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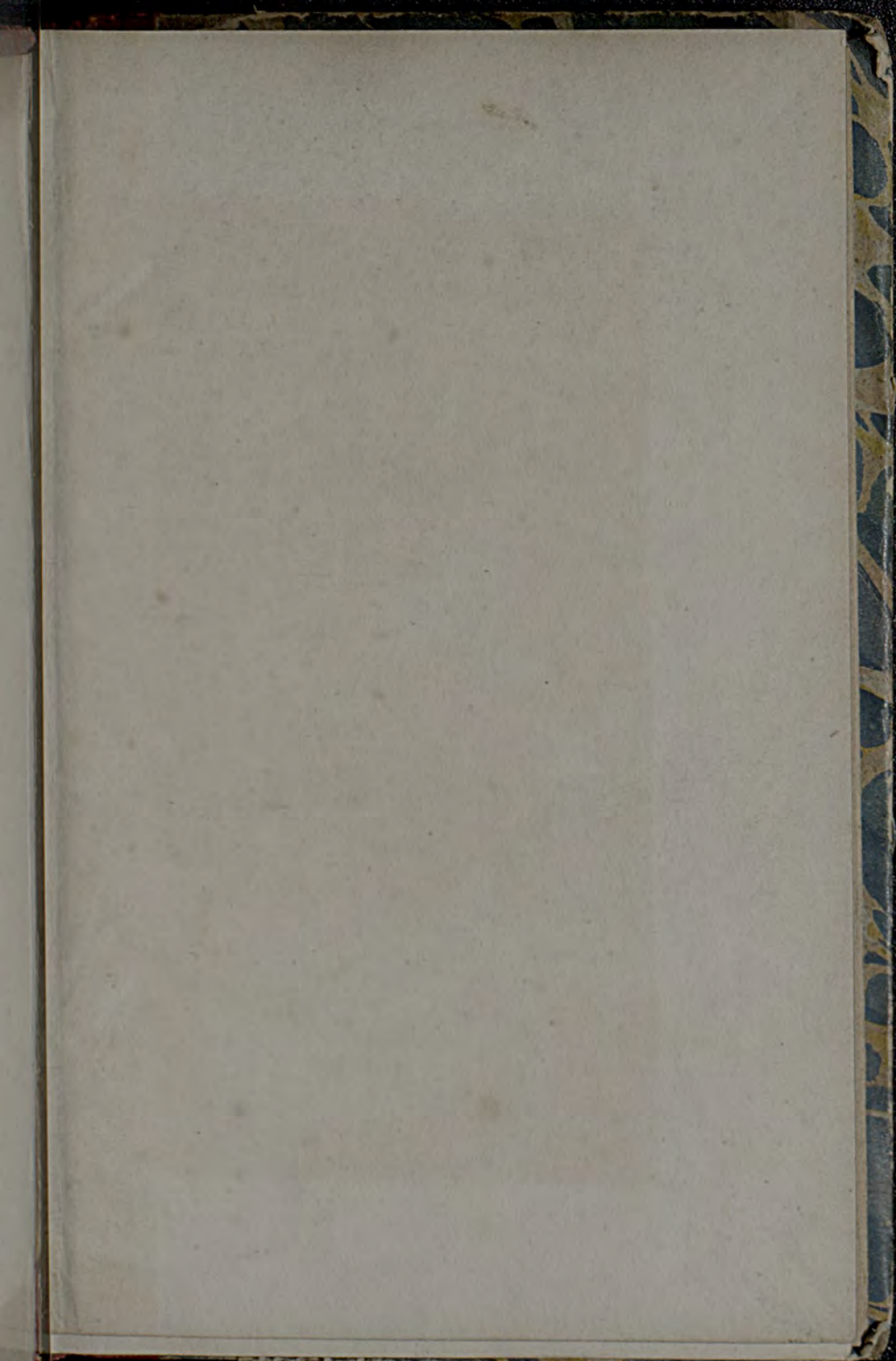
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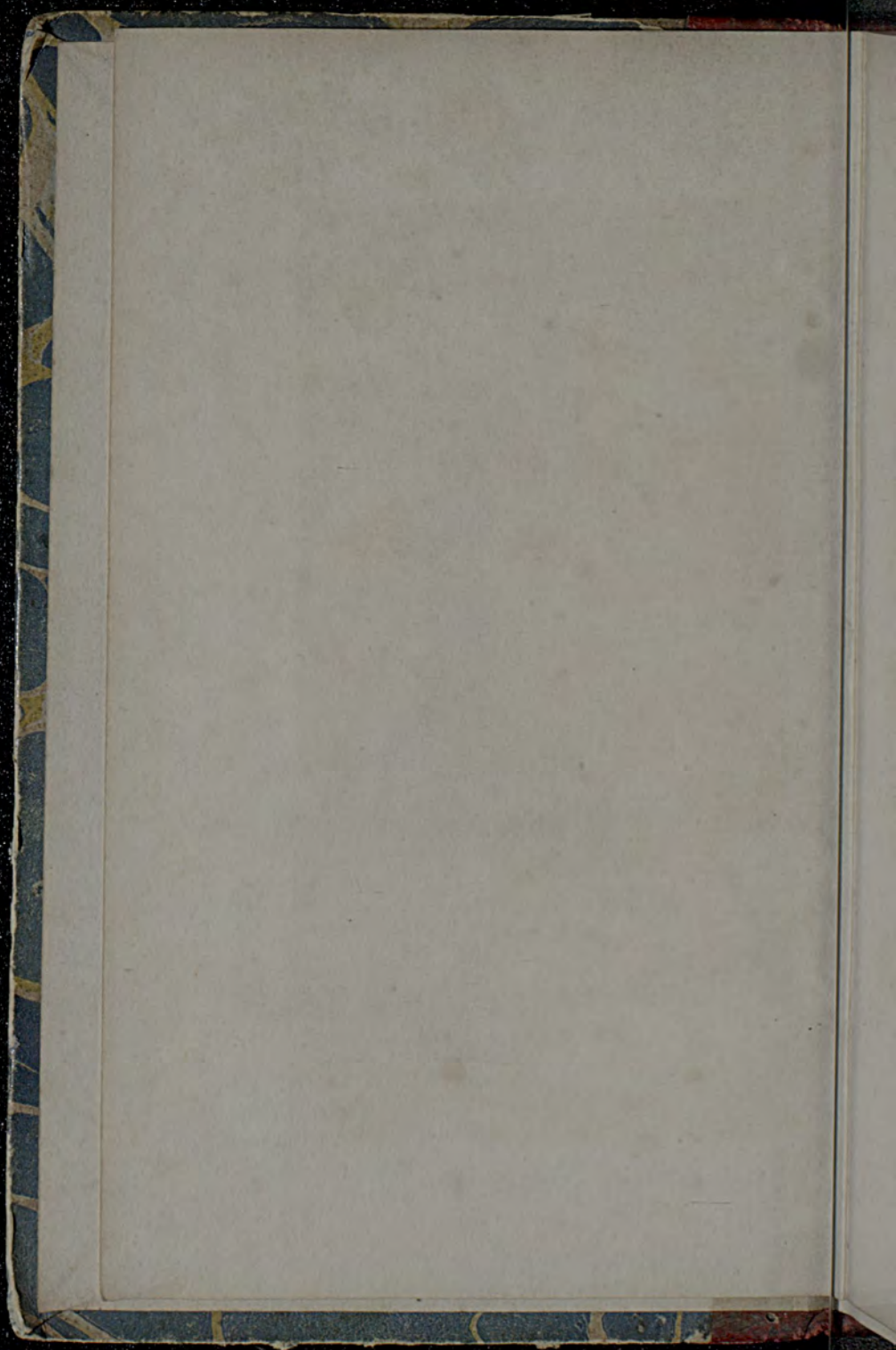
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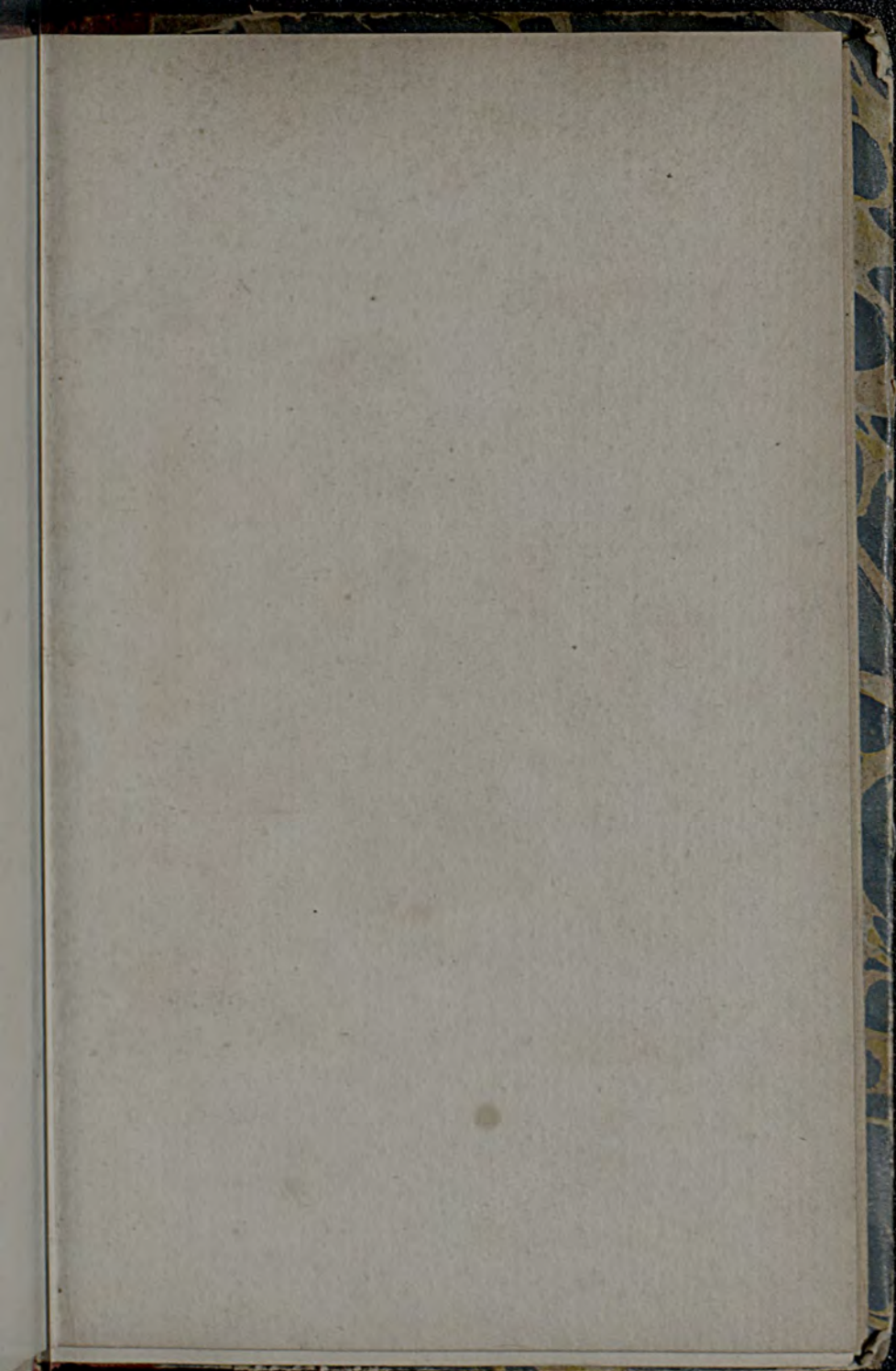
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES & JO ANN ELLIOTT HAYES
from their children

ANN ALYCIN AND ELLIOTT HAYES

98406 KTR









"Though it was too late to prevent the tread of the horse, the Coachman drew up in time to save the wheel from going over her head."— See page 121.

London Published by Harvey & Darton.

N. Gibbs

Providential Care:

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

The Twin Sisters, Boys' School, School-fellows, &c.

On God for all events depend :

You cannot want, if God's your friend.

COTTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,
55, GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1825.

1844
A TABLE

FOUNDED ON FACTS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE TOWN OF LONDON, AND THE TOWN OF LONDON

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HARTLEY AND DARTON
BY FRANKLIN STREET

1844

P R E F A C E.

THE following Story arose from some circumstances in real life, exactly corresponding with the leading event. The identity of two children, who were orphans in the work-house of the parish to which they belonged, was actually ascertained in the way here related, except that other names are substituted for those of the parties concerned. The incidents and reflections which the author has added, are intended to increase the interest of the tale, and lead her readers to remark the hand of Providence in the preservation of his creatures.

It is possible this little work may fall into the hands of those, the commencement of whose life it relates; or they may have been mingled with the dust of their parents. Many years have elapsed since this occurrence took place; but there are persons yet alive who can attest its truth.

Should it meet the eye of any one connected with the subjects of the tale, and they are properly impressed with the kindness of that Almighty and Beneficent Being, who over-rules each event of human life for the good of those who truly love and fear him, the author feels assured they will not regret this simple memorial, from the pen of one, who, except from hearing the history of their childhood, when she was herself a child, is totally unacquainted with them.

It is her earnest wish that they may have experienced, through life, similar kindnesses to those which her imagination has suggested, and walked worthy of the Providential Care extended to them on their first entrance on its stage.

November, 1824.

It is her nature whether they may have
experienced through the same kindness
to those which her imagination has suggest-
ed, and which worthy of the providential
care ascribed to them under the canopy
of the stage.

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PROVIDENTIAL CARE,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.

POPE.

AT the extremity of a small town, nearly forty miles from the metropolis, stood the house of the clergyman, and another where a respectable school for young ladies was kept by the widow of his friend, whose name was Fortescue. The number of her scholars was limited to ten, and their happiness and improvement formed the chief care of her life:

I mean their improvement in religious knowledge, without which there can be no happiness. One teacher, who was well acquainted with music, French, Italian, and every other branch of useful instruction, was, with the attendance of masters, her only assistant; and the order and regularity with which Mrs. Fortescue's system of education was conducted, rendered it more agreeable both to the scholars and herself, than a greater number of hours employed each day in the pursuit of knowledge, in which the former took no interest. Their studies were so blended with amusement, that her household had more the appearance of a large family than of a seminary. By asking the young ladies questions, and allowing them to make enquiries of herself and each other, their curiosity and emulation were excited, and their memories strengthened. She

did not suffer them to read any book, without making it the subject of their conversation afterwards, though it was never allowed to be laid aside to propose a frivolous question, or any thing irrelative to its contents. She would say, "Let us attend to what we are reading, while thus employed; and, when at our other studies, let us be equally engaged with them."

So skilfully did Mrs. Fortescue spread the mental feast, that one study seemed to arise out of the other; and before the morning appeared half spent, her pupils found they had occupied four or five hours in these various pursuits, had gained an insight into something before unknown to them, and had acquired a greater desire to know what yet remained to be learned.

With books which explained the religion of the Bible, and with some pages

of that sacred volume, they began and ended each day. When their good pastor, Mr. Cleveland, joined their evening party, the children participated in the pleasure which their governess felt in his company: they listened, with unfeigned attention, to the instruction he would sometimes give them from the Scriptures; or, by opening to their view some bright light of natural history, lead their minds from the works of nature up to nature's God. The wisdom and goodness of the Creator was his darling theme; and though, when speaking of the works of man, he gave to genius, industry, and science their due praises, acknowledging them the gifts of God, in various proportions, to each of his creatures, as He saw fit to bestow them, he failed not to distinguish the superiority of those objects in creation which were peculiarly his own work; such as

the lofty mountain, the impenetrable forest, the boundless ocean, and those minute objects which need the aid of the microscope to discover their beauties, or the expansive heavens which the telescope opens to the sight. At other times this excellent man would extol the wonder-working hand of Providence, by which the Almighty Ruler of the world preserves, protects, and guides all who trust in him ; providing for the children of the poor, exalting those of low degree, and casting down the proud and mighty.

It was to a tale of this kind his young friends attended to, one evening, with earnest interest ; for he told them it had recently occurred, and that it might be in their power to assist the children to whom it related. “ A few years ago,” said he, “ a poor man and woman of the

name of Clark, who were supported by their labour, died in this parish. They had lived among us about five years, and had two children, both of whom I baptized, and inserted their names in my register as Richard and Elizabeth Clark. Their father fell into an ill state of health, and notwithstanding all the care his poor wife took of him, and the assistance he received from your governess and the master for whom he worked, he died, and left his widow in great distress. After struggling hard against the poverty and depression of spirits his death occasioned her, the poor woman died also, in little more than a year after her husband, having sold almost all she possessed to support her children. They were then one about two, and the other five years of age, the boy being the eldest. Too young to do any thing towards gaining a support for themselves,

and not hearing of any relation they had, I was obliged to consent to the overseers putting them in the work-house, which is, as you know, erected by several united parishes, a few miles hence. All the neighbours of their poor mother bore testimony to her excellent character. I visited her often, and have every reason to believe she was a sincere Christian. Their regard for her was shown by the unfeigned regret they expressed for her orphan children; and I had some difficulty to persuade them to suppress their lamentations at their removal, least they should suppose their fate harder than it really was. Since it was their lot to go to the work-house, it was not kind to give them an ill idea of the place, by useless and vain regret, nor lead them to expect harsh treatment, where, perhaps, they might meet with many friends. I made it my business to

ride over, and interest the master and mistress in their behalf. One poor woman, who had been the attentive nurse of their sick mother, accompanied them to their new habitation, and had the satisfaction of seeing them well received. She left them comparatively contented with their change of abode, and for some time afterwards walked over, once a week, to pay them a visit, and brought back good accounts of their health, growth, and happiness. It was pleasing to see with what interest her accounts were received by her neighbours; and I congratulated myself and them, on having so compassionate a set of people in my parish. Neither did I forget the little ones; for having frequently took the road to the work-house in my rides, their notices of joy and congratulation to each other, whenever they observed me approaching, made me at last an

object of attention to the older inmates of the house; to whom, with God's blessing, I hope I have been made useful, by distributing books, and giving them instruction, while I seemed only to tell them what I wished they should teach the children. They have now been there nearly four years; but I hope their situation will soon be altered for the better, as the other day I received a visit from a stranger, on their account, which seems to promise them great advantage. And here," said Mr. Cleveland, "I must beg you, my young friends, more particularly to notice the interposition of Providence, who careth for all His creatures, and in a wonderful manner bringeth His designs to pass. It was some time before my dinner-hour, that a gentleman rapped at my door, and was shown into the parlour. After apologizing for his intrusion, he asked

me if I had ever had any persons in my parish of the name of Clark. Had I not at that time just returned from a ride, in which I had called at the work-house in my way home, and seen the children for whom I was interested, I might at that moment have forgotten their parents had ever been my parishioners; but it seems, these little creatures were to make an impression on my heart; and their unfeigned joy on seeing me, whom they had long considered their only friend in the wide world from which they were excluded, had increased my affection for them. My mind was at that moment filled with their artless expressions of love towards me, and I immediately related to my visitor the circumstances of their parents' death, and their present situation."

"Could I see the register of their baptism?" said he, "for I have documents

in my possession which prove these children the inheritors of a considerable fortune, if it can be ascertained they are the offspring of John and Elizabeth Clark, who were married in Lincolnshire, and of whose marriage I have obtained the certificate, and traced their removal from that county to this part of Sussex."

"I very gladly sent for my register, and pointed out to him the baptism of each child; but he observed their names were not spelt according to that in the certificate which he had received; and though he had no doubt of their being the very children he was enquiring for, and the lawful heirs to the fortune, he lamented that, unless some further proof could be found that their name had been mis-spelt, no efforts on his part could procure it for them. I was grieved at my own want of accuracy, in

not enquiring of their parents how they spelled their name ; but considering it a common one, I, from my own judgment, spelt it Clark, while that of the certificate was spelt Clerke. This was too material a difference to be overlooked ; and as I knew of no clue by which to discover if their parents had spelt their name thus, he began to despair of being of any service to them.

“ The gentleman was in the law, and I found he understood every point of it. He appeared actuated by the purest motives, and a wish to do good to his fellow-creatures. He was much grieved at this obstruction to his wishes, and begged me to accompany him to see the children, in the hope that they might yet possess some memorial of their parents, which would help to identify them. Nothing of this sort could be found with my little friends ; for they

had taken nothing from the abode of poverty they had quitted, but the tears and blessings of the poor with whom they were surrounded. We returned to dinner; and while he was taking this meal with me, and expressing his disappointment and the interest these artless children had excited in his mind, my maid, who attended on us, listened with attention to the lively expressions of his feelings; (for she, too, had been one of their warmest friends;) and, on returning to the kitchen, she told what she had heard, and her conjectures relating to it, to a char-woman who was on that day hired to wash at my house. My servant had heard enough to know that, could the real way in which their parents had spelled their name be ascertained, these children would be likely to inherit a large fortune; and she expressed her

regret to the poor washerwoman, that her master could not do this; nor could any thing be found, which formerly belonged to them, to prove them to be the same persons.

“We may well declare the ways of God to be mysterious,” continued Mr. Cleveland, “and that He is wonderful in working. No sooner had the woman to whom she had told her tale heard this account, than she recollected, as for the first time for some years, that the poor mother, on her dying bed, had delivered to her a Bible, the only and the greatest treasure which she possessed, as a token of her gratitude for the kindness she had shown her during her illness. It seems, she had been her neighbour, and, actuated by compassion, had performed many kind offices for the sick woman, which she had no other means of recompensing than by this useful

present. I hope, by the value the dying woman set on it, she had herself experienced the benefits which that book makes known to all whom the Holy Spirit instructs to read therein."

" 'There is something written in this book,' said the washerwoman; 'but as I never learned to read writing, I do not know what it is.' "

" My servant had sufficient sense to know it might be of great consequence, and even tend to remove the difficulty she had heard us lamenting. In a moment after, she rapped at the parlour-door, and begged to speak to me. After apologizing for interfering, she told me what she had heard, and I immediately ordered the book to be brought to me. Here we found the very thing we wanted: the name of John and Elizabeth Clerke, of such a parish in Lincolnshire, was written at full length, and

spelled as in the certificate of marriage, which was from the same parish. Not one of us could refrain from expressing our joy, and thankfulness to the Almighty, who had thus so unexpectedly removed all our doubts. It is in such moments that the most ignorant and unthinking are constrained to acknowledge his hand, which is as securely and certainly employed in the most minute circumstances of our lives, as in the grandest events which occur on this world's theatre. His interference and management of our affairs are not always so conspicuous as in the present event; but we may rest assured, He is as much engaged in the concerns of this life, and more particularly as they regard his faithful people, as when his arm is made bare before all men.

“My servant, and the poor woman who had entered with the book, were

witnesses of our discovery, and could not help uniting their expressions of joy and thankfulness with ours. The owner of the book seemed particularly affected. ‘Who could have thought it,’ said she. ‘Ah! I well remember what the poor dear woman said, when she gave it to me: This contains a treasure, said she, my dear neighbour, if ever you are led to look for it. You have been very kind to me; and what this book contains will make amends for all, if you are taught to know its value.’

“My good woman,” said I, “I hope you understand it was not to what has now occurred the dying woman alluded, when she spoke in such high terms of this book. It is the doctrines, the precepts, and the promises of the Holy Scriptures, and which are treasured up in the blessed Bible, of which she spoke :

what God has done for sinners; what he enjoins them; and what he has promised to them, if they hear and do his will."

"Yes, Sir, I know that," said she; "and I take shame to myself that I have made so little use of it. Before her death, I used to like to hear her talk about such things; but I am sorry to say, after she was gone I suffered the book to lie upon the shelf, and for a long time I never thought about it, till your servant mentioned what had passed between you and the gentleman at dinner."

"Understanding I was a magistrate, the gentleman asked her if she would take an oath before me, that the Bible then in her possession belonged to the parents of the children then in the work-house, and that their mother had given it to her before she died."

"Yes, Sir," said she, "I can safely do

that. As long as she was able, she read to me out of it; and when she could no longer do so, she read to herself. Oh! the comfort she used to find in it! Ah! that ever I should forget these things! Though I am ignorant, I could read well enough to make out many chapters; but I cared more about providing for my body than my soul. Yet *I* have no children, and she had two, whom she learned, from this book, willingly to leave behind her, trusting them to God; but I could not trust him for my daily bread, unless I worked day after day, and even on the Sundays, to obtain it."

"After the oath had been administered to her, the gentleman said he must have the book in his possession, till the claims of the children were fully established."

"Oh! yes, Sir," said she, very feel-

ingly. "I am sure I no not deserve to have it; but if it please God ever to send me another, I hope I shall make a better use of it."

"With His blessing, I hope you will, my good neighbour," said I; "and therefore *I* will give you another Bible. This shall be reserved for the children, when they are old enough to read in it, as a remembrance of the singular use it has been of to them in temporal affairs. May God grant it may be still more valuable to them for the spiritual blessings it contains.

My visitor, who by the interest he had taken in the welfare of these poor orphans, and the general benevolence which distinguished his conversation, showed himself not insensible to their worth, added an hearty amen to my prayer; and after giving each of the women a glass of wine, they returned to

their work, while I and my companion concerted a further plan for the benefit of our young *protégées*. Mr. Stanhope, for that was the gentleman's name, acquainted me with the reason he had become so interested in their welfare, of which it is not at present necessary to inform you," added the good man; "for I perceive Mrs. Fortescue is looking at her watch, as if she thought my tale had already been too long. I will therefore only tell you, it was determined he should not take the children from their present habitation, till the validity of their claims had been fully established. I own I am not sorry for this, as I am, as yet, so little acquainted with him. The Bible of their mother, and the affidavit of the woman who received it from her, would, Mr. Stanhope thought, sufficiently prove their identity; and I am in daily expectation of either hearing from,

or seeing him again, to secure to the children the possession of their property."

The young ladies thanked him for this interesting story, and expressed their hopes of the children's happiness. "How *fortunate*," said one, "that the washerwoman happened to be at your house, Sir." "Mr. Cleveland has directed you to observe the hand of Providence in this circumstance," said Mrs. Fortescue—"of a God, who governs the world; and I am sorry you have so little attended to his instructions, as to attribute it to chance or fortune. I know these are common expressions; but in this house, at least, you are not in danger of being ridiculed, by ascribing it to the right cause." "And even if she were, my good madam," rejoined Mr. Cleveland, "it would be as well to be above the fear of it. There can be

nothing ridiculous in ascribing to the great Author of our being, every good which befalls us. If his interference be denied by those who hear us, the shame ought to rest with them, and will one day cover their heads with confusion."

"But suppose, Sir," said another young lady, "this gentleman should only mean to get their fortune into his own hands, and take them away under the pretence of serving them, and we should never hear of them any more?" "You are thinking of the cruel uncle of the babes in the wood," returned Mr. Cleveland, smiling; "and I acknowledge I have had some such thoughts myself; for as these poor children have no relation, nor any friends, but myself and a few poor inhabitants of this town, they might fall an easy prey to such villany. Yet, as I do not like to think so *very* evil of my fellow-creatures, (though evil enough

we are all, God knoweth; and he has declared, in his word, that ‘there is none that doeth good: no, not one,’) I trust his fatherly care will be over them, and that his restraining grace will prevent my new acquaintance from committing such gross iniquity. He appears to be a good man, and actuated only by the best of motives in undertaking their cause. Moreover, he told me he belonged to a society in London, which is established for benevolent purposes, and to whom he must give an account of his proceedings. He has given me the name of their president, and several members: these must be some check upon each other; and I cannot doubt it will be to the children’s benefit, if he succeeds in what he has undertaken. I shall have some business to call me to town within a few weeks, and I shall so contrive it, as to make further enquiries respecting

him and the society he has mentioned."

"Oh! I am glad of that," said two or three of them at the same time; "for then we may hear more of the poor children, and how they are disposed of."

Mr. Cleveland then took leave of his young auditors, promising to bring them any further intelligence he should gain.

Mrs. Fortescue, after reminding them that a still greater advantage might arise to the poor woman, who seemed conscience-stricken that she had neglected her Bible, if the Almighty should bless her future endeavours to peruse it, desired the young lady whose turn it was, to read a chapter; and then offered up her prayer to God for them and herself, not forgetting the poor children whose story had so interested them, the poor woman, and every child of sorrow and misfortune whom the Lord in-

structed, by various methods, to cast their cares upon him. Her praises were unfeigned for their exemption from the many sorrows which daily surrounded them; and she begged for her young pupils grateful hearts, and teachable spirits to hear what the Lord should say unto them. Each retired to rest, in some degree sensible of the blessings they enjoyed; but how far short their feelings of gratitude were from what these demanded, each of my readers, if he looks into his own heart, and compares the comforts and even luxuries he enjoys, with the wants and distresses of others, will in some measure experience; and to his own conscience I leave the application.

CHAP. II.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use ;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade ;
And oft so mix'd, the difference is too nice,
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

POPE.

THE next morning, the story of the poor children was again discussed by this young community, and the hand of Providence acknowledged, who often causes events of the greatest importance to proceed from the most trivial causes. This train of reflections was broken in upon by the usual avocations of the morning; and in the evening there arose another subject of conversation,

from their afternoon's lesson in reading, which was the character of Diogenes.

"Might not he be accounted a happy man," asked one of the young ladies, "since he wanted so little of this world's good?"

"No one can be truly happy in this life," returned Mrs. Fortescue, "be their possessions or their wants great or small, who has no prospect beyond it. Diogenes lived before the goodness of God had made the blessings of Christianity known to the Gentiles. He sought happiness in his own way, and of his own making; but it is by no means certain that he obtained it."

"I think he was as proud of wanting nothing, as others are of their possessions," observed one of the scholars.

"True," returned her governess: "you remember the remark of Plato, who, when Diogenes trampled on his

Persian carpet, saying, he trod on the ostentation of Plato; replied, 'Yes, and with more pride than Plato takes in possessing it.' One desire Diogenes had, which never could be satisfied so completely as he wished: this was, to be noticed and singled out as an object of attention. While others sought renown for their possessions or attainments, or in the honours of their ancestors, he endeavoured to gain it by affecting not to value these things, and by enduring hardships. Plato understood his character, when he said, 'To be rendered truly unhappy, Diogenes needed only to be disregarded.' And perhaps never was he more elated in his own opinion, than when Alexander said, 'Were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.' Opposite as their characters seemed to be, they were both

actuated by the same ruling passion; and love of fame influenced the conqueror of the world, and him who, seated in his tub, desired the mighty monarch not to stand between him and the sun. Had Alexander walked away, I question whether his mortification had not been greater than that which his shadow would have occasioned him."

"It is said, he rolled himself in burning sand in the summer," observed another lady, "and walked with bare feet, and almost naked, in the snow in winter, often embracing statues of marble."

"All this was to accustom himself to hardships," returned Mrs. Fortescue; "but it seems he was never called upon to encounter any half so great as those he imposed upon himself. When sold for a slave, he became the master of his purchaser; and himself performed the office of cryer in the public market, by

saying, 'Who is willing to buy a master?' When asked what he could do: 'I can command men,' was his arrogant reply. Alexander himself could not have given an answer more replete with pride."

"But he became the tutor of his master's children," said the young lady. "Say, rather, of his *owner's* children," returned Mrs. Fortescue; "for, you remember, he told Xeniadès, who bought him, 'Now I am yours, prepare to obey me.' We are told, he educated his pupils in the purest morality, and strengthened their bodies by exercise and regimen; but that he taught them to be almost as negligent of dress as himself: a fault which, in the effeminate island of Crete, could scarcely be forgiven. His lessons and example made him much beloved, and rendered his pupils superior to most of their countrymen.

Such was the hardness of Diogenes, that before he went into Crete, he attempted living upon raw flesh, that he might not need a fire to dress it; but to this he could not bring himself. His only habitation was a tub, which he rolled before him when he wished to change his place of abode: a wooden cup, out of which he drank, was his only furniture; and this he threw away, after observing a boy drinking out of the hollow of his hand."

"I think, madam," said one of her pupils, "his being sold for a slave was rather an advantage to him, as he lived in a house at Crete, and enjoyed comfortable meals."

"It is evident he thought so," replied Mrs. Fortescue, "for when his friends would have bought his liberty, he told them, The lion was not the slave of those who fed him, but that they were his

vassals; and he persisted in remaining with Xeniades. Still I cannot call him a happy man, even in the common acceptation of the word, for he was ill-natured; and one who cannot rejoice in the happiness of another, can never be happy himself. It appears to have been his pleasure to mortify others; witness his animosity towards Plato, who was undoubtedly the wisest and most enlightened philosopher of that age, and of the most unblemished character for morality and amiable manners. Diogenes had great wit; but he affected to despise all knowledge but his own, and turned every other sect into ridicule. At this time there were different philosophers, who advanced their own notions, and had their separate methods of teaching what they conceived to be truth, and the way to obtain happiness. Of these, Plato came the nearest to the

divine religion of the Bible. He taught, after Anaxagoras, who lived before him, that the creation of the world, and its government, were not to be attributed to chance, but to a supreme and intelligent mind, whom he believed to be diffused through all nature. He refused to worship the variety of gods which were honoured by the Greeks; and it is not improbable that the altar which Paul saw at Athens, inscribed to the unknown God, might have been erected by some of the followers of Plato; though in those days his doctrine had much degenerated, there having elapsed nearly 400 years between the time of Plato and of Paul. Diogenes was contemporary with Plato, and I think this good philosopher was an object of envy to our railing cynic."

"Pray, madam," said one of her youngest pupils, "does not a cynic

mean one who finds fault with every body?"

"Yes, my dear; and the import of *philosopher* is, a lover of wisdom. It is evident Diogenes did not love wisdom, when he despised Plato; nor when he replied, with a sneer, to one who spoke to him of astronomy, 'How long have you left the skies?' meaning to insinuate that no one could understand that science, unless he had been there."

"Was astronomy known then, madam?" said the same little girl. "I thought the people were very ignorant in those days."

"Except in the great truths of revealed religion, my dear," returned her governess, "the pagan world were as enlightened, and perhaps more so, than the present age. The arts and sciences flourished then to a greater extent; and it is the general opinion that their his-

tory, oratory, painting, and sculpture, cannot be equalled by any in the present time. But the discoveries of this age, both in geography and astronomy, which are intimately connected with each other, far exceed any which they made. Can any of my present companions tell this young lady who was the first astronomer?" asked she, willing to try the strength of their memories.

"It was first taught by Pythagoras," replied one of them, "five hundred years before Christ, and afterwards revived by Copernicus, in the sixteenth century after Christ; but the greatest improvement in the science was made by Sir Isaac Newton, who lived in the last century."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Fortescue: "I hope our little friend will remember your answer, and make it her own when she is asked the same

question. But once more," continued she, "let us return to Diogenes, of whom Plato said, 'He is a Socrates deranged;' for at times he spoke maxims replete with good sense and true philosophy. His was an easy refutation of that philosopher who argued against the power of motion. Diogenes, rising up, began to walk, and said, 'It is thus I confute your argument.' But his sally of wit to the unskilful archer is less to be admired, because he endeavoured to mortify a harmless person. Seeing him adjust his bow as if to shoot at a mark, he ran to place himself before the target; and on being asked why he did this, he replied, 'Because I would not be shot:' thus insinuating that the archer would be sure to miss his aim. I doubt if he did not get out of the way before the arrow went from the bow. When does the historian tell us Diogenes died?"

"In the first year of the 104th Olympiad," answered the young lady, "or 224 years before Christ. It is believed his death was voluntary, as he was found in the attitude of sleep, with his head enveloped in his mantle, as if he had suffocated himself."

"Oh!" said one of the little girls, "he had better have continued to wear *no* clothes, than have done that."

"You are right, my dear," returned Mrs. Fortescue, pleased with her remark; "and it is a proof that, with all his boasted stoicism, he could not bear the infirmities of age as he ought, or he would have waited till the hand of time had released him; which could not have been long delayed, since he was in his 90th year."

"But, Madam, was Diogenes happy after death?"

"We are not authorized to answer

that question, my love. He was not acquainted with the Scriptures, which say no murderer shall inherit the kingdom of God; nor are we sure that he was one. This we know, he possessed an immortal soul, which can never die; and his after state was known and determined on by a righteous God, who cannot err. Where was the place of his birth?" continued Mrs. Fortescue, addressing the young lady who had read of him.

"Sinope, Madam, a city of Pontus, one of the lesser states of Greece, in which his father was a banker. He was, with him, accused of making counterfeit money, and left the city in disgust. Coming to Athens, he became the disciple of Antisthenes, who was the founder of the sect called Cynics."

"He it was," said Mrs. Fortescue, "who, when he was told Ismenes played

well on the flute, said, ‘Then he is good for nothing else.’ Plutarch extols him for this answer; and such was the opinion of some of the wisest men in that age, that Plato has forbidden it in his imaginary republic. But I beg your pardon, my dear: proceed with your account of Diogenes.”

“He wished to surpass his master, who sought only to repel the passions: Diogenes endeavoured to destroy them. But I suppose,” observed the young lady, “he found no effectual method of doing this, till he destroyed himself and them together.”

“This might have been his aim,” replied her governess; “but it is by no means certain that he obtained his end by that rash act.”

“Pray, madam, what is an *Olympiad*?” asked one of the young ladies.

“Four complete years, my dear, which

elapsed between the celebration of the Olympic games. One of your companions will tell you when this way of reckoning commenced."

"In the year of the world 3228, and before Christ 776," was the reply. "It ceased about 440 years before the Christian era."

Their conversation now ended. The evening was concluded, as the preceding one, with a chapter from the Bible, and prayer; after which the young ladies again retired to bed.

CHAP. III.

Nor till invok'd
Can restless goodness wait ; its active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd :
Like silent-working heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

THOMSON.

THE next day Mrs. Fortescue found her young pupils not so ready to join her in the school-room as usual, and she expressed her surprise at their delay. It appeared that, instigated by one of the elder ones, all the ladies had been forming a plan, by what method they could best show the interest they took in the children whose history had been told them. Some proposed one thing, and some another : each wished to see them,

and to make them some little present; and they were busily engaged in inditing and writing a letter to their governess on this subject, when the school-bell rang. This had taken up too much of their time, and their lessons were not so accurately recited as they ought to have been; so that they were afterwards obliged to add a postscript to their letter, to apologize for their neglect. One of the younger scholars, who appeared to have the least dread of Mrs. Fortescue's displeasure, was deputed to convey to her their petition, which was couched in the following terms:

“ Dear Madam,

“ Your kind indulgence encourages us to mention our wishes to you; and we are assured, if they are such as are proper to be complied with, you will not deny us their gratification: and we

are also well convinced, dear Madam, that you know what is proper for us to do, better than ourselves. We therefore wish to be directed by you, before we proceed in a plan we have been forming. It is our united wish to do something for the poor children Mr. Cleveland told us of the other evening, which shall remind them of the goodness of God, and their kind friend who appears so desirous of doing them good. We suppose that, if they obtain their fortune, they will be in no want of clothes, nor any thing necessary for their future support: their education will also be attended to; but if you please, Madam, we should like to work a cover for their mother's Bible, in which we would insert a motto, expressive of the circumstances attending it; and we would be much obliged to you, or to Mr. Cleveland, to direct us what to say to that

import. If it be not too great a favour, we should like much to see the children whose story has so interested us, and do all in our power to contribute to their happiness. We would subscribe among ourselves, to pay for a conveyance for them from the workhouse, if you would approve of their paying us a visit on our next holiday. Dear madam, your opinion on our plan will greatly oblige us. We hope you will excuse the freedom and many imperfections of this letter; and believe us, Madam, your affectionate and grateful pupils."

(Signed by the whole school.)

Postscript, written after school-hours :

" We are very sorry, Madam, that the writing of the above letter should have detained us from the school-room so long this morning, and made us so deficient in our lessons. We request

your forgiveness, and hope not to incur your displeasure by such conduct in future."

In less than an hour, Mrs. Fortescue returned the following answer:

"My dear young pupils,

"Your letter has by no means displeased me. I am happy to find you desirous of exalting the goodness of the Almighty, and wishing to impress its remembrance on the minds of others. I will consider your request respecting the work you mention. In the mean time, it will give me pleasure to comply with your wish of seeing the little orphans; and as the day after to-morrow will be a holiday for us, we will contrive to make it such for them also. Mr. Cleveland will, in all probability, visit us this evening, when I will consult him on your plan. Believe me, my

dear children, your affectionate and sincere friend,

“MARY FORTESCUE.”

With this reply the young ladies were quite delighted, and each anticipating the time of the children's visit, examined the state of their purses to procure them a conveyance, and thought of some token of kindness which they would present to them. In the evening Mr. Cleveland arrived, and their design was communicated to him. He expressed his approbation, and related to them further anecdotes of his little parishioners, which increased their desire of seeing them.

“How happy the gentleman must be,” said one of the young ladies, “if he succeeds in restoring to them their fortune. I think I should like to spend my days, as he and many other charac-

ters have done ; such as Mr. Howard, for instance."

"There are many noble traits in the English character," returned Mr. Cleveland, "which may make us proud of our countrymen ; though I fear there are also many among them of an opposite disposition. I detest the man who thinks of living only to his own comfort, and for himself alone ; and though I affix no merit on any work of this sort, by which to claim eternal life, yet I am bold to say, the Almighty does not suffer one such action to go unrewarded in this life. Whatever be the motive of men for a good or great action, He sees and knows it. Be it the praise of men ? they obtain it. Is it 'the sweetly glistening tear which rises in the glad eye of gratitude ?' they see it and are recompensed. And again, if they seek the suffrage of their own consciences, it is

not withheld. And which of all these motives do my young friends think the best?" enquired he.

"To see others happy, Sir, and to feel that we have done a good action," was the reply of more than one of his auditors.

"There is yet a superior pleasure," returned he, "in acknowledging ourselves the instrument of a beneficent and gracious God, who thus enables us to act like him, and according to his will. This will keep us from glorying in our work, as if the good proceeded from ourselves, and not from him."

"On this account it is better, Sir, to do good without being known to do it," said a young lady; "as we read of Montesquieu, who ransomed a man from slavery, and was never known to be the person who did it, till after his death."

It was one of Mrs. Fortescue's cautions to her young people, not to relate anecdotes which every one knew; nor to start subjects of conversation, that they might display their own knowledge; and her affectionate pupil turned towards her, as if she had transgressed this rule. Mrs. Fortescue read her fears, and replied, "It is very excusable this time, my dear: you wished to illustrate your subject by an example known to every one; and Mr. Cleveland will not accuse you of wishing to show your acquaintance with literature."

"The circumstance you allude to is well known," returned that gentleman, "and has been made the subject of a drama, in French, called *Le Bienfait Anonyme*."

"In the *Choisi Recueil*," observed one of the younger ones, "where I have had it to translate, it is related that the

young man whose father he had redeemed, met M. Montesquieu in the street, and knowing him again as his benefactor, he dragged him to his habitation to see the happiness he had given them."

"But even then," observed another lady, "the good man denied being the person, and made all possible haste to escape from the effusions of their gratitude. Did he do right, Sir, to deny the action, and to refuse their tribute of thankfulness?"

"I think not, in this instance," replied Mr. Cleveland; "for though he was so shy and reserved as to feel distressed by their praises, from his aversion to speaking much, he lost the opportunity of directing their minds to the right source of all their mercies. As he really had the greatness of mind to wish to remain unknown, he might have ac-

knowledgeed himself the instrument of the Almighty, and enjoined them secrecy. His modesty was equal to his goodness; for it is said he never would permit a likeness to be taken of him, till he was questioned whether there might not be more vanity in refusing, than in granting the repeated requests which were made to him to sit for it. Now we are upon the subject of magnanimity," continued he, "I will relate to you an anecdote I have lately met with, and which, perhaps, may not be unknown to you, if you have read the Percy Anecdotes, from whence it is said to be taken. It is among a variety of others which do honour to our countrymen. Near the end of the last century, a grocer of the name of Higgins died in London, and not knowing any relation he had, he left a considerable fortune to a gentleman who was his friend, only

desiring him, if he should afterwards chance to hear of any of his family, he would relieve them if they were in want. Instead of waiting till accident threw them in his way, and enjoying the fortune undisturbed, which was legally his, this benevolent man immediately advertised for the next of kin to the deceased; and after spending some months and much money in enquiring, he heard of two or three of his distant relations. These he invited to dine with him; and having completely satisfied himself of their relationship, he divided the whole fortune among them, according to their right of consanguinity, and paid every expence attending on it himself."

"Dear, Sir," observed one of his young hearers, "this was being greater than the gentleman who is now interesting himself for the poor children you told

us of; but was it required of him to do so much as this?"

"The laws of the land certainly gave him a right to the property," returned Mr. Cleveland; "but he felt a stronger law in his own heart, which would not suffer him to keep what he thought belonged to another. It is probable he possessed a sufficiency before, or he could not have undertaken the expence of finding out the relations of his friend; and that *they* were indigent is most likely, from their connexion with the grocer, who, probably, gained the fortune by industry in business. Had he been like the gentleman to whom he left it, he would have sought out his relations; but, we may conclude, *his* whole time and thoughts were engaged in the accumulation of money, with which it was the lot of a more liberal-minded man to make others happy."

Mrs. Fortescue then informed him of the young ladies' wish to see the children, and he promised to obtain leave from the master and mistress of the work-house for their visit, when they should be sent for. After a little more conversation he departed, and the duties of the evening commenced as before.

CHAP. IV.

Alike to all, the kind, impartial Heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given :
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they flee from pain.

GRAY.

ON the next holiday, a cart and horse were procured, and a careful boy to drive it, to fetch the little boy and girl to see their new friends; but not before their benevolent pastor had, in some measure, prepared them for their visit; for which purpose he had ridden over, the day before, to the work-house. They were coarsely dressed, but clean; and though the novelty of the ride pleased them, they were by no means elated

with the thoughts of what they were to meet with at the end of it. The boy who drove them was likewise a stranger to them; and except a few whispers which passed between the brother and sister, there was silence almost the whole of the way. At length Richard, who was the eldest, thought it necessary to raise his courage and his voice. Seeing his sister very thoughtful, he told her not to be frightened, for he would take care of her. "Remember," said he, "what poor mother said before she died: 'Richard will take care of *you*, Betsey;' and be sure I will. Do not you love *me*, Betsey?"

"Yes," returned she, "better than any body in the world; but mother said God would take care of us, Richard; and mother is gone to God, and she will ask him to take care of us."

"Jesus Christ will pray for us, if we

are good," returned Richard; "and God will love us (we may be sure of that) if we are good; for it is he that makes us so, and he would not make us good if he did not love us. Did not Mr. Cleveland say so?"

"I believe so," replied Betsey. "He said we must pray to God to make us good, and I always do. Mr. Cleveland said we cannot make ourselves good. But shall we see *him*?" continued she, her eyes brightening at the idea; "and that good gentleman that came the other day, and talked so much about poor mother, and wanted us to show him something that mother had? But I had nothing to show," added she, with a sigh: "the naughty men took away every thing she had."

"No, no, Betsey," said her brother; "do not you know Mr. Cleveland told us we should not say so. Mother gave it

them, to get us bread and clothes. There is no naughty men will hurt us, if we pray to God to take care of us. We wanted something to eat, you know, and the men must be paid for it; and if mother had no money, and was too ill to earn any, they must have what she had to give them: that is all. But by and by I shall be able to work, and then *you* shall have the money, and we shall have bread to eat of our own earning."

The boy who was guiding the horse now thought it time to join in their conversation, by saying, "No, no, *you* will not have to work; you will have a fortune."

"A fortune," said Richard: "I do not know what that is; but I hope I shall be strong and hearty, and able to work. Mr. Cleveland says, if we pray to God, he will not let any harm come to us; or if it is what we call harm, he

will make it to be good to us. When people are bad off, they have a fortune."

"*Misfortune*, you mean," replied the boy, laughing so very much at Richard's mistake, that he had not time to rectify it before they arrived in view of the place of their destination. "There is the school," said he: "that is the place where you *be* going."

"Is *that* a school?" asked the little girl, with the same simplicity as her brother. "Why, it is almost as large as our great house. I wonder if old dame *be* there?" the only idea she had of a school being derived from a part of the building they were in, which was occupied by an old woman who taught the younger children their alphabet. "Mr. Cleveland said we should see some ladies." And presently they saw ladies enough; for it happened that the whole party were returning from a walk, when

they saw the cart approaching, and each young lady exclaimed, "Here they are! here are the children!" Had they not been restrained by the presence of Mrs. Fortescue, and still more by the timid looks of their visitors, they would, by their hearty welcomes, have scarcely allowed them to come within the door; but some of the elder ones, who had more reflection, considered the awkwardness of their situation, and were cautious not to frighten them.

Both the boy and girl were now silent, and the latter ready to cry, as they were led into the house, surrounded by so many strangers. In vain they looked around for Mr. Cleveland, or some one whom they knew; and poor Betsey's eyes rested on her brother, as her only stay. "My dears," said Mrs. Fortescue, "you are come among a great many

friends: these young ladies were desirous of seeing you, that they might give you pleasure." Although her words were above their comprehension, who had never been used to any other language, than the coarse but kind expressions of pity and compassion, of the humble inmates of their large habitation, her voice and manner bespoke affection; and they were encouraged by the kind looks of the young ladies, who ceased their notices when their governess had begun speaking. "Are you hungry, my dears?" continued Mrs. Fortescue: "perhaps you would like something to eat." "Please, Madam," said the boy, who possessed a little more courage than his sister. "They shall go into the kitchen," said Mrs. Fortescue, and Kitty will give them some victuals: this will give them time to recollect themselves, and they will be

more comfortable. We must not let what we intended should give them pleasure, render them uncomfortable."

When they had withdrawn, the young ladies collected all the toys and sweetmeats they intended to give them on their return; and, such is the force of habit, on seeing the servants of the house the children became more at their ease. *Their* dress and manners were more like those of the people they had always been with: they were soon sociable with them, and were made to understand the nature of their visit, and that the ladies intended only kindness in wishing to see them. One of the maids remembered their mother, and spoke of the likeness of Betsey to her.

"Did you know our mother?" asked Richard, whose heart was ever opened at the mention of her name.

"Yes," replied the young woman,

“and your father too, very well. I often came to your house while your poor mother lay ill, with things which my mistress sent her.”

“What! the good lady in there?” asked Richard, pointing to the parlour. “Did *she* send things to my mother?”

“Very often,” was the reply.

“What things?” enquired little Betsey, who had now drawn near to the servant.

“Things to do her good,” returned the maid.

“But they did not make her well, though,” returned Betsey.

“That my mistress could not help,” said the servant. “She hoped they would; but it pleased God that your mother should not recover.”

“Ah! Betsey,” said the little boy, as if desirous to take every opportunity of instructing his sister, and reconciling her

to their fate, "remember, Mr. Cleveland said so, and that we should not fret at what God does."

"Your mother was a good woman," observed the servant, "and is gone to a better place."

"Yes," returned Richard, "mother prayed to Jesus Christ to make her good, and he did so; and she told me that if I prayed to him, he would make me good too."

"Are you not good already?" asked the servant.

"Not so good as I ought to be," returned he: "nobody is." And here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Fortescue, who, observing the young ladies impatient for the return of their visitors, came to see if they had concluded their meal. Seeing they had finished eating, she took them by the

hand, and again led them into the school-room, evidently cheered by the food they had taken, and the knowledge that the servant had known their mother. They were now less alarmed, and consequently more pleasing to their young friends.

"Do you like playthings?" said one of the little girls to Betsey.

"Yes, when I can get them," she replied; "but the great girls take them away."

"That is hard," returned the other; "but I hope they will let you keep what *I* give you."

Now Betsey's idea of playthings was very different from that of the young lady. A few pieces of broken plates, or of brown earthenware, with some dry sand, afforded her the same amusement as a set of small tea-things, or the doll's dinner set out on dishes, did the latter; and she was all astonishment on behold-

ing, for the first time, a specimen of these play-things. "Dear me! they be too pretty to play with," said she: "they look like what our mistress had in her cupboard."

With a doll, which was next shown her, she seemed better acquainted; but its size and appearance were so much beyond any she had ever seen, that she scarcely ventured to touch it. "Look! Richard," she exclaimed, "did *you* ever see such a pretty doll?" Richard never had; and his expressions of admiration afforded much amusement to the young ladies. The children could not believe that they were to take any of these things home with them: the doll, old as it was in the eyes of its owner, appeared to them too great a prize. "Sally Masters will never let me have *this*," said Betsey to her brother: "she will beat me."

"Who is Sally Masters?" asked one of the ladies.

"One of our *big* girls: she takes away all our sand and our play-things."

"But why do not you tell your mistress of it?" asked her young friend.

"She beats me when I do," replied Betsey, with simplicity.

"Who beats you?"

"Sally does," returned she. "And we do not so much mind it," added Richard; "for I *likes* digging out the sand in the lane: so we soon *gets* more; and as for the play-things, we often *finds* something that will do. But Sally *will* have all the best."

"How is it you find play-things so easily?" asked the young lady. "I thought there were not any where *you* are."

"Not like these," said Richard, "but we *finds* them in the ash-hole,

and under the wall, and about the garden."

"Have not you seen the children of the village playing under the trees with pieces of broken earthenware, or brick-bats, and a few oyster-shells?" said Mrs. Fortescue, who had been listening to their conversation. "They are as happy with them, as you are with these."

The young lady now comprehended what these children called play-things. "But," said she to Betsey, "would not these be better?"

"Yes," returned the child, "if Sally Masters would let me have them."

"Even in this instance," observed Mrs. Fortescue, "we may see that the possession of riches bringeth care. What is easily obtained we readily part with; but in proportion to the value we set on a thing, is our fear of losing it, and the chance of provoking oppression."

In a few minutes Mr. Cleveland arrived. Pleasure was painted in his countenance as he welcomed his little friends, and their looks bore ample testimony that they felt the same on seeing him. He had something to communicate which was still more pleasant. He had received a letter from Mr. Stanhope, which told them there was every prospect of establishing the claim of the children, in the fullest manner.

"Oh, what a good thing!" said the lady who had given little Betsey the doll. "How happy I am that they will not have to stay always in the work-house. Pray, Sir, will not you tell them of it?"

"I question if I shall make them understand, when I tell them of the property they are to have," replied Mr. Cleveland; "but it may give them pleasure to hear their situation is likely

to be altered for the better. Should you like to leave the work-house?" said he to them.

"Yes, Sir," replied Richard, very boldly, "when I am old enough to work, and earn money to buy Betsey and me some bread."

"But suppose you had money enough to live without work, what would you do then?" asked Mr. Cleveland.

"I must have enough for Betsey too," said he, very thoughtfully; "and then we would live in a house together, and keep a pig and some chickens."

"Very well," replied their friend, smiling at his simplicity; "but suppose you were to go to school first, both of you, and learn to read and write, and a great many other things: how should you like *that*?"

"Oh! I should like to write as well

as Dick Stubbs: he is master's best boy! But *he* must go to work soon!"

"I mean to a better school than that at the work-house," returned Mr. Cleveland, "and where you can learn more than you can there."

"I should like to learn as much as I can, Sir," replied the child, "and what would make me a good boy; because mother told me I should never learn any bad ways, and she said there were some bad boys at school."

"And some good ones also, I hope," said Mr. Cleveland: "I hope you will be one of them."

While this conversation was held, Betsey stood reddening and looking at her brother, who seemed to read her thoughts, and the tear which stood in her eye. He immediately declared that he could go nowhere without Betsey; for his mother had told him always to

take care of her. "Yes," said he, with earnestness, "when she died, she said so; and she looked so pale and white, and said, God would be displeased with me if I forsook Betsey. I promised I would not, and I must keep my word."

"You are a good boy," said their kind friend, "and God will bless you if you are kind to your sister; but if she goes to *one* school and you to another, this will not be forsaking her, and you can hear if she is happy. Boys and girls do not go to the same school, you know?"

"No, they do not in the work-house, Sir, except the very little ones. I *be* but just got into the boys' school. Betsey and I are together out of school; and I do not let any body hurt her, if I can help it: only Sally Masters is so big, that she beats us both sometimes."

“And would it not be a good thing to get out of the way of Sally Masters?” asked their good friend.

“We do, Sir, whenever we can. None of the little ones like to be where she is.”

At length they were made sensible that there was a prospect of their being taken from that house, and receiving a better education than they could gain there. Richard was reconciled to the thought of being separated from his sister for a time, if he could be sure it was for her benefit, and that she would be among friends. “But I wish,” added he, “our dear mother was alive, to tell us what to do, and to see us go to school.” Betsey, who considered her brother as much wiser and stronger than herself, endeavoured to feel satisfied if *he* was so; but she thought within herself, how much she should have to say

to him on this subject, and of their afternoon's visit, when they should be again alone together.

Before the time for their return to the work-house, they became quite happy and familiar with their new friends, and delighted with all they heard and saw ; while the young ladies were equally pleased with their country phrases. As their shyness wore off, they talked more and more, and were at last sorry to leave the company they had entered with so much apprehension. A little basket was provided, in which the play-things were packed ; but the doll, Betsey begged to carry in her arms. " Sally Masters will not see it to-night," said Richard ; " and to-morrow we will give it to mistress."

They were ordered to leave the other things also in her care, and Mr. Cleveland promised to come over the next

morning, and secure it as their property. He wished also to see the overseers of the poor, who met on that day at the house, that he might speak with them about their removal; as it was probable they would be soon wanted in London, to identify their persons, and their right to the property claimed in their behalf.

CHAP. V.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear.

SHENSTONE.

A WEEK or two elapsed after this, and the young ladies often reverted to their little visitors, and were anxious to know if they had escaped a beating from Sally Masters, and had kept quiet possession of what had been given them. At length Mr. Cleveland received a letter from his new friend, which declared it to be necessary that the children should come to town, in order to be identified. He begged him to prepare them for the journey, and provide a proper person to accompany them. Mr. Cleveland came

to consult with Mrs. Fortescue for this purpose, and the horse and cart were again sent to bring them to her house.

Betsey and her brother entered their vehicle with much greater willingness than before, and thought the time long till they came in sight of the house which contained so many of their friends. The meeting gave them the sincerest pleasure, and they were now in danger of being disagreeable by making too free, as before they had been from their extreme shyness, had not the presence of Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Fortescue checked the exuberance of their joy.

The first thing Betsey said to her friend, from whom she had received the doll, was, "Sally Masters has not beaten me since, and she has not taken my doll away."

"I am glad to hear it," said the

young lady, who would have been pleased to enter into a long conversation with her, had not Mr. Cleveland told them, he had something of great consequence to say to Richard, and she was desirous of seeing the effect his communication would have on them.

So little were they acquainted with the nature of riches, that the possession of a fortune was not so highly estimated by them, as the prospect of living without work, coming out of the work-house, and going to school.

"What then," said Richard, "*am I* to be a *gentleman*, Sir?"

"That depends on whether you act like one," returned Mr. Cleveland, much amused with his question.

"I should not like to be a gentleman," replied Richard.

"Why?"

"Because, Sir, they are wicked and

hard-hearted, and do not care for the poor."

"Who tells you so?" asked Mr. Cleveland.

"John Croft, in the work-house, says so, Sir. He is always telling how cruel 'squire Wilson was to him, and he is a gentleman."

"Attend to me," said Mr. Cleveland, very seriously. "You must not believe all you hear in the work-house. Perhaps John Croft was a bad man, and deserved punishment, and he calls 'squire Wilson cruel, because he met with it through his means. All gentlemen are not cruel, nor wicked," continued he; "and if you are good yourself, no one will hurt you."

"Ah! so mother told me," replied Richard; "yet I try to be good, and Sally Masters beats me!"

"True," returned Mr. Cleveland,

pleased to see him so capable of reasoning; "but remember, a few thumps from a girl do not hurt you; and if you do not mind it, she only hurts herself: for it is wicked in her to do so, and, one time or another, she will be punished for it; while you, if you bear it patiently, will be rewarded. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Sir; for when master or mistress sees her beat any of the little ones, they always *beats* her again, and *scolds* at her; but they take *us* in doors, and *gives* us kind words."

"And this you will meet with all through the world, my boy," replied Mr. Cleveland. "Good people will always blame the wicked, and encourage the good; but besides all this, God sees every thing that is done in the world, and will, sooner or later, punish the wicked, either here or hereafter."

"Yes, Sir," returned Richard; "mother said we must pray to Him to make us good, or we should be all wicked alike."

"That is a very certain truth," said Mr. Cleveland, "and I hope, my children, you will never forget it. The older you grow, the more wicked you will want to be, and do things which you ought not to do, if you do not pray that your hearts may be changed."

"But, Sir, how shall I know what I am to do?" asked Richard, "and what I should not do, now mother is dead, who used to tell me, and when I am away from *you*?"

"If you go to school, your master will tell you; and when you are old enough to read the Bible, *that* will tell you. Besides this, you will find something in your own heart which will make you feel uncomfortable if you do

what is wrong. Did not you say that your mother told you to pray to God? You must beg of him to incline your heart to do his will, and to be good in all things."

"Yes, Sir," said Richard, very attentively.

"The way God teaches," continued Mr. Cleveland, "is by putting it into the hearts of your friends to tell you what is right, and by his most holy law, which is found in the Bible. When you are able to read this book, you must look into it very often, and pray to God to give you sense to understand it; then you will see whether what your friends tell you to do is like what you read in the Bible, and if it is *not*, you must leave off doing as they say, and do as the Bible tells you; never forgetting to pray to God to give you understanding in it, and to help you to obey his commands.

His help comes to us through Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son, who came into the world to die for sinners, such as had broken the law of God, as we and all mankind have. His death was a sacrifice for sin; that is, he died in the stead of all those who believe in him; and he gives his Holy Spirit to all who ask it, to enable them to believe in him, and to do good works, which he has commanded. I have said a great deal to you on this subject," continued Mr. Cleveland, "because you are going away from me, and I may not see you again for some time; but I will pray to God that you may remember it. I could say a great deal more, but it is God alone that can help us to do what is right. You see, therefore, the need there is of praying to him constantly."

Richard promised that he would; and Betsey, whom he held by the hand all

the time Mr. Cleveland had been speaking, was equally attentive.

"I have endeavoured to suit my words to their capacity," added the good man, addressing Mrs. Fortescue; "and I hope they will be kept on their minds by the power of the Holy Ghost. And then, my good boy," said he, stroking the head of Richard, "we will not mind whether you are a gentleman or not, so that you are a good man."

"I should like to be such a gentleman as you, Sir," replied the child, very affectionately; "for I am sure you would not be cruel or hard-hearted to any one. But are we to go away from the great house, and from you too, Sir? I shall not like *that*." The tears stood in Betsey's eyes as he asked this question, and she waited, with anxiety pictured on her countenance, for Mr. Cleveland's answer.

“The gentleman who came to see you with me, a little while back,” said he, “is a good friend of yours. He thinks he has found some money which ought to have been your father’s, and, now he is dead, it ought to be yours; but this will not be quite certain till you and Betsey have been to London, and have seen him again. He lives in London, and when you are there he will show you a great many people, and large houses, and a great church, and a great many other things worth seeing. But I hope you will remember what I have said to you, and not want anything which is not your own; no, not even this money which I have been telling you of, if it should be found not to be yours after all. I hope then you will be content to come back to the work-house; and, remember, it is God who orders all things for the best.”

“ I shall be glad to come back again where you are, Sir,” replied Richard.

After this long discourse, the young ladies were allowed to take him and his sister into the garden, where every one expressed their approbation of what Mr. Cleveland had said, and their hopes that Betsey and he would not forget it.

During their absence, it was settled by their elder friends in the parlour, they should go to London on the day appointed by Mr. Stanhope, under the care of one of Mr. Cleveland's parishioners, whom he knew he could depend upon; and that Mr. Stanhope should be desired to send a person to meet them at the coach-office. In the mean time, Mrs. Fortescue undertook to see their clothes properly prepared for their journey, and for this purpose proposed their being a few days with her, previous to their departure, where

also they would be in readiness for the coach, which daily passed her house. This arrangement afforded great pleasure to the young ladies; and also to the children, who were delighted with the goodness of Mrs. Fortescue in receiving such inmates as themselves.

As the day was near approaching on which they were to go, she did not think it necessary to send them back to the work-house; and Mr. Cleveland engaged to procure an order for their absence during the time they should be in London, and also a change of clothes for their journey. Betsey petitioned that her doll, and the play-things which she so highly valued, might be likewise sent; and her request was complied with. On seeing the apparel prepared for them, which was of the coarsest kind, but neatly made, and in uniform with the other children belonging to the same

parish, Mrs. Fortescue did not think it necessary to alter them. A few articles were added to their number, which employed the servants of the house to make them; and during the hours in which the young ladies were engaged in study, the two children amused themselves in the garden. And oh! how happy they were! These were some of the most delightful hours they had ever known. A beautiful garden to play in, and no one to interrupt them. With every thing they could wish for, they neither knew hunger nor pain. They were all the world to each other, and their little hearts beat with transport, scarcely knowing the extent of their pleasure.

"Oh! Richard, how pleasant it is to be here!" said Betsey. "Here is no Sally Masters to beat us: nobody to drive us backwards and forwards. And

such pretty flowers! How I wish we could stay here always! What do we want with money? I do not see why we should go to London for it. I am sure we shall not be half so happy as we are now."

"I believe not," said Richard; "but if Mr. Cleveland says we must go, it is what we ought to do; for he is a good man, and would not tell us to do any thing that is wrong. Oh! if poor mother was here, how happy she would be! But she is happier where she is," continued he, checking himself; "and *we* must not expect to be always happy."

"Not if we *be* good?" asked Betsey, very innocently.

"No, not in this world: mother used to say so. She was good, and yet she was not always happy here; but *now* she is, and so shall we when we

die and go to her; but then we must pray to God to make us good!"

In this way they conversed together as they walked about the garden, admiring all they saw, and moving their play-things from one spot to another, as each presented new beauties to their view. When called to join their young friends in the house, they ran to meet them with double pleasure; and all they saw, and all they heard, were fresh objects of happiness, surprise, and thankfulness.

Thus passed two or three days with our little adventurers, who were soon to enter the wide world, and witness a far different scene. The night before they were to go away, Mr. Cleveland brought the person who was to have the charge of them on the road, and who had business of his own in town. They were told they were to attend to all he said,

and to ask him for what they wanted; and that when they arrived in London, they would meet with a person who would conduct them to Mr. Stanhope.

They promised to be very obedient, and the next morning parted from their kind friends with many tears. They were seated on the roof of the coach by the side of their companion, and out of any danger of falling off. A little basket of cakes was provided for them to eat on the road; and all the property they could at present call their own was packed in a small box behind them, excepting the doll and play-things, which, as they were expected to return ere long, were not sent with them.

Betsey stretched out her hands towards the young lady who had given them to her. She was decidedly the favourite of the artless child, who, in her heart, despised the money on the

account of which she was obliged to leave her.

Richard was of a more ardent and enterprising disposition, and endeavoured to show greater firmness; though he too could have wept, had he not thought it incumbent on him to suppress his tears. "Sit close, dear Betsey!" said he, "and do not cry. Am I not with you? and shall we not come back again soon?"

Mr. Cleveland, who was there to see them set off, endeavoured to give them all the comfort he could, by reminding them they would soon return, and what an advantage was likely to result from their present journey; but all failed to reconcile Betsey to going.

"I had rather stay with the ladies," said she to her brother, after they were seated, "and never have the money? What use will it be of to me?"

Their conductor endeavoured to con-

vince her of the *folly* of not desiring money, and began to tell their history to the other passengers. They thus became objects of attention to all about them; and Richard was obliged to answer all their interrogations, by saying he knew nothing about it, only Mr. Cleveland told him he might have some money, and go to school, and be made a gentlemnn. "But," added he, "I had rather be a good man than a gentleman, at any time." His choice was applauded by some, and laughed at by others; and at length, overcome with regret, and tired of hearing their various conjectures respecting his future situation, Richard followed the example of his sister, who had cried herself to sleep with her head on his shoulder, and went to sleep also: secure that their companion would watch over them, and that God was their protector.

CHAP. VI.

Th' unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck,
And ever stronger as the storms advance,
Firm thro' the closing ruin holds his way.

AKENSIDE.

A DIFFERENT fate awaited our young travellers at the end of their journey, where, instead of a friend, they met an enemy.

The different enquiries made after these children, as soon as it was known there was property belonging to them, excited the attention of several other persons. Among the rest, a relation of their father's, (who would not know him when in adversity,) and who considered himself as next of kin to him, if these

children were out of the way, formed a design of getting them into his power, that he might either secrete them, or enjoy their property by claiming a guardianship over them. It is needless to say he was a worthless man: such an idea would not have been allowed to dwell in the mind of any other.

Scarcely knowing which of these evil plans to adopt, and convinced that, without their appearance, their right to the fortune could not be ascertained, he determined on getting them into his power, and, by concealing them from their friends, give himself time to consider what was further to be done, in order to secure the property to himself. Thus industrious are the wicked to do evil, and to gain what they have no right to; not considering that the bread earned by honest industry, though but in a scanty proportion, is far sweeter

than large possessions gotten unlawfully.

Having formed an acquaintance with a writer in Mr. Stanhope's office, he gained information of that gentleman's plan, and on what day the children were expected to arrive in town. Without acknowledging his relationship to them, he only expressed a concern for their interest, which was natural to a kind-hearted person. Having heard that his new friend was the person appointed to meet the children and convey them to Mr. Stanhope's, he determined to be beforehand with him; and while the former was gone to the office, to meet the coach on its arrival, this cruel designer repaired to the entrance of the town, where the coach always stopped for a few minutes, and telling the person who had the charge of them, that he

was sent by Mr. Stanhope to prevent their riding through the streets of London on the top of the coach, he ordered a hackney-coach, and put them in it. The countryman did not suspect any deception in what he said, but finding him apparently well acquainted with their history, and the day on which they were to arrive, readily left them in his care, and proceeded by himself to another part of the town: so that when the coach arrived at the office, the only intelligence the person really sent by Mr. Stanhope could hear from the coachman, was, that the party had been met by another man, who placed the children in a hackney-coach, the number of which he did not think it necessary to notice; and that the person who was with them had gone another way. This account occasioned great consternation in Mr. Stanhope's family,

and advertisements were immediately ordered to be printed and placarded through the streets.

In the mean time, our young travellers, tired with their journey, and half asleep amidst the noise and confusion of so large a place, thought but of the shelter their new conveyance afforded them, and were only surprised, when they arrived at a dark and dirty-looking house, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's church, at not finding Mr. Stanhope there to receive them. Their conductor found a way to satisfy their enquiries, by saying he was from home that evening, but would be there to-morrow; and assuming an air of great kindness, he introduced them to a woman, who seemed to be his only companion, and who, he told them, would be very good to them if they minded what she said. They felt themselves

entirely strange, in a strange place ; and as there was nothing at all prepossessing in the appearance of this woman, they were little inclined to be sociable, and gladly accepted her offer of going to bed, as soon as they had drank some tea which she prepared for them.

There, folded in each other's arms, they sunk to sleep, but not before they had, together, offered up their artless and imperfect petitions for the protection of the Almighty. It is among strangers that we are most inclined to look to Him. When we feel that we have no human friend near us, we are, as it were, obliged to repose all our cares and sorrows upon God. Nor is he less unmindful of us at that time, than when surrounded by proofs of his kindness. In the sympathy and care of friends, we often forget who has given us all these blessings.

The next morning, a plausible story was again invented to deceive them. They were told they could not go out till Mr. Stanhope came home, and that he was detained in the country longer than he expected. This day they were content to remain in the house, and made no further enquiries. The man went out and came in, always endeavouring to make himself agreeable to his young companions; and by talking to them of Mr. Cleveland and of Mrs. Fortescue, whose names he had gathered from his acquaintance with Mr. Stanhope's writer, he drew from them all they knew concerning their own affairs. In the afternoon he threw himself in the way of the latter person, and heard from him how uneasy the circumstances of the day before had made him, and of which his auditor could have

given the best account, had he chosen it. His acquaintance related to him, that the countryman who came up with the children had called on Mr. Stanhope, on seeing the advertisement, and thoroughly cleared himself of all suspicion which might be attached to his conduct.

“Did he describe the person who took away the children?” asked this evil-minded man, trembling within himself least he should be discovered.

“He said he was tall and thin, and not at all good-looking,” returned the other; “but as there is a handsome reward offered, I hope we shall soon hear of the little fugitives.”

His deceitful companion expressed the same hope, though he determined to do all in his power to prevent it. He professed great sorrow for the circumstance, wondered where they could be, who could have taken them, and for

what purpose: he suggested many methods to find them out, while he carefully concealed that he alone knew the place of their confinement.

“It is a very unpleasant circumstance for *me*,” said the other person; “as, did not my employer know me so well, he might suspect me of being engaged in some scheme to defraud them of their property. I am therefore particularly anxious they should be discovered.”

The wicked wretch secretly exulted in the success of his scheme, and, on coming home, he told, in half-uttered sentences, what he had heard, to the woman his companion, and valued himself greatly on his cleverness. Richard, who was much more quick and discerning than this man suspected, did not hear these expressions without wondering what they meant, and whilst, from day to day, he heard one excuse and another for not seeing

Mr. Stanhope, the thought occurred to him that they were not in the place Mr. Cleveland told them they would be.

"Mr. Cleveland said we should see a great many things in London," said he to the man: "large houses, and a very large church; but we have seen nothing."

"Oh! the great church is not far from us," said the man, "and when Mr. Stanhope comes home, he will take you where *he* likes. I should be afraid to take you out till you have seen him. London is such a naughty, wicked place, and there are so many carriages continually in the streets, that they would run over you. But do you think you shall know Mr. Stanhope when you see him?"

"Oh! yes, that I shall," said Richard, very eagerly; "for he talked a great deal to us when we saw him."

“And *I* should know him,” said Betsey, “because he said so much about poor mother. How I wish he would come and talk to us again!”

From this conversation, their unjust detainer found it would be useless to introduce another person to them as Mr. Stanhope; and as he began to be tired of inventing new excuses for his not appearing, he determined on changing his conduct, and for the future to treat them more harshly: “This,” said he, “will make them tired of enquiring.”

A week or two had passed in this suspense, and Richard mentioned his suspicions to his sister one night after they were in bed. “I think,” said he, “we are not at Mr. Stanhope’s house now, Betsey; for did you mind what the man said this afternoon: ‘They are in a fine fuss at Stanhope’s still,’ said he: ‘they will never find them out.’ I wonder

who he meant. And when I looked at him, how angry he seemed, and said, 'I must mind my *hits*. I did not think he had been so near: he is too *sharp* for me.' If he meant *me*, I wish I had been a little sharper, and had not come here! I am sure the work-house was better than this nasty place."

"That it is," returned Betsey. "I wish we were there again, or at the school, Richard, among all those good young ladies! Oh! how happy we were there!"

"That is what I said," replied Richard. "I never wanted the money. I *know* it makes people unhappy; and if this is to have a fortune, and to be made a gentleman, I am *sure* poor people are happier!"

All this passed in a whisper, and poor Betsey cried herself to sleep, at the thought of their deplorable situation.

The next morning Richard again enquired when Mr. Stanhope would come home, and when they were to go out. His jealous guard now adopted his new plan, and throwing off all appearance of kindness, told him not to be troublesome. "If you are," said he, "you are likely not to get out at all. Mr. Stanhope is not to come home on purpose for you: he does not want to be plagued with such brats as you are."

"If he did not want us, why did he send for us?" returned Richard? "*we* did not want to come."

For this remark he received a box on the ear, and was told not to be impertinent, or he should fare the worse for it. Betsey wept on seeing her brother so harshly used; but *he* only reddened, and retired to another part of the room, where he sat ruminating on their sad condition, and was more fully convinced

that they were not where they ought to be.

In the mean time, the news of what had happened was spread through the town and country, so that their detainer was afraid to make any change in their situation. Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Fortescue were equally surprised and concerned. The young ladies also, and all, wished they had been more cautious in desiring the person who had the care of them on the road, to deliver them up to Mr. Stanhope himself, or only at his door. He had returned to the country, and though entirely free from blame, he could not help regretting he had not received more positive injunctions. Not supposing the circumstance which happened at all likely to take place, they did not imagine it necessary; nor, till now, did they suspect there were any other claimants to the property in

question. When it was too late, they concluded this was the case, and that the children were by them unlawfully detained; and every means was again used to discover the place of their concealment.

The time passed heavily away with poor Richard and his sister. They were closely watched, checked whenever they made any enquiry, poorly fed, their clothes seldom washed, and they were never permitted to go near the front-door, nor scarcely to appear at a window. Having picked up a few leaves of a book, Richard endeavoured to read, but the subject was far beyond his comprehension. Oh! how they wished for some of those pretty stories they had heard the young ladies read at Mrs. Fortescue's. "And my doll," said Betsey, "I wish I had it to pass away

the time. I am sure, if Miss Freeman had known how long we were to stay here, she would have let me have it. She said we should soon be back, but I am afraid we never shall. Oh! Richard," said she, sobbing, "I wish I could die and go to mother, for I am tired *biding* here."

"Have patience, dear Betsey," replied the poor boy. "Do not let us forget that God sees us, and he will help us! Ah! we had forgot that," continued he. "We do not think of what we say in our prayers: Thy will be done."

"But I want to get out of this place," replied his sister, "and to go back to Mrs. Fortescue's: that is what *I* would pray for, if I knew how."

"Mother used to say, God knows what we want," answered Richard, "and will always give us what is needful, in the right time, if we ask him; so,

perhaps he will let us go there again, if we have patience a little while longer. Let us ask him, Betsey, to do what is best for us; for I do think God *will do* as poor mother said."

With this hope, poor Betsey allowed herself once more to be comforted, and endeavoured to seek amusement in playing with a young kitten, which was now grown large enough to be handled.

Day after day passed in this melancholy way. At one time Richard endeavoured to keep alive his sister's hopes and his own, and at another he sunk under the pressure of suspense. "It does not signify, all that this man can say," said he to her one night, after they were in bed, "I am *sure now* that we are not at Mr. Stanhope's house, nor with any body belonging to him; for yesterday, when the boy was here who comes to clean shoes, I thought of asking

him when Mr. Stanhope would come home; and he said, nobody of that name lived here: he did not know who I meant. I asked him whose house this was, and he said, 'Mr. Perkins's, to be sure: he who lives here.' And when I said, Is he a good man? he shook his head, and said, 'Not good for much, I believe.' Mr. Cleveland would never have sent us any where but to a *good man*; so I am sure we are not at the house he sent us to."

Betsey wept at this intelligence; and Richard again begged her to trust in God, and reminded her of what their mother had said.

The health of both the children was much impaired by their close confinement to the house; and whenever they enquired of the woman, when they were to go out, her constant answer was, "You cannot go out with the clothes

you have on." If Betsey ventured to ask why they could not have more, they were told to wait till Mr. Stanhope came home. "I thought," said Betsey, "we were to have plenty of money when we came to London." At this the woman only laughed, and said, "That is as it may happen."

Nearly three months were spent in this manner, till both Richard and his sister became so altered that they could scarcely be known. It was now the month of July, and the weather was very hot. All the air they were permitted to get, was from one of the upper windows at the back of the house, whence they saw nothing but the tops of houses, save the dome of St. Paul's church, which rose in stupendous magnificence above the surrounding buildings. "And THAT," said Richard, "is the great church Mr. Cleveland told us

of, I dare say. Is it not a great one, Betsey? How I wish we could get out and see it!"

"And why should not we?" said Betsey. "I think we might find the door open sometimes, and slip out without their knowing it."

Richard was all this time contemplating the window, and considering whether he could get out of it to that of the next house. When he mentioned this plan to his sister, she was, for once, more able to advise him than he to direct himself. "Do not do so," said she; "for you know that would be wrong, besides the danger of your falling. Oh! what should I do if you should be hurt or killed!" She wept at the very thought of it, and Richard immediately yielded to her entreaties. "It would be of no use neither," said he, "if I were, for the people of that

house would soon bring me in here again; and then, perhaps, this hard-hearted man would use me worse than before. I do think your scheme is best. And sometimes, you know, we are left alone for two or three hours together: we might be able to get out and come back again, without any one's knowing it."

"No, no; do not let us come back again," returned Betsey: "let us go any where but here. We might meet with Mr. Stanhope, you know."

"Ah! I would ask every body we met, where he lives," said Richard; "and, if we could once get there, we should be happy enough."

The hopes of executing this scheme kept up their spirits for a few days longer, and they were impatient for the time when they should be left together long enough to put it in practice.

CHAP. VII.

Still as they run they look behind :

They hear a voice in every wind,

And catch a fearful joy.

GRAY.

AT length the happy moment arrived when our young adventurers were to obtain their liberty. The man belonging to the house was out, and the woman employed at the back part of it. The door was only on the latch; and, without thinking of hat or bonnet, they went out, with beating hearts and anxious expectation. Not knowing which way to take, they hurried, hand in hand, with pale and agitated looks, down the first turning they saw, that

they might be out of sight of their hateful prison; and, amidst the hurry and bustle of the surrounding multitude, thought only of themselves and the way of escape. Few people noticed them, for all were occupied by their own concerns: still fewer made any way for them; and they were pushed from one side of the pavement to the other, yet never lost their firm hold of each other. Just at this time a hasty shower came on, and the crowd became thicker and thicker. Those who had umbrellas put them up, and those who had not, stopped under the first shelter they could find.

“Are you tired, Betsey?” asked her affectionate brother. “Do you mind being wet?” To these enquiries, a few months before, she would have answered in the negative; for *then*, air and exercise, and even rain, were pleasant to her; but now her pallid cheeks and panting

breath gave evident proof that she felt both fatigue and illness. Richard drew her under an opening, into one of the courts with which the city abounds, and where many people were already standing. Here they continued a few minutes; and a man who eyed them with surprise, and, Richard feared, with suspicion, asked them where they were going.

"To see the great church, Sir," said Betsey.

"And to Mr. Stanhope's," was Richard's reply. "Pray, Sir, do you know where he lives?"

"No, indeed," replied he; "but I hope it is not far hence, for your sakes, or you will be very wet. I would advise you to get there as soon as you can, and leave the great church to be seen some other time. Where do you come from?"

This was a question Richard was not disposed to answer to a stranger, least

he should betray him; and seeing the rain rather abated, he pressed his sister's hand still tighter, which had not once relinquished its hold of him, and they once more began their walk. Their difficulties were greatly increased, for the pavement was now wet and slippery, by the multitude of people continually passing on it, and they found they could not get on so fast as they did before.

"What shall we do now?" said Richard, finding Betsey could scarcely keep on her feet: "shall we go back again?"

"Oh! no, no," replied she, with eagerness. "Let us go on to the great church: there must be good people there, for good people always go to church; and perhaps they can tell us where Mr. Stanhope lives."

With this idea they redoubled their efforts, and coming to the end of Doctor's

Commons, St. Paul's church presented itself to their view. "There it is," said Betsey. Oh! how large!" But before she could carry her eye to its full extent, her sight was interrupted by the people passing and repassing before her. "Let us go nearer to it," said she, "and walk all round it: who knows but Mr. Stanhope may be there! Sure enough, the bell is going for church. Perhaps it is Sunday, Richard; for we never knew what the days were, where we have been. If it *is* Sunday, I dare say he will be there, and then he will take us to his house."

While they stood thus consulting together, they saw many carriages pass, and several people crossing over between them without being hurt. Do you think *you* can get over, Betsey?" asked Richard, "if I go before you? You must mind and not get in the way

of the horses." Betsey promised to take care; but, little acquainted with the slipperiness of the mud in London streets, she found herself unable to advance as fast as her brother, who just escaped the feet of some horses in a gentleman's carriage that was coming slowly along, and which beat poor Betsey down, and one of them passed over her. Richard screamed out when he saw her fall; and though it was too late to prevent the tread of the horse, the coachman drew up in time to save the wheel from going over her head. A man ran from the crowd on the pavement, and snatched Richard from the same danger, where he stood crying with terror, utterly regardless of his own situation. Another caught up Betsey, and both brother and sister were brought to the same side of the street: the latter quite insensible,

from the blow she had received; and the other nearly in the same state, from fright and apprehension.

My readers will naturally enquire, "And did the persons who were in the carriage pass on unconcerned at what had happened?" For the honour of human nature, I should hope there are few, very few, who would thus see a fellow-creature suffering, (we will not say from their fault, but) while they are enjoying the luxury and ease of a carriage, which has, though inadvertently, occasioned it, without endeavouring to alleviate their distress. The owner of this carriage was of a far different disposition; and there was here a double claim on her attention to the misery it had occasioned. A young lady who was in the carriage with her mother, had been attracted to look out of the window by the screams of Richard, and

the coat which he had on struck her eye. It was what he wore in the work-house, and on the morning he had left Mrs. Fortescue's house; and this young lady was the same who had been so good to him and his sister while they were there, and who had given Betsey the doll.

She was nearly as much agitated as himself, when, panting for breath, and scarcely able to speak for the mingled emotion of joy at having discovered him, and fear of what might be the cause of his piercing cries, she exclaimed, "Oh! mamma, that is Richard Clarke, the boy that has been lost so long!" She had related the circumstance, with great interest, to her parents, on coming home for the holidays, and the anxiety of Mrs. Fortescue and Mr. Cleveland respecting the children whose title to considerable property had been found out in so extraordinary a manner; but

the story not having made so deep an impression on her mother as on herself, the former was alarmed at her emotion, and for a moment thought only of her daughter, till she saw the senseless form of the poor little girl, in the arms of her deliverer, on the pavement.

She immediately let down the glass of the carriage on that side, and asked what injury had been received.

"We do not know yet, madam," said the man; "but we must have her to a doctor."

"Oh! mamma, take her home! and let us nurse her," said the amiable girl.

Richard was much too anxious for his sister, to think of any one else: he stood, with fixed eyes, holding her lifeless hand, till the well-known voice of Miss Freeman struck his ear.

"Richard! Richard Clarke!" said she, "do not you know me?"

"Where am I? where am I?" exclaimed he, scarcely knowing what he said; while the mention of his name acted like magic on the crowd who now gathered about them, and who had, most of them, read the repeated advertisements which had been placardeed for their discovery, and in which their names, clothes, and persons were described.

"It is the boy and girl for whom the reward was offered," said one, and then another; and each crowded round the little strangers, to observe every feature of their faces, and what they wore.

Mrs. Freeman became deeply interested in the scene; and at her daughter's earnest entreaty the carriage-door was opened, and little Betsey, with her face and arms covered with blood, was lifted into it.

Richard, trembling with joy that he

had again found a friend, followed, unable to speak but of his sister. "She opened her eyes just now," said he: "I hope she is not dead!"

"No, my dear!" said the man, who had placed her between Mrs. Freeman and her daughter: "she will come to, presently; but I fear her arm is broken!"

The voice of sympathy is always gratefully received, but never more so than when we have been long accustomed to other sounds. The melancholy news these words conveyed, lost half its terrors from the tenderness with which it was uttered; and the consoling looks of the elder lady, while her daughter kissed the pale lips of their almost lifeless charge, and took off her own shawl to wrap round her, cheered the heart of her affectionate brother.

"I will take care of these children," said Mrs. Freeman, and gave money to

the men who had been instrumental in saving them.

"Please, madam, they have been advertised," said one of them, "and a great reward offered for finding them."

"I know it," replied she: "I am acquainted with some of their friends, and will let them know where they are."

Some of the people still looked unwilling to give them up. "What," said they, "if these children should be taken out of the way again? What *has* been, may be!" Others said, "Such a kind-hearted lady could not mean to injure them." But to remove all their scruples, Mrs. Freeman emptied her card-case among them, and gave them all liberty to call at her house to enquire for the children. She likewise told them, if, on calling at Mr. Stanhope's within a few hours from that time, they found him unacquainted with their having been

found, they were at full liberty to give her name and address to *him*. "And now," said she, "we must lose no more time, but take this suffering child to the surgeon."

Her words were heard by the surrounding spectators, and, in the genuine spirit of our countrymen, who, when their feelings are awakened, are deeply impressed with a sense of generosity, they lifted their hats from their heads, and with loud acclamations called for blessings on her name. And while the carriage drove off, they pronounced her "as good, and as pretty a spoken lady, as ever trod on English ground."

Little Betsey began to show further signs of life as she leaned her head against Mrs. Freeman's shoulder, while Richard sat at the feet of his friend; and when he thought of his situation, and saw her compassionate looks turned first towards

him, and then on his sister, he seized her hands and burst into tears.

The carriage drove slowly on to the house of a surgeon, with whom Mrs. Freeman was well acquainted; and Betsey gradually recovered her recollection. Her first words were, "Richard, where are you? What is the matter with my arm?" finding it powerless when she attempted to stretch it towards him.

"You must not move your arm, my dear," said the lady, against whom she unconsciously supported herself.

Richard could scarcely answer her for tears, but joy beamed in his countenance when he heard her voice. "Oh! Betsey," said he, "you have been thrown down, and a horse went over you; but these good ladies will take care of us."

"And will not they take us back again to that wicked man?" asked Betsey.

"No, no, we shall never go there again. But, Betsey, my dear, do you know who this is?"

"Who? who?" answered she wildly; "and where am I?"

"You are with friends now, my dear," returned Mrs. Freeman: (imposing silence on her daughter, least the sudden surprise should be too much for the poor child :) such friends as Mrs. Fortescue and Mr. Cleveland," added she.

"And Miss Freeman," said Betsey, in a faint voice, "where is she?"

"Here she is! my dear Betsey!" returned Richard, unable to restrain his emotion at finding her again sensible.

Again poor Betsey found herself fainting, as she felt Miss Freeman's arms encircling her, and heard her voice speaking to her, and promising to take every care of her. Her head sunk on her

bosom, and she could speak no more till the carriage stopped at the door of the surgeon, who providentially was at home.

It was necessary that the arm should be set immediately; and Mrs. Freeman not only had the kindness to wait, but also to hold the little patient in her lap while the operation was performed. The bruises she had received were next examined, and were found not to be of much consequence. After the arm was properly secured they were dressed, and her face and neck cleared from the blood which disfigured them. While this was doing, Miss Freeman remained with Richard in another room, where she related to the lady of the house their interesting history.

The anxiety of Richard could only be quelled when he saw his sister brought into the room apparently much better.

The gentleman kindly gave him some drops, to calm his agitated spirits; and it was with grateful pleasure he heard their kind friend say, she would take them home to her house, and have Betsy put to bed directly. Her daughter was almost as thankful as Richard; and the now happy party once more entered the carriage, and were driven to Mrs. Freeman's, who resided in a distant part of the city.

As soon as this good lady had seen her little charge safe in bed, and Richard sitting on one side, with her daughter on the other, both promising not to speak, she sat down to write to Mr. Stanhope, of the interesting discovery she had made; and, at Miss Freeman's request, she also wrote the same account to Mrs. Fortescue and Mr. Cleveland, whose minds she knew would be greatly relieved by the intelligence.

Mr. Stanhope soon came and identified his little friends; but they were too agitated, on seeing him, to give him any clear account of where they had been so long detained. The next time he saw them, Richard could only say it was at a dark and dirty house, not far from the great church; where were a cross, ill-natured man and woman, and a boy who came to clean shoes. The name of the street was unknown to them; nor could he tell how far they had run before they came to the great church, where the accident happened which so unexpectedly restored them to their friends. As long as he had them once more in his possession, Mr. Stanhope did not feel very solicitous to discover who had detained them: he thought it of more consequence to establish their claim on the property, as soon as possible, to

prevent any future attempts of the same kind.

It is remarkable, that not more than one person called the next day at Mr. Freeman's door, to enquire after the children, though so many had appeared interested for them; and on hearing that Mr. Stanhope had been there, he appeared perfectly satisfied.

The circumstance of their discovery was rumoured through the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, and soon came to the ears of their unworthy detainer. He had not missed the children till some time after their escape; and as he came out to look for them, scarcely knowing what to apprehend, his ears were assailed on every side by the account of the extraordinary event which had happened. Convinced that all further search on his part would be in vain, and fearing to make enquiries least they

should lead to his detection, he returned home, much chagrined at the fruitless expense and trouble he had been at in keeping the children so long, and mortified that they had so completely outwitted him. Silence was his only resource; and he hurried out of London, fearing to be recognised by them if he were seen in the streets, or that any expression of his own should betray him to his acquaintances. Thus were the words of holy writ made good: "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." Tormented by an evil conscience, and devoured with envy, he spent his days in useless regret, at not being able to obtain the fortune to which he had no right; and, (until he heard that there were claimants to whom it *justly* belonged,) for which he had felt no desire. Truly is it said, in the same holy book, "The love of money is the root of all evil."

CHAP. VIII.

The hand which form'd thee in the womb
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy !
Can she forget her prattling joy !
Say then, shall Sovereign Love desert
The humble and the honest heart ?

COTTON.

To express the happiness of poor Betsey, on finding Miss Freeman once more at her side, and ready to listen to all her artless prattle, is impossible. All the pain she felt was forgotten, in the pleasure of being among friends and kindly treated. "Oh! Richard," said she, when, after two or three days' nursing, she was permitted to sit up and be alone with him, "was ever any body so happy as we are! Ought we not to thank God for this?"

“To be sure we should,” returned Richard. “What would our dear mother say to us, if she was alive, if we did not?”

It was pleasant to hear this good boy so often reverting to his mother's admonitions, and may convince my readers of the blessing of having religious parents. Though they cannot make their children so, nor change their hearts, which by nature are prone to evil, yet their prayers to God in their behalf, when in submission to his will, are not in vain; and the child frequently reaps the benefit of these petitions, when those who offered them are no more. The lessons of piety, if given in humble dependence on the grace of God, sink deep in the heart; and when the child, as well as the parent, is convinced that, without the assistance of the Holy Spirit, all human

efforts to attain that holiness which is alone acceptable in the sight of God are useless, it is impossible that these instructions, however imperfectly given, should not, in God's time, produce the desired effect.

"Behold! the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain."

"If Mr. Cleveland was here," continued Betsey, "*he* would teach us how to thank God. I cannot say enough to thank him."

"But," said Richard, very thoughtfully, "God knows what is in our hearts, though we cannot speak it. He can see if we are thankful there."

"Oh! I am glad of that," returned Betsey; "for then, I am sure, he will see *I* am thankful in *my* heart. The other day, the maid said, 'Thank God!

she is better;' but she could not be so thankful as I, you know, who have had so much kindness shown to me. Let us pray to God, dear Richard, to make us more thankful, and that we may be good children."

"And *I* have reason to be thankful too," replied Richard; "for, oh! Betsey, you do not know what I felt when I thought you were dead: it seemed as if I was left alone, without a friend in the world; and I wished to die too, that we might both go to heaven, where our dear mother is. You know, she trusted in Jesus Christ; for she often said he had died for her sins on the cross, and every thing good came to her through Jesus Christ; that is, for his sake, you know, and because he loved her. And she said, if we prayed to him for his Holy Spirit to make us good, he would make *us* fit for heaven. We must

never forget to pray for that! Oh! Betsey, only to think that when you fell down, and I was so frightened about you, it should turn out so *well* for us! and that Miss Freeman should be in the carriage! and we should find so many friends! Sure, as Mr. Cleveland says, we have more reason than many children to thank God."

In this way did these artless children converse together, and express their sense of the mercies they had received; and though not in a direct form of words, their grateful praises arose from a feeling heart.

It was nearly six weeks before Betsey recovered the use of her arm; but within little more than half that time she was enabled to go out with Mr. Stanhope, and appear, with her brother, where that gentleman thought it necessary, to prove them the identical children

to whom the property in question belonged. As soon as this was settled, they were placed, by the Lord Chancellor, under the guardianship of Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Cleveland; and *they* immediately determined on placing Betsy under the care of Mrs. Fortescue, and Richard at a boys' school in the same neighbourhood.

To gratify the wishes of her amiable and beloved daughter, Mrs. Freeman undertook the charge of ordering clothes, and every thing proper for them in their new situation; and at the close of the holidays, she took them all three with her to Mrs. Fortescue's, where she received the gratifying reward of her benevolence, in the grateful affection of the children, the sincere thanks of that lady, and the kind regard of Mr. Cleveland. A lasting friendship commenced between these three excellent people;

and Mrs. Freeman had often cause to thank the Providence which had, by such unforeseen events, brought her acquainted with these valuable friends.

Richard was allowed to stay one or two days in the school with the young ladies, his former friends; and afterwards Mr. Cleveland kept him as his visitor, for more than a month. Their approaching separation was the only alloy to his and his sister's heart-felt pleasure, and they were thus gradually weaned from each other. They often talked together, of the scenes they had already passed through during their short lives. Their mother's poverty and death were not forgotten by them; and while they regretted she was not living to see their present happiness and bright prospects, their grief was checked by the assurance that she was much happier. At the remembrance of their

close confinement in London their eyes filled with tears, till a recollection of the good it had led to caused them to rejoice, with thankfulness to their Almighty Protector. And when they thought of the work-house, their little hearts swelled with gratitude to some kind hearts, who, even there, had showed them affection. Richard declared, the first thing he would do, when he should be a *gentleman*, should be to help a poor old man who had often saved him from the hard blows of Sally Masters; and as soon as he understood he was to have a weekly allowance for his own use, he determined to allow him part of it, to purchase snuff and tobacco, least his old friend should be dead before he became a man.

Betsey also proposed the same allowance for one or two old women who had been kind to them. "Oh! how thank-

ful we ought to be," said she, "that we are not obliged to remain in the work-house, like so many poor children who were not a bit better off than ourselves." She requested to send a present to all her little play-fellows there; and of the large cake of gingerbread which Mrs. Fortescue bought for that purpose, she desired Sally Masters might have a piece; "because," said she, "mother used to say, the Bible tells us to do good to those who use us ill."

Neither was the poor washerwoman forgotten, through whose means they were enabled to prove their right name; and, as Betsey grew up, she often recalled her attention to the Bible, and what her mother had said on the great importance of reading it.

When the time came for these affectionate children to be separated, Richard proved himself the same kind brother

he had always been. "I would not go away from you, Betsey," said he, "did I not leave you with such a kind lady as Mrs. Fortescue; and I know that what Mr. Cleveland says is right. If I *am* to be a gentleman, I must learn a great many things; and *you* will be a lady, you know. We will live together when we grow up, and try to be as much like him, and Mr. Stanhope, and Mrs. Fortescue, and Mrs. Freeman, as we can."

"Yes, Richard," said the artless girl; "and when we see any poor child run over in the streets, as I was, we will stop and take care of her; and we will never forget how good these ladies and gentlemen have been to us!"

"I hope we shall both mind what is said to us," continued Richard, "and learn all we can while we are at school."

You know, our master at the work-house used to say, '*Learning* is better than house or land;' and I hope, if it please God to help me, that I may get a great *deal* of it. And you too, will not *you* learn all you can?"

"To be sure I will," said Betsey: when you come back, you shall hear if I will not read well."

"But only to think," resumed Richard, "that my home is to be at Mr. Cleveland's! He told me I should call it so; and that when I leave school for the holidays, (and that will not be more than three months from this time,) I am to come there: and at all holidays I am to come, if I am a good boy."

Betsey's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Oh! Richard, let us pray to be good! It will make us so happy to meet again. Will not you try to be good always?"

"Indeed I will," returned he, "and if there should be any bad boys at school, I will not mind them, and never do any thing like them."

"And pray, Richard, make haste and learn to write, that you may write to me sometimes, while you are at school; and I will do all I can to write too. I can make letters now; but I want to write such *letters* as the young ladies send to their mammas, and brothers, and sisters. I am glad I have got a brother to write to, as well as they."

While they were thus talking, and walking hand in hand round the garden, the chaise drove up to the door, which was to take Richard away. Mr. Cleveland had determined to accompany him, that he might give a strict charge to the master of the school not to allow any one but himself, without an order from him, to take him away.

Time was scarcely allowed for these dear children, who were now parting for the first time in their lives, to take leave of each other. Richard had received so many cautions from Mr. Cleveland, not to appear discontented, that he summoned up all his resolution to be cheerful; but it was well these moments were not prolonged, or he could not have suppressed the rising tear as he kissed his sister for the last time: his heart said, "I leave *you* among kind friends, but I am going among entire strangers;" yet he did not utter these words, and, on further consideration, he judged it matter of rejoicing that Betsey was not called to such a trial. When seated in the chaise by Mr. Cleveland, he expressed his pleasure at the circumstance, and received that gentleman's commendation for this proof of submission to the will of God, and affection

to his sister. Cheered by the kindness and condescension of his friend, Richard arrived at the school, fully prepared for his introduction to it. His amiable manners and interesting history procured him attention and kindness. The gentleman under whose care he was placed, soon discovered he had excellent abilities, a teachable disposition, and great industry: these, with his earnest desire to learn, and his constant prayer to the Almighty to assist his endeavours, enabled him to overcome the difficulties arising from the neglect of his early education; and, in a short time, he became as forward as any of the boys in the school, of his age.

Little Betsey continued for some months the darling plaything of Mrs. Fortescue's family: with that lady she was deservedly a favourite; and her

grateful sense of the kindnesses she received, made her attentive to her instructions. Lessons were not thrown away upon the little girl: as her faculties expanded, she made rapid improvement. Miss Freeman was still her warm friend, and possessed, in an eminent degree, the ardent affection of her little *protégée*.

Those excellent men, Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Cleveland, were happy to perceive their efforts to rescue these children of poverty from their obscurity, crowned with success; and they often rejoiced together, in having been thus made the instruments of an all-wise and merciful Creator, who regardeth the cause of the widow and the fatherless, and despiseth not the cry of any who call upon him in sincerity and truth.

Before I dismiss the subjects of this

little tale, I must not omit to present to my readers a copy of the *memento*, written by Mr. Cleveland, and pasted in the blank leaves of the Bible which had led to a discovery so important in itself, and replete with blessings to the children to whom it belonged. This book was put into Richard's hand, as soon as he left school, and was often shown by him to his intimate acquaintance, as a memorial of the interposition of Providence in their behalf; and as soon as his sister was old enough to comprehend its meaning, he made a point of reading it to her, each time he came home for the holidays. It was as follows :

“This book is an affecting memorial to the owners thereof, Richard and Elizabeth Clerke, of the interposition of Providence in their behalf, who, when

deprived, in helpless infancy, of their affectionate parents, had no other asylum than that which the parish in which they were born offered them. Through the active benevolence of an entire stranger, they were put into possession of certain property, which should have devolved to their father. Their excellent friend, the instrument of Providence, brought them from obscurity, and produced the certificate of their parents' marriage, which, owing to an error in the spelling of their name when registered at their baptism, would have been totally useless, had not this Bible been carefully preserved.

“By a strange coincidence of circumstances, this book was produced, in which their name agreed with the certificate, and when there seemed no other way of their obtaining what was justly their due. Their name was

therein written by the hand of their affectionate mother, who, deprived of her only earthly friend, had often recommended herself, and these her helpless offspring, to the care of the Almighty! Her prayers were not in vain. She was received into the mansions of eternal bliss, through the merits of Him who alone can save sinful man; and her orphan children were thus wonderfully provided for.

“ To impress on their minds a grateful sense of the superintending care of that Divine Being whom their mother devoutly served, this frail memorial has been written. May it be more durably engraven on their hearts! And may their future lives afford a proof to themselves and others, that the goodness of God extendeth not only to their temporal wants, but also to their spiritual necessities, by giving them re-

newed hearts, and instructing them, by his Holy Spirit, to ‘add to their faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.’

“This is the earnest prayer of their sincere friend,

“HENRY CLEVELAND.”

The young ladies of the school worked a handsome cover for the Bible, agreeably to their first intention. On one side was the name of the children, and their age when the discovery was made, with this affecting text of Scripture:

“The Lord hath so done his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance.”

And on the other side these words:

“The work of the ladies of Mrs. Fortescue’s school, to perpetuate the memory of the charitable interference of John Stanhope, Esq. who sought the children of adversity, and, by his benevolent exertions, became the instrument of their prosperity.”

THE END.

"The work of the ladies of Miss Montague's school, to perpetuate the memory of the charitable interference of John Stoughton, Esq. who sought the children of adversity, and by his benevolent exertions, became the instrument of their prosperity."

THE END.

