, in a moment turned from gaiety to gravity. The ladies, the dresses, the blendid voices, and all the harmony that had charmed her fancy, passed swiftly from her mind.

The short visit to the town of — certainly tempered Ellen's views of the metropolis: but on the morning of their arrival in this "far-famed" city, she gazed at St. Paul's with astonishment.

“ And this is London!” was the exclamation.

CHAP. III.

A law-suit had called the Curate to town, and his time was chiefly engrossed with the affair: he, however, continued each day to see something with his daughter. An exhibition of paintings had been mentioned as one of the places most worthy of observation. The rooms were crowded to excess, and it was with difficulty the Curate and his daughter could keep together. “ Should we be se-

parated," said he, "wait upon the highest landing place until you see me."

Ellen was admiring "Jephtha's Rash Vow," and thought not of her father until she beheld him at a distance. She could not push through the crowd, for the crowd was too great. A lady and gentleman who stood next to her looked at her very attentively; and, thinking them rude, she turned hastily from them. By slow degrees she arrived opposite the "Duke of Wellington;" so she heard the people say. He was the "Illustrious Hero" who had gained so many laurels, and she must have a view of his features. While gazing, she turned her head, and beheld the inquisitive lady and

gentleman still regarding her. Every picture she stopped to view, they stopped likewise: she remained a few minutes opposite the portrait of a beautiful girl; and heard the gentleman say to his companion, "If you can recollect her mother, that is the exact image of her."

Ellen was now pushed by the crowd to another painting—it was a boy blowing bubbles; and she thought, "it is well that people are not bubbles, or I should soon disperse them."

She was near the door, so stepped upon the landing-place; here, however, she again beheld her followers. The multitude at length began to pass by, and she gladly seized her

father's arm ; but how great was her surprise, when she understood that the lady and the gentleman were old friends : she concluded, however, never to judge characters again from appearances.

The strangers had observed the Curate just as he was separated from his daughter ; they therefore kept close to her, hoping they should again behold him.

Through this unexpected meeting Ellen and her father removed from their lodgings, and became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. La Grange, in one of the principal squares. With their friends there was a new mode of living altogether. Every thing was in the first style ; but they were so easy in

manner, and had so much genuine kindness in their attention, that the Curate and his daughter thought not of outward shew; they were as comfortable as at home; they were at liberty to do as they pleased in all things. One of their chief pleasures was taking a solitary ramble together, if solitary it can be styled in crowded streets. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were their favourite haunts. The noble monuments, and the records of mortality, made a deep impression upon Ellen's mind; she could remember the exact spot where either her favourite hero or favourite author was placed. Few sights gratified the Curate and his daughter more than the paintings by Mr. West. When

they beheld "Death on the Pale Horse," they were lost in wonder and admiration; and stood some time at the entrance into the room, viewing it in silence. The Curate then exclaimed, "This is a wonderful effort of man's ingenuity, judgment, and power, such as I did not expect!"

"But, father," said Ellen, hastily, "look at this noble piece—behold who is in fetters and bound here! this is, indeed, a painting that speaks home to the heart! Could I envy, I should envy the artist who drew this countenance. How serene—yet how mournful; his soul seems melting with tenderness and compassion; it is truly the face of one who was rejected, but whose spirit knew no bitterness."

After examining the paintings, and gazing until they were almost wearied, they sat down and amused themselves with watching the company, and listening to the different remarks that were made upon the works of art.

CHAP. IV.

ONE day they had strolled down to the parade near the Custom House, and they saw an unusual number of pleasure boats upon the river, filled with people all life and gaiety, going to Greenwich Fair. "Well, Ellen, my dear," said the Curate, "it is a lovely day, and I think we will have a little recreation too."

A decent looking young man

stepped up to them: "Want a boat, your honour?"

"We want a boat, young man;" but we must know the expense of the voyage before we undertake it, for our finances are but small."

The demand he made was such as the Curate approved, and he stepped into the light shallow bark, and handed in his daughter. As they glided along, he pointed out the Tower; and their conversation turned from the amazing crowd of buildings to days of old, and events recorded in history. "Its gloomy aspect," said the Curate, "suits well with the scenes that have passed within its walls." At length they came in view of the Hospital. "O! what a magni-

ificent building!" exclaimed Ellen; "this surpasses any thing that we have beheld! I should love to be a pensioner here myself!"

When they landed they walked some time in the area, and she often stopped to look at the old seafaring men, who were in their holiday trim. "How I should like to know the parentage, the hardships, and all the valiant actions of these brave old sailors! O!" she thought, "that I had but a full purse, I would make many hearts glad this day." When they entered the Painted Hall, she gained a place near the speaker, quite a veteran in appearance, with an honest, open, sensible countenance. He spoke with a Scottish accent, in a

manner to interest all his hearers : he described the various subjects with energy. When he told of the car “ wherein Lord Nelson’s coffin had been placed,” and of the glorious actions of the noble leader, he seemed to feel the subject he was upon ; and as Ellen looked at him, she thought that he too had been mighty in battle, though humble in station. Her father turned from the faded remains of funeral pageantry with a sigh, not for the lot of one—but thousands.

As they were walking slowly towards the Hill, they observed an old woman place sticks in the ground, with cakes upon them. Several boys gave their money, and threw at the good things, and all they knocked down were their

own; but in giving them their property, she contrived to reserve a part for herself.

“Woman,” said the Curate, “you are acting dishonestly; you have no right to cheat these children.”

“Nor have you any right, sir, to talk to me; it is no business of yours: but I see you are a Methodist parson!”

Ellen smiled; and, as they walked forward, said: “Why should people attach meanness, ignorance, or rudeness, to Methodist parsons?”

“Because they are either ignorant or illiberal: believe me, my dear, there are admirable, pious ministers of every denomination.”

“Ah, father!” cried Ellen, “were

all mankind as patient in judging as you are, what a world of harmony this would be !”

“ It is not for us to think evil of each other, Ellen,” said the Curate ; “ however we may vary on some points, we mutually agree in one respect : we all allow that the book I will not now name is the genuine source of religious profession. Nations, my dear, have dwindled and become as nothing ; all things have changed in the world : but this has withstood the vicissitudes of times and seasons, and the wayward passions of mortals, through different ages ; and to the end of time it will cheer the sorrowing spirit, and link man in the bond of kindness to his fellow man. We cannot regard

its precepts, and be uncharitable to others." In the earnestness of his discourse, the Curate had forgotten that he was not upon his own solitary shore. A party rushing rudely against him, restored his thoughts. "Ah!" said he, stepping aside, "we must leave the crooked path. Here are people whom I can liken only to a tumultuous race, striking in folly the quiet and the orderly."

CHAP. V.

ONE bright pleasant morning, as the Curate and his daughter were sauntering at their leisure through the streets and squares, attracted by dif-

ferent objects, Ellen suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Ah! here is a Panorama, father; do let us take a peep."

"Well, my dear, I have no objection; but I fear that we must pay for our peeping."

It was a View in Switzerland, and every object was so clearly presented to the eye that Ellen almost fancied herself in the country it was intended to represent. Crowds of fashionable people were in the place, therefore she spoke in a low tone to her father.

"These mountains and valleys remind me of home; look, there is our own little cottage, and the sun gleaming upon the old castle; we are here quite out of London!"

From the Panorama they went to

the Bazaar; there they were amused with the variety of things that were on sale, and were pleased with the industry of the females, who had their work to take up when they had sold their goods. They loitered a considerable time, looking at one thing or another; the Curate, however, hastily took out his watch, and as hastily exclaimed: "My dear, we have not a moment to lose; we have exceeded our time ten minutes; we have failed in our promise—a thing I never could do."

They hastened to the house of their friends: the carriage was at the door; they stepped into it, followed by Mr. La Grange, and rode into the Borough, to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

When they entered the school-room, they regarded the objects around them with feelings of pity and of tenderness.

“Of all the noble institutions in this noble city,” said Mr. La Grange, “there is not one more useful or praiseworthy than this. In general, however, strangers take but a cursory view of the subject: they behold a numerous assemblage of young people, who would be helpless indeed but for certain modes pursued to teach them to express their thoughts; but they are not aware of the abilities and exertion necessary to make these children conceive the nature of the simplest objects in creation. Heroes may have their statues, and poets their

praise; but no words can do justice to the indefatigable patience, the unceasing efforts and forbearance in the gentleman, who from darkness calleth forth light; for the light of reason is even more to be prized than the light of the eye."

"True," said the Curate; and as he looked at the gentleman at the head of the institution, and the children around him, he fervently wished that he were rich, that he might bestow liberally. "Ellen, my dear," said he in a whisper, "look at these helpless young beings; and be thankful that you have all your faculties perfect. Use them with judgment, and to His honour, who has made you to differ from others equally deserving."

With Miss Linwood's work the Curate and his daughter were highly gratified. "Here," said he, "is a proof, not only of taste and ingenuity, but of wonderful industry. All young women should visit this spot: the idle would learn an useful lesson."

At the annual meeting of the charity children at St. Paul's they were fortunately present. This was a highly interesting sight. "Behold," exclaimed the Curate, "the glorious effects of charity!" and his eyes glanced under the lofty dome where the children were assembled. Before the service of the morning was concluded, he took his daughter into the whispering gallery. They leaned over the railing, and heard their voices rise

in full chorus in an anthem of praise to God, and of thanksgiving to their benefactors.

Amongst all the wonders of London, few things amused Ellen equal to the variety of faces she beheld. "Every person," said she, "seems in pursuit of some particular object: these are not the listless countenances so often seen in the country; in our little church we behold many a sleepy face."

The Curate smiled: "My dear, sleepy and listless countenances would not suit in a busy metropolis. It is necessary to look quickly around us, that we may escape accidents; but could we read the history of most of the people we behold, we should have

some instructive lessons. Many, of patient distress; many, of anxious cares and doubts; others of wretchedness beyond remedy on this side the grave; and not a few of persons whose habits we should wish to shun;—but a small portion should we find perfectly satisfied with their lot.”

The law-suit closed unfavourably for the Curate, and he fixed upon returning to the cottage with his daughter—not mourning at his destiny; but he regretted that he could not leave her a competence. The thought, however, cheered him, that she had a well-educated mind, and this, with a blessing, he considered might be better than riches.

When Ellen parted from Mrs. La

Grange, she was stocked with a variety of things: and her father's friend promised to be one unto her. Ellen was grateful for her kindness, but said to herself, "O, may I never know the sorrow of having to solicit, or the fear of being rejected!"

The day was drawing to a close, when the Curate and his daughter descended the declivity leading to their quiet habitation. Whilst he stopped to gaze at the distant landscape, she hastened past him, and in a few moments was at the cottage door. Here she paused. Her eyes glanced to the broad unruffled waters, and then to the old castle, over which the shades of evening were collecting. "How silent and how solitary! No

murmuring of people's voices here: nor rattling of carriage-wheels, nor busy faces to be seen! Not even the screams of the sea-fowl break the silence; Nature altogether seems quietly asleep."

Something of lonely sadness filled her mind as these thoughts arose; but they were soon chased away, for Tray, her father's favourite dog, jumped up, and barked, and frolicked round to welcome her. Her old feelings, and love of home instantly returned. She patted Tray's head with kindness: "Poor fellow, go to thy master."

Ellen entered the cottage, exclaiming in a cheerful tone, "Martha, we are arrived; the wanderers are returned from London! I have something

for you, and for all my little Sunday scholars!"

"Well, Miss Ellen, I am glad to see you; I have been quite lost without you. But where is my good master?"

"Here I am," said the Curate, as he stroked his dog, who gaily frisked against him. "Here I'm returned, to die at home at last."

"Not to die, Sir, but to live; but give me leave, Sir, to assist you with your coat."

The Curate placed himself in his arm-chair.

"Now I am at home! There is no place like home: I was tired and hurried with that jolting machine! I will never travel in an opposition coach again, for opposition is hostile

to a man's comfort in all things. But come, Martha, I am thinking only of my own troubles; let us have an excellent cup of coffee, and then we shall be refreshed."

CHAP. VI.

WHILST they were at their coffee, Ellen was all life and gaiety; relating to Martha the wonderful things she had seen in London, and the places she had visited. Martha was viewed more as a friend than a servant; she was distantly related to the family, and was never considered in any other light.

"I wish you had seen me when I

was dressed to go to a ball with Mrs. La Grange," said Ellen; "you would not have known me—for I scarcely knew myself. I looked on the glass, or rather upon three or four, and really I was diverted. I had flowers through my hair, and the points of a crown peeping above them. I laughed—I could not refrain; and I said to myself, 'here is majesty indeed!' And then my black curls! O, how dull they looked!"

"Vanity! vanity!" exclaimed the Curate; "how vain are some young women!"

"Dear father," said Ellen, "I think I am not particularly so: never when I am with Mrs. Campbell, for then I remember how plain I am."

“ My dear, when vain thoughts arise, always have some one in remembrance, whether it be person, talents, temper, or good works that excite them; call to mind those you particularly admire, and compare yourself with them. You cannot be too lowly in opinion of yourself to yourself: but never fawn or crouch for favour from the world. But proceed: I am giving a grave lecture, and I did not mean to check your gaiety to-night.”

“ Well, Martha,” said Ellen, “ I had a white satin dress, and white satin slippers, and roses in my bosom, scented with perfume; but I had scarcely any pleasure at the ball, I was so heated, and so sleepy. Another

day we went to a great and sumptuous dinner, at a very noble house. Oh, Martha, there was state and grandeur indeed! My eyes were quite dazzled with the brilliant scene; I thought of our little cottage. The great people, I am certain, did not imagine where I came from."

"My dear," said the Curate, "they never thought of you, or perhaps ever looked at you; the great are a world of themselves, and if we push ourselves among them, we are deservedly considered as intruders."

"Well, father, their joys are not altogether mine: at least their comforts are not so."

"Now, tell me candidly, love, would you not rather live in London than in this solitary cottage?"

Ellen looked quickly round : “ I think we may be happy any where ; it is not the place, but our disposition, and the persons with whom we associate, that must take from or make our comfort. I should love to mix a little with the world, but not to incline too much to it.”

“ Go on, my dear : I never heard you so eloquent.”

“ Ah, father, I know what that means ; but what will you say, Martha, when I tell you, that I was at a rout upon a Sabbath evening ; it was even so, indeed ! Oh, what a concourse of gay people were assembled ! Then, there was such a crash of musical instruments, such trilling of Italian airs, that I was quite confused, and could

not imagine what was the pleasure or profit of the meeting. But judge my surprise, when I was called upon to exhibit! A gentleman, who had been beating time with a roll of parchment, stepped gaily towards me, to lead me to another part of the room. But I told him—and it was but the simple truth—that I could only play a few tunes upon an old guitar. Then I must sing: ‘this was quite indispensable.’ As it was so, and there was a great buzz, they all seemed laughing and talking together, I thought my voice would scarcely be noticed, so I quietly began ‘Glory to Thee, my God this night—for all the blessings.’—But, O, I shall never forget my feelings! In a moment there was a death-

like silence in the room, and the gay people—how they gazed at me! My voice, as you may suppose, fluttered—fluttered—and then dropped altogether; just like the wings of a dying bird. But I quickly gathered my thoughts, and resolutely said to myself: ‘ I am not giving praise to mortals, but to Him, who ordained the Sabbath for praise and remembrance of His mercies. So I went on, and thought no more of those around me than of the rocks upon our shore. When I had finished, then the gentleman flourished the parchment; and he said, ‘ bravissimo! what a seraphic voice!’ and I thought, ‘ Sir, you are indeed mistaken.’ However, I fervently hoped that, at a future period, it might be as he had said.”

“ And with this hope, my dear, in which I cordially join, we will now close our account with Westminster; unless in kind wishes to our good friends there.”

CHAP. VII.

TIME steals away; and I believe it sometimes takes a part from our happiness.

In attending a funeral early in the winter, after the Curate's return from London, he caught a severe cold. He soon concluded that his fate was fixed; but continued his exertions in preparing Ellen for the situation of a

governess; and, as the spring advanced, they had their evening rambles together. He would then talk seriously to her of their approaching separation. "Were we parting for ever," said he, "there would be serious cause to mourn: but it is the Christian's comfort, that the grave is but the gloomy entrance to a state, where friends and kindred are to meet, never again to be divided. I feel that I shall not be long with you: and I shall have little to leave you, my dear girl, but my blessing. In giving you a proper education, I trust that I have given you the means of support. My friends in town, however, know all my thoughts upon this subject: and when I am gone hence, you have only to apply to them for assistance."

Ellen's tears flowed without restraint.

“Nay, Ellen, love, I must not have this sorrowing: you have cheered many a lonely hour of my life, and this will cheer you in remembrance: it is the blessing that follows a child's obedience. But I have something to present to you this evening that may possibly turn to good account. My little poem, the Village Curate's Farewell to the World, may meet with that success which has been denied to his efforts in the world: but I am no repiner. There is one subject, however, that I have frequently thought of mentioning: but I will not uselessly grieve you. Should you ever hear your mother's name lightly treated, think only

how she was regarded by your father. But come, give me your arm: let us return to the cottage, for I feel much fatigued."

Ellen stepped from the bank upon which they were seated to support her father; and how anxiously did she wish to know the particulars relating to her mother: but her thoughts were too much troubled to make the inquiry.

The hour that comes to all the inhabitants upon earth at length arrived, and Ellen received her father's last affectionate blessing. Her grief was not expressed in vehemence or words. Whilst she looked at the corpse she seemed to have comfort: but when

she heard the rivets fastening the lid of the coffin, and afterwards the slow chaunting of the funeral hymn, then she felt her solitary state, and the severity of her loss. She knew that friends might abound; but that there could be only one kind and good father. How seldom do young people think of this, when they are supplied in all their wants and wishes by their parents!

A few days after the funeral Ellen went to the vicarage to remain some time, and arrangements were made for Martha to remain in the cottage, and to let off a part to a gentleman who wished to fix his children at the sea-side.

From Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Ellen

received every kindness. They had long been friends to her father, but they were considered a blessing to the neighbourhood.

The Curate had presented the poem to his daughter that he had mentioned, and with it a little book, styled "*Rules for Conduct.*" At the time that he had given this into her hands, he had expressed a wish that she would never look upon any sentence, but the passage she wished to be explained. "Observe this strictly, my dear Ellen," he had said. "When your mind is uneasy, or when you are anxious for a friend or adviser, look into this book. Upon all subjects I have expressed my thoughts briefly; and judged for you, as you may be called upon

by circumstances to act or to forbear."

Ellen remembered her father's request; and one day, when she was reflecting upon her dependent state, and looking forward to the future, rather with gloomy thoughts, she hastily opened the book; and the first word she beheld was *Grief*. "And this, my dear Ellen," she read, "has been your portion: you have tasted of that cup of bitterness of which every mortal must partake. The separation was the will of a Being who never errs. It has been 'the lot of thousands;' and will be the fate of thousands who are now rejoicing in each other's regard. But grieve no longer that I am at rest: think that I have taken a

short journey before you, and that you are to follow me, to a dwelling and a country where all sorrows cease. Forget not, however, that you have many preparations to make for the journey; nor expect, whilst you tarry upon earth, that you are to pass over an even track: for joy and grief will be yours, and disappointed hopes will sometimes make your thoughts desolate; but there is comfort for the most desponding hour, if you direct your thoughts aright. And now, my dear Ellen, lose no time in sorrowing, but begin your employments without delay. While 'the sluggard folds his hands,' the fleeting hours of life escape; but not a minute—no, not a transient moment can ever be recalled.

And wherever you are, in all your pursuits, and in all your thoughts—when the light cheers you, or in the gloom of night, honour Him, and keep His commandments who gave you life, and will call you to future judgment.

Beware that you never forget to whom you are indebted for blessings.”

Ellen's mind dwelt upon her father's words, and she did not neglect his counsel. She consulted with Mrs. Campbell, and then wrote to her father's friends; and the result was, in six weeks she was fixed in a family as a governess.

But never had she felt so solitary as the evening she took possession of a large gloomy room, in a great house near Portland Place.

Her thoughts turned to Martha and the cottage. But she knew that, if upon trial she was not happy, she was at liberty to remove; for England was a land of freedom, and, fortunately, a land where sterling worth abounds. "I will not, then," she said to herself, as her eyes glanced upon the soiled chintz furniture, "rashly give way to first impressions, for they are often false:" so, resolved to hope for the best, she composedly retired to rest.

The next morning the door was pushed violently open, and two wild-looking little girls and three rude boys darted into the room. They stood gazing at Ellen, and then hastened into a corner and laughed together.

One of them said, in a whispering tone, "how she is freckled! how plain she is! what a strange morning dress!"

"Oh," cried one of the boys, "her face is just like the head upon grand-papa's gate!"

"My dear," said Ellen, "come to me, that I may know what your head is like; whether it be that of a dunce, or a clever little boy."

For a moment he looked ashamed, and then raised his head and stepped boldly forward, and she quietly questioned him.

While she was employed this way, the lady of the house made her appearance. She was styled a very fashionable woman, and she looked at Ellen with a scrutinizing countenance.

“ I could not possibly see you last night,” she observed, “ we were particularly engaged with friends : I hope the servants attended to you properly. And now I have to remark, that it is a rule with us never to give up authority to a governess. The children are not to be teased or tormented into learning; you are to instruct, but never to punish.”

“ If I am to have any credit with the young ladies and their brothers, madam,” said Ellen, respectfully, “ it will be necessary that I should have authority over them. I cannot attempt to teach, unless I am allowed to govern.”

“ Then I must trust to your pru-

dence; but my darlings must not be harshly treated."

The darlings remembered the words, and when their governess rebuked them, they smiled with contempt, and often whispered something of mamma.

One morning the lady entered the school-room with a very sullen, haughty countenance, and taking a seat with an air of dignity, she exclaimed, "I am informed that your time is very improperly employed."

Ellen was startled: "Indeed, madam! in what manner?"

"The children inform me that in an evening you are reading. Now I consider this extremely wrong: you are robbing me of time."

“ I did not view it in that light, madam, but as a little recreation after the engagements of the day; but if it be in my power to oblige, I will do it cheerfully.”

“ This is quite proper,” said the lady, in a milder tone. “ I have had more quarrels with young people on this head than upon any other; they have had the boldness and the presumption to tell me that they had a right to time; and one even said ‘ that slaves had their leisure:’ but I want four ottomans working—only upon canvas.”

“ I am sorry, madam,” said Ellen, “ that I do not understand the work.”

“ The strangest thing I ever heard! A country Curate’s daughter, and not

know worsted work! Pray by whom were you instructed?"

"By my father."

"O, if that were the case, there is an excuse. I shall order my maid to cut out plain work for you. You can sew, can you not? Though I do not know, as your father was your teacher."

Ellen blushed, and was silent. She had heard her father say that "young people should never give the sarcastic reply, or retort with a contemptuous look;" and she knew that those who are hasty to resent, are seldom slow themselves to give offence.

Ellen remained in her situation seventeen months, and in the time had the pleasure of witnessing a gra-

dual improvement in the temper and the manners of her pupils. With vigilance and care, she trusted that her efforts would not be wholly useless. But, whilst indulging these hopes, a sudden check was put to her endeavours; their papa was appointed governor of the island of D——, and they were immediately to be placed at a boarding school near town. Ellen therefore returned to Mrs. La Grange, and remained with her until another situation that appeared eligible offered: this was in the country, where she was to educate four little girls, whose papa was in France.

The evening before her departure from London, she opened her father's

book, to which she had sometimes referred whilst with her late pupils, and under the head *Travelling*, read, “Should you have to travel in a stage coach, never affect airs of alarm, or appear ignorant of the common modes upon a journey. Give as little trouble as possible to others, nor encumber yourself with many parcels; and take care into whose hands they are intrusted. In the presence of strangers, restrain those happy spirits, which have given joy to your father: there is a certain reserve necessary with young people, often more pleasing than the display of wit and talent, which some are so eager to manifest.

“And now, my dear Ellen, for the journey of a day and that of life:

it has been said that, in their progressive stages, they are exactly similar. At the beginning, pleased with the novelty of our situation, we look upon external objects with curiosity, or with the feeling of delight. At length we become weary with gazing, and direct our attention to our fellow travellers. We behold some disposed to shew every kindness towards us: others, again, study only their own ease, unmindful how we are placed; it is of no consequence to them whether the dust or the heat annoy us; nay, they will not suffer the most trifling inconvenience for our comfort, even should the storm beat full against our head.

“ At the separate stages, how differently are we accommodated! In one

place there is ample provision ; we partake of the repast with cheerful spirits, thinking how fortunately we are situated : but lo ! in a moment we are ordered to proceed ; and, half refreshed with the entertainment, we reluctantly obey the summons. At the next stage we have a cold and cheerless reception ; and, amidst the bustle and confusion of different passengers, are obliged to wait patiently the pleasure of the hostess : but she is preparing her dainties for the rich and the noble, and is totally careless how we are treated.

“ Thus it is with life : at one period we are bountifully supplied with worldly blessings, but in the midst of our enjoyments we are obliged to has-

ten on our journey; and then we are called upon to exercise many qualities that had lain dormant in our hearts. May your mind, my dear Ellen, be disciplined to events as they arise, and may it be your lot to pass over the journey of a day and that of life equally blameless, assisting and contributing to the comfort of those around you, as occasion require; and amidst all the jostling and petty inconveniences on your journey, with an unruffled temper and with cheerful hopes may you look forward to the close of the day, when you will take a final farewell of those with whom you have journeyed."

CHAP. VIII.

EARLY in the evening of Ellen's journey the coach stopped at steps leading to a white gate. When she passed through it she found herself in a garden, with long grass walks crossing each other. The flowers were enclosed in low box hedges, to screen them from the wind. The house was an old-fashioned whitewashed building, much elevated; and there was a pleasant prospect of green fields, distant hills, and a wide river, winding just below a village. She was pleased with the scene, and when she entered the house, fancied that she had arrived at a place, that for some time she

could consider her home. Neatness and order appeared in every thing she beheld.

Scarcely was Ellen seated, when an elderly lady entered the parlour, attended by four little girls, and she welcomed her in the most friendly manner; and said to the children, "my dears, why do you not come forward and tell miss you are happy to see her?" The youngest, a little girl with a lively, sensible countenance, looked just as she would say, "but is she not to be our governess?" Ellen held forth her hand.

"What's your name, my dear?" she asked.

"Jessie, ma'am;" and she smiled as she repeated the words.

“And what is yours?” This was addressed to a noble looking girl, with a very steady aspect.

She instantly answered, “Charlotte.”

“And your sister’s, my dear?” and she looked at one whose noble features had attracted her attention. “Susan,” was the reply, but not another word.

The following morning Ellen began the employment of a teacher with pleasure. She had no imperious orders to study, nor violent tempers to subdue. The abilities of her pupils were excellent; and they were wholly free from little mean ways. The only inconvenience in her situation proceeded from the old lady, their papa’s friend. When she was busy with her fine linen, she

loved to bring her lace and her nets to draw out by the school-room fire. Then she would chat a little ; discuss the concerns of the village, who was neglectful of her house, and who was a rambler ; and would mention the good mothers, and the careless ones. But the subject that delighted her was the affairs of the nation ; of the rise and fall of the funds, and of the clever men in the House of Lords and the House of Commons ; and many things in which Ellen was little interested : but she gave a “ patient hearing,” for she had been taught from a child to respect the aged— to bend her will to their will, and to oblige them in all things, and with kindness ; and she thought,

were she old herself, it would be a pleasant circumstance for the young to listen to her thrice-told tales without appearing pained.

Time glided away, and Ellen scarcely fancied that she was in the situation of a governess; but it was long before the gentleman returned from his tour. He visited Italy and Switzerland, and remained several months in different countries. The young people often with joy anticipated his arrival; and many kind promises they gave to Ellen. The important evening, however, arrived, and her pupils with delight flew to welcome their papa. She knew not whether to rejoice or to be sorry, for she felt a tremor come over her as she

heard their exclamations of gladness ; but during the evening she had, indeed, cause for regret, for the gentleman had merely returned home to take his children with him into France, to finish their education. When Ellen was alone for a short period, she felt the disappointment keenly. She hastily searched for her father's little book : " it is my comfort," she thought, " at all times." She looked for the word *Disappointment*, and read :—" When you search for this passage, Ellen, it will be with an unhappy feeling of regret. Perhaps you are on the eve of parting with children to whom you are tenderly attached ; that you are leaving a comfortable home ; that your thoughts

are gloomy respecting the future. There is so much of delusion in our hopes, so much of uncertainty in all our pursuits, that we can scarcely judge what will be the result of any disappointment: for even when perplexed and in trouble, trials are frequently blessings in disguise. Cheer up, then, my dear Ellen; you are young, and have the world before you. Trust my words, for I have never deceived you; your regret will become faint as a shadow, for there is no lasting sorrow but for sin. Exert yourself, then, steadily: it is only for the supine and the idle to sit down in solitary sadness to mourn their fate. Wherever you go, be assured of this, in all the stations of life, amongst the

great, the rich, or the lowly, you will meet with the excellent of the earth, if you be disposed to cultivate their good-will."

When Ellen parted from her little friends, it was with the feeling of sincere regret, for melancholy thoughts filled her mind that she should never behold them again. When she was seated in the carriage that was to convey her from them, they were standing upon the steps with sorrowful countenances. The old lady was with them, and she appeared equally troubled.

"Every blessing to you, my dear," she exclaimed: "but I have a foreboding that we shall never more meet in this world."

The coach whirled off, and Ellen lost sight of her pupils and their aunt. In the evening she was again welcomed by her father's friends.

One evening, just at twilight, whilst Ellen was with Mrs. La Grange, she was summoned into the drawing-room, and as she entered perceived a gentleman standing near the window. She could not discern who he was, nor did she recollect his voice, when he said, "Miss Grey!" but as he added, "Surely you remember the voice of an old friend?" she exclaimed,

"Mr. Campbell, or I am mistaken?"

"It is so, truly; and I am come in behalf of my little girls, to intreat your friendship towards them. It is now

seven months since they and their father—” Here the vicar paused. Ellen was herself affected; for she had long since heard of Mrs. Campbell’s death, and had regretted her, as the female whom of all others she had considered the most excellent: as one, beautiful without vanity, and amiable without any parade of goodness. Speaking quickly, she said,

“ If it is, Sir, that you wish me to be their governess, I shall indeed be most happy.”

“ Then I may hope to see you at the vicarage in a fortnight?”

“ Certainly, Sir: I am gratified more than I can express, that you think me worthy to take the charge of your little girls.”

“It was by the earnest desire of one I cannot name,” said the vicar, “that I made the application; and this is seconded by my own wishes. But you say that you will come, therefore I will call in the morning, and fix all with Mrs. La Grange.”

Ellen had now many little preparations to make for her journey into the country. She looked over her purse, and collected all her little sums together. She had seen the word *Money* in her father's book, and now wished to know why it was there; and she read the explanation :

“I trust that you feel a little independent, and pleased that you have gained your hoard by your own efforts. But it must not be squandered fool-

ishly, nor must the interest be lost: neither are your wishes to increase with your means. Consult a friend upon the proper mode of placing it out at just interest: keep by you merely that which you consider necessary, and take care that you purchase only those things that are absolutely useful. Never think of cheap bargains, but go to the most respectable persons—to those who are deemed most upright in their ways; for it is well to have people of principle to deal with, in whom you may confide. Never give unnecessary trouble, as the vain and the frivolous, asking for one thing and then another, just as the eye is attracted: and observe, as I have told you, always to dress suitably to

your station : useless ornaments and gay attire are unbecoming in a person who is dependent. A craving, too, for 'changeable suits of apparel,' frequently betrays vanity or weakness; nor is it proper for a person of lowly fortune to vie with the wealthy. They who have an abundance of worldly riches may adorn themselves in costly garments, if it be their pleasure; but when people of humble means exhibit expensive finery, their prudence may be justly disputed. Encourage, then, no lofty thoughts, or pride of heart: let it be your desire to walk quietly through the shady path of life, neither coveting perishable garments, nor an exalted station; nor make to yourself idols of any description, that may embitter your closing hours."

CHAP. IX.

As Ellen drew near her native village, the houses and the cottages were quite familiar; but they appeared to have dwindled into huts; whilst the mountains—they were more majestic, lofty, and bold. She did not consider that her eyes had been accustomed to great houses and noble mansions, but that “cloud-capt” hills had not for years bounded her sight. When she arrived at the vicarage, Mr. Campbell and his children came forth to welcome her; but there was an air of reserve in his manner that struck her forcibly.

Two female servants were peeping

between the iron rails of a gate that led from the lawn into the garden: he turned and looked sternly, and they instantly disappeared. As Ellen crossed the hall with the young people, they looked up and gazed at her as a stranger; nor did she recollect them: but four years make a wonderful difference with children. There were no lisping accents; or, "I do love dear Miss Grey;" or, "Miss Ellen is come;" but they were reserved and distant. In the course of the evening, however, they became very familiar and loving with her, except Miss Campbell: she had assumed that appearance of haughty indifference, which some young people weakly imagine gives them conse-

quence; but they have not an idea how unimportant their stateliness is to others; or how attractive unaffected, obliging manners are with youth.

The childish pride of the daughter did not give a moment's uneasiness to Ellen: but she was surprised at the change in Mr. Campbell. His countenance, too, she thought was altered; that it had lost its usual expression of benevolence and good-will to others. The change in manner towards herself she ascribed to her dependent state. "But we do not form our own lot in life," she said to herself, "though it is our duty to prove that we consider we are under the influence of a directing Providence, who modifies our state, not to our anxious or our presumptuous

wishes, nor to any of our desires, but according to his wisdom." She could not, however, reconcile it to her mind, that she was in the house of one who had been her father's kind friend, and she was sorry that so sensible and good a man should be subject to any weakness.

The following evening Ellen went down to the cottage. As she descended the narrow pathway amongst the rocks, she stopped to gaze at every object around her: they all reminded her of the days of her youth, and many reflections crowded to her mind.

When she arrived at the cottage, she looked in at the window; every thing was in its proper place,

even her old work-basket was upon its usual stand under the table; and her father's spectacle case, newly brightened, upon the old family Bible, and Martha was seated at her knitting. Ellen tapped hastily at the window :

“ My good Martha, do you not see me ? ” she exclaimed ; but as she entered the cottage, she found that her father's old servant was troubled.

“ Indeed, Miss Ellen, ” said Martha, as she came slowly forward, “ I took it unkind that you did not come to the cottage last night. I have waited long and anxiously for you ; but I began to think that it was just the way of the world : so I made up my mind not to grieve at it, though I feel it. ”

“ You must excuse me, indeed, Martha,” said Ellen, earnestly : “ I told the coachman to stop at the pathway ; but when I looked down at the cottage, and saw the smoke curling among the rocks, I was quite simple, for I felt that I could have wept bitterly ; so I told the man to go on. But I am sorry to say time has not improved your looks.”

“ Ah, Miss Ellen !” said Martha, “ my eyes are becoming dim, and I am becoming old : but now you are returned, my spirits will be more cheerful, for I have been lonely and sorrowful, for want of some one I loved to talk to, for I have lost even poor old Tray.”

Ellen took hold of Martha's arm, and led her into the parlour.

“Come, sit down in my father's arm-chair, and tell me; have you no one with you to take care of you?”

Here Martha gave a long account of Mr. Campbell's kindness; but that she had been obliged to give up lodgers, for her sight was failing.

“But why did you not let me know how you were situated?” asked Ellen.

“Do you think, my good Martha, that I would not have done all in my power to have made you happy? However poor I had been, surely I could have spared something for you. I would have been covetous in every thing for myself, rather than you should have wanted any comfort.”

“ Mr. Campbell told me,” said Martha, “ that I must look up to no one but himself: I knew, Miss Ellen, that I should but distress you, and our good vicar is a friend to all the helpless.”

“ I firmly believe that he is so ; and may his good deeds return in tenfold blessings upon his family,” said Ellen.

When Ellen returned to the vicarage, she wished to thank Mr. Campbell for his kindness to Martha ; but perceived that his countenance was gloomy, so was silent.

On the Sabbath morning, when entering the church-yard with the children, several farmers and cottagers took off their hats to Ellen, and moved respectfully. “ It is her indeed !” and “ how

she is altered!" "what a nice genteel young lady she is:" these remarks were uttered in a low tone.

Some of the poor parishioners that were in the porch dropped a curtsey, with their blessing; she returned the salutation with kindness, and with a serious countenance entered the aisle: but her attention was soon fixed upon a plain marble tablet close to the altar.

"To the memory of John Grey, Curate of this parish: a man who was earnest in prayer; earnest in good works: the people of this village, with one heart, have united to erect this tablet in remembrance of his worth."

For a few moments Ellen was grieved; but the idea that her father

was remembered with gratitude soon composed her thoughts.



CHAP. X.

DURING the first ten months of Ellen's residence at the vicarage she felt that she was in the house of a stranger, and not with one who had formerly treated her with friendly affability. Sometimes she was disposed to repine at her lot; but her father had said, "always look to your own conduct, Ellen; and ever remember that regret follows rash resolves." Whenever his words occurred to her mind, a friendly voice seemed to admonish her to go on with cheerfulness.

One evening, however, she retired into the school-room with a mind thoroughly disquieted; and her father's little book she quickly opened, to look for the word *Unkindness*, and read: "you have heard, perhaps, the harsh rebuke, or a scornful taunting speech from a person whom you highly esteem; you wonder how such things can be. My dear Ellen, people judge of acts either from their feelings, or from the strength or weakness of their understanding, or from prejudice. Persons with irritable tempers speak warmly and rashly: the sullen, often contemptuously; and even the best disposed will say things they afterwards repent having said. But, from the warmth of

our own feelings, we are ourselves frequently unjust to the persons we most regard. We exalt them high above all the people of the earth, making their ways perfect, and their hearts the seat of all perfection: and then, when we behold the failings of temper, we secretly tax them with unkindness or injustice, and say, 'how I have been deceived!' not considering that the fault was altogether in the devices of our own imagination. But turn your thoughts to yourself. Do you never transgress the law of kindness, or think of others with bitterness, or dwell upon their faults with contempt? If you secretly exalt yourself, or secretly condemn others, you are more blamable than persons

who utter forth their anger with disdain.

“ Knowing your own imperfections, strive to be at peace with those around you: the conduct of others will be of no moment to you, when the hour of your departure from earth draws nigh. Ever keep this in remembrance, and how short life is, either for kindness or unkindness, or for joy or sorrow. It has been compared to the bubble upon the stream; to the flight of a bird through the air; to the grass that is cut down in the valley; but when we compare life with eternity, there is scarcely any object in the world sufficiently striking to prove the shortness of its duration. Let not then the trivial unkindness of others, or the

evils of a moment, or the opinions of the illiberal or the foolishly haughty, rest upon your mind."

Ellen closed the book, and opened the window. The waves were slowly breaking against the rocks, and all around her seemed tranquil. It has been remarked, that the mind is often affected with outward objects. When she looked at the flowing waters and the towering rocks, she was ashamed that her thoughts had been fixed upon selfish, trifling troubles.

It was her usual hour for reading, and she took up the "Pleasures of Memory," and the "Pleasures of Hope:" the characters of the authors she admired, but to hope her heart inclined. As she opened the book her

father's poem recurred to her mind. It had been given to Mr. La Grange to do the best he could with it, but she was not sanguine about its success. She had heard so much of the power of patronage, so much of the influence of a name, of the necessity of support from respectable publishers, and of friends amongst reviewers, with various other causes, that her hopes were very moderate. But it might produce a small sum, and as she judged that she should soon leave Mr. Campbell's family, concluded that it would be her best plan to educate six young ladies, and have the cottage furnished in a more modern style. She was attached to her native village, and thought that few could surpass it in

beautiful scenery ; but knew that her temper was so constituted, that she could neither lead an inactive life, nor a life of solitude.

Early the following morning Mr. Campbell went from home, and he did not return for five weeks. On the evening of his arrival he presented a parcel to Ellen, stating that it was from Mr. La Grange ; “ but that he had not a moment to exchange words with him.”

From the size and the shape she judged that it was a book, and possibly her father's Poem. As she was leaving the room, the Vicar requested that she would return to take supper with him.

“ I feel solitary after my journey,”

said he. He sighed as he looked around. "It was not always thus: home, however, is valuable, even without its best comfort; for I have still my little girls: and as he said this, he kissed Fanny, his youngest child, with affection.

"I will return with pleasure, Sir:" said Ellen; and she hastened into the school-room to open her parcel. She found a letter from Mr. La Grange, and the Poem. Her eyes glistened as she read the work. "These were indeed my father's thoughts!" she said to herself. "I almost fancy that I hear him speak! Every line reminds me of him!" Scarcely had she finished the perusal, when a servant told her that the supper was ready. With a

cheerful countenance and a light step she descended the stairs, with the book in her hand. She presented the Poem to Mr. Campbell. "Will you favour me, Sir," said she "with the perusal of this little book?"

"Undoubtedly:" and when he opened it, his eyes seemed to rest upon the title page. "You have indeed favoured me! Tired as I am, I will not go to rest until I have traced your father's thoughts. But why did you not acquaint me with the circumstance? did you not think me worthy of confidence, or that I had no interest in the work of a man I so highly esteemed?—I perceive how it is—you think that I have been harsh, or unkind; but my mind has been a little

disturbed ; and it was upon a subject that I could not communicate to you."

" I own, Sir," said Ellen, " that I have been surprised, and sometimes affected at your conduct. Had I given cause for displeasure, or acted contrary to your wishes, I think, Sir, you should have told me: our own thoughts or vexations should never make us severe or unjust to persons in any degree dependent upon us."

" Miss Grey, you do not know all that has harassed my mind."

" But tell me, Sir," and she spoke in a low tone, and with a trembling voice, " have I, in any instance, given just cause for rebuke? I only wish to be judged as you would wish your

own daughter to be judged were she in my dependent state.”

“ Surely you are not in anger?”

“ Oh no, Sir: it has all passed away, and I hope it will be forgotten.”

“ Not only be forgotten, but it shall never be repeated. But give me your hand in token of forgiveness, and let the past be ‘ as a tale that has been told.’ ”

From this evening Ellen was at peace with herself, and with all around her: for she was treated with uniform kindness and respect. She soon heard the glad tidings of the success of her father’s poem, and her spirits were unusually cheerful: they were indeed so highly raised,

that she opened her little book for the word *Hope*. But how was she disappointed when she read, " Never encourage vain hopes, Ellen ; they will weary your spirits, and discomfit all your ways. Look well to the nature of them before you give them welcome, or they will prove intruding guests, that you cannot dismiss at pleasure."

Ellen concluded that she would neither indulge false hopes nor simple regrets: for she considered that hope that was excited by vanity could only deceive.

CHAP. XI.

AMONGST the visitors that frequented the vicarage was a Mrs. Lindley, who had taken a cottage at the sea-side, for the accommodation of herself and her daughter during the bathing season.

The young lady was beautiful, and highly accomplished; and from Mr. Campbell's attention to her, and assiduity in obliging her mother, it was generally concluded that she was to be his wife.

One Sabbath morning, as Ellen was leaving the church, she saw Martha at a little distance, walking very feebly. She hastened to her, for her

pupils were with Mrs. Lindley and her daughter, and she desired that she would take her arm. But this Martha refused, saying that she had only a field to cross, for that she had long promised to dine with Catharine Lane.

“Then I will walk with you,” said Ellen.

As they were stepping over a stile into the field, she turned her head, and beheld Mr. Campbell, and the ladies leaning upon his arms, coming slowly up the church-yard. Ellen entered the cottage with Martha, and whilst she was there an old farmer with a shrewd countenance came in. “Aye!” said he, in a satirical tone, “Our Vicar is fairly taken-in, with yellow feathers and a gay flowing

robe ! The damsel puts me in mind of our peacock !”

“ O fie, Jonathan !” said Catharine Lane, “ how can you speak in this sneering way of Mr. Campbell, or the young lady ! and don’t you see that Miss Grey is here ?”

“ I beg Miss Grey’s pardon, but I was thinking of the shewy young woman who sits at the head of the Vicar’s pew, with her staring mother. I am sure the old lady never thinks of her prayers, when she is gazing at the people.”

“ And I fear, Jonathan,” said Martha, “ that you never think of yours, when you are gazing at the strangers ; but, as you have been in church, your

thoughts should not turn on vanity, and ridiculing those above you."

"I was thinking of the church, no one can deny. Pray is not every minister's wife looked up to by her husband's flock, as a pattern of that which is right and proper? And is not our Vicar's lady always thought the first in our village, pray? Now if she comes to church decked out in many fine, flaunting colours, don't you think that the young maidens will be minding her gewgaws more than their prayers?"

"Well, Jonathan," said Catharine, "it will be quite time enough to think of this when the beautiful young lady is the pastor's wife."

"Beauty!" cried Jonathan, "I

beg, Catharine Lane, that you will look at this old button on my old coat. On my wedding day it was shining and glossy, and very pretty to look at: but see how it is tarnished now! And so it is with beauty: it is very goodly to admire, but its brightness won't last longer than this old button, and when it is once gone, who can lacker it up again, in this world, I wish to know? No, no: give me that that will stand all times and seasons, even though it should be a little roughly cast."

"But it is not for us to chuse," said Catharine: "every heart makes its own choice; it is only the simple who wills for another, and only One who is mighty to will, that can make good

any person's will. But excuse me, Miss Grey, for making so free in your presence."

As Ellen was leaving the cottage, the old man looked after her. "Aye, madam," said he, "whoever comes or goes, you have our best wishes, for your good father's sake: he was a preacher that did one's heart good. When he read the Word, I could have listened to him for ever: but now I am drowsy, and can't keep my eyes open, do what I will."

"But you have your eyes open when you are watching the lady," said Catharine. "I fear, Jonathan, you are becoming a careless hearer, and love to find fault with your pastor; you pay your mite too grudgingly, and we

know that we should neither shut our eyes nor our hands against those who teach us our duty; nor should we fail in due respect and honour.”

“Catharine Lane, you are becoming quite a methodist!” said Jonathan, with contempt.

“So people say, Jonathan, when they quarrel with that which is right and becoming: and I hold it to be the duty of people to respect their teachers, and not to speak slightingly of them.”

CHAP. XII.

ELLEN was pleased with Mrs. Lindley and her daughter, from the first day they dined at the Vicarage: she considered them ladies, not only in appearance, but in manner likewise. One evening, however, this opinion rather changed. Mrs. Lindley looked at her some time in an inquisitive manner, and then exclaimed, “your mother was a Miss Barnet, I believe.”

Ellen blushed and looked confused; but Mr. Campbell instantly said, “I think she was.”

“O! I could not be mistaken—there is a resemblance, though a plain

one : Miss Grey has the same black eyes, but her mother was beautiful. I hope, however, that the young lady will never be as abandoned as she was. Poor Mr. Grey, every one pitied his miserable fate ! But what became of her ? for I never heard any particulars, but that she had left him greatly in debt."

" Miss Grey," said Mr. Campbell, " go down to the cottage : Martha wishes, I think, to see you this evening. I will send a servant for you, so you will have no occasion to be in haste to return."

Ellen lost no time in hastening to the cottage. She knew that it was in vain to look for the word mother in *Rules for Conduct*. The moment she

beheld Martha, she exclaimed, "O, Martha, I beg that you will tell me all—and every thing respecting my mother."

Martha looked at her with surprise. "Why this strange wish to know her fate, Miss Ellen? You must, however, excuse me—the grave has long been your mother's dwelling—let her faults die with her."

"But you do not know the suspense I am in! Abandoned! O, what a word!"—here a burst of tears gushed forth.

"Miss Ellen! is this you who are so violent? I fear there is more pride in this grief, than sorrow for your mother. How different was my kind master!—but it is a sorrowful tale—I

will not dwell upon it, so ask me no questions, Miss Ellen. Only think a moment: what end can it answer, to speak evil, either of the living or the dead?"

"Not another word, my good Martha: I know that I have been wrong, but I will never mention the subject again. I was mortified and affected, and forgot my father's advice altogether."

Ellen returned to the cottage with a dejected spirit. Convinced, however, that it had been her father's desire that she should not know the events that had distressed him, she was resolved to subdue her own wishes on the subject, and fortunately she did not see Mrs. Lindley again for three weeks.

She was now persuaded that Mr. Campbell's past conduct had originated in his opinion of her mother. "But why should we experience unkindness," she said to herself, "for the unhappy failings of our friends? Surely it is contrary to that merciful love of justice, which, as Christians, we should ever maintain. And if we look into our own hearts, I believe we shall all find that we have cause to mourn, without being severe upon the faults of others."

One evening when Ellen was seated at her sewing, Mrs. Lindley entered the school-room, followed by her daughter. "Excuse me, Miss Grey,"

said she, " Mr. Campbell says there is a fine prospect from this window ; and as my daughter is an admirable painter, she wishes to have a view of it."

Ellen respectfully offered her a chair ; but the young lady hastily exclaimed, " No, no : we do not want chairs to view prospects ;" and she rushed rather rudely past Ellen to the window. " O, how lovely !" she cried. I never beheld any thing so varied and so beautiful as those hills ! The colours in the sky seem blended to unite with them ! How tranquil, too, and silvery the sea is ; only one little skiff gliding along ! But this frightful church-yard : O, it makes me melancholy !"

" My love !" said Mrs. Lindley, in

a low tone, "the church yard might be easily removed: and think what a charming breakfast-room this would make."

"I don't know, mamma; for if my eyes caught the hills, and the river, I should still think of my grave—and it makes me shudder! The country is very delightful, but I should soon be wearied even of this romantic scenery. It is glowing and lovely now, but what will it be when the rain and the hail descend? dreary enough then, I am sure. And another thing, I should not like to turn the young woman out of her place: I think you said that she was the governess."

"O, my love,—" here Mrs. Lindley said something in a whisper, and then

added, "not for the world say that you are tired of the country."

Mr. Campbell now entered the room, and Mrs. Lindley expressed much surprise that he had not reserved this apartment for himself. "It would be a delightful breakfast room! I have just made this observation to my daughter: but perhaps, Miss Grey, you consider yourself stationary?" and Mrs. Lindley looked steadfastly at Ellen.

"No, madam: only as a tenant at the will of Mr. Campbell."

"Then you would be agreeable to resign, should a more suitable person offer?"

"Certainly," said Ellen.

"But I shall be difficult to please,"

added Mr. Campbell, "should Miss Grey leave us: whoever offers for these premises must bring an undeniable character."

"For what?" asked Mrs. Lindley, impetuously.

"For kindness and consideration: and I believe they must have few warring passions with the world."

"O, then, Sir, Caroline is the very person to succeed this young lady, for she thinks very little of the world."

"Pardon me, mamma, you are quite mistaken! I am extremely partial to it; particularly to Paris. But I do not quite understand Mr. Campbell's words; indeed I never was with people who talk of righteousness and such things."

“ Rather with people who never consider that they are accountable beings,” said Mr. Campbell, “ or reflect that they are to take heed to their ways ; not to spend life altogether in useless pleasures : for we are to act in all things as looking forward, not only to the time that we are to lie down in the dust, but to the period when perfect felicity or sorrow will be our portion.”

“ But I should be miserable, Sir, with these gloomy thoughts. How could I enjoy the world or its pleasures ? I am sure I should be in terror at my own shadow.”

“ My dear Miss Lindley, you would be quite the reverse : your spirits would be light as the mountain air :

unless our hopes are raised above this life, it may be said that we wander here in a wilderness of sin."

"These are the two words to which I have so great an objection: there is something so gloomy in a wilderness, and so very contracted in sin."

"True, my dear Miss Lindley: only you view them in one sense, I in another. But what does Miss Grey say upon the subject?"

"I have not a word to offer, Sir," said Ellen.

Mrs. Lindley looked at her with high contempt: but at this moment Ellen was called out of the room by one of her pupils.

"What a plain young woman that is," said Miss Lindley; "so uncom-

monly dark : really, I cannot forget her !”

“ I allow that Miss Grey has not that ‘ ignoble beauty,’ described by one of our great moral authors,” said Mr. Campbell ; “ but I cannot admit that she is plain, for there is something of mind in her countenance. Miss Grey, I am persuaded, is a strictly religious young woman ; and, say what we will of accomplishments, unless the mind be exalted in this point of view, there will be something to disappoint us even in the finest face. However beautiful the external form and features have been, I have ever found it the case when this expression was wanting.”

Mr. Campbell walked down to the

cottage with the ladies, but from this evening he was rarely seen with them. He had made his own private observations, and they were not altogether in their favour. But where he could not esteem, he forbore to censure. He knew that many females were formed to shine in fashionable life, and delight by their appearance and gaiety of manner in a ball room, who would be miserable companions in a retired country place in the gloomy winter months.

Ellen had occasion one evening to go down to the cottage, and as it was extremely sultry, on her return she sat upon one of the rocks, to enjoy the breeze from the sea.

Whilst her eyes were fixed upon a

vessel that was sailing smoothly along she was suddenly startled by Mr. Campbell, who exclaimed, "I thought that I should have found you at the cottage. However, it is of no consequence where I find you, provided that you attend to all I have to say, and give a favourable answer."

Ellen had a trembling, uncomfortable feeling—but did not attempt to speak. She listened with anxiety, and fear, and hope, to every word. At length she exclaimed, in an anxious tone: "but my mother, Sir,—will these be always your thoughts?"

"From this hour," said Mr. Campbell, "I shall forget the past, as far as relates to her; and I have to intreat that you will forget the past, as far

as relates to myself, unless all that I have just now declared.”

Let it suffice, that Mr. Campbell gained a promise from Ellen—to be his for life. With what pleasure did she look towards her father’s cottage when the words passed her lips! The sun was descending in majesty, and there seemed to her eyes a bright glowing light over the old castle, and the home of her childhood: but it was her own mind that was joyful, and it gave animation to all the scenery.

After seeing Ellen in London, at the time he engaged her to educate his children, Mr. Campbell heard a lamentable account of her mother’s

depravity. He thought that he could never place the daughter of a female who had transgressed all the bounds of decorum, over them. But as he had, unfortunately, as he considered, engaged her, he was resolved to be as distant as possible. In his anxiety to do this his manner had often been unkind. He had blamed himself for injustice, but still erred. On the evening, however, that he received her father's poem there was a change in his thoughts: and when he had perused it, all his feelings seemed softened into good-will towards Ellen; but it was not until he had contrasted her with one who had every external advantage, that he seriously considered that she was of consequence to his happiness.

CHAP. XIII.

WHEN Ellen retired to her chamber, she fancied that she had been quite in a dream. “She, so plain, to be preferred to one so lovely! O,” she thought, “how I will strive to be worthy of the preference! No selfish thoughts shall occupy my mind; I will give my whole heart to my duties!”

With much agitation she opened her father’s book, for a sentence towards which her eyes had sometimes glanced: this was—*Advice before Marriage*. And she read, “Methinks I see my dear Ellen hastily turning over the

leaves of my book for this passage : ponder then upon my words ; though they will not be as maxims of wisdom, they will be those of truth ; and counsel from those we have loved is always acceptable.

“ In the early days of marriage, the youthful bride fondly imagines that the tenderness of her husband will be a safeguard from all troubles ; but the illusion passes away, and age and its cares steal upon her.

“ Regardless of yourself, let it be your chief aim to promote the happiness of your husband : for experience will convince you, that it is by forbearance, affection, and prudent conduct, that esteem will be perpetuated in his heart ; keep your mind, then,

undisturbed, and think of your duties.

“ Take care that you act, not as a thoughtless, extravagant wife, but as a faithful steward to your husband. Be just to his virtues, and all that is imperfect in his temper carefully conceal. When you see his brow clouded, never harass his spirits with trifling questions, but wait patiently till the smile and kindness return. Should he, by his avocation, be called from home, and delays the time of return beyond your hopes, never appear fretful or sullen, but treat him as a kind friend, whose happiness is your chief concern.

“ Govern your servants with steady sway. In the manner by which you

rule, prove that you have the knowledge and experience of age, with the artlessness of youth. Be indulgent to them as far as consistent with prudence, but keep the government always in your own hands: never make them advisers, but shew kindness when they require your aid.

“ However bright your husband’s worldly prospects may be, bound your own desires, nor give up valuable time to frivolous pursuits. Should his circumstances be confined, or losses attend him in trade, draw all your expenses into the smallest compass: and, in lieu of spending hours in slothfulness and folly, with active exertion lessen the burthen of his cares. Think not of the world and its pleasures with-

out, but give your thoughts to the little world, your dwelling: there, with profitable employment, let time be wisely spent.

“ Let not froward passions gain possession of the hearts of your children; teach them early the law of obedience, and they will love and honour you through life. Many objects are beautiful to behold; but there is not one more so than a good mother, surrounded with happy, well-disciplined children; but the stubborn, the wilful, and the brawling, cause anger; and in later life, sorrow indeed. May it be your pride, then, (if any pride is to be indulged), to govern all your household with discretion; that the heart of your husband may ever incline to-

wards home, as the place where peace and happiness prevail. And remember, that, next to the Christian graces, a cheerful, equal temper is necessary in married life; not that mirth which proceeds from a thoughtless disposition, but a tempered liveliness, that leads others to partake of your joy. But in all things try to conciliate the regard of those around you, particularly his regard who will be the kindest of all friends—one tenderly interested for you. Acquaint yourself with his disposition; and with sincerity, above all dissembling, fulfil your duties; and place your confidence in Him who can give you strength of mind to resist evil, whatever shape it may assume.”

Ellen read her father's advice and ruminated upon it, and secretly concluded not to forget his counsels. She retired to rest with happy spirits, never thinking that another day of vexation would attend her.

Ellen perceived a striking change in the manners of her pupils; it seemed their pleasure to provoke, or at least they tried to irritate. When they were at their lessons, one would look at her with a vacant countenance; another would answer in a pert or sullen tone; a third would whisper to her sisters, and with a mortified expression upon her features smile with contempt.

Ellen was surprised at their conduct: for hitherto they had pleased her in all their ways: except Miss Campbell, in whom she had sometimes observed a certain degree of pride and haughtiness. The young lady was fond of talking of her carriage, and her servants, and her great relations, and seemed to look upon every one in the village as infinitely beneath her.

Ellen had said, "it is generally weak people who pride themselves upon these things: you never hear your papa say 'my carriage,' in a pompous style. He knows that so many persons in England have carriages, and servants, and great relations, that he would consider it just

as simple to lay a stress upon the words 'my,' and 'our,' when speaking of them, as to place the emphasis on the pronouns, 'he,' 'she,' and 'it,' in reading: the article 'the,' my dear, can never be pronounced with consequence."

It was soon evident to Ellen, that the young people had been informed of the marriage that was to take place. She found Miss Campbell alone in the school-room, tearing the leaf of a copy-book, and with a look of contempt scattering the pieces over the school-room floor.

"What is the meaning of this behaviour?" Ellen asked. The young lady continued tearing the leaf, and

without raising her eyes, said in a careless tone,

“ Nothing, ma’am ; nothing.”

“ Nothing,” returned Ellen “ always means something ; and generally something that we are ashamed to acknowledge. But I will explain the affair for you ; you are troubled and angry that I am to be your papa’s wife.”

“ Oh, no, Miss Grey ; you are quite mistaken. I was only thinking of my own dear, dear mamma—and her death, and all about it!” This was uttered in a rapid tone of passionate exclamation.

“ Do not say this. You cannot think seriously of one who was so gentle, and so excellent, and give

way to violent passions ; were you to remember your mamma as she was worthy of remembrance, your temper would be softened and subdued. Whatever are your thoughts, my dear, children have in general great cause to be grateful to a stepmother, for many cares, and much kindness. They cannot have a proper sense of duty, or sincere affection for their father, when they treat the person with contempt, whom he regards. You think that I am highly honoured in being the person whom your papa has preferred—and perhaps I think as you do : but I am not elated merely with worldly prospects ; it is your papa's admirable character, Miss Campbell,

that I prize, and for which I feel grateful and honoured in his choice; and it is my wish to prove my gratitude for the preference, in my endeavours to make his family happy. But this I can never do, unless his children look up to me with affectionate respect, and are obedient to all my commands. Is it your intention to do this?"

"Oh, Miss Grey! believe me, I will be every thing to you that I would have been to my mamma."

"I hope you will," said Ellen; "for it is impossible that you can be happy, when you try to teaze, and perplex, and offend others. Children, I know, my dear, are often prejudiced; they look upon a stepmother

with a jealous eye, and her kindest actions are frequently misrepresented. But the opinions of others will have no weight with me; you must not expect, therefore, any weak compliance with your humours on my part, or any false indulgences. But, if I know my temper, you will never find me deficient in affectionate consideration for your happiness. I shall act at all times just as I should act were it possible for your mamma to behold me; and I trust you will not lead your sisters into error, for of themselves they will not offend."

"Oh, Miss Grey, I love you, I am sure, as much as they do!"

As Miss Campbell said this, she

hastened from the school-room; and in a few minutes returned with her sisters. They ran impatiently to Ellen; and Fanny sobbing, exclaimed,

“ I will never be naughty again; but love my dear Miss Grey for ever and ever !”

Ellen kissed her affectionately. “ Come, my little girl, we must think no more about it.”

“ But, Miss Grey,” cried one of the little girls, “ won’t you tell papa that we have been rude? and then he will be angry; I’m sure he will, for he told us to be so good !”

“ No, my dear,” said Ellen; “ no tales whatever, either of you or your sisters, at any time; we will keep all

faults to ourselves, and not make papa either angry or uneasy : but I know that you will be good children. And now, I have a little secret to tell you :—it was your mamma's particular wish that I should be your mother :—remember this !”

The children with tears intreated that she would forget all their faults, and they assured her they would never vex her again—“no, never.”

The following morning they entered the school-room with cheerful countenances ; and as Ellen looked at them during the day, she thought, “now I have no fears.”

CHAP. XIV.

ELLEN was the first to rise on her wedding morning. She looked through the casement: but all was silent as the inhabitants of the grave. The grey mist hung sluggishly upon the tops of the mountains; the river seemed a broad plain of vapour; nor could she distinguish any object clearly.

At length, the birds began to twitter beneath the roof; she heard the farmer boy's shrill whistle as he passed the church-yard gate; the mist was dispersing; the white sails were seen in the distant landscape, and the sun burst forth in glory.

“ And this is the morning of my marriage !” said Ellen to herself ; and at the moment she felt almost sorrowful : but she quickly dressed herself in her new garments, and as she looked upon the glass, earnestly wished that she were handsome. “ But it is only to appear well in his eyes, who will be ever so in mine.” Her eyes glanced again upon the mirror, and she fancied that she was unusually plain this morning ; but considering it vanity to be so solicitous for that which fades so soon, with the hope of turning her mind from the subject she hastily opened her work-bag for her father’s little book, to look at *The Wedding Morning*. This she had fre-

quently seen, but had always remembered her father's words; and in truth, thought that it would be simple to search for a sentence that would be of no use to herself in the explanation.

But now with some emotion she read, "And this is my dear Ellen's wedding morning; propitious be the day! for it is the day that will probably decide her fate for life.

"And now you are advancing to the altar, supported by him who is to be your support through every change; who is to be your comforter in sorrow, and your friend at all times.

"The sun-beams dart through the gothic windows to greet you on your way; you are kneeling on the steps

at the altar. I see the ring placed upon your finger; hear the clergyman piously bestow his benediction, and the next moment you receive the kiss of tenderness, and the blessing of your husband.

“ How do my own words recal one joyful hour of my life! Ah, Ellen! look up to your husband alone for happiness; let his word be as a law to your heart. Let not flatterers deceive you, nor listen to any praise but from the lips of him to whom your fate is bound.

“ And now you enter his dwelling, and from this hour all your joys and your griefs are interwoven with the partner of your life. Should he have

children, regard them as your own : protect them, love them, and never let them feel the loss of a mother.

“ In the union you have formed, new connexions are likewise added : be careful, then, to treat the friends dear to your husband with unremitting kindness. You are no longer a solitary being, to study your own ease alone ; all your actions will now be of importance to others. Give up then selfish feelings and pursuits that have attached you, if they interfere with your usefulness as a wife.

“ Oh, may you ever preserve the character in its most amiable point of view ; mingling affection with your duties, and endearing yourself to your husband by your virtues.

“ My pen lingers upon the paper. Now, when I am taking my farewell—not of the world, but of my dearest Ellen:—she who has been my comfort and blessing upon earth. I feel that I have a thousand fond and tender remembrances to crowd into the closing page: but I will not cast a gloom over this, I trust, happy day; I will hope that when your probation upon earth is finished, that we shall meet with joy in heaven. Farewell, my dearest Ellen.”

Never had Ellen felt more affected than at the moment she closed the book, and with it her father's admonition.

Scarcely had she recovered herself when the bell rang for breakfast. She

slipped on her neat white bonnet and veil, and walked into the breakfast room. No one was there: so she opened the window, that was shaded with ivy, and gazed at the distant landscape, rich in mountain scenery. Her eyes turned upon the village church; but at this moment the partner of her future life and his daughters entered the room.

“ My dearest Miss Grey,” said Mr. Campbell, “ here are your little handmaids prepared to go with us to the church.”

“ Yes,” cried Fanny, “ dear Miss Grey, do look what smart white-ribbon roses we have got! and don't you like our new bonnets?”

Mr. Campbell affectionately pre-

sented his children to her: she kissed them tenderly.

“ O, Sir,” said she, with a faltering voice, “ they shall be my maids this morning, and in future I will be their affectionate and tender mother; to make them and you happy will be the study, the delight of my life.”

Peter, one of the servants, now entered the room with a joyful countenance. “ Please your honour, Sir,” said he, “ the old gentleman is in the drawing-room, and has just got out of the coach.”

Mr. Campbell hastened to welcome the clergyman.

When Ellen entered the hall she found the servants there neatly dressed, waiting to attend them to the

church; only a cow-boy was left to take care of the house, and he slipped out a few minutes to gaze at the party.

When the ceremony was over, and they were passing through the porch, Fanny looked up at Peter as she said, "O, Peter, how droll! we have been in the church, and papa never went into the pulpit!"

"Hush, hush, Miss Fanny! your papa has been to be married, and you must now love Miss Grey dearly, for she is your mamma!"

Several of the villagers were in the church-yard, dressed in their Sunday clothes; and many blessings were uttered in a low but fervent tone.

Mr. Campbell told them to come to

the lawn in the evening ; “ and I will make you happy,” said he, “ if it be in my power to make you so.”

The first object Ellen beheld, upon entering her house, was Martha ; but before she could speak the Vicar joyfully exclaimed, “ Welcome to your home, my dearest Ellen : may you never know a moment’s sorrow that I can prevent.”

And here I take leave of my young readers, wishing they may view this work as I intend it.

THE END.

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