

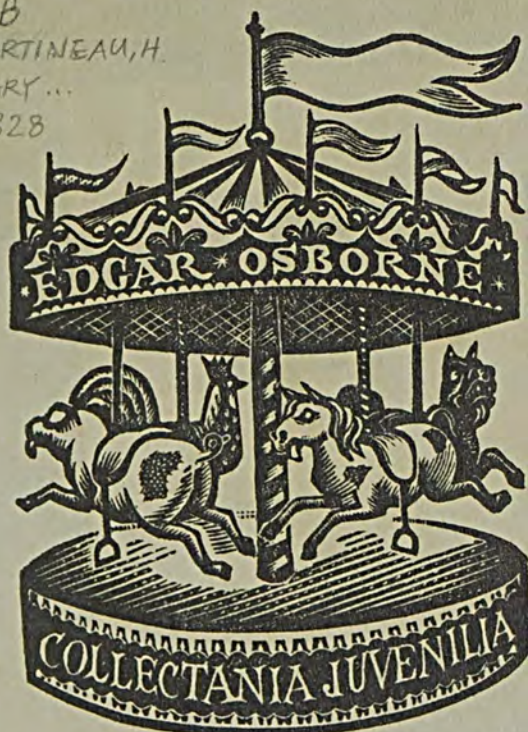


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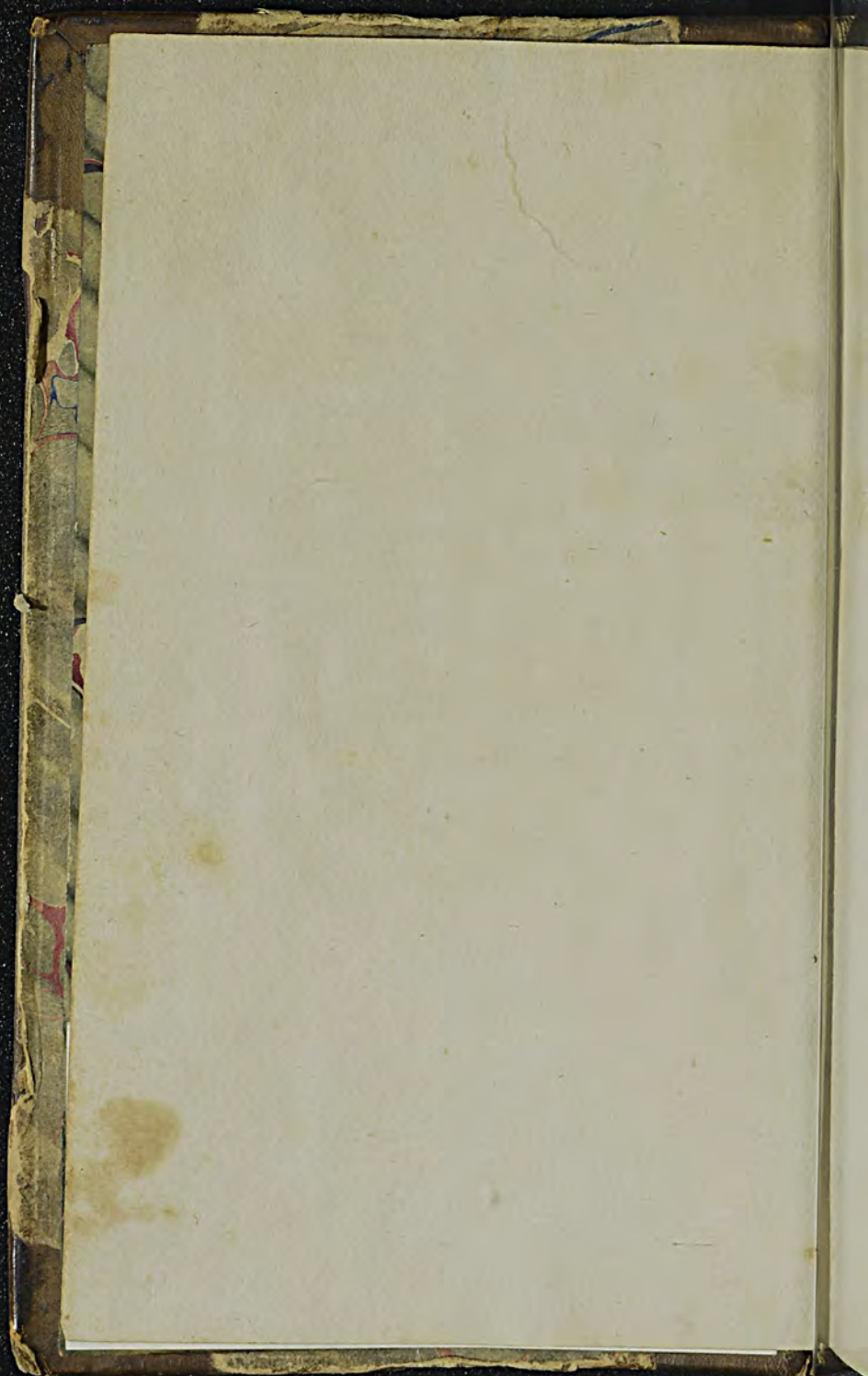
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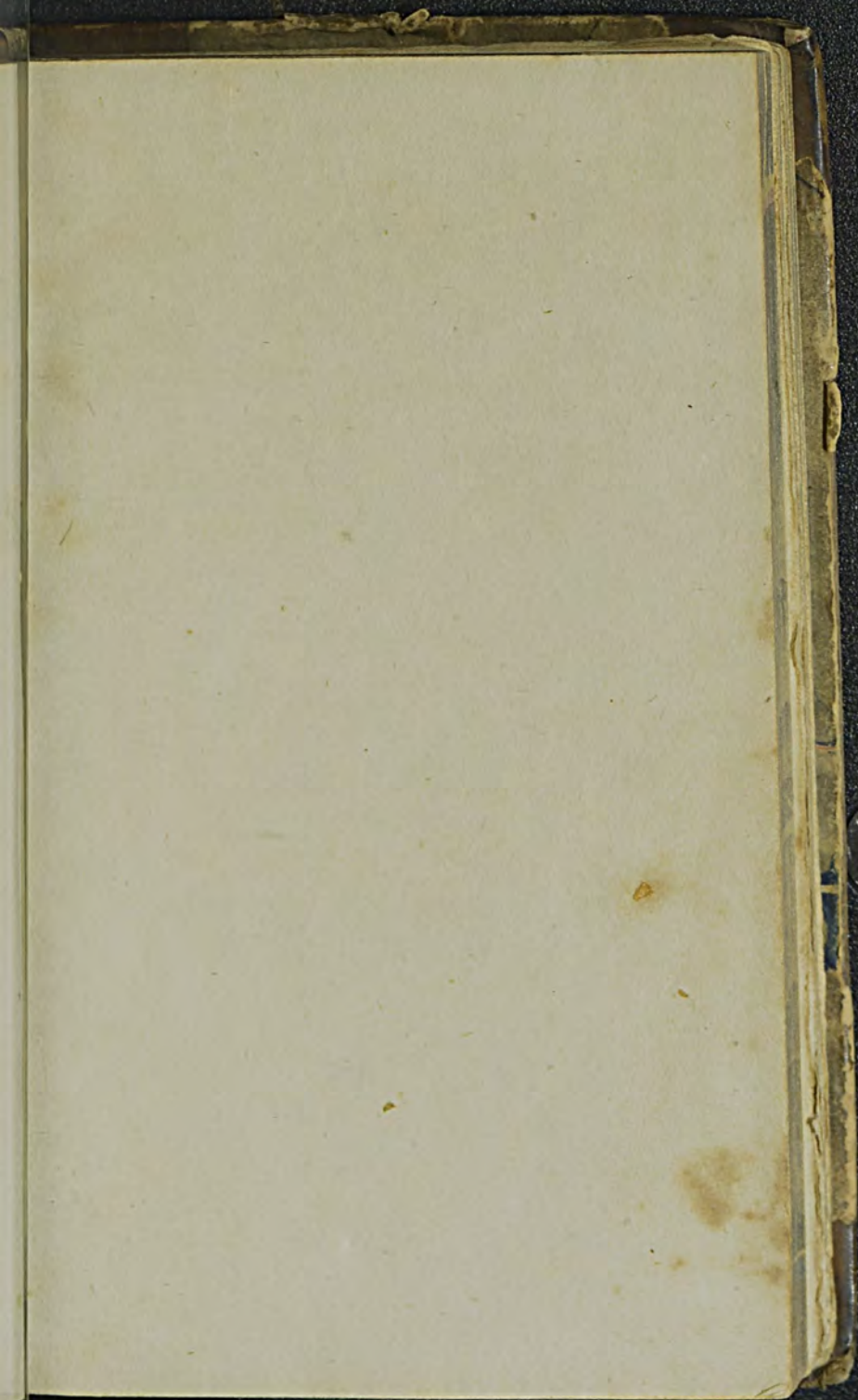


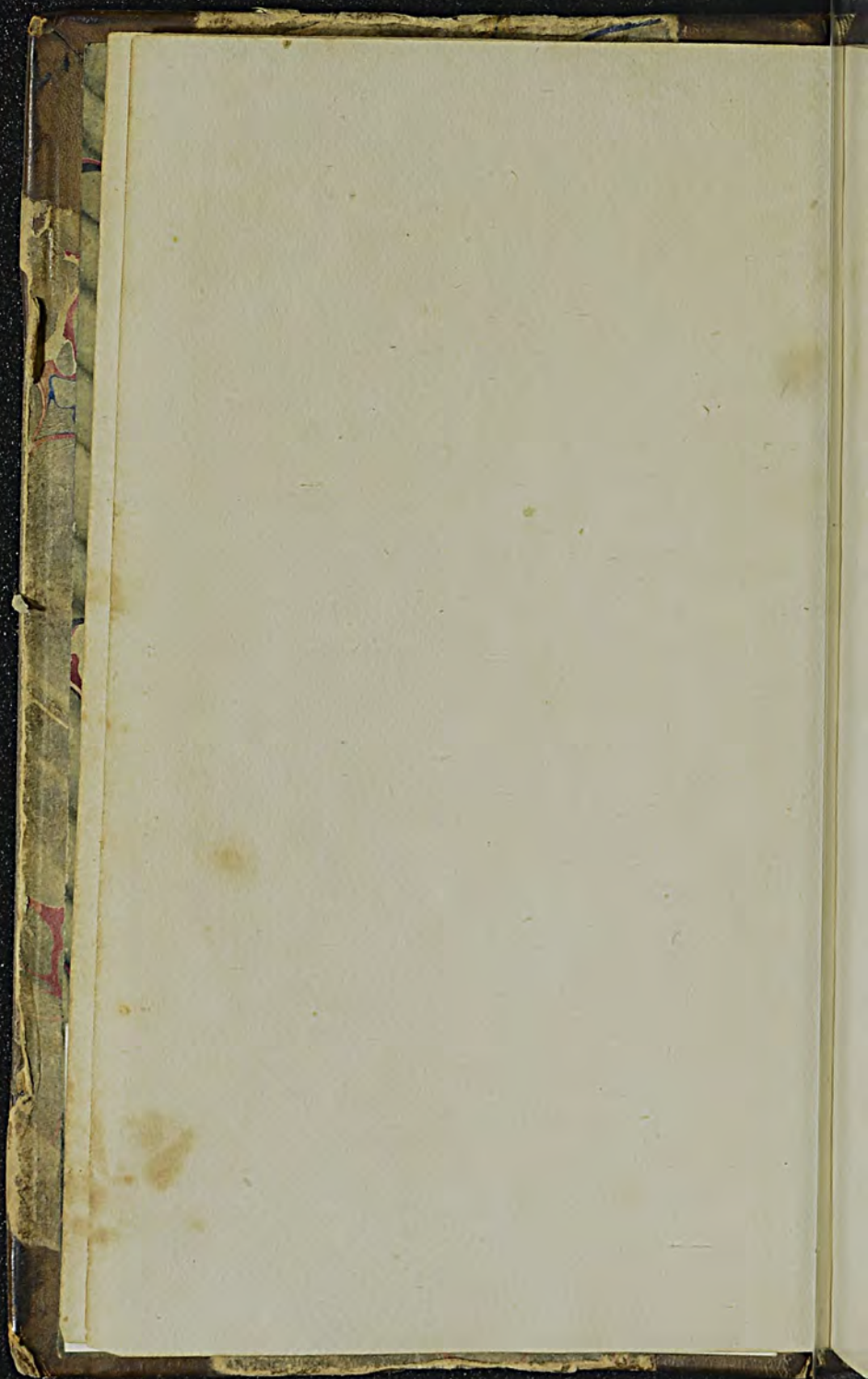
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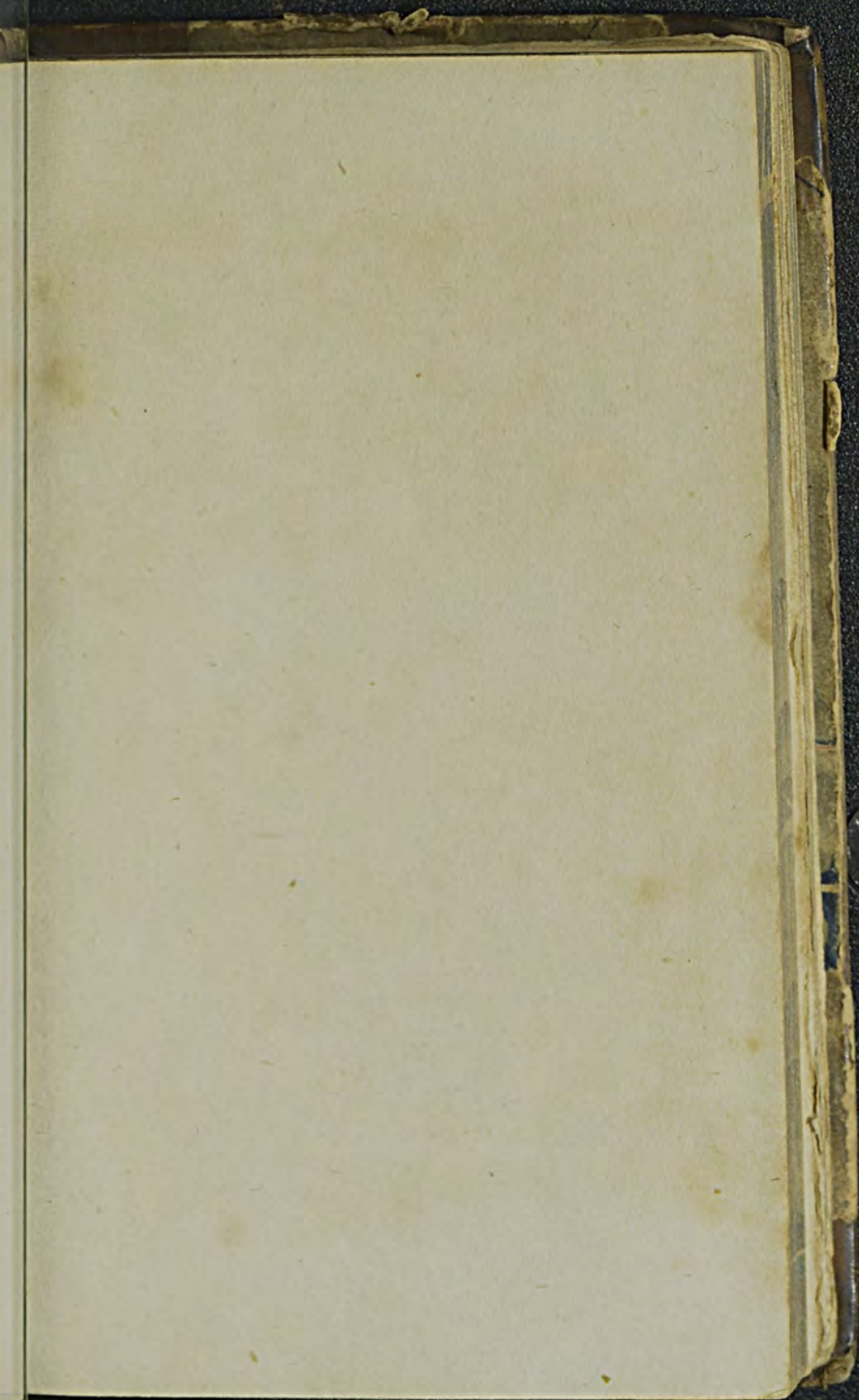
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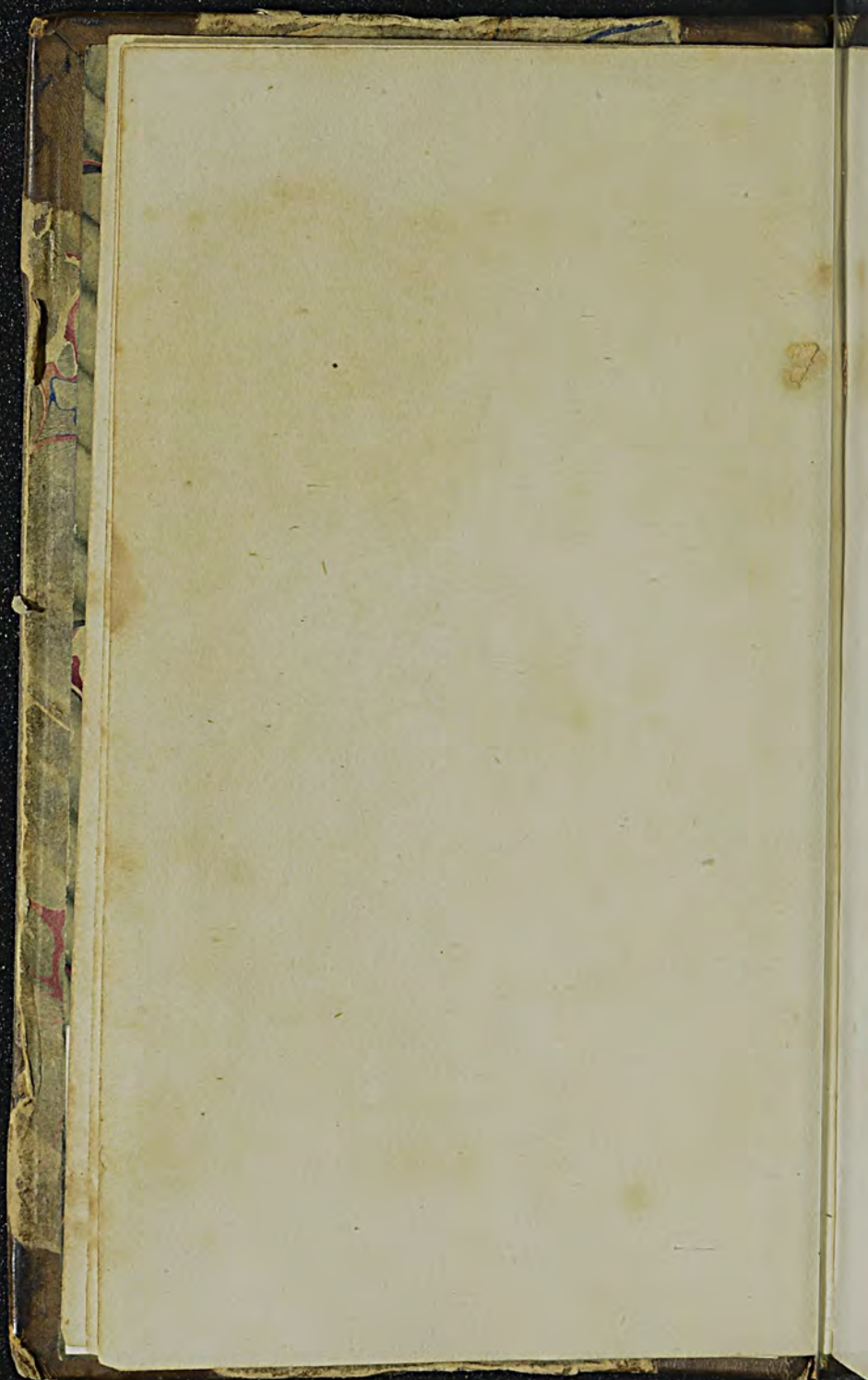
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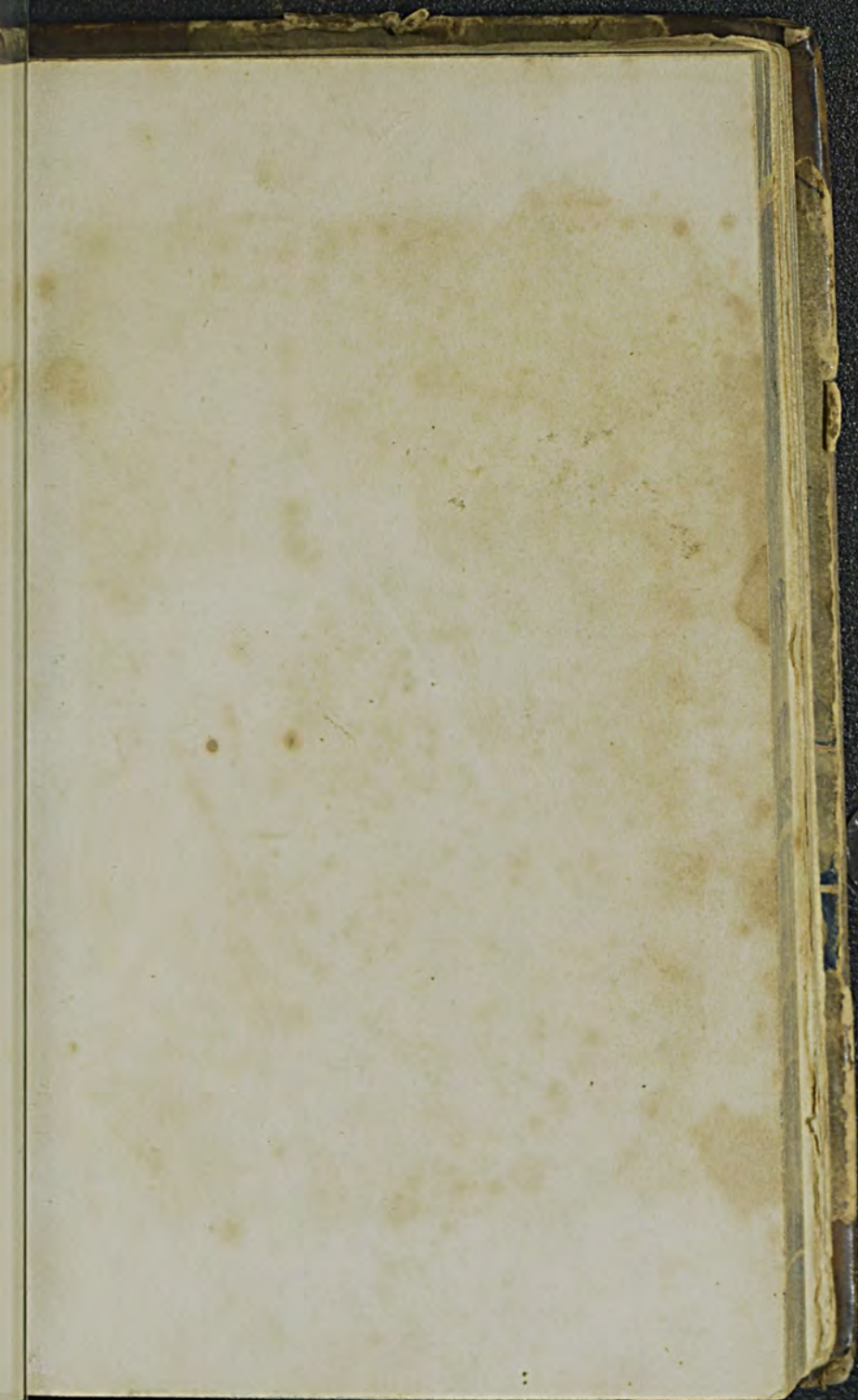












FRONTISPIECE.



Published by Houlston & Son, G6, Paternoster Row, London, & at Wellington, Salop, Novr 4, 1828.

MARY CAMPBELL;

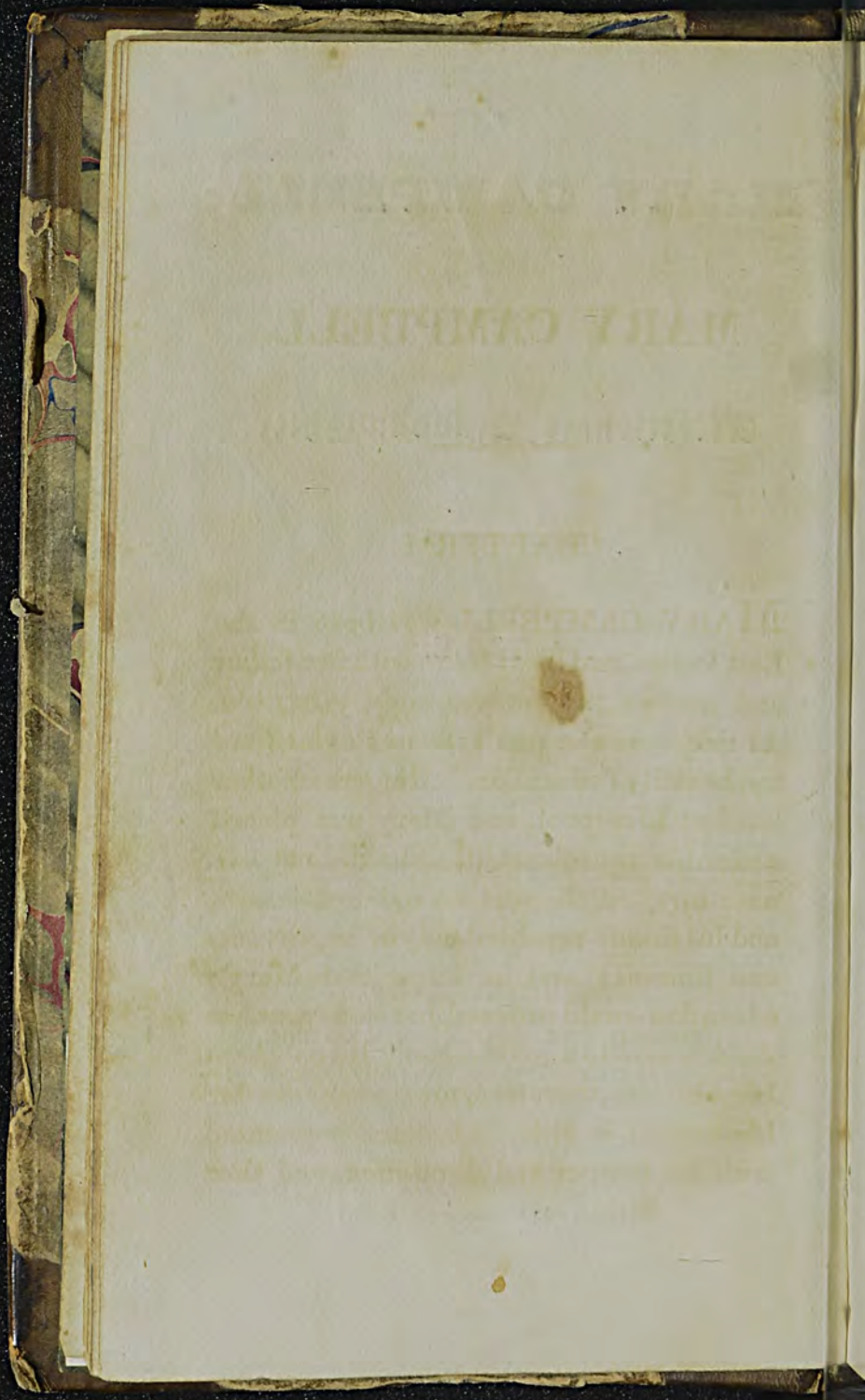
Affectionate Granddaughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE."

And sold at their Warehouse, 65, Paternoster-Row,
London.

1828.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



MARY CAMPBELL.



CHAPTER I.

MARY CAMPBELL was born in the East Indies, and lived there with her father and mother till she was eight years old. At that time she was sent to England for the benefit of education. Her grandfather lived at Liverpool, and Mary was placed under his guardianship. She did not live with him, for he was an old gentleman, and his family consisted only of his servants and himself; and he knew that Mary's education would proceed but slowly, unless she was sent to a good school. He only kept her with him, therefore, for six months after her arrival, in order to become acquainted with her temper and disposition, and then

sent her to a school about thirty miles from Liverpool, where he knew she would have great opportunities of improvement, and might be very happy, if she chose to make a proper use of her advantages.

Mary was, on the whole, what is usually considered a very good girl; and the lady under whose care she was placed was very kind to her: so that she was quite happy; and year after year passed away very quickly. She spent her holidays with her grandfather; and, though he often said, he feared she would grow tired of being so much with an old man, she never found any thing but pleasure in his society. He was very fond of hearing her read, and he very kindly chose such books as he thought she would understand and like; and he was always ready to stop before she was tired of reading, and to explain any thing which was not quite clear to her at first. Then he was seldom too busy to hear her talk, and she used to open her whole heart to him, and to tell him what passed in her mind, as freely as she would have done to her own mamma. He had a

very pretty garden, and he taught her how to take care of it, and helped her to work in it, when he was able. He drove her out almost every day in his low chaise, and there was scarcely a place within twenty miles of Liverpool, which they did not frequently visit in their excursions. He had built some cottages in the country, and had put into them the best and most industrious tenants he could find; and one of the old gentleman's greatest delights was to do good to them, and to every one who needed his kind offices. He employed Mary to assist him in his works of charity, and it was a great pleasure to her to do so. They were very happy together, and Mary was pleased to be able to promote her grandfather's comfort. She did all she could for him. She nursed him tenderly when he had the gout, to which he was subject; she was always cheerful, and ready to oblige; and never thought any thing tiresome which could entertain him. She did not care about the newspapers, and would never have read one for her own pleasure; but she made it

a part of her daily business to read them to her grandfather; and she took care to suppress all signs of weariness when she was reading debates which she did not understand.

Many people pitied Mary very much, and thought that she would lose all her cheerfulness, if she spent three months of every year with her grandfather. A gentleman who called one afternoon, while Mary was reading the newspaper, told his wife, on his return home, that he was sure poor Mary Campbell would be moped to death; and that it was ruining the girl for ever to make an old woman of her at her age; but if this same gentleman had happened to call an hour later, just before the candles were lighted, he would have been surprised indeed to see the old man engaged in something little short of an actual romp with his grandchild. If Mary had spent her whole time at home, (as she called it,) there might have been danger of her being unlike other girls of her age; but her intercourse with her school companions

prevented any such risk; and to those who knew her, it seemed as probable that her hair should turn grey, as that she should lose her spirits and gaiety.

The only two subjects of anxiety which depressed her mind, were the separation from her parents, and the fear, the conviction, that her grandfather's health was gradually breaking up, and his strength declining. As to her parents, she comforted herself with the hope that they would return to England. This hope was held out to her by them from year to year; and she had their promise, that if any circumstances should delay their return beyond her seventeenth birthday, she should be allowed to go out to join them in India. With these hopes she was obliged to be content.

With respect to him whom she loved as a parent, she had fears which increased, rather than diminished, every time she saw him. She observed that his attacks of gout became more frequent and severe, and that he was less able to preserve his cheerfulness under them. She thought of his great

age, and of the improbability of his living till her return to England, if she should go out once more to India. She sometimes persuaded herself, that it would be her duty not to leave him, however long her meeting with her parents might be deferred, if she could obtain their consent to defer that meeting. Sometimes she even doubted whether his life would be prolonged till the time appointed for her departure; and then she trembled at the idea of being left, not without friends, but without a relation in this country. She became more and more unwilling to quit her home when the holidays were over, and continually more anxious to hear from her grandfather, or from Mrs. Lee, his housekeeper, who used to write when her master was rendered unable to do so by gout, or by that languor and weakness which grew upon him very sensibly.

Mary was fifteen at the time of which I am writing. Mrs. Farrant's school (at which she was) was to break up for the Christmas holidays, in about a week. It was Mrs.

Farrant's custom to give a dance to her pupils, the week before their departure for their several homes. Mary was as fond of dancing as any one, and she entered with her whole heart into the enjoyment of this annual pleasure; so that when she counted the days which were to elapse before she could see her grandfather, she did not forget how rapidly the important evening was also approaching. She was, this year, one of the oldest scholars, and consequently one of the most important persons in the arrangements for the dance; which were committed by Mrs. Farrant, in a great degree, to the management of the young people themselves. Mary was applied to by all the younger girls, for advice and assistance about their little affairs. She superintended the practising of their quadrilles, and helped them in all their preparations: but, in the midst of this happy bustle, a letter arrived, which put an end to her gay anticipations, and caused much sorrow and much speculation among her schoolfellows. It was from Mrs. Lee, who wrote as follows.—

“DEAR MISS MARY,

“You will not expect to hear from me again so soon; but I think you would not be pleased if I did not write, as I have to tell you that my master is ill, and suffering much from the gout. You need not be frightened, Miss, because there is no danger; but I never saw my master so bad before, or so low in his spirits; and I think the sight of you would make him cheer up, and get better. So he thinks himself, and says; or I should not have ventured to ask you to come home before the holidays begin. But it seems to me, that the few days that remain will not signify much to you, and they do to my master; so, perhaps, Miss Mary, you will please to come, if Mrs. Farrant does not disapprove. My master sends his love to you, and bids me say, he desires you will not come till Thursday, as he would not have you miss the dance on Wednesday, on any account; and he would not let you know so soon, but he thinks you can make ready to be off on Thursday. So I hope we shall see you *then*, Miss: and, in the mean time, I tell you again what

the doctor tells me, that there is no kind of danger at present, and remain,

“ Dear Miss Mary,

“ Yours, respectfully,

“ SUSAN LEE.”

Mary carried her letter to Mrs. Farrant as soon as she had read it.

“ You shall certainly go, my dear, if you wish it,” said she.

“ On Thursday, ma’am?” said Mary.

“ As you please, my dear. If you wish to go sooner, you may.”

“ O! thank you, ma’am. I should like to go as soon as possible. If I can do him any good, the sooner I go the better.”

“ I hope you are not alarmed, Mary? You see Mrs. Lee says expressly that there is no danger: and I think your grandfather will be concerned that you should lose the pleasure of your dance. Consider well before you decide.”

“ I quite believe Mrs. Lee, when she says there is no danger,” replied Mary; “ but I am sure I could not enjoy the dance

at all, if I knew he was ill, and wanting me all the time. If I tell him so, he will not be sorry that I gave it up; for he only wishes me to do what I like best. So I should like to go as soon as I can, if you please, ma'am: that is, if you do not think it wrong."

"I think you perfectly right, my dear: and, in your case, I should decide as you do. It happens very fortunately that my brother is going to Liverpool, this afternoon, by the coach. He will take charge of you, and see you safe home, I have no doubt."

"Then I may go and pack up my things, may I, ma'am?"

"Yes, my dear; and I will come presently to assist you. We shall be sorry to lose you so soon; but it cannot be helped; and you will be sure to write and tell me how you find your grandfather."

When Mary's approaching departure was announced to her schoolfellows, the regrets expressed were various and great. Some of the little ones declared that they should lose half their pleasure by her ab-

sence; and some of the older girls attempted to persuade her to stay. Mary was almost sorry that she had shewed any one Mrs. Lee's letter, so many were the arguments to which it gave occasion.

"Well! I cannot see why you should go yet, as there is no danger," said one.

"I think," said another, "that it is Mary's duty to stay, because her grandpapa wishes it. I thought, Mary, that you liked to do what he wishes, always?"

"So I do," replied Mary; "but in this instance it is his kindness for me which leads him to deny himself: and I cannot bear to enjoy any pleasure at the expence of his comfort. It would be no pleasure to me then."

"But two days would make scarcely any difference: and, besides, you would have a great deal to tell him about the dance, which would amuse him very much. And we want you, too, for many things that you were to manage for us. I think you ought to consider us a little."

"Jane Cooper will take my place," said

Mary. "I will tell her all that ought to be done. So I must go and finish what I have to do."

"I should think it my duty to obey my grandpapa; and so I am sure Mrs. Farrant would say too," cried one of the girls, as Mary was leaving the room.

"Mrs. Farrant thinks me right in determining to go;" replied Mary, with gentleness: "and, I am sure, if I see my grandfather at all better to-morrow evening for my being with him, it will give me more pleasure than any dance ever did or ever will afford."

Before the time arrived for Mary's departure, Mrs. Farrant signified to the girls her approbation of her conduct: so that they soon saw the matter in its true light, and were ready to submit to their disappointment, and to bid her farewell with every mark of affection and sympathy.

The gentleman with whom she travelled saw her safe to her own door, where she was received with much delight by Mrs. Lee. Mr. Campbell was not better, and

so low in spirits, that his housekeeper was afraid of the effect of any surprise. She therefore begged Mary to stay below for a little while, that she might prepare him to see her.

Mary did so, and took off her bonnet and pelisse, that she might be able to remain with her grandpapa when she was admitted to his apartment. In about ten minutes Mrs. Lee called her, and in another moment she was in his arms. His expressions of affection, as he pressed her to his heart, repaid her at once for any sacrifice she might have made; and she thought that it would have been dreadful ingratitude to have deprived him of any degree of comfort which it was in her power to bestow. She saw how weak his spirits were, for the tears started in his eyes when she said how fortunate it was that an opportunity of performing the journey had occurred that very day. And when he saw how happy she seemed to be with him, he was easily persuaded to give up his regret for her having sacrificed the dance. When they

had finished their tea, and Mrs. Lee had made the fire blaze, and Mary sat down on the footstool close by her grandpapa's couch, he began to forget his pain, and to be more cheerful than he had been for a very long time before. Mary was surprised to find what little trifles were sufficient to amuse him. She was not aware how very much he loved her, and how precious her society was to him, now that he was wearied with illness and solitude. He sat up an hour longer than usual; and when he dismissed her to her rest, he said he thought he should sleep better than he had done for many nights. Mrs. Lee slept in a room which opened into her master's, so that she could be with him in an instant if he wanted her; and she always knew when he was restless, and when he slept. She told Mary in the morning, that though he had been in pain during part of the night, he had gained some rest; and that he had said, that the thought of his dear girl being in the house quite cheered him, and lightened his pain. It did not make

Mary vain to hear these things, for she did not suppose that it was any merit of her own which made her grandpapa so fond of her. But she was very grateful, and expressed her gratitude in her prayers, for being able to do any good to one she loved so much. She was at his bed-side as soon as he awoke in the morning, and as she moved about the room, to stir his fire and to bring him his breakfast, he followed her with his eyes, and seemed to be afraid lest she should leave him. But he was too kind and too reasonable to wish to confine her always to his room; and when she had, according to old custom, read him a portion of the Bible, he proceeded to lay a plan for the occupation of each day.

She was to practise her music for an hour every morning. Mr. Campbell was very fond of music, and as the piano was in the drawing-room, on the same floor with his apartment, he could hear her play when his door was left open. Mary could play very well, and had brought home some new music, which she thought would

please her grandpapa. She was then to take her walk whenever the weather would allow; and he begged her to look round for a companion, who would walk with her, or visit her whenever she liked. He desired, too, that she would never decline any invitation on his account; for he could not bear the idea of shutting her out from the society of companions of her own age. Mary determined, in her own mind, that every evening should be spent by her grandpapa's sofa; but, to please him, she promised that she would call on Mrs. Gowen, who lived near, and who had always been ready to shew kindness to her, to ask leave to walk occasionally with her young people. The interval between her return from her walk and dinner-time, was to be spent in reading aloud, when Mr. Campbell was able to bear it. In the afternoon, he tried to obtain some sleep; and Mary might then amuse herself as she pleased. And, in the evening, the newspaper was to be read, and any other occupation followed to which their inclination might lead.

CHAPTER II.

THE book which was chosen for their daily entertainment was the *Life and Correspondence of Dr. Franklin*. Mr. Campbell had been well acquainted with Dr. Franklin in former times, and therefore felt peculiar interest in reading his memoirs; and the remarks which he made, and the recollections which every page called forth, made Mary enter into the entertainment of it as completely as himself.

She had heard so much of Dr. Franklin, and all that she had heard was so favourable to his character, that it surprised her very much to find how his youth had been passed. He had been idle, and in some instances very unprincipled; and, while she admired the honesty with which he related his own faults, she could not help wondering that a youth so passed, should have led to so useful a manhood, and so honoured an old age. When she had finished that

part of his life which is written by himself, Mr. Campbell asked her what she thought of his character so far.

"I admire some things about it very much," replied Mary; "but it is not at all like what I expected. However, the account would have been very different, if it had been written by another person."

"Where would have been the difference, my dear?"

"I think, we should either have heard nothing at all of his running away from his brother, and his strange behaviour to Miss Read, and his making use of the money that was entrusted to him, or they would have been lightly mentioned, and excuses found for him; and his good qualities would have been brought more forward."

"It is certainly right to remember that, Mary, when we are judging his character. And do not you think that we ought to honour him for having publicly condemned himself for these faults, as severely as the most rigid moralist could condemn him?"

"Yes," replied Mary; "but still——"

“But what, my dear?”

“Why, it seems wrong to find fault with a man for his candour in owning his sins, and I do not find fault either; but I wonder he *could* say what he does about them.”

“Do you mean, my dear, that if you had committed such faults, you could not have owned them as frankly?”

“I think so; and, moreover, I am afraid that I do not wish for the disposition to do so, at least, in the manner in which Dr. Franklin speaks of them. I think I could acknowledge every thing to an intimate friend, or to my own family, but not to the world.”

“But if these faults were publicly known, as some of them were, the injury to public morals surely required public reparation.”

“But do not you think, grandpapa, that his conduct afterwards was acknowledgment enough that he had been wrong? No one who knew Dr. Franklin in the latter part of his life, could suppose that he did not disapprove many things which he did in his youth.”

“True; but if he thought a further reparation necessary, surely you will not quarrel with him for the delicacy of his conscience.”

“That word ‘delicacy,’ helps me to explain what I mean,” said Mary; “if, indeed, I know my own meaning. I think the manner of making his confession shews a want of delicacy.”

“Take care that this very word does not mislead you, my dear. Dr. Franklin’s delicacy of conscience led him to confess his errors; his delicacy of feeling towards himself, in other words, his *pride*, would prompt him to keep his repentance to himself. To which ought he to yield—to pride, or principle?”

“O, grandpapa, that is clear enough; and if that was exactly my meaning, I should be wrong, indeed. But I think something better than pride might have changed his manner of expressing himself about the sins of his youth. His pride could only be concerned as far as he regarded the opinions of men; and he seems to have been

very nobly independent of them. But if he had thought as seriously as I should of his faults, there would have been something deeper than pride in his mind, which would have made him pass over his repentance in silence."

"I think I can explain your own feelings for you now, my dear. We agree, that when a wrong is done, reparation is due; and that to bring himself to make it publicly, a man must have very strong principles of duty, and a noble independence of the opinions of the world; but that a due sense of the extent of his sin, and a proper awe of the holiness of that Being against whom he has offended, would lead him to express his sorrow in a different manner from what Dr. Franklin has done."

"That is exactly what I feel, grandpapa. If he felt that, besides the account which he settled with the world, he had another between his conscience and his God, he would have done nobly indeed."

"But unless we could see into his mind,

Mary, how can we tell that he did not feel this? What right have we to interfere with his private repentance?"

"None at all, certainly," replied Mary. "We can only judge of his feelings by his words and actions; and I do think that, in this instance, he does not speak with seriousness enough. He shewed that his repentance was sincere, by his perfect integrity afterwards; but I do not think a very religious man would have called a crime 'an erratum,' which he would correct, if he had to pass his life over again."

"I quite agree with you there, my dear. He would not himself have allowed that he was not a religious man; and he certainly had a religion, such as it was: but when I admire his character, it is because he was so good, in spite of the grand deficiency which I lamented every day that I spent in his society. He was a wise and a good man; but I always thought his wisdom the wisdom of this world. It was the best of worldly wisdom, I grant; but it wanted the vigour and depth of that which is from

above. His goodness was wonderful, admirable, considering the deficiency of his principles; and his example may well shame those who, professing better principles, fall far behind him in action; but I always felt, when with him, a deep regret for the absence of that which would have given a higher elevation to his views, a greater efficacy to his example, and a more solemn sanction to our friendship, and our hopes of re-union in another state."

"Did he ever talk with you on these subjects?" enquired Mary.

"He was fond of talking on subjects of morality," replied Mr. Campbell; "but his religious views were so vague and so visionary, that I was surprised that he could venture to trifle on so serious a subject. And though no man may dare to say of another, how far his religious views influence his conduct, every one has a right to form a judgment as to the effect they may produce, if promulgated. I told Dr. Franklin very often, that though his creed (if such it might be called) was not likely to

do much harm, it could do no good whatever; and I therefore urged him to keep it to himself, at any rate till he was convinced of its truth. I believe he was conscious that his professed belief would not bear examination, for he said very little about it."

"And what were his religious views?" enquired Mary.

"I believe we shall find them in his own words, when we read further," replied Mr. Campbell; "so suppose we proceed."

Mary did so, but was soon interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Lee, who came to tell her that a young lady was waiting below to see her. Mary ran down stairs, and found her friend Jane Cooper, who had just arrived at home, after the breaking up of Mrs. Farrant's school. She could not stay many minutes, and her errand was to bring Mary a prize, which had unexpectedly been awarded to her in her absence. Mary wished to hear a great deal about the dance, and many other matters of interest; but Jane was obliged to hasten home. She asked Mary to accompany her,

and to spend the day; but Mary did not think it right to leave her grandpapa. They then agreed to walk together the next morning, and Mary ran up to Mr. Campbell to ask his permission. He readily gave it, and desired Mary to ask her young friend to dine with her, saying that, if he was well enough, he should enjoy seeing them together; and if not, they could amuse themselves down stairs. Jane promised to come; and, as soon as she was gone, Mary carried her little parcel up stairs, to shew her grandpapa its contents.

“What is your prize for, my dear?” he asked. “For general good conduct? or for progress in some particular study?”

“I do not know yet,” replied Mary, breaking one seal after another of the well-secured parcel; “but I suppose it is for music; that was the only one I at all expected to have, and Harriet Smith was my only rival there. Lady Russell’s Letters!” she said at length; and, after examining the book for a few moments, she handed it to Mr. Campbell, who eagerly felt for

his spectacles, and tried to steady his shaking hand while he read what Mrs. Farrant had written in the blank page at the beginning of the volume; for he guessed that it was something which Mary would scarcely like to read herself. She would, indeed, have blushed to do so; for the book was presented as a testimony of approbation of her general and uniform good conduct.

"I thought, when I saw it, that it was too valuable for a music prize," said Mary, as her grandpapa kissed her; "and I am very glad that it is a different one."

"This is certainly more creditable to you," replied Mr. Campbell; "but you do not mean that you would object to having a prize for music?"

"Certainly not, if Mrs. Farrant chose to give it to me. But there is a great difference between gaining a mark of approbation like this, and a reward for some particular accomplishment."

"But why not both?"

"Because I never feel quite sure that all is right when I am *trying* for a prize.

One cannot *try* for a prize for general good conduct, you know; no girl could go on for six months together trying to do her duty, just for the sake of a prize: so there is the satisfaction of hoping that one is really improving, if such a testimony comes of itself. But it is very easy to get on well with music or drawing, while one goes back in every thing else."

"No doubt, my dear, if there is not conscience enough to prevent such a sacrifice."

"O, but, grandpapa, you do not know how great the temptation is," cried Mary, while she blushed deeply. "You do not know how difficult it is to give exactly the right degree of time and attention to each particular thing, when one knows that by neglecting one thing just a little, one may get a prize and a great deal of credit for another."

"Yes, my love, I do know, for I tried for prizes too, when I was young; and I found, as perhaps you will find, that it was very good for me sometimes to lose a prize

which I expected to gain. Did you say you were *glad* this is not the music prize?"

"Yes," replied Mary. "I am glad, because I know it is good for me; but I am a little disappointed too," she added, half laughing. "When I came home, I gave up all thoughts of having any prize, because I left school before the breaking up; but when I saw that there was one, I supposed at once it was the music prize. I really thought I had got on faster than Harriet Smith, and—"

"And you think so still, my dear."

"Why, no;" replied Mary. "Mrs. Farrant must know best; but——"

"But what, my love?"

"I was thinking," said Mary, blushing again, "that it serves me quite right, for having given up any thing for the sake of this prize. I tried too much for it, and so I deserve to lose it."

"My good, candid girl!" said Mr. Campbell, drawing her towards him; "I am glad you have told me what is passing in your mind. Now finish your confes-

sion, and tell me what you gave up for the sake of this prize."

"I did not attend quite so much to my drawing, because I knew I had no chance there."

"And did Harriet Smith neglect drawing, or any thing else?"

"Yes, she did; and that is the very thing, grandpapa. If I had practised a very little more, I should have had the prize; and now I am very sorry that I gave up so much for it as I did."

"Would you have felt this sorrow, if you had gained your object?"

"Perhaps not."

"Then it may, indeed, be a good thing for you to have lost it, and as bad a thing for Harriet Smith that she has succeeded."

"So I think, grandpapa; because it seems like an encouragement to her to do the same thing another time. I sometimes feel that if Mrs. Farrant knew all that the girls think, and say, and do, about the prizes, she would be very much at a loss how to do justice. Now, in this case, she

can have no idea that Harriet Smith has not acted quite fairly by me."

"Any more than that you have not acted quite fairly by her, or yourself."

"I was going to say so, grandpapa."

"But, my dear, Mrs. Farrant knows that if there is too much striving after one particular prize, the punishment will certainly follow. When Harriet Smith tries for the drawing prize, by-and-by, she will find the disadvantage of her present neglect of drawing. This, though a remote consequence, is a very sure one."

"True, grandpapa; but the reward is immediate."

"And therefore hurtful, I grant, my dear. You and I might very possibly agree as to the system of prize-giving, if we kept school. As it is, you must comply with the established custom; endeavouring, henceforward, to avoid the slightest sacrifice of principle to it. I think your ambition has not done you much harm yet," he added, pressing her hand, "for your old grandfather's comfort is dearer to you than your

prizes. You gave them up at once when you heard I was ill."

"To be sure, grandpapa. Who would not?"

Though Mr. Campbell was able to talk cheerfully sometimes, and though his spirits rose after Mary's return, Mrs. Lee did not think that he gained ground on the whole. She began to imagine that gout was not his only complaint, and that his constitution was rapidly breaking up. He evidently thought so himself; for he told her that he was rather uneasy that his worldly affairs were not entirely settled; and he made arrangements for concluding every thing as soon as possible. His solicitor was appointed to come the next day, when a new will was to be signed and sealed. Mary was not so uneasy about her grandfather's state, as Mrs. Lee. She saw him tolerably cheerful, and as fond of her conversation as ever; and if, when she helped to remove him from his bed to his sofa, she observed that he was less able to support himself, she attributed his feebleness to his long confinement, and

hoped that, as the gout was leaving him, he would soon recover his strength in some degree. The medical man talked every day of the disappearance of the gouty symptoms, and of his soon getting about again; and as Mr. Campbell made no observation on what he said, Mary believed it all.

When she returned from her walk with Jane Cooper, she stepped softly to the sofa where Mr. Campbell was lying. He opened his eyes as she approached.

"I hope I did not waken you," said Mary. "Were you asleep?"

"No, my love; I was only thinking what a blessed thing is a respite from pain, such as I have had all this morning."

"But you are not strong to-day, grand-papa; and I came to ask you whether Jane Cooper had not better come some other day, instead of staying now. Mrs. Cooper has sent you some fine grapes, and she begs you will have no scruple in dismissing Jane, if you are not well enough to see her, or to spare me."

"Mrs. Cooper is very kind," replied Mr.

Campbell, "but it will be an amusement to me to see the young lady; and I wish to thank her myself for the grapes."

Jane Cooper stayed accordingly. She was about Mary's age, and the forwardest girl in Mrs. Farrant's school. She was forward in more ways than one; in manner, as much as in attainments. She was particularly clever, and very ambitious; so that she outstripped all her schoolfellows. This gave her a degree of self-confidence, which made her no favourite with her young companions, and imparted a freedom to her manners, when she had once broken through the reserve which she assumed for a time in the presence of strangers, which was not at all pleasing in one so young. It was not the frankness of an innocent and affectionate heart, but the overflowings of a conceit which made her imagine that her conversation must be acceptable to every body. Her best friends, however, agreed in saying, that she turned her worst side outwards, and that she had some very fine qualities, which would, some time or other,

be developed, to the wonder of her common acquaintance, if, by any means, she could be humbled, and made to sink to her proper level in her own esteem. It will easily be believed that she was not a very intimate friend of Mary's, though they were on easy terms. Jane was willing to acknowledge all Mary's excellences, as long as she was convinced that they were inferior to her own; and Mary felt the advantage of associating with a person who infused a spirit of alacrity and enterprise into her, in which she was naturally rather deficient. Amiable as she was, she was sometimes provoked at Jane's absurd conceit; but she usually felt more pity than vexation, and, humble as were her hopes, she was strenuous in her endeavours to improve the girl who was far from believing that she needed any improvement whatever.

CHAPTER III.

KNOWING that Mr. Campbell had long been confined to his apartment, with no other companions than his housekeeper and his granddaughter, Jane determined to be particularly entertaining. But it was not her way to begin at once: and when they entered Mr. Campbell's room after dinner, she walked in with a very stately air, and replied to his greeting with a profound courtesy. The questions which he asked, in order to set conversation a-going, were met with concise and well-worded replies. This formality lasted long enough to make Mary afraid that the visit would occasion more fatigue than amusement to her grandfather: but at length the subject of the dance was started. When Jane had once begun, on she went; and a most amusing story she made of the events of the evening. She quizzed the whole party most unmercifully; and related so many strange

incidents, that the wonder was how they could all have happened on the same day. Mr. Campbell knew nothing of the persons of whom she spoke; but he lay very quietly listening to the young lady, who thought that she was giving him a prodigiously high idea of her talents.

“Do you know, Mary, as soon as you were gone, Ellen Francis wanted to take your place in the management; and she went about, so busy, among the little ones; and then she came to me, to consult about the quadrilles. But I would have nothing to say to her; so she sent little Marianne to complain to Mrs. Farrant.”

“And what did Mrs. Farrant say?”

“O, she said what I knew she would: that we must settle all such matters among ourselves, for she would not interfere. So then I told the whole school, that if they left every thing to me, the whole affair should go off as smoothly as possible; but I really would not answer for the consequences, if there was any confusion in the management. So Ellen resigned, and I

had all my own way; and nothing could be better: every body said so."

"And did Ellen give up with a good grace?"

"O yes; she knew it was the only thing she could do. So she set about making her dress as like yours as possible. It suited her *so* well; she looked quite pretty."

"I think she always does," said Mary; "she is so happy-tempered."

"O yes, she is. But she was very nearly put out for once. It was my fault; but really it was almost impossible to help it. You know she has been busy for weeks, in secret, painting a card-box for Mrs. Farrant, with a beautiful group upon the lid:—Canova's dancing nymphs, if you remember. Well, I never recollected that Mrs. Farrant had not seen the group, and was not to see it till the box was given her; in fact, I never thought of Mrs. Farrant at all. I saw, at once, that this group was just the thing to chalk on the floor for the first quadrille; so, without thinking of asking leave, I took it; and as I let nobody into

the dancing-room but Emily Hobson, who helped me with the chalking, and as she knew nothing of Ellen's box, there was nobody to remind me, you know. So, when poor Ellen saw it, she really could hardly help crying."

"That really was too bad," cried Mary.

"It was," replied Jane. "And what made it the more provoking was, that I had altered it—improved it very much. You know," she continued, seeing a half-smile on Mary's face, "one may say such a thing; because, though the figures are Canova's, the grouping is not; the three nymphs being, at this moment, as far apart as Russia, Italy, and England. So I thought I might make two of them change places; and you cannot think what an improvement it was. Ellen's looked quite poor after it: and Mrs. Farrant admired mine so much, that Ellen carried her box home with her, to give to somebody who has never seen the group. I was very sorry, I assure you; but I have promised to make up for it as well as I can. I am looking

round for some other designs for her, and I will help her with another box next half-year. I comfort her with telling her that she draws better now, and if she goes on to improve as she has done lately, the box will be better worth Mrs. Farrant's acceptance than this would have been. She was so good-tempered about it, after the first moment, that I quite admired her; and I told her that it made me the more sorry."

"I hope so, indeed," said Mary. "But I do wonder that you could be so thoughtless."

"O, my dear, if you knew all I had to think about, you would not wonder. I had your share and my own, and a deal besides. Isabella Davies wanted my help as much as any body. You know what a wretched wardrobe she came with, this half-year. Well, the poor girl was quite in a fright when the dance was first talked of, because she knew she had not a frock she could put on. So, after a consultation with Mrs. Farrant, she ventured to write home, to ask for a new dress for the occasion. Her

mamma wrote word that she might expect a beautiful frock, ready made, to arrive in time. Arrive it did: but, as to its being a beauty—it was a very pretty silk, but *so* made! It was too small in every part; it was actually impossible to get it on. There was no matching the silk, and the poor girl was frightened at the very idea of altering it without her mamma's leave. However, I put some courage into her, and to work we went. I got some gauze the same colour, and made some long full sleeves; then I took out the short sleeves, which were very full, and got enough out of them, to let out the front with a stomacher, and alter the back. You cannot think how nice it looks. I am sure Mrs. Davies must approve it, and I think she owes me some thanks for my pains; for we got up two hours before it was light, for three mornings, to work at it."

"Did all Mrs. Farrant's friends go who were expected?" asked Mary; "or had you some disappointments?"

"Almost every body came," replied

Jane. "Miss Beaufort failed us, which I was sorry for. She is a beautiful dancer, and a very nice girl, and nearer my own age than any of the visitors besides. She was ill with a cold; so Mrs. Beaufort brought a niece instead of her. But, Mary, you never saw such a poor awkward girl. I really did not know what to do with her. She seemed as if she had never been in company before, though she must have been eighteen at the least. She was put into my charge, so I did not let the girls laugh any more than I could not possibly help. She came in a plain white frock, without sash, or necklace, or any such thing. The first thing she did was to let fall the sugar-tongs; and then she was so frightened at the clatter she made, that she spilled her tea. And when she stood up to dance her quadrille, (would you believe it?) she thought the chalked part of the floor was not to be danced on; so she kept most carefully on the outside of it, and when she had to cross over, she stood stock still, not daring to demolish our handywork. The girls all

laughed outright. She looked as frightened outside the chalk, as a hen would have been in it."

"And how did you help her?" enquired Mary.

"I saw she knew the figure, if she was once set off: so I gave her a push, and away she went, and got through very prosperously, with the exception of one terrible tumble, when she shook the whole room. The only other misfortune that befel her was that her hair came down."

"Jane, I am sure you are joking."

"All true, upon my honour, Mary. And when she went away, I heard her thank Mrs. Farrant for a very pleasant evening. If I were she, I should turn hot whenever I thought of it, all my life long."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Campbell, "she reckons too much on the good-nature of the company, to be aware what a very ridiculous figure she made."

"She must know that it was impossible to help laughing," said Jane. "Her aunt felt it; for she said to me, 'I must bespeak

your good-nature on behalf of my niece, who would make a better figure in your school-room than your ball-room. She has lived with her papa in the country till lately, and was never in a large party before.' "

"And you refused your good-nature, I conclude?" said Mary.

"You are pleased to be severe, Miss Mary," replied Jane. "Well, perhaps it is too bad to have told you all this; but I did not think of it, and can't help it now; so pray forget it all as fast as you can. To make up for it, I must tell you what a kind thing Emily Hobson did for Miss Airey. You know Miss Airey had been reckoning on this dance for weeks; and she cares a great deal about dress and so forth. She was to come rather earlier than the rest of the company, as she lives so far off; and we were therefore very much surprised when seven o'clock struck, and she had not arrived. At last she came, but in such a plight as you never saw. The fly that she came in broke down by the way, and she had to stand in the road for a long time be-

fore another could be got. Her dress was all dirtied and torn, and her hair out of curl, and her flowers crushed and spoiled. But Emily soon set all to rights. She made Miss Airey put on her dress, while she wore her common dancing-frock; and she even took the flowers out of her own hair, and put them into Miss Airey's. Emily was the plainest-dressed girl in the room, except one or two, and scarcely any body knew the reason; and that made me think her almost too good-natured."

"I had rather have been Emily than Miss Airey," said Mary. "Why should not *she* have worn the plain frock?"

"Why, indeed," replied Jane, "I told Emily so; but she only smiled. I know what was in her thoughts, though she did not speak. 'Miss Airey cares about her dress, and I do not.'"

"I thought you said," observed Mary, as soon as there was a pause, "that every thing went right, and as smoothly as possible: and yet you have told us of a great variety of misfortunes."

“O, my dear,” replied Jane, “I only spoke to what was under my management. It would be strange, indeed, if all the concerns of fifty people went right, even for one evening. No! I only meant, that in my department all was successful. Your absence, you know, was a great misfortune of itself—for us, I mean,” she added, recollecting that Mr. Campbell heard her. “You cannot think how every body wished for you. And I, though I got through without you, should have been very glad of your help, I assure you.”

“I think it happened very well,” said Mary, laughing; “you do not appear to have minded the trouble, and the credit is all your own.”

“My dear Mary!” said Jane, trying to look modest.

“Are you very fond of this young lady, Mary?” said Mr. Campbell, when Jane was gone.

“No, grandpapa, not very. But indeed she appeared to great disadvantage this evening. I never heard her run on so be-

fore. I do believe it was partly from a wish to amuse you. It is a pity she does not know better how to please you."

"She has not exactly hit upon the means, certainly," replied Mr. Campbell.

"I wish you may see her again," said Mary, "that you may find out what very fine points there are in her character. She is really very active and industrious, and desirous to do good; and, in her actions, very generous."

"I will take her good qualities upon trust, my dear; and we will hope that a certain 'unruly little member' will be put under greater restraint by-and-by."

"That puts me in mind of something I want to ask you," said Mary: "but not just now," (for the time-piece struck ten while she was speaking.) "It is very late, and I am afraid we have tired you too much."

"If I should sleep, the fatigue will have been good for me, my dear. Ring for Mrs. Lee, and then go to your rest; and I will hear to-morrow what you want to say to me."

CHAPTER IV.

IN the morning, when Mary helped to dress her grandfather, and to settle him on his couch, she thought him more feeble than she had yet seen him. "You are not so well to-day, I fear," she said.

"I am weak, my love, but not ill. I have no pain; and am ready to talk with you, or to hear you read Dr. Franklin's life. Which are you most inclined for?"

"I am afraid you are not strong enough for either, grandpapa."

"Yes, I am. Let me hear what it is you want to ask me."

"I want to know whether you think we were wrong in talking so much about Dr. Franklin's faults, the other day. We had, to be sure, only read the earlier part of his memoirs then; the only part which relates to his faults: and now, that we know more of his virtues, we might talk differently. But

were we severe or unjust in making the remarks we did?"

"I think not, my dear. If I remember right, we said nothing more than was actually true; nothing more than must naturally arise in the mind of every thinking person, who entertains our views, in reading the work."

"But is it right to *say* all we think, whether it be favourable or otherwise?"

"That must depend on circumstances entirely. When I checked you the other day, in the midst of a story about Mrs. Simmons's shabby behaviour about a servant, I gave you my reasons; and I think you quite agree with me, that you were wrong. My reasons for recommending you to keep to yourself what you had heard, were, that we could not ascertain whether the whole or any part of the story was true, or had been faithfully represented; that, supposing it true, it was no business of ours, we knowing little of Mrs. Simmons; that it was a waste of time to talk on a useless subject; and, above all, that, to dwell on

the faults of others, from any but a conscientious motive, is the surest way to impair the benevolent affections, and to foster those habits of mind which are fatal to Christian charity."

"Those were your reasons, grandpapa, I remember."

"And how far do they apply to the present case? Are we sure that Dr. Franklin's story is true?"

"O yes, grandpapa; because he tells it himself."

"Is it any business of ours to criticise his character?"

"I think it is," said Mary, "because we got the book for the very purpose. I wanted to know what his whole character was, rather than the events of his times. If they had been my object, I might have learned them from the history of England."

"To be sure, my dear. Nothing can be more natural and proper, than for two or more friends, who read a book together, to communicate their thoughts upon it, as they arise. It *was* our business, then, to re-

mark on this character, as we read. Was our subject a useless one, and our time therefore wasted?"

"I think not," said Mary; "for I am sure I find it very useful to observe how characters are formed by circumstances, and how they alter continually; how bad ones are made good, and how good ones go on to improve, or even, how they sometimes degenerate."

"If we observe with right intentions, and hold them up as examples or warnings to ourselves, it is indeed a useful exercise," replied Mr. Campbell: "and if biography is not read with this view, it had better not be read at all. And this leads to the last question—Did we speak of Dr. Franklin's faults from a conscientious motive?"

Mary hesitated; and Mr. Campbell continued. "*My* motive, if I mistake not, was to warn you against the erroneous thought which is too likely to arise in the mind of a youthful reader of these memoirs, namely, if Dr. Franklin was so great, so good, so useful, so honoured, and beloved, with only a

very spurious kind of religion, so may I. He reached the pinnacle of fame and happiness, independently of religion: surely, then, I may do without it. My object was to put you on the watch, during the remainder of his history, that you may be prepared for the remarks I shall make at the end of it. Now, what was your motive?"

"I do not think I had any particular motive at the time," said Mary.

"You mean, you did not reflect on your motives, my dear. Nobody speaks or acts without a motive."

"Well, then, I suppose it was curiosity, because I was interested in Dr. Franklin's character. And I was surprised, too, that he should turn out so well, after having played such pranks in his youth."

"You spoke, in fact, the thoughts which naturally arose in your mind. With respect to a published book, this is allowable and useful, if we are careful to keep clear of prejudice, and to make all due allowances for faults. With respect to living charac-

ters, we must exercise a stronger restraint over our judgments; for, it is next to impossible to comprehend all the circumstances in which a living person is placed, and to form an accurate judgment of his conduct, till the springs and consequences of his actions are fully developed: and we also owe him so much justice and charity, as to abstain from injuring his reputation, or impairing our own benevolent feelings towards him. With respect to those who are dead, we can obtain greater certainty, and better means of forming a judgment of conduct; but we still owe them a tender regard of their reputation; more so, perhaps, than if they were still living, as they are no longer able to defend themselves. But when the lives and correspondence of persons are published, their characters become public property. The very reason why we read them is, or ought to be, to form an estimate of their virtues and defects, for the benefit of ourselves, or of those whose minds are under our direction. We must place this estimate under the opera-

tion of those principles which should modify judgments of every kind,—justice and charity: but due honour being awarded, and due allowance being made, our estimate should be drawn, and retained for use, as a warning, or an example.”

“Would you have spoken to me of Dr. Franklin’s faults, if he had been still living?” enquired Mary.

“Of his youthful faults, certainly not,” replied Mr. Campbell; “unless, perhaps, to shew you how errors may be renounced, and bad habits corrected: that is, in order to praise Dr. Franklin. If I saw you carried away by admiration of his virtues, to believe that you could become as great and good without religion, I should point out to you what I think the deficiencies of his character; but I should not speculate on his circumstances and conduct, as I do now that they have been made public property.”

“I am satisfied now, grandpapa, as to the right we have to say what we think of a *printed* character. The next question is,

whether we have done justice to Dr. Franklin's virtues?"

"I think the admiration that we have stopped to express, at almost every page, my dear, is a proof how highly we estimate his virtues. The love which I still bear to his memory, and which I feel to be revived by almost every passage, assures me that his noble qualities have won their due share of admiration and affection from me. Self-taught as he was, what must have been the wisdom and power of his conscience, to make him honoured by his acquaintance for his industry and temperance, beloved by his friends for his benevolence, revered by the world for his patriotism? To say nothing of his grand intellectual qualities, what a mind must that have been, which, notwithstanding early disadvantages and bad habits, rose to be a blessing to nations, and an honour to human nature!"

"Many people would say," observed Mary, "what more would you have? What more could religion have done for such a man as this?"

“I should reply, my dear, that he was not altogether without religion; and that I believe what religion he had, exerted a powerful influence in forming and cherishing his virtues. I also believe, that if he had looked on Christianity as more than a fine system of morality, his mind and heart would have derived from it a light and warmth, with which his own reason, clear as it was, could not furnish him. While his efforts for the good of mankind would have been no less strenuous, they would have been more eminently graced with that touching humility, that perfect dependence upon God, that universal ascription of all the praise to His grace, which secures to the name of HOWARD a deeper sanctuary in our affections than that of Franklin can ever occupy. A better religion would, in my opinion, have brightened his virtues, and hung new graces about them; would have infinitely increased his resources, and deepened the enjoyments of his solitude; would have satisfied the anxious desires of his best friends for

his happiness, and would have made his example a safe, an unexceptionable guide to all who have ever heard, or ever will hear, his name."

"But his *is* a very fine example, grand-papa."

"A very fine one, my dear, but not unexceptionable. A rare concurrence of circumstances made him what he was; and it is dangerous to imagine that any other man could have been as good, without the aid of a better guide than human reason. How he came to be without a better guide, is not now the question. Many circumstances, out of his own power, no doubt contributed to it. We can only lament that he *was* without it: and while we admire the firmness and wisdom which induced him to follow the dictates of reason, grieve that he did not rejoice in the possession of a higher sanction to his virtuous efforts. In proposing him as an example to you, or any one else, I would say, 'Cultivate your faculties, restrain your passions, cherish your benevolence, exert your powers, as Dr. Franklin did; but rely

not on your own strength and wisdom. Seek the wisdom which is from above; implore aid from Him who "increaseth strength," and, good and happy as Dr. Franklin was, you may be better and happier even than he.' "

Mary had fixed her eyes on her grandfather's countenance as he spoke; and she now perceived that a paleness and languor came over it, which plainly shewed that he was not equal to any further conversation at present. He owned himself tired, and said he wished to be alone, that he might close his eyes, and not be tempted to speak, or exert himself in any way. He proposed that Mary should ask one of the Miss Gowens to be her companion in a walk, as the morning was fine: so, when she had stirred the fire, smoothed her grandpapa's pillow, placed his little hand-bell within reach, and softly kissed his cheek, she went to see that Mrs. Lee was at liberty to attend to his wants, and then prepared for her walk.

CHAPTER V.

MARY returned in two hours, and was just proceeding to Mr. Campbell's apartment, when she was stopped on the stairs by Mrs. Lee, who told her that she must not go in, as a gentleman was there.

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Mary. "I am sure grandpapa is not well enough to see visitors to-day."

"My master wished to see him," replied Mrs. Lee; "indeed, he sent for him himself."

"Who can it be?" said Mary. "Do you know who he is?"

"O yes, Miss. It's Mr. Hindman, the lawyer. He is come about my master's new will: and I shall be called in presently to sign it, and Mr. Hindman's clerk is to sign it too. He is waiting below in the study."

Mary went in silence to her chamber, and

remained there till she heard the hall-door shut, and, looking out of the window, saw Mr. Hindman and his clerk walking down the street. As she went down stairs, she met Mrs. Lee, who was coming to tell her that her grandpapa had asked for her. Mary went to him.

"I am afraid your rest was soon disturbed, after I left you," said she.

"No, my love," he replied; "I had an hour's sleep before Mr. Hindman came."

"And your luncheon, I hope, grandpapa."

"No; I was not inclined to eat."

"Then you must be ready for your dinner, now, for it is later than usual."

"I am not hungry; but I will try to eat what you send me. My appetite fails me to-day."

Mary went to her dinner with a heavy heart, and eyes that would have overflowed, if she had not made a strong effort to repress her tears. She sent Mr. Campbell a delicate morsel, which he just tasted and sent away.

Mary was by his side as soon as she had swallowed her dinner.

"I am afraid music would only disturb you, this afternoon," said she.

"I had rather have you beside me, my love. Take your work, and draw your low stool close to me. There; that will do. Mrs. Lee told you what Mr. Hindman's business was, this morning. I have two or three directions to give you, love; which I may as well give while I remember them." He paused.

Mary was silent.

"It may be as well," continued Mr. Campbell, "to make a memorandum of them. My pocket-book is in that drawer, close beside you. I will tell you what to write in it. In the fourth drawer of my bureau, my love, you will find a packet of letters, sealed up in an envelope, on which is written, 'Henry Sefton, Esq. Upwell, Devonshire.' I wish you, Mary, to take charge of this packet, and forward it, as a coach-parcel, according to the direction."

"Shall I fetch it?" enquired Mary.

"No, my love. I have not fully explained myself, I see. You are to take charge of it, after my death."

Mary made no reply, but attempted to write the memorandum. The pen would not mark. She took another with better success; and steadied her hand sufficiently to make her writing legible.

"Now let me see it, my dear. Very well, that will do. In another drawer of the same bureau, you will find miniatures of your father and mother, which are yours from this hour. There is also one of my wife, which I commit to your care, till you can deliver it into your father's hands. Now set that down."

"I shall not forget," said Mary.

"Probably not, my dear; but I am a methodical old man, you know."

It was down in an instant.

"My second best suit of clothes, you will give to old John Frost. Mrs. Lee will take charge of the rest of my wardrobe, and do what she pleases with it."

Another pause, while Mary wrote. At length she stopped, whether from inability to write, or because she had finished her memorandum, Mr. Campbell could not discover, as her face was turned away from him. He watched her with an attentive eye. Her head sank lower and lower, and a crimson flush spread from her cheeks over her neck; but she did not move.

"Mary!" said her grandfather's gentle voice.

She made no reply. He raised himself a little, and placed his hand on her shoulder, while he said, "Turn towards me, my love, and do not be afraid to tell me what is in your mind. You have always opened your thoughts freely to me; and why not now? It is I who am preparing you for the change which must happen; so that it can do me no harm to speak of it. Let us have no reserves from each other now, Mary."

She turned; but her face was hid in her hands, and tears were trickling through her

fingers, and dropping the faster, the more she tried to restrain them.

“Your grief is that we must part, my love; your grief is natural, and I feel for the trial that is coming upon you. But I hope you have accustomed yourself, of late, to think much of it. I thought you had been as fully aware as I am myself that my strength is gradually declining, and that, at my age, there can be little reason to hope for its restoration. If the thought is new to you, I shall reproach myself for not having said more to you about it.”

“I have thought very often,” said Mary, trying to command her voice, “that the time must come; but I never thought it was so very near. O, I cannot bear it yet,” she continued, laying her head on her grandpapa’s shoulder; “what shall I do without you? I shall feel alone in the world; for I never, never can love any body else so well.”

“Continue to love me, Mary. It would be a sad thing, indeed, if death were to

change our love for one another. We are to meet again, you know; and why should we not meet in heaven with our affections as warm, and our hearts as closely knit, as at this moment? If we do not stifle the hope by our own unworthiness, we are encouraged to look forward to the enjoyment of friendship in heaven, quite as warm and infinitely more faithful than any which was ever fostered in this world of change, of sin, and sorrow."

"I believe it; I know it;" said Mary: "but how long it may be before we meet there! How many things may happen to prevent our ever meeting! I should not be worthy to be with you, if I were to die now; and if I were ever to grow more unworthy still; if I were to neglect my duty, to love you less, to forget you!"

"That would be awful indeed, my love; and if I thought you would ever become unworthy of the love I feel for you, my parting hour would be a bitter one. But I hope better things. I firmly trust that my prayers for you have not been in vain,

and that God will give you strength to keep the path, into which His grace has already directed your steps. You are in the way, I trust, to become a worthy disciple of your Saviour; to prove yourself indeed a child of God. There are many trials, many snares, many dangers before you, no doubt: and this, my love, is no time for flattery, or for forming false estimates of the merits of those who are to live, or those who are to die. But, in sincerity of heart, I thank God for you, that you have not now the path of life to discover for yourself; and that, as I must leave you before your character is formed, and your moral habits fixed, I have the comfort of knowing that the aim of your conduct is good, and that you will be in the hands of those who desire to promote your best interests as sincerely, though not, perhaps, so earnestly, as I do."

The solemnity with which these words were spoken, calmed Mary's emotion. She raised her head, and, with a firmer voice, said, "But no one can do what you would

have done for me. O, tell me how I may best supply the loss to myself."

"It is quite natural, Mary, that you should love me best, and think that my loss cannot be made up to you, because I have been like your only relation, since you were quite a child. I have been to you, from your circumstances, in the place of father, and mother, and all relations besides. But you will not be, in reality, left alone when you lose me. The time is already near when you will see your parents; and the love which they deserve from you, and which I have endeavoured to keep alive, as much as absence and separation would allow, will increase from this time, till it will far more than make up to you for the loss of one, who, though he did his very best for you, could but ill supply their place. Be to them what, in proportion to your age and your knowledge, you have been to me; be to yourself what my affection would have you; be to the world what a disciple of Christ should be; be to God what His law and His grace may make

you; and your usefulness and peace in this world will be secured, and your union with virtuous friends in another may be looked to with confidence."

"With you, my best, my kindest friend?" exclaimed Mary.

"It does not become us to speak with much confidence on a subject so awfully doubtful: nor do I mean to lay open to you, Mary, or to any one, all the thoughts which I entertain about my own fitness or unfitness for a state of perfect purity and happiness. But you know how encouraging are the views I entertain respecting the mercy of God, and the benignity with which He regards every attempt to render the soul worthy to enter His presence. You know that I have long expected to enter that presence; you know that I have been more and more intensely interested every day, in learning what the New Testament declares of the terms of salvation, and of what Christ and his apostles taught about a future state. As you know that I have thus sought knowledge, and as high a de-

gree of confidence as man may dare to attain, respecting the nature of a future state, it is but right to tell you also, that by the mercy of God I have a strong hope that His discipline has not been useless to me, and that the glories of His heavenly kingdom will not be veiled from me. This is enough to say of myself. Tell your father and mother that I said it, and that not a care remains to trouble the repose of my mind, except that I have not again beheld them, and with my own hands restored you to them. To this deprivation we must submit, and be grateful that it is the only one. I have but little pain of body, and none of mind; so, my dear child, I call upon you to be more thankful than sorrowful, and to let all your thoughts of me be peaceful and cheerful, when I am gone. It would be too much to expect of you now."

Mary's flowing tears shewed that it was. Mr. Campbell told her, that he was not inclined to think that his end was *very* near; but, knowing his own inability to judge,

and the probability that his faculties or his speech might fail him, he thought it right to settle his worldly business, and give his directions, while he was able. Mary was comforted by this; and, wishing to spare him further fatigue, and to recover her own composure, she retired to her own room, for a short time. She sat down to reflect, and then she felt the influence of her grandfather's dignified and benevolent conversation. She thought she still heard his gentle voice, and saw his heavy eye lighted up with love as he looked upon her. There was no rapture, no triumph in his countenance. His was a soul too diffident to dare to admit a feeling of triumph; yet his "faith was firm, and conscience clear," and hence arose the peace in which his mind reposed, when he desired her to "be thankful, rather than sorrowful." She wished that she could fix his voice and countenance in her memory for ever, as a charm against sin and sorrow. With a mind softened and composed, she kneeled down to pray for a firmer trust and a

deeper composure; and for an abundant measure of happiness to him who was just loosing his hold on the comforts and pleasures of mortal life. She prayed that neither in this world nor another might she inflict one sorrow, by her unworthiness, on him to whom she owed so much; but that she might rather be permitted to soothe his last hours of life, and, in due time, to enhance his future joys, by shewing that his labours and prayers in her behalf had not been in vain. She arose refreshed, and went down stairs, resolving, if possible, to keep the possession of all her powers; to mark every word and look of her grandfather; to anticipate every wish respecting the arrangement he had committed to her care; and, in every way, to make the most of the little which remained of his lengthened life, for his comfort and her own advantage. He did not stir as she entered the room, and the momentary apprehension crossed her that his spirit had fled; but when she approached the sofa, she perceived that he was asleep. His coun-

tenance was placid, and his breathing easy. That he should sleep so soon after a conversation so interesting, and, to her, so awful, was a proof either of the weakness of his body, or the strength of his mind. Mary hoped the latter; and, pleased to have a little more time allowed for quiet reflection, she took her work, and sat down to think over, once more, all that had been said.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE had not been thus employed many minutes, when the door was softly opened, and Mrs. Lee entered the room. When she saw that Mr. Campbell was asleep, she beckoned to Mary to follow her. She led the way into the drawing-room, and then said, that she had heard a piece of news which she was sorry to tell, as it would give Mary great concern. In answer to Mary's anxious enquiries, she said that Jane Cooper's mother was dead, after an illness of only a few hours. Mary was, indeed, shocked, and could scarcely credit the intelligence. Her first thought was for poor Jane; and the contrast between her gaiety of the preceding evening and her present circumstances rose immediately in her mind. She trembled; for her previous agitation had ill prepared her for a shock of any kind; and Mrs. Lee, seeing how she was shaken, made her sit down, and

blamed herself for telling the news so suddenly. Mary soon recovered her composure, and she then consulted with Mrs. Lee as to what must be done. Should she inform her grandfather of the event? Unless she did, she could afford no comfort to Jane, which she longed to do; but she, for a moment, felt unwilling to disturb the repose of Mr. Campbell's mind, by any tale of distress. When she reflected, however, that such concealments are attended with much danger, that his mind was in a state of great composure, and that his interest in this event was not so strong as her own, she determined that it was better to run the risk of telling him at once, than that of exposing him to hear it by accident; and thus she might reconcile her friendly offices to Jane with her duty to her grandfather. She learned from Mrs. Lee as many particulars as she knew; namely, that Mrs. Cooper had complained of illness the evening before, and was in bed when Jane returned from her visit at Mr. Campbell's; that she passed a pretty good night, but

was worse in the morning; that her pain increased during the day, till convulsions ended her sufferings about an hour before Mary received the intelligence.

Mary returned to Mr. Campbell's apartment, and watched his awaking. She smiled when he spoke to her, and tried to support cheerful conversation; but all her efforts would not suffice to hide the agitation of her spirits; and the tears *would* spring in her eyes, and her voice *would* tremble. Her grandfather was concerned to see her sorrow, but had no suspicion of more causes than one, till he observed the anxious look which Mrs. Lee cast towards her young mistress, as she brought in the tea-things.

"Mary," said he, as soon as they were alone, "has any thing happened amiss? or did I afflict you more than I intended, this afternoon?"

"I am more concerned for another person's sorrow than my own, grandpapa."

"For whose, my dear?"

"For one whom we lately saw gayer and happier than we, but who is now

mourning as I, at least, have never mourned." Mary then related the facts; and was pleased to see how immediately her grandfather's thoughts flowed into their habitual channel.

"What can we do for this poor girl?" was his first question. Mary rejoiced that she had practised no concealments.

"Yours is an early age," said he, "to be familiarized with scenes of sorrow and death. Doubtless, Providence has some good end in view, in calling you to them. You are young, to be sent from the house of sickness to the house of mourning. But you will wish to see your friend."

"If she wishes it, or if I can do her any good," replied Mary; "but I should be sorry to break in on her grief. I wish I knew what she would like!"

"Suppose you write a note to her, to tell her you are at her service."

"But am I?" enquired Mary. "I cannot leave you."

"Jane will not ask any thing of you, which would interfere with your atten-

dance on me, I am sure. And I do not wish to engross you for every hour of the day."

Mary wrote a few lines to Jane, to express her sympathy, and to offer to see her, or do any thing for her which would not interfere with her duty to Mr. Campbell.

The reply was—

"DEAR MARY,—Let me see you in the morning, if Mr. Campbell is not worse. I am quite alone, but have sent for my brother."

Jane Cooper had lost her father while she was very young. She was an only daughter, and had but one brother, a young man, four years older than herself, who was at this time in London. She was indeed forlorn, on this first night of suffering. None of her friends, but Mary, had yet heard of her loss, and she passed the hours in solitary grief, till Mary visited her in the morning, and found her in such a state of misery and exhaustion, that she feared to leave her. By Mr. Campbell's desire she invited Jane to his house, as she thought

she could thus most easily divide her attention between the two friends who so much needed her care. But Jane would not hear of leaving the house while her mother's remains were there. As soon as the funeral was over, however, she consented to the removal, and was evidently benefited by it. Her interest was excited by Mr. Campbell's situation; and, when the violence of her grief had somewhat subsided, she felt a desire to aid Mary in her duties, and to share her anxieties, rather than to be a burden on her kindness. The drawing-room was appropriated to her use; and, though Mary spent every leisure moment with her, she had much time on her hands, and at length began to wish that she could employ it in Mary's service. Mary watched her anxiously, and was pleased to observe that her own griefs were no longer the only subjects of her thoughts. She determined, by her grandfather's desire, to encourage any inclination she might perceive in Jane to visit the sick-room.

One afternoon, the girls were sitting to-

gether in the drawing-room, while Mr. Campbell slept. Jane had been speaking much, as usual, of her mother, and of her own loss, when she exclaimed, "How selfish it is of me, Mary, to be always talking of my own sorrow, when I do believe yours is almost as great! Why do you not speak as freely to me, of what is in your mind? Do you think I have no interest in your feelings?"

"I do not doubt your interest," replied Mary; "but it is more easy, I believe, to speak of sorrows that are past, than of those which are coming. Besides, it relieves my own cares, to sympathize in yours."

"O, Mary, that is quite a reproof to me. But, indeed, I do think a great deal about you, when I am alone. I wish I could help you; but I know I must not think of that."

"Why not?" asked Mary.

"Because I do not see how I can. Your cares lie in the sick-room, and I have no business there."

"If you have the least wish to see grand-papa," replied Mary, "he and I should

both like to admit you. He cannot talk much, you know, but he would like to see you; and I really think it would please you to see how easy and placid he is, though his weakness is so great."

"Then I will go," replied Jane. "But it makes me ashamed to think how I talked when he last saw me. Do you think he remembers it?"

"If he does," said Mary, "the best way to put it out of his mind, is to let him hear you talk differently, as you now feel."

"But can I do any thing for him?" asked Jane.

"It will amuse him to hear our conversation," replied Mary; "and we shall both be more comfortable, when we know that you are not passing hour after hour in solitude."

"I wonder you can think so much about me, Mary, if you really expect to lose him so soon. Is your conviction still unshaken?"

"It is," said Mary. "His strength certainly fails him, though very gradually. A few weeks is the longest respite I expect;

and I should not be taken by surprise at any time now."

She spoke in a tone so firm as to surprise Jane, who said, "I suppose it is because he has prepared you himself, that you can speak of this so calmly. I admire you, Mary, but I could not imitate you."

"Do not admire me," replied Mary. "Grandpapa and I have talked so often about our separation, that it is not so painful to me, as it was, to think of it; I become more and more reconciled to it, and aware of the selfishness of wishing him to live. He is so easy and happy, that I am not even inclined to grieve as I did at first."

Mary was daily more gratified to perceive that Jane's affliction had had the effect of softening her character, and humbling her pride. It was indeed a new thing to her, to find herself cast on the compassion of her friends for support and comfort. Her brother had written word that he could not leave London for two or three weeks, much as he wished to do so; so that Jane

had no relation at hand, no one on whose support she had a claim. She felt her obligations to her kind friends; and her gratitude, combined with her experience of her own helplessness under the pressure of sudden calamity, imparted a gentleness to her voice, and a humility to her manner, which were as new as they were pleasing. Mr. Campbell was struck with the change, as she drew near his sofa, when she at length summoned courage to enter his apartment. He did not speak much to her, as he saw that her eyes were ready to overflow at the first word: but he pressed her hand, and pointed to a seat near the fire. She bowed her head over her work, and recovered her composure, while Mary busied herself in arranging the pillows for her grandfather. The young people then conversed softly, but as freely as if Mr. Campbell had not been present, till the arrival of the medical man, when they withdrew. In a little time, Jane felt as much at ease in the sick-room as Mary herself; and when Mary had once said, "Will you

take care of grandpapa, while I go into the town?" it was an understood thing that Jane was to share the office of nurse with her friend. When she was sitting by his bedside one day, (for he was now too weak to be removed to his sofa,) he said, "It pleases me to think, my dear, that you will comfort Mary when she loses me. I hope you will be examples to each other, when you return to school; and help each other to fulfil your duties, instead of indulging your grief."

"I am not fit to be an example to any one, Sir, I am afraid."

"This from Jane Cooper!" thought Mr. Campbell.

"I hope we shall be as kind to one another as we can," continued Jane: "but I can never be to Mary such an example as she is to me."

"She is a good girl," said Mr. Campbell; "and it delights me to see her cheerfulness. She knows, as well as I do, that we must soon part; yet we hear no lamentations from her."

"She feels herself obliged to you for her cheerfulness, Sir."

"I am grateful that we have been permitted to prepare ourselves and each other for the separation," said Mr. Campbell.

He had now lingered on for three weeks, in a state of increasing feebleness; and when his own mind, and the minds of his friends, had, in mercy, been fully prepared, the tie was gently severed which bound him to this world. Mary entered Jane's room one afternoon, to tell her that his speech had failed him. His lips moved, but there was no sound; he appeared to suffer no pain, and to acquiesce at once in his inability to express his wishes. Mary watched beside him till night, when she observed him turn his eyes towards the table on which his Bible lay. "Shall I read to you?" she enquired. A glance told her his wishes, and she knew him too well to be at a loss to which part of the volume to turn. When she had finished, she brought Jane to his bedside, to bid him farewell for the night, perhaps for ever. He raised

her hand to his lips, and she bent over him to kiss his forehead. He smiled; and Jane saw him no more.

Mary would not leave his room, though she permitted the nurse to take her place by the bedside. Jane could not rest, and was on the watch. In the middle of the night she heard the door of Mr. Campbell's room softly opened; and, slipping on her dressing-gown, she went a little way down stairs, where she met Mrs. Lee.

"It will soon be over now, Ma'am," said Mrs. Lee. "My master had a hard struggle for a few minutes; but he is easy again. He seems just going."

Jane did not venture into the room, but she remained on the watch, till she saw Mary step across the landing to her own chamber. Jane followed, and, to her great consolation, perceived that her friend's countenance was calm. "He is at rest, thank God!" were Mary's first words.

"And your mind at peace, Mary. You do not yet need consolation, I see; but shall I remain with you?"

"I had rather be alone till the morning," said Mary; "then I will tell you all."

Jane stirred her fire, and lighted her lamp, and, after one embrace, left her to her griefs and her consolations.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a stormy night. The wind roared without, and whistled in the chimney, as Mary sank down in a chair by the fireside. Her heart was oppressed, though her tearless eyes had led Jane to think that she did not yet need consolation. She now felt that heart-sickness which makes the mourner weary, for a time, of every thing. While the blast rose louder and louder on her ear, she drew her breath deeply, and longed for silence; but when it died away, the stillness was oppressive, and her aching ear watched for a sound. Her lamp was on the mantel-piece, and she fixed her eyes on the flame, till they were weary of its flickering. When she closed them, she could not bear the intenseness of her thoughts, and started up to pace her chamber. "I am alone," thought she;—"alone in this chamber—alone in this kingdom—alone in the world—for I know not my parents.

Land and sea divide me from them. Before I can traverse land and sea to reach them, death may have parted me from them, as now from him who was as parents, friends, as all the world to me. He is gone, and I am alone. Yet not alone," continued she, as higher and better feelings arose in her mind—"yet not alone; for my Father is with me. O my Father!"—and she cast herself on her knees,—“the ear of my earthly parent is closed for ever to my voice; but Thine is ever open to my cry. The sighing of the sorrowful heart cometh up before Thee, and thou dost not despise the tears of the mourner.”

She poured out all her sorrows, all her fears and desires, to Him who had taken from her the guide of her steps, and the first object of her earthly love. As her tears flowed, her spirit became calm, and after some time she once more seated herself, to reflect, and to prepare herself for the duties and trials which awaited her. When weary of thought, she opened her Bible: she read, and paused to reflect, and

then read again, till her aching eyes could no longer discern the words. She felt that she ought to seek rest; but she dreaded stillness and darkness, and lingered over the dying embers, till the flame of her lamp began to grow dim. The wind had ceased, and all was still without; but a chill now crept over her, and at length, just as her lamp went out, she lay down, though with little hope of sleep. She watched the shadows which were cast on the wall by the feeble light of the fire. The crumbling of the embers, and the ticking of her watch, were the only sounds which fell on her ear. The shadows became fainter, and the sounds were no longer heard, as she began to doze; and soon her weary head and heavy heart found rest, for a while, in sleep.

Her repose was quiet and sound: for good Mrs. Lee, who felt anxious for her, could not resolve to leave her for so many hours; and ventured to knock softly at her door, at four o'clock in the morning. Hearing no answer, she opened the door, and leaving the light outside, stepped softly to

the bed, and had the satisfaction of seeing that her young mistress was asleep; and retired without disturbing her.

When Mary awoke, the grey light was beginning to break. She wished to know the hour, and rose and took her watch to the window. It was nearly seven: she had slept four hours, and was refreshed. A heavy snow had fallen, and one desolate expanse of whiteness spread from her eye to the horizon. Every branch of every tree was laden with snow; and all was so still, that not a bough shook off its burden. Not a blade of grass, or a plant, peeped above its covering, and the light was not yet strong enough to fling a shadow upon the surface. Mary crept to her bed again. "The hand which once dressed the earth in verdure and beauty," thought she, "has now made it, for a time, desolate in our eyes: that same hand once blessed my life with enjoyments and hopes, and has now hidden the best of them from me. The grass and flowers will spring again; and my blessings, though hidden, are not dead. Before the warmth of His

love my sorrows may melt away, long cherished hopes may revive, and fresh pleasures may spring, where all is now blank and cheerless."

When she went into the drawing-room to breakfast, she found that Jane had already been studying her comfort. The breakfast-table was drawn near the bright fire, the tea was made, and Jane was ready with a kiss and kind enquiries how she had passed the night. This appearance of comfort cheered poor Mary's spirits: she was cold, and her red eyes and pale cheeks shewed Jane that natural grief had succeeded to the firmness which she had maintained as long as exertion was necessary. To Jane's enquiry whether she had slept, she replied that she had; but was, nevertheless, very glad that the night was over. "You know, Jane, what the first night is, after having seen a parent die."

Jane shuddered at the recollection.

"And yet," continued Mary, "I have known it otherwise; and I am aware it ought to be otherwise, and must be so,

where faith in God, love to one's departed friend, and forgetfulness of one's self, are as firmly established as they should be. We owe our miseries to our own weakness."

"Then I must have been very weak, for I am sure I was very miserable," said Jane.

"So was I," said Mary; "and, as we are both conscious of it, we must try to strengthen as well as comfort each other. I want your advice about what I ought to do first: whether I ought to let any one know, or whether I shall leave every thing to itself, and wait till some one comes to see and help us."

This point was soon determined; for one of Mr. Campbell's executors had come to enquire; and, finding that all was over, had left word that his lady would call to see Miss Campbell, and afford her any assistance in her power. Mary knew the lady, and was gratified by her offer of kindness.

The first thing she did, after breakfast, was to go to Mr. Campbell's bureau, to find the packet and miniatures, concern-

ing which he had given her directions. She then went round the house, to see that every place where he kept papers, &c. was locked, and collected his keys, ready to be given into the hands of his executors. When this was done, she sat down to gaze on the pictures of her parents. "Am I not ungrateful," thought she, "to grieve so much for what is gone, when such blessings are left? I have a father and mother to live for; and though my remembrance of them is faint, and though it will yet be long before I see them again, I love them dearly; and to live with them once more, is the greatest happiness I can now look forward to." She now began to ponder the sad necessity which separates some children from their parents, and to question whether any advantages can counterbalance the evils of such a separation. "But if I had not come to England, I should never have known grandpapa!"—and, in the present state of her feelings, this thought was sufficient to make her satisfied with her lot.

The executors were very kind to Mary,

and gave her her choice, whether to remain where she was, or to make one of their houses her abode for the fortnight which still remained of the holidays. They even proposed, that, if she felt her spirits unequal to the bustle of school, she should spend a quarter of a year with them, before she returned to Mrs. Farrant's. Mary was grateful for the kindness of the proposal, and took it into consideration; but she soon decided that her inclination led her to prefer remaining at home for the next fortnight; when, in obedience to her sense of duty, she would return to school. She knew how her grandfather disapproved of any sacrifice of duty to the indulgence of feeling, and remembered how his sensibilities were ever under the direction of his conscience; and she determined to imitate him, as far as she was able; and delighted to be controlled and guided by his wisdom, as if he yet lived to reason and persuade.

Jane remained with her, though, as her brother arrived from London, she was

much occupied with him, and as busy as Mary herself, in discharging various duties which the situation of each imposed. At the end of the fortnight, all was done; and the two girls bid adieu to their respective homes, to which they were to return no more. They appeared to themselves to be entering on a new period of their lives; and it was with softened recollections and saddened feelings, that they turned away from scenes where their greatest pleasures and pains had been experienced. It was with tearful eyes that Mrs. Lee saw her young mistress depart; though, as she intended to remain in Liverpool, she hoped that the parting was not a final one.

Mrs. Farrant received her pupils with great kindness, and shewed them as much indulgence as was consistent with the discipline of her school, and with real kindness to the girls themselves. Their school-fellows testified all the sympathy which young hearts are prone to feel; with more consideration than could have been expected from spirits so gay and thoughtless

as prevail at their age. Every thing seemed to conduce to soften and subdue Jane's character. Her grief, which had, at first, fretted her soul, and borne down every feeling before its violence, was now, by the influence of time and favourable circumstances, softened into melancholy. She seldom spoke of her loss; but traces of tears were often on her cheeks, and the tone of her voice was changed. Her step was slow, and her manner sedate; and her whole appearance so altered, that her young companions drew back with a kind of awe, and shewed their sympathy by little acts of kindness, rather than by any attempts at intercourse. Mary's example of patience and gentleness was also before her; and her respect and affection for her brother, towards whom she was drawn by new and strong ties, had a powerful effect in subduing the belief of her own superiority, which had ever been the stumbling-block in the way of her improvement. But, though she was changed, she had not yet got quite into the right path. She was no

longer haughty and overbearing among her schoolfellows, but she withdrew herself from them. She was no longer bent on having all her own way; but she grew indifferent to the inclinations of others, as long as she was left alone to indulge her sadness. She received the attentions of her companions graciously, but she offered no kindness in return.

Mary had become so attached to her, by their sympathy in sorrow, that she was not so quick-sighted to her faults, as formerly; and, instead of counteracting, rather encouraged them. She herself preserved the balance between her principles and her feelings. *Her* heart, too, was often weighed down by regret; but she sought to lighten it by entering into the interests and pleasures of others. Many a time, when she would willingly have sat down to weep, she ran into the garden to play with the little ones. Many a time did she break through a reverie on old times, to listen to the conversation, or to answer the questions of the girls, who did not fear her as they feared

Jane. As her manner had ever been sedate, and as it preserved its cheerfulness, very little change was now perceivable; and she was still, as formerly, the friend and favourite of all her schoolfellows.

Week after week passed away, and Mrs. Farrant was concerned to observe that Jane's melancholy rather increased than lessened. Towards the end of the month of April, when the weather was fine, and the spring in all its beauty, a friend of Mrs. Farrant's invited all her young pupils to spend a long afternoon at his house, where they might have the free range of his garden, and amuse themselves as they pleased. The children were all delighted at the prospect, and Jane was the only one who looked grave. On the morning of the day, Mary asked Mrs. Farrant whether she would excuse Jane from accompanying the party.

"For what purpose, my dear?"

"She does not feel her spirits equal to the exertion, Ma'am: and, indeed, I think the children's mirth would be too much for her."

"I am afraid a solitary evening would be worse, Mary."

"But if you have no objection, Ma'am, I should like to stay with her."

"Would the children's mirth be too much for you, too, my dear?"

"No; I should not mind it: but different people feel differently, and I really believe Jane could not bear it."

"Ask her to come to me, my dear, and we will settle the matter. She shall not go against her will.—Sit down beside me, Jane," said she, when the two friends entered the room, "and tell me why you do not wish to go this afternoon."

"It is so painful," said Jane, in a low voice, "to see people merry when one is sad, that I had rather stay away."

"It *is* painful, my dear; but are you quite sure that the feeling should be indulged?"

"It is a natural feeling that one cannot help having," replied Jane; "and I do not think it can do any body any harm."

"Its being natural, my dear, is no proof

that it should not be checked. There is scarcely a bad passion which is not natural to some mind or another. As to its doing no one any harm, I cannot agree with you."

Jane looked up for an explanation.

"I think the indulgence of your feelings, in this instance, would be hurtful to your schoolfellows, and much more to yourself."

"Then I will go," said Jane. "I do not wish to do any thing which you disapprove."

"I should like to see you convinced," replied Mrs. Farrant, kindly. "This is not a case in which I wish for blind obedience; so I will tell you my reasons. You remember how sorry we all were that Mary was absent from our dance in the winter; and you will not therefore wonder if the children should be disappointed at leaving you behind this afternoon. It was but half an hour ago that I heard Mari-
anne ask Ellen, whether she thought you would play hide-and-seek with them."

Jane had vanity enough left to be flattered by this; and a smile played about the corners of her mouth.

"I think it would spoil their pleasure to leave you both behind," continued Mrs. Farrant; "and it would spoil Mary's and mine to leave you alone. This seems to me quite reason enough for your going. But a much more important consideration is the effect upon yourself, of (I must think) an undue indulgence of your feelings. This is not the first time, you know, that I have given you a hint that feelings, however natural, must not be suffered to interfere with duty."

"I am sure I have tried to do my duty," replied Jane, blushing, "and I hoped you thought that I had neglected nothing that you gave me to do."

"I have no fault to find with your industry, my dear. You have worked hard, and made all the progress in your studies that I could expect. But is this the whole of your duty? Is it not also a duty to enter into the interests of others, to watch over

their comfort, to promote their advantage? Are we, in any circumstances, exempted from the obligation to 'rejoice with those who rejoice?'"

Jane was silent.

Mrs. Farrant continued, "I leave the past to your own examination and judgment; and will only warn you about the present and future. I advise you to make the present sacrifice of your feelings to the pleasure of your companions; and I prophesy that you will find, in the sacrifice, great advantage to yourself. You will be less in danger of thinking about yourself, and your sadness will melt away before the mirth of your companions."

"But I do not wish that it should, Ma'am. I think it would be unnatural, and very unkind and disrespectful to—to—" Jane's tears began to fall.

"To the memory of your mother, my love? I do not think your mother herself would have thought so. Surely, the best respect to her memory is shewn by the cheerful performance of every duty, and

your remembrance of her will become more delightful by being associated with innocent pleasures; or, if you cannot enjoy such pleasures, with the consciousness that you have sacrificed your own inclinations to those of others. You think that it is unnatural to surrender yourself to enjoyment: and this thought lets me into the state of your mind, so that I can shew it to you more clearly perhaps than you see it yourself. You are more afraid of being led, unawares, to enjoy yourself, this afternoon, than of being made miserable by seeing others happy. I think, both fears are less natural by far than the disposition to enjoy the pleasures that fall in our way; and I also think, that they are inconsistent with due gratitude to that kind Providence who scatters blessings in our path, inviting us to open our senses and our hearts to their beauty and sweetness. I am glad to see Mary's heart thus open. She has also suffered a great loss, yet she is not in love with solitude and sadness."

"O! but different people feel so diffe-

rently," replied Mary, who had thus far listened in silence.

"They do, my dear; and they also act differently. The question is, which mode of feeling and of action is the best. One mourner shuts himself up to weep, and wears out body and mind in useless and sinful grief; another stifles his feelings till he appears to have none, and plunges into business or pleasure, as if he had received no warning that this world and its possessions are to pass away; another finds the right medium, and, while he mourns and humbles himself under the hand of God, is careful to neglect no social duty, to obey every impulse of benevolence, and to enjoy cheerfully and gratefully the blessings which are offered by the love of his Heavenly Father. It is our duty and happiness to approach this medium as nearly as we can; and in proportion as we do so, we rightly improve the joys and sorrows of our lot."

"And yet," said Jane, "people do not all agree about this. I know some who

would think it wrong in me to enjoy any pleasure so soon after my loss."

"And I know some," said Mary, "who think it very wrong to make any difference at all in one's way of life, on account of any thing that happens. They went to a ball six weeks after their father died."

"I should have no hesitation, Mary, in saying that they had very little feeling. If there was any good to be done in a ball-room, if it was possible that a sense of duty could have led them there, I would abstain from judging them, however mistaken I might think them; but I can conceive nothing short of want of feeling, and a love of dissipation, which could take young people into such a scene of gaiety so soon after the loss of a parent."

"I heard some young ladies of my acquaintance very much blamed," said Jane, "for going to a morning concert of sacred music, within a year after their father's death. It was eleven months, exactly, after he died. But then, he was such a very bad

man, that they could not possibly love him much."

"I should not have joined in the censure, if I had been called upon to judge," replied Mrs. Farrant. "Though no sense of duty could be concerned, I see no reason why they should not enjoy a pleasure of the most innocent kind, to say the least of it. It is a case in which I should be quite willing to let their inclination decide."

"And yet they were blamed for shewing disrespect to their father's memory," said Jane.

"If we once begin to frame our conduct by the world's rule, my dear, or to regard its praise or censure, in any but indifferent matters, we renounce our allegiance to reason and religion, and subject ourselves to the lowest and harshest kind of slavery. We must apply our rules of duty in every case of duty, and leave the world to judge as it will. This is what you must do now. You may think that we have been saying a great deal about a

trifle; but our reasonings may apply to many future cases, as well as to the one under consideration. Do not decide immediately, but, putting my opinion out of the question, reflect whether you can do any good to yourself or others by accompanying us this afternoon, or any harm by remaining at home; and go or stay, accordingly. I leave Mary also to do as she pleases."

Mrs. Farrant was glad to see Jane, in the afternoon, with cheerfulness in her countenance, take one of the little girls on each arm, and lead the way to the garden, where her re-entrance among them was observed with silent pleasure by all her former companions.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE letters which Mary received from her parents, in answer to that in which she communicated to them the death of Mr. Campbell, contained much to cheer and delight her. The love which they testified was enough of itself to make her happy; but there was also the hope of a re-union with her parents, speedy in comparison with that which she had anticipated. They could so well understand the extent of the loss she had sustained, and were so grieved that she should be left without a relation in this kingdom, that they desired she would lose no time in going out to them. They were most impatient to see her, and give her once more a home. A gentleman and lady, friends of Mary's father, were to sail for Bengal the next March; and Mary was desired to prepare to accompany them, if they had no objection to take her under their care.

The matter was soon arranged; and Mary was very happy in the prospect of seeing her father and mother six months sooner than she had expected. She entered with spirit into the necessary preparations; and, being aware how much her comfort depended on the servant who was to be engaged to accompany her, she rejoiced that Mrs. Lee's affection for her and the family was strong enough to overcome her dread of the sea, and reconcile her to a change of country. Mrs. Lee was not old, though she had known Mary's father before his marriage. She had good health, and good qualities enough to attach Mary to her, and make her rejoice that one she knew so well, and who was more of a friend than a servant, was to attend her.

The parting with Mrs. Farrant, with the girls, and especially with Jane, was very sad; and poor Jane was almost inconsolable: but they indulged the hope that Mary would return in a few years, and be established in her old neighbourhood, never more to leave it. Many sighs and

tears followed her when she drove from the door; and nothing that she saw on her journey to London had power to banish from her mind, for any length of time, her regrets for the friends she had left behind. These regrets were not lessened by the circumstance of her knowing nothing of the lady and gentleman who were to be the companions of her voyage.

She arrived at their house the day before they were all to go on board. As the whole family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Portman, their four children, and three servants, were going, it may be easily imagined that the house was a scene of bustle and confusion, not the best calculated to raise Mary's spirits, or make her feel at ease. Mrs. Portman was a fine lady, full of nervous and selfish fears; more occupied with talking of herself than with looking after the comfort of her husband and children. All the preparations seemed to be left to the care of Mr. Portman and the housekeeper; while the lady rested on the sofa, complaining of fatigue, of the

noise the children made, and so forth; and wondering how she should bear the voyage, and whether she should live to reach India. Mrs. Lee's offers of assistance were gladly accepted by the housekeeper; but Mary, who wished to be useful, and to do something better than listen to Mrs. Portman's complaints, could find no employment. At length, she heard a voice of lamentation from the hall; and, hastening to see what was the matter, she found one of the little girls crying because she could find no one to play with her.

"Come into my room, and I will play with you," said Mary.

"Will you?" said the little girl; "and may John and Caroline come too?" And, as Mary assented, they were soon amused and happy, and out of the way of the busy people below stairs.

"Have you ever been on the sea?" enquired one of her little companions.

"Yes," replied Mary; "I came from the country we are going to. It is so far off, that I was several months on the sea."

It was many years ago, but I remember all about it."

"I want to know whether you liked it," said John: "mamma says we shall none of us like it at all; but I think I shall, because I went in a boat to Richmond last summer, and I am sure it was very pleasant."

"But going to Richmond is not like being on the sea for many months together," replied Mary. "You will get tired sometimes, I dare say, and wish that you could see green trees, and run about in the fields. And I am afraid we shall all be sea-sick too——"

"Mamma said so too," interrupted Caroline; "and we cannot think how you can tell beforehand that we shall be ill, when we are so well now."

"The sea rolls the ship about," replied Mary, "and that makes one's head giddy, and one's stomach sick. But we must be patient till we get well again, and then we shall have a great many things to see."

"Tell us what we shall see," said they.

So Mary talked a great deal to them, till the servant came to say it was time for them to have their suppers and go to bed.

Mary was glad to retire to rest early, for, as the wind continued fair, they were to go on board as soon as possible the next day. It was a strange thought, that this might be the last night she should spend on English ground: but when she looked at the pictures of her father and mother, and remembered that the further she left this country behind her, the nearer she approached to them, she rejoiced that the time of her departure had arrived.

Few of the delays happened which are usual at the commencement of so long a voyage. The wind was fair, the passengers punctual, the arrangements of every kind completed, and the noble vessel soon on her way. The children were in high spirits at first, and enjoyed the novelty of every thing. Not so poor Mrs. Lee, who, though she had seen ships at a distance, had never before set foot on board. She was melancholy from the beginning; and when

the sickness came on, so cast down, that all efforts to cheer her were vain. Mary herself suffered much; but having experienced it all before, she knew that the evil, though great, was only temporary. On the afternoon of the second day, she felt better, and went on deck to enjoy the fresh air. The ship was then off Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The sight of houses, fields, and trees, (though leafless,) was a great refreshment to Mary, after she had spent so many hours alone in her cabin. She thought Mrs. Lee would also like to have another view of the shore; so she went down, and giving the poor woman her arm, persuaded her to come on deck. "I wish I was on one of them green hills, Miss," said she.

"You had better have let her remain below," whispered Mr. Portman. "The temptation to go back may be too strong for her; she may leave you yet."

Mary was frightened.

"Look, Miss," said Mrs. Lee, as the sailors were getting out one of the boats: "some of the people are going back again,

I declare. Well, I never thought but what it was too late for that."

"They are only going on an errand to the shore," replied Mary; "and they will come back before night."

"I wish I was them, however," said Mrs. Lee. "If I once set my foot on the land again, it would be long enough before I left it."

"If you repent your engagement with me, Mrs. Lee," said Mary, "you are at liberty to go back. I do not wish to keep you against your will. You know how much I want you, and that it is too late to engage another servant; and we all believe that you will be quite well again very soon; but still, if you had rather return, you shall go."

She hesitated. "If I did not feel, Miss, that I shall never be well again if I stay on the sea——"

Mr. Portman, who had overheard what had been said, now interposed, saying, "It is out of the question, indeed, my dear Miss Campbell. You must not think of sending

away your servant. She is no worse than my servants, and almost every body else on board; and I am sure, if she considers the matter at all, she will not think of leaving you."

Mrs. Lee sighed, and supposed she must stay. She should not hesitate at all, if she did not feel so very ill that she thought she should be nothing but trouble to her young mistress and every body.

"Wait awhile, at any rate," said Mr. Portman. "There will be other opportunities of going on shore, before we leave the channel."

So the boat set off without Mrs. Lee. She and Mary watched its progress to the shore, till a fit of sickness came on, which drove them both to their cabin. Luckily for Mary, it happened that a fresh wind bore them rapidly out of sight of land, before any other temptations occurred to induce her servant to leave her. Mary arose early the next morning, and came on deck just in time to bid adieu to English land. The line of cliffs on which she fixed her

eyes, grew more and more indistinct in the horizon, and at last vanished altogether from her view. That land, which contained the home of her friends, and the grave of her grandfather, was left behind, and every moment separated her further from it. She was standing, lost in thought, with her eyes turned in the direction of England, when some one pulled her by the gown. It was little Caroline, who was fast recovering her spirits and appetite.

“I am so hungry!” cried she; “and Anne says she cannot get our breakfasts this half-hour yet. You never saw such faces as she makes at the milk. She is as sick as I was yesterday.”

“I hope she will soon be as hungry as you and I are,” replied Mary. “Have you observed that the land is quite out of sight? There is nothing but water to be seen all round.”

“But we shall see the land again soon, shall not we?”

“Perhaps not, for many days or weeks.”

“ But I thought you said there were so many things to be seen?”

“ So there are. We may see the sun rise out of the water, or behind the clouds, every morning: and the sea looks quite different at different times. It is very green now, and the white foam at a distance makes it look beautiful. Sometimes it is blue, and sometimes quite a deep purple: and when the wind blows very hard, the waves rise so high, that they seem as if they could cover a great ship like this. And we shall see the fishes playing about sometimes; and when we come near the land, the sea-birds will fly round the ship. Look! there is one now: it dipped its wings in the water; and see how it shakes off the bright drops.”

“ What long wings it has!” cried Caroline. “ Where is it going to fly to?”

“ Back to England, I dare say,” replied Mary. “ We are leaving the land so far behind us, that, I dare say, it is the last we shall see for some time.”

“ Will you go with me, to ask whether

breakfast is ready?" asked the hungry little girl.

When they were entering the cabin, they met Mrs. Lee, who, with a bright countenance, told Mary, that though she felt very weak, her sickness was gone, and the only thing she had to complain of was hunger. Mary said she was very glad of it, as they had left England far behind, and, sick or well, must proceed on their voyage.

This day was a very happy one; for almost all the passengers began to recover their cheerfulness, and to feel the exquisite enjoyment which succeeds to sea-sickness. Mrs. Lee and the children were full of curiosity about every thing they saw, and of wonder at the vast extent of the ocean.

"Has any body been here before?" asked little John.

"Many ships pass this way," replied Mary, "as they go and come to England, from various parts of the world."

"Are they ever afraid of being all alone in the middle of the sea, I wonder?"

"The ships?"

“No, no, the people in them?”

“Are *you* afraid?”

“No; because I suppose we shall get safe as other people do: but I should not like to have any thing to do with it, because I don’t know how to manage the ship. I saw this great big vessel turn half round yesterday. I thought at first that the land was swimming away before my eyes; but papa said it was the ship that turned round, because the wind blew the sails; and that the captain wanted it to turn round; so he ordered the sails to be put in a particular way, to catch the wind. Now, if a captain did not know exactly how to manage his ship, I should think he would be afraid to be in the middle of a wide sea like this.”

“A good captain learns as much as he can of the management of a vessel,” replied Mary; “but there are times, when not all the knowledge and skill in the world will save it.”

“Is that when the wind blows, and the waves rise so high as you told me?” enquired Caroline.

“Yes: sometimes the waves break over the ship so that it is full of water; and sometimes there is a hole in the bottom, so that the water comes in and sinks it, and all the people in it.”

“So mamma said; and I asked papa whether he thought this ship was quite safe: and he said that such accidents were not very common, and we had better not think about them. But it is very terrible to think of.”

Mrs. Lee seemed quite frightened, and said she thought that people deserved little better than to be lost, if they were so foolish as to trust themselves off the land. Mary smiled, and reminded her that there were dangers on land also: that houses sometimes fall, and bury people in the ruins; that fire consumes dwellings; that horses run away, and chaises are overturned; and yet we live in houses, use fire, and ride in carriages. So ships may be wrecked or sunk; yet as so many more are preserved than lost, we are quite justified in making use of them when we want to go from one part of the world to another.

"I am sure it looks very safe now," said one of the children. "How steadily we go on, with nothing to stop us!"

"Yet we know that danger may come, and accidents happen," replied Mary. "And it is very well that we can prepare ourselves for them. While we are grateful that we are safe now, we should resolve to trust in Him who governs our lives; that if storms should come, we may have the only hope which can never fail us."

Perceiving that Mrs. Lee shuddered, Mary said, "You know, talking about storms does not bring them: and it is surely right, while the sun shines, and all is well with us, to think on Him who maketh his path in the deep waters, and walketh on the wings of the wind. The true way to keep our minds composed and happy is, to enjoy security and comfort while we have them, and to make sure of a refuge against the day of danger and sorrow."

A silence followed, which was unbroken till one of the children asked what that thing was which floated on the waves at

some distance. It was the mast of a ship, which must have been tossed about for a very long time, as it was covered with seaweed, and almost rotten. The children enquired how it came there; and Mary supposed that it had been rent off in a storm.

"I wonder," cried John, "what became of the vessel it belonged to? Perhaps it was dashed to pieces, and all the people in it drowned."

"Perhaps," said Mary, "they were saved on some coast, or by some vessel that was passing: but we shall never know."

"And if the people were lost, I suppose nobody in the world knows?" said Caroline. "To be sure, if their friends expected them, and they never arrived, they would guess what had happened. But what a dreadful way to die, without any body knowing it, or grieving for them!"

"To the survivors," replied Mary, "it must be a terrible thing to lose friends in such a way; because of the long suspense. But to those who die, it cannot matter

much, I should think, *where* it happens. The suddenness of it is awful; but it is every body's duty to prepare for sudden death, whether on sea or land."

Mr. Portman overheard the latter part of this conversation, and sending the children away to play, seemed displeased at the way in which Mary had been talking to them. She was very sorry, but she could not believe that she had done them any harm. Their noisy mirth might have convinced their papa, that nothing had happened to make them dismal; and it could do them nothing but good, to know that they ought to be grateful for present safety, and prepared for future dangers.

In a few days, Mary found the necessity of laying down a regular plan for the employment of her time. Mr. and Mrs. Portman were kind to her, and the children a great amusement; others of the passengers also took notice of her, and were very sociable. Yet her days began to pass heavily, and she was tired of idleness where there was so little change of scene. So she

looked out her books, and devoted a considerable time every day to study. She found the advantage of her industry; and the discontented Mrs. Portman wondered, every day, that Mary was not as tired of the sea as she was. She exercised neither body nor mind; she spent the day in idleness, and complained that the noises of the ship prevented her sleeping at night. She became really ill; and those who saw how she managed herself, felt no surprise at her ailments.

“Ours is a most prosperous voyage,” observed one of the passengers, one day, to Mr. Portman. “We have not had a single drawback yet; and the captain said just now, that if the wind continues fair for two days longer, we shall reach the Cape.”

“I think these prosperous voyages are most tiresome things,” replied Mr. Portman. “We are all tired enough of the voyage, and longing for any change.”

“Surely,” thought Mary, “this is not the right way of acknowledging our safety and welfare. I doubt whether Mr. Port-

man would welcome *any* change: and I wonder he dares to speak as he does."

Two evenings afterwards, the wind began to rise, and the change so much wished for by Mr. Portman seemed to be approaching; though, whether he welcomed it, was another question. When Mary left the deck for the night, the waves ran higher than she had yet seen them; the sky wore a stormy aspect, and the crew were busy in the expectation of a boisterous gale. No one spoke of danger; and Mary therefore retired to her berth, not altogether at ease, but supposing that if any real peril should arise, she should have due warning. She would have slept, had not the noises upon deck, the shouts of the sailors, and the roaring of the wind, disturbed her. There was once a calm and comparative stillness for a time; but just as she was dropping asleep, she was roused by a louder gust, and by the dashing of the waves. She started up to listen, and felt pretty sure that there was much confusion over head. The vessel rolled frightfully, and the heaving and

cracking made her tremble, lest it should fall to pieces. But she remembered that those who are unaccustomed to storms at sea, are apt to imagine danger where there is none. She knew not where to go for information, without the risk of alarming some one; and she determined to remain quietly in her berth for some time longer. The thought of danger was not new to her, and it prompted her to ask for the protection of Him who is "mighty to save." She commended her safety, and that of all her companions, to His care, and waited, in anxiety, but with some composure, the termination of her uncertainty. After some time, Mrs. Lee came to her, half dressed, and trembling with fear. She wondered that Mary could keep so quiet in her berth, when every one else was up. This decided Mary to rise and dress. While she was doing so, Mrs. Lee told her that the captain said it had been a very rough gale, but he thought it was subsiding, and had no fear but they should ride it out safely. Mary was much relieved by hearing this; but

yet lost no time in doing what she had planned to do, in case of actual danger. She opened her trunk, and secured about her person some papers of great importance to her father; rightly judging that they had a better chance of being preserved thus than in any other way. Mrs. Lee watched her in silent terror; and wept aloud when she saw her hastily open the miniatures of her father and mother, and press them to her lips.

"Don't, Miss; pray do not," she cried.

"It is right to be prepared," replied Mary. "I hope we are safe, but——"

Here she was interrupted by a dreadful crash, which immediately followed a shock so violent, that it was evident something terrible had happened. After the silence of a moment, a cry of fear and horror arose, which was as a warning of death to Mary. She sank down; but in a moment arose, and attempted to speak to her companion; but she could not be heard. She caught her hand, and as the vessel no longer rolled much, succeeded in getting

her upon deck. All was noise and confusion there; but she learned from Mr. Portman that the ship had been driven on a rock, and that it was filling so fast, that it must sink before half the crew and passengers could reach the shore, which, however, was not far distant.

The crew were then lowering the boats; and the captain, who was a strong-minded man, well fitted for his present awful duty, had taken precautions against the risk of having them so crowded as to be in danger of sinking. Mary's mind and heart were so full, that she had no leisure to observe the demeanour of her companions in peril. She only knew that the wailings of Mrs. Portman went to her heart; and that, amidst the cries and confusion, it was no easy matter to look steadily on death, and calmly to await it. The vessel was evidently sinking, and the boats had not returned from their first trip. When she looked at the numbers who were waiting for deliverance, she saw how slight was her own chance; and closing her eyes, she

prayed with the intensest fervour for deliverance from death, or for strength to meet it, if inevitable, and for mercy in judgment. Her composure was restored, and she watched the boats as they returned, and put off again, leaving her to the further endurance of suspense. Mrs. Portman and the children had been sent away, this time; but Mr. Portman remained; and now that his wife and family were safe, he might have found time to bestow a thought on Mary. But his countenance was dreadfully agitated, and, to Mary's horror, he snatched a bottle of spirits from a sailor who was drowning his fears in intoxication, and drank largely of it.

"Surely, Sir," exclaimed Mary, "this is a time when you need the utmost clearness and steadiness of mind. I beseech you to think of your own safety."

"Let me alone," he angrily cried; "if I am to die, I had rather die without knowing it."

"Think what death is," said Mary, ex-

cessively shocked. "Remember, that after death cometh the judgment."

"If you can face death in such a manner as this, it is more than I can," exclaimed he. "On a sick bed, when there is time to prepare, it is an easy matter, but——" and he raised the bottle again to his lips.

Mary seized his arm, saying, "There is yet time—there is yet a chance of life. Let us pray, while it is not too late."

He broke from her, and she saw that his head was already affected by the spirits he had drunk. Even at this awful time, the thought crossed her, "What a revealer of the heart is danger like this! Here is a man who bears a respectable character in the world, and has lived in dignity and honour, degrading himself below the rank of humanity when death draws near! This it is to have lived to the world, instead of to God!"

She then turned to Mrs. Lee, who stood trembling beside her, and endeavoured to soothe and prepare her mind. They kept

their station on the deck, and looked incessantly towards the shore, to see if the boats were coming. A shout soon announced their appearance; and while Mary and her companion stood watching in quiet but breathless anxiety, a sailor seized her arm, and said, it was her turn to go. She kept hold of Mrs. Lee, dragged her after her to the place whence they were to descend, and insisted upon her getting first into the boat. "Go instantly," she said to the poor woman, in a tone of calm command; "I must see you safe before I go down myself."

Two of the crew laid hold of Mrs. Lee, and placed her in the boat, roughly, but safely. Mary then went down, and took her place beside her. The sea was dreadfully rough, and her apprehensions of death were scarcely less than they had been, when she saw how the crowded boat was tossed from side to side by the roaring, dashing waves. She was wetted to the skin instantly, and bewildered by the confusion of the scene. The word was given

to put off, and the men plied their oars. Just then a cry was heard, "Keep back, Sir; keep back."

"I must come, I will come—I won't stay to be drowned," cried a voice, which Mary knew to be Mr. Portman's.

He was desperate, he was intoxicated. He made a spring from the vessel, and fell among the women in the boat. There was great confusion, and as he rose and attempted to seat himself, his giddy sight betrayed him. He lost his balance, his foot slipped, and, with a horrible cry, he fell overboard, though many hands were held out to save him. There were lanterns in the boat, and their light gleamed on the foaming waves, as they rolled past, or broke over the little vessel. By this feeble light, Mary saw a sight which curdled her blood with horror, and which was never remembered, in after years, without a shudder. She saw the ghastly face of the drowning man: she saw it but for a moment; yet was every feature so impressed on her memory, that no length of time or variety of

objects could efface it. The eyes were starting from their sockets, the lips curled, and the teeth clenched in agony. The agony was more mental than bodily: one struggling, stifled cry, was uttered, which rent the very soul of those who heard it; and the deep waters closed over him, to restore him no more till "the sea shall give up its dead."

But to close this scene of horrors.—The greater part of the crew and passengers were saved. The land which they reached was near the Cape; and from Cape Town so many vessels were proceeding to different parts, that the passengers had their choice of returning to England, or of proceeding to India, or elsewhere, as they chose. Mrs. Portman, and her fatherless family, went on board a vessel bound for England; and Mary, with much sorrow, bade them farewell, and, with her companion, put herself under the protection of a family who intended to prosecute their voyage to Calcutta in a ship which would leave the Cape in a few days. Mary was

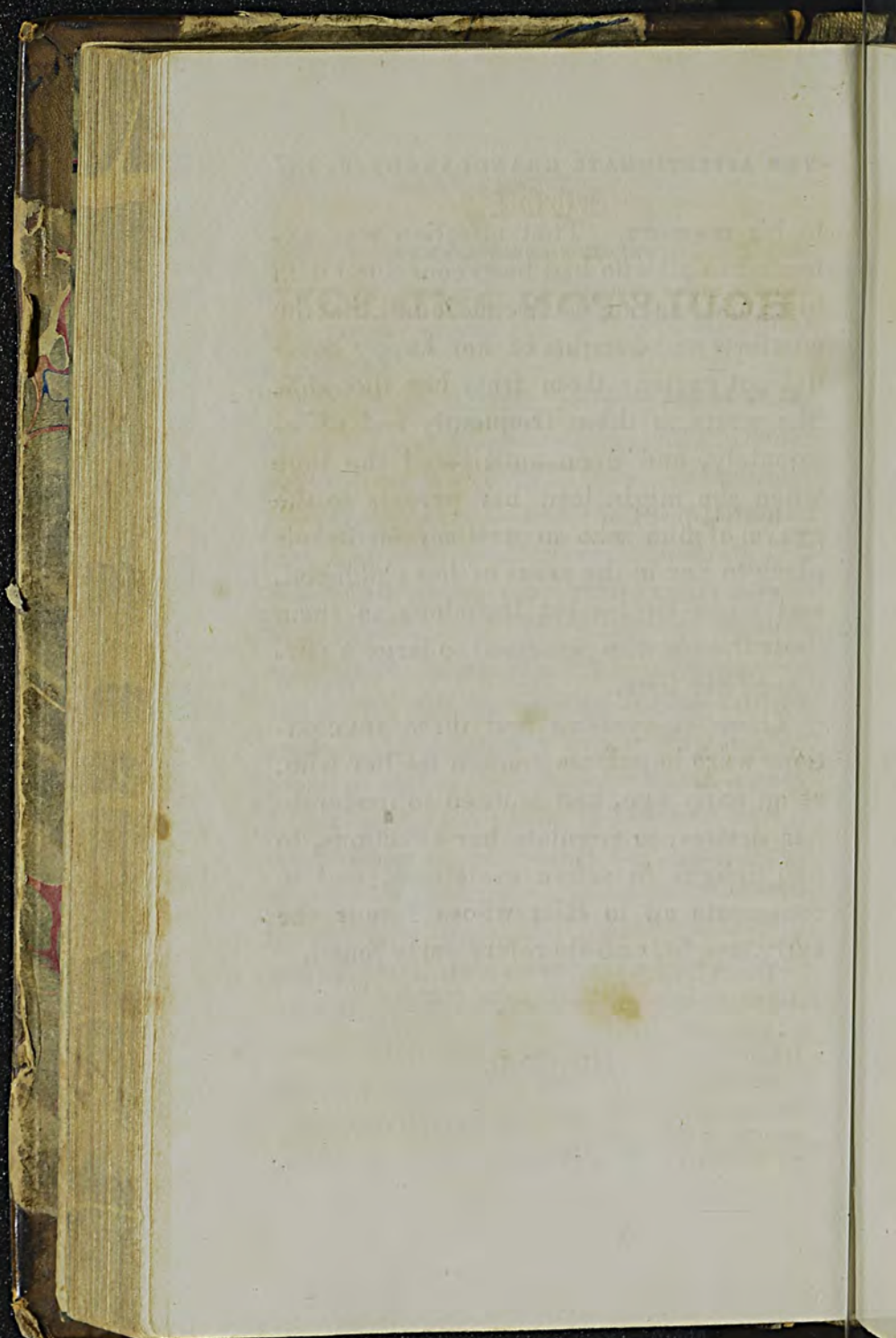
under great obligations to their kindness, as she had lost every thing but the papers and purse which she had secured about her person.

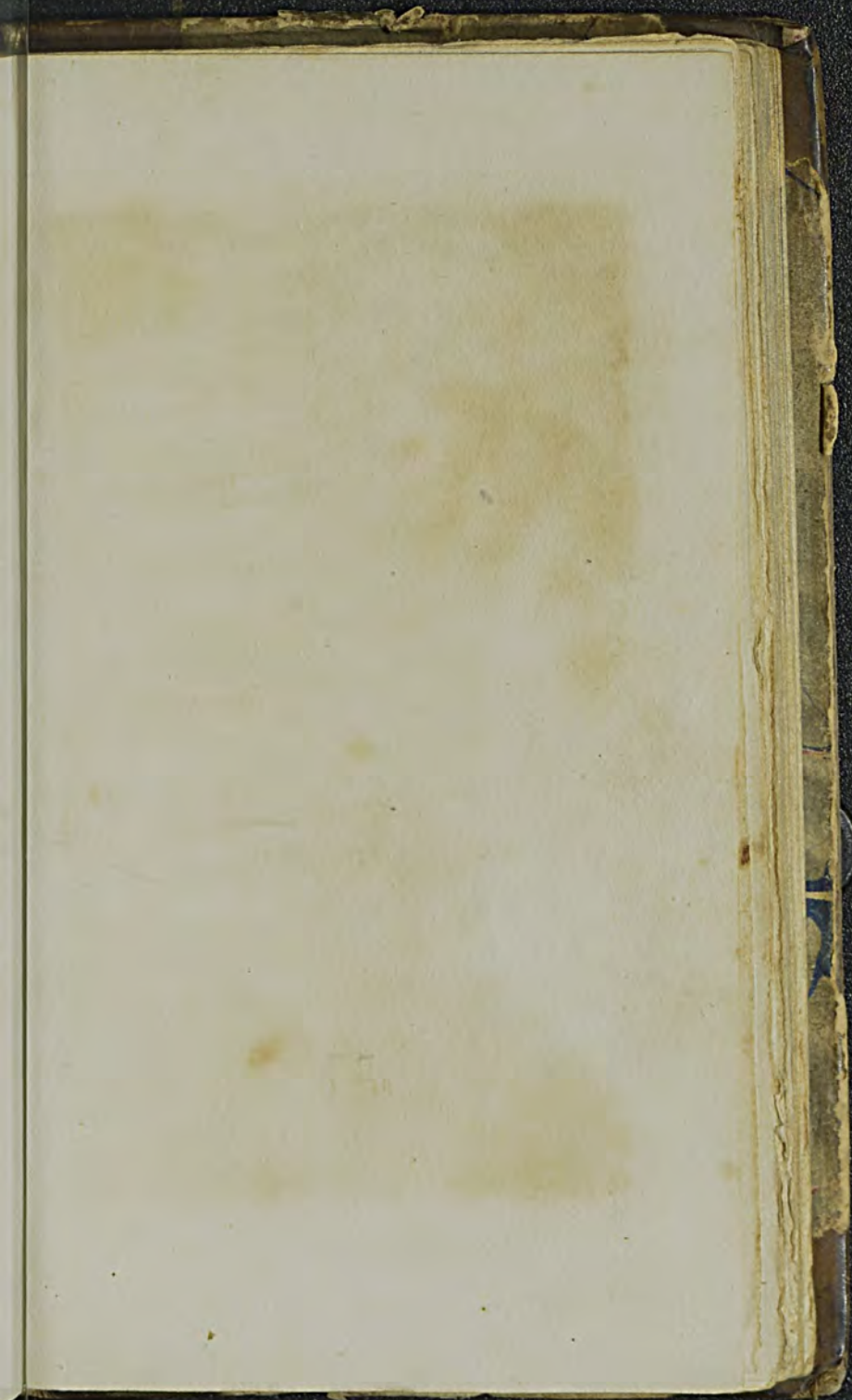
Grateful as she was for her preservation, her mind was weighed down, and she could not recover her cheerfulness. A thousand apprehensions of further dangers haunted her, and the dreadful recollection of Mr. Portman's dying moments never quitted her, night or day. No further evils, however, awaited her: she and her companions had a safe and prosperous voyage to Calcutta; and when she had embraced her parents, and spoken to them of her grandfather, and given vent to the full flow of her affections, she was once more light-hearted and happy. She loved to be with her parents, for their countenances, actions, and tones of voice, recalled many associations of childhood which were sweet to her heart. She loved to speak of her honoured grandfather, and to make her father and mother understand the strength of her gratitude, and the depth of her affection

to his memory. That affection was extended to all who had been connected with him; and her English friends found, that the comforts and delights of her happy home did not exclude them from her thoughts. She wrote to them frequently and affectionately, and even anticipated the time when she might lead her parents to the grave of him who so well supplied their place to her in the years of her childhood, and when she might introduce to them those friends who possessed so large a portion of her love.

These enjoyments and these anticipations were happiness enough for her who, at an early age, had learned to moderate her desires, to regulate her affections, to find delight in active usefulness, and to consecrate all to Him whose favour she early sought, and therefore early found.

THE END.





SUSANNAH, OR THE THREE GUARDIANS.



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OR

THE THREE GUARDIANS.

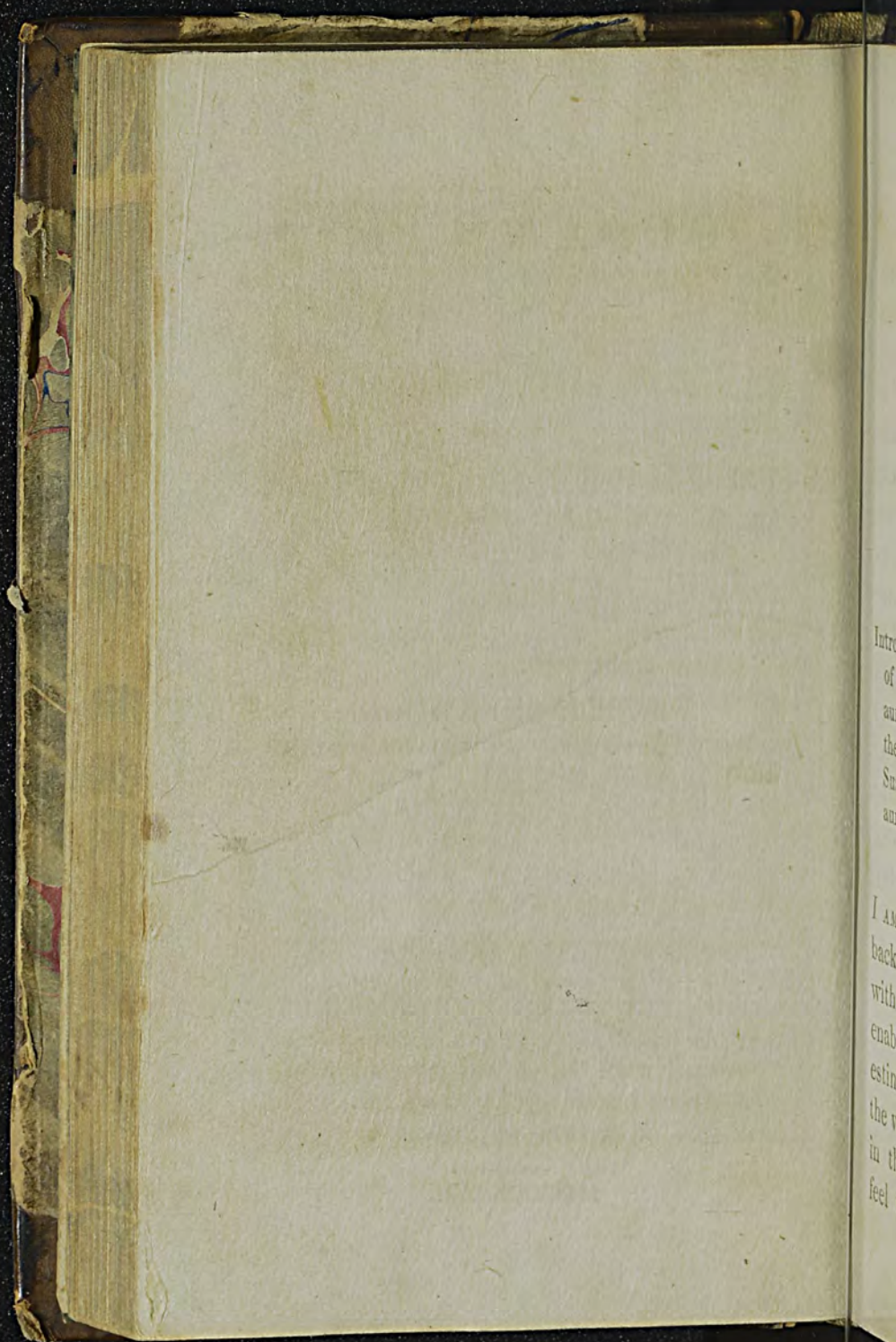
BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONOLOGY OF ANCIENT HISTORY," &c.

LONDON:

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SUSANNAH;

OR

THE THREE GUARDIANS.

Introduction to the history—Susannah's recollections of her family—Description of her uncle and aunt Warner, and their maid Mrs. Judy Griffin—their notions of diet and guardianship—and how Susannah spent her time until the decease of her aunt.

I AM now an elderly woman, and can look back on the days of my childhood and youth, with that coolness of observation which enables me to form something like a true estimate, of the different errors into which the various guardians of my early days fell, in their management of me; and also to feel the value of that good conduct and

prudence in the last of my Instructresses, whereby I was redeemed, humanly speaking, from the consequences of these errors.

It is said that nothing is more difficult to poor sinful human nature, than to observe that moderation and equality of conduct in the management of their affairs, wherein true wisdom alone is to be found. Mankind is always running into excesses; and I remember being much struck by a remark of an elderly man who had been a great observer through life. The remark was no other than this: that he had never intimately known a single individual who managed his money concerns with any thing like perfect judgment and prudence; or any one person who did not tend either toward meanness or extravagance, or occasionally fall into both of these errors.

If therefore, in this single point, which is entirely of a secular nature, man with all his boasted wisdom and prudence is found, when closely examined, to be so generally

deficient, how can we wonder when we find his frequent and total failures in more difficult and nicer points ; but not to detain my reader longer with the result of my observations on the tendency of mankind, and even the best of them, to depart from moderation, even on occasions where there is an evident desire to do well, I shall proceed to relate my little history.

I was born of creditable parents, who dying when I was about four years of age, left me under the charge of three guardians, two of whom were my uncles by marrying my father's sisters, and the third the husband of my mother's sister.

I have no recollection of my mother, who died some time before my father ; but of my last dear parent I have some faint remembrance, though the circumstances of his death and the time of his ceasing to be with me, are blotted from my memory. A few years ago, however, when I visited the place in which he lived and where I was born,

I seemed to recollect the trees and fields which surround the house, as one recollects things seen only in a dream. Yet with these remembrances my father's image was so closely connected, that I fancied a thousand circumstances belonging to him, all of a tender and pleasing nature; neither do I know to this moment whether these images which arose before my mind on that occasion were wholly the effect of fancy, or the result of things which really happened, and had left their faint and indistinct traces on my memory; but be this as it may, the first circumstance which I can distinctly recollect, was finding myself living under the care of my mother's sister above mentioned, in a small country town, the name of which is of little importance to my history, and subjected at times to the care of an elderly servant, for whom I had no great relish.

My uncle Dr. Warner, was a physician, and my aunt was a grave, sensible, and conscientious woman, and generally supposed to be one of the persons in the world

most proper to have the care of children, and as she had no family of her own, I have no doubt that every one thought I was a most fortunate little girl to have fallen into such able hands. My aunt's house was the perfection of old fashioned neatness. I fancy, even now, that I can see the iron gates and railings which enclosed the little court so neatly paved, and weeded so carefully, which extended itself before the front of the house; and I have cause also to recollect the bright and shining floor of oak in the dining parlour, by reason of the many bumps and tumbles, together with the sundry rebukes which it cost me during the first years of my residence with my aunt.

Whether my aunt was the senior of my mother by many years, I cannot say, but this I know, that I considered her always as a very old person indeed, for her manner was stiff, her face long, her nose high, her complexion pale, and her countenance susceptible of so few changes that I could seldom distinguish whether she was pleased

or displeased, in a state of comparative enjoyment or under the influence of unpleasant feelings; with all this I believe her to have been a well intentioned person, and decidedly correct and upright in her conduct, as far as it respected her fellow creatures. I may also add, that I think she had many good and just notions on the subject of religion, though she was far from being the person who could make it attractive in the eyes of youth.

I was about four years of age when I entered my aunt's house, and remained with her till my tenth year, and during that period I led a life of the most perfect monotony which can possibly be conceived in a scene so variable as that of the present world.

I slept in a small light closet, within my aunt's room, into which I was bolted every night, precisely as the clock struck eight; and never set at liberty till about seven the next morning, being thus condemned to

about eleven hours of perfect solitude, and having no other occupation for those portions of my time which I did not spend in sleep, but in looking out from my window on a wide church yard, which spread itself before me, immediately beyond the iron railings of which I have spoken above. As I had little notion, at that time, of that bright and glorious world which the eye of faith lays open beyond the grave, it may be supposed that my meditations on the church yard were not always of the most enlivening nature, nor particularly well calculated to render my hours of retirement agreeable ; however, though I once or twice ventured to hint to my aunt's maid, Mrs. Judy Griffin, some of my feelings on these occasions, and to say that I should be most thankful to be allowed to share the housemaid's bed ; or at least not to be bolted into my closet, no attention was paid to my feelings, and I was told that I was a naughty girl, and ought to have no other thought but that of an entire submission to my aunt's will.

When my door was opened at seven o'clock in the morning, I was allowed to come into my aunt's bed-room, where I spent at least an hour and a half at my needle, waiting for my breakfast, while the good lady went through the various duties of the toilet, which I have since considered might have been expedited in at least, one sixth part of the time, but my aunt was one of those excellent persons who maintain that it is impossible to be neat unless a large portion of time is taken up in combing, brushing, pinning, fitting, and turning round before a looking glass.

I never recollect, that on any of these occasions my aunt noticed me but to find fault with something in my dress, person, or manner, and the best I had to expect was that she would not notice me at all.

At half after eight we breakfasted, but unfortunately my uncle, had discovered, or thought he had discovered, that no breakfast

was so suitable to the constitution of a child as porridge, and therefore to porridge I was condemned, though I had a particular aversion to it, and would infinitely have preferred a piece of dry bread and a glass of water. It was needful, however, that I should take something, and as the tea and hot rolls, with which my aunt and uncle regaled themselves were interdicted to me, I used to swallow my porridge as speedily as I could, and spend the rest of the time appointed for the meal, in thinking how much toast and butter, and what sweet tea I should have when I was grown up, and had a house of my own, and if I could slip out of the parlour after breakfast and persuade the footman to give me a morsel of the interdicted roll. My reader, if he understands human nature, will not be surprised at my having often attempted so to do, although I knew that it might cost me two or three untruths to conceal this misdemeanour.

When my comfortless breakfast was finished, my uncle always went out, and I

was placed in the corner of the room in stocks, and with dumb bells in my hands, whilst my aunt made some family arrangements. My aunt was not often absent on these occasions more than half an hour; but sometimes when difficulties arose in any of the departments of the offices, she would perhaps forget me, and leave me much longer, nevertheless she still expected to find me always where she had left me, and in case of my having made my escape, I was made subject to sundry penalties, which I have not now leisure to enumerate. It was generally ten o'clock when my aunt returned to the parlour, and then the dumb bells were to be relinquished, and I was made to stand by the working table for two hours, learning long columns of spelling, and sundry catechisms, of which I did not understand a single sentence.

From twelve to one I was subjected to the instructions of a writing master, a grave old man, always wearing a small scratch wig, which had shrunk so much that

it shewed the pole of his neck, and great part of his grey head behind. I do not recollect that I ever saw a smile on the countenance of this worthy man, for such I believe he was, as he executed his part by me, in a faithful, conscientious manner, though he not seldom brought me into disgrace with my aunt, by complaining that Miss would not speck her i's, and by expatiating on the perversity, and sundry other evil qualities of youth. When the bell of the church struck one, I was allowed to play ; but the field of my recreations was so very small, and so many eyes were constantly upon me from the parlour and kitchen windows, that it will not be imagined that my gambols and sports were of the most enlivening kind. I was seldom allowed to go beyond the little square court in front of the house, and it was not often that I entered this scene of amusement, but as I before remarked, I was saluted from one or other of the windows with some words of reproof or caution, either from my aunt or Mrs. Judy Griffin.

At two I was called in and dressed in my silk slip, gauze bib and apron, and made to sit very upright, whilst my aunt and uncle enjoyed their dinner, for, as far as I was concerned, I had little enjoyment of any of my meals. My uncle, in his medical capacity, having made many discoveries concerning the unwholesomeness of almost every kind of food of which I was particularly fond, insomuch that had I not had friends in the house-maid and footman, I should have stood a very great chance of having my growth entirely stopped for want of proper nourishment.

My uncle and aunt generally sat long at their meals, and what was worse by far to me, they also sat a long while after dinner, and I was required to sit with them, an observance which I found so particularly irksome, that I inwardly resolved, if ever I should live to grow up and have a house of my own, I would never sit a moment after dinner.

When my uncle left the dining room I was generally called to my needle, and seldom allowed to leave it till tea was brought in; and with the tea, that which was even worse to me than porridge, namely, a newspaper, which, in the absence of my uncle, I was compelled to read aloud to my aunt, that is, if we had no visitors, for it was a very common custom of my relations to finish the evening with a rubber at whist, on which occasion, if I could not get out into the kitchen, I was made to hem, darn, or stitch, at the corner of the card-table, without any other amusement, than hearing what was trumps, or who had the odd trick, and thus my time wore away till the sad moment arrived, when I was committed to my closet for the night.

Such was the general routine of my day; and in this manner passed the first five years of my life, after my father's death, the seventh day bringing me little relief, the views then given me of religion being only calculated to add superstitious horrors

and gloomy fears to the other unpleasant circumstances of my situation.

My reader may, perhaps, wish to know the effect of this mode of life upon my mind, and I will endeavour to give him the satisfaction which he may require.

My character was naturally lively, and my feelings strong. I can remember in the earlier period of my residence with my aunt Warner, that I often rebelled, and was highly, and openly indignant at being made to suffer so many privations, but after a while I suppose that I became stupid, for I remember no breakings out of passion, but a constant and habitual feeling of dissatisfaction, and a fixed determination of throwing of the yoke as soon as possible, and of breaking through every regulation by which I had been conducted in infancy. My mind was continually filled with the ideas of what I would do when I was my own mistress; and I was even then always on the watch to act in a manner contrary to my guardian's

wishes, whenever I thought I could do it with impunity. In consequence of all this, I became habitually artful, and when set at liberty for a moment, was wild and boisterous in the extreme. I was anxious and greedy respecting food, and stood at no means of obtaining what I desired, by fraud; with all this, however, I had some sense of right and wrong; I knew very well when I was doing amiss, and had frequent sharp pangs of conscience. If I did not love my aunt, I was not wholly without feelings of respect for her; and I sometimes wished that I could live without deceiving her.

Such was my state, to the best of my recollection, when I entered my tenth year, at which time certain events took place which made an entire change in my situation.

My aunt had never appeared to be a healthy person; and about this period she became worse, and without having any particular disease, as far as could be ascertained,

gradually languished, and was at length laid on her bed, from which she never rose again. There had never been any animation, any intellectual vivacity or spiritual joy in the expression of my aunt's countenance; her features, even in youth, must have been long, gaunt, and gloomy; it may be imagined, therefore, what her appearance must have been under the ravages of disease, and on the approach of death.

I do not presume to say that she was really miserable, and without hope, in this situation, indeed I am far from thinking she was so, for she used many expressions, when on her death bed, which might fairly prove the contrary; but her appearance in the eyes of a young and inexperienced person, was alarming and even terrific, and I frequently stood and looked at her, during her illness, till I was filled with horror, and felt that if such was to be the end of all mankind it would have been better never to have been born: at length she died; I saw her pale, cold, and ghastly countenance; I saw her

laid in her coffin, and followed her to her grave; and I came back again resolving never to be wicked any more, and never to tell lies, or deceive, or steal cake and sugar, and in this state of mind I was locked by the careful Mrs. Judy in my closet where I cried and trembled till I fell asleep.



CHAPTER II.

Dialogue between Mrs. Judy and Miss Susannah, who with tears takes leave of her uncle Warner—Her journey through London, to Captain Talbot's—The reception she and Mrs. Judy met with there—Their reluctant separation and Susannah's abrupt introduction to her youthful cousins, whose ungovernable rudeness renders the whole house a scene of confusion.

I STAYED with my uncle Warner only a few days after my aunt's funeral; but being under Mrs. Judy's instruction I experienced little relief from my former thraldoms; and as my uncle was much from home, my situation was very far from being ameliorated; but at the end of this time, I heard that I was to go to the house of Mrs. Talbot, my father's eldest sister, then residing beyond

London; and I was told I was to be put into a chaise, and that Mrs. Judy was to accompany me to my new home; and shall I see London and the Tower, and the Lions? I said to Mrs. Judy, who had opened the important information to me.

You will see what is proper for you to see Miss, replied Mrs. Judy.

Is my uncle Talbot a Doctor? I asked.

No, said Mrs. Judy, drawing herself up, he is nothing but a Captain in the Army.

And is not a Captain as good as a Doctor? I enquired.

No, said she, to be sure not; I wonder you should ask such a question.

Shall I have porridge for my breakfast? was my next question.

How should I know, retorted Mrs. Judy; but perhaps nothing so good.

Nothing so good! I replied. Why, what can be worse?

I wonder at your undutifulness Miss, returned Mrs. Judy; when your uncle wishes you to eat porridge, it shews a very bad heart in you to dislike it.

I said no more on the subject of the porridge, but asked how many children my aunt Talbot had.

I don't know, she replied, but if they are all like you Miss, there will be a fine house.

Does uncle Talbot read the newspapers? I asked next; but Mrs. Judy would hear no more, for it was bed time, and I was to go to my closet. The next morning I was called by break of day to attend Mrs. Judy to the carriage; and rejoiced, as I was going to London, to get free from my sad closet. When I came to take leave of my uncle, I burst into a flood of tears and hung about his neck for a few moments, with no other feelings but those of affection.

The old gentleman seemed quite softened; he kissed me tenderly, expressing his sorrow in parting from me, and told me that there was a home for me in his house as long as he lived.

My aunt Warner had been harsh and injudicious in her management of me; my

uncle had tormented me with his systems respecting food and medicine, but they had both meant well; they had acted by me to the best of their knowledge; they had made me uncomfortable, indeed, but they had merited my respect, and I left their house with tears, and ever remembered them with gratitude. What my feelings are with regard to the persons under whose care I next fell, remains to be explained—in order to which I shall beg my reader to accompany me and Mrs. Judy in my journey to London.

Stage coaches were not at that period either so convenient or so respectable as they now are; it was therefore thought proper that I should travel in a post chaise, and I was by this arrangement, condemned to a *tête à tête* with Mrs. Judy. I had little enjoyment in my journey, but what I derived from the sight of the new objects which presented themselves upon the road. We arrived in London late in the evening, and the next morning proceeded on our journey, not having more than fifteen miles to travel.

As we had breakfasted in London, we did not arrive at the place of our destination before one o'clock. Having entered a pretty village, we enquired for Captain Talbot's house, and were directed to a handsome dwelling, standing at some distance from the road, having a wall and gate in front and a shrubbery behind. My uncle Talbot had left the army, and having come into possession of a handsome property by the death of an elder brother, he was living in affluence, although his ideas of comfort were, perhaps, not altogether similar to those of my poor aunt Warner.

As the carriage drove into the grounds, Mrs. Judy exclaimed against the apparent want of neatness of many things around the house, and seemed to be particularly struck with the broken sticks and torn papers with which the coach ring was scattered over. Another moment brought us to the door, which was opened by a slip shod houseman, a footman in a genteel undress, peeping in

the mean time from some recess in the back ground of the hall.

Is Mrs. Talbot at home? was the first enquiry; to which we received a doubtful answer, and were made to stand awhile at the hall door, whilst the maid ascertained whether her mistress would be seen; in the mean time Mrs. Judy and I had opportunity to inspect all that was visible of the house.

We were standing at the entrance of a handsome hall, from the centre of whose roof hung a broken lamp; a marble table stood on one side of us with a crack right through the middle; immediately under the lamp was a rocking horse with a broken head; and a variety of dilapidated toys, were scattered in all directions over the blue and white stone flooring of the apartment.

Look Mrs. Judy, I said, look at that rocking horse and those dolls.

Mrs. Judy did not require to be told to

look; she had seen every thing, and had failed not to draw her conclusions, though she only uttered certain inexplicable humphs and groans, with which she amused me till the maid servant again appeared and invited us to follow her.

Though we had stood ten minutes at least in the hall, the mistress of the house was no farther distant from us than the next parlour; and if she had availed herself of this opportunity to improve her own appearance, or that of the room in which she sat, it might, perhaps, afford some subject of speculation to the curious to imagine what might have been the condition both of the lady and her apartment, before it had undergone the operations of such an arrangement as could be effected in a few minutes.

The room in which my aunt sat, was elegantly, and even richly furnished, but such a scene of confusion, I had scarcely ever beheld; what with broken play things, torn papers, soiled pinafores, hats, whips,

cats, kittens, and puppy dogs, there was scarcely a chair on which a stranger might sit down; the fine Brussels carpet was stained in many places and still wet in others; and it appeared by an empty cup and saucer and some broken and gnawed crusts on the table, that some one had been breakfasting after the usual family meal had been removed.

My aunt sat on a sofa in a bow window, for it was summer, with a littered table before her, and her feet raised on a footstool. She was a large woman, but exceeding rather in dimensions than height; her complexion was generally sallow, though she had a high colour in her cheeks; features to be sure she had, but after having lived with her for five years I should be wholly at a loss to say of what shape they were, or to declare the colour of her eyes, or even their expression, for she seemed almost too indolent to look any one in the face; she had a large double chin and thick neck which she seldom covered, and when I first saw her, seated

as she was on a sofa, she gave me the idea of a person who had worn a full trimmed dress of mourning for the last month, and never thought it worth her while to put it off in order to arrange her hair.

She scarcely moved when she saw me, though putting out one hand she called me to her, addressed me by my name, and said she was very glad to see me. I ran up to her, and thinking I must kiss her, put my mouth to her cheek, on which she turned a little towards me and exerted herself so far as to say that she hoped I should be happy under her roof, as she was sure I was a very good girl and had been brought up with the greatest care.

That indeed she has been, exclaimed Mrs. Judy, worked up to the last pitch of indignation, by the cold and careless manner in which she had been overlooked.

If Miss Susannah does not behave well and prove herself to be the best of children,

she will not have been worthy of the excellent education she has received; and then she burst forth in such a eulogium of her late mistress; of her neatness, order, carefulness, and regularity, as made my aunt Talbot look round her with amazement, and led her to enquire of the speaker if she had lived long with Mrs. Warner, and what place she held in the family.

That of housekeeper, madam, said Mrs. Judy, drawing up. I kept all the keys and saw that every thing was in its place in the house; and as she spoke she looked about her with an air and a manner which seemed to say, it's a pity that there is not some such decent person as myself in this house.

Indeed, said Mrs. Talbot, you were Mrs. Warner's housekeeper; and you have accompanied my niece from the country; would you choose a little breakfast?

Mrs. Judy looked as if she had not come all that way merely to accept a little break-

fast; however, she restrained her wrath, and saying that she wished to return immediately, asked if she might not see the Captain.

Mrs. Talbot looked at the bell as if she intended Mrs. Judy to save her the trouble of ringing it, but Mrs. Judy did not take the hint. Mr. Talbot is somewhere in the grounds with the children, said my aunt; I wish I could see some one to call him. Mrs. Judy stood still.

Shall I trouble you, said my aunt, at length, to pull the bell?

Mrs. Judy walked across the room with dignity, but I spared her the pain of touching the bell rope by running before her, for which I received a gracious smile as my reward.

My dear Miss, said the old servant, addressing me, though we were still in my aunt's presence; I have done all that is

required of me here I see, I shall only stay to see the Captain and deliver to him certain messages from my master respecting your health, and then I shall take my leave; and she looked scornfully at my aunt.

Oh Mrs. Judy, I said, I shall be sorry when you go, and my eyes filled with tears, but never mind speaking about my health.

Is not my niece healthy? said my aunt, overhearing what we said.

Not particularly so, returned Mrs. Judy; her answer being delivered quite as laconically and coolly as the question had been put.

I hope, said my aunt, that there is no complaint about her which might infect the other children.

Mrs. Judy could scarcely reply for indignation, and at length answered by another question. Bless me, madam, what can you mean? and she was proceeding to add

somewhat more, when my uncle burst into the room, followed by five children, the whole party shrieking, and shouting, and pushing before each other to see their new cousin.

As my uncle was the loudest and largest of the party, it was natural for me to look first at him; and I was by no means displeased at his appearance, for with a gentleman-like carriage, he had a handsome good humoured countenance, and a hearty affectionate manner. I can give little account of the first five minutes passed in the presence of my newly met relations, for there was such a noise, such an uproar, so much hugging and kissing on all sides, and such a number of voices shrieking in my ears that I was glad to make my escape to the side of Mrs. Judy, who stood in the midst of this universal uproar like some mighty rock in the ocean, *fixed, immoveable, and of portentous aspect.*

The good woman, however, opened not her mouth till my uncle Talbot recollecting her, suddenly offered her his hand, exclaim-

ing at the same time, what, Judy Griffin of savoury memory, how are you my old friend? have you forgotten the pranks I used to play amongst your cheese-cakes and mince-pies? Mrs. Talbot I hope you have not failed to welcome Mrs. Judith Griffin.

My aunt looked up, but made no answer.

I have a letter from my master for you sir, said the inexorable Mrs. Griffin, and with that she presented a letter duly folded, directed, and sealed, from my uncle Warner, intimating that it contained certain documents respecting the management of my health.

Humph, said my uncle, the captain, as he received the letter, aye, yes, from the Doctor respecting Susannah's health; they call you Susannah, don't they my dear; and as he spoke he broke the seal, and running over the letter with his eye, repeated aloud some of the most important words, amongst which I distinguished, salts now and then;

no fruit; porridge; spare diet; with several terms, whose direful import I too well understood; and then having finished its perusal he suddenly crumpled up the letter in a most unceremonious manner and thrusting it into his waistcoat pocket, said, so far so well; give my respects to my good brother Warner, and assure him that all shall be duly attended to, and I dare say we shall do very well; and now my good Mrs. Judy, what will you have? will you go into the housekeeper's room and regale yourself? you must stay with us for some days, we can't part with you yet; and his invitations were so warm and cordial that he would assuredly have succeeded had not my aunt indolently remarked from her seat on the sofa, that the servant had expressed a wish to return with the chaise, and that it was only putting her to an inconvenience to press her to stay; well, be it so, said my uncle, who it seems had accustomed himself to be very accommodating to all my aunt chose to propose; and Mrs. Judy, who appeared to be not half satisfied with her

reception, made her exit with unimpeached dignity, having first taken a more tender leave of me than I could possibly have expected from one of her habitually cold and severe habits.

I remember that I stood at the bow window watching the exit of Mrs. Griffin, till the last wheel of the carriage had past from my view, and might have stood some time longer meditating on many events of my early life, and on those scenes and persons which had now passed so entirely from my view, had I not been roused by a violent noise behind me; and turning round I found that my uncle was engaged with Robert and William, his two sons, in a game at romps, the boys having been detected in an attempt to pick his pocket of my uncle Warner's letter, whilst my three female cousins, Julia, Fanny, and Kate, were in high altercation with each other, about some toy which each desired to appropriate exclusively to herself.

I had never witnessed a scene of this kind

before, and being previously somewhat agitated in finding myself among total strangers; I burst into tears and sobbed so loudly, that the noise suddenly ceased and all the persons present turned round to look at me.

What my little girl, said my uncle, kindly coming up to me and taking me in his arms; what, crying because you have found so many new relations? come, come, wipe away those tears and let us all be merry; and so saying he carried me out into the garden at the back of the house, where, being followed by all the children we indulged in a violent fit of romps which was only concluded by a call to dinner, round which we all sat down without any of those previous ablutions and changes of garments which I had hitherto been taught to be indispensable before a formal repast of this kind.

The last dinner I had eaten was at an inn about forty miles on the other side of London, where I had been allowed to partake

sparingly of a little boiled mutton, and to taste the corner of a raspberry puff; consider then what were my feelings when I found myself seated at a well covered table and allowed to take of every thing I chose. My uncle during the whole time not making the slightest reference to the Doctor's letter, and my aunt being so wholly occupied by her own concerns and those of my two youngest cousins, one of whom was placed on each side of her, that I might have endangered my life by my excesses before she would have been led to make a single observation on the subject; the first unpleasant effect I found from my want of moderation was the increasing tightness of my cloaths immediately round my waist, but regardless of this I continued to indulge till I was actually so uncomfortable that I began to cry, and my uncle supposing that I was fatigued ordered me to be carried up into the nursery and put to bed.

I was glad of any excuse to be undressed, and had now no reason to dread the want of

company in the sleeping apartment which was appropriated to me, for it was a long, wide, and airy apartment, containing four cribs and a servant's bed, and the nursery maid and sempstress were sitting at one end of the room and were ready to undress me when the footman brought me to the door.

As I have given some description of the confusion which prevailed in the parlour, I shall forbear to describe the various incumbrances of every chair, chest, bed, and table, of this more private apartment; suffice it however to say, that Hercules himself might have counted it a labour to have put it into a neat and orderly state; however as order and regularity are commonly matters of indifference to children I should not have been much troubled by the contemplation of this scene of confusion, had I not felt an approaching headach and experienced a dizziness in my head which added not a little in my fancy to the wild confusion of all around me, however after I had

been in bed a few minutes I was greatly relieved by a violent fit of sickness, after which I fell into a deep sleep and probably should have slept myself quite well had it not been for a circumstance which I am about to relate.

I was in a deep sleep as I said before, and was dreaming of being in the post chaise with Mrs. Judy, when suddenly I thought that we had encountered a monstrous wagon laden with hay which fell over us, and I awoke struggling, as I fancied, under the hay; but instead of being in a chaise and overwhelmed with hay, what was my amazement to find myself on a bed, and entirely enveloped with some of the clothes which I had seen on first entering the room strewed over the floor of the apartment.

For some moments I was unable to get free, but when I at length succeeded in peeping out for a little air from under the stifling mass, I was saluted with a burst of laughter from the whole assembled be

my cousins, which with the loud reproaches of the nursery maid and sempstress, formed no agreeable sound in the ears of one who was just awakened from a sound and healing repose.

Much however as I had been kept under, I was not wanting in spirit, and I presently let my cousins know that I was not to be insulted with impunity, for I instantly seized all that lay within my reach and threw it upon the enemy with all the force of which I was mistress.

My cousins were nothing behind me in returning the compliments which I paid, and such an uproar presently ensued that my aunt herself was moved and actually appeared at the nursery door to enquire what was the matter.

The storm however was by no means hushed by her appearance, and she had renotsted the children to be quiet more than fusic before they would allow me to be at

rest; in the mean time my aunt had walked into the room and seated herself on a bed, where she was presently surrounded by the children, who, without making any excuse for what had happened, or accounting in any way for the extraordinary confusion of every thing in the room, like experienced generals, lost no time in carrying the contest towards the quarter from whence they expected the next assault, and set themselves one and all to obtain some favour from their mother, judging from former experience of the general good success of importunity where any thing was to be obtained.

Mamma, said Robert, shouting in at one ear, when are we to go to nurses? you promised we should go some day; may we go this evening?

May'nt we go to the shop to night, said William? Mamma do let me have my wax doll out of the cupboard, said another.

Mamma, mamma, squeeled a fourth, I want a bit of that cake in the pantry.

May not I show Susannah my doll's house, said a fifth? and the sixth, who was but two years old, finished the chorus by roaring for sugar candy.

I could not see my aunt's face whilst all this uproar was going on, but I heard her command one and another to be quiet, threatening to call papa, and at length, being unable to bear the noise any longer, I saw her push some of the elder children from her, and bid the nursery maid turn Robert and William out of the room.

The maid however sat still, having her reasons I suppose for not obeying; and contenting herself with saying, I wish you would be quiet young gentlemen, there is no living for your noise.

Don't you put in your word Mrs. Betty, said Robert sulkily.

Be quiet Robert, said the mother who had by this time extended herself on the bed where she had been sitting, whilst the children having sauntered up to the bow window at the end of the room had gathered round the sempstress, and were all requiring something or other at her hand.

Sew me up this pocket Mrs. Bint, said William; give me a bit of bees wax, said Robert; I want a shred of that silk, said Julia; do lend me a needle, said Fanny; and on the good woman declaring her inability to satisfy all, they raised such an uproar that my aunt called again to the nursery maid, and in no agreeable tone of voice asked her why she did not obey her and turn the boys out of the room.

On this occasion the servant got up and attempted to seize hold of one or other of the boys, on which such a scuffle ensued as I had never before witnessed.

It seems that William was a much better tempered boy than Robert, and when Mrs.

Betty attempted to lay hands on him, satisfied himself with eluding her grasp by such feats of activity as it was impossible to witness without laughing ; sometimes he would allow her almost to lay hold of him, and then would make his escape by diving under one bed, jumping over another, creeping under the table, or climbing upon a chest of drawers, and when weary of these exploits he at length made his exit with a tumble head over heels, and a flying leap down stairs.

Master William having thus taken his departure, Mrs. Betty being re-urged by her mistress, made her next attack upon Robert, and was pushing him by the shoulders out of the room when he suddenly turned upon her and struck her.

The young woman very properly did not return the blow, but called on her mistress to reprove her son.

This my aunt did not choose to hear, thus

holding out all the encouragement she decently could to the young gentleman's bad conduct, and as might be expected he repeated his blow, on which the servant being justly offended used her utmost strength, and forcing him out of the room closed the door and bolted it; the boy being thus shut out set up such screams and cries on the outside of the door, accusing Betty of having hurt him, that the weak mother took alarm and ordered her to open the door again, accusing her of violence.

He is not hurt madam, said the servant; I desire you to open the door, said my aunt, in her accustomed indolent manner, I choose to see if my child is hurt; and the door was opened and Robert brought to his mother that it might be ascertained where he was injured.

In order to make his triumph more complete, Master Robert chose to appear to be in great pain, and in consequence it was thought necessary that he should be laid on

a bed whilst his back was rubbed by his mamma, and in this state he lay till my uncle's voice was heard under the window calling the boys to bring their fishing rods, and accompany him to a neighbouring pond, on which occasion Robert jumped up and left the room, whilst his mother again extended herself on the bed. Whilst this scene was passing between Master Robert, his mother, and Mrs. Betty, it must not be supposed that my younger cousins were quiet, or that they allowed any one in the room to be at peace; little Kate insisted on coming in and out of my bed at least twenty times, and on one of these occasions fell down and broke her head; Julia cut up a piece of silk which Mrs. Bint had prepared for a sleeve, and which could not be matched in the village; and Fanny broke a china bason, full of food for the infant, and poured its contents over a basket of clean linen; and thus the evening wore away till my aunt and the remainder of her unruly flock were called to tea, whilst I being considered as an invalid was left in the nursery to enjoy

the company of the maids, and to glory in my emancipation from porridge and dry bread.

Notwithstanding the scene of confusion which I had witnessed in the nursery, I certainly had some pleasant anticipations respecting the life of freedom which I hoped to enjoy under Mr. Talbot's roof, and though my play-fellows were undoubtedly not the most agreeable, yet I could not divest myself of the idea that it would be pleasant to have persons of my own age to associate with; then the ease and abundance of the house was certainly far more inviting at first sight than the extreme formality of my former abode; and I could have no clear ideas of the evils which are ever attendant on a state of anarchy, whether in a small or large society, neither had I any religious principles to restrain my desires of self-indulgence, for my superstitious fears were chased away, at least for the time, by the bustle in which I had been lately involved, and I had no better feelings to take their place.

I had been pleased with my uncle Talbot's friendly attentions and I considered my aunt already as a mere nothing who would let me do as I chose, and would be as blind to my faults as to those of her own family; and thus as I lay speculating on these matters I fell asleep and did not wake till the children came roaring and shouting up stairs to be put to bed.

The next morning I was allowed to rest or rather lounge on my bed till breakfast time, when the non-appearance of the dreaded porridge seemed to fill up the sum of my happiness.

This my second day at my uncle Talbot's was to be a holiday as a compliment to me, which I rejoiced to hear, though I certainly was more weary at the end of the day than I had ever been of any twelve hours I had ever spent in my life, for my uncle's children never played, but spent all their leisure hours in lounging, squabbling and eating; the third day was however to bring a recur-

rence of lessons, on which occasion a writing master, and what is called a day governess, made their appearance, and these teachers remained with us every day till one o'clock, unless they were displaced by the dancing master, who attended twice in the week. The governess was as I afterwards found, a well educated young person who lived in the village, and might, perhaps, have profited us considerably, for she seemed to be in earnest in what she undertook, had not my aunt been always in the room, and always ready to supply excuses for indolence and want of attention. You must excuse Fanny this morning Miss Clayton, she would say, if she is not so quick as usual, for she has complained of a headach, and poor Robert was out all yesterday evening with his papa, and it is not surprising if he is tired and dull, &c. &c. So what with mamma's excuses, and my cousins' dislike of learning, the progress they made was very slow, in so much so, that in the comparison I passed with Miss Clayton when

first put under her care, for rather a clever, well instructed child.

I was tolerably contented at my uncle Talbot's for some weeks, though I did not find the happiness I at first expected, many little troubles arising which I had not foreseen. Being left entirely to myself in the article of food, I used no restraint whatever, and in consequence so frequently overloaded my stomach that I became subject to sickness and headaches, and after a while so entirely lost my taste for any common food, that in fact I seemed presently to have lost all relish for my meals, and often sat down to my breakfast and dinner anxious to eat, and greedy of dainties indeed but incapable of enjoying any thing.

I also found that I had miscalculated the easiness of my aunt's temper.

She was, without doubt, an indolent woman, and used neither watchfulness or observation, notwithstanding which when the

ill conduct of her children really put her to inconvenience, (I will say nothing of shame, for she was not very liable to feelings of this kind,) she became very irritable, and if she could not find any other persons to blame than these her children, she would generally contrive to throw the whole blame on one individual amongst them; and the persons commonly selected on these occasions were her second son and eldest daughter, the one because he was evidently not a favourite, and the other because she had conceived the idea that this girl ought to take from her all the burthen of her family, and possess all the wisdom and self-denial which her mother had never practised. In case, however, of a possibility of throwing off blame of any misdemeanour upon another, she never attempted to settle it on any of her own family: and on these occasions she was often guilty of injustice the most glaring and offensive; and though she never had recourse to any penalty or the infliction of any actual punishment, yet she contrived to make every one around her mi-

serable, and to fill every mind with the idea of being ill-used and disliked.

When a child or servant is found fault with in a just and conscientious manner, there is always a certain something within which pleads for the reprovcr, but the mind revolts against unjust accusations, and the will rises against those who are capable of making them; accordingly I soon ceased to respect my aunt, and became wholly careless whether I pleased her or not: I avoided her company; I disliked my cousins, because they were objects of her selfish regard, and I was occupied by no other concern than that of pampering and pleasing myself. Thus for three whole years I lived the slave of passion and prejudice, defending myself whenever I was detected in doing wrong, by palliations, untruths, and gradually changing from a well behaved, neat little girl, into a bold, slovenly, coarse, and ill-bred romp.

The only persons for whom I had the

slightest regard in the family were my cousin William, my uncle, and the nursery maid, as to my aunt I had every feeling towards her that I should not have had; Robert I feared from his violence, and I hated Julia because she gave herself the airs of an elder sister; Fanny was my aversion, because she was the favourite of her mamma, and her word would be believed against any of us; and I hated the two least children, because they had dirty faces and large stomachs. Such was the state of my mind whilst I remained in this family, and such the comforts of an ill-ordered household; I had experienced the effects of extreme strictness, and I do not hesitate to say that the miseries of mis-rule are as much greater than those of even severity, as the outrages of a mob, are more to be dreaded than the over-weening power of a single tyrant.

The time, however, of my residence with my aunt Talbot was wearing to a close; and I shall hasten to give an account of

some of the last days of which I spent in this unhappy situation.

Over the chimney piece in the common sitting room in this house, was a miniature picture in ivory of my aunt; it had been taken when she was in her bloom, and being so nearly allied to herself, was an object of no small value and interest to her.

It happened one morning as we were all, with the exception of William, playing in this room, where the picture was, that I having happened to give some offence to Master Robert, he took up a wooden nine-pin and hurled it at my head; it was natural for me to endeavour to shrink from this furious assault, I accordingly stooped when I saw the nine-pin coming, and raised my hand to save my head, by which, I perhaps might have turned the course of the missile, but be this as it may, the nine-pin having missed my head, struck with such force against the miniature picture, which was just behind me, that the glass and ivory

were smashed into a thousand pieces, and in one moment the only remaining memorial of my aunt's good looks perished for ever.

For an instant we all stood appalled at the accident, and a general silence prevailed through the room; it was not, however, of long duration, but was presently followed by a universal burst of exclamations, amongst which I could only hear these words of my cousin Julia, who looking reproachfully at me, said, well Miss Susannah you have done it now, and pray what do you think my mamma will say to your precious handy works? What have I done I repeated with unmingled astonishment? I did not do it, it was Robert.

Was it? she said, laughing, indeed I did not understand that; did not you turn the nine-pin against the picture? It would never have touched the picture if you had not forced it towards it with your hand; and if I did so it was only to save my head Miss

Julia, I answered, and it is no more than any one else would have done in the same situation, but I am sure I did not mean to hurt the picture.

But you did Susannah, said Robert, you did, and I shall tell mamma all about it.

Tell her what you will, false and deceitful boy, I replied in a flame of indignation, tell her what you will, I dont care for any of you. What more I added I know not, for whilst I spoke my aunt appeared and fixed her eyes on the unfortunate miniature.

Who did this mischief? she enquired, evidently in great agitation.

Susannah did it, said Fanny, and she says she does not care.

My aunt's angry eyes were fixed on me; I did not do it Miss Fanny, I said, and you speak a falsehood if you say I did.

But you did, said Robert; you did, said Julia; you did, said Fanny, you know you did.

My aunt looked more and more angry, and when I would have spoken bade me go up into the nursery, at the same time giving me such a push as sent me reeling to the door.

In the hall I met William who seeing me crying and sobbing with passion, enquired the cause, and being made acquainted with the state of the case; he undertook my cause, which I heard him plead with much spirit and sincerity as I stood listening without the door, though frequently interrupted by Robert and Julia.

I will speak Robert, I heard him say, I will not allow you to say what is not true of Susannah.

I did not distinctly hear Robert's answer, but it seems that words were beginning to run very high between the two brothers,

when my aunt interfered and bid them both be silent. My picture is destroyed amongst you she said, and it little matters who have done it, let me hear no more about it.

Then I may bring Susannah back, said William.

No, said my aunt, let her go to the nursery, or we shall have more mischief. Susannah did not do the mischief mamma, it was Robert, said William; did I not tell you that I will hear no more about it, said my aunt, what business is it of yours, William; It is every body's business to prevent injustice, said William.

Did I not tell you that I would not be teased any more returned the mother? My picture is destroyed and that is enough for me.

Yes, said William, but not by Susannah; will you never have done said the mother, and at that moment hearing a step behind

me in the hall, and fearing that it might be my uncle, whom I well knew would be prevailed upon to judge of this affair as his wife chose, I ran up into the nursery where I opened all my grievances to Mrs. Betty, and our old friend the sempstress. I shall not repeat all that was said on this occasion, indeed, I cannot recollect it, nor is it of much consequence, but it chiefly consisted in invectives against my aunt and cousins, with the exception of William; and Mrs. Betty remarked, that it was a great mistake for a servant to suppose that an indolent and careless lady made the best mistress; for said she, though I have been as much as four years in this house, yet I will plainly say, that I would not have stayed two had it not been for master, who knew that I was trusty with the children, and made it worth my while to put up with the noise, and uproar, and confusion, and my mistresses odd ways; but, added she, I don't think for all that that I shall be able to bear it much longer: for my mistress never knows when she is well served, and its just a chance

whether she is pleased or displeased. Servants are always most comfortable with those mistresses, who look after their own households and know when things are right and when they are wrong, and if servants are, I am sure children are, added I, for though my aunt Warner was so particular, I was ten times happier with her than I am here, for I knew how to please her, and how to keep out of mischief, and there was nobody to believe lies against me, and that is not the case here.

In this manner I continued to converse with Mrs. Betty, till the sound of carriage wheels struck our ears, and running up to the windows we looked out, and saw a neat chaise and pair drive up to the door, within which was a lady and child.

Ah, said Mrs. Bent, who can that be, the lady looks not unlike Mrs. Darnley, surely it cannot be your aunt Darnley, all the way from Devonshire.

Mrs. Darnley was my father's younger sister, she had married a clergyman some years since, and as it happened I had never seen her, though her husband was my third guardian, this lady had two daughters and one son.

My aunt Darnley I said, trying to get a glance of her as she stepped out of the carriage, oh! how I should like to be acquainted with her, is she like my aunt Talbot?

Not at all said the sempstress, with a certain expressive look at Mrs. Betty, not the least, she was here about five years since, and I made her a gown, and I never saw any one more easy to fit, she is as nice a lady as ever I saw, and speaks so kindly to her inferiors; ah, said Mrs. Betty, that does not agree with what I have heard my mistress say of her.

Why, what does she say of her said Mrs. Bent? that she is a very particular family

person, and is at the end of every thing.

She is none the worse for that, said Mrs. Bent.

No, to be sure, returned the other, that is what we were saying just now, that those persons who know how work is to be done, and understand the way in which things should be managed, and can distinguish between right and wrong, and will be obeyed when they give an order, are the best to deal with in the long run, and that's what I think every servant will allow.

The lady who had arrived in the carriage was in fact no other than my aunt Darnley, as we soon found from the footman to whom Betty spoke from the top of the stairs, and I in consequence expected to be called down every minute, but the time wore away and I was left where I was, till my female cousins came up to be dressed before dinner.

Betty, mamma says, you are to make us

very tidy and smart, for aunt Darnley takes a great deal of notice; how am I to make you tidy all at once returned Mrs. Betty, you know I am always telling you of your untidiness, and those little misses who are not neat when there is no company, will never be very nice when there is.

That's no business of yours Betty, said Julia, but you are to put on some of our best things now, and so saying, she went to the drawers and laid out some of the smartest things she and her sisters possessed.

Is Miss Susannah to be dressed? said the servant.

I don't know, said Julia, mamma is angry with her, but she did not say she was not to be dressed.

I was accordingly prepared for my appearance, and went down with my cousins into the dining parlour, where I found my aunt Darnley ready to receive me with affec-

tion, having as I afterwards found frequently enquired for me before.

My aunt had a little girl with her somewhat older than myself, called Emmeline, she was standing by her mother when first I saw her, and I was extremely taken with her sweet and modest appearance, and the rare simplicity and neatness of her dress.

I was not less pleased with my aunt Darnley, though the vivacity of her countenance and a certain quickness with which she seemed to observe all around her, made me feel a considerable degree of fear mingled with the love which she inspired.

After having received her warm and cordial embraces, I had placed myself in such a direction that I could watch her countenance, and at the same time make a comparison between her and my aunt Talbot, with whom I was not at that time in the best possible humour, and as I carried on

my comparison, I thought that I never had seen two sisters more unlike.

We were soon summoned to the dinner table, and after dinner, it being summer time, a variety of fruit was set before us.

My uncle Talbot, and my aunt Darnley, had kept up a lively and agreeable conversation during dinner, and the children having all been deeply engaged in the important business of satisfying their appetites had been perfectly silent, but this quiet was not to continue much longer; whilst the servants were setting on the dessert they began to talk, and the youngest child now five years of age chose to leave her place and get on her mother's lap, contriving as she climbed up on her knees to give her gown a terrible rent.

My aunt Talbot exclaimed at this invasion on her comforts and possessions, and pushing the child away remarked, that there were nothing but misfortunes that day,

pointing to the broken miniature which still hung over the mantle piece.

Ah, said my uncle, that was an unfortunate accident indeed, and his eye glanced at me.

My aunt Darnley remarked, that she was sorry to see the picture so destroyed, as it had been at the time a very good likeness.

You thought so, did not you Anna, said Mrs. Talbot, but it cannot be helped now, and she looked again at me. Well, but how did the accident happen, said my aunt Darnley, you say by a nine-pin, but how came a nine-pin in contact with the picture.

It was Susannah's doing said Julia, Susannah did it, said Robert.

I did not, cousin Robert. I did not Julia, I exclaimed, my whole face flushing with passion, I did not do it, and you know that you are speaking untruths; Julia and Robert

looked at their mamma, my uncle fixed his eyes on me, and my aunt Darnley turned from one to another round the table as if she was reading every countenance.

I did not do it, it was not my fault, I continued to repeat, though my aunt Talbot told me continually to be silent, till at length quite overcome with passion I burst into tears and said, only ask William how the picture was broken, he will tell, he knows how it was, and he can speak the truth.

And so can I too, Miss Susannah, replied Robert, here my uncle called us to order with a violent blow on the table, and my aunt Darnley remarked, that it might perhaps be a satisfaction to all present, if each of the parties were allowed to tell their own story.

What would be the use of that, said my aunt Talbot, I at least have had enough of it, I have heard nothing else this morning; then how was it, said my uncle, if you have

heard it so often, do give us the satisfaction of hearing it once more: and as he spoke there was something in his manner which made my aunt understand that he would for once have his own way, for she immediately ceased to make any resistance, but seeing some person pass before the window, though it was only the gardener, she got up, walked to the window, called to him, and pretended to have recollected something which had been neglected.

My uncle in the mean time, to my great satisfaction, made Robert and Julia tell their story, after which, seeing me unable to speak for myself, he ordered William to speak for me; when each party had stated the cases, they were cross-examined by my uncle, assisted by my aunt Darnley, who by one or two important questions brought the whole to light and established my innocence, and the dishonourable conduct of my cousins.

For shame, for shame, said Mrs. Darnley,

looking at Julia and Robert with honest displeasure, but perhaps, recollecting that she was not at home and not dealing with her own children, she added no more; nor indeed was any more necessary then, for my uncle very properly bid his son and daughter leave the room, and keep out of his sight for some days to come, and this was no sooner effected than my aunt Talbot returned to the table, and was duly informed that my innocence was established.

Established indeed it was, but I had no further prospect of justice than I had before, for I saw a concentrated rage in the countenance of my aunt, whose lip trembled, and whose eye shot fire, but she restrained herself and remarked, that Robert and Julia were very naughty children, and then instantly turning from the subject and bringing forward one which she knew would interest her husband, the whole matter appeared to have been forgotten to all except me, but I still trembled with the apprehension of what I might expect.

My aunt Darnley having sat a little longer complained of fatigue, and asked permission to retire for a short time to rest; and Mrs. Talbot at the same time rising to go into the nursery with her children, I took the opportunity to steal into a retired part of the garden where I could yield in quietness to my heaviness of heart.

There sitting down under the shade of a cluster of filbert trees I wept without restraint, and how often did I wish myself back under the comparatively peaceful roof of my aunt Warner's house.



CHAPTER III.

The unkind treatment Susannah experiences from Mrs. Talbot till she is unexpectedly taken away by her aunt Darnley—Her joy upon the deliverance—and Mrs. Darnley's instructive conversation with her during their journey into Devonshire—their arrival at the Parsonage.

Here I remained till called to the tea table, where I appeared with eyes swollen and every expression of sorrow. My aunt Darnley and my cousins took no notice of me at tea, and Julia and Robert were absent, my uncle also and William were out. I had however, to endure many cold and angry looks from Mrs. Talbot, and when my uncle returned after tea, I was surprised to see the two offenders brought down, and their

pardon pleaded for from their father, in the presence of the whole family.

How should I forgive them Mrs. Talbot, said my uncle, when they persisted so long in a mischievous falsehood?

They were frightened—they meant no harm, said my aunt; do kiss them and make it up. The children and the mother continued to plead; the former seemed to be sorry, and my uncle forgave them; and thus they were taught to think light of that conduct which they ought to have been made to abhor. I expected that my aunt Darnley would have interfered, but she said nothing, at least before us, and, by her guarded manner, I supposed that her mind had been poisoned towards me, and that I had nothing to hope from that quarter.

Mrs. Darnley remained with us nearly a week, and during that time I was very unhappy. My aunt Talbot and cousins, always excepting William, treating me with the ut-

most coldness, though I had nothing whatever to complain of with respect to my food, or of any other indulgence of that kind, yet I was miserable, and much of my misery, I have since thought, proceeded from the agitated state of my passions, which were all up in arms against Mrs. Talbot, whose cold and selfish carelessness rendered her almost an object of aversion to me.

In the mean time my aunt Darnley was preparing for her departure, and as she had taken little notice of me, I heard of her having determined to go off the next morning without regret.

However, on the eve of her departure, I was surprised to see Mrs. Betty engaged in putting my clothes into a trunk, and when I questioned her on the occasion, I heard, with a satisfaction I cannot describe, that I was to go and live with my aunt Darnley.

From that time all was confusion and tumult in my mind, and when, at length, I

was put into the chaise with my aunt and little cousin, my joy was sullied only by a single tear, and that tear was shed for William.

As soon as the door of the chaise was shut and the postillion had put the horses in motion, my cousin Emmeline took hold of my hand, and putting it into her mother's, said, I am so glad, mamma, that Susannah is coming to live with us, she will be so happy, and we shall love her so much.

My aunt, as her little daughter spoke, drew me closer to her, and said, I hope she will be happy, my Emmeline, I have no wish, my dear Susannah, but to make you happy, and she kissed me affectionately.

Oh! aunt Darnley, I said, I am so glad that I am coming with you, and I burst into tears, confessing that I had lately been very miserable.

Well, my dear, said my aunt, that is now

passed, we will talk no more about it; I saw that you were not comfortable, and therefore I persuaded your uncle Talbot to part with you; and I trust and hope, my dear child, that you will have no reason to lament the change.

Indeed I never shall, I answered, for I was miserable with my aunt Talbot, and I was going to utter several complaints, when Mrs. Darnley interrupted me, saying, my beloved child we will drop all this; when you leave any place you ought to remember nothing but the kindnesses you have received in that place, and if you are inclined to find fault with the conduct of any person towards yourself, then ask of your own heart whether your own behaviour deserved any better treatment.

But I did not break the picture, indeed, aunt Darnley.

I do not say that you did, my dear, said, she; but did you not break out into a pas-

sion when you were wrongfully accused, and did you not indulge in invectives against your aunt and cousins?

But they did not hear me, aunt Darnley, I answered.

Perhaps not, she replied, but there was one who did.

Betty heard me, I answered, and Mrs. Bent; did they tell you about it aunt?

No, my dear, returned Mrs. Darnley.

Then how did you know that they heard me?

I did not know that they heard you, my love, said my aunt, and I was not thinking of Betty when I said that there was one who heard you speak ill of your aunt. I was thinking of God, who knows all we do, and takes account of every idle word we speak.

I had heard nothing of this kind for some years past, and could make no reply.

On which my aunt, judging, perhaps, what passed in my mind, said there is one thing, my dear child, which I wish to explain to you before we are longer together, in order that you may understand me, and not be at a loss how to please me. I am now to stand in the place of a parent to you, and all the duties you owed to your own dear parents, now no more, you owe to me. I am, therefore, to be considered by you, as long as you live with me, as a mother, and I wish you to tell me from whom a mother receives her authority over her child.

I hesitated a little, and then said from God.

And which, said she, is the greatest? the God who gives the parent his authority, or the parent who receives the authority from God?

I answered, certainly the God who gives the authority.

Then, said she, if a parent is so wicked, after the Almighty has given him his authority to rule and govern his children rightly, to neglect or misguide these children, by what superior law should such unhappy children be regulated.

I replied by the law of God.

Such being the case, she replied, every child in all situations, whether under the guidance of good or bad parents, of kind or cruel guardians, ought to have one fixed and abiding rule of conduct, and that is the will of God. The word of God, my child, is a sure and certain guide in every situation in life, and I now tell you that by studying this word and endeavouring to act up to it, you will find the means of pleasing me ; so that you need never to be at a loss in what manner to suit yourself to my temper or my wishes.

By the word of God, aunt, I replied, do you mean the Bible.

Certainly, she answered.

But I know very little of the Bible, I answered.

I am sorry for that, my dear, she replied, but we will get you a Bible in London, and you shall immediately consult it, in order to learn how children should behave to their parents.

Oh, aunt Darnley, I said, but I fear it will be very long before I understand all these things.

If you mean, said she, that it will be very long before you understand the whole of the Bible, I grant it will be so; but there are a few plain things in religion, which, with the divine blessing, a child much younger than you are, might soon be made to understand.

The first of these is this, that the Almighty God not choosing to shew himself personally to mankind, has revealed his will to his

creatures in his written word, in the same manner as I might write to you at a distance, and tell you what to do: and if a little child understands this, and has a Bible, and can read, is there any reason, I ask you, why he may not know his Lord's will—as far, at least, as it is necessary for him to know it.

A little child may also soon be made to know that his kind father or mother is given to him as a friend to whom he may run in all his troubles, and to whom he may confess all his faults, and from whom he may receive help and direction in studying the word of God.

And now, my dear child, added my kind aunt, as there are many pretty things to be seen upon the road, I will not keep your attention longer upon these subjects; but only recollect these two things: the first is, that you will find all that is needful to be known of God, and of yourself, and of the rules of life and conduct, in the Bible; and

that you have now found a mother, from whom you must not hide any thing wrong which you have done.

Remember, my child, that you must tell me every thing you do amiss; and I will weep together with you for your faults, and we will pray together, and I will shew you where you are to seek strength to do better in future; and then, my Susannah, you will become a holy and a happy little girl, and you will enjoy such sweet peace as you never knew before.

As my aunt spoke, I looked at her face, and thought I had never before seen so sweet a countenance. I did not then know what it was that made her look so lovely, for I had never before had occasion to notice a set of features beaming with holy charity, and pure and, I might say, perfect love. I can give you no idea of the impression which her manner and discourse made upon me, or how my heart was drawn out with love towards her and her lovely little daugh-

ter, whose tender and dove like eyes were fixed upon me all the while her mother was speaking, in a manner which might be more easily conceived than described.

We passed through London this day about noon; and, having dined and bought a bible, we continued our journey in the direction towards Devonshire. We arrived about seven o'clock at a small town where we had some tea and went to bed. I slept in the same room with my aunt and cousin, and before we got into bed, my aunt made me read the first chapter of Genesis in my new bible, and join her and my cousin in prayer. I was surprised to see that she did not use a book when she prayed, and to find that I understood every word of her prayer, and felt myself considerably affected by the tender and affectionate manner in which she made mention of me in her supplications. In the morning we arose early, and continued our journey.

We were now entering into a much more

wild and natural country than that which surrounds London; and I shall never forget the impression which was made on my mind by a conversation which passed between my aunt and Emmeline, on the morning of our leaving the inn where we had slept. We were travelling over a wide and level down, fragrant with heath and other aromatic herbs. On the horizon was a mist, above which the red rays of the rising sun shot upwards towards the meridian. Many sheep were feeding on the down, attended by little shepherd boys, sitting apart from each other, and presenting the images of innocence and peace.

A few thatched cottages, in blooming gardens, were scattered here and there; and now and then an ancient spire or tower presented itself to our view.

Oh, mamma, said Emmeline, how happy those little shepherds appear to be, and how fresh and sweet are the breezes which blow over this place. If I did not love our

own home so well, I think I could be very glad to live in one of those cottages, and enjoy the quiet of this pleasant place.

When we travel through countries unknown to us, my dear Emmeline, said my aunt, and see picturesque cottages and pleasant gardens and groves, and waterfalls, and hills and meadows, we are apt to think that the inhabitants of such places must be happy; not considering that happiness has little to do with the places in which we live; but that it entirely depends on our feelings towards our God.

You may judge of this, my beloved child, by your own experience. When your heart is filled with love to your God, and drawn out in affection for him and his people, are you not always happy; and when your heart is not in that blessed state, are you not always miserable?

Oh, yes, mamma, returned Emmeline, I have often felt what you describe.

My aunt, then addressing me, took occasion to give me the first information I had ever received respecting the awful doctrine of man's depravity; and made me understand the reason why I had been so particularly unhappy in my aunt Talbot's house.

There is in our nature, my dear child, said she, a certain inclination to do evil, which requires a constant controul, and in situations where this controul is not exercised, human beings invariably make themselves miserable, and have no power to help it.

There are many things which force grown people to restrain themselves, and behave with a certain decency and propriety, though they may not have much religion. Some people are obliged to work for their bread, and then they must submit to the humours of their masters; and gentlemen and ladies, know, that if they do not pay their debts and behave properly to each other, that they will be cast out of society and that nobody will notice them. But little children,

when living in their parents' houses, have no fears of this kind, and if their parents do not keep them in order, they become torments to themselves and to every one about them; and thus it was in your poor aunt Talbot's family—she is blameably careless of her children, and though her young people have every indulgence which it is possible for her to supply, they are truly miserable, and all who have any thing to do with them are miserable also.

The children themselves are slaves of their own bad passions, and they can neither rest themselves, nor let any one rest who has any thing to do with them. Your aunt has no comfort in her children—neither can she expect any—for she cannot be made to believe that their natures are depraved, or that any restraint is needful for them.

My aunt then added a great deal more on the depravity of man's nature, and made me understand that he had not been made originally sinful, but had become so through

the transgression of our first parents; and led me to look into myself to discover the symptoms whereby I might discern this depravity in my own heart, shewing me that my greediness of food, my inclination to make my own story good on all occasions at the expence of truth, my unthankfulness, my entire forgetfulness of my God, my slovenliness and want of courtesy of manner, were all symptoms of that depravity of heart, of which she spoke as belonging to all and every one of the children of Adam.

But, aunt, I said, you have seen very little of me at my aunt Talbot's, and how do you know that I have all those faults.

Here Emmeline interposed and said, you do not know Susannah how quick mamma is in knowing the ways of children. You must never attempt to hide any thing from mamma, she will find you out in a minute.

I am glad of it Emmeline, I replied; glad said my aunt, somewhat surprised at the

glee with which I spoke ; yes, aunt, I said, I feel that I shall like to live with a person who will know when I am really good, and when I am really naughty : really good replied my aunt, when are we poor creatures really good ? we are better sometimes than others at least aunt, I said, and I do not like people to find fault with me when I am not particularly naughty ; perhaps, you do not like to be found fault with at any time, said my aunt ; I do not know, I answered, I am not quite certain about that, to be sure I don't like to be scolded and punished at any time, but I think I should like to be set right in a kind way when I am wrong, for I am *tired*, tired of being such a wild, idle girl as I have been, and I would give all the world to be like my cousin Emmeline ; as I spoke these words I burst into tears, and my aunt turning towards me kissed me with tenderness, saying, my dear Susannah, I thank God who has put this feeling into your heart, and be assured my child, that if you will but be sincere with me, if you will but make me your friend and never deceive me,

you shall ever find an affectionate and tender mother in me, sisters in your cousins, and a father in your uncle.

Thus my dear aunt initiated me by degrees, and in the most gentle, easy, and winning manner, into the mysteries of our blessed religion; and now that I am speaking on this subject I must not fail to say, that as soon as she had duly impressed my mind with the doctrine of man's depravity and utter helplessness, she proceeded to unfold to me the mighty work of man's salvation, in all its parts, as wrought by the glorious persons of the adorable Trinity. Nor can I ever forget the glow of animation with which she first explained to me the love of the Father, the triumph of the Son over sin, and death upon the cross, and the various offices of the Holy Spirit.

The general outline of these solemn mysteries were given me by my aunt, on the third and last day of our journey; and all that I afterwards heard on the subject of

religion, served to fill up this great outline, and to open more and more intimately each lesser part of the mighty whole; and thus, whilst my mind became daily more and more enriched with heavenly knowledge, I was made to behold the beautiful effects of true piety in the conduct of every individual of the family; and to feel, that if I was not myself wholly under the influence of religion, I was much indebted for happiness, to the firmness, gentleness, forbearance, and universal rectitude of those that were.

But, to proceed with my narrative; on the evening of the third day, having entered a little valley enclosed by two woody hills, we arrived in view of a neat parsonage house standing in a garden, and shaded to the north by a grove of lofty oaks, and having in its front a wide field which shelved down to a little brook. At the moment, when our carriage had arrived at the spot from whence the house could be distinctly seen, with all its useful and picturesque appendages, a waggon load of hay was passing away

from the field through the gate, and we saw many persons engaged with their forks and rakes collecting the residue of the hay; amongst these, my aunt immediately distinguished her daughter Lucy, and her little son Charles; and soon after my uncle himself was distinguished, sitting with a book in the corner of the field.

Oh! happy, happy, home, exclaimed Emmeline, in an ecstacy of delight. Oh! mamma, mamma, we are come home again; Susannah, there is Lucy and little Charles, dear little Charles and papa, and old John, and Kitty, and Sally, and the widow Jerret, and Jenny, all in the hay field. Oh, how glad they will be when they see the carriage, and how pleased they will be to see Susannah; and as she spoke she fluttered like a little bird, who being held in the hand is trying to escape.

We had now descended deeper into the valley, and were passing through a rural street enclosed on each side by thatched

cottages, and were actually about to enter the blooming garden of the parsonage, before the busy people in the hay field were aware of our approach; but scarcely was the alarm of our arrival given, that such a ring of joy thrilled through our ears as I had scarcely ever heard before, and more happy faces gathered round us than I had ever seen in all the course of my life before that moment. I do not know how I got out of the chaise, but I presently found myself in a neat and roomy study, where the tea things were prepared before an open window; and I was introduced to my uncle, whose mild and gentlemanlike manner, and serene and intelligent countenance, made me no sooner look at him than desire to obtain his esteem.

We, the travellers, were very hungry, having had no dinner, and we immediately sat down to tea, but with no confusion, every person seemed to know his place, and mine was appointed to me between my aunt and eldest cousin.

There was nothing on the table but tea, excellent melon, home-made bread, and fresh butter; and my aunt without bustle or ostentation gave each of the children their proper portion. After tea a little box including a few presents from London was introduced, and whilst it was being unpacked, I observed no confusion amongst the children, but each waited patiently till every thing was unfolded, and I saw with some surprise, that not only the servants of the family had been remembered, but even some of the poorest and oldest inhabitants of the village; and Emmeline and Lucy were charged to go into the hay field, and deliver the presents to such persons who might there be found.

When this important business was finished, and little Charles had duly inspected his coloured pictures, I was taken by my cousins to see the house, and to be shewn the room where I was to sleep with them. I was also introduced to an old female servant, who had once been nurse in the

family, and was then a kind of housekeeper; made acquainted with the cat, the dog, and the magpie; introduced into the garden and shewn what plot of ground was to be appropriated to me. In this manner did we spend the remainder of the evening, and before I went to bed I was present for the first time in my life at family worship, and heard the children's voices joined with those of their parents in a hymn of praise, after which the younger part of the family went to bed, my aunt having previously informed me that she wished me to attend to all the habits of neatness and propriety to which she had accustomed her own little girls, directing them to make me acquainted with their rules.



CHAPTER IV.

Susannah reproved for disobeying her aunt Darnley
—Resists her authority and is separated from her
amiable cousins—Her compunction next morning
—Going down to breakfast, meets Lucy, who pre-
vails upon her to ask her aunt's forgiveness—Their
occupations, amusements, and dress—Clothing the
poor in winter—the Rector's successful exertion to
promote their instruction—Conclusion.

I promised my aunt to be very attentive,
but the moment I got into our bed room I
forgot what she had been saying, and begin-
ning to undress myself I threw my clothes
on the ground. Here are some drawers for
you Susannah; those are yours, and these
are ours said Emmeline, and we fold up our
things when we take them off and put them

into the drawers ; indeed, I said, don't you find it troublesome to take so much pains ? Mamma has ordered us to do it, was her answer.

I am sure I shall never learn to be so careful, I replied.

I should advise you said Lucy, not to say so, for I will plainly tell you, that mamma is a person who will be obeyed when she gives an order ; I made no answer, but ceasing to undress I sat down, and looked out of the window for it was not yet dark, in the mean time my cousins knelt down by their beds and prayed, and when they got up from their knees they began to fold up their clothes. I sat looking at them for a minute, and then began to make some observations on my aunt Talbot's slovenly habits, on which Lucy expressing some astonishment, began to question me about the family.

I was about to answer, when Emmeline

remarked to her sister, that her mother had advised me not to talk of Mrs. Talbot and her children. Susannah does not like them, she added in a lower tone, and perhaps, if she talks about them she may be tempted to say something unkind. Oh! I did not understand that replied Lucy, we won't talk any more about them then, and as you are tired Emmeline we will go to bed and to sleep.

The little girls then hastened into bed, and asking me to do the same, I presently found by their gentle breathing that they were asleep.

I was not, however, inclined to follow their example, I had been accustomed to irregular hours, besides which, it was still light, and I could see people moving about in the field beyond the garden. I had also many thoughts about my new situation, and some suspicions that I should be put under restrictions which I did not like.

I had sat some time in this situation when my aunt looked into the room, and seeing me up came forwards, saying, why are you not in bed, Susannah?

I replied, because I wanted to look out of the window a little.

But, did I not tell you, said she, to observe what your cousins did, and do the same.

I made no answer, but looked at her with some sullenness in my manner. There is one thing Susannah said my aunt, on seeing this, which I wish you to understand, and that is, that I will be obeyed in every, even the smallest, point which I may require. I this evening bade you observe what your cousins did and do the same. You have not thought proper to obey me, but as this is the first open act of disobedience of which you have been guilty, I shall for once excuse you; I however, insist upon it, that you will now get from your seat at the window, un-

dress yourself, fold up your clothes and go to bed.

I arose indeed, on hearing this, but determined not to obey with alacrity.

On this, my aunt very calmly took the seat which I had left, and seemed resolved to wait the issue of the affair. Having her eye upon me I undressed myself indeed, but put my clothes all rumpled into the drawer, not even making an attempt at folding them up.

When I had so done I was preparing to get into bed, when my aunt rose, took me by the hand, and led me undressed as I was to the door; where are you going to take me aunt I said, in some trepidation? I am going to take you into another room; I shall take you into little Charles's room which is within mine, and bring the little boy here; I find that you are not at present a fit companion for your cousins, I must therefore separate you, and when I think that you

have a better sense of your duty, I may, perhaps, trust you to be with them again. On hearing this I began to struggle and scream, and had actually forced my hand from my aunt's, when my uncle suddenly appeared at the head of the stairs, and threatened me with further punishment if I did not instantly do as my aunt desired.

Seeing this, I passed from crying and struggling to praying and entreating; but my aunt told me that she was not to be prevailed on by any one of these, that I had proved myself an unfit companion for my cousins, and that I must take the consequence: so saying, she led me through her own room to a little closet, where having lifted Charles out of the bed, she ordered me to take his place, and going out she locked me in.

And now how shall I describe the storm of passion to which I yielded, how shall I tell you how I sobbed, cried, stamped, and fretted, till, being wholly overcome with fatigue, I fell into a deep sleep, in which I remained

till the sound of the morning hymn issuing from the open window of the study broke in upon my rest.

Perhaps the first gracious feelings I ever experienced were at that moment; I was weary and exhausted—I was ashamed of my bad conduct—I was grieved to think that I was not counted worthy of being the companion of my lovely cousins—and I felt that if I had been humbled and reprov'd, I had most thoroughly deserved what I had incurred. I now for the first time in my life uttered a real and heartfelt prayer, for kneeling by my bed and joining my hands, I earnestly besought my heavenly Father to change my heart and make me a new creature. Not that my prayer was uttered in those very words which would have argued a more accurate knowledge of the doctrine of regeneration than I possessed at that time; but though the words might be different, the desire of my heart was to the same effect; namely, that I might become a changed and altered character.

When the morning hymn had ceased, I heard my uncle's voice engaged in reading and prayer for a short time; after which my door was opened by a servant, who brought me my rumpled clothes and having assisted me to dress, desired me to walk down into the breakfast room.

What, said I, with my eyes all swelled with tears, and in these tumbled clothes.

Your aunt desired that you might be called down Miss Susannah, said the maid, and I had nothing to do but to deliver her message; so saying, she left me, and I went slowly down.

As I came to the foot of the stairs I met my cousin Lucy, who had been sent to fetch something for her papa, and as she passed me in haste, she said, beg pardon dear Susannah, pray do.

I saw a tear in her gentle eye as she spoke, but she ran by me without waiting my reply;

being thus kindly urged, what could I do, or what could I desire to do, but to obey her sweet commands, and I accordingly ran into the study, fell down on my knees before my aunt, and humbly implored her forgiveness. My child, said my aunt, stooping to raise me up, I do forgive you, from my heart I forgive you, but you must be obedient; you cannot expect the divine blessing unless you obey your parents, and she kissed me and pointed to a chair by her side.

And now, said Emmeline, taking my hand, we are all happy again; and every lovely face around the table beamed with that feeling of delight, which angels are said to experience on the repentance of a sinner.

When breakfast was finished, my aunt took us into a small parlour next the study; in the centre of which was a table covered with green baize; the apartment being well stored with books, work-baskets, maps, and drawings, all arranged not only with neatness, but with a view to ornament.

We were all seated round this table, and my aunt having taken her place at one end, our tasks were appointed us, and we remained engaged till one o'clock, being differently occupied according to our various abilities. I perceived that my aunt after having examined me, was by no means satisfied with my acquirements; however, she said little; and when I looked up in shame after having made some very egregious blunder, I saw with surprise that Emmeline and Lucy, who were engaged in drawing, either did not, or would not, hear what I had said, for instead of the expression of triumph which I expected to see on their countenances, on discovering that their cousin was so much inferior to themselves, I remarked only the same sweet composure and tenderness of aspect, which young as I was, I felt that I could not sufficiently admire.

At one o'clock our liberty was given us, and when we had placed all those things which we had been using in their proper

places, we were allowed as the day was very hot, to play in a little room in one corner of the house, where my cousins kept their play things.

In this room was a cupboard containing many compartments, where my cousins had fitted up a baby-house, and here were a variety of shells, mosses, and dried flowers, which they had collected. Emmeline and Lucy were at that time deeply engaged in arranging every variety of snail shells which could be found, and placing them in little compartments of pasteboard, and I was surprised at the beauty and variety of these shells, and resolved immediately that I would also have my collection. We were occupied in this room till we were summoned to dress for dinner, and my aunt then very kindly permitted me to return to the place in my cousins' room, which had been first appointed me.

My cousins were dressed very plainly, but with extreme attention to neatness.

After dinner, as the heat continued to be great, my aunt took us again into the little parlour and we sat down to our needles, reading by turns aloud; and as the book my aunt had selected for this purpose was a very interesting one, we passed an hour and a half in a most pleasant manner.

We were then called to tea, after which we all walked out together as the hay was finished; and I was not a little delighted with the lovely regions through which my uncle led us. We passed through the grove of oaks, and many lovely green lanes shaded on each side by orchards, passing by the doors of several thatched cottages whose inhabitants were all abroad, nor did we return till the sun had dipped its golden orb beneath the horizon.

Thus with prayers we finished our day, and I have since reflected on the wisdom of my aunt in losing no time in subduing my rebellious spirit, by which she procured for me at once that peace of mind which I otherwise could not have obtained.

I will not say that I never afterwards shewed a restive spirit, this would be maintaining too much; but I can safely assert, that I never afterwards broke out with violence, and that I was instantly subdued when I saw that my aunt's displeasure was excited. I also made several attempts, I can recollect, to deceive her, but I had no sleeping guardian to delude. Every attempt at deception was instantly detected, and I was much sooner convinced of the folly of endeavouring to mislead one so penetrating, than persuaded of the atrocious sin of lying.

I have described the gentle course of one summer's day in this happy family, neither were our winter days less pleasant, every changing season in a pious family brings new delights; how busy were we before Christmas in preparing coarse clothing for the poor, and little presents for the children; and I was made to understand that these were to be given at Christmas, on an occasion which I shall explain.

My uncle was, as I have before said, the rector of the parish; his parishioners were not many, and consisted only of a few farmers and about thirty families of cottagers. My uncle I found had an exact list of these families, with the numbers of their children and other circumstances relative to them; and he had a peculiar and most desirable manner, in my humble opinion, of administering to the spiritual improvement of his people.

There was in the village an old fashioned dame's school, and my uncle was by no means backward in his attentions to this school; but the principle on which he acted was not so much in encouraging and patronizing the school, as in holding forth excitements to such parents as without pecuniary assistance, provided for the proper instruction of their own children, and brought them regularly and decently to church. It is not so much any man's business as yours, he would say to the cottagers, to provide for the instruction of your children; Sunday

schools are excellent things, but good fathers and mothers are better. Let me see each of you fathers on a Sunday at church with your children in your hands, and be it your business to see that they behave well at church, and use their prayer books and Bibles; each of you have one day in the week for instructing your children, and don't tell me that you cannot read, you may surely learn faster than your little children if you are so inclined; and I am ready to provide you with books and set you in the right way; rub up your catechisms and your spelling if you have ever learnt them, and try to make yourselves perfect in your Bibles; but supposing that you have never known even your letters, don't be out of heart. If you learn but two letters on a Sunday you will have them all in thirteen Sundays, and if in that time you have made your children well acquainted with the alphabet, you will have done something; the first step is a great deal, especially when we have God on our side, and you shall want no help from me. Make the best of your time at church, mark

the different portions of scripture which are read, and question your children upon them when you go home.

I have often heard my uncle say, that this new scheme of his, of turning all the parents into school masters and mistresses was much opposed at first, particularly by the farmers, who said it would never do; but my uncle followed it up, and exhorted the better sort of people to take each of them one or two of the poor families under their inspection, begging them to call on the cottagers in their neighbourhood, on a Sunday, and see how they were employed. Neither did he fail to exhort the parents in public and in private, and to use all his spiritual influence to bring about this kind of patriarchal instruction. He had indeed many difficulties and many disappointments, but at the time when I came to reside in the family the divine blessing seemed to have been poured out upon his labours. Most of the respectable housekeepers in the parish had taken one, two, or more cottagers under their in-

spection, and took occasion sometimes, during each Sabbath day, to visit these cottagers, and observe and direct what was passing in them. There were three farmer's daughters who had undertaken this blessed work, with several other respectable persons of inferior rank, who not only visited the cottagers, but observed whether their inhabitants were at church and how the children conducted themselves during the divine service. At Christmas, two or three days were wholly devoted by my uncle and aunt to inspecting the improvements of the children, and on these occasions whole families came to the parsonage and were regaled with roast pork and plum-pudding, for a pig was always killed to supply the occasion, and then my uncle having consulted the reports delivered to him by the visitors of the various cottages, either delivered his censures or the rewards which had been prepared, many of which last were contributed by the visitors, who always joined the party at the parsonage on these great days of examination. My uncle's cen-

tures, however, when censures were necessary, were always gentle and effecting, and given the parents apart from the children.

I have heard my aunt say, that he on these occasions, not unseldom, brought tears into the eyes of the most hardened characters, by pleading to them the interests of their children, and that she knew several instances in which the very worst of men dated their conversion from these pleadings of my uncle, and that she has known many a man has forsaken the ale-house on the sabbath day, merely with the view of obtaining the approbation of my uncle, and for the pleasure of seeing his children received with credit at the parsonage; and although these were but mere worldly motives, yet we cannot doubt, but that better feelings were afterwards vouchsafed these poor people through the infinite mercy of Almighty God.

But as these matters may be thought not precisely to refer to me, I shall enlarge no further on them, excepting to say, that the

first occasion on which it ever entered into my head, that human creatures ought not to live solely to please themselves, was on witnessing the blessed effects of my uncle's labours with his poor people, and seeing the delight with which the poor parents received the rewards of their exertions for their children; for every poor person who brought a well-instructed child and made it appear that he, or she, had not neglected without reason to bring his children to church, received a handsome garment, with other smaller presents.

I might fill volumes with the history of my uncle Darnley's interesting and happy family; and I may humbly add my blessed transition in that family from a selfish, slovenly, ignorant, and unholy state, to one in which I was at least made to know, and bewail my errors, and to desire those things which are better.

In point of acquirements the time I had lost was never to be quite repaired; I never

obtained the serene, peaceful, and graceful manners of my Emmeline, nor the sparkling vivacity of my Lucy's deportment. I never was able to make so much of my time as they did, and I had stronger corruptions to contend with, for my passions by long indulgence had become more powerful, but this I had acquired, I could not do ill with an easy conscience, and I detested the sinful inclinations which too frequently arose to disturb my peace.

The happiest domestic scenes and the sweetest society on earth, must in the course of time be dissolved; and though the loss by death of those we love is painful to flesh and blood, yet to a mind in a right frame the consideration that they are passed into a state of everlasting glory, has a sweetness to the child of God which the world can never know.

Who amongst those who love the Lord, would recall the husband, the wife, the parent, or the dimpled infant, from the peaceful tomb, even were the power bestowed on

him, and is not the departure of every friend a call on those who remain to follow onwards, and be ready to go whenever the moment may arrive. My uncle and aunt Darnley were not, however, taken from us till we, their children, were happily settled in life. With the exception of Charles, who being still a youth when left an orphan, wanted not a home in his sisters' houses.

The tenderest friendship still subsists between me and Mrs. Darnley's children: but as my uncle Warner, is no more, I see little of my other relations excepting William Talbot, who not being a favourite at home, was placed for some years under the tutorage of his uncle Darnley, where he received such instruction as with the divine blessing, confirmed all that was pleasing in his character, and corrected that which was amiss.

Of the rest of my uncle Talbot's family I say but little, lest some of my former prejudice should mingle itself with my account of them; certain it is that these, the children of careless parents have much to plead

in their own behalf, if they are not become all their friends could wish ; but humanly speaking, there is little hope for those, who in youth are accustomed only to seek self-gratification, and to live wholly to the present world.

And now, my young readers, I hope that you will be able from my simple narrative to learn this fact, that those persons are your best friends who do not permit you to give way to your own evil desires, and propensities, and that of the two evils, that of excessive strictness is less injurious to youth than the contrary extreme, of carelessness and negligence; and if you are so happy as to be under the charge of a true and faithful guardian, I trust that you will endeavour to profit by your advantages to the utmost, and recollect that a pious and careful parent cannot be offended without incurring the displeasure of that God, who has said,

“Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God hath given thee.”

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