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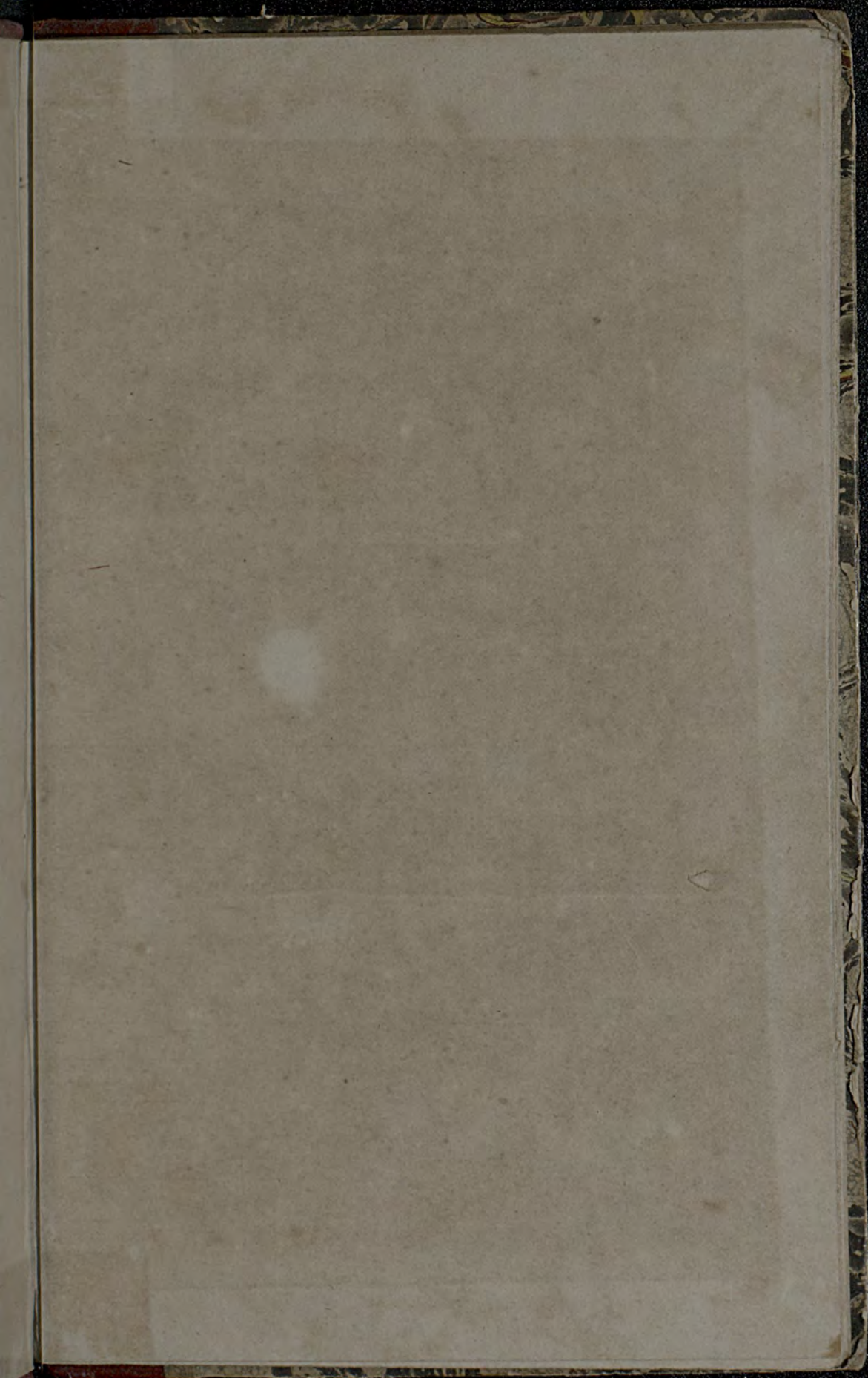
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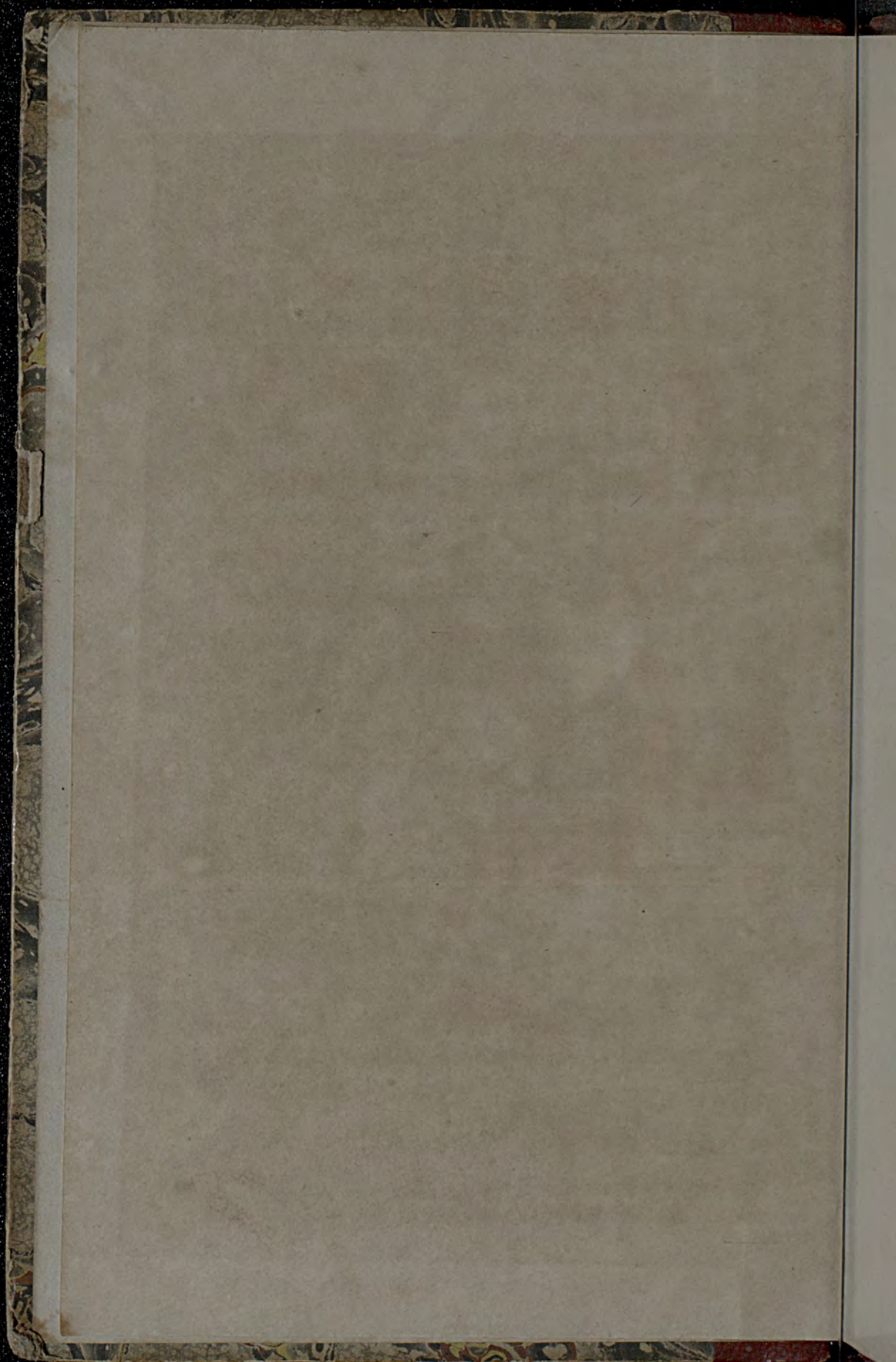
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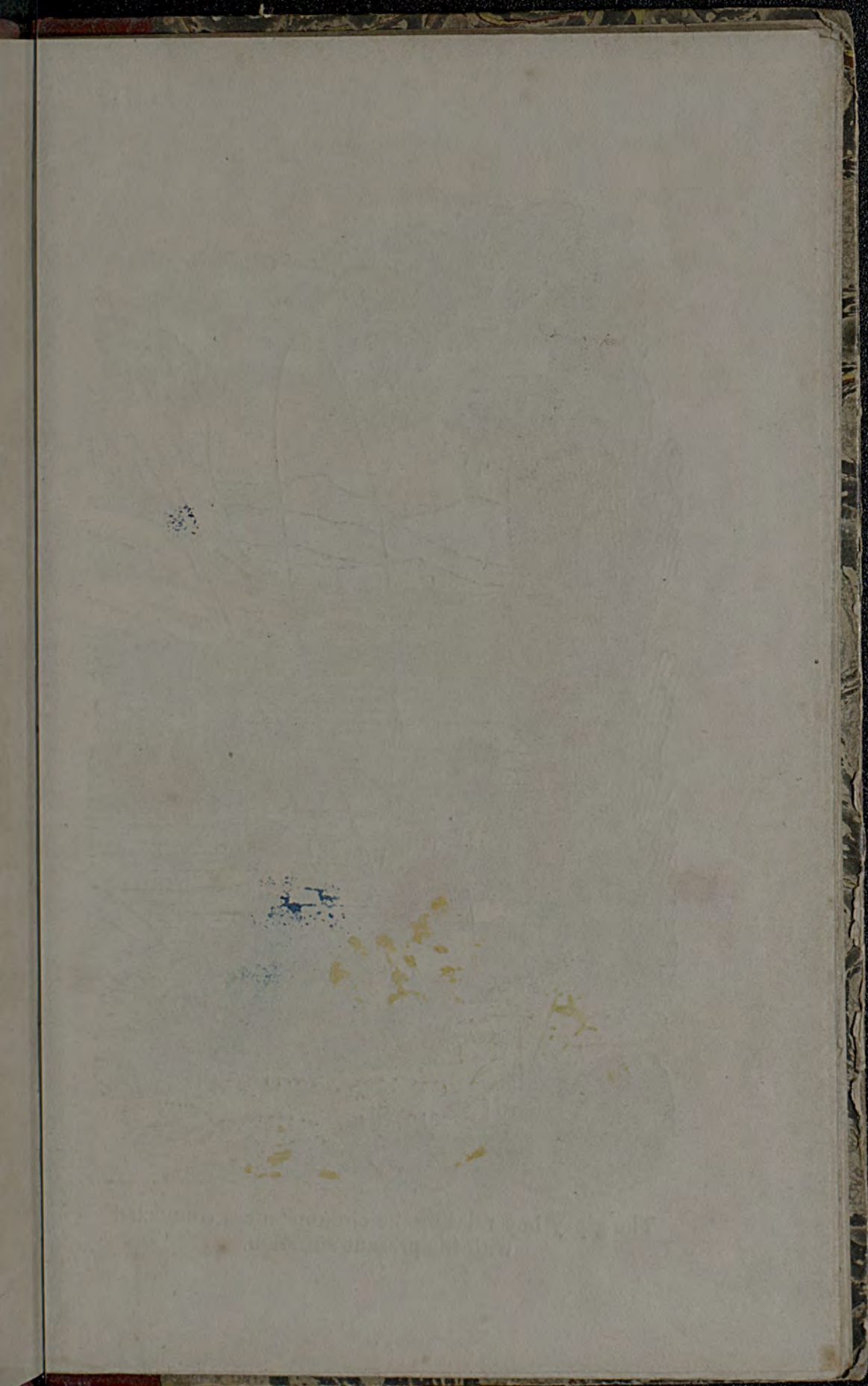
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'The gipsy boy relating the circumstances connected with his present situation.

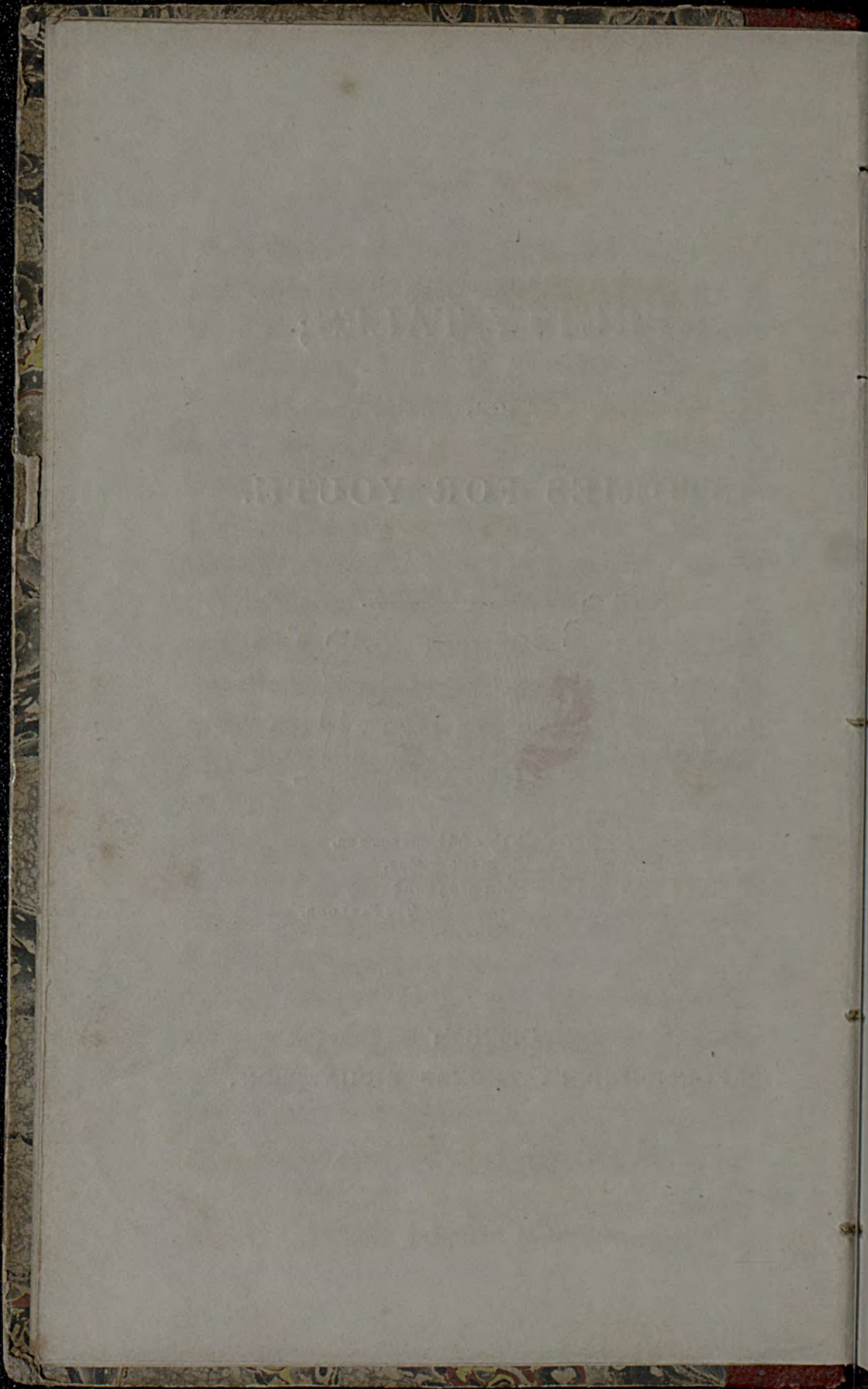
PRETTY TALES;
OR,
STORIES FOR YOUTH.



When evening's cheerful hours come on,
Where do we join in tale or song,
Till all begin to tire and yawn?

The PARLOUR.

DERBY:
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS RICHARDSON.



PRETTY TALES;

OR,

Stories for Youth.

TALE I.

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frederic Giddy was, however, a youth of a very different disposition to either of the brothers; and was an acquaintance which Mr. Friendly did not wish to cultivate for his sons.

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

"And what right have you," asked Mr. Friendly, "to kill it?"

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

"And is that a reason," asked Mr. Friend-



ly, "why you should deprive a harmless creature of life? — what injury has it done you?"

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

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

"That beetle was under the care and protection of a divine Creator, who provided for

its wants, with the same goodness as he provides for yours. You have taken a life away you cannot restore; and the Almighty will punish those who are cruel to his creatures.

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

“Although an animal may appear noxious and disagreeable to the eyes of man, he is not, therefore, to exercise the power which God has given him over the animal creation, and destroy them at his pleasure.

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

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

“Many of the natives were bitten, and

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

“Not a day elapsed without several being brought in, and the shepherds had reason to believe that the species was extirpated.

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

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

“It was at length discovered, that those snakes fed on an herb of a very poisonous nature, and that in consequence of their being destroyed, the herb had risen to luxuriance, and the cattle eating of it, were poison-

ed; but, as soon as the snakes were restored, the herb disappeared, and the mortality amongst the cattle ceased.

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

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

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

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

The fly which skims the surface of the water is a delicious morsel for the fish; and the

frog, from which one would, perhaps, turn away with disgust, is the food of the ravenous pike.

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

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

As the party proceeded on their walk, they passed the cotton mills of Mr. —, and, on application, permission was granted to them to inspect this wonderful instance of human ingenuity.

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

He expostulated with Frederic on the

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

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

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

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

mals, will also be cruel to his fellow-creatures."

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

TALE II.

THE BED OF DEATH.

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

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

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



pressed a wish to be carried to the window, that he might once more see the trees under which they had played, and where he could point out to them some little memento of their joyous sports

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

He now requested to be conveyed to his bed. The coldness of death was creeping fast upon him; and as the rays of the setting

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

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

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

"Weep not for me, beloved mother," he said, "I am no longer ill." In a few moments afterwards he added, "I shall not remain in the grave; and when you and my father are dead, we shall meet again in heaven, where death no more can part us."

Having said these words, he lay for some minutes in a tranquil state; then suddenly

raised himself, sunk upon his pillow, and died. The last ray of the sun shone upon his pale countenance.

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

TALE III.

THE GIPSIES.

MR. Friendly being engaged with a party of friends, Edwin and Henry set out to spend an hour in fishing in a lake, situate about three miles from their father's house. On their arrival at the margin of the lake, they found a boy of rather prepossessing appearance, already engaged in fishing. They questioned him of the place of his abode, and on some other matters; and they disco-

voured such a candour and simplicity in his manners, that they seated themselves by him; and as in the answers which he gave them, some mysterious expressions had dropped from him, they requested him to relate to them the circumstances which brought him to his present situation.

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

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



tired, and wished to go to bed. I was told to have a little patience, and that we should soon be at home. Two or three hours, however, elapsed, and I was convinced I was going still further from home, and I burst into tears. Being overcome with fatigue, I soon after fell asleep; and I know not what further happened, until I awoke on the following morning, when I found myself lying on the ground under some trees. I knew not where I was, and I could scarcely recollect by what means I came into that situation. Finding myself alone, I cried bitterly for my mother; and some women came to me, who were so

brown and ugly, that my fears increased, and I cried still more than before. They tried to appease me, and offered me some victuals to eat. I know not how it happened, but in a short time I became composed; for one of the women behaved to me with the greatest kindness, and became in the future during my stay with them, the protectress from the ill-treatment of some of the gang. I was in a little time informed, that the persons with whom I associated were gipsies, and some of the lowest of that wandering tribe. We spent the greater part of the night in the woods, where we always lighted a fire, and we sang and danced to pass away the time. In the winter we slept in barns on the straw. In this manner I passed many years. They taught me songs and music, and I was soon a favourite with the whole gang."

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

"For the first half-year," answered the boy, "I thought of nothing but my parents,

and my brothers and sisters; by degrees, however, I became accustomed to the mode of life, and I looked upon the woods as my home."

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

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

last, prompted me to leave the wood, and I arrived at a village, where I obtained some food. I then travelled on, and lived several days by begging. At last I arrived at the door of the good man with whom I now live. I had not on that day touched any food. The rain had wetted me to the skin, and a dreadful night was coming fast upon me. I knocked at the door, and in a plaintive tone, I asked for a morsel of bread. I knocked several times, and at last the old man opened the door, and seeing me in such a piteous condition, he bade me enter. He gave me some food and dry clothes, and he made me a bed of straw. I never felt myself happier than on this night. I heard the rain beating against the window, and the wind blowing tempestuously; but the fatigue which I had lately suffered, made my sleep sound. The sun was high when I awoke, and I was preparing to pursue my journey; I had already opened the door, after having thanked the good man for his care and kindness, when he called me back and said, 'If I thought you faithful and honest, I would retain you in my service: I

am now in want of a youth of your age.' I promised to perform his orders in every respect, and I am certain he has had no reason to complain of me.

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

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

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

Night was now drawing on apace, and Edwin and Henry returned home, where, on their arrival, they related the story of the gipsy boy to their father, who, being struck with his adventures, made some mi

nute inquiries, and by advertisements, and other skilful measures, he at last discovered the parents of the youth, and he had the gratification of restoring a long-lost son to the arms of his disconsolate parents.



TALE IV.

THE NEST.

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

“Here is a beautiful sight, my sons,” said Mr. Friendly, as he pointed out the nest to them; “look how carefully the bird covers

the eggs with her plumage; her mate sits on an adjoining branch and sings. In a short time the female will be released from the care of sitting on her eggs; her nest will be filled with young, and her sole employment then will be providing for their support.

“This affection,” continued Mr. Friendly, “is an inestimable instinct, which nature has implanted in the hearts of animals, and without which the brute creation would go to ruin. Even rational and meditative man would, without that strong instinct of affection, not be able to support the care and anxiety attendant on the rearing of his children. With animals, however, this affection exhibits itself no longer than the helplessness of their offspring continues: when that epoch is past, parents forget their young ones, and their offspring feel no gratitude for them. The young hedge-sparrows will, in a short time, leave their nest, and never visit it again; and if, in their flight, they should meet their parents, they will not even know them. Their love returns not, and it is in the care and affection

which they will one day show for their offspring, that they will pay the debt which they owe to nature.

“How wholly different, and how much more beautiful is, in this instance, the nature of man constructed! Among men, mutual love continues during their lives, for this love is not solely founded on necessity. The parents rejoice when their children prosper in the world, and participate in their sufferings in every season and at every age. The children too, forget not their parents, and even at the greatest distance they think, with a pleasing remembrance, of the house in which they were born. They endeavour, by virtuous actions, to give joy to their parents; and in their old age, they repay them by care and attention, for the pains bestowed on their education. The animal, however, dies in the woods, and none of its offspring attend upon it, to alleviate the pangs of the dying moment. No other animal deploras its death, or prays for its recovery; but man leaves behind him the memory of his good actions; his children rejoice in that memory; and on the

grave of their parents they form the resolution of a virtuous life."

Mr. Friendly paused. His heart was affected. Henry threw his arms around him; "I will never forget you, father, and even when you are dead, I will keep in my remembrance the precepts which you have taught me."

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



TALE V.

THE TREE.

ON the lawn before the house of Mr Friendly, stood a large and aged elm, and a

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

"This is one of the wonders of nature," answered Mr. Friendly, "and many similar ones are strewed around us without exciting our attention. The interior construction of the tree, the thin and almost, to our eyes, imperceptible fibres which ascend under its bark, and the sap which they extract from the earth, are the causes of the wonder which you observe. From the acorn, which is not bigger than a nut, a small germ bursts forth, which, by degrees develops itself in a stem, branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit. The same sap assumes the greatest variety of forms, plays in a thousand colours, and forms the diversified texture. By its power the tree covers itself with this beautiful green, the meadow with grass, the garden with its numerous flowers. When the sap no longer

rises, the plants become dry, the leaves fall off, and rot upon the earth, which is by these means manured, and filled with new powers. You have heard stories of magicians, who have transformed men into animals, a desert into a blooming garden, medlars into precious stones, and flint into gold. These are the fancies of the brain. Nature, however, performs still greater wonders, without the magic wand. It changes, without intermission, one form, and one being into another. From the earth rises the precious sap which swells the grape, the melon, the pine-apple, and all the noble fruits of the world. A caterpillar divests itself of its skin, assumes, in a short time, a harder coat of mail, and emerges then from its covering, adorned with tender, and beautifully diversified wings. The air which surrounds us, and the whole earth, beget from time to time, in their womb, water, snow, hail, and lightning; and, in this new form, either fertilizes or ravages the earth. In the interior of the mountains, the clay is transformed into marble, and the opaque stone is pregnant with a precious metal. The creative and transforming power is every where,

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





TALE VI.

THE FAIR.

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

each declared the object which gave him the greatest pleasure. "To me," said Mr. Friendly, "the picture of concord and unanimity which prevailed in the fair was the most pleasing."

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

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

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

it contained! How many journeys must be undertaken to procure the raw materials! How many artists and manufacturers must co-operate to produce the articles! Indeed, these can only be the effects of concord and unanimity. You must, however, also have observed, how many disputes self-interest excited among single persons at the fair. Similar disputes often arise between whole nations, and then war destroys in a short time what industry has been years in completing. Instead of friendly fleets, which convey to one country the produce of another, the ocean is now covered with armed vessels, which often destroy the property of the innocent merchant. By war commerce is destroyed, and the harbours are blockaded, which were formerly open to the foreigner. Flourishing cities are given up to plunder, after being almost demolished by cannon-balls, and often they are reduced to ashes by the desperate warrior. The streets are then deserted, in which, a short time before, the most important mercantile affairs were transacted; and where palaces once stood, the prowling beasts now find shelter,

and the birds of prey build their nests. Thus in ancient times Carthage became a prey to war: this city surpassed all others in magnitude, beauty, and riches; its colonies were the most numerous; its commerce the most extensive. But the armies of a hostile nation destroyed this city, and the spot is now scarcely known where it once stood. This is the track of human things; some build, and others destroy; and whatever escapes the rage of man, becomes the prey of time. This thought ought not, however, to deter us from doing as much good as lies in our power. Nothing on this earth is destined for eternity; but it is useful, and tends to general happiness as long as it continues, and it is a part of our duty to increase the mass of general happiness to the full extent of our ability.





TALE VII.

NATURE.

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

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

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

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

“I do not understand it,” said Henry.

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

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

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

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

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



TALE VIII.

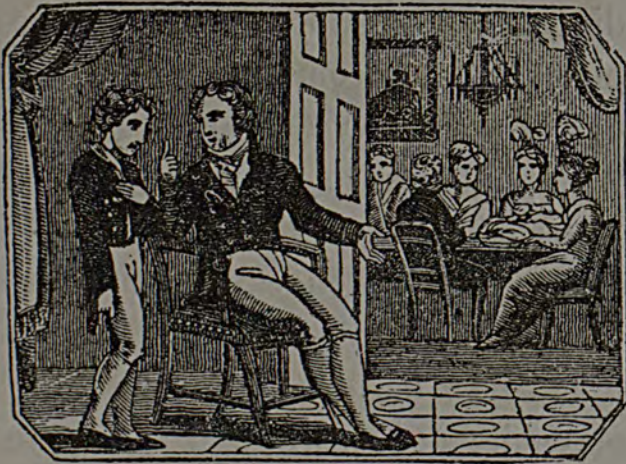
THE BURIAL.

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



choly procession began to move toward the place where the body was to be deposited. The sun appeared to shine with unusual splendour on the narrow grave; but the eyes of him who was soon to rest in it, would open no more to enjoy the glory of the rising, nor the majesty of the setting sun. The gloomy or the cheerful day was now alike to him; and he heeded not the rain which fell upon his grave, nor the genial sun-beam which invigorated the flowers with which the grave was strewn. He saw no more the busy occupations of men, nor the twinkling stars of heaven, nor the mild radiance of the moon. The flowers of the spring bloomed

no more for him; nor the fruits of autumn ripened for his enjoyment: but the incorruptible bliss of heaven has opened itself to his view, and in the abode of the blessed he will be crowned with that wreath which the pious and the good only wear.



TALE IX.

ALFRED.

As it was the last evening that Edwin and Henry were to spend at home, Mr. Friendly invited a few young people in the neighbourhood to supper. Amongst the party was a youth of the name of Alfred, of an

agreeable form, but whose actions partook too much of the manly character. Many mothers held him out as a pattern to their children, and no doubt was entertained that such a promising youth would make an excellent man. His society, however, was not courted by any of the youths of his own age and standing in the neighbourhood; and he soon perceived that his company was disliked by persons of maturer years, although he behaved with politeness to every one, and was not conscious of wilfully giving offence. Notwithstanding all his endeavours to please, he saw himself contemned, and his vanity was wounded. In his early years he had been the play-fellow of Edwin and Henry, but he had lately neglected their society, as their behaviour was too boyish for him. He had, however, within the last week, heard them much extolled, and he wished to renew the acquaintance. He longed to see what was so praise-worthy in them. He had been informed that their dress was simple and neat, and their manners open and candid. He had also been told, that they knew their proper place, and never intruded themselves in-

to society above their standing in life. This was meant as a gentle reproof upon his own behaviour, but he had not the penetration to discover it. He had not been long in the house of Mr. Friendly, before he met with one of those keen reproofs which wounded his vanity sorely, and he complained of his unpleasant situation to Edwin and Henry. "Why," said he to them, "are you so caressed by every one? How must I conduct myself to gain the applause which you receive? What can I do more than I at present perform? I speak with politeness to every one; and I try to make myself as agreeable as possible to those who are older than myself." Mr. Friendly overheard all these questions, and taking him aside, he said, "I heard all your questions, my dear Alfred, and my children are unable to answer them; but I can do it; and you must not be offended if I tell you a few unpleasant truths."

Alfred promised he would not, and Mr. Friendly continued:—"You are in most respects a well-bred youth, and the reason of your not being more generally beloved, is not

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

Alfred blushed, and looked on the ground.

"If you wish to avoid similar affronts," continued Mr. Friendly, "if it be your earnest desire to acquire lasting approbation, attempt not to appear more than you really are; but endeavour to be more than you appear. You have got no claim to the society of grown-up persons; but if you employ all your powers and talents to make yourself one day worthy of that situation, you will then, even at this period of your life, be res-

pected and beloved. However, do not think that a mere attention to your exterior is sufficient for that purpose; it is in some respects laudable, but it should not be carried too far. Without interior worth, all dress and foppery are like an empty shell; and bear this in your remembrance, if you wish to procure the lasting approbation of your friends, to pay more attention to the cultivation of your mind, than to the adornment of your person; but do not expect that instantaneous applause will be granted to you. He who, in his actions and endeavours, thinks only of the praise which he is to reap, is not serious in his attachment to goodness and virtue, and will often find himself deceived in his expectations. Acquire a love for retirement; you will find a greater pleasure and satisfaction in it than in the splendid assemblies of the gay, which in the first place is not consistent with your age, and in which your presence is only suffered, not desired. When you have laid aside your vanity, when you have gathered that knowledge which is an ornament to man, when your heart and imagination have been ennobled,

then return with modesty into the world; you will be received with pleasure, and every one will pay to you the respect which you deserve."

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



OUR Father, who art in heaven,
 Creator, God, our Lord,
 For ever hallow'd be thy name,
 For ever kept thy word.
 Grant thy kingdom soon may come,
 Thy sacred will be done
 On earth, as 'tis in heaven perform'd,
 Till time has ceas'd to run.
 Give us this our daily bread,
 Our meanest wants relieve ;
 As we forgive our sinning foes,
 Do thou our sins forgive.
 From strong temptation save us all,
 Nor let us wilful stray ;
 From ev'ry evil guard us round,
 And chase each ill away.
 Thine is the kingdom, O our Lord,
 Be homage paid to thee,
 The glory and the power is thine,
 To all eternity !

