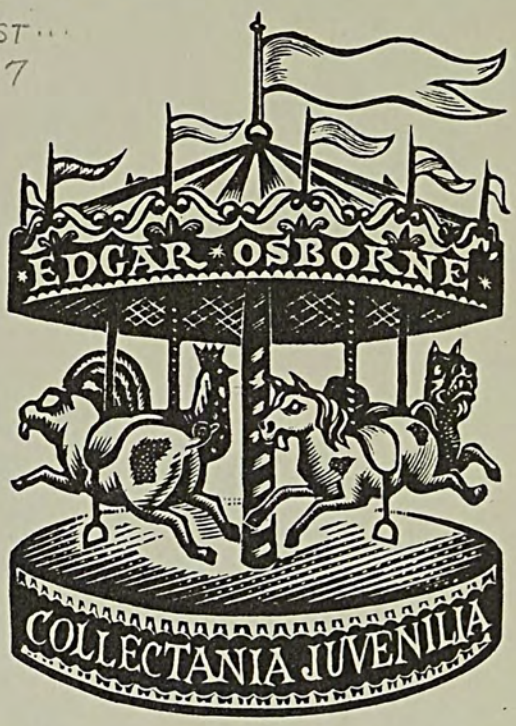

FRONTISPIECE.

THE WEST INDIAN.

Published by Houlston & Son, 65. Paternoster Row, London;
& at Wellington, Salop, November 1st 1827.

THE

# WEST INDIAN:

OR,

THE HAPPY EFFECTS

OF

DILIGENCE AND SELF-CONTROL;

EXEMPLIFIED IN

## THE HISTORY

OF

## PHILIP MONTAGUE.

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# WEST INDIAN.

## CHAPTER I.

PHILIP Montague was born in the Island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, and was the only child of his parents. Mr. Montague married an amiable lady, who inherited considerable property, consisting of estates in Jamaica, which had been left to the management of strangers during her residence for education in England, and for about two years after her marriage; when her husband thought it expedient to go and make himself acquainted with the place, and the sources whence he derived so important a part of his income, in order that he might know whether justice was done to himself as the proprietor of the property, and also to the numerous persons who assisted in cultivating the estates. He was a remarkably humane and benevolent man, and it was one of

his chief cares to make all those who were in his service, or in any way dependent upon him, good and happy. In his own conduct he shewed them an example of benevolence, forbearance, and Christian charity; treating the worthy with kindness and affability, and admonishing with gentleness, but firmness, those whose conduct he disapproved; at the same time giving the best encouragement to all to act honestly and uprightly, by rewarding modest merit, and giving assistance of money or advice, wherever he saw industry struggling with poverty, sickness, or other misfortunes. If distress was the consequence of extravagance or bad conduct, he endeavoured to reform the character; and if, during a certain space of time fixed by himself, he saw a steady improvement in the acquirement of good habits, he bestowed, as an encouragement, a present of something which he knew would be acceptable—either some implement of husbandry, or a plot of ground for a garden; and if there were children in the family, he admitted them to his village school, where they not only were themselves taught their duty to God, to their parents, and to their fellow-creatures, but were the means even of instructing their parents, many of whom had not been so happy as to have had the opportunity of being

taught to read their Bible when they were young; and it was one of the greatest pleasures which Mr. and Mrs. Montague enjoyed, to see, in their summer evening walks, the manner in which the poor families in their neighbourhood were employed. Some appeared busily engaged in their little gardens—where the father might be seen, after the labours of the day were over, teaching his boys to dig, and plant, and sow—making their little piece of ground useful—and sometimes adorning the cottage walls with roses and honeysuckles, training them round the casement, the glass of which was as bright and clear as the hands of the mother or her little daughter, whom she was instructing in household work, could make it. A little further on, they might pass another humble dwelling, presenting a different, but a yet more pleasing scene. The husbandman, resting on the rustic seat at his door, holding in his hand a little book, containing some of those beautiful and pious hymns, suited to the understanding and the innocent and grateful heart of childhood, (which the benevolence of a pious and kind friend to youth,* has provided for their

* The late Mrs. Barbauld, the authoress of many elegant productions, both in prose and verse.

use,) while at his knees stood two rosy children, repeating in turn a hymn in praise of their Creator —the Creator also of all which their young hearts loved; of their parents; of each other; of those green fields, on which the tender lambs sport and play; of those woods, wherein the birds so sweetly sing; of those shady groves, where the primroses and the wild hairbell grow; and the juicy blackberry, which courts the willing hand to pluck it: all, all are the beautiful works of His hand—his gracious gifts to his creatures.

It was a sweet and holy feeling which filled the heart on witnessing such a group as this—the eyes of the children raised to the countenance of their parent, with looks full of love to him and to their heavenly Father; while the rough hand of the husbandman brushed a tear from his eye, which had there started, as his grateful heart responded to the praises recited by his beloved little ones, and acknowledged the blessing of religious instruction to the infant mind. And as he gave them his blessing, at the conclusion of their evening devotions, he thought of those words of our Saviour—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He mentally added this prayer: "I beseech thee, O God! to preserve them in purity and innocence, through the trials of this life, while it may please thee to spare them; and that they may ever practise the humility of little chidren, and, like them, be at length admitted to dwell in thy glorious presence for ever."

From scenes like these, Mr. and Mrs. Montague returned to their own home, happy in the delightful consciousness of having been in some degree instrumental, by their advice, rendered still more efficacious by their example, in forming many valuable characters in humble life, by shewing that true happiness consists in virtuous conduct. They were universally beloved by the whole neighbourhood; for they were sociable and hospitable among their equals, and their good sense and amiable manners rendered them agreeable to society in general. When they quitted England to go to Jamaica, their departure was regretted by their friends and acquaintance, and they were followed by the blessings and the prayers of their more humble friends: for they were not too proud to bestow that name on their worthy, though poor neighbours, between some of whom and themselves,

a feeling very nearly allied to that of friendship subsisted. They had, on many occasions, exchanged mutual good offices. It is frequently in the power of those in the lower classes of society, to render services to the higher. Neither class could live independently of the other; and this consideration ought to preserve the one from a feeling of degradation and abject dependence, and the other from pride, haughtiness, and a disregard of the feelings of their poorer brethren. Did that recollection, that we are all brethren, the children of the same gracious Father, more frequently recur to our thoughts, we should perhaps remember also to practise, more frequently, brotherly love and universal benevolence.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague did not find Jamaica so agreeable to their tastes, as a place of residence, as England; but they endeavoured to make the few years they intended to pass there more interesting to themselves and advantageous to others, by promoting, as they had done in England, the comfort and improvement of those who were dependent upon them. For this purpose they established schools for the education of the children of the slaves, and were so actively benevolent, that the

slaves themselves became so attached to them, that they performed their work from a desire to shew their affection and gratitude to their good master, instead of doing it from a feeling of fear. Their labour was made lighter by knowing, that cheerful industry would secure to them and their children such a friend as they had never known before; and who, they felt convinced, had their improvement, comfort, and happiness, at heart. In a short time the appearance and manners of the people upon the estates were so changed, that all who saw were struck with the improvement, and many gentlemen were induced to follow the example of Mr. Montague.

It is now time that we should speak of the little Philip, who was born, as we have said at the commencement of our history, in Jamaica, and was now between three and four years of age. He was a lively, intelligent child, the delight of his happy parents, and the amusement and the plaything of the whole household—but more especially the darling of his nurse, and of Cæsar the black servant, whose particular business it was to attend upon his lady and "little Massa," as he called Philip. Cæsar had gained the good opinion of his master

and mistress, by his honesty, fidelity, and strict integrity, and Mr. Montague had himself instructed him in the principles of the Christian Religion, in so plain and simple a manner, that Cæsar found no difficulty in comprehending the leading doctrines and the divine precepts of that blessed Gospel, which was, as we are expressly told, "preached to the poor," and of course adapted to their understandings and capacities—and he received "the glad tidings of salvation, upon repentance and newness of life," with joy and gratitude. Happy would it be, if every Christian made it as much his study as Cæsar did, to practise the meekness, humility, and forbearance, which ought to adorn the Christian character.

This poor negro had many severe trials of his patience and forbearance. There were persons in the family, who (we should hope from ignorance, as that was the only excuse that could be made for their unfeeling conduct) treated him with scorn and derision, as if he was inferior to them, because his complexion was of a different colour. On these occasions he recalled to his remembrance that beautiful and affecting passage in the Sacred Volume, which refers to the character of our Lord—

"When he was reviled, he reviled not again;" and his own words—"Bless them that curse you, and pray for those who despitefully use you, and persecute you." Reflecting on the beautiful and perfect example set before him in the life of his blessed Master, he was enabled to subdue the feeling of resentment, at the unjust treatment of some of his fellow-servants, and to bear it in silence, with patience, and meekness. How much superior, in the sight of God, must have been the despised negro, to those who acted such an unchristian part towards him. Mr. Montague, had he known it, would have endeavoured to make them sensible of the impropriety of their conduct; but the generous Cæsar never let a complaint escape his lips.

As every thing in this life is uncertain, it often happens, that when we seem to have every thing our hearts can wish, we are called upon to resign some of those treasures which we most dearly prize, in order that we may not forget to whom we owe all the blessings we possess, and that there is another world, to which it may please the Almighty to remove us, at any time his wisdom may think fit; that there we must all finally be removed; and there our hopes must finally rest. No one was

perhaps more sensible of this than Mr. Montague; yet so sudden and overwhelming an affliction overtook him, that, but for his firm reliance on the wisdom and goodness of God in all his dispensations, he would probably have sunk under it. His beloved wife, who had for so long been his inseparable companion, his greatest earthly treasure, was taken from him after an illness of only two days. The very evening on which she was seized with the fatal malady, she had been conversing with her husband respecting their darling little boy. They dwelt with delight on the subject of his education, which, though in childhood devolved chiefly on his mother, would afterwards be superintended by his father, who intended to return to England, partly on account of his own health, which had already suffered considerably from the heat of the climate in which he now was; but more particularly that he might obtain for his son the superior advantages of education which England affords. Alas! these fond parents little expected that this would be the last time they would ever converse upon this interesting subject. Mr. Montague scarcely again heard the voice he so much loved, till it warned him that it was about to be silenced for ever in this world, and exhorted him to take care of his own health,

for the sake of their beloved child, who must now be left to his sole care.

Calm and peaceful was the close of the life of this amiable woman; long and deep was the grief of her bereaved husband: and the effort which he made to overcome it, by every laudable means in his power, while it shewed the strength of his mind and of his piety, proved too much for his now delicate constitution. There was a languor about him, from which he did not himself apprehend any danger; but his friends strenuously advised his speedy return to England. He was still anxious to complete the execution of the plans he had laid down, before he quitted Jamaica, most probably for ever—for he would have been grieved to think, that the want of his superintendence should be the cause of a failure in the success of his benevolent schemes. Thus his departure was delayed; and his health gradually declining, the little Philip was unavoidably left too much to the care of the two confidential servants, his nurse and the good Cæsar.

This was indeed a most unfortunate circumstance for the little boy, just at the age when a mother's care is so important to check any defects of temper

or wrong habits, which children so soon acquire, from their quickness in imitating what they see or hear others practise. When Philip was, during short intervals, taken beside his father, he had seldom much opportunity of shewing the violence of his temper, which had gradually been acquiring strength by the indulgence of those about him, as the little books and other things which his papa shewed him, and from which he always told him something new and amusing, occupied his mind, and prevented ill humour, by the variety of entertainment they afforded; but the domestics generally gave him every thing he wished for, partly to keep him quiet, as they said, lest he should disturb his papa, (who was, indeed, ill able now to bear any disturbance,) and partly to save themselves trouble. His nurse was most foolishly indulgent, from a real blind fondness for the child. She always said she could not bear to see her darling unhappy, or to hear him cry; she therefore yielded to him in every thing, whether it was good for him or not. Cæsar was the only person in the family, excepting Mr. Montague, who exercised either good sense or a sincere regard for the child's real happiness. He remonstrated with the nurse, and endeavoured to convince her, that she was laying up a

store of future misery for her favourite, under a mistaken notion of securing his present happiness.

It is surprising how observant children are, even at the early age of our young friend, Philip Montague. He soon discovered that Cæsar was averse to gratify him in all his unreasonable desires, (which became more unreasonable the more they were indulged,) and in consequence of this, he took a dislike to the person who, next to his papa and mamma, had always been his best friend; and he very soon acquired the habit of calling him by some of the names which he heard applied to him by others, and even of striking him sometimes when in a passion. Cæsar was more grieved at this than at any thing that had ever happened, because he knew that this would have displeased Philip's papa had he known it. He would have thought it his duty to have informed his master of the sad habits his beloved child was falling into; but, of what avail could it then be? His dear master was too ill to undertake to cure them himself, and Cæsar thought it would only embitter the few remaining months or weeks he might have to live.

Mr. Montague, however, lived more than a few

months longer, but before his son had completed his sixth year, he was an orphan, committed to the care of the faithful Cæsar, who was to take charge of him to England, as soon as the agent of his deceased father could make arrangements for his removal. On his arrival in England he was to be placed under the care of his guardian, Mr. Harley, who was a very distant relation of Mr. Montague.

# CHAPTER II.

AN unaccountable delay took place before the agent permitted Cæsar to embark with his young charge, under a pretence of waiting for letters from his guardian. Every day that Philip now remained in Jamaica, was increasing the evils arising from the unfortunate circumstances in which the poor little fellow was placed. At length the time arrived when they set sail for England; and the good Cæsar, while his heart ached for the distress of his charge on parting from his indulgent nurse, had the good sense to rejoice that he should no longer be exposed to the injurious consequences of her folly.

After a favourable voyage, during which the kindness and attention of Cæsar gained, in some degree, on the affections of his dear young master, they arrived in England, and proceeded immediately to the residence of Mr. Harley, in the northern part of the country. He received his young

ward with an appearance of coldness, which made the tears start into the eyes of the kind-hearted negro, whose feelings melted into tenderness whenever he spoke or thought of the forlorn situation of the child of his beloved master, and of the loss which he had himself sustained; which, as he surveyed the inflexible countenance of his new patron, he felt could never be repaired. But here again he shewed his good sense, by resolving, in his own mind, not to form a hasty judgment, but to recollect, that many a kind and feeling heart may beat in the breast of an unprepossessing person. Although the features of Mr. Harley were strong and rather harsh, there was something in his countenance which indicated that he was a man of sense; and upon the whole, when closely examined, the expression of it was rather pleasant. Many a time afterwards did Cæsar congratulate himself, that he had not hastily formed an uncharitable opinion of the disposition of Mr. Harley, from the unpleasant impression which the harshness of his features, and the apparent coldness of his manner, had made upon his mind at their first interview. Perhaps there are few persons who are so careful to avoid being unjust to others, in this respect, as Cæsar was. We almost involuntarily take a prepossession

in favour of or against a person, from the pleasing or opposite impression which his appearance makes upon our feelings at first sight: but, then, we should recollect that it is our *judgment*, and not our *feelings*, which ought to decide on so important a point; for surely it is of no small importance, whether we allow ourselves to take a prejudice against a person's disposition or character, without any other grounds than because there is a coarseness in his features, an unpleasant expression in his countenance, or some peculiarity in his manner. Let us suppose the case reversed: how should we ourselves like to be so prejudged? In the instance of Mr. Harley, it would, indeed, have been the greatest injustice, for he was a man of deep feeling; but he had so much self-command, that he did not allow it always to shew itself whenever he felt it excited. He had learned to control it; for he was a man of a very strong mind: and when the orphan boy was led into his presence by his sable attendant, it required more than his usual self-command to conceal the strong emotion which the dear child's melancholy circumstances excited; and the more than common effort which he made perhaps imparted something of an inflexible expression to his countenance.

Mr. Harley had loved Philip's father almost as a son; for he had no children himself. He was left a widower in very early life, and had never since that period felt so great a privation as the loss of Mr. Montague's society, when the latter left England. He looked forward to his return with a degree of pleasure proportioned to the regret he felt at his departure; and the sad event which had for ever deprived him of his highly-valued relative caused him the most heartfelt sorrow, which was revived, with a painful acuteness, at the sight of the young representative of the Montague family, to whom he was henceforward to act the part of a parent. He felt all the responsibility of the office; and having had no experience in the management and education of children, he was diffident and doubtful how far he might be qualified for the important duties he had to perform; and he began to feel a painful degree of anxiety, as to the success that might attend his efforts to promote the happiness of his ward. He determined to ascertain (previously to forming any decided plan for his education) what were the acquirements of the young stranger, who, though only between seven and eight years old, he took it for granted, had been well instructed in the first rudiments of education—not being aware of the

many peculiar circumstances which had combined to deprive him of the advantages which might naturally have been expected from parents so peculiarly well qualified to instruct the young mind.

When Mr. Harley dismissed his new guests, on the evening of their arrival, with a request that Cæsar would take Master Montague to the housekeeper, and say, that he desired she would give the young gentleman his supper, and see that he was put into a comfortable bed; adding, that he would see him in the morning, when he hoped they should become better acquainted; Cæsar again felt his spirits depressed, at the recollection of the order which he used regularly to receive from his beloved master every evening: it was, "Cæsar, bring my boy to me before he retires to rest, that I may give him my blessing." And then, the tender "Good night, my child, may God bless thee!" "Ah!" thought Cæsar, "there is no one now to bless him before he lays his head upon his pillow!" But he instantly added—"Sinner that I am! did I say there is no one to bless him? did I forget the great God, whose blessing is above all blessings? Cæsar will ask it for him—after he has heard him ask it for himself—after he has said his little

prayer, and laid his head upon his pillow, Cæsar will never forget to ask God to bless him."

When Philip and Cæsar entered the housekeeper's parlour, the latter was comforted by the pleasant aspect of Mrs. Wilson, and her kind manner of speaking to the child, who no longer hung his head as he had done in the presence of Mr. Harley, but looked confidingly in the face of the good housekeeper, and very soon began to ask several questions respecting a variety of things which had attracted his notice: particularly, whether he might go into the garden, which he saw from the window; and whether Mr. Harley had a little pony for him to ride on. To which Mrs. Wilson replied, that it was then too late to go into the garden that night, but she would in the morning take him there, and shew him the flowers, and the water, and the boat; and although his guardian had not a pony, he had two or three horses, and no doubt he would let him and the black negro ride upon one of them sometimes; and if he was a good boy, perhaps Mr. Harley would buy him a pony.

Philip liked all that Mrs. Wilson said respecting the garden, the water, and the boat; and asked

what water it was, and whether it was deep; and several questions about the size, shape, and colour of the boat, and whether it was as large as the boat that brought him on shore from the ship: and, having had his curiosity tolerably well satisfied, by hearing that the water was a river which flowed past Mr. Harley's grounds, and that the boat was not very large, but very prettily painted with green and white, he began to eat his supper, which had remained untouched while he was so deeply interested in the description he had just heard. And Mrs. Wilson was just remarking to Cæsar, what a sweet, lively creature Master Montague was, when the latter looked up at her, and said, "I shall be very much obliged to you if you will take me to see all those pretty things to-morrow; but Cæsar must see them too; and you must not call him *black negro* any more, because his name is Cæsar, and he is very good, and I love him very much." Then, turning to the grateful Cæsar, he said, "I have not forgotten that I used to be very naughty, and call you names, when we were in Jamaica; but I was a very little boy then, and I used to get into a passion; but I know better now, for I remember what papa used to say about being angry, and calling people names; and I mean to behave like a

man now, and try to be as good as my dear papa was, and then God will love me."

Before the conclusion of this artless and eloquent speech, the tears were streaming down the cheeks of the kind-hearted Mrs. Wilson, who never afterwards, from that moment, was heard to apply the name of *negro* to Cæsar. The latter drew the back of his hand across his eyes as he uttered, in a voice of tender emotion, "Thank you, thank you, my dear young massa: Cæsar no remember what you said in Jamaica; but Cæsar will always love you." He could say no more.

He was rejoiced to hear Mrs. Wilson speak in high terms of Mr. Harley, as a kind master and a good man. At that moment a bell rang: she went to answer the summons; and returning, said that her master wished to see Master Montague again before he went to bed. This was unexpected: but the fact was, that Mr. Harley, when he rather hastily dismissed his ward, felt himself so much overcome by his feelings, that he wished to be alone, without intending any slight or unkindness to the young stranger. But now, having regained his composure, he wished to see him, and to shew the interest

which he really felt in him. Accordingly, when Philip returned to the library, he drew him towards him; and, after looking kindly at him, and remarking that he very much resembled his excellent father, he kissed him, and said, "Yes, my boy, you will, I think, be like your father in person: strive to be like him in every thing, and you will be a good man."

Philip looked at Cæsar, and then said, timidly, "I told Cæsar, Sir, that I would try to be like papa."

"Did you?" said Mr. Harley; "then I love you for saying so; and I shall love you still more if I find that you do it."

The heart of Philip beat quick with pleasure and sweet satisfaction, at these kind and approving words of his guardian. And so cordial did he feel towards him at that moment, that he was almost tempted to ask if he might have a pony: but his courage failed him; he again felt a sensation of awe and restraint, and was glad when he was again dismissed with a kind "Good night; God bless you." These words were sweeter than music to the ear of Cæsar. The two strangers now left the library

with much lighter hearts than on their first visit to it, and retired to rest with happier feelings than they had for a long time experienced.

Early the next morning, Philip went in search of Mrs. Wilson, to claim the promise she had made him the evening before; and by the time he was summoned to the breakfast-table of his guardian, he had seen the garden, the boat, and many other novelties, which highly delighted him. He entered the breakfast-room, where Mr. Harley was already seated, with eyes sparkling with pleasure, and a more than usual colour in his rather pale cheeks, which gave great vivacity to his expressive countenance. "Well! my little man," said his guardian, as he parted the curls upon his forehead, and kindly patted him on the shoulder, "where have you been getting that fresh look this morning?"

Philip related to him all that he had seen in his walk through the garden, the plantation, and to the river side—and then exclaimed, in a tone of admiration, "And I saw such a pretty boat! your green and white boat, Sir; and (with an imploring look) I did so wish to go into it! but Mrs. Wilson said I must not go without your leave, and"——

"And so you would like to know," replied Mr. Harley, "whether I will indulge your wish. It is a charming morning—and if the weather continues fine till after dinner, I think we will have a sail."

"What!" exclaimed Philip, in an ecstacy, "do you mean that I shall go, Sir?"

"Yes, you shall go, and Cæsar too, if you think he would like it."

"O yes! I am quite sure he will like it. O! how nice, how pleasant, to sail in that pretty boat! How good you are, Sir! May I go and tell him?"

"When you have finished your breakfast; and in half an hour afterwards you may come back to me."

Away flew the delighted boy with the good news, as he called it, and he thought of little else than the boat, and the sun, and the clouds, during the half hour—hoping it might not rain—and thinking how long the morning would appear—and wishing it was afternoon.

He was punctual to his appointment, as his head was so full of the projected excursion for the afternoon, that he thought more of the lapse of time than usual, and ran every few minutes to look at the clock, to see whether the half hour were expired; for, when that was past, at least so much of the time was over, which was to intervene between breakfast time and the promised pleasure.

When he made his appearance in the library, Mr. Harley asked him some questions respecting his voyage, which Philip answered with simplicity, but at the same time with an intelligence which pleased his guardian, who said he would shew him a ship, and try whether he had learned the names of the different parts of the vessel, and its rigging. He then produced a beautiful and most complete model of a ship, with all its sails and rigging, which excited the unbounded admiration of his ward, who, with great animation and pleasure, recognised and named the various parts of the vessel, and remembered, with surprising correctness, the different masts, sails, and ropes, with a variety of other information, which the captain and sailors of the vessel in which he came to England had given in answer to his numerous questions.

He was a child of great observation and good understanding, and appeared to great advantage while no reference was made to any thing that was to be acquired from books, or by application, or study. He was destined to experience great mortification and uneasiness, from the want of those habits of industry, application, and order, which it is difficult to acquire when a child has arrived at the age of Philip Montague without ever having been accustomed regularly to set apart some portion of the day to the acquirement of the knowledge suited to its age and ability. We do not mean to blame this little boy for what was a misfortune to him, but to shew how thankful children ought to be who have experienced none of the disadvantages under which he laboured. Were all young people who have been more happily circumstanced, more fully sensible of the value of the advantages they possess in the opportunity of gaining instruction, they would not need to be exhorted to diligence. Many, in after life, have reason to regret time lost or mispent, which can never be recalled.

# CHAPTER III.

MR. HARLEY having some letters to write, took from his bookcase a work on Natural History, (a study to which he was particularly partial,) and desired Philip to amuse himself by looking at the plates, wishing to excite a similar taste in his mind, as he considered the contemplation of the wonderful works of creation highly improving to the young mind, and calculated to raise the thoughts from less worthy objects, and to inspire the heart with admiration, reverence, and love, of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great Creator.

For some time he continued to write without interruption, while his young friend turned over the leaves of the book with a deep interest. At length he exclaimed, "I should so like to know why these little birds are fastened up in these leaves, with only their heads peeping out! Do you think, Sir, they

have been put there, or have they done it themselves?"

Mr. Harley, without raising his eyes from the paper before him, replied, "Read the account of them on the opposite page; it is very curious, as you will find, and well worth the trouble."

Poor Philip was now in a dilemma, which made him, for the first time, sensible of his deficiency in not being able to read any thing but a few little words; for he had, since his papa's death, rather lost than gained in his knowledge of reading. Cæsar had often wished to hear him a lesson, (for Cæsar could read, his good master having taught him to read his Bible,) when, having been too much accustomed to spend the day in play, he did not like the trouble, and therefore refused it. This was very idle, and so far he was to blame, and still more so when he was older, and sometimes played when he ought to have learned his lessons. He now felt both the inconvenience and mortification attending ignorance—for he was extremely desirous of knowing what his guardian assured him was so well worth knowing, but he was ashamed to tell him he could not read it.

After Mr. Harley had done writing, he came to the table where Philip still sat, with the book open at the same place, and said, "Well, what do you think of the Tailor birds?"

"I do not know, Sir," answered Philip.

"I am surprised at that," said his guardian, "they are industrious little birds; but read the account again to me, and then I think you will agree with me."

Philip was now obliged to acknowledge the truth, which was perhaps even more mortifying to Mr. Harley than it was to himself. But his kind friend spared the poor boy's feelings, as he was yet so much a stranger to him; and, besides, he wished to gain his affection and confidence, and therefore determined always to encourage him to tell the truth on all occasions, without any fear of displeasing him. He therefore only said, in a voice of kindness, "As that is the case, I will read it to you: and when I have shewn you a great many things and places, which I am sure you will like to be acquainted with, and when you are quite at home here, we will begin our studies; and then,

with diligence, you will soon make up your lost time. For the present, you shall read a little to me every day: we will then commence writing and arithmetic, and afterwards geography."

Philip was comforted by the gentleness of these remarks, but yet felt a dread of the time when study was to commence, as he thought he should never like the trouble of learning. He forgot this when he heard the description of the nest of the Tailor birds, which is composed of the leaves of trees, sewed together by these ingenious little creatures. One large leaf is sewed to the back of another, (the fibres of dried leaves serving for thread,) the leaf in front having the point or tip of it downwards, and being also sewed about half of the way up, which gives the nest something of the form of an inverted cone. The little creatures put some wool into the inside; and, placing themselves in it, are quite warm and snug in their little habitation. This subject led Mr. Harley to various remarks on different animals. The fidelity of the dog; the patience of that despised and often ill-treated animal, the ass; the obedience and patience also of the elephant. "And I remember," said he, "reading, when I was a little boy, the story of Androcles and the Lion, which

contains a most wonderful instance of sagacity and gratitude in that noble animal."

Philip having expressed an earnest wish to hear the story, Mr. Harley acceded to it, saying, "I believe I can relate it, almost in the same words in which I read it so long ago: I was so very fond of it, that I read it over and over again, until I knew almost every word of it by heart; and so deep was the impression it made upon my young mind, that I never forgot it.

"Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman, who was proconsul of Africa. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had he not found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and flee into the desert of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and, finding at the further end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great terror, a huge, overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave

himself over for lost; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his knee, and began licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and, by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in search of his prey.

"Androcles subsisted upon the flesh of it till the lion supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length of this savage society, he resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Africa, was at that time collecting together all the largest

lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them as a present to Rome, that they might furnish a show for the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent; and that for his crime he be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was also performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre, amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment that his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a monstrous lion rushed out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with rage towards the man; but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, he fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of recognition and caresses. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and

the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities he had received from him in the deserts of Africa. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about him, and repeating to one another, 'This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician.'"

During the recital of this story, Philip listened with so intense an interest, that he involuntarily approached closer and closer to the narrator; and, as his fears for the fate of Androcles, who he thought was to be torn to pieces by the lion, gained their highest pitch, he grasped the hand of his guardian, which he still continued to hold for some minutes after his anxiety for the slave was relieved. He at last broke out into a string of questions and exclamations. He wished to know what was a proconsul—where was the desert of Numidia—and how could the Romans be so cruel as to give men to be devoured by wild beasts. To the former Mr. Harley replied, that he would learn all that by reading the Roman History, and studying geography. With respect to the latter he said, it was

indeed a cruel thing to make sport of a sight so horrible; and he lamented that, even now, in countries where men call themselves Christians, and ought to follow the example of Jesus Christ, who was all gentleness, kindness, and benevolence, and who has taught us to curb and restrain all violent and cruel passions, and to be merciful and compassionate, they still take pleasure in, and encourage, many cruel sports.

Philip then begged that his guardian would tell him something about bees and making honey. Mr. Harley said it was time to take a walk, but promised to gratify his curiosity as they went along by an account of those industrious insects; adding, that on their return they would go and see them at work in the hive. He was every moment gaining on the affections of his little friend, both by the kindness of his manner towards him and the variety of entertainment which he imparted to him, of a kind so new and interesting, that Philip had almost forgotten the promised sailing excursion, and was quite surprised to find that the morning was going so rapidly away. He put his hand gently into that of Mr. Harley, and they set out upon their walk.

"Early in the spring," said Mr. Harley, "each bee-hive contains one queen or female, from two hundred to a thousand drones or males, and from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand labourers or mules. The first and last kind alone have stings, the males being entirely unarmed. As soon as the plants begin to flower, the inhabitants of the hive put themselves in motion; the greater part of the labourers take wing, and disperse themselves through the neighbourhood in search of honey and wax, the former of which is a sweet juice found in the nectaries of flowers, and the latter is made by the bees from the dust contained within the anthers of blossoms. These different materials are brought to the hive, and the labourers in waiting take the wax, and form of it those little hexagonal cells, which serve as storehouses for the honey or nests for their young: the honey is partly distributed for present food to the inhabitants, and the remainder laid up against winter. While the labourers are thus engaged, the queen begins to deposit her eggs, to the number of about two hundred each day, in the empty cells: the egg being soon hatched into a little white grub, increases the employment of the labourers, to whom is allotted the task of feeding it with the purest honey. When

it has attained its full size, the mouth of its habitation is closed up with wax, it becomes a chrysalis, and in a few days breaks through its waxen covering, being changed into a perfect bee, and instantly quits the hive in search of honey for the public store. This rapid accession of inhabitants soon begins to crowd the hive, and commonly, in the months of May and July, large emigrations take place, called swarms, which, settling in an empty hive, (or in their wild state, in a hollow tree or rock,) in a few days lay the waxen foundation of their state, and begin collecting honey for their winter supply. Each swarm consists of a single female, a thousand or more males, and from twenty-four thousand to twenty-eight thousand labourers. Thus they live in perfect harmony with each other, and daily adding to their numbers and stores, till, sometime in the six or seven weeks between the latter end of July and the beginning of September, the particular time varying in different hives, the whole state becomes all uproar and confusion—a loud angry humming is heard, accompanied by a general massacre and expulsion of the drones: every male is destroyed or turned out; the young grubs, that would have changed into drones, share the same fate; and, in

the whole interval from September to March, only a few hundred males are allowed to arrive at maturity."*

Many and various were the explanations which Mr. Harley made to his young companion in addition to these remarks—and so many questions arose out of the subject, that they found themselves at the spot where the hives were placed before the little history of the inhabitants was completed. It was, however, rather an advantage, as the glass hive (with which Philip was highly delighted) enabled his kind friend to give him the best possible illustration of much of what he had been relating, as they saw the industrious little creatures busily employed. Mr. Harley promised that his ward should taste the production of their labours the next morning at breakfast, and he should then examine with him their waxen cells, which are as beautiful as they are a wonderful specimen of their ingenuity and skill.

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* For this account of bees the author is indebted to that pleasing work, "The Natural History of the Year," by Arthur Aikin.

At length the long wished-for hour arrived, and the party set sail on the beautiful river, which became broader as they proceeded down; and the verdure and foliage on its banks, diversified with habitations of different descriptions, rendered the scene truly delightful. The pleasure of Philip was quite equal to what he had anticipated, and the first sail he had in the pretty green and white boat was not soon forgotten by him.

In the evening, before he retired to rest, Mr. Harley conversed with him on what he had seen and learned during the day, and asked him if he had felt the morning long or dull. He answered, with a look of animation, that it was the shortest morning he ever remembered, although he thought it would have been so very long before they went upon the river. "I am glad you have found it pass so pleasantly," said his guardian, "and I will tell you the reason:—It is, because your mind was employed in acquiring useful knowledge. Had you spent the morning in listless indolence, you may depend upon it, it would not have appeared so short or agreeable. I hope, my dear boy, that you will spend every day of your life, from this time, as long as it shall please God to spare you, in such a

manner that you may, with humble confidence and trust, before you close your eyes in sleep, ask his blessing and protection. He is the wise, and good, and great Creator of all those things which have so much excited your wonder and admiration. He has given instinct to the inferior animals of his creation; but to man he has given reason and speech, that he may know his power, understand his works, and praise him for his goodness. Do you know any prayers or hymns? I should wish you to acknowledge your sense of the happiness and many blessings you have this day enjoyed through his goodness; and I trust you will never lay your head upon your pillow without having offered your thanksgiving to your heavenly Parent."

Mr. Harley was much affected as he uttered the last words. He was gratified on learning that his young charge knew some little hymns and prayers by heart: they had been taught him by his father, and he had not forgotten them, as Cæsar had no difficulty in inducing him to repeat them at bed-time. It seemed, that to acquire any thing new which gave him trouble, was what he disliked most: he was fond of repeating the hymns; and had, probably, affectionate associations with them

in his mind, connected with the remembrance of his father.

At eight o'clock Cæsar presented himself at the room door, to announce that it was his young master's bed-time, when Mr. Harley addressed to him these words: "I have long known, Cæsar, that you were a faithful servant to your earthly master; I have this evening had a proof that, as far as respects this orphan child, you are also a faithful servant to your heavenly Master. In reminding this boy of his duty to his Maker, you give the best evidence that you do not forget your own. I shall be happy to promote, by every means in my power, your further improvement in the knowledge of religion, and the attainment of divine truth—that 'light to the path, and lamp to the feet;' the infallible guide to present and future happiness."

After a short pause, during which Cæsar, whose heart overflowed with a deep sense of Mr. Harley's goodness, laying his hand upon his breast, bowed his head in silent gratitude, Mr. Harley added—"It is my custom to read prayers to the members of my household, every evening before they retire

to rest: I shall always be glad to see you among them."

After expressing his thanks more audibly than he had before done, Cæsar and his young charge retired, Mr. Harley having previously told Philip that he might look forward to having several more excursions on the river while the warm weather lasted; but that he must remember, he strictly forbade him ever to enter the boat without him, unless he gave permission to Cæsar to take charge of him.

# CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Philip read to his guardian, who was much concerned at the very little progress he had made, and felt it necessary to incite him to diligence by telling him how very much he was behind most boys of his age; and that, although he had not been the entire cause of this himself, he still had let many opportunities slip of practising what he had already learned, by refusing to read to Cæsar. He endeavoured to impress upon his mind the great value of time, and the sin of wasting it. "Whether," said he, "our life be long or short, none of us can know; and we must all give an account of the time allotted to us, whatever it may be. If we are found to have been 'slothful servants,' we must expect a sentence of condemnation. You are yet very young, it is true; but you will, from this time, have such advantages and opportunities of improvement, as will enable you to redeem the lost time: all that will be

required on your part is, a resolute determination to exercise diligence and perseverance, and, depend upon it, in a few years, you will no longer have reason to be ashamed of your ignorance. Ignorance is excusable in those who have no opportunity of gaining instruction; but inexcusable in those who have, and are yet wasters of their precious time. If you are a good boy, and I see that you take pains to improve, and are really diligent, you shall not go unrewarded: although I consider that, to do our duty, and consequently please God, gives a sweet satisfaction to our own minds, which is the best reward. But I know that little boys require amusement and exercise in the open air, and I think I shall be at no loss to provide recreations for you—only, work when you ought to work, and play heartily when it is time for play: there is, you know, 'a time for every thing;' and I have not forgotten the way to play. I can whip a top, and play at marbles, and fly a kite, ay, and trundle a hoop too, though I am so much older than you."

Philip was highly amused at the thought of seeing his guardian play at all these things—and so joyous and so happy was he made by the vivacity

and cheerfulness of his kind friend, that he longed to begin some of these sports. He thought it was an excellent opportunity to beg for a pony, and made his petition accordingly. Mr. Harley told him, that if he saw him improve as much as he hoped he should during the space of a month, he would, at the expiration of that time, take him to the fair which would be then held in the neighbouring town, and purchase one for him. Philip now ran off, as usual, to tell Cæsar this most "*charming news;*" and he did not forget to tell him also of all the games at which his guardian had promised to play with him.

Some days now passed away without his having (excepting on a very few occasions) shewn the violence of his temper. He had not only been occupied and amused with the various novelties which had caught his attention, but he had tried to command himself sometimes when he felt ill-humour coming on, because he was ashamed to shew it before his guardian, whom he both loved and respected: therefore, this was a proof that he was conscious, both of the impropriety and the disagreeable effects of bad temper, and that if he chose to make the effort, he could subdue it. This

is equally true with respect to others: and perhaps there is no study better worth while, or more conducive to our own happiness and comfort, as well as that of all around us, than that of self-government. It may perhaps at first appear difficult, because it requires self-denial, and a steady resolution not to indulge our own feelings at the expence of those of others, who generally suffer some inconvenience from our ill humour; but, in reality, if we saw clearly the true state of the case, we should discover that it is not, in fact, so difficult as it at first appears, because our own happiness and comfort is so truly promoted by it. It gives such a delightful consciousness of acting in a manner which will ensure us the esteem of those we love, and whose good opinion we value; the approbation of our own hearts; and, above all, the approbation and favour of God;—and this imparts such a cheerfulness to the mind, that it spreads a brightness over our thoughts and a glow and warmth over our hearts, which seems to diffuse itself over outward objects, and makes all nature look gay and smiling. Glorious and brilliant as is the sun, the sunshine of the mind is more glorious still—for it is a light that shall never be extinguished. 'Sun and moon shall pass away,'

but the light of the immortal soul shall shine in the kingdom of God for ever."

The first time that Philip Montague really distressed his excellent friend, Mr. Harley, by the violence of his temper, was on the morning of a very wet day. One of those sudden changes had taken place in the weather to which the climate of England is so subject, and the transition from a fine bright sky and light summer breeze, to that of a dark, gloomy day, a drizzling rain, and a cold north-easterly wind, was a great disappointment to Philip, who could not bear the thoughts of being deprived of his usual pleasures out of doors. He dreaded the length of the day, and he disliked the thoughts of his lessons, which appeared to him more of a disagreeable task than usual, because he did not know what he should play at after they were over—and he very soon began to be out of humour with imaginary evils, and then out of humour with those about him, while, in truth, he was himself the only person he had any reason to be displeased with: for the sunshine of his own mind was as completely overcast by fretfulness and impatience, as the sunshine out of doors was overcast by dark clouds.

His guardian at first took little notice of it, hoping that he would, as he had seen him on former occasions, make an effort to conquer it; but in this instance he was foolish enough to allow himself to be conquered by his temper—a disgrace which he had serious reason to repent of for a long time afterwards.

After going through his lessons, in a listless, indolent, and careless manner, and not without much mortification and vexation to himself, from the consciousness that he had displeased his guardian, he asked him if he might go out to play. Mr. Harley told him that he could not go out to play, because it was raining, but he might find plenty of amusement in the house, and he mentioned several. Philip began to cry, saying he did not like any of those things—he wished to go out. His guardian, with great patience, pointed out the folly of rejecting the amusement which was within his reach, and crying for that which was out of his power; for, he said, were it even proper for him to go out, what pleasure could he have, compared with that which he could have at home? But Philip had now worked himself up into a passion; and when people are in a pas-

sion, they seldom listen to reason. The more Mr. Harley tried to convince him of his folly, the more angry he grew, and at length stamped and screamed with such violence, that his guardian was obliged to desire him to leave the room, as he did not choose to have an angry boy for his companion, nor would he be disturbed with so much noise. He added, that he should have wished to have said something more to him, but as he would not listen to it while he was so completely under the control of passion, he would defer it until he could conduct himself with more sense, and with the respect due to one who had shewn himself, and would continue to shew himself, anxious to promote his happiness. He bade him go and reflect whether he should prefer behaving like a silly child, who cries for what is either improper or what it cannot have, or like a boy of sense, who is glad to avail himself of the opportunity which a day spent in the house affords him of trying his skill in drawing, or making something useful or entertaining, or improving himself in any thing he is either learning or that he intends to learn.

Philip felt some sense of shame, but it was not yet strong enough to conquer his ill humour, to

which he had so long been accustomed to give way without control. He, however, left the library, and continuing to cry violently, the kind-hearted Cæsar went to him, to enquire the cause. He was not more successful than Mr. Harley had been—and knowing that, in such cases, reflection is better than continued ineffectual remonstrance, he left his young master in no small affliction, and returned to his occupation. But what was his concern when he saw Philip, about half an hour afterwards, on the lawn with Dash, a favourite dog! The ground was exceedingly wet, and knowing that he was very liable to take cold, the attentive Cæsar ran to bring him in. He did not accomplish this without some difficulty, but Cæsar was very prompt and decided on proper occasions; and, on the refusal of his charge to return to the house, he took him up in his arms and carried him in—and then perceiving that his clothes, and particularly his shoes, were quite wet, he changed his dress, with feelings of great anxiety as to the consequences of this rash and headstrong act of disobedience.

While his careful servant was changing his dress, Philip began to feel his anger subside: he felt

sensible of the ingratitude of which he had been guilty, both towards his kind guardian and the ever watchful and affectionate Cæsar; and, as the dinner hour approached, he felt so much ashamed to appear in the presence of Mr. Harley, that he told Cæsar he did not wish for any dinner: the latter advised him not to wait till then to see his guardian, but to go to him immediately, and tell him how sorry and ashamed he was of his folly, and he was quite sure Mr. Harley would forgive him. Cæsar, still finding that he scarcely had courage to adopt his advice, offered to go and tell his guardian of his wish to see him and acknowledge his fault; but Philip, whose better feelings had now gained their proper influence, said no, that would be unmanly, (he generally did right when he tried to act like a man,) he would therefore go at once himself; and, as if afraid of delaying the execution of a good resolution, he walked towards the library with as firm a step as he could command; but his heart beat quick as he laid his hand upon the door, and a blush of shame and humiliation spread over his face, when he found himself in the presence of that most excellent friend, whom he feared he had so much offended by his unjustifiable and disrespectful behaviour.

Mr. Harley looked serious, but not angry: for he was too wise a man to be angry at other people's folly, or because they are angry. He thought that one angry person was one too many, and that there was the more need that others should preserve their temper: but he was serious, because he was truly sorry that a child, whom he so much loved, both for his own sake and the sake of his parents, and who, he was convinced, possessed a mind that might become both wise and good, and consequently happy, should, by giving way to his passions, inflict so much misery on himself; and, it was to be feared, have to undergo so great humiliation, before he could conquer this unhappy failing.

He willingly accepted the penitent apology of his ward, (who frankly confessed the additional folly he had committed by going out in the rain,) and commended the candour with which he acknowledged his fault: and he took care to shew him that he bore no resentment, but freely forgave him, saying, "Forgiveness is a Christian duty, taught us most expressly by Jesus Christ, in those words—'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Unless, therefore,

we banish from our minds all resentment against those who, having offended us, ask our forgiveness, we cannot hope to be forgiven by Him whom we so often offend, in thought, word, and deed. I will make but one observation more, and then I will forget, as well as forgive, what passed this morning. I believe you are now perfectly convinced of the *folly* of being out of humour because it rained—but I wish to convince you also of the *sin* of it: and when I say that it was, in fact, murmuring against God, and repining at what His wisdom saw fit to order, I hope and believe that you feel so deeply sensible of this, that I shall not again have occasion to remind you of your duty in this respect. This is what I alluded to when I told you I had something more to say; but it is a serious subject, and one upon which I never wish to speak when the mind is not in a state to listen to it with due reverence. Let us now shake hands before I go to dress for dinner."

There were two things which Mr. Harley took care to practise in giving advice or reproof: the first of these was conciseness; for he was convinced that a few words, to the purpose, make a deeper impression than many, which only tend to confuse

the youthful mind, without leaving any distinct ideas of reasoning;—the last was, not to recur over and over again to a fault already acknowledged and pardoned.

In the afternoon he produced a portfolio, which, he said, contained some drawings of a young friend of his, who, at the time he did most of them, was only three years older than Philip; but he should begin by shewing him the first he ever did, when he was only six years old, as he would then see what great improvement he made by practice. Philip wished to know whether he should see the little boy who made the drawings. His guardian smiled, and told him that he was no longer a little boy, but a young man at college.

The collection of drawings began with a boat, which was just the very thing, Philip said, that he should like best to begin with, because he was so fond of Mr. Harley's boat, and it was very like it; but he did not think he could draw. "But," said Mr. Harley, "we never know what we can do till we try. When you have looked at all the drawings, I will give you a pencil and paper, or a slate, if you like it better, and you may try

whether you can draw as well as Charles Morgan."

The last half dozen drawings were truly surprising to have been done by so young a boy; and Philip was full of wonder and admiration, and wished he might draw equally well when he was twenty. "I have no doubt that you may do so much sooner," said his guardian, "if you have a great wish to learn to draw, and persevere in practising it. Should you find, after a fair trial of your skill, that you can neither make a tolerable imitation of what you wish to copy, nor feel any pleasure in it, I should advise you not to spend any further time upon it; as you may, probably, succeed better in something else, equally useful and agreeable: but take your pencil, and try what you can do."

Never had Philip shewn so much perseverance as he did that afternoon in drawing the boat. He made several copies of it, so desirous was he of emulating Charles Morgan; and when he shewed the last and best to Mr. Harley, he was not a little gratified by the commendations he bestowed upon his performance; for, on comparing it with the

others, he pronounced it a very encouraging beginning, as there was a visible improvement even in the course of his first study. Philip was so happy, that he was quite astonished to recollect that *drawing* was one of the amusements which had been proposed to him in the morning, and which he had so perversely rejected. "Ah!" thought he, "if I could but keep my resolution not to get into a passion any more!"

When he went to bed that evening, he complained of a head-ache, and after passing a very restless night, he was so sick and feverish, that he was unable to sit up. A medical gentleman was sent for, who said he had caught a severe cold, which he hoped, with proper care and medicine, would soon be removed. Cæsar, with Mrs. Wilson's assistance, was to be his nurse; and his ever kind friend and guardian paid him frequent visits, and brought him fruit to cool his feverish tongue, and whatever he thought likely to amuse his mind. Poor Cæsar was distressed in thinking that his dear little master had brought on this illness by going out in the rain; and he was quite right in his opinion: but the suffering boy having said that he knew he had been the cause of it himself, and

that he must bear it with patience, Cæsar took care not to distress him by mentioning it again, but said, what was very true, that he was always patient when he was ill. Philip felt too ill to speak at that moment; but he thought he ought not to be impatient when he was well, and he would try to control his temper better in future.

He was obliged to keep his bed for several days. He reflected much as he lay there, when he was not too ill to do so, and thought much of what his guardian had said to him respecting self-government and the value of time. When he was beginning to recover, he for the first time in his life expressed a desire that somebody should read to him. He was just expressing this wish as Mr. Harley entered his room, and heard, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, not only that he felt almost well, but of his wish for some one to read to him.

His delighted guardian immediately undertook the pleasing office, and asked him to choose what he should read. After a little consideration the young invalid said he should like some of the stories from the "Scripture History," which Mr.

Harley had given him, and his wish was immediately complied with. He listened attentively to the beautiful and affecting story of Joseph and his Brethren—at the conclusion of which he remarked—"But, I have no brethren to be kind to, or unkind either."

"Yes, my child," said Mr. Harley, "you have many brethren. God has taught us, by calling himself our Father, our heavenly Father, that all his children of mankind are brethren; therefore we ought to regard them as such: and you who have, indeed, no brethren, in a stricter sense of the term, are particularly called upon to shew kindness to those who stand in need, because you have now a little, and, if you live, you will probably have a great deal to bestow upon your brethren of mankind: and to relieve the poor, and make others happy, are the greatest pleasures that wealth can procure. But kindness and benevolence every one ought to practise, whether he is rich or poor."

Mr. Harley then read and explained, with his usual clearness, the parable of "the good Samaritan," shewing that every one ought also to be considered as our neighbour; or, in other words,

that we ought to act the part of a kind neighbour, or a friendly and benevolent part, wherever it may be in our power to do good, without the distinction of friend or stranger, when we see a fellow-creature in distress. Seeing that it was time his ward should retire to rest, Mr. Harley kissed him affectionately, and said he must make haste and get well enough to come down stairs, for he missed him sadly.

# CHAPTER V.

HIS guardian's kindness, and what he had been reading to him, left so pleasing an impression on the mind of the little invalid, that he soon composed himself to rest, and slept so soundly, that he awoke not till the next morning. When his medical attendant came to visit him, he pronounced him so much better for his twelve hours sleep, that he thought he might leave his room; and, saying that an airing of a mile or two might do him good, he offered to take him in his carriage to a short distance, where he was going, and bring him back again. This was a great refreshment to Philip, and he returned in cheerful spirits.

In a short time he was quite well, and accompanied Mr. Harley on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, who lived about three miles off. He there had the pleasure of having a companion near his own age, in Mr. Thornton's youngest son,

John; and the two boys were very happy together for nearly a week, at the end of which time John Thornton returned with Mr. Harley, to spend a week with Philip Montague.

Mr. Harley had conversed a good deal with Mr. Thornton on the subject of Philip's education, and he had determined to send him, after Christmas, to the same school at which Mr. Thornton's sons had been educated. He had a very high opinion of the abilities of Dr. Williams, who had the establishment; and he hoped that, during the months which would intervene between that time and the present, Philip might gain so much improvement in temper and in habits of application, as well as in a knowledge of the common branches of education, as would render his deficiencies less conspicuous among his schoolfellows: he wished that he should not be too much discouraged by a consciousness of his ignorance—a circumstance with which school-boys are apt to reproach each other.

Every gratification which Philip enjoyed seemed to be enhanced by having a companion to partake of it with him, and this made him look forward

with pleasure to the time when he should have so many schoolfellows. John Thornton told him many things he wished to know concerning the school; but, as he was to be only a day-boarder, he should have nothing to do with any thing further than the discipline through the day. He was very much pleased that he was not to board there, because he was to ride to school in the morning, and home in the evening, upon the pony which his guardian had previously promised to buy for him.

John Thornton was a thoughtless boy, and though apparently good-tempered and lively, he was not amiable; nor was he likely to do himself credit by his conduct—because he did not act from a right principle. He had made tolerable, though not at all uncommon progress at school; but, knowing so much more than Philip Montague, he fancied himself more clever than he really was, and was rather inclined to domineer over his more diffident friend. He was also of a covetous disposition, and had a greediness for good things, such as cakes, tarts, and fruit, in which kind of selfishness he had been but too much indulged at home. Mr. Harley soon dis-

covered this; and, as his table was always well supplied with fruit, he thought it right to let the two boys partake of it freely, as far as was good for them, as he thought that a reasonable indulgence in such things is the best way of preventing a mean or covetous disposition. We must do Philip Montague the justice to say, that he was quite free from any selfishness of this sort, which his guardian was glad to see.

One day the young gentlemen were in the garden before dinner, when John observed a very fine ripe peach, which he longed to gather and eat. After trying in vain to reach it, and finding it was quite beyond him, he asked Philip to let him lift him up and pluck it, and he should have half of it. Philip resisted this proposal, and said he did not wish for any, because they should get some after dinner, when his guardian always let them have as much fruit as they could desire. John still tried to persuade him, saying it was such a fine one, and perhaps they might not get that one after all. Still his young friend endeavoured to dissuade him, and said that Mr. Harley would be displeased if they did so. Just then Cæsar appeared on the walk, and John Thornton

called him to come, and desired him to get that peach for him and his young master. Cæsar enquired whether they had Mr. Harley's leave to take it; to which John replied, that that was no business of his; and, in a tone of authority, commanded him to do as he was desired. Cæsar answered, that although *he* was not his master, and therefore had not a right to command him, he should, nevertheless, be glad to oblige him in any thing that was right; but he would not obey any body who commanded him to do what was wrong. John flew into a rage at this refusal; and, turning to Philip, said, "You are his master, and have a right to command him—why do not you order him to pluck it?"

This rather roused Philip's pride, who had felt that John Thornton had taken upon him sometimes to command *him*, at which he felt mortified, although he said nothing—and he thought his consequence had been let down by it. He now hesitated whether he should not let John see that he, in his turn, could command: but being still undecided, John laughed at him, calling him a cowardly fellow; and then whispered something in his ear, which seemed to be a sort of threat.

It was, that if he did not order Cæsar to get him that peach, he would never help him with his lessons when he came to school, and then every body would quiz him for a dunce. This touched poor Philip in a tender part; and, terrified at the prospect of such a disgrace, he allowed his resolution to give way, through a fear of ridicule and contempt. He turned to Cæsar, and said, "Do as I command you: gather that peach for Master Thornton directly."

"Do you hear blackey?" vociferated John; "if you don't do as your master bids you, I will tell Mr. Harley."

"Here is Mr. Harley!" said a voice; and upon turning round they beheld that gentleman, who at the moment appeared from the greenhouse, which was close by: "you can now tell me all you wish to say. But, indeed, I believe it is unnecessary, for I have heard every word that has passed."

Philip went to him, and, taking hold of his hand, said, "Indeed, Sir, I am very sorry, and I did not wish for the peach at all."

John Thornton stood conscience-struck, and without the power of uttering a word in his defence; indeed he could make none. Mr. Harley had witnessed the whole affair, which was so thoroughly disgraceful to John, that it admitted of no palliation. Mr. Harley said, "I shall take an opportunity of speaking to you, young gentlemen, upon this subject; at present my time is engaged." So saying, and motioning to Cæsar to follow him, he walked towards the house.

It will not be difficult to imagine with what feelings the two boys appeared at dinner: they were, indeed, (especially those of John Thornton,) most uncomfortable. When the desert was placed upon the table, a gentleman who was dining with Mr. Harley, and with whom the latter had been engaged before dinner, remarked that those were remarkably fine peaches which stood near him; and after having, at Mr. Harley's request, taken one himself, he said, "Shall I hand them to the young gentlemen?"

Mr. Harley, with an inclination of the head, answered, "If you will be kind enough, Sir, to take that trouble."

The dish was handed first to Philip, who, with a face suffused with blushes, and thinking he did not deserve one, was just going to decline it, when his guardian said, "Take one if you wish it."

John Thornton was astonished at this permission; but, conscious that he was not only the first, but by far the greater offender, he concluded that the punishment was to fall on him alone, and he sat like a guilty culprit, not daring to raise his eyes: and when the fruit was handed to him, he did not venture to look up, nor did he take any notice of the civility of the gentleman who offered it to him, but sat like one stupified, till Mr. Harley's voice roused him, by saying, "Master Thornton," (and John started at his own name,) "the peaches are handed to you; you may take one if you choose."

John did take one; but no one need to envy him the eating of that peach. By a strange chance he had got the very peach he had tried to secure in the morning. It was a remarkably fine one, and he had noticed it so particularly, that he knew it well: but, much as he might have enjoyed it with a clear conscience, it now afforded him no

gratification; and, to have seen him eating it, one would almost have imagined that he felt as if it would choke him—and he was rejoiced when he and his companion had permission to leave the dining-room.

Philip Montague's spirits were depressed by what had passed in the morning. He loved his guardian—and he remembered how many resolutions he had formed, especially during his illness, not to do any thing which might displease him; he was therefore grieved to think that his good resolution had given way—though he held out against John Thornton's persuasion until the threat about disgracing him at school, which he had not fortitude to bear. The poor boy could not rally his spirits; and while John was playing with Dash, hallooing and vociferating in a most boisterous manner, his more feeling companion walked silently up and down the lawn, only saying, when John teazed him to play, "I wonder you can be so merry, John; I am sure *I* can hardly help crying."

"What a fool you are!" said John, "to think so much about a trifle: I don't care a straw for it now; I am determined not to let it spoil fun."

"But you did care," replied Philip, "when we were in the dining-room: at least, you looked as if you did."

"So I did then, when I was sitting bolt-upright upon my chair, with nothing to do but to look at your dismal face opposite to me; but now I am out of the way of old guardy, I am merry again."

"You ought not to call people names, John," said Philip; "I do not like it."

"You are a blockhead," answered John, "what harm was there in what I said? 'Old guardy,'—I am sure there is no harm in that. He is old, and he is your *guardian*—there now, will that please you? But you are in an ill humour, and don't choose to play, and so nothing will please you."

This last taunt was a severe trial to poor Philip's patience, and it required a strong effort and all his resolution to command himself: but the recollection that a feeling of respect for his guardian had been the cause of John's unkind behaviour towards him, enabled him to bear the unjust reproach with patience and forbearance. What a support is con-

scious rectitude! Philip did not even remind John that he had called him a fool—so much more tenacious was he for his kind, and now most tenderly-beloved guardian, than he was for himself. "I know I am a blockhead in some things, compared with you, John; but still, I know right and wrong."

John now said he supposed they should have dull work of it the rest of the evening. "But, unless you pick up more spirit," added he, "you will never get on at school."

Again Philip commanded himself; and so comforted was he at having gained so many victories over himself, that he gradually became more cheerful, though not merry.

When Philip went to wish his guardian good night, John refused to go with him, for fear, as he said, he should get a lecture. This was exactly what Mr. Harley intended—though, as usual, what he had to say was so short and so judicious, that when he dismissed the two boys, (John having been sent for, and having, much against his inclination, obeyed the summons,) John Thorton not only shed

tears of contrition, but declared that he never cared so much for having offended any body in his life before.

"Not even your papa?" said Philip.

"Why, yes, to be sure," answered John, "I do care for that. But then I was thinking more of my uncle Robinson, who gives one such long lectures about every thing. I never can remember more than the first half-dozen words; for I know them by heart, because he always begins in the same way; but I never know what else he says, because I get so tired that I can't attend to him. And then there is Dr. Williams, our schoolmaster —he is not quite so bad as uncle Robinson, but he gives rather long lectures too. But your *guardian"* (and John laid rather a strong emphasis upon the word, to shew that he wished to speak of him with respect) "does not get angry; and somehow, I remember all he said, and I should not wonder if it does me a great deal of good."

"Dear John, how glad I am to hear you say so!" said Philip, in answer to this strange speech; "I hope it it will do us both good."

"Well," replied John, "when you are as clever as me, and I am as good as you, we shall be better matched."

Young as Philip was, he was nevertheless struck with the gay thoughtlessness of his friend's manner of talking, and could not help wondering how it happened, that, with a papa and mamma, and a schoolmaster, John was not as good as he was clever. But Philip had yet to learn the danger and influence of bad example, (to those who do not endeavour to withstand it,) in a school containing nearly a hundred boys, among whom there may be many better boys than John Thornton; but, we fear, there are also many worse. Happy would it have been for John had he determined to rank among the best: as it was, he was in danger of degenerating instead of improving.

# CHAPTER VI.

SOON after John Thornton's departure, the month of probation had expired, at the end of which the fair was to take place, when Mr. Harley had promised to purchase a pony, if he were satisfied with Philip's diligence and general improvement. One evening he addressed his ward, saying, "Well," my dear boy, "the fair commences to-morrow; do you think you have complied with the conditions on which you were to have a pony?"

"I do not exactly know, Sir," said Philip, timidly: "I have really tried to be more diligent, and I think I have improved in some things, particularly in reading, writing, and geography; but," added he, blushing deeply, "I know I have not acted, on many occasions, as I ought to have done—nor have I always kept my resolution to govern my temper."

Mr. Harley was pleased with the simplicity, correctness, and candour of Philip's judgment of himself. He drew him kindly towards him, and, taking both his hands in his, said, "I commend your ingenuousness, my dear child. It is right to be sensible of, and acknowledge our errors: it is also advantageous to form a just estimate of our own improvement; and, as long as we do not allow our self-love to over-rate it, it is perhaps one of the best means of pointing out our deficiencies: and the habit I recommended to you of self-examination every evening, respecting your conduct and behaviour through the day, may be very advantageously enlarged upon, and extended to an examination respecting your acquirements, at the end of each month. You have not over-rated your improvement in knowledge; for I quite agree with you. As far as relates to diligence, I think you are becoming every day more sensible of the value of time. Time flies fast—your eighth birth-day is close at hand, and we will celebrate it by an excursion on the river, should the weather permit, unless there be any thing you like better."

This proposal meeting with Philip's joyful acquiescence, Mr. Harley proceeded: "We now

come to the subject of self-control. You have not, it is true, as you have just remarked, been always quite good: but, as we are all apt to err —for none of us are perfect, or we should not require the trials to which mankind are subjected in this life—we must recollect that the various trials we meet with are intended for our improvement; to teach us patience, forbearance, obedience, and humility. We at first find it difficult to practise these virtues; but the more we practise them, the easier they become; and when they do become easy, we may be sure that we are greatly improved. Now, you found it very difficult, nay, you thought it almost impossible, when you came here, to bear disappointments with patience, and to control your passions; but I know now that you have not only tried to do so, but that you have succeeded; for I have seen you many times gain the victory over yourself. And, as you have conquered so often, and failed but once, since we made our bargain, we will go to the fair to-morrow, and look out for a pony."

"My dear, dear guardian!" said Philip, and he kissed the hand that held his; "you are so good to me! But you forget that I did wrong twice."

"No," said Mr. Harley, "I know to what you allude; and, as you observe, it was wrong, certainly: but I did not mention it, because the part you took in that affair was so slight; and you so immediately, upon the spot, acknowledged your error, that I am convinced you unwillingly entered into it at all. It is a great weakness to be influenced by bad example, or to be intimidated into committing a wrong action; and I hope, in this respect, your resolution will not again fail. I perceived that self-gratification had no share in your feelings: but never be induced to do wrong, my dear boy, to gratify the dearest friend you have."

At length the long wished-for pony was brought home to Mr. Harley's stable; and it would be difficult to say whether Philip, his guardian, or Cæsar, was the most pleased with the purchase. The young horseman rode out sometimes with one, and sometimes with the other; and they all seemed equally delighted. Mr. Harley was rejoiced to see the glow of health which soon began to appear on the cheeks of his ward, who, with his instruction, learned in a short time to manage Snowdrop —so named from its being perfectly white, and so

beautiful a creature, that it was universally admired.

Philip's birth-day was ushered in by a bright sunshine, which augured well for the water excursion, which was to take place before dinner, as the days were now shortening fast, (for it was the beginning of September,) and it would be too late to go upon the water after dinner. Some young people from one or two neighbouring families were to come to dinner, and Mr. Harley had promised to exhibit the magic-lantern for their entertainment in the evening. Philip had planned the amusement for the afternoon, which was, that he and his companions should each have a ride upon the pony; to which Mr. Harley consented, appointing Cæsar to be their attendant.

The water excursion, which had been delightful, and without any drawback, being over, the young people soon afterwards arrived. But the sky had suddenly become overcast, and there was an oppression in the air which seemed to indicate an approaching storm. Philip trembled for the afternoon ride, and dreaded lest a disappointment awaited him. A disappointment on his birth-day!

*That*, he thought, would indeed be difficult to bear: but he hoped it might not happen; the clouds might pass over, as they had often done before, without rain. Mr. Harley walked to the window, and remarked, that he thought he heard distant thunder before they returned home from their morning's excursion. Just at that moment a vivid flash of lightning was followed by a loud peal of thunder, and the rain began to fall in large drops, which soon increased to a copious shower.

Poor Philip's fortitude was put to a severe trial: once or twice, as he thought his plan was now quite at an end, he felt his lip quiver, and a tear starting in his eye; but he tried to "behave like a man," (his favourite expression.) He longed to ask Mr. Harley whether he thought the storm would last long; but he was afraid to trust his voice, lest, in the effort of speaking, he should lose his self-command, and betray the state of his feelings. In a few minutes Mr. Harley again walked to the window, and said, "It will soon be over; the wind has changed, and the clouds are dispersing."

What a pleasant hearing was this for Philip

Montague! and how did he rejoice that he had again borne well the prospect of a disappointment!

Mr. Harley was now asked by one of the young gentlemen present, a boy some years older than Philip, to explain the cause of thunder and lightning. He complied with the request in the following words:—

"Lightning is a collection of electric fire, drawn from the heated air and earth, and accumulated in the clouds, which, at length overcharged, suddenly let go their contents in the form of broad flashes, or fiery darts. These are attracted again by the earth, and often intercepted by buildings, trees, and other elevated objects, which are shattered by the shock. Thunder is the noise occasioned by the explosion, and therefore always *follows* the lightning, the sound travelling slower to our ears than the light to our eyes. Just the same thing happens when a gun is fired at a distance. When we hear the thunder, therefore, all danger from that flash of lightning is over; and thunder, though so awful and tremendous to the ear, is in itself entirely harmless."

This explanation caused much surprise in the youthful audience, who had been in the same error with many other persons respecting the report of the explosion.

The weather now cleared up; the sun broke forth in his former splendour; and the party descended to the dining-room, in joyous anticipation of a fine afternoon. By the time dinner was over, the gravel walks on the lawn were quite dry again; the pony was brought out, and it contributed its full share to the enjoyment of the party.

Philip acted the part of host to his visitors with great politeness, desiring that they might each have a ride before he had one. It was now Philip's turn; but one of his companions, a much bigger boy than himself, in a half-joking but rude manner, pushed him aside, and leaped upon the pony himself, saying, he would just take one round more, and then Philip might have it as long as he liked; adding, "You know you ride every day, so I suppose you don't care much about it."

Philip was disappointed; and he also felt indignant at the rudeness and unfairness of this be-

haviour. "But," he thought to himself, "I have borne one disappointment to-day, at least, the expectation of one: I will not lose my credit now. As he says, I ride every day; but I have not yet had many days to ride, because I have only just got the pony: but I shall have plenty of rides, I hope, when he is not here to hinder me. It is very rude of him; and it is a shame for a big boy to behave so to a little boy, like me. But I will shew him, that, though I am a little boy, I know how to behave properly; and this will be a greater victory, as my guardian calls it, than I expected to gain on my birth-day, for I thought it would be all pleasure. But yet it is a pleasure to think, that, if my guardian knew all, he would be pleased with me."

He little thought that his guardian did actually know all that had passed, and was at that very moment standing close beside him. He felt some one lay his hand upon his shoulder; and, turning round, he beheld Mr. Harley, who had heard the circumstance from one of the boys, who had run to tell him that there was not fair play among them. Mr. Harley wished to know how Philip acted on these occasions, and was glad to learn

that he had yielded, from politeness, to his uncivil visitor. And now, finding him standing in a reverie, waiting for the return of the pony, he asked him what he was thinking about; adding, "I will take care, Philip, that you shall have your turn next."

Philip was surprised to find that his guardian seemed to know what had happened. He had not only borne it with magnanimity, but had generously determined not to mention it to Mr. Harley. But, when the latter asked him what he was thinking about, he told him, with his usual ingenuousness and simplicity, what had been passing in his mind.

Snowdrop and its rider re-appeared, and Philip soon afterwards took his seat. Mr. Harley, turning to the young gentleman who had just dismounted, said, "I should think, Sir, you have not found your second ride so pleasant as the first. I like fair play, and no usurpation."

The young gentleman felt the justice of this rebuke, and walked away, hanging his head from a feeling of humiliation.

The festivities of the day concluded, much to the satisfaction of all parties, with the magic-lantern. After the visitors had departed, Mr. Harley, having commended Philip for the manner in which he had conducted himself through the day, said, it was a good beginning to the wisdom which he hoped he meant to acquire during his ninth year, upon which he had just entered; and they separated for the night with mutual satisfaction.

Some months now passed away, during which our young friend made considerable improvement, and gained many new acquirements. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not acquire some new ideas and information from Mr. Harley. Some of his lessons were still, however, irksome to him; especially arithmetic, at which he was not quick; and he felt more discouraged with that than any thing else, because he did not make much progress. He had begun geography, of which he was very fond; and he had several dissected maps, which he put together with great quickness. He had made great progress in drawing, which was one of his most favourite recreations in the winter, when he could not go out; and he began to hope he

might some time or other draw as well as Charles Morgan.

One cold day, towards the end of November, he was standing at the window, looking at Dash, as he ran backwards and forwards upon the lawn, when on a sudden he exclaimed, "Look, look, guardian! make haste and come here! Where do all these white things, like feathers, come from?"

Mr. Harley, looking up, saw that it was snowing. This was a sight quite new to Philip, who, although he had heard of snow, yet, never having seen it, had not been able to imagine its real appearance, nor had he much recollection of what he had heard respecting it. He was now surprised and delighted with the beautiful and perfect whiteness of it. It was not very easy to make him comprehend the causes which produce frost and snow; and he wondered, if it was caused by severe cold, how snow could keep the plants and ground warm.

Mr. Harley explained to him, that, at a certain depth under the snow, the cold continues always at the same moderate temperature, which is at thirty-two degrees, or just at the freezing point.

He longed to see the ground covered all over with that beautiful snow, and wondered how he should like to walk upon it. He was much entertained with his guardian's description of sliding and skating, and could scarcely sleep for thinking of the novel scene that awaited him. One accompaniment of it he did not much like: it was the intense cold, which now made him shiver as he lay in bed. But what were his astonishment and admiration the following morning, when he saw the windows covered with those beautiful crystallizations which so much resemble a forest in miniature, with its little trees and shrubs! And then the real trees, their every branch and twig feathered with the icy crystals; the smaller plants glittering in the sunbeams; and the ground completely covered with its fleecy clothing! All this appeared like magic to the wondering eyes of the young West Indian.

The pleasures of winter, in spite of the severe cold, to which he was so unaccustomed, had all the charms of novelty to him. To the festivities of Christmas he had not been a stranger; and he had great pleasure in assisting Mr. Harley in the distribution of food and clothing to his poor neigh-

bours at that season, and contributed a small sum, which he had set apart from the money his guardian allowed him, to add to their store. He also gave a new-year's gift to the faithful Cæsar, which, by Mr. Harley's advice, was a handsome Bible—a present which he knew would be prized as his greatest treasure. Philip received from his guardian a present of those instructive and entertaining volumes, "Evenings at Home;" and many an evening at home was agreeably passed in the perusal of them.

# CHAPTER VII.

THE time at length arrived when Philip was to go to school. Mr. Harley was sorry to give up his pupil into the hands of another; but he thought it would be for his advantage, and he should still have opportunities, in the evenings, of giving him useful information, and of observing his progress. Philip was sorry to exchange his kind preceptor for a stranger, and he felt great anxiety as to his reception and success at school.

Mr. Harley took him himself. He had previously had a conversation with Dr. Williams respecting him, and that gentleman received him with great kindness. During some time, he made a point of paying particular attention to his lessons himself; but in so large a school this could not long be continued. Philip was then placed in a class, which, from the knowledge Dr. Williams had now gained of his acquirements, he thought suit-

able to them; and this class was stationed near to that in which John Thornton was. This was rather unfortunate for Philip Montague, although he felt it a comfort to be even within a few benches of an old acquaintance, who often contrived to come beside him. The consequence of this was, that frequently, when Philip was at a loss or difficulty about any thing he was learning, which it was thought desirable he should, by dint of perseverance, find out for himself, John Thornton offered to do it for him, if he would give him some of his pocket-money to buy cakes. This often happened with his arithmetic, when John would do the sum for him without any explanation; by which means Philip was no wiser, and knew no more at the end of it than he did at the beginning. In the same manner he would tell him how to write an exercise, and various things of a similar kind, which the fear of exposing his ignorance to others, and the dread of being disgraced, induced Philip to accede to. He thought it very good-natured in John to help him; not considering that the time must come when he must do it for himself, if he were really to understand it.

In this manner passed the first half-year; at the

end of which the Midsummer holidays commenced, and Mr. Harley again took Philip under his own care. He had, during the half-year, been very well satisfied with his improvement in reading, and in those lessons which he had to prepare at home; but in other branches of his education, particularly the unfortunate arithmetic, he had not so much opportunity of judging. He was, therefore, much disappointed that he had made so little progress in it, and took great pains with him during the holidays. Philip, with his accustomed frankness, told him that John Thornton sometimes helped him with his sums, which his guardian told him was a bad plan, and shewed him the consequences; at the same time remarking, that he did not mean to say that no one was ever to help him in a real difficulty, which he found he could not by perseverence surmount—but then, it should be by explanation, and not by doing the thing for him without his understanding it.

One day, during the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton came to dine with Mr. Harley, and brought John with them, as they thought it would be a mutual pleasure to the two boys to be together. Mr. Harley determined to mention to them the

circumstance we have just related, as he thought it right they should put a stop to it on the part of their son. The system of bribery which he had practised was a very improper thing; and, were he to continue the habit, it might influence his principles in future life to a very injurious degree.

In the afternoon, the boys went out to amuse themselves in the grounds; when, going through the plantation, they very soon arrived at the river side, where lay the boat. "Now," said John, "we will have a row on the water."

"No," replied Philip, "we must not; for my guardian forbade me ever to go without him, unless he gave Cæsar leave to go with me."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed John, "that guardian of yours is always spoiling one's sport! But he did not forbid me, and I will go, I am determined: and you shall go too, for I like to have company."

Philip remonstrated in vain: this rash and self-willed boy persisted in his determination; and, saying that nobody need ever know that they had been, again tried to prevail upon his companion

to enter the boat. He was, however, steady to his resolution; but John, flying into a violent passion, suddenly seized him by the arm, and tried to pull him into the boat. Philip resisted—when John, losing his hold, was precipitated into the river, uttering a fearful scream, while Philip fell back, in an opposite direction, upon the bank. He arose instantly, and ran, quite terrified, towards the grounds, calling on Cæsar to come, or John Thornton would be drowned. It happened, most fortunately, that Cæsar, having been in search of the two young gentlemen, to announce to them that their company was desired at tea, and, not having found them in the grounds, had just entered the plantation, when, hearing the alarming cries of Philip, he ran with the speed of lightning, accompanied by Dash, who seemed instinctively to discover that there was danger of some kind; and the moment he reached the water's edge, to which Cæsar and Philip pointed, he plunged into the river—Cæsar immediately did the same. The sagacious and faithful animal found the unfortunate boy, who had been carried some way down by the stream; and, holding fast by his clothes with his teeth, brought him towards Cæsar, who, as soon as he had brought him to the shore, hastened

onwards towards the house with his apparently lifeless burden, with all the speed he could use, the horror-struck Philip running by his side, and uttering the most piercing lamentations. Cæsar entreated him to suppress his cries, as he dreaded the sudden alarm they would occasion, and told him to follow him to the back entrance of the house. He proceeded immediately to Mrs. Wilson's apartment, and sent one of the servants to inform Mr. Harley that a person wished to speak to him.

As soon as he heard the dreadful truth, he instantly dispatched a messenger for medical assistance, and sent to request Mr. Thornton would come to him. He thought the unhappy father ought immediately to be informed of the sad event, but wished to try the success of the usual means for restoring animation, before Mrs. Thornton should be made acquainted with it, hoping that, by the blessing of God, they might prove effectual.

The distracted father felt that the only alleviation of his anguish was, to assist Mr. Harley and Mrs. Wilson in their exertions. The body was

stripped and rubbed, and wrapped in hot blankets. A warm bed was prepared, and a warm bath was also got ready, as the most speedy and effectual mode of restoring animation. Mr. Harley had ordered Cæsar to put on dry clothing himself immediately, and made a sign to him to take with him the distressed Philip, and endeavour to sooth his agitated feelings.

All this could not pass without exciting a suspicion and dread in the mind of Mrs. Thornton, that something unfortunate had happened; particularly as the two boys had never made their appearance in the drawing-room. She waited a little while, but, her suspense becoming every moment more intolerable, she left the room in search of information; and, seeing a servant just coming out of Mrs. Wilson's apartment with a countenance of consternation, she rushed in, and the whole truth was immediately revealed to her. "My child, my child!" she exclaimed, and sunk senseless by the lifeless body of her son.

The arrival of the medical gentleman relieved, in some measure, the general distress; and when Mrs. Thornton was restored to her recollection,

it was to learn the happy tidings that there was an appearance of returning animation in her child. The promptness of Mr. Harley in adopting, and his perseverance in, the means recommended for the restoration of suspended animation, had been blessed with success; and the medical gentleman declared, that he only assisted in completing what had been so happily begun; for, had the smallest delay taken place, all must have been fruitless.

To describe the emotions which filled the hearts of the parents, to whom their son was thus unexpectedly restored, would be impossible. Their gratitude was first due to the Almighty Preserver of their child. This they felt deeply in their hearts—it was beyond the power of expression. And how, either, could they express the sense they had of their obligation to Mr. Harley, to Cæsar, and to the faithful animal who had rescued their son from a watery grave?

Mr. Harley, having left the patient in the hands of his professional attendant, went in search of his beloved ward, whom he longed to see and comfort, after the agitation and distress he had suffered. The affectionate boy rushed into his arms, still

sobbing as if his heart would break. "My boy, my beloved boy!" said his guardian, embracing him, and fondly pressing him to his heart; "thou art safe, blessed be God, thou art safe!"

"I did not," said his ward, still sobbing as he articulated in broken accents, "dear guardian, I did not go into the boat."

"I know it, my child—you ran to call Cæsar."

"Yes; but, perhaps, if I had consented to go, John might not have fallen into the river."

"You did right, nevertheless; because, if you had acted otherwise, it would have been disobeying me. Let that comfort you. We should never do wrong that good may come of it: it is our duty to act right, and leave the event to Him whose wisdom is above our wisdom. Had you gone, perhaps we should now have had to lament the loss of both, which might have happened by some other accident; for it cannot be supposed that either of you could have managed the boat: then there would have been no one to give the alarm, and Cæsar might have arrived too late—therefore

be comforted. Your friend is now, I trust, out of danger, and I hope the event of this day will be a warning to him in future, as long as it shall please the Almighty to prolong the life which he has thus mercifully preserved. Be comforted, my dearest ward, with the approbation of your own heart, and that of Him who knoweth the heart, and understandeth the thoughts."

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton remained some days, until their son had sufficiently recovered from the effects of the accident to be removed home. The remainder of the holidays passed without any thing particularly worth relating, excepting that Mr. Harley and his pupil derived more pleasure from the studies they attended to in these holidays, than they had ever done before; and it was settled that Philip should begin to learn Latin on his return to school, the period for which soon arrived; and the remarkable trio, consisting of Philip, Cæsar, and Snowdrop, was again seen, morning and afternoon, on the road between Mr. Harley's residence and the academy.

John Thornton had never felt quite comfortable with Philip, since he had been forbidden to receive

any money from the latter for *helping* him to do his lessons, as he called it, and now refused even to hear him repeat any thing which he had to learn by heart, in order to ascertain whether he had it perfect. This sometimes drew tears from poor Philip, who thought it very unkind. It was observed by one of the bigger boys, named Edward Willoughby, who determined to ascertain the cause of Philip's uneasiness, of which he enquired in so kind a manner, that he at once opened his heart to him, and told him that John Thornton had refused to hear him his Latin nouns. Edward Willoughby promised to do this whenever Philip wished it, and any thing else that he could do to be of use to him.

From that time Philip was never seen in tears at his lessons; and the progress he had made at the conclusion of the half-year, so far exceeding what he had ever done before, surprised and delighted his guardian when he was at home for the Christmas holidays. He one day enquired how this happened, and was answered by his ward, that it was all owing to the kindness of Edward Willoughby, who took so much pains with him.

"And who is Edward Willoughby?" asked Mr. Harley.

"He lives not far from here, Sir, and I wonder you do not know him. He lives with his mother, and he says he hopes I shall go and see him; for he can shew me a great many things which he thinks I should like to see. He has a collection of shells, and dried plants, and flowers, and"——

"Indeed! and how old is Edward Willoughby?" said Mr. Harley.

"O! he is a great deal older than I am; he is fourteen—almost fifteen, I believe. He is a big boy—almost the biggest boy in the school."

"And how does it happen that he takes so much notice of you, who are so much younger?"

Philip told his guardian how their acquaintance began, and Mr. Harley was much pleased to learn that he had gained such a friend. "You now find," he observed, "the advantage of thinking for yourself, instead of having your lessons done for you. Your friend, Edward Willoughby, has been very

kind, in taking so much trouble in hearing your lessons, and explaining them to you; and you are very much obliged to him, and so am I."

"Then may I go sometimes to see him, Sir?" said Philip.

"Yes, I think you may; but I should like to see him myself. We will ask him to come here sometimes."

"O! I am so glad of that! I am sure, quite sure, you will like him, he is so kind, and so gentle, and so good-tempered," said Philip, with all the warmth of youthful friendship beaming in his eyes. "I do so long for you to see him!"

The joy of Philip on this occasion was by no means displeasing to Mr. Harley. He was glad to see his young ward evince such feelings in reference to Edward Willoughby. In the course of a few days, the subject of this conversation called to invite his friend Philip to spend the day with him, when Mr. Harley was much prepossessed in his favour by his pleasing appearance, intelligent countenance, and unassuming man-

ners. He replied modestly to Mr. Harley's observations respecting his acquaintance with and kindness to his ward; and when he gave permission that Philip should accompany him home for the day, he added a hope that Master Willoughby would not be long in returning the visit.

# CHAPTER VIII.

IT would be in vain to attempt to describe the raptures in which Philip spoke of his visit to his friend. He never had spent so happy a day in his life.

"*Never?*" said his guardian, smiling.

"O yes, I forgot," replied Philip; "I have spent so many other happy days: but this has been one of the *very* happiest. Edward shewed me the shells, and the plants, and his drawings—better drawings than even Charles Morgan's!"

"But you must recollect," said his guardian, "that Charles Morgan was several years younger than Edward Willoughby, when he made the last of those drawings."

"That makes a great difference, to be sure,"

answered Philip. "I wish now that I could draw as well as Edward Willoughby."

"Perseverance, you know," said Mr. Harley, "is the grand thing: only persevere, and you need not despair of attaining even to the excellence of Edward Willoughby, when you have once reached that of Charles Morgan. Always aim at reaching a higher and higher standard of excellence in every laudable pursuit; and the more perfect your model, the greater, in all probability, will be the proficiency to which you will attain. This is particularly true in all moral improvement; and if Edward Willoughby be what I am inclined to think he is, as far as I am at present able to form a judgment of him, you cannot perhaps have a better example. But you must remember that there is a higher example, which we must all strive to imitate—that of our blessed Lord. Those who are favoured with the knowledge of his all-perfect character, must not rest satisfied with that of an erring being like themselves, but continually press on towards perfection—to that perfection to which, although they may not attain in this life, they will still be advancing, and, the nearer they approach it here, the sooner they will obtain it

hereafter, and enjoy the happiness resulting from it."

The intercourse between the two friends was mutually beneficial. Mr. Harley kindly offered Edward Willoughby the use of his library, a privilege of which he was fully sensible; and, finding that his new friend was also fond of chemistry, he not only supplied him with some apparatus, (which he had long desired, but could not afford to purchase, his mother being a widow, and in very narrow circumstances,) but assisted him in the study of it, and gave him much new information respecting it. By being present at several chemical experiments, Philip soon acquired a taste for it; and Mr. Harley delighted in giving what he called a chemical lecture to his two young friends. Thus their time passed in rational and useful pursuits.

One day, when Philip went to visit his friend, he found him busily employed upon a sort of machine which he had never seen before, and which seemed to be made of wood, with a number of upright brass wires. Beside it, upon the table, lay a quantity of ivory balls. These immediately

attracted his attention, and excited his curiosity. "O, Edward!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"I am putting my orrery to rights," replied Edward, "which is a little out of repair."

"But what," asked Philip, "is an orrery? I never heard of such a thing before. And what are all these pretty little ivory balls for, and that large brass one?"

"This machine altogether," answered Edward, "is intended to represent the solar system, which, you know, consists of the sun and planets, with their satellites or moons. It is called the *solar* system, from *Sol*, the sun, which is supposed to be fixed in the centre, while the planets, among which is our earth, revolve round it at different distances."

"O, but you are wrong there, Edward! it is the sun which moves round the earth, and that makes day and night. You know, we see the sun move during the day; he rises in the east, and sets in the west."

"I am not surprised," replied his friend, "that you should think so; many wiser heads than yours have been in the same error. But, when my orrery is completed, I shall be better able to explain this to you.

"Ptolemy supposed that the earth was quite still, and that the sun, and planets, and fixed stars, revolved round it every twenty-four hours. But it does not seem probable that bodies so much larger than the earth should move round *it*—for the sun is more than a million times larger than the earth, and probably many of the fixed stars are larger still: but their being at such an immense distance from our earth, is the reason they appear so small to us. The sun is more than ninety-five millions of miles distant from the earth; and the nearest fixed star, perhaps, more than two hundred thousand times further from us than even the sun itself! These ivory balls are to represent the planets; and this large brass one, the sun. I ought to tell you, that this orrery represents the solar system according to the belief of Copernicus, an eminent astronomer, who was born at Thorn, in Prussia, in the year 1472. He was not the first discoverer of this system, as it was taught by Py-

thagoras five hundred years before Christ; but it was revived about three hundred years ago by Copernicus—from which circumstance it is called the Copernican system; and it is now generally believed by men of science in all countries. The earth makes a complete revolution round the sun in a year, which, you know, is three hundred and sixty-five days and nearly six hours. This is called the annual motion of the earth, which produces the changes of the seasons. While it is revolving round the sun, it is at the same time turning constantly on its own axis: thus, in succession, presenting one half of its surface to the sun, while the other half is turned from it. This is called the earth's diurnal motion, which produces day and night.

"But I will now place these balls, representing the sun and planets, in their proper places; and you shall see how each is situated with respect to the great and glorious luminary round which the rest keep up this regular and measured *dance*, as it has been aptly called. And, now I think of it, I will give you the book, when I have set them all in motion, and you shall read the description, which I am sure you will like; and I would advise

you to learn it by heart, for you will find it a great help to remembering the order of the planets.—Now look: here is the Sun in the centre; nearest to him is the planet Mercury; then Venus, so beautifully bright; then our Earth and moon; next, the fiery Mars; then Jupiter with his four moons; then the distant Saturn with his seven; and then the far-off Herschel or Georgium Sidus, which has six.* There have been, I believe, four more planets discovered since this orrery was made, named Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta; and these are not included in 'The Dance.' Having given you this explanation, I will now, by turning the handle of the machine, put them all in motion. There, look—there they go!"

Nothing could exceed the delight of Philip at witnessing this exhibition, which was to him both new and interesting. He thought he should never tire of looking at it; and it was long before his friend could induce him to take his eyes off it, to read the lines which he had mentioned as giving such a pretty description. He at length took the book, and read as follows.—

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* This planet was discovered by the late Dr. Herschel.

## "THE DANCE.

"A room with patent lamps is studded round,
Sparkling the roof, and glittering the ground:
Dependent hangs a lofty chandelier,
With light so pure, so exquisitely clear,
That, when compar'd to its transcendent rays,
Dark as the blackest midnight is your blaze.
Six thousand years this glorious dance has run,
And seems as near its end as when begun;
While many a beauteous nymph and noble swain,
In gay assemblage, form the splendid train.

"First, comes a messenger, well form'd for flight,
His motion rapid, and his colour bright:
With feather'd feet he trips the merry round,
And scarcely seems to stop or touch the ground.

"More stately in her air, a beauteous queen,
Array'd in silver's gay attire, is seen;
By all beholders is her power confess'd,
Since love's bright cestus binds her snowy vest.

"A couple next, of different size, advance,
Perpetual partners in this magic dance;
The swain on every side his form displays,
The maid, more shy, shews nothing but her face.

"In robes of blood a warlike chief is seen,
Fire on his brow, and fury in his mien;
Fearless, alone, he drives the embattled car,
And prompts the nations to destructive war.

"His more than giant size, and haughty air,
The next, a chief of dignity declare;
Four abject slaves attend his regal state,
And ever on his rapid motions wait.

"Encircled with belt, and grey with years,
A lean, decrepit, slow, old man appears;
Seven beauteous houris, clad in vestments bright,
Their sultan decorate, and cheer his night.

"Observ'd of late, a dwarf brings up the rear,
Six mute attendants in his train appear;
Though far remov'd, a royal name he bears,
And slow and tedious is the course he steers."

HOLLAND.

Few things had ever made such an impression on Philip's mind as this representation of the solar system; and he was almost out of breath with eagerness, when he arrived at home, to tell his guardian what he had seen; and from that time he became particularly fond of astronomy: and many a star-light night, Mr. Harley, Philip, and Edward Willoughby, were engaged in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. Mr. Harley possessed an excellent telescope, through which Philip had, at different times, the gratification of seeing Jupiter with his belt, and Saturn encir-

cled by his ring. He also learned the names and situations of the constellations. His excellent guardian watched, with growing satisfaction, the developement of his mental powers, which, although he had laboured under so many early disadvantages, were now daily gaining strength and energy; and the uncommon share of observation which had always distinguished him, and the desire of improvement which he now evinced, together with the constant association with so intelligent and enlightened a mind as that of Mr. Harley, were fast supplying all former deficiencies. His stock of useful knowledge was thus continually increasing, while his disposition became every day more amiable, and his principles and character more solid and manly. He had still to sustain, occasionally, some conflicts with his temper, but they became more rare; and ingenuousness in acknowledging this failing, and conscientiousness in trying to correct it, continued to be a beautiful and engaging trait in his character.

Happy would it have been for John Thornton, had he felt the same desire for improvement as the friend whose ignorance he had formerly treated with contempt, although that friend had often told

him how much he lamented it. His overweening opinion of his own attainments was a bar to his improvement in knowledge, while the weak and ill-judged indulgence of his mother, encouraged that selfishness of disposition which had formerly rendered him so disagreeable; and the same rashness and impetuosity which had so nearly proved his destruction, were, alas! still the leading features in his character. In two or three years, Philip Montague had not only overtaken, but far excelled him in the various branches of education; and, in general knowledge and information, he was greatly his superior. But, in this latter respect, Philip had advantages which few young people have the happiness to possess; because, there are not many such men as Mr. Harley, whose time is so disengaged as his was, and who can devote themselves so entirely to the improvement of a young person as he did. But still, his care would have been of little benefit, without the aid of diligence, and a willing mind, on the part of his pupil.

Philip always had the pleasure of receiving, on his birth-day, a present from his guardian, of books, or something useful, as a reward for diligence and general improvement. On one of these

occasions, when he had entered his thirteenth year, Mr. Harley said to him, "You have proved to me that you are now convinced of the importance of two things, which I have particularly endeavoured to impress upon you;—the value of time and the duty of self-government. With respect to the first of these, a modern poet has beautifully and justly said,—

'Of all the gifts that Heaven has given,
The brightest and the best is *time:*
Improv'd, it is the key to heaven;
Enjoy'd, 'tis happiness sublime.'

I need only exhort you to preserve a steady resolution to persevere in well-doing, and I trust you will really become, what you long ago said you wished, and what I should indeed rejoice to see you, as like your excellent father in every thing else as you resemble him in person."

# CHAPTER IX.

To Philip's great regret, his friend Edward Willoughby had left school, having finished his education, as far as it was to be finished with Dr. Williams. He was now able to go on with his studies at home, which were greatly aided by the kindness of Mr. Harley, both by advice, and in supplying him with books and other means of information of various kinds. He was an invaluable friend to Edward, who had not disappointed the opinion he had formed of his disposition and talents on their first acquaintance. He rejoiced that his ward had gained the friendship of such a young man, and he wished to secure it for him in future life, being well satisfied with the excellence of his principles; and he considered that such friendships contribute much to form the habits and character of youth. Happy is he who makes choice of such a friend; or, perhaps, we should rather say, who is the chosen friend of

such a one as Edward Willoughby, and who knows how to value the privilege. Such an intercourse is equally improving to the mind and heart.

It had sometimes been a subject of conversation between the two friends, what profession they should make choice of, and Edward had always said that he should prefer the law; but he did not know whether it might not be too expensive a pursuit for him. Philip was too young to understand much of pecuniary affairs; but this much he knew, that Mrs. Willoughby was not rich. But then, his ideas of the different degrees of riches were not very defined; and, as he had always been accustomed to affluence, he little imagined how very limited were the means of Mrs. Willoughby, to promote the advancement of her son in the world. Her virtuous and affectionate son wished nothing so much as to be enabled, by his talents and exertions, to procure those comforts for his beloved mother, towards the close of life, which she had so generously, and with that disinterestedness which a wise and tender parent so well knows how to practice, sacrificed, in order to obtain for him the advantages of a good

education, which was to be almost his only portion.

They had frequent conversations together upon the plan to be adopted, as it was now time to come to some decision. Mrs. Willoughby thought that, by strict economy, she could accomplish the remainder of her son's education and preparation for the bar. This had been the profession of Mr. Willoughby, who possessed eminent talents, and had every prospect of success in it. But his bright prospects were suddenly overcast by sickness: the hopes that he would adorn the profession by his intellect, judgment, and eloquence, were for ever blighted, and buried in his early grave. His afflicted widow bore this grief with meek and humble resignation, and devoted herself wholly to the only object that now remained to claim her care and attention. How well she performed her duty towards him has been already shewn. But, another trial yet awaited this amiable and truly excellent woman. A mercantile gentleman, in whose hands her small fortune was placed, most unexpectedly became a bankrupt, in consequence of serious losses. This was, indeed, a severe shock to both mother and son. She grieved at his

blighted prospects, and he felt a chillness at his heart as he saw poverty almost at their door, and *that* for which he had sighed, had thirsted, his darling hope, the height of his ambition—to distinguish himself at the bar, in order to manifest his gratitude and love to his beloved and generous mother—dashed to the earth. This was agony to his young and ardent mind. He flew to his mother—he tenderly embraced her—he wished to comfort her—for he knew it was for him she wept: but the depth of his feelings choked his utterance, and he could only articulate, "My mother! my generous, my noble-minded mother! and is it for this you have denied yourself the comforts, nay, almost the very necessaries of life?—and was it for my sake? O that you had used the little that remained to you in restoring your own health, rather than in sacrificing it for me—for me, who now can never prove to you the gratitude that fills my heart! This, this it is that grieves me. Think not that it is for myself. O! how could selfishness ever have place in a heart taught by your noble example to despise it? It is the characteristic of a mean and common mind; it cannot exist in one which you have formed! But why do I thus give way to useless—nay, worse

than useless—to sinful lamentations? Is it not the will of God—and shall I repine?"

"It is, it is," said his mother; (and a smile, yes, a smile of gratitude and approbation for a moment beamed on her pale countenance, as she clasped the hand of her son in her's.) "You say right, my son, it is the will of God; and can we doubt his wisdom or his goodness? He afflicts but to bless. The hand that lays this trial upon us, can remove it at his good pleasure, when its purpose is fulfilled. And what is its purpose? That of every other trial of our virtue and our faith—to shew us our dependence upon, and to strengthen our trust in Him. We cannot know what he designs; but we can trust that some other means may be found to exercise your industry, and the knowledge you have acquired. We know that it is not His pleasure that any should hide their talents. He will, no doubt, direct some other means of employing the gracious gifts he has bestowed. Let us, then, 'in patience possess our souls;' and remember, that though 'no chastisement seemeth for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to those who have been ex-

ercised thereby.' For myself," added she, with a look of tender affection, "I am still rich in my best treasure—a dutiful and affectionate son."

"Yes," replied Edward, pressing her hand to his heart, "he will try to prove himself worthy of your love—of all you have done and suffered for him!" After a short pause, he added, "I trust I have the ability to procure at least a honest maintenance, had I but the means to begin."

Mrs. Willoughby still held in her hand the open letter which contained the appaling intelligence, and her eyes were still moist with tears of mingled sorrow and hope, when Philip Montague entered the room. His sweet, happy countenance underwent a sudden change, the instant he beheld those of Mrs. Willoughby and his friend. The former at that moment left the apartment, and he earnestly entreated to know what had happened. It was in vain to attempt to conceal that something very unfortunate had occurred, and it was a rule with Edward always to tell the simple truth. That which he related grieved his young friend most deeply. It was a kind of misfortune to which he was entirely a stranger, and his imagination rather

added to than diminished its consequences. He asked Edward a variety of questions relative to the loss his mother had sustained, and what Edward meant to do: to which the latter could at present give no very satisfactory answers; and poor Philip returned home with a heavy heart.

The alteration in his spirits was immediately noticed by Mr. Harley; and his ward then related to him what had happened, adding, "Now, my dear guardian, I have a favour, a very, very great favour to beg of you; though I am almost afraid to mention it, because you will perhaps think it very unreasonable."

"I think," said Mr. Harley, "I am not much in the habit of denying your requests, because they are *not*, in general, *very unreasonable*. I therefore hope that you are not going to be more unreasonable now than you have ever been before. But let me hear this formidable petition, that I may judge of it for myself."

"Well, then," replied Philip, "it is this—You once told me that I should, perhaps, some time or other, be rich. I know this is not to be till I am a

man; but, if you would be so kind, Sir, as to lend me some money now, I will promise to pay it you again, when I am old enough to receive my own money."

"Indeed!" said his guardian; "this is rather an uncommon petition from you, Philip. But what is the amount of the sum you wish for? and in what manner is it to be applied? It is necessary that I should know whether you are likely to be able to repay it, and whether you are going to make a proper use of it."

"O, I will tell you directly what I intend to do with it; but I do not know exactly how much I shall wish to have. Perhaps a thousand pounds; but really, Sir, I do not know yet whether it will be hundreds or thousands."

"Hundreds or thousands!" exclaimed Mr. Harley. "Why, my dear ward, are you in your right senses?"

"Yes, my dear guardian: but I am so very sorry for poor Edward and his mother! Edward says they shall perhaps scarcely have what will

give them bread from day to day! Only think of this—while I have every thing I can desire! And then he says he must think no more about going into the law; for he must immediately begin to work, and work hard, to maintain himself and his mother. O, Sir! if I had but a thousand pounds to give them, Edward might, perhaps, still go into the law; and then he might be able, as he used to say, to repay his mother for all she has suffered for him. This is why I begged you to lend me some money."

"My noble boy!" said Mr. Harley, while tears filled his eyes, "your generous wishes shall be accomplished, if I find, upon enquiry, that effectual aid can be given to your friends. In the mean time, rest assured they shall never know distress, much less poverty, if I can prevent it. I, as well as you, owe to Edward Willoughby a debt of gratitude, which this event may afford us an opportunity in some measure to repay. He has conferred a lasting benefit on you, by his instructions, and more especially by his advice and example. I, therefore, most gladly acquiesce in your proposal of assistance to him in this calamity. The method and the extent of it must remain for

future consideration; but I will immediately write a letter, of which you shall be the bearer. You were the proposer of this measure, which does credit to your heart; and I am sure that you deserve to be the messenger of good news. It is too late to go to-night; you shall take it in the morning."

Philip thanked his guardian more by looks than words: his heart was full of mixed sensations both of pain and pleasure—anxiety for his friend; delight at the thoughts of removing, or at least alleviating, his distress;—an ardent desire to carry the good news instantly;—and a sweet feeling of inward satisfaction and joy, that his wishes were not only acceded to, but highly commended, by his guardian. Still, the present sufferings of his friend grieved his warm and compassionate heart, and for a long time he tried in vain to compose himself to sleep. He awoke early the next morning, and set out as soon as possible on his pleasing errand.

Mr. Harley's letter was addressed to Mrs. Willoughby: it contained, with the most respectful and delicate expressions of sympathy, an account of the proposal which his ward had made, on re-

lating to him the nature of the misfortune which had happened to his friends. He begged to add his own offers of service, saying, that although, from the youth of his ward, the matter could not be arranged exactly in the manner which he had proposed, yet it should be done as nearly so as possible; and that, when Mrs. Willoughby and her son could favour him with an interview, he should hope to learn in what way he could best promote the views and advantage of his young friend Edward. In the mean time, he begged to assure them both, that they needed to be under no anxiety respecting the future; as, though he could not but lament the misfortune which had involved them in such a loss, he yet hoped he might be allowed to prove that he was not less sensible than his ward, how very much the latter was indebted to his friend Willoughby for what was more valuable than wealth, and what no pecuniary obligation could ever repay.

We must leave it to our readers to imagine the feelings with which Mrs. Willoughby and her son perused the letter of Mr. Harley, and how they felt towards him and his amiable ward. Philip had never experienced any thing so delightful as

the consciousness of having had it in his power to render so important a service to his friends, as that which he had done, by suggesting this plan for their relief. At present, he did not know what share he should have in the actual benefit to be conferred; but, as he had not been prompted to the act by ostentation, or an ambition to shew any kind of superiority, but by genuine benevolence of heart, and true generosity of disposition, he was quite satisfied that his friends were to be effectually served, and rescued from their present difficulties. Therefore, when Edward, almost overpowered by the excess of his feelings, embraced him, with tears of gratitude, calling him his noble, generous friend, he said, "Indeed, Edward, you must not say much about it, because I never could have been happy while you were in distress; I could have had no pleasure in being rich, if you had been in want. In want!—I could not bear the thought. Besides, you have always been kind to me, and doing me good, ever since I knew you; and this is the first time I have ever had an opportunity of shewing any kindness to you."

"I will not, dear Philip," replied Edward, "nay, I cannot, say much about it. I feel your

generosity, and your guardian's, too deeply for expression. But my mother longs to see you: let us go to her."

Philip, from youthful modesty, rather dreaded seeing Mrs. Willoughby on this occasion; but she was in no danger of distressing him by saying too much. She pressed his hand, and said, "The kind and generous friend of my Edward is dear to me as another son: I am rich indeed with two such treasures. You have long been like brothers: may you continue so through life! This thought will be my consolation when I am called hence—my son will still have a bond of affection to lighten his cares, and the eye of friendship to shed its cheering beams upon his lonely path."

# CHAPTER X.

THE next day having been fixed upon for an interview with Mr. Harley, it took place accordingly; when it was settled, that, instead of going to college to prepare for the bar, Edward Willoughby should be placed in the office of an eminent solicitor in a neighbouring town. This would be less expensive, and he would be likely to provide for himself much sooner than as a barrister: although the latter would have been preferred by Edward, yet it was a sacrifice of inclination to duty and circumstances. Mr. Harley remarked, that, should he succeed as a solicitor, he might afterwards be called to the bar, according to his former wishes.

All that now remained to be determined was, by whom the money was to be advanced. Mr. Harley, from delicacy to the Willoughbys, as well as justice to Philip, who had first suggested the mea-

sure, made the following proposition: that he should, for the present, defray the expences of Edward's further education, his ward being yet so young, that it would be improper for him to borrow any sum of money, upon the expectation of coming into a large fortune when he should be of age; but, should Philip live to become possessed of his father's property, himself should then consent to receive from him whatever sum he might, in the mean time, have advanced for the use of his friend, Edward Willoughby: and, he added, (thinking it would make the obligation lighter both to Mrs. Willoughby and her son,) that, should Edward be as successful in his profession as he hoped he would be, he would then have it in his power, some time or other, to repay it to his friend Philip. This proposal was thankfully acceded to, and Mr. Harley and Philip soon afterwards took their leave, to give their friends an opportunity of composing their spirits, which had been deeply agitated by these events.

The excitement which all this had occasioned in Edward Willoughby, brought on a serious attack of illness, which, for some time, caused great anxiety and apprehensions for him. Philip went

almost every day to see him, accompanied by Cæsar, who carried fresh fruit and vegetables, from Mr. Harley's garden, for the invalid. One day, when Philip went to make the usual enquiry, he found Mrs. Willoughby in tears, and Dr. Millington with her. He thought the physician looked very serious, and he guessed, from appearances, that poor Edward must be much worse—nay, perhaps he might be dying! On the impulse of the moment he seized the hand of Dr. Millington, saying, "O, Sir! do you think Edward will die? But he must not—he must not die! Cannot you save him? He is the only friend I have in the world, except my guardian; and if he die, what will become of me—what can I do without him!"

"And who are you, my good boy—and who is your guardian?" said the physician.

"Mr. Harley is my guardian, Sir, and my name is Philip Montague."

"Then," said Dr. Millington, "are you the son of my lamented friend, Mr. Montague, and the ward of that excellent man, Mr. Harley? I knew your father well, my dear young friend, and I

shall be glad to become better acquainted with you. I will call upon your guardian as I return home: it is a long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing him; and," added he, kindly shaking Philip by the hand, "you may depend upon it I will do all I can for your friend, who, I trust, by the blessing of God, may be restored to health. But remember, my good boy, that his life is in the hands of his Creator, who alone can give efficacy to the efforts of human skill. Trust in Him, my dear young friend, and, whatever may be the event, he will support you. If I may judge from appearances, you will not be long in adding many more to the number of your friends."

After the departure of Dr. Millington, Philip wished much to see Edward; but this could not be. His physician had expressly ordered that he should see no one, and poor Philip reluctantly set out on his return home. He had a melancholy walk, so absorbed was he with sorrow at the state of his beloved friend. He endeavoured to think of what Dr. Millington had said, and of what he himself had read, and often heard too from his guardian, respecting the duty of submission, on all occasions, to the Divine will. He was yet inexpe-

rienced in affliction, and he thought this a severe trial—so soon too after his recent anxiety about his friend. But when he recollected poor Edward's mother, what could *his* grief be, compared with *hers?* Yet, he had heard her say to Dr. Millington, as she wiped away her tears, that she trusted, if this severe stroke awaited her, she should be enabled to support it; knowing that He who had given her the blessing of such a son, had a right to recall it when he saw fit. "Surely, then," thought Philip, "*I* ought to bear it patiently! I will try —I will pray that I may be able to do so, if he must die. But I may pray too for his recovery; and perhaps my prayer may be granted. O! how that thought comforts me!"

These pious thoughts did indeed impart comfort to the mind of our virtuous young friend; for, by such reflections, he not only convinced himself more strongly that God is our only refuge in affliction, but he felt also, that the more we seek Him, the more ready he is to comfort and support us.

Dr. Millington dined that day with Mr. Harley, and he expressed himself highly pleased with what

he had seen of Philip in their short interview at Mrs. Willoughby's. He invited him to accompany his guardian on a visit to his country seat—an invitation which Mr. Harley gladly accepted, as he thought it would cheer Philip's spirits,—and he now wished to take advantage of every opportunity of introducing him into those families whose friendship would be both a pleasure and improvement to his ward: and Dr. Millington had a large family of sons and daughters, of various ages, among whom he could find suitable companions.

As they went to Beech-Grove, the residence of Dr. Millington, they had to pass through the town where the gentleman resided with whom Mr. Harley wished to place Edward Willoughby, and he intended to call and request this gentlemen to favour him with his company some day, to talk over the affair.

"I think," said Mr. Harley to his ward, as they drove along, "I have not yet told you the name of the gentleman to whom I hope to send Edward. His name is Morgan. Do you recollect having heard that name before?"

"O yes," replied Philip,—"Charles Morgan, you know, whose drawings I copied; I do not believe I shall ever forget his name."

"Well, then," said Mr. Harley, "it is the father of Charles Morgan whom we are now going to call upon."

"How I should like to see Charles Morgan!" said Philip. "Perhaps he may be at home now. Will you ask, Sir, if I may see him?"

"You seem to expect something rather extraordinary," said his guardian, smiling; "but I perfectly understand your wishes: it is because he drew so well when he was a little boy. You now see the advantage of perseverance; you can not only draw as well as Charles Morgan did, but a great deal better."

"But then, Sir," said Philip, "I am so much older than he was when he did those drawings."

"Yes," replied Mr. Harley; "but, you know, you almost despaired of *ever* drawing as well as he did then. He most probably draws a great deal

better than you do at present, but you must still try to overtake him. You can now draw almost as well as poor Edward. I hope we shall hear a good account of him to day, from Dr. Millington, as he was so much better yesterday."

The carriage now stopped at Mr. Morgan's door, when they alighted, and Philip had the gratification of being introduced to the person he had so long wished to see; for Charles Morgan was at home, and was not a little amused to hear from Mr. Harley of his great celebrity. The latter told him, he must really come and spend a few days with him, as his ward would not be satisfied with one interview; and, besides, it was a long time since he had had the pleasure of his society. This proposal was gladly accepted, and it was agreed that Charles should accompany them home when they returned from Dr. Millington's.

Before they drove off, Charles Morgan held out his hand to Philip, and, smiling, thanked him for the compliment he had paid him, in wishing so much to see him: "But," added he, laughing, "I fear I must have disappointed your expectations."

Philip blushed; but yet, not disconcerted by the joke being rather at his expence, said, with the utmost simplicity and good humour in his countenance, "I have not had much opportunity of judging yet; but I like you very well so far."

"Then," replied Charles, "I will try, when we meet again, whether I cannot turn that '*very well*' into *very much;* for I ought not to be content with less, after such high expectations."

"And you will accomplish it too, my good Charles," said Mr. Harley to himself, as the carriage drove from the door: and, after a pause, he added, "I am glad to see he is the same frank, kind-hearted fellow he always was; but he is more than that—his cheerfulness is the effect of his goodness."

"I am sure he must be good," said Philip, "because you love him so much."

"You say true, my dear ward, and I love you too, for the same reason: for, I rejoice to say, you are not often otherwise; and I see you have an earnest desire to be good. How happy shall I

be then, when, on our return from Beech-Grove, I shall have you both with me."

"I hope so, dear guardian, if poor Edward gets well," said Philip: "we shall soon hear now what Dr. Millington says about him."

Soon after this conversation the travellers arrived at their place of destination.

The visit to Beech-Grove, and the favourable account heard there from Dr. Millington, of the state of his patient, restored the cheerfulness of Philip; and he enjoyed himself exceedingly, during several days, with his young companions. There were two young Millingtons near his own age, with whom he formed an intimate acquaintance; and he had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Millington promise, that they should return Philip's visit before the expiration of the midsummer holidays.

Soon after the party returned home, Philip had the happiness of being allowed once more to see his beloved friend, who was now convalescent. The meeting was an affecting one. Edward's thin,

pale countenance grieved the heart of his affectionate friend; but he strove to hide his emotion, and to amuse him with an account of his visit to Beech-Grove, and told how much he liked Charles Morgan. "I am so glad, Edward, that it is to Charles Morgan's father that you are going, because I like him too; and I think it will be so pleasant for you when Charles is at home. I dare say you will be happy there, and I have told Charles what a dear friend you are to me; for he is so kind and good-tempered, that I could tell him any thing."

"Thank you, dear Philip; you are very kind and considerate," said Edward. "I am not surprised that you and Charles Morgan are such good friends, after what I have heard Mr. Harley say of him; for it is no small encomium, 'to be praised by him whom all men praise.' I never heard but one opinion of your most excellent guardian. I am very glad too that you like the young Millingtons, and I think it very probable that they may be going to college at the same time you go. It will not be very long now, Philip, before you leave school, and then you will go to college I suppose."

"Ah!" said Philip, "school is not now what it was to me when you were there, Edward. I shall not be sorry to leave it. I once thought John Thornton would have been a friend for me; but he is still the same—so thoughtless! and he is idle too, and always getting into scrapes, because he will always have his own way. Dear Edward! perhaps your friendship has saved me from being like him."

"You are very good to say so, my dear Philip. I do not mean to disclaim having been of use to you; because I must speak the truth, even though it might seem like vanity. But I must also say, —and I say it without flattery,—that I think you never would have been so unamiable, nay, I fear I may call it unprincipled, as John Thornton. I pity him from my heart; for he never can be either happy or esteemed, while he is so headstrong, so idle, and so disobedient. Besides, if he does not try to control his passions *now*, they will become so strong, that perhaps he never may be able to control them at all, and they will make him miserable."

"But, Edward," said Philip, "you have taught

me to think so much more seriously than I thought I ever could. Though I used always to say my prayers night and morning, I did it without reflection. And I now read the Bible with so much more serious attention than I ever did before—at least, I take a greater interest in it. I could hardly believe it, when you used to say that it was as interesting as it was instructive. I began to like it better when my guardian read it with me, and better still when you did."

"Perhaps," said Edward, "you felt more at ease with me, and were not so diffident in conversing with me upon it. I am sure, that if young people conversed more upon religion than they are generally accustomed to do, they would feel a deeper interest in it. And then with respect to virtuous characters, what a number do we find in the sacred history! which some people seem quite to forget, or leave unnoticed and unpraised; while they admire, and extol with enthusiasm, what they call the great characters that are found in profane history. In the Bible,—I shall speak of some of the characters of the Old Testament first,—we see the faith, and consequent obedience, of Abraham—his pious trust in God, enabling him to ren-

der a strict obedience even to the sacrifice of what was dearest to his heart. We may judge of the greatness of his virtue by the illustrious title with which he was honoured. He was called 'the friend of God.' Moses, the great leader of the Israelites, a leader chosen by God himself, was distinguished for modesty, meekness, and humility. What a lesson for human pride! Where can we see virtue, tenderness, paternal affection, and generous forgiveness of the deepest injuries, more nobly exemplified, than in the character of Joseph? Then there is the piety of David; and the admirable and faithful friendship between him and Jonathan. Can we sufficiently admire the moderation of Solomon, who prayed for wisdom only?

"But I cannot enumerate all the noble traits of character that are to be found in this part of the sacred history: nor need I, when we find in the New Testament all the virtues united in one single character—in that of the Lord Jesus Christ. Who that has any feeling, any taste, any noble enthusiasm, for all that is admirable, that is surpassingly great and virtuous, but must fix his warmest reverence and love upon that all-perfect character? If we can admire and love one or two

of the virtues alloyed with error, shall we not much more love perfection? I cannot tell you, my dear Philip, how delightful these meditations have been to me in my illness. That the way is not only laid open to us in the Gospel, by which we may attain salvation, but that we have a perfect rule and example laid before us for our direction and guide, which, if we do but imitate, we cannot mistake or lose the heavenly road."

"I thought one day, dear Edward," said his friend, "that you were dying. Did *you* think so?—and were you afraid?"

"I thought, indeed," answered Edward, "that it was very probable I might not recover. But, although the prospect of death must always be an awful one, knowing how frail and erring the best of us are, and that we shall be called upon to render a strict account of our actions here; yet, knowing also the infinite mercy of God, declared, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to repentant sinners, I felt supported by his gracious promises, and reconciled to the thought of quitting this world, by the glorious hopes of heaven. Yet, there was one pang that wrung my heart with an-

guish—the thought of leaving my mother—her whom I had fondly hoped to comfort and sustain in her declining years. But this I endeavoured to subdue, and to bring my soul to entire and willing obedience to the will of God, should he have seen fit to call me hence. I had endeavoured, I will not say that I had quite succeeded, to accomplish this duty—when, by his gracious power, I was raised from the bed of sickness, and, as I had thought, the bed of death. Then I resolved to devote the life thus graciously spared, more faithfully to his service than I had hitherto done."

"Dear, dear Edward!" exclaimed Philip, embracing him, "how grateful ought I to be that you are spared to me, to teach me how to bear the ills of life; how to use and to enjoy the blessings, and how at last to resign them! But O! how thankful am I that I have not been called upon to resign, before my mind was prepared, that best blessing—a sincere and faithful friend."

This conversation made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of Philip Montague.

# CHAPTER XI.

MR. HARLEY made a satisfactory arrangement with Mr. Morgan, and Edward was soon afterwards placed with him, to their mutual satisfaction. So excellent a young man could scarcely fail to make friends, and this was eminently the case with Edward Willoughby.

Several years passed away, during which Philip had left school and gone to college, where he distinguished himself in a manner most gratifying to his guardian, who loved him as a son. The two young Millingtons proved a great acquisition to him at college: they were well-educated and well-principled young men, and, as such, were the chosen friends of Philip Montague, whose well-regulated mind sought only virtuous friendships.

But it was far otherwise with John Thornton. All his tastes were low; he had no relish for in-

tellectual pursuits; and he fell into habits of intemperance, which at length proved his destruction. It was in vain that Philip remonstrated with him, and pointed out to him the lamentable effects of his conduct to himself, and the unhappiness it must occasion to his parents. For selfishness had hardened his heart against those tender feelings, and intemperance seemed to have already shed its destroying influence over his frame. Sometimes Philip flattered himself with the hope that he had made some effectual impression upon his mind, and that he might be induced to reform. But he had no resolution to withstand temptation, because he had never exerted himself to resist it; but yielded to his inclinations, right or wrong. He had indeed verified the remark of Edward Willoughby—that, "if the passions were not controlled in youth, perhaps they might become so strong, that they would never be controlled at all." Often did this recur to Philip, when he saw John Thornton so lost to every honourable and virtuous principle. The latter, after having one day dined with a party of college companions, mounted a spirited horse when he was not in a state to manage it, and was, in consequence, thrown from it, and so much injured

by the fall, that he survived the accident only a short time. What a grief was this to his parents, and in particular to his mother, aggravated as it was to her, by the conviction that her ill-judged indulgence to her son had strengthened in him those faults which ought to have been corrected in childhood and youth! And what a warning ought the sudden end of the short career of this unhappy young man to be to parents, not to allow their children to indulge those feelings of selfishness, which, when matured by habit, lead to such lamentable results! and how resolute ought all young persons who contemplate the fate of John Thornton to feel, to acquire that self-command, and delight in virtuous enployments, which will preserve them from following his bad example!

At length Edward Willoughby finished his clerkship, and began the world, as it is called, in the profession of a solicitor, and he succeeded as well as his best friends could have wished. His prospects were cheered by his mother's having received, at different times, small dividends from the effects of the bankrupt, which, altogether, amounted to rather more than the half of what she had expected to lose.

Philip Montague soon afterwards came of age, the period at which he was allowed to be responsible for the sum which had been expended in the education and establishment of his friend. What a day of heartfelt pleasure was this to Philip! It was the first use he made of the fortune of which he that day became possessed, to repay this sum to his guardian, whom he thanked, with the warmest gratitude, for all that he had done for him, and all that concerned his welfare, from the time he was placed under his care; for he was convinced he must have suffered many anxieties on his account.

Mr. Harley declared that, had they been twice as great, he was now fully compensated, by seeing him all his heart could wish. "My aim," said he, "is accomplished; you have, I trust and believe, made the best use of time, by employing it diligently in the acquisition of those principles and habits, the practice of which cannot fail to render you respectable and happy. This is what I hope to witness while my life is spared; and when we shall be called upon to separate, the knowledge of your virtues will smooth my passage to the grave, and be the sweetest pledge of a happy reunion."

What a day of jubilee was this to the delighted Cæsar! He saw his young master, as he still called him, take possession of the family estate, amidst the rejoicings of the neighbourhood where his father had been so loved and so lamented; and many a heart was comforted by the assurances of Cæsar, that his new master was worthy to be the successor of so excellent a man.

Mr. Harley lived to see the character of his ward fully established as a man of strict honour and integrity, and of a truly benevolent disposition, and, from the superiority of his education, and cultivated mind, delighting in the most intellectual pursuits. But what was of still higher importance, he saw him acting upon the most enlightened principles, both religious and moral. He was held in high estimation both in public and private life. He distinguished himself in the senate, as a true lover of his country; and though he might not perhaps be exactly what is termed eloquent, there was such sound sense in all he said, and so much manliness and dignity in the manner of delivering his sentiments, that, as a speaker, he was both pleasing and convincing. And in private life he afforded a most striking example of the happiness

resulting from the practice of virtue. His presence seemed to diffuse general pleasure wherever he appeared, which was reflected back in his own amiable countenance——a countenance in which many who had known his father rejoiced to trace the resemblance, especially the benevolent expression which was so striking in both.

There are few persons whose life is one continued course of uninterrupted happiness, or we should be apt to forget that this is not intended to be our abiding-place. Indeed, there is one event which comes alike to all. Philip Montague was deprived, by the hand of death, of his revered and truly excellent guardian, whose transition from time to eternity was peaceful and calm. It was "the death of the righteous." His illness was neither long nor severe. He was aware that he was going to pass through "the valley of the shadow of death." He felt no weak lingerings after the fleeting happiness of this world; his eye had long been steadily fixed on the unfading joys of that heavenly place, where "there shall be no more sorrow nor weeping," but "where all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes." He had, as he said, accomplished his work; he had been permitted to perform the

duty committed to him. He had been the guide of his beloved charge from childhood, through youth, up to manhood; and this favour was crowned with another—that of having his eyes closed by the hand of him who was dearest to him upon earth.

When the grave was closed over his revered friend, Philip Montague felt that he had lost the guide of his youth; but he felt also how much cause he had for thankfulness that he had been spared to him so long, and that all his regrets for his loss were for himself alone. He could not have wished to bring back his departed friend, even if he had had the power. His earthly course was ended; and he might apply to him those words of the apostle—"I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

The stability of the principles of this young man, (whom we ought now to call Mr. Montague,) were further put to the test by an event of a different nature, which occurred a few years after the death of Mr. Harley. The remittances from his agent

in Jamaica gradually became smaller and less frequent. This was accounted for, in some measure, by a failure in the crops, and the state of commerce: but the change soon became much greater than those causes seemed to warrant; and, in a short period, Mr. Montague's income was quite inadequate to support the establishment which his situation and rank in society had justified him in adopting.

It was necessary that an investigation of his affairs should be entered into; and he now reaped the full recompence of his kindness and generosity to his friend Edward Willoughby, who had been gradually rising, by his talents and industry, into a high reputation in the law. He undertook the complete investigation of Mr. Montague's affairs; and, by his sagacity, knowledge, and judgment, (aided by information transmitted by the faithful Cæsar, who went out to Jamaica for that purpose,) detected a system of fraud which had for some years been practised against his friend. By the most indefatigable perseverance and judicious management, he completely succeeded in bringing it to light; and thus was the means of redeeming the fortunes of his benefactor.

Mr. Montague, who never lost sight of right principles, the moment he discovered that his affairs were no longer in a prosperous state, began those retrenchments which honesty and justice to others demanded; and, by his manly and honourable regulations, not only more fully established a character for integrity, but most essentially promoted and facilitated the re-establishment of his fortune.

We must not omit to inform our readers, who, we hope, feel interested in the happiness of the good Cæsar, that, when he returned from Jamaica, he brought a wife with him, to whom he had been attached before he came to England. Mr. Montague presented him with a house and garden, and settled an annuity upon him which should render him comfortable for life, in return for his faithful services.

The affectionate creature consented to accept these gifts on this condition—that he should still be permitted to give his daily attendance on his beloved master at the hours of dressing and dinner, as he could not relinquish the happiness of being often near him. This Mr. Montague could not

refuse; but he at all times treated him rather as a friend than as a servant; and Cæsar never, in a single instance, proved unworthy of the trust reposed in him.

Thus we have laid before our readers the history of the West Indian; and endeavoured to exemplify, in the character of Philip Montague, the importance of a due estimation of the value of time, and the happy consequences resulting from self-government.

FINIS.

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