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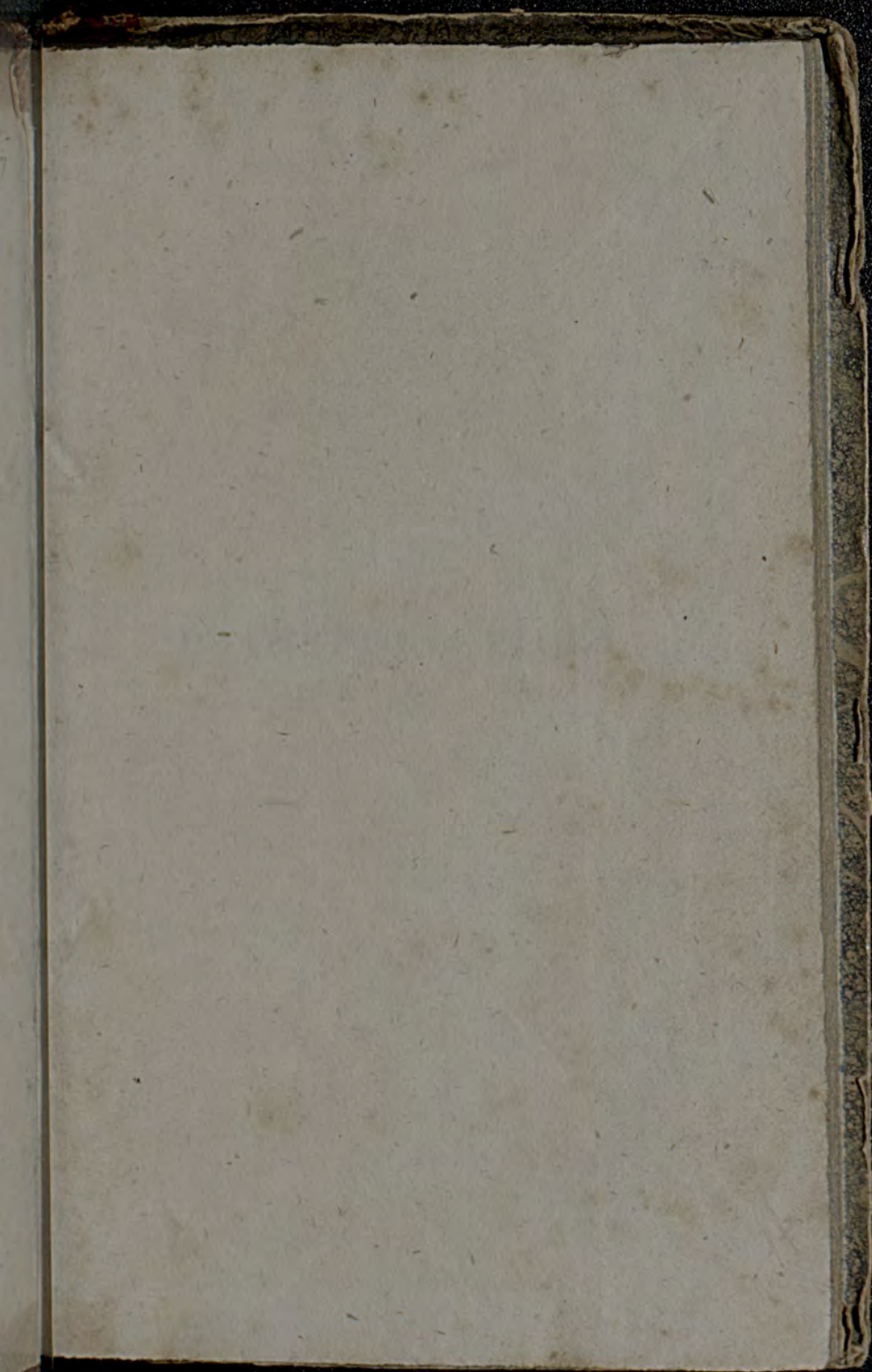
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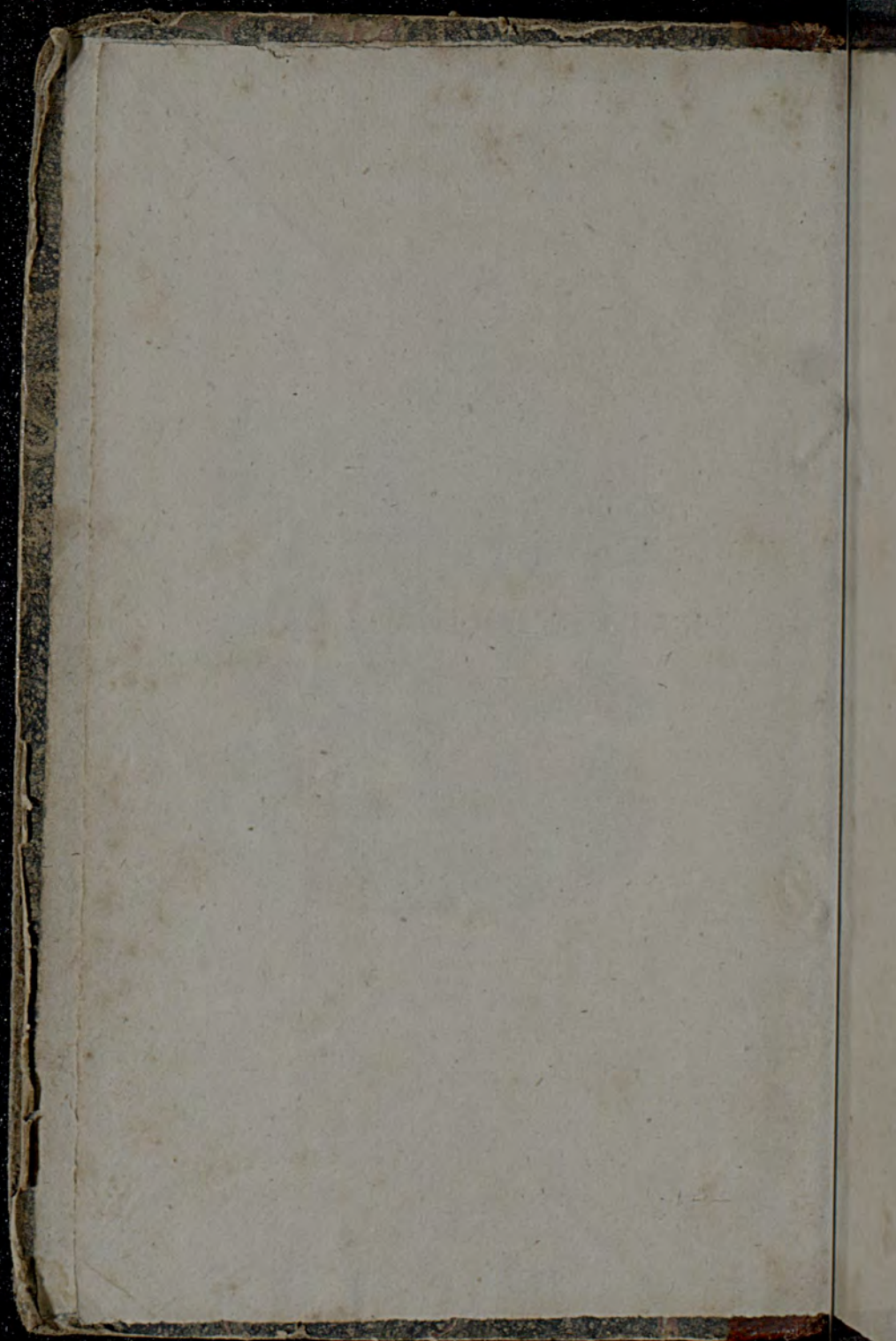
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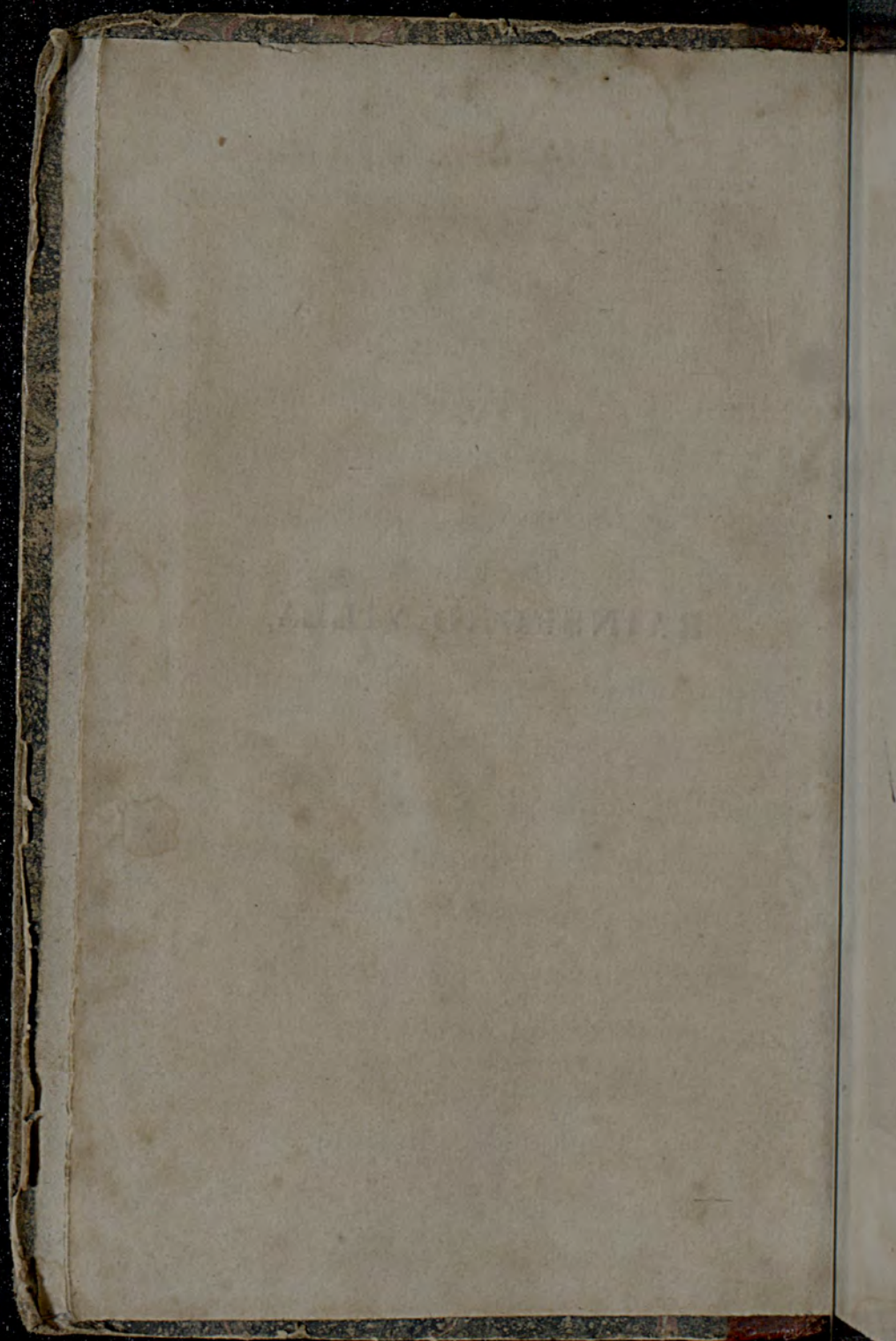
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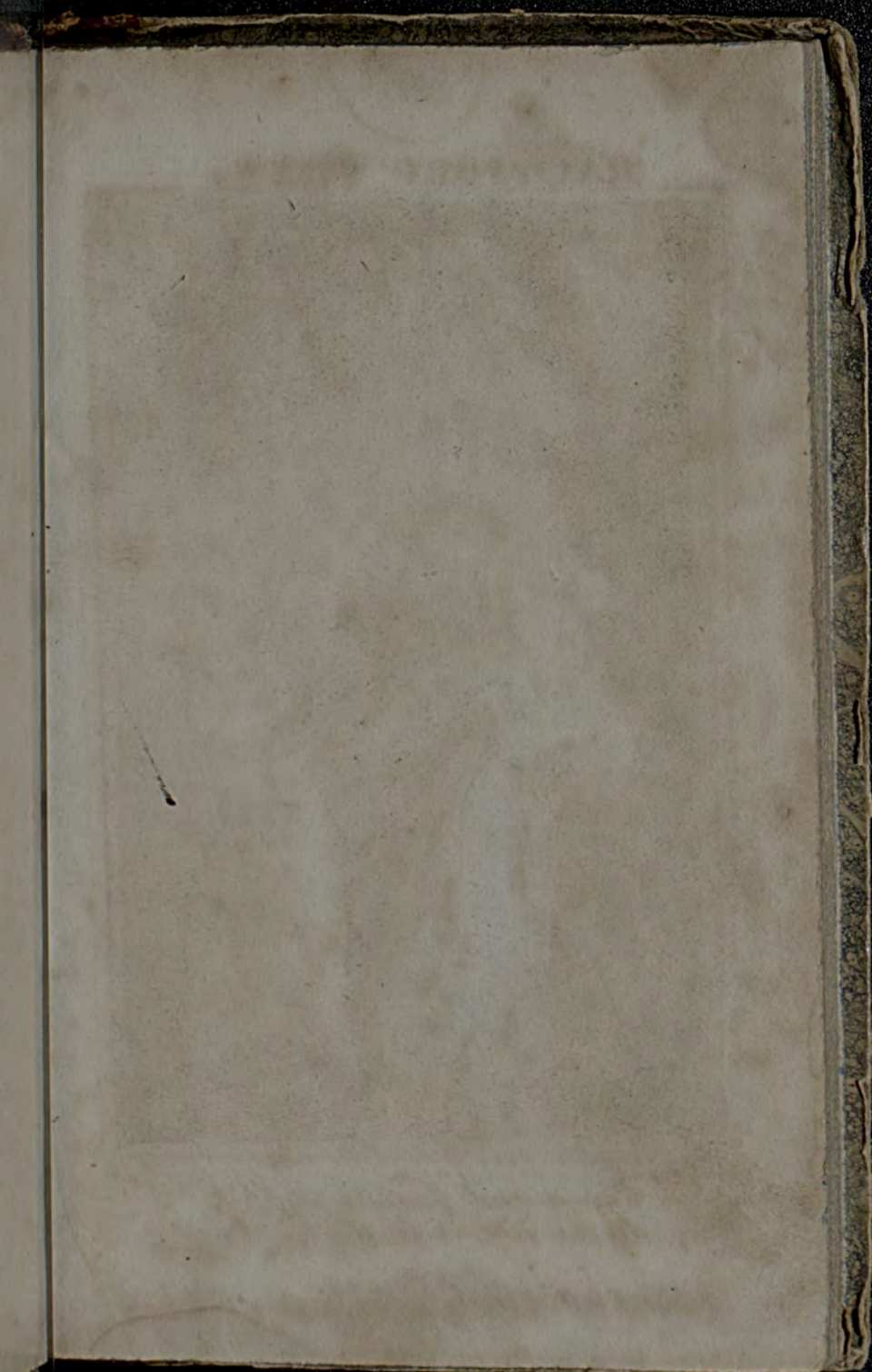
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RAINSFORD VILLA.





RAINSTORD VILLA.



*Emma and Femima stopp'd
by the Robber in the Wood.*

Page 18.

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RAINSFORD VILLA,

OR

JUVENILE INDEPENDENCE.

A TALE.

BY A LADY.

From Education, as its leading cause,
The public character it's colour draws;
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.

COWPER.

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RAINSFORD VILLA.

FIRST DAY.

“ Who art thou that presumest on thine own wisdom ?
or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquire-
ments ? ”

Economy of Life.

“ How tiresome it is,” said the young and lively Emma, “ to be dependent upon my grandpapa for every thing ; he thinks he has a right to direct my studies, because he pays my masters ; and to choose my amusements, because he gives me pocket-money ! ”

“ And do you imagine, my dear girl,” said her mother, “ that at the age of fourteen you are qualified to direct your studies, and to choose your amusements? To be unrestrained, and not subservient to any one?”

“ Yes, dear mamma, I do think I am able to choose, and act for myself now; I have been learning ever since I could speak, and I must be stupid if I have not arrived at years of discretion.”

“ Well, then, my love,” replied Mrs. Robinson, “ you shall act according to your own discretion

for one entire week, provided you are not tired of doing so before the expiration of that time; you shall learn what you please, and amuse yourself in your own way."

"Very well, dearest mamma, I accept the permission you give me, and I hope you will not have any reason to repent your indulgence."

Mrs. Robinson, Emma's mother, was the widow of an officer, who fell in fighting for his country, at the battle of Salamanca. George Robinson and his interesting wife were, in every sense of the word,

a happy couple; but bliss below the skies, is neither unclouded or of long continuance, and the brave Major Robinson was torn from his almost heart-broken wife, before the little Emma had completed her third year. Since that era Mrs. Robinson had resided with her father, a man of education and literary acquirements; universally respected for the integrity of his character; with an estate sufficiently large to ensure to himself and his family the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life; and how much good was done by this amiable

family to their poor neighbours!
Truly might be said of them,

“ They had a tear for pity,
And a hand, open as day for melting charity.”

The moderate fortune given by Mr. Rainsford to his beloved daughter, was almost spent by her ever indulgent husband, whose chief fault was in displaying too much taste for the elegancies of life, which a small income is inadequate to procure. Mr. Rainsford, who early saw, and lamented it in his estimable son-in-law, would not put too much in his power, lest the future comfort of his daughter

might be affected by her husband's prodigality; the event proved his excellent judgment.

But to return to Emma; she had learnt her morning lessons, and practised her music; she then wrote a note to her friend Miss Clarke, inviting her and her brother to take their tea with her; having dispatched her note by a servant, the now listless Emma sat down to consider how she should employ her time till dinner was announced, determining, as (in her own opinion) she had attained to years of *discretion*, to avoid, at least for the

allotted week, attending to any rules before prescribed to her; she sat so long musing, that the servant returned with a note from Miss Clarke, intimating her acceptance of the invitation, and what a merry evening she expected to enjoy. This put all thoughts of learning far from Emma. "Dear Jemima," she thought, "I will go and prepare the arbour for your reception." She accordingly, attended by her favourite servant, arranged every thing, and ordered tea, coffee, and cakes for her young friends; after which she ran to

adorn herself before dinner, which was generally announced at four o'clock; between five and six the young people arrived. The friends were extremely unlike in form and features, as well as in mind and disposition; Emma Robinson was a fair, delicate girl, with blue eyes and light hair; in general her countenance expressed good-humour and sensibility; her form was light and agile; her heart was affectionate, especially towards her tender mother; and her mind was highly cultivated, through the unceasing care of her excellent parent,

assisted by the judicious advice of her grandfather. Jemima Clarke, on the contrary, was a fine girl of a dashing appearance, a brunette, with features of a masculine cast; a high colour in her cheeks, a form of an Amazonian height and size for her age, and altogether an appearance of confidence in her own powers, which defied control; her age, which exceeded her friend's by twelve months, induced her to suppose she ought to be entirely her own mistress, and, unfortunately, the hitherto unassuming Emma had imbibed from her forward compa-

nion those ideas of independence before described.

Frederick, the brother of Jemima, was a Westminster school-boy, and precisely at that period of life when self-sufficiency is, generally speaking, the predominant feature of a boy's character. These unamiable qualities had, alas, been fatally cherished by an uncle and aunt, with whom they resided, and who, blind to the foibles of their nephew and niece, were but too much alive to every outward perfection: thus admiring the casket, but neglecting the jewel within it.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke were persons much in the gay world : good-humoured but careless, and without discrimination of character. They were pleased with Mrs. Robinson, though they thought her too grave ; they were her nearest neighbours ; hence grew the intimacy between the young people, which, though Mrs. Robinson never wholly approved, she could not repress without offending those neighbours ; she therefore trusted to time and experience, or rather to the superintending care of a kind Providence, for developing to her dear Emma

the glaring imperfections of her young friend's disposition. These young people having amused themselves with looking at the garden, where taste had been successfully employed to embellish, not to destroy the beauties of nature, and also having examined the delightful exotics and rare plants of the green-house, enjoyed the tea and coffee prepared for them in the pleasant arbour, shaded by the climatis and woodbine, and were even more than usually merry. Frederick was disposed to quizzing, and his sister no less so. "How do

you contrive to drag on your time, my pretty Emma," said he, "with that superannuated grandfather and prosing mother of yours?"

"Ah, how indeed!" echoed Jemima; "after the lessons are repeated the music is practised, and the history is read. I should think you must fall asleep with *ennui*; and then to rise the succeeding morning and pursue the same dull round,

"For dulness ever must be regular."

"And how do you, my friends, contrive to infringe the laws of hospitality, and abuse those kind friends

who are even now trying to promote your amusement!"

The brother and sister, completely silenced by the proper spirit of the hitherto gentle Emma, did not offer a word in vindication of themselves, only assured her they were merely jesting, and did not intend to offend her; "and so come," says Frederick, "let us walk to the Grange through the wood; the weather is delightful, and it is not more than a mile from hence."

Emma replied, she would equip herself for the walk, and soon join them: in the meantime she felt most

keenly their disrespect towards her ever dear mother, and kind grandfather; her good opinion of them, however, was not shaken; she told her mother where they were going, and said she would endeavour to return as soon as possible.

Mrs. Robinson only replied with a half-suppressed sigh, “you are your own mistress for this week, you know, my dear.”

Emma secretly wished she was not: she knew in part her mother’s apprehensions; but she only said “good-bye, dear mamma and grand-papa.” During the interval that had

elapsed, Mrs. Robinson had communicated her conversation with her daughter to her father, who entirely approved of her conduct towards his grandchild, and foresaw much good might result from it.

The trio set off. All nature wore a pleasant aspect; the singing birds, the chirping grasshoppers, every thing reminded them of the vernal season. In local chat they beguiled the time till their arrival at the Grange, inhabited by Farmer and Mrs. Humphries, tenants of Mr. Clarke. It was an old fashioned farm-house, somewhat dull, but

cleanliness and good order were predominant. The mistress of the house, who was of the old school, received her young visitors with a low curtsy, and hoped they would partake of any thing her house afforded : “ for nobody is more welcome,” she added, “ and I am sure my good man would tell you the same if he were here.”

They thanked her, but only accepted a glass of milk from the cow, and after sitting a short time with her, they perceived it began to grow dusk : upon which Emma exclaimed, “ Oh ! I am sure mamma

will be alarmed if we are late: do let us set off."

"I would advise you, young ladies," said Mrs. Humphries, "not to go the way you came, but by the road; as people have been robbed in that dark wood."

She did not like to tell the extent of their danger.

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Frederick, "with such a valiant knight as me to protect them, who's afraid? You are not, I think, Jemima?"

"Not I," says she, "so I hope Emma will not be such a coward."

The poor girl's heart beat with apprehension : but she was afraid to confess it, so she walked on in silence. When they had passed more than half way through this dreaded wood, they heard a rustling among the trees around them, and a man appeared in view, and seizing each of the now equally terrified damsels, demanded, in a hoarse voice, their watches, and money, or their lives.

“ Sir, indeed we will give you all,” replied both at once.

“ You had better let those ladies alone,” cried Frederick, in an af-

fectured tone, at the same time standing quite aloof.

“ Hold your tongue, young man ; I will take care of you shortly : you can only talk for them.”

Just at this important crisis the report of a pistol was heard, and the robber received a wound in his arm ; at the same time two men appeared in sight, and he made off without his desired booty.

Mrs. Robinson's two servants, whom she had judiciously sent to meet the little party on their return, as (with great reason) she was alarmed for their safety, conducted

the wanderers to their respective abodes. Poor Emma was ashamed to see her mother, that dear and indulgent parent, to whom she had hitherto flown to repose all her cares ; she was but too well aware that she had given herself up to the guidance of those who were very unfit to guide themselves ; so far was she from the independence so much coveted ! But Mrs. Robinson only expressed her joy and thankfulness to God, for the preservation of her dear child from the dangerous situation in which she had been placed, and wisely forbore the language of reproof.

Emma, much overcome with her kindness, melted into tears of contrition, and threw herself into her mother's arms ; but as yet the time was not arrived when she would acknowledge her errors, and after taking a slight refreshment, she went to repose. Her young companions returned to their home, pale, dispirited, out of humour with themselves and all around them ; nor would they vouchsafe a reply to the anxious inquiries of their aunt, but after regaling themselves with whatever the house afforded, they also betook themselves to rest.

SECOND DAY.

“ — The mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great ;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.”

ON this day Emma recollected, with more satisfaction than she had hitherto thought she could have done, a sober engagement to dine at Mr. Mason's with her mother and grandfather. Ashton Lodge, where the family resided, was in a secluded spot, about three miles from Rainsford Villa. Mr. and Mrs. Mason

were persons of retired habits, yet of liberal minds, neither shunning or associating much with the world, where too often prosperity is accounted a virtue, and adversity a crime. Their family consisted of two sons and one daughter; the youngest son had recently obtained a Cadetship in the East-India service, where he seemed likely to be a credit to his profession; but the eldest son was indeed a comfort to his parents, and an ornament to society; the advantages he received from natural talents were combined with those of a liberal education,

first at a public school, and then at Cambridge. Henry happily blended the gracefulness and vivacity of youth, with the prudence and judgment of mature age. He was extremely attached to his sister, and assiduously endeavoured to cultivate her mind, and to impart to her a portion of the knowledge with which he was so richly endowed.

Mary Mason was gentle and unassuming. She had been early instructed in the principles of true religion by her excellent mother, and it had pleased God to bless her efforts in promoting the eternal wel-

fare of her dear child ; but the humble Mary affected no ostentatious display of what she had so learned ; to know that she was truly religious, a person must live with her : then they would perceive the fruits of her faith in the atonement of Christ by her general conduct ; the “ law of kindness ” was on her lips, and in her heart, towards all with whom she conversed, especially her parents. She was a pattern to all young people, as she was a dutiful, as well as an affectionate daughter ; to her beloved brothers she was tenderly attached, and

much did she possess of that true benevolence, which leads its possessor to forget each sordid and selfish consideration, to forego every personal advantage or indulgence, for the sake of others; to find her chief gratification in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Perhaps my readers will be here tempted to exclaim, that I am describing a perfect character, such as never existed; I am aware that appearances are against me: but Mary knew she was far from perfection; young as she was, she had been taught the depravity of her

nature, and felt it most sensibly lurking in her heart; hence, with true Christian humility, she was incited daily to seek the aid of her Heavenly Father, who has promised “they who seek me early shall find me.” This was the friend that Mrs. Robinson wished her daughter to make choice of, rather than the gay and giddy Jemima; hitherto, however, Emma had shewn no particular attachment to the interesting Mary, but the time was approaching when she would understand the difference of their characters. Miss Mason was about three years older

than Emma, which was an advantage to the latter. After dinner the young people proposed a walk to Ashton, to eat strawberries: Emma consented with pleasure. Mrs. Mason's attentive children, feeling confident that their dear mother's spirits would be benefited by Mrs. Robinson's society, whose animating yet serious conversation exactly suited her, prevailed upon her to stay with Mrs. Robinson whilst they took their walk. Emma and her young friends had not proceeded more than half a mile, when they arrived at a neat

thatched cottage, with a little garden, and every appearance of comfort attached to it. Upon their entrance three or four fine children ran up to Mary, exclaiming, "O dear, how glad we are to see you! Dear mother might have died," said the eldest, "without your kindness; and what should we have done without her, for we have no father now! and good Mrs. Mason, too, who puts us to the school of industry, and gives us all our learning; mother says we ought to pray to God night and morning, for you and your dear parents; and so we

do, and I am sure God will bless you."

"And so he will, my dear little girl," said Henry, smiling; "and the best way you can take to please my sister is, to be a good girl, and learn as much as you can."

"I will indeed, sir," replied Beckey, with one of her lowest curtses; "and I thank you for your good advice."

"We will all try to do our best," said a fine little rosy boy, "to please her," pointing to Mary; "and you too, sir."

"Thank you, my little friend," answered Henry.

The poor sick woman was so much affected with all that passed, that she could not speak ; and Mary, thinking she wanted nourishment, called Beckey to assist in warming some broth which she had brought for her mother. Emma, with some surprise, saw the bottle containing the nice broth taken out of an old-fashioned basket, which she (after the example of Jemima) had before been inclined to quiz, and felt not a little compunction when she observed this basket, so despicable in her eyes, was used for one of the noblest purposes, that of administering comfortable nourishment to a mother of

a family, who was weakened by sickness and poverty; while the poor woman was enjoying her nice broth, Beckey said, “O dear, ladies, I forgot to tell you how dear mother was terrified by a naughty young gentleman, who threw a large stone at the little window near her bed, and broke the glass, which made her tremble so, she has been worse ever since; and when my grandmother spoke to him, and told him he should not be so cruel, his sister, who was with him, told her, “poor folks ought not to grumble, her brother must have his fun; and he

would do more mischief if she dared to say any more about it."

"But, my dear," said Mary, "what were the names of the young people?"

"I think—yes, I am sure it is, Clarke," replied the child.

Emma blushed the deepest scarlet for the inhumanity of those, whom she could no longer bear to consider as her friends.

"They were very wicked and unfeeling, indeed," observed Henry; "but God will take care of your worthy mother, and restore her to health if He sees fit. You must

remember to pray every day for her recovery ;” then commending the little girl’s attention to her mother, he put half-a-crown into her hand ; and Emma having also given her something, they proceeded on their walk. Henry expressed his astonishment and disgust at the want of feeling exhibited by Jemima Clarke and her brother, at the cottage of the poor woman ; “ what must have been the education of these young people, when it could induce them to treat a poor sick woman so cruelly ! How entirely such conduct degrades them, and destroys

all the admiration which might be felt for their fine persons :

“ What is the blooming tincture of a skin,
“ To peace of mind and harmony within !”

And there can be no harmony of mind, where every evil propensity is indulged. But I believe their relations are so gay, and so frequently engaged, that they have paid very little attention to their education.”

“ Yes, my dear brother,” replied Mary, “ and that should excite our compassion for them ; you, my dear Emma, I am sure will feel for them, as you have such an excellent and

affectionate mother to guide your youth."

Shame was again the companion of Emma, when she reflected how much she had wished to be independent of this dear mother, at her early age.

In a short time they arrived at Ashton, and partook of a delicious regale of strawberries and cream, to which their visit to poor Goody Brown's cottage gave a peculiar zest: for they were not selfishly seeking their own pleasure, without having contributed to give comfort to those in distress. Afterwards they

returned by a pleasanter way to Ashton Lodge. They found the tea and coffee ready for them. The affectionate Mary and her ever kind brother were delighted to witness the cheerfulness of their valued mother. The evening passed away pleasantly ; both the young people were musical, and entertained their friends with their performance on the piano, accompanied by their voices. The conversation that ensued was rational, yet lively ; and Emma thought she never passed a more agreeable day, especially as it afforded her pleasure in the retros-

pect. After all that had passed, poor Emma regretted sadly that she had engaged to spend the following evening at Ash Grove; still she was ashamed to put off her engagement, and not sufficiently aware of the faults of her too enticing friend to avoid her society.

THIRD DAY.

“ Reflection traces life’s smooth seasons gone,
And mourns the former pleasing scenes withdrawn.”

THE morning of Wednesday was employed by Emma in rational pursuits; in improving her mind, by studying again those lessons she had been taught; in reading history, practising music, &c. The example of her amiable friend Mary was still present to her, and inspired her with that laudable emulation to excel, which leads to every praise-

worthy exertion. She thought wisely, "if I cannot teach myself, I will endeavour to profit by the instructions I have received till this long week of independence is at an end;" but, alas! the evening was not arrived. How prevalent is the influence of evil example over the young and thoughtless! At six the carriage conveyed our youthful heroine to Ash Grove, where she was received by her young friends with much glee. Frederick was in high spirits, and said *he* should arrange the amusements for the evening, for his great ambition was

to please the fair sex, and added with a gallant air, turning to Emma:

“ And thou art fairest of the fair.”

She blushed at the compliment, though she despised the speaker, when she recollected his inhumanity to the poor cottager.

With the arrival of the tea and coffee Henry Mason was announced, and apologized to Mrs. Clarke for his sister's absence, who was, he said, engaged in attendance upon his dear mother.

“ It must be very dull, Mr. Harry,” observed Jemima, “ for Miss Mason to pass so many hours in a sick chamber !”

“ My sister,” replied he, proudly, “ always finds a satisfaction in the performance of her duty, superior to what any amusements can bestow; my ever considerate mother, feeling how much dearest Mary is sacrificing for her sake, endeavours to make the time of her seclusion pass pleasantly, and my father rewards her exertions by smiles of approbation; but I forget, while I am eulogizing my own family,

‘ Which comes too near the praising of myself,’

I am neglecting the present company; I am ready, however, to submit to any punishment the ladies may think fit to impose upon me.”

“ Well, then,” said Frederick, “ I dare say the ladies will join with me in condemning you to assist me in rowing ; we project a little water party this evening : not a hundred miles from hence is a beautiful spot, to which we shall have the pleasure of escorting these damsels ; every thing is in readiness for the purpose.”

Emma sighed deeply ; she knew her dear mother would be miserable if she should know her darling daughter was gone on the water, and so late too, with only the young people and one boatman ; and,

endeavouring to conquer her *mauvaise honte*, she ventured to mention her mother's unconquerable fears of the water, which had resulted from her having been in imminent danger of drowning in her early youth; but almost all her young companions united in trying to laugh her out of her scruples, Jemima especially; "one would think you were still a baby!" said she; "you had better have some leading-strings made for you, Emma! Consider, your mamma cannot know where you are till your return."

"Ah!" thought the poor Emma,

“ I shall not feel that to be any excuse for my undutiful conduct.”

All present, however, now joined in this persecution, except Henry Mason, who looked anxious to hear her answer ; and when, overcome by the ridicule of her companions, she reluctantly consented to accompany the party, his looks expressed sorrow and regret at her decision ; at length, however, the party, consisting of ten young persons and the boatman, set off. The evening was delightful ; the sun, sinking below the horizon, gave just that sort of light “ which sets off the

face of things." The boatman plied his oars; most of the party were merrily talking, and enjoying themselves; catches and glees were sung. Emma reflected upon her situation: "I too could have been merry, and could have sung and talked with the rest, if my dear mamma had known and approved of my excursion; ah! how different is *her* conduct, who would at any time sacrifice her own pleasure or comfort to promote mine!"

During this time the young party were gliding along in their boat, and admiring the different views of

gentlemen's villas, and the pretty cottages which were scattered on each side the river. Our heroine apparently joined in their admiration, though her heart was heavy. At length they arrived at the spot where they had agreed to land, in a gentleman's ground. Just at the entrance of a grove of limes a beautiful grotto presented itself to their view, in an elegant gothic room, the windows of which were adorned with painted glass; they caught the opportunity at this time to take the repast provided by their young friends, Frederick and Jemi-

ma; this consisted of cakes and cyder. Both were declared to be excellent. After they had regaled themselves, and seen a little of the surrounding views, Henry (who seemed to be the only considerate person of the groupe) reminded them of the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of their immediate return. There was something in his manner which commanded respect: to his decision, therefore, they reluctantly submitted; and it was well they did, for before they could enter the boat the moon had risen, and they had five miles to row

against the stream! Poor Emma was assailed by fears new to her, for

“ 'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all.”

But notwithstanding her too-ready compliance with the solicitations of those who wished to mislead her, the prayers of her tender mother were answered, and the ever watchful care of Providence was extended to her, though she was to suffer in some measure for her misconduct; the boat was within a mile of the spot where the party were to be set on shore, and the young people, who were chilled by the night air, and somewhat alarmed at the in-

creasing darkness, were congratulating each other upon being so near the end of their voyage, as they termed it, when suddenly a heavy cloud obscured the mild light of the moon; the boat struck against something! Henry cried out, "lie down all instantly, or we are lost!" Every one except the boatman obeyed his voice; but the hapless Emma's hand was entangled in a rope which crossed the boat; and she was precipitated more than half over the side! She must have been drowned had not Henry caught her clothes in time to secure her from

such a perilous situation, and having wrapped his great-coat about her, Frederick with difficulty got her to swallow a little water, which in some measure revived her. During this interval the moon again appeared, and enabled the rowers to avoid the rope, which belonged to a barge that was passing by, and which was so likely to have proved fatal to the whole party. They then proceeded, as rapidly as they were able, towards home, and soon arrived at the landing place; there they found a carriage waiting, which proved to be Mrs. Robinson's, and her kind

friend Mary was waiting for her. Poor Emma, now nearly exhausted by fatigue, and the various agitations she had experienced during this eventful evening, when she was sufficiently recovered to speak, asked if her dear mamma knew how her unworthy daughter had acted.

“Compose yourself, my dearest girl,” replied her friend, “and I will tell you all. We heard from a man who comes occasionally to work in our garden, that, as he was passing through the fields, he saw a boat with many young ladies and

gentlemen, almost upset by the rope of a barge, or a mill-boat; the man added that one young lady (he believed as how her name was Robinson) had somehow been caught in the rope, and was dragged half out of the boat; but a good young gentleman saved her from drowning. O! it was a very providential escape, added old Abraham, and I hopes she will be thankful to God, ‘for he kills and he makes alive.’”

Emma shed many tears at this recital, saying, “yes, my dear Mary, I have indeed been ungrate-

ful to God for His mercies, and to my beloved mother; do you think I can be ever forgiven, my dear Mary?"

"I cannot let you talk now, my dear girl, you will be quite ill; listen while I tell you what else occurred. After consulting papa, we thought it best to send a note to your dear mother, requesting her to lend us her carriage immediately for a short time, as the purpose for which we asked it would require haste; my request was granted; and I trust she still remains ignorant of your recent escape, and will re-

ceive her treasure safe before she has been aware of her danger."

By this time they had reached the villa. Miss Mason, with a prudent foresight superior to her age, sent for Sally, who attended her young mistress to her chamber, while the considerate and affectionate Mary entered the parlour, to prepare its inmates for the painful information she had to communicate.

"Your carriage has conveyed me safely, my dear Mrs. Robinson, and a young friend of mine, who will be happy to see you."

She then in a few words gave the

particulars of what had occurred to her astonished auditors, intreating at the same time that nothing might be said by Mrs. Robinson to agitate the feelings of her daughter, whom she thought was disordered by a cold, and required a night of calm repose. She then took her leave, followed by the blessings and thanks of old Mr. Rainsford and his daughter. The carriage conveyed the amiable Miss Mason to her father's house, which she entered full of anxiety for her sweet young friend, whose health she feared had suffered much from her

accident, though she would not alarm her mother by saying so.

Mrs. Robinson longed to enfold in her arms her repentant daughter, and language fails in attempting to describe their meeting after the imminent danger she had been in. The faithful Sally had already assisted in getting her young mistress into a warm bed : Emma, however, was chilled and feverish by turns, and evidently quite ill. The village doctor was sent for ; medicine was administered, and the necessity of extreme quiet recommended ; the good Mr. Rainsford's anxiety for his

grand-daughter's recovery induced him to enforce this order, which by his attached and excellent domestics was punctually obeyed.

FOURTH DAY.

“ No : if a mother’s tears, a mother’s prayers,
A mother’s fond precautions can prevail,
She shall not die.”

Sacred Dramas.

THE succeeding morning was enlivened by the hopes entertained by Mrs. Robinson of her beloved daughter’s speedy convalescence ; the draughts given by Mr. Pearson had produced the effect intended : Emma had slept well, and appeared composed and tranquil. Mr. Rainsford visited his ever dear grand-

daughter, and was received and welcomed by smiles of affection, though not unmixed with shame for her past wish of throwing off his authority; he conversed with her a short time, but perceiving she was languid and weak, left her to the care of her fond mother, who enjoined her silence, lest she should increase her fever. She thought, while she was sitting by her bed-side, of those lines of the excellent Hannah More,

“ — Is it not thy will,

“ Thou infinite in mercy? thou permittest

“ This seeming evil for some latent good.”

“ Some latent good, indeed!”

she mentally repeated, “ if my

beloved child is convinced of her errors; if she is detached from those insinuating companions, who under the guise of friendship would corrupt her principles, and influence her to ridicule all that is good and worthy of imitation." In these and similar reflections she was interrupted by a summons to the parlour, where she found Miss Mason and her brother, who both with anxious looks inquired after the health of dear Emma; and added that their father and mother were also very much interested to learn how she had rested, after the account they

had heard of her accident. Mrs. Robinson answered, that she suffered much from the cold caught the night before, which had produced a good deal of fever: however, it had so much subsided this morning, that through the goodness and mercy of God, so often extended to her and her dear Emma, she now hoped for her speedy recovery; “but where should I have been! what misery would have been my portion, dear Henry,” she rejoined, “but for your kind exertions, and your presence of mind in the hour of danger!”

“ Providence is indeed very gracious to us, my dear Mrs. Robinson,” he replied, “ and I rejoice in having been the humble instrument of rescuing from danger her who is so very dear to you, and so justly valued by all who know her.”

“ You make too light of what you have done, Henry, which will ever excite our heartfelt gratitude ; and our sweet Mary’s kind attentions, too, we shall always acknowledge, for we owe her much. I fear, Mary,” she added, “ I must not *now* ask you to visit your friend, as she is unequal to enjoy your

society in her present languid state ; but as soon as Mr. Pearson will permit her to dine below, she will, I am sure, rejoice to see you both ; I trust by Saturday next she may be allowed this indulgence ; and to-morrow, if you, dear Mary, will call, I hope she will be well enough to receive you for a short time."

Just as she had spoken these words a servant entered the room, with compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and the young gentleman and lady, and they hoped Miss Robinson had not taken cold at the water party.

Mrs. Robinson felt the formality of the message, and saw how little these thoughtless people were interested for her beloved daughter, whom they had drawn into so perilous a situation, contrary to her mother's wish, and entirely even against her own better judgment; she suppressed, however, the keen expression of those feelings, not understood by the empty and the vain, contenting herself with sending her compliments, and she was concerned to say Miss Robinson was in bed with a fever. Henry and Mary then took their leave, and

agreed, as the morning was fine, to extend their walk, and to visit an uncle and aunt, Mrs. Brunton, a sister of Mr. Mason's, who had married early in life a rich manufacturer of B—. She was a pleasing woman, beyond the middle age (like her brother), well educated, and with a good understanding; her husband was a worthy, though not by any means a polished man : but,

“ The honest heart, that's free from all
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kicks the ball,
Has aye some cause to smile.”

Burns.

After the young people were seated,

Mrs. Brunton congratulated her niece on the recent escape of her friend.

“Why aye,” says Mr. Brunton, “it was fortunate indeed; but, as I understand, if Harry had not shewn his dexterity she would never have seen her poor mother’s face again: and I guess that it would have gone nigh to break her heart, poor thing! But how came the young lady to go on the water when she knew her mother did not like it? If my Betsy, or Molly either, had done such a thing before they were married, and disobliged their

mother, I would have given them such a lecture!"

"Poor Emma was not easily prevailed upon to go," said Mary; "but she was teased into it by Jemima Clarke."

"Indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Brunton: "I have no patience with that Miss Clarke; I understand she is very headstrong, and that both she and her brother treat their poor uncle and aunt shamefully!"

"More's the pity," replied her husband; "they have been very kind to the young folks: they brought them up, as ye may say,

and means to leave them all they have ; I believe the old folks have over-indulged their nephew and niece, and that makes them so pert. I am not for harshness with children, poor things ! I would let them be happy while they can, they will have enough to vex them when they grow up : but they ought to be trained to do right early in life, and to give honour, where honour is due, as the best of books tells us."

" Indeed, uncle," said Henry, you are very right ; but I hope in future Miss Robinson will not be much in the company of these

trifling young people; she is too amiable not to feel disgust at conduct so reprehensible as theirs."

"Aye, well, Harry, I hope, as you say she sees their faults, she will avoid them, for, as the wise man says, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Well, my dear Mary," said Mrs. Brunton, "when shall we see you to dinner? Your cousins will be happy to meet you and Henry, and we shall be also pleased to enjoy a family-party."

"When my dearest mother can spare me."

“ Very well, my dear girl ; I know your right way of thinking, combined with your affection for the best of mothers, will direct you to attend to her wishes, and therefore I leave it to your own discretion, and need not, I am sure, add, that your uncle and I are at all times pleased to see you both.”

“ Thank you, my kind aunt ; and now I must remind my very thoughtful brother that for once he has forgotten our early dinner hour.”

The young people then took leave of their hospitable relations, and proceeded homewards ; where,

leaving them to tell their own story, we will return to our first friends at Rainsford Villa.

After the departure of her young visitors, the tender mother returned to her beloved daughter, and endeavoured to administer as much comfort to her as possible. She found Emma awake, and much more free from fever ;

“ Tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,”
had done more for her than medicine, and she was now able to sit up and to converse without much fatigue. With heartfelt gratitude to the giver of all good, Mrs. Ro-

binson welcomed the prospect of her darling's progress towards recovery, and endeavoured to amuse her, and to banish all unpleasant reflections, at least till her indisposition had subsided; she recounted to her, therefore, some of the village incidents, and what had passed during the visit of her two young friends, Henry, and Mary Mason. Emma was grateful for their attentions, and enjoyed in anticipation their visit on Saturday.

After dinner the doctor called, pronounced his patient entirely out of danger, and gave us the strongest

hopes, by the blessing of God of a speedy recovery. Happiness once more beamed on the countenances of the delighted parents, who passed the evening quietly and pleasantly in the chamber of their mutual darling, till the hour of her retiring to rest.

FIFTH DAY.

“ Nor think the muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
 Casts round religion’s orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with horrors what with smiles should glow.”

Mason.

“ Come, Resignation, wipe the tender tear
 Domestic anguish drops o’er virtue’s bier;
 Bid selfish sorrow hush the fond complaint,
 Nor from the God he lov’d detain the saint.”

H. More.

AFTER our heroine was dressed,
 the servants requested admittance
 to their young lady, who was be-
 loved by them all for her kindness
 to them in sickness, as well as for

her affable and cheerful disposition. Great pleasure was expressed by them at her recent escape; and old John, the grey-headed butler, added, "indeed, my dearest young lady, we are very thankful to God Almighty for your preservation from drowning, and for his goodness to our dear kind mistress and poor old master, in sparing them the misery of losing you."

Emma could scarcely speak for tears, but she tried to thank them all for their kind feelings towards her, her venerable grandfather,

and much loved mother; after which her faithful Sally persuaded them to leave the room, as she was afraid her young mistress might suffer from agitation in her present weak state.

Youth, and a good constitution, had so far proved the means of restoring Emma, that she had risen before breakfast, and attended family prayers, which were read by Mr. Rainsford with great solemnity. He had been reading, the day before, part of that chapter in the Gospel by Saint Luke, containing our Saviour's parable

of the Prodigal Son, and as his grand-daughter entered the room he began, “ I will arise and go to my father,” and as he continued reading she was evidently much affected by this beautiful part of Scripture, as well as the prayer; she mentally joined in it with a fervor never before experienced by her young heart. Her judicious as well as tender mother was delighted to perceive the impression she had received, yet thought it best for the present to defer any comment upon what she had observed, till the dear girl was in a more advanced state of convalescence.

Soon after this Mary called upon her, and was much gratified to find her in the parlour. Emma received her most affectionately, and Mrs. Robinson then said, "my dear Mary, I have ordered the carriage, as I think a ride on the Downs, this delightful day, will be of service to my Emma; and I am sure it will much increase our pleasure if you will accompany us."

"That I will, with great pleasure, my dear Mrs. Robinson, if you will have the goodness to set me down somewhere near my aunt's, to whom Henry and myself are engaged for the day."

“ I will take you to your uncle’s house upon one condition, that you will introduce me to your worthy relations, as I wish very much to be acquainted with them.”

“ And I, too, should like to know my dear Mary’s aunt,” said Emma, “ and to nurse her cousin’s children, for I hear they are sweet little creatures.”

“ They are, indeed,” replied her friend, “ and I am sure your dear mother and yourself will be most welcome guests to my aunt, whenever you give her the pleasure of your company.”

“ Well, then, as I see the carriage is at the door, we will set off,” replied Mrs. Robinson; “ take care to wrap yourself up, my own Emma; you must be like a hot-house plant to-day, not too much exposed to the air.”

The trio, properly equipped, stepped into the carriage. The coachman was directed to drive round Durdham Downs, and then into B——, and stop at Mr. Brunton’s. The air of the Downs, and the fine views from that pleasing spot invigorated the recovering invalid, and raised her spirits, so that the party

were quite merry. At length they arrived in B——, and stopped at a large, old-fashioned house on College-green, the residence of the Bruntons.

The lady was at home and received her new acquaintance with great kindness and hospitality ; she had long wished to know Mrs. Robinson and her dear niece's young friend, and seemed unable to express the pleasure she felt in seeing them. A very agreeable young person was with her, whom she introduced as her eldest daughter ; a sweet rosy-cheeked little

girl about three years old, whose innocent prattle amused all the company. Mrs. Harris felt a mother's delight in the admiration her little daughter received; an hour seemed to pass rapidly away in "social converse," then the new friends separated, mutually pleased with each other, leaving Mary with her aunt. The ladies were driven to Miller's nursery-ground, to purchase some bulbs for Mrs. Robinson's flower-garden; in these gratifications she was not expensive, and could well afford such indulgence, which were her chief amusement; and her

daughter also began to discover a similar taste, which she wished particularly to encourage. Every one of the simplest flowers was a source of admiration to her,

“ Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,

“ With hues on hues expression cannot paint,

“ The breath of nature and her endless bloom.”

Thompson.

While the gardener was gone to select the bulbs and plants she wished to procure, a very clean, good-looking soldier, with one leg, came up to the window where she sat. Mrs. Robinson started at the sight of him, for she recollected that this regimental belonged to the

corps in which her ever dear and lamented husband was Major; the man taking off his hat, and bowing, said, "if you please, ma'am, have I the honour to address Mrs. Robinson, lady of the late Major?"

She was scarcely able to speak for agitation, but as soon as she could, replied, "yes, my friend; and you, I think, are Corporal Morris?"

"Serjeant, and please you, my lady; I was promoted to that rank after the siege of Badajos, as I shall make known to you when I come to deliver a little packet I

have for you from my late excellent master; though if I had known where you resided, you would have had it long ere this."

"Then come to us this evening at five o'clock, with your packet."

"Certainly, ma'am, I will without fail."

Mrs. Robinson and her daughter then drove into B——, to make some purchases, and returned before dinner. Mr. Rainsford met his darling grand-daughter with a smile, saying, "my dear, I am glad to see the roses returning to your cheeks again; your independ-

ence had banished them. But your friend has proved herself unfeeling too; last night her dandy brother bribed Mr. Clarke's coachman, who had the carriage ready by six o'clock, a little out of sight of the house, into which the young people jumped, and were driven to the theatre at B——. Jemima was missed at tea-time, but they had bribed the maid to say she spent the evening with her friend Miss Seaton. Eleven o'clock came, and Mrs. Clarke began to be uneasy; twelve struck, and they were both alarmed; they sent the servant to Mr. Seaton's, who

brought word that Miss Clarke had not been there ; at length both the culprits arrived ; Frederick limped, and his knee was bound up ; Jemima's face was swollen, and cut ; a stranger was with them, upon whom she leaned for support ; he appeared a shabby looking man. Frederick, with the assurance natural to him, rang the bell for wine to be brought. Mr. Clarke looked upon his nephew with great displeasure, but gave the stranger some wine and biscuits, and thanked him for the care of his niece ; the stranger, whom they called Mr. Mackenzie, then departed.

“The young people, however, inclined to be sullen, now thought it necessary to make some trifling excuses for their conduct; but their uncle and aunt replied it was quite inexcusable, and could not be palliated; “however,” said Mrs. Clarke, “take some refreshment, and go to bed; we must talk over this business at some future time. The carriage, I understand, was overturned by one of the wheels coming off; Jemima was thrown against one of the windows, which was broken, and Frederick, in jumping out, sprained his knee. Mr.

Mackenzie was the village Excise-man, and returning from B——, where he had been detained late in his official capacity, was just in time to assist in getting the young lady out of the carriage, after it was overturned, and gave her that support for nearly three quarters of a mile which her brother could not do, as it was with difficulty he could walk home. To-day they are both in bed; this they suffer for their inordinate love of pleasure, which has led to deceit and ingratitude towards their kind, though mistaken friends; mistaken, as they have

inspired them with false principles, and cherished that vanity, and love of early independence, which leads to every false way of acting. May you, my dear child, take warning by their example ; may you ‘ trust in the Lord with all your heart ;’ and lean not to your own understanding, not pretending to be wiser than your teachers, as these conceited young persons have supposed themselves to be.”

“ I hope, my ever revered grandfather,” replied the gentle Emma, “ I shall always attend to your precepts. I am indeed shocked that

poor Jemima, whose friendship I valued, should have suffered so much from her own misconduct; but had I not such a dear and excellent mother to guide me, I might have been equally culpable."

Mrs. Robinson embraced her beloved daughter, and smiled through her tears.

At five the soldier arrived according to his promise, presented Mrs. Robinson with a small packet, and, bowing profoundly, added, "this, dear lady, is from my ever honoured master, your late worthy husband. Ah, there never was a truer

heart to his God, his king and his country; he was brave in battle, and humane and kind to all the men under his command, as I can truly testify, and as a husband and father, why indeed we may say, there were few, if any like him. He loved you to his last breath, and talked often during his illness of you, and his precious little Emma (I suppose that sweet young lady is here); says he, ‘ Morris, my good fellow, when you go to England, find out my dear, dear wife, and my worthy father-in-law; tell Matilda I sent her my hair in a broach, and

the two or three lines in the enclosure were written by her faithful husband. Give my darling child her mother's picture, which has been my constant companion; and tell my Emma, I hope she will endeavour to resemble her mother in all her excellent conduct; give my honored father-in-law my Bible, which was a present from him; it will please him to hear that it has proved a blessing to me in life, and in death I trust I shall rest upon the hopes inspired by its cheering promises; my Saviour has died, 'the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.'"

“ My dear master had spoken long, and he fainted. Nature was exhausted, as the doctor said ; some cordial he gave him, but the dear major only revived to say (looking upwards) ‘ into thy hands I commend my spirit ;’ he spoke no more !”

“ I inquired every where for you, ma’am, when I came to old England, several months since ; but could hear nothing of you till I came to visit my wife’s relations in these parts, when, as I was walking over the Downs to get a little fresh air, I was pleased to see you at the gardener’s house for I could not for-

get the countenance of one who was so kind to me; the rest you know, and I will tell you about myself another time, if you should have patience to hear it."

The little party were extremely affected, and a general silence prevailed; at length, Mr. Rainsford said, "have you any family, my good friend?"

"Yes, and please your honour, two little girls, and I am happy in one of the most industrious and good-tempered wives that ever man was blessed with; and since we have lived in the fear of God every thing

has gone on well with us; ‘He has blessed us in our basket and our store,’ unworthy as I am of His mercies.”

“Where do you reside?”

“At present, Sir, we are with my wife’s relations. She expects to be put to bed very soon, and will stay with her mother till after that time; then if it should please God to spare her life we shall get a cottage of our own.”

“I have one now vacant, Sergeant,” said Mrs. Rainsford, “which shall be repaired and fitted up

for you against your wife is about again."

"A thousand thanks to your honour; I shall be bound to serve you in any way you may employ me; and, my dear lady, as I have a little understanding in the management of plants, you and Miss Emma may find me employment."

"No doubt but we shall," replied Mrs. Robinson, who had just recovered herself enough to speak.

"Give this to your wife, Sergeant," presenting him with a pound note, "to provide some of her baby-linen; and if she be able I hope

you will bring her and your two little girls to dine here to-morrow at one o'clock, when we give a little dinner to the School of Industry in this village; and we shall always consider ourselves indebted to you for your attentions to my very dear husband."

Sergeant Morris then made his bow, and with many thanks to all for their kindness, took his leave. Long and interesting was the conversation that now took place in the little family-circle, but the limits of this book will not admit of its being detailed here; therefore my

pen shall rest for the present, as dear Emma especially was glad to do after the fatigues and agitations of this eventful day.

SIXTH DAY.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise, that has survived the fall :
 Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure ;
 Or, tasting, long enjoy thee ! too infirm
 Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
 Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
 Or temper sheds into thy chrystal cup ;
 Thou art the nurse of virtue, in thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.—

Cowper.

ON Saturday morning Emma
 waked from sleep, with more pleasant
 feelings than she had known
 for several days ; the long week of
 independence was nearly expired ;

in the bosom of her fond mother she could repose all the cares of her young heart; in future she would be guided by her, and would no longer act without her concurrence; much she condemned her folly in having even supposed herself capable of acting for herself at so early an age; the agitations and fatigues of the past day had

“ Weigh’d her eyelids down,
And steep’d her senses in forgetfulness ;”

So that it was much later than she supposed; and after looking at her watch, she started from her pillow. Being soon attired, she

sought her beloved mother, and after she had taken her breakfast, employed herself in assisting to prepare the arrangements for the dinner given by Mrs. Robinson to the School of Industry.

About one o'clock thirty children arrived at the villa, attended by their mistress, a neat and respectable looking widow, who had two little girls of her own amongst the number, and who was fully competent to instruct her scholars in every useful domestic employment fitted to their station in life. The dear little children were none of

them above the age of twelve, neatly and uniformly clad in purple gowns and straw-bonnets ; they now made their appearance, and all of them curtseyed to the company present, which by this time consisted of Mr. Rainsford, Mrs. Robinson, Henry and Mary Mason, and Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, the worthy Clergyman and his wife, who had brought their two little daughters to witness this scene of innocent festivity. Tables were spread for the children on the lawn before the house, with a plentiful supply of meat and pudding ; and

after one of the children had asked a blessing upon what they were about to receive, they sat down and appeared to enjoy the good things provided by their kind benefactress. I should have mentioned Sergeant Morris, his pretty looking wife, and two nice children, who had arrived half an hour before dinner; they also sat down with the school-party, agreeable to the invitation of Mrs. Robinson, where much pleasantry and cheerful conversation prevailed; under a spreading oak they sat, shaded by its foliage from the beams of the sun,

now little past its meridian; the company from time to time looking at the scene with real pleasure, and Mr. Hawkins observed to Emma, that such amusements were infinitely preferable to those by which the health or the mind might suffer.

“ We do not, my dear young lady,” added he, “ like the bee, all suck honey from every flower, but on the contrary we too often resemble the spider, that delights in extracting poison from the noxious plants that grow in our path; therefore it is particularly requisite for us to choose such companions

and such amusements as may improve us and be instrumental in fitting us for another and a better world."

The gentle Emma listened attentively to her kind friend, and replied with mildness and diffidence: all the self-confidence she had imbibed from Jemima had vanished; "she doubted," she said, "her own stability, and had resolved to be entirely guided by her dear mother, whose precepts and example she hoped ever to follow."

Mrs. Robinson with her two young friends now joined them to

whom Emma repeated what she had said, and added, “ I rejoice that my six days’ independence is over: from this hour I renounce it, and henceforth my own dear mamma,” said she, “ shall be my counsellor and directress, and my dearest Mary my chief friend.”

“ I hope you will allow me too a place in your esteem, dear Emma,” said Henry, much affected.

“ I shall ever acknowledge the obligations I owe you, Henry,” she replied, “ in your being instrumental in saving my life; and

to this dear friend, for her great kindness in trying to preserve it, and in relieving my dearest mamma's anxiety for her unworthy daughter."

Henry took the hand she extended to him, and assured her he was more than recompensed at that moment for any exertions of his. Mary, embracing her gentle friend, professed her unchanging affection for her.

"And now," said Emma, "if you wish to give me pleasure, you will both accept from me a little pledge of friendship which my dear mamma gives me leave to offer you."

Saying this, she presented Henry with Milman's "Fall of Jerusalem," and Mary with a little ring, in which was enclosed her hair set round with pearls. Both were delighted with the gifts, but more with the giver, whose graceful diffidence in presenting them enhanced their value. The happy mother looked with pride and pleasure upon her beloved daughter, who promised to be all that she could wish. Mr. Rainsford had unobserved been present at the passing scene, and his entire satisfaction and pleasure were apparent.

Dinner was now announced, to which the company adjourned with thankful hearts and cheerful countenances; the children of the school in the mean time were permitted to pursue their sports on the lawn, whilst the elders of the village party walked in the garden, and enjoyed the beauty of the plants and fragrant flowers; talking over their family concerns, and listening to the honest soldier's account of his "hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach." They were amused beyond description at them; "yes," says Mrs. Morris, who was an Irish

woman, “ indeed, and my dare husband was one of the bravest among them ; never a Frenchman could escape him if he came within reach of his arm ; and yet he was so good to his prisoners, that he would almost starve himself to give them food.”

“ Fie, Norah,” said he, smiling at her, “ you will make me vain.”

“ You vain !” said she, “ no, indeed ; you learnt to be humble from our good Major, and the blessed Book he gave ye ; and when our dear little cratures, Norah and Judy, were born, you comforted

me in my distress, and learnt me patience. Yes, indeed, God will reward ye for it, and all your goodness to me. Our dare little children will love you always."

"And you too, my dear Norah," said he; "but we are talking too much of ourselves: we should hear others."

The chat of the party continued till the evening began to grow dusk, and they were summoned to the hall, where the children and the company were already assembled. The worthy master and mistress of the house, as well as our heroine,

took particular notice of the Morris, with whom they shook hands, and said they hoped often to see them in that house, and would receive their two sweet children into the School of Industry.

Their kindness could not have been shown to those who felt it more than the serjeant and his wife, by whom it was received with great complacency. After this had passed, the door of the breakfast-room was opened, into which all were invited to enter. This room was hung round with articles of clothing for the children ; scissars, thimbles,

and pincushions were also exhibited in a case with glass over it, and a few books were placed at the end of the room. Mrs. Dobson, the schoolmistress, was then requested by Mrs. Robinson to name those children who were worthy of the prizes, provided through the bounty of the subscribers for those who were the most deserving of them. First she named Becky Brown, whose diligent attendance at the school throughout the past year, when she could be spared from her sick mother, as well as her industry and good behaviour in general, en-

titled her to the highest prize. Mr. Hawkins commended the child's conduct, and hoped the reward she would now receive might excite a laudable desire to continue to merit it, as well as excite thankfulness to God for His goodness in giving her such a good instructress, and so excellent a parent, without whose judicious admonitions she might have been idle and undutiful, as many children are.

Our heroine distributed the first prize, and her eyes sparkled while she presented the blushing little

girl with a silver thimble, upon which was engraven the words "First Reward for Merit;" some articles of useful clothing and a Bible were given also; and the child then retired, after curtsying, and thanking Emma and the company.

The next brought forward was Sukey Simpson, who received from Mary a New Testament and some clothing for good behaviour. In rotation the children were presented to either Mary or Emma. Goody Brown's little girl, of six years old, who had just entered the school,

said, " mayn't I have a prize, dear Miss Mary? I will be good all next year."

Mary kissed the dear child, and gave her a little pincushion, with which she was much pleased. Few there were of the little party who were not worthy of some prize, and those little culprits were re-proved by Mr. Hawkins; and Mrs. Robinson, moreover, said they would not be invited there next year, unless their conduct merited such an indulgence.

With many tears they promised

amendment. Mrs. Robinson then added, "it gives me the sincerest satisfaction, my dear children, to know that so many of you have been deserving of praise or rewards, and I hope you will continue to merit the same indulgence;" she then desired the villagers to take some tea with her servants; after which they went to their several abodes, apparently very grateful for the kindness and benevolence they had experienced through the day. Emma presented each of Sergeant Morris's little girls with a

silver thimble, and requested their attendance at the School of Industry on the following Monday. Norah was delighted with this kindness to her dare little cratures, as she called them, and said, in her walk home, the sweet young lady reminded her of the blessed Major, though she was not much unlike her mamma, who seemed to be a good crature too. The company then adjourned to the drawing-room, where tea and coffee were prepared; after which Mr. Rainsford asked Mrs. Hawkins's two little girls to play a duet, which was much admired.

Mary and Henry begged to go home rather early, for they were going to set off the next morning with their mamma to pay a visit to a relation in Devonshire. Emma regretted the approaching departure of her friends, and told them she hoped they would soon return. Before they took leave of each other Mary and our heroine Emma sang with great feeling, Coleridge's sweet words,

“ Tell me on what holy ground

“ May domestic peace be found,” &c. &c.

Thus in the delights of harmony,
and those of conversation, the even-

ing was concluded, and Emma went to repose with a contented mind.

Mrs. Robinson, who had exerted herself during the day to appear cheerful, and to make every one as happy as possible, retired to her bed with a violent head-ach ; and when Emma visited her in the morning, she was grieved and surprised to find her mamma unable to rise, for this amiable lady had scarcely slept during the night, and was quite ill with fever.

Mr. Rainsford was much alarmed at the sudden indisposition of his daughter, and sent immediately for medical advice.

When the doctor arrived he soon gave the good old gentleman hopes that, with the help of some composing medicine, and being kept quiet, his daughter would soon recover; but the timid Emma could not divest herself of the impression she had received on first seeing her mamma, that she was seriously ill. She anxiously watched the whole of the day, and when she went to bed at night, was very unhappy lest she should find her mamma worse the next morning. In that state of mind she thought of the different occurrences which had taken place since that day week, and how

much pain her folly must have cost her dear mamma, who she recollected had so often shewn the greatest tenderness and anxiety for her health, her improvement in her different studies, and her general welfare and happiness; and notwithstanding her late illness had arisen from a disregard to her advice never to go on the water, yet that good parent had attended her with as much kindness and interest as if she had never disobeyed her. In this way did Emma reflect till she felt herself almost unworthy of such a mother; that she could, even for a

single moment, have been impatient or dissatisfied at being under her controul and management, grieved and astonished her. At length she remembered the advice and unbecoming observations of the unamiable Jemima Clarke, which had put her off her guard, and insensibly drawn her from her duty to the best of mothers, when she was at once convinced of the danger of such a friend, and she shed many tears of repentance for her past conduct, and determined never to act in opposition to her mamma's wishes any more; before she went to

sleep, she prayed to God to restore her dear mamma's health, and to protect herself from all temptation to do wrong in future.

In the morning Emma was impatient to rise, that she might inquire after the health of her beloved parent, and she hastened to her dressing room, where she heard with delight from her mamma's waiting maid that she had passed a good night, and was much better; she was afterwards admitted to the bedside of her mamma, who appeared much pleased with her attention. Both Emma and her grandpapa

made frequent visits to inquire after the patient, and the next day Mrs. Robinson was so far recovered as to have the pleasure of dining down stairs with her kind father and child. The anxious Emma wished to be as watchful and attentive towards her mamma as she had been to her, and often asked her how she was, and, lest she should tire herself, joined with her grandpapa in entreating her to retire to bed, that she might not be worse from fatigue, by sitting up too long.

Mrs. Robinson yielded to their persuasions, and, leaning on Em-

ma's arm, at an early hour retired to her room, where the affectionate girl took leave of her, and proceeded to her own chamber with a heart filled with gratitude to the Almighty at the prospect of her dear mamma's speedy recovery ; for she could not avoid thinking that her own folly and undutiful conduct had caused her indisposition. Nor was she mistaken in her judgment : for the vexation and disappointment which Mrs. Robinson experienced on the discontent expressed by her child, had very much discomposed her mind ; then the alarm caused

by her falling into the water, together with the anxiety and fatigue she felt in consequence of her subsequent illness, so completely flurried her spirits as to produce an attack of nervous fever. Fortunately, however, it was soon subdued, and in the course of a week the small family circle at Rainsford Villa were restored to their usual state of health and sociability.

Ever anxious to do good, their attention was next directed to the welfare of the Serjeant and his family; a little cottage was accordingly prepared, and in less than a month they were comfortably settled.

After the Masons returned home they became frequent visitors at the villa, being a family whose principles and conduct Mr. Rainsford and his daughter much admired and respected; they had always been treated with great attention, but after the accident they were most kindly received, particularly the young people, for Henry was considered to have saved the life of Emma, which rendered him ever afterwards an object of affection to them all; whilst the good example and kind advice of his sister rendered her such a desirable friend for Emma,

that their increased intimacy was contemplated with the highest gratification. They frequently passed whole days in each other's company, and played or drew together; Emma emulating the excellence of her friend. In short, the more she admired the conduct and disposition of Mary, the more Jemima sunk in her opinion, till, at length, her acquaintance entirely ceased with that young lady.

Emma, so attentive to her studies, became very clever, and was the delight of her fond grandfather and excellent mother, who, often as

she contemplated her amiable qualities and numerous accomplishments, lamented that her father had not been spared to witness the perfections of his beloved child.

The faithful Serjeant used often to call on the good family at Rainsford Villa; he was not only well received by Mrs. Robinson and the old gentleman, but equally so by all the servants, with whom he was frequently invited to dine: for he loved to speak of the goodness of his noble Captain; and having been in the army ever since he was a boy, and helped to fight many

battles, he had much to relate, and often some fresh anecdote to entertain them with; and when his honest Norah accompanied him, she was quite as amusing, for she had much to tell of her own dear Ireland, which, with her peculiar pronunciation, and a song occasionally, called forth much merriment in the servants' hall.

The Serjeant's half-pay, with the bounty he received from the Rainsford family, enabled him to live very comfortably; notwithstanding he had two sons born after his residence at Rainsford.

The kind-hearted Emma visited the school daily, and for her papa's sake was particularly attentive to the Serjeant's little girls, who improved very fast till a bad sort of meazles appeared in the village, and proved fatal to several of the children. The young Norah, who had a weak constitution, was one of them; Judith recovered, and was again able to attend the school. She continued very industrious, and being a well disposed girl, as she grew up, Emma proposed taking her into the house to be her waiting-maid.

Judith was truly grateful for this mark of kindness, and so were her delighted parents, who gave her the best advice to encourage her to do her utmost to prove useful to her good mistress for the honour she wished to confer upon her.

Judith gave great satisfaction to Emma and all the family, and in return for her desire to please, was often allowed to go and spend an evening with her father, mother, and brothers.

A very severe winter tried the strength of the venerable and much esteemed owner of Rainsford Villa.

His affectionate daughter and the tender Emma witnessed his decline with real grief, and attended him with the most assiduous attention ; but alas, their efforts were unsuccessful ; exhausted nature gave way, and he expired without a groan, in the presence of his beloved daughter and her amiable child.

The grief of Mrs. Robinson for the loss of so good a father may be easily conceived.

Poor Emma was also much affected, but her anxiety for her dear mamma induced her to check her feeling of sorrow as much as possi-

ble, that she might be able to console and comfort her; and Mrs. Robinson, grateful for her child's dutiful attentions, endeavoured to compose herself.

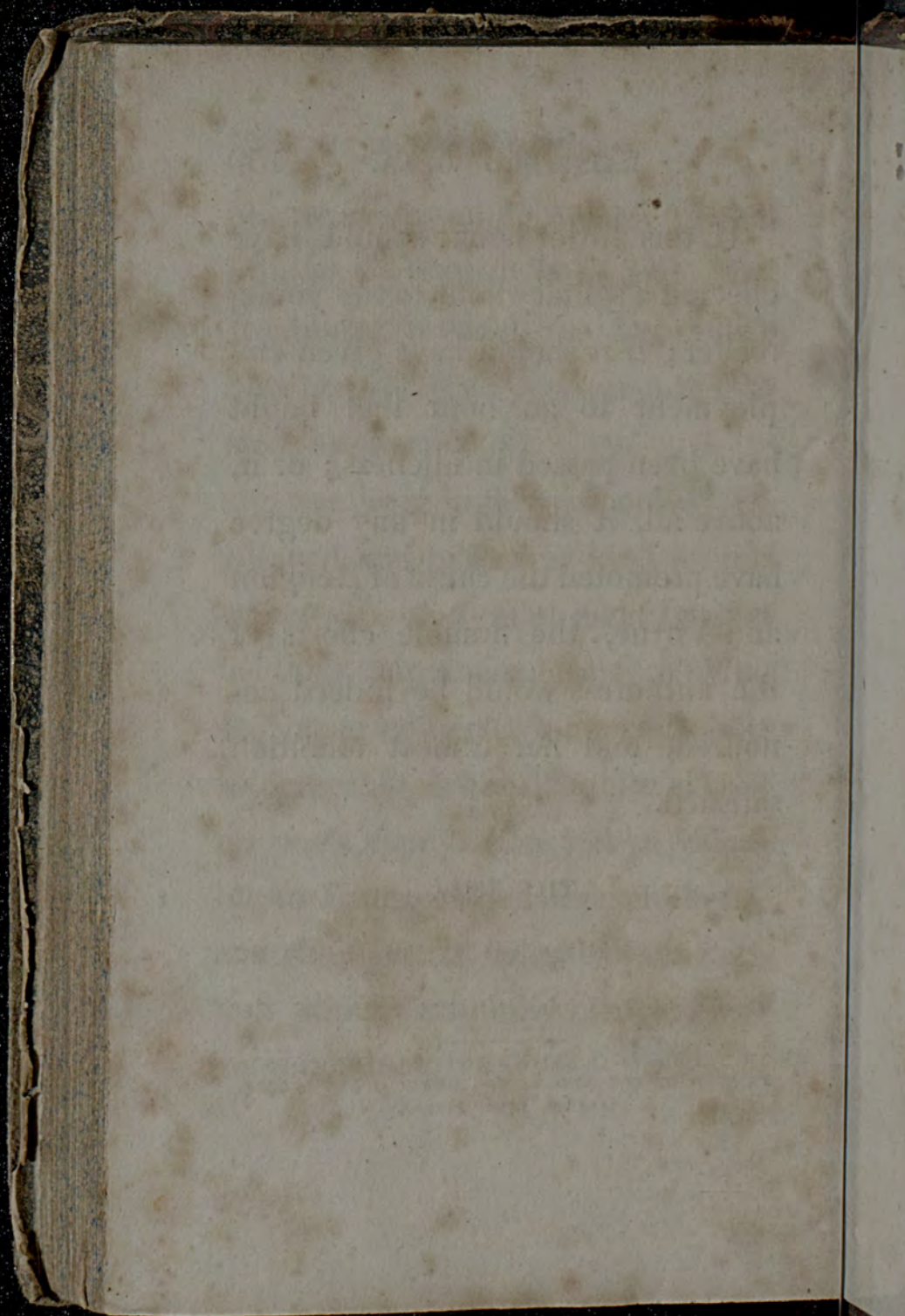
They were highly respected and beloved, and had many kind friends who appeared to take great interest in their happiness; but to Mrs. Robinson no person's company was so agreeable as her daughter's, and no one's approbation was so valuable to Emma as her dear mother's, and she felt that delightful satisfaction which naturally arises from good conduct.

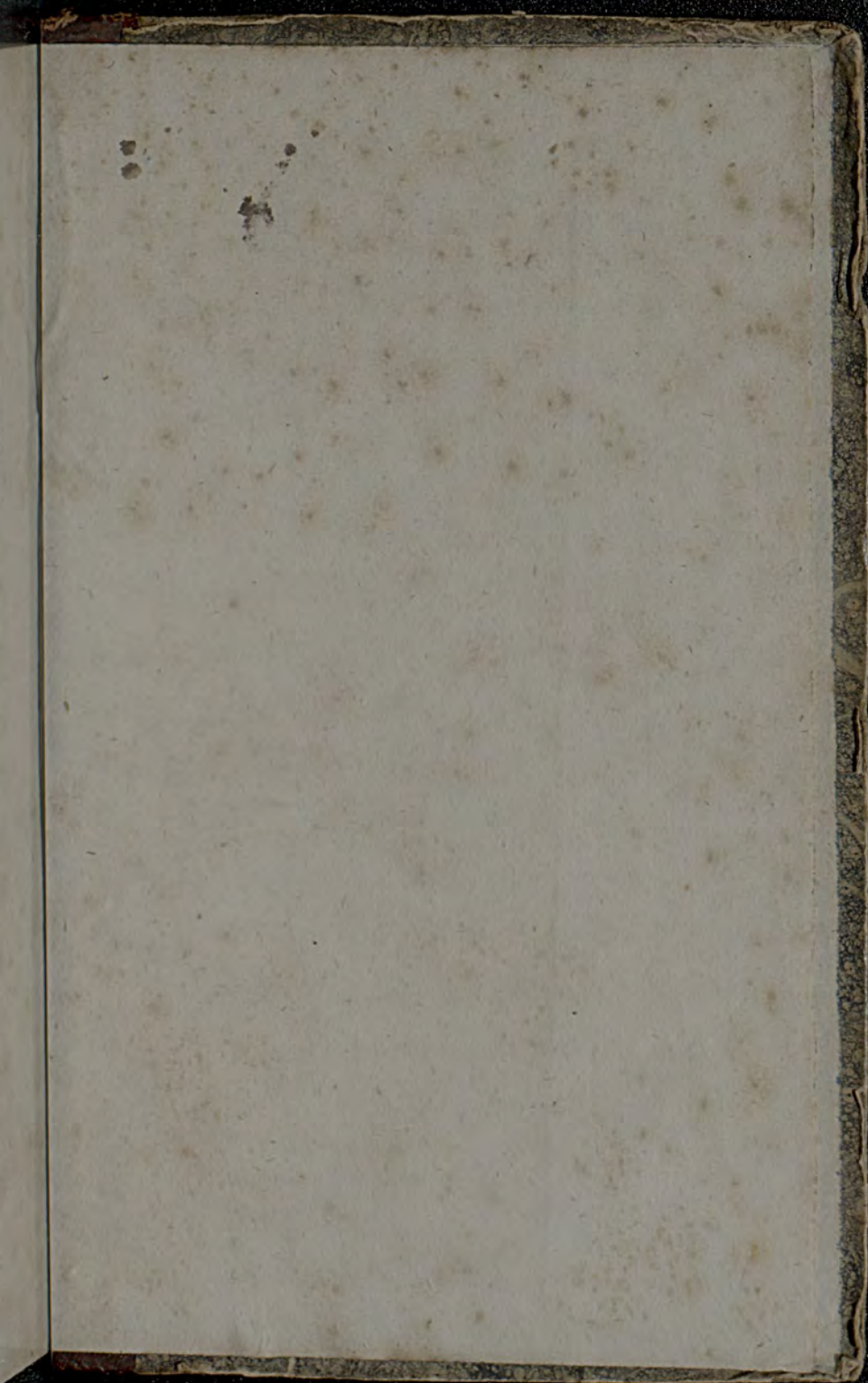
If this little book should have cheered a solitary hour to the young reader; if it should have given employment to an hour that might have been passed in idleness; or if, above all, it should in any degree have promoted the cause of Religion and Virtue, the humble efforts of the authoress would be indeed honoured, and her utmost ambition satisfied.

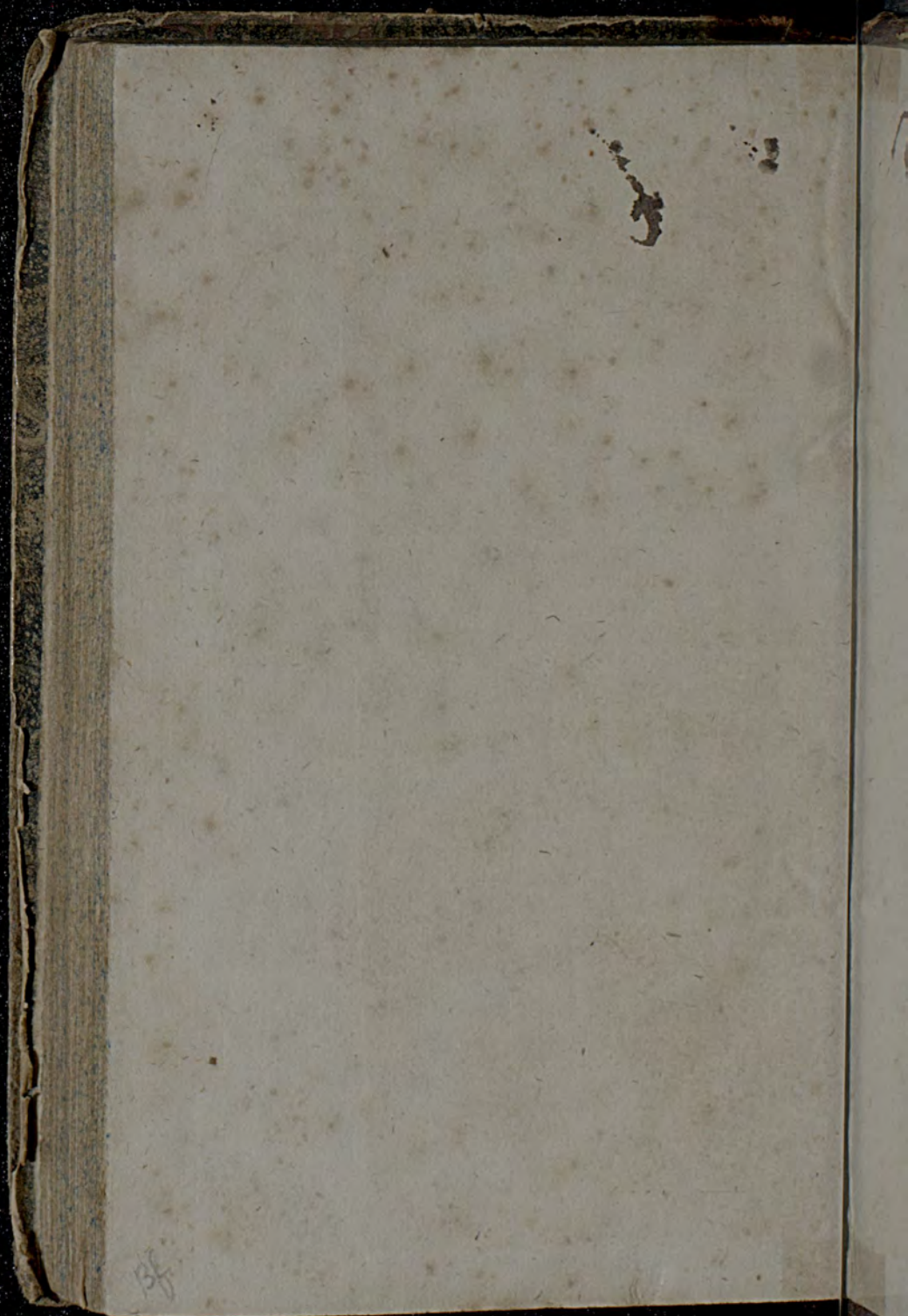
THE END.

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