

HOLIDAY



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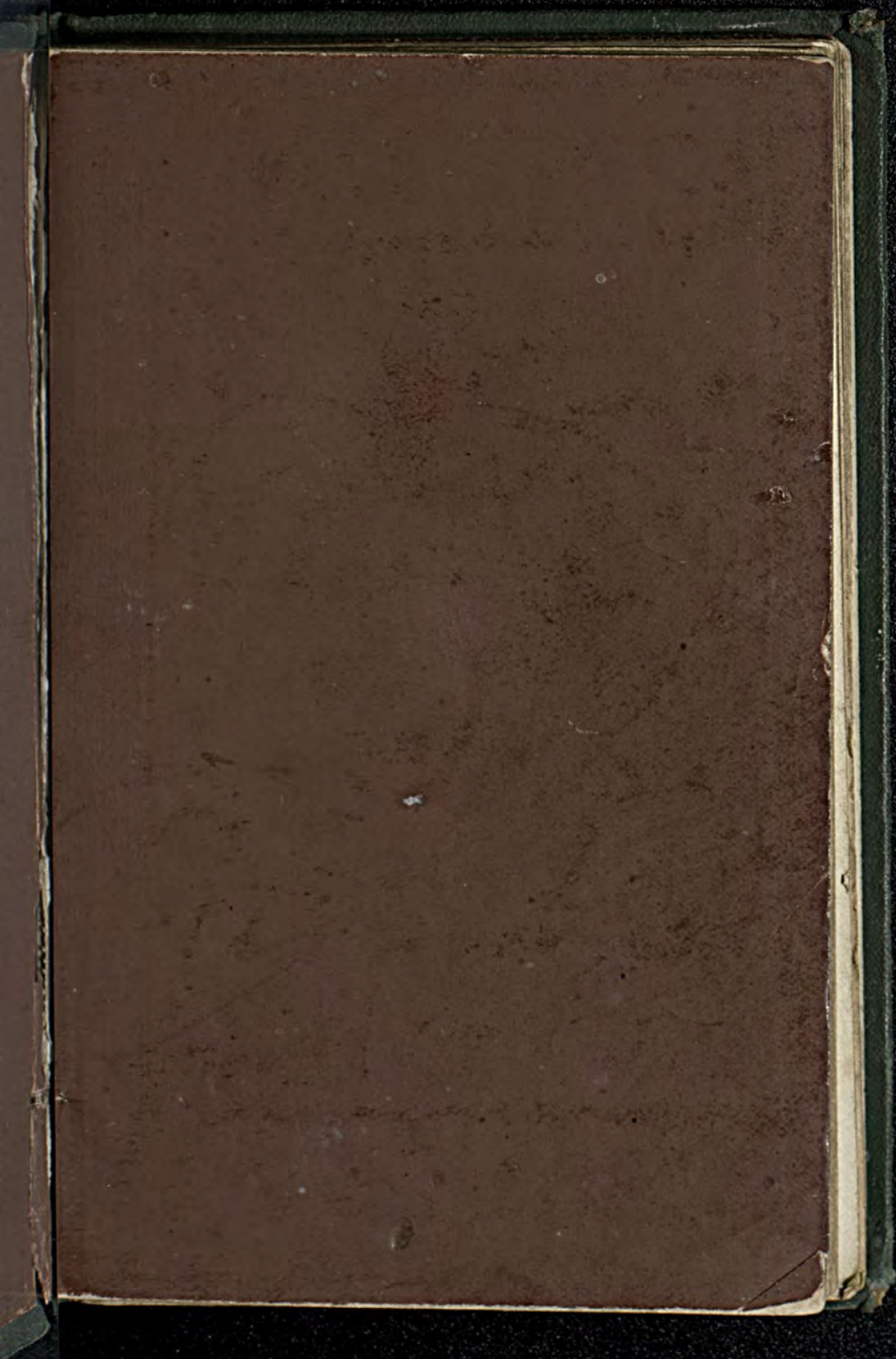


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TALES ...  
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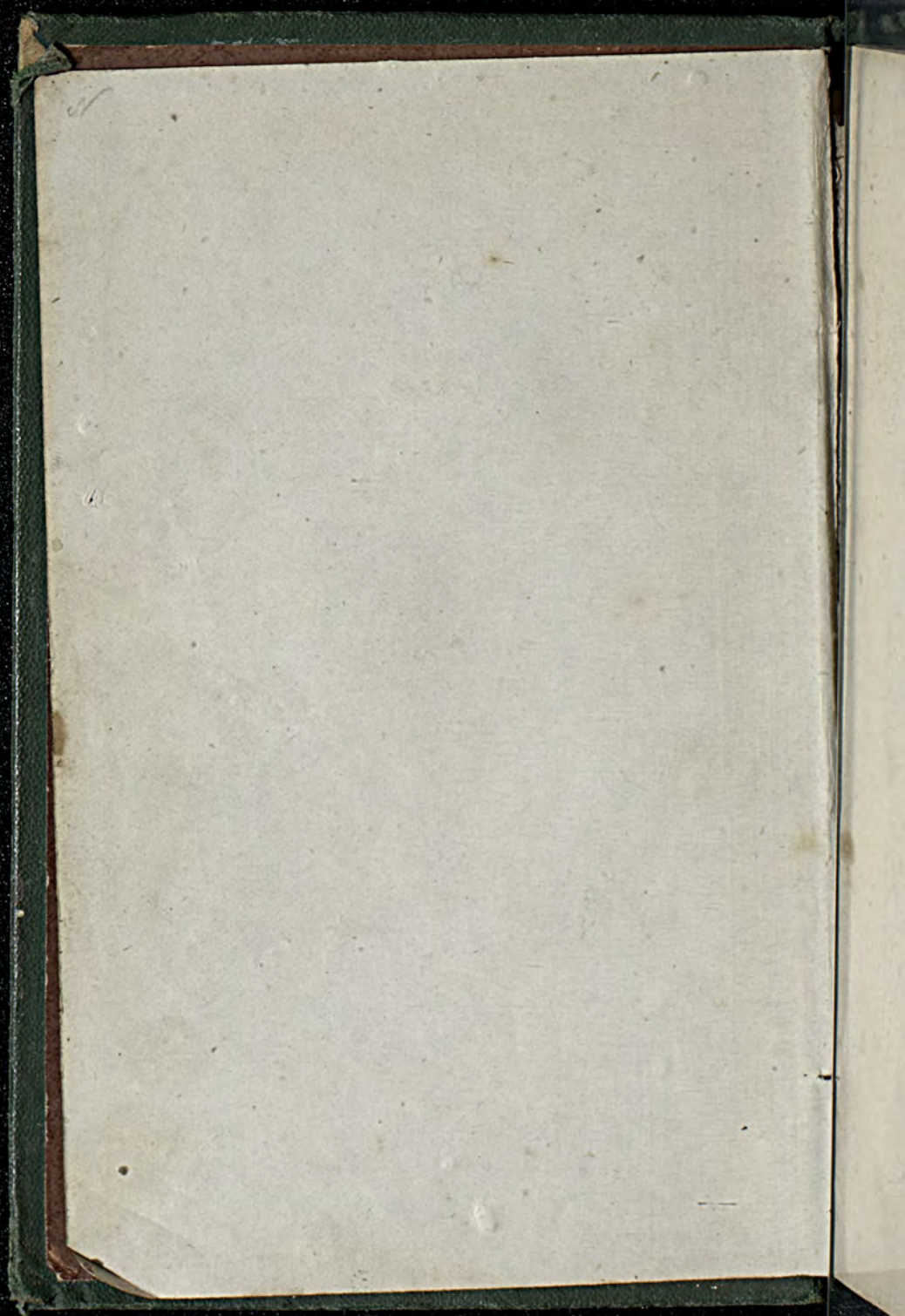


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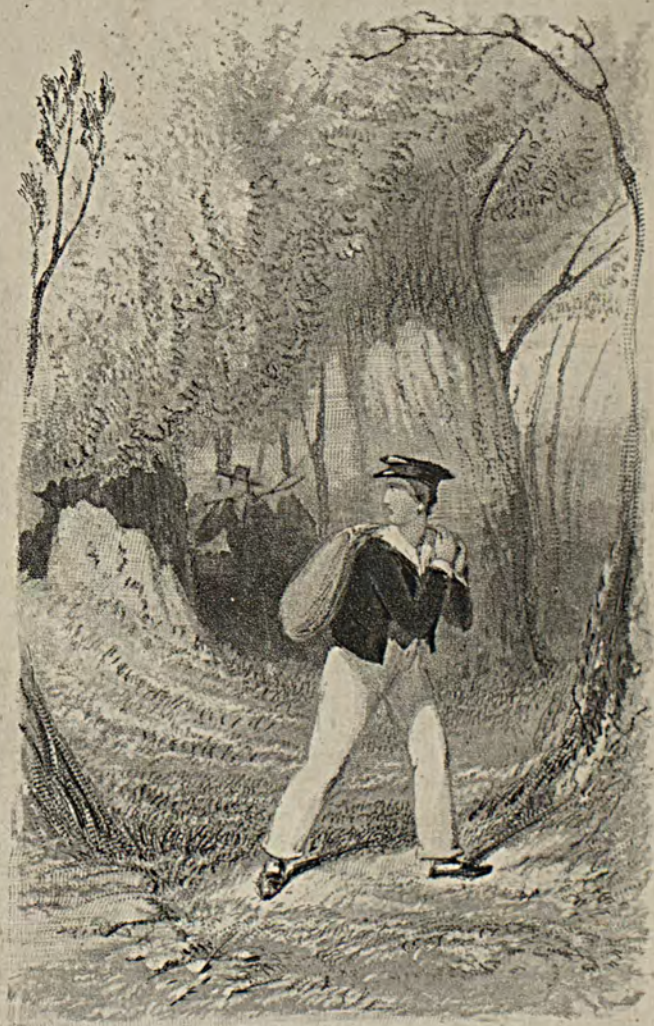






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*The Truant Reclaimed.*



*Tales for Boys.*

by

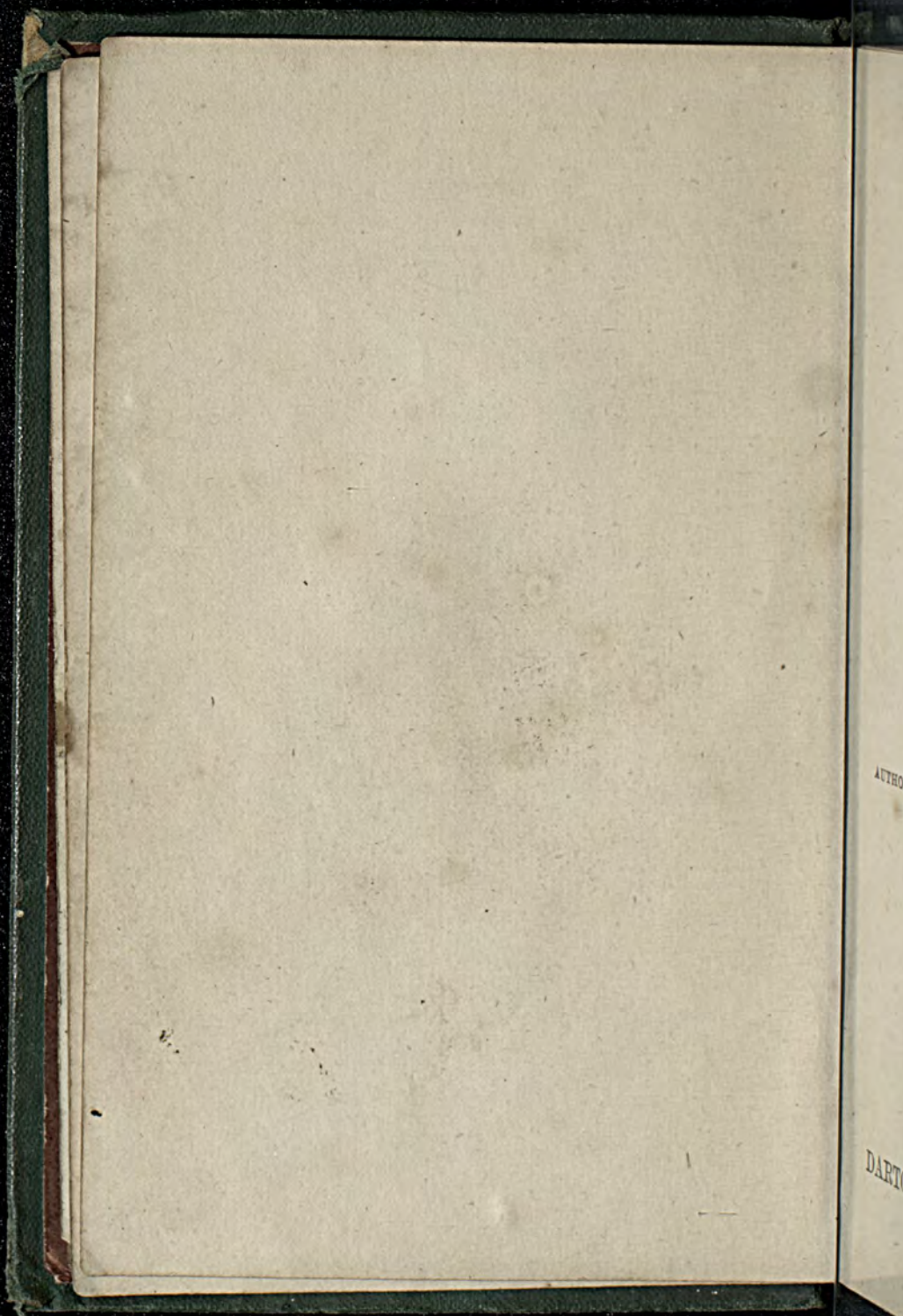
MARY ELLIOTT.



*The Rambles.*

LONDON, DARTON & HODGE, HOLBORN HILL.







Darton's Holiday Library.

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TALES  
FOR BOYS.

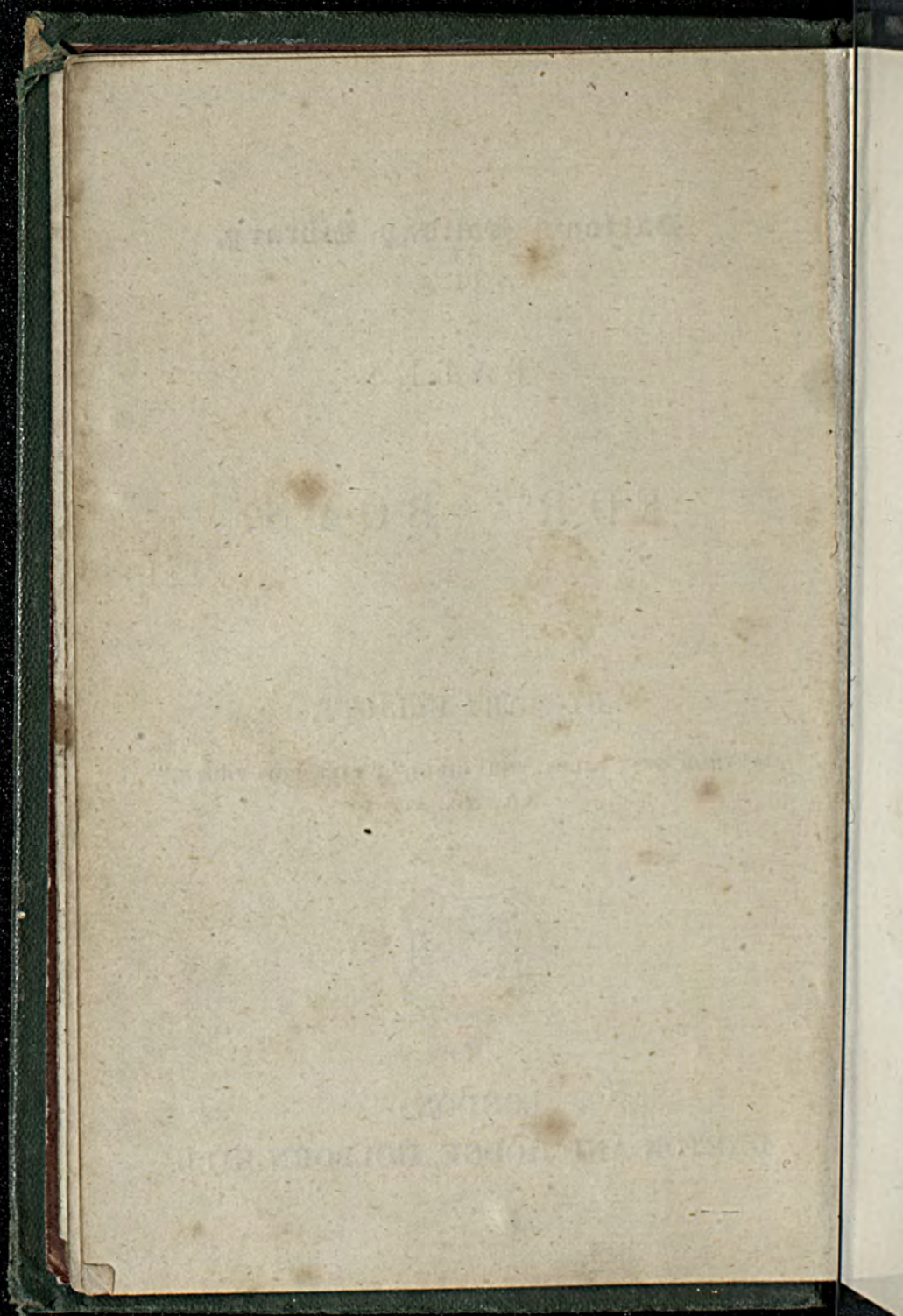
BY MARY ELLIOTT,

AUTHOR OF "TALES FOR GIRLS," "TALES OF TRUTH,"  
&c., &c., &c.

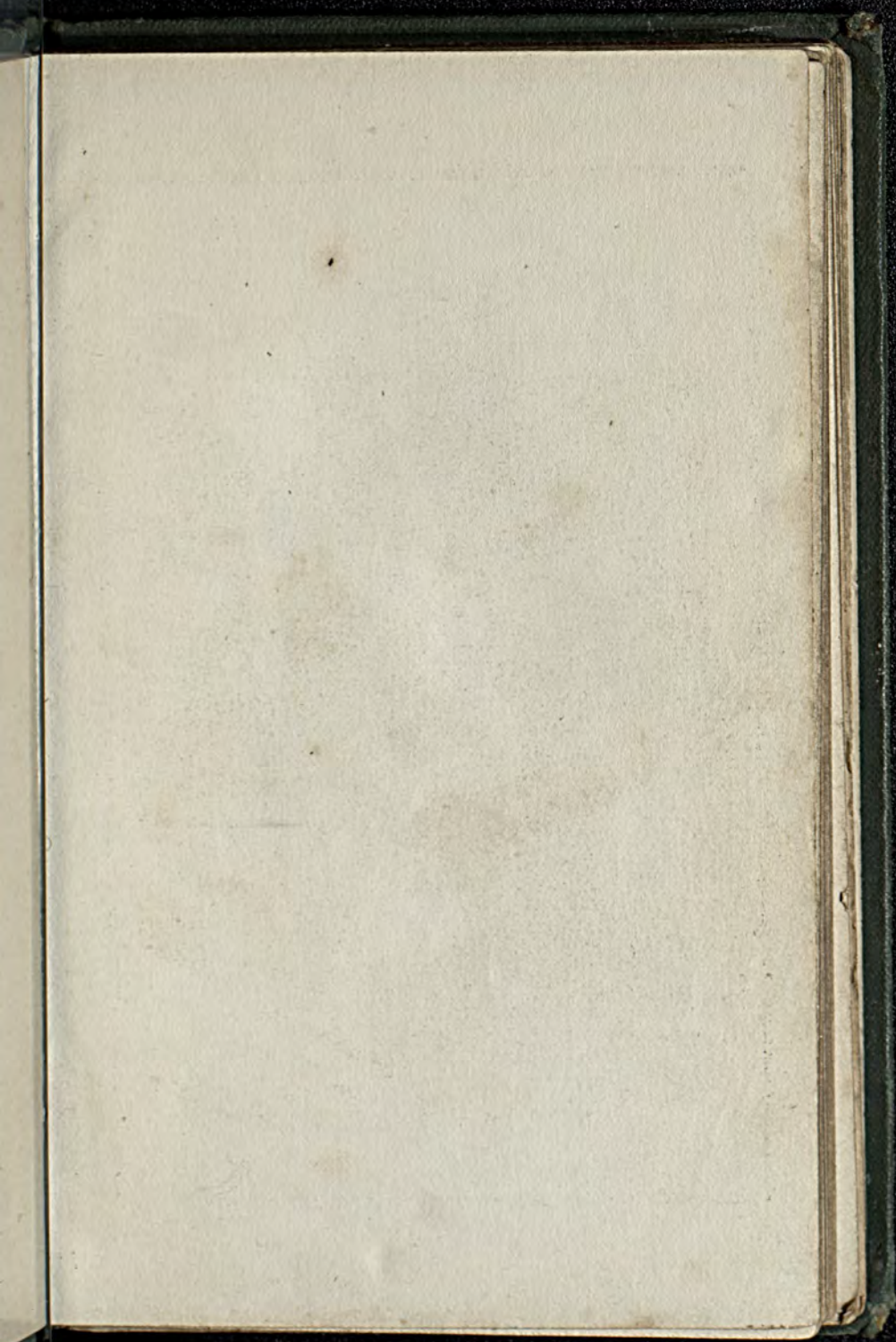


LONDON:  
DARTON AND HODGE, HOLBORN HILL.













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# THE COUSINS;

OR,

QUALITY BEFORE QUANTITY.

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THERE were two little boys named Richard and Frederick, who were cousins, and attached to each other; but they lived far apart, and therefore seldom met, except at Christmas time; when Richard's father having affairs to settle in London, would bring his son as far as the house of Frederick's parents, and there leave him, until his own return.

The cousins were always very glad to meet; and Frederick did all in his power to amuse and make Richard happy: but that was not a very easy task; for Richard was one to covet every-



thing he saw, or could think of; and sometimes wanted all things at the same moment, whether they were easy to obtain, or not. He had no choice; no wish for the useful, rather than the useless: if a thing was in sight, or even mentioned before him, he could not rest till he became its owner.

When he came to visit his cousin, he brought with him many nice things, which his friends had prepared for the season: and these were freely given, for he was neither greedy nor dainty; but in a few days, he gained from Frederick the best of his books and play-things; and from his uncle and aunt more than they could well afford. We might say, they were not too wise, in thus indulging their nephew; but they loved him very much; and as he had been deprived of a mother, while he was an infant, they thought his faults might be excused on that account.

These little boys had a grandfather, who lived in a foreign country, and who often wrote kind letters to them, full of good advice, and rules for their conduct. Of these letters, both were very proud; but it must be owned, that Frederick took most pains to profit by their contents.

One winter, just before Christmas, the grandfather returned to England; and as he felt very anxious to see his dear boys, and judge of their



temper and manners, it was agreed that Richard and Frederick should go to London, and spend a month with him, instead of the usual visit to Frederick's home.

To see London was of itself a great delight; for the cousins had never been in Town; and when added to that they looked forward to a meeting with a friend, whom they had been taught to love and respect, they felt as happy as any two children in the kingdom.

Richard had further views: for he believed his grandfather was rich; and he knew London contained everything that was curious and handsome; so he thought it would be only to wish, and to have; and indeed it puzzled his young head to think of one-half the treasures he meant to have: as also where he should put them when at home; for his father's house was small, and what he hoped to possess would almost fill a large one.

Well, Christmas came; and Richard having rested two days at his uncle's, went on to London with his cousin, where they were met by their grandfather, who received them with great joy.

The cheerful looks and gentle manners of Frederick, were not more pleasing than the warmth and freedom of Richard; in short, their grandfather viewed them as two children



of much promise : but he had lived too long to like and esteem folks without knowing if they really deserved it; so he waited to see, and know more of his grandchildren, before he should decide in their favour.

A few days placed the whole party on good terms with each other; the boys found they loved their grandfather very much indeed, and he felt equal regard for them; at the same time their foibles had not escaped his notice.

Neither man nor woman are perfect; therefore it were folly to expect children should be so; and as he thought; yet as he knew all faults are sooner removed in youth than manhood, he felt it his duty to correct what he saw wrong in his grandchildren; who might live to be thankful for such care.

Richard now found himself in a fine house, with many servants to attend, and everywhere signs of wealth. His grandfather was kind to those about him, gave alms to the poor, and spared no expense to amuse, and make Frederick and himself happy; but as yet, there were no presents; and somehow, though Richard's wishes were in full force, he could not utter them as he used to do. It seemed that his grandfather must be the best judge; and perhaps only waited till he saw what he thought worth giving.



Meantime, Richard beheld a thousand things all suited to his wishes; and wondered that others did not see them likewise.

A fortnight slipped away in a pleasant manner, but no presents. Richard feared that his grandfather must be stingy, in spite of his seeming goodness.

One day when the weather was clear and frosty, and the streets quite dry, their grandfather proposed to the boys a walk through the Strand, to view the busy scene, and then a ride home.

To this they quickly agreed; for as yet they had seen little of that part of London.

At first, the bustle and noise confused the young rustics; but they soon got used to the uproar, and pushed their way as stoutly as any cockney of their age.

Mr. Wood, their grandfather, having stopped to purchase a paper-knife, Frederick and Richard amused themselves with looking at the various produce of a handsome toy-shop.

Richard, charmed with all he saw, was loud in his praise; and, "Oh! how I should like that;" or, "I wish this was mine;" were his constant words.

Frederick also admired them; but he did not covet half before him, nor did he wish to appear greedy before his grandfather.



"Come, boys," said the old gentleman, "look round, and see if there is anything that you could find useful."

Frederick owned that he should like a box of patent pens, and a bat; having broken the handle of the one he had at home.

"And you want a battledore," cried Richard; "for there is only one in your house, and a bad one it is; and you know we are both very fond of the game of shuttlecock, which uncle says is good for our health in cold weather."

"Very true," said Mr. Wood; "so we may as well purchase two battledores and a shuttlecock. And now what next?"

"Nothing more, thank you, sir," answered Frederick; who was not only too modest to trespass further on his grandfather's purse, but really had no wants; and he was not a boy to wish for useless things. His grandfather did not press him to change his mind; but turning to Richard, inquired if he too wanted pens.

"Oh no, sir; I don't write much, for I have only just begun to learn: I want a pencil, and drawing-paper; for I like to draw trees and houses."

"You shall have them, my dear; but we must go to the stationer's for them; so you had better fix on something that may be bought here."



"Thank you, sir; then I will have a set of nine-pins; those I have are quite shabby, and the paint is worn off."

"I suppose they cannot be used, unless the paint is fresh?"

"They might be used, perhaps; but I think not so well."

The nine-pins were bought.

"Anything else?" asked Mr. Wood; "buy all you really want, as we may not come this way again."

Richard's eyes sparkled with delight; and he looked with eager eye to see what he should next choose.

"Observe," said his grandfather, "that what we purchase we must take with us; as I do not mean to hire a coach until we are on our return."

"Very well, sir; I am strong enough to carry all I shall buy."

So saying, Richard began to select what suited his fancy, and was showy in colour and form.

Meantime, Frederick, who had walked to the end of the shop, stood before a glass case, in which were some pretty wax dolls.

"Do you think you could make a plaything of one of these?" said his grandfather, smiling.



"No, sir," replied Frederick; "but my sister Jane could; and I wish before I thought of my own wants, I had thought of hers; kind as she ever is to me."

"It is not too late, my dear; there is always a time for a kind action; and this proof of your brotherly love, proves you are worthy to be indulged in your own wishes, for they tend to what is useful, as well as amusing."

By this time Richard had bought a box of tumblers, a finely-painted chaise, and a fiddle; and more would have been added, but for Frederick's timely hint, that he was to be the bearer of his own treasures. As it was, he found it no easy matter to arrange his store. The nine-pins he slung over his left shoulder, one battledore and the chaise he held by a string in his left hand, while the box of tumblers and the violin filled his right.

Richard believed he had arranged matters in a clever style, and marched forth with a firm step; but a few minutes in the street altered the case. Everybody was in a hurry, and pushed on without making room for a little boy loaded with toys; at every shove, the nine-pins slipped off his shoulder, and he was obliged to ask Frederick to place them right again; but all would not do; so he changed his plan, and taking the nine-pins in his



hand, threw the battledore and fiddle on his ack.

"There is a good thought," said he; "they are all safe enough now."

But in a moment he found his mistake; for many persons as they passed, drummed on the battledore, and caused him to jump; and at length, one more bold than the rest, drew his stick across the fiddle, making it squeak in loud discord. The people laughed, and so did his grandfather; even the good-tempered Frederick could not help joining in the mirth; and Richard felt rather angry at being made an object of sport.

He was greatly relieved when Mr. Wood turned into a shop near Charing Cross; but when he found it was only to purchase the paper and pencil he had mentioned among his wants, gladly would he have given them up, for he could form no idea how they were to be carried.

Frederick, who wore a jacket, had put the pens in one of its pockets, and by tying the doll and battledore, made them into one parcel, now offered to carry this last purchase; and his cousin, though vexed with him, was glad to accept the offer.

At length a coach was called; and Richard, anxious and eager to get rid of his burden,



made a hasty jump from the pavement to the iron step; but the frost having made the step slippery, his foot slid off, and he fell forward with some force.

As he fell into the coach, little harm would have issued, but for his load; as it was, he bruised his shoulder, by falling upon the ninepins, and the tin chaise cut his chin.

Richard was no coward, therefore did not feel afraid of his own hurts; but the wound bled and smarted very much, and brought the tears into his eyes; and, to add to his mishap, the chaise was bent out of all form, and the fiddle broken to pieces.

His grandfather said little; but Frederick was truly concerned, and felt glad to reach home, that some plaister might be applied to the sore chin.

This remedy, and a good dinner, set all to rights; and although Richard was sorry to have spoiled his toys, he gave no thought to the expense of their cost, and as soon as the dinner-table was cleared, unrolled the drawing-paper, and prepared to play the artist; we say play, for in fact, he had no talent for drawing; but he liked to scribble on paper, and therefore fancied that he wanted both paper and pencil.

The next job was to cut a point to the pencil,



which Frederick kindly offered to do for him; but he refused, and began doing so himself; then he used the pen-knife just as well as the pencil, and thus after cutting and scribbling, and cutting over again, he soiled the sheet of paper, and wasted the pencil to the utmost of the lead, besides notching his grandfather's handsome pen-knife.

When the paper was quite filled with these great efforts of genius, Richard gave up the pursuit, and tried to mend the violin; but it would produce no sound, and he threw it aside in despair. He next took up the crushed chaise, and thought he could bend the wheels into their former shape; but after a long trial, he contrived to twist one off, and rendered the vehicle useless.

All this he thought a great pity, and wished he had money to buy more; because he wanted a chaise and fiddle so very much.

When his good grandfather heard him repeat these wants and wishes, he promised to replace the articles; and on the next day took the cousins to the Bazaar in Soho; a scene of splendour that quite puzzled Richard, for all was so gay and bright, that the longer he gazed, the more his wishes, or, as he called them, his wants, increased. He not only chose a chaise and a fiddle to make up his loss, but a number



of other things; all too trifling to amuse any child, but a very young one; while he passed over many books and puzzles, each clever in its kind.

"Well, Frederick," said Mr. Wood, "are you not going to buy a drum?"

"No, sir; I dislike the noise."

"Then what say you to this troop of soldiers?"

"I don't want them: there is no use in them; it is the same thing over and over again."

"Well, but look round; there must be many pretty things that little folks admire."

"I admire them all, sir, just to look at; but I do not want any, for they are only toys, and of those I have plenty; though not so handsome as what I now see."

"You know best, my dear; but suppose you buy some drawing-paper and pencil."

"I cannot draw; so they would be of no use."

"Well, but you could use them as Richard did yesterday."

"That would be waste," answered Frederick; and then he stopped short; for he had no wish to censure his cousin.

"You are a wise boy," said his grandfather, as he shook him by the hand; while Richard looked foolish, and began to doubt if he really



wanted all, or even any of the things just purchased.

When they returned home, Richard thought his grandfather looked grave ; and he felt somewhat ashamed to receive so many fine toys, none of which Frederick had chosen ; so he put them all into a basket, and carried them to his bed-chamber. On going back to the sitting-room, he found Frederick seated on his grandfather's knee ; his face beaming with pleasure.

The old gentleman held out his hand to him, saying, "I told your cousin a sad story just now of a poor man, who, with his large family, is pining in want ; and Frederick desires the sovereign I meant to give him, should be sent to these poor creatures. I think he is right ; and I am sure he looks happy."

"And I would do the same if you gave me a sovereign : indeed I would, grandfather."

"But I cannot afford to give you one, for the toys you have chosen cost much more than that sum. No matter, you wanted them very much, and I hope they will be of the service you expect."

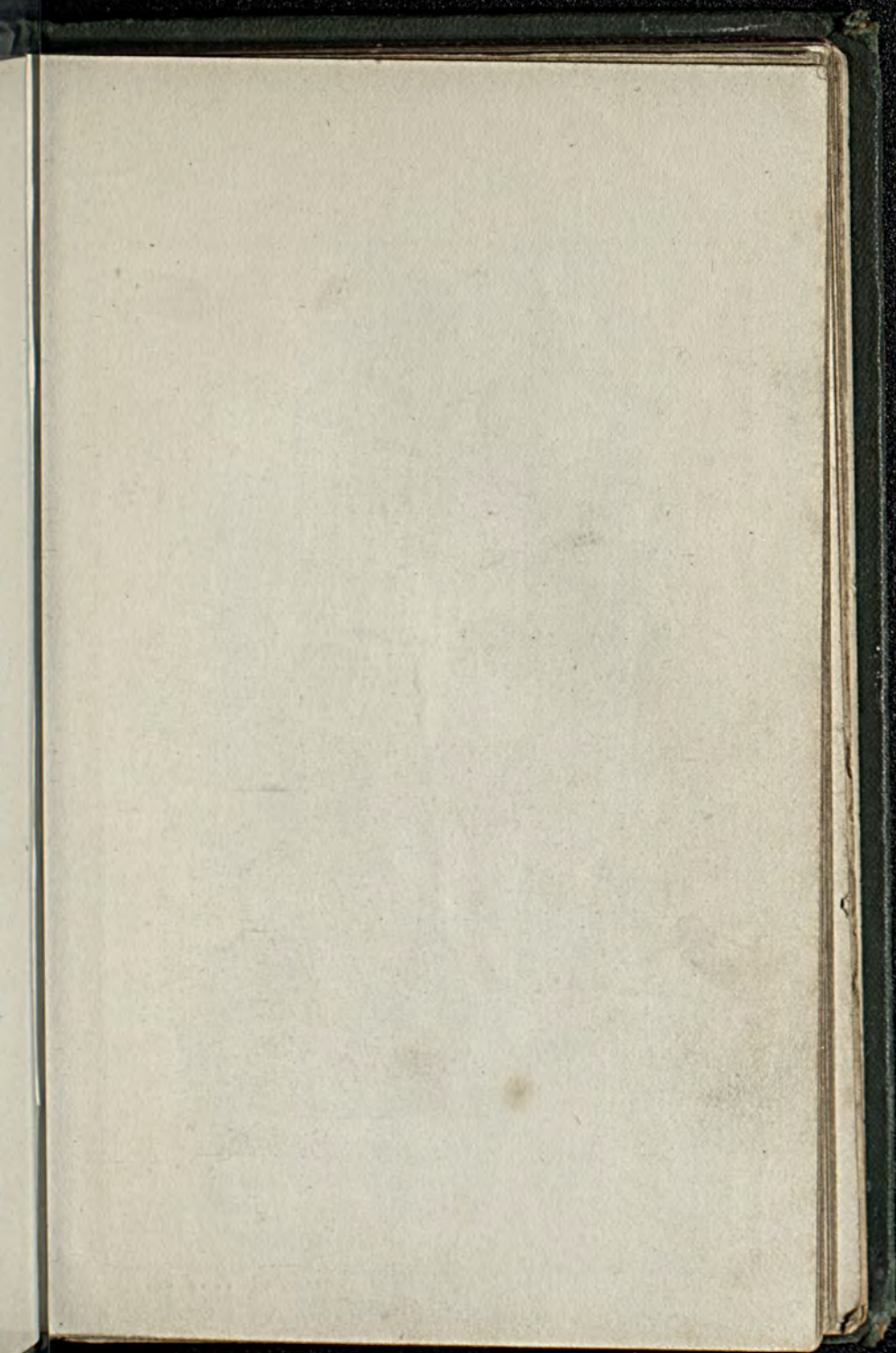
"No, sir, they cannot be of service, for they are only play-things, and can please none but myself ; I wish I had known of the sad story before we went to the Bazaar."

"Rather wish, my dear Richard, to know



your wants from your fancies ; to judge of what is useful, or not, and choose a thing for its value, rather than its beauty. When you do so, you will find out the true worth of money, and never waste it in silly pursuits and selfish pleasures, when you might purchase the purest of joys, in relieving the real wants of others."









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## CONCEIT, NOT MERIT.



To learn with good-will, and obey our teachers, is the surest way of gaining knowledge; but as we cannot be clever without taking time about it, it is best to go on with patience, and in a steady course. Above all, we should never presume on the little we have learned, or think ourselves too wise to need further improvement; for by this means we shall never be perfect in any one thing; and at the same time, render ourselves a laughing-stock to others.

David was a child of quick feelings, and some sense; apt to catch a little of all that was passing, and willing to know the first rules of learning; but as he had acquired these, he supposed there was nothing more needful to know,



and that his wisdom surpassed that of all other children; if not the very persons who taught him.

Not only on great points, but even trifling matters, he wished to be thought wise. Not a place, nor a name, but he appeared to know; and often checked what was going to be explained for his good, by saying that he already knew as much.

Now David had no idea of telling a falsehood; but his conceit was so strong, that he really believed school and its labours were no longer of use to him, learned and clever as he was. It was a pity that he should be so silly, 'or it caused him to waste time that might have been well employed; and called forth many a laugh at his expense from those who were better informed, and those who, knowing little themselves, were glad to see him exposed and look foolish.

David was only seven years old; so that, if he had been modest and docile, he would have become a scholar in earnest; but false pride and conceit are two very great failings.

His cousin Charles came one day to show a fine watch just given to him by his godfather.

"Is it not very handsome?" said he; "and all silver, too."

"Very handsome indeed," replied David;



"but let us see the inside, the works, as they are called."

"O, pray be careful," cried Charles; "for my father told me if I opened it too often, I should soon spoil it."

"But I shan't spoil it," said David; "for I know all about the make, the wheels, and hands, and every bit of work in a watch."

David had heard these terms, and once looked at the works of his mother's watch; so he really supposed that his knowledge and judgment were perfect enough for him to turn watchmaker.

After much handling and turning about, the skilful artist found that the watch had ceased ticking; but he was sure he could soon again set it in motion.

No such thing; the watch kept silence, and David was obliged to give it up for a bad job. Poor Charles was greatly vexed, and muttered something about busy people, and conceit; and it cost his father five shillings to have the watch put to rights.

David, with many others, was studying for a prize, to be given to the best French scholar of his class.

The words of the subject were simple, for the students were young; but he thought himself much too learned to be foiled in so easy a task,



and hardly listened to the rules laid down by his master; and thus, though he could read and translate the fable true to its sense, he did not pronounce some words with a proper accent; while a boy younger than himself, who thought humbly of his own talents, marked every rule his teacher had explained; and, by so doing, gained the prize. David was not jealous of his friend's success, but felt great surprise that he could have made a mistake.

His master, while he praised his wish to excel, pointed out the bad effects of vanity and assured him, that conceit would spoil the best scholar.

This was a truth that all allowed but himself; and he began to think that his master was not so clever as he had been used to believe.

During the summer vacation, he spent an afternoon with a school-fellow, who had asked some of their mutual friends to meet him.

All were in good-humour, and enjoyed the pastimes going forward.

At length their little host proposed they should go to the greenhouse, where they would see many plants of a rare kind.

David, though no judge, admired flowers, and was pleased to see so many fine ones; but not content with praising their lovely blossoms, and sweet fragrance, he wished to appear a botanist,



guessing each plant by name that he had heard quoted; though very often it was quite unlike what he supposed it to be.

James Somers, a dull and stupid boy, thought David must be very clever, and asked him to explain the nature of all he saw. David, quite proud, pronounced many hard words, and blundered in the names as well as showing how the plants were formed. Two or three great boys tittered and nodded to each other to mock him; but David was too elated to perceive what they were about; and so he went on in the same silly manner.

"Friend, thou art young, like myself," said John Scott, "and I see, like myself, dost admire these plants; but I doubt if either thee or me know much about botany."

"O! but I have learnt a deal about flowers, and trees too," said David; and his cheek grew red.

"Who taught you?" said one of the boys.

"I have read of them, to be sure," answered David; "and I am not such a dunce as to forget what I read."

"O! I know you are mighty clever; but it may be that you are not the wisest among us, for all that."

David took no notice of this insult, but walked round the greenhouse with the air of



a person who could tell the nature as well as name of every plant he saw.

At last he fixed upon one that he said was fifty years before it became perfect, and that a hundred flowers would blow at one time. All his hearers stared; and some thought he was trying to deceive them by a falsehood.

"Dost thou mean the Aloe?" asked John Scott.

"Yes, that is the name of the plant."

"I thought thou didst; but this plant is not an Aloe, but the Cereus, or prickly pear, which begins to open its flower early in the evening, and so goeth on till about eight, when it is in full bloom, and remains so until three or four o'clock the next morning."

"If it is not an Aloe," said David, "it is very like one; and how should you know better than I do? I have a book at home that describes all these curious flowers; and I read it very often indeed."

"Very likely," answered John; "I shall not dispute thy study and wish to improve, but I assure thee, this plant is the same I have mentioned to thee: my uncle, who is a florist and seedsman, showed it to me, and explained how it grew and flowered. I pretended not to be more learned than thyself, and thought I did thee a service in pointing out thy mistake."



This David would not own; but wishing to try John further, he said, "Well, and pray what colour is the flower? for of course you have often seen it."

"Thou art wrong again," said John; "the plant is a rare one. I will own to thee I never saw one in bloom; but my uncle told me the flower was large, and on the outside, of a bright gold colour, the inside a fine yellow, spreading like the rays of a star, and the petals of a pure white; and the whole hath a fragrant smell."

"So much for your learning," said David, in a sharp tone.

"But I told thee, David, it was not my learning, but that of my uncle; I am no florist, any more than thyself; so let us change our subject, and fix upon some pursuit we all understand; and then we shall not be cross to each other."

John said this in a kind tone, and David, feeling vexed and ashamed of his own failure, was glad to let the matter drop; but more than one present wished to banter the young scholar, and would have done so, but for the docile temper of John Scott; who, though a lively boy, and active play-fellow, disliked ridicule, and wished to avoid giving offence.

Tea, cake, and fruit, brought all into good-humour; even David forgot that he knew every-



thing, and was content to act like other children, and enjoy the good things before him.

Blind-man was the next pursuit; and, as it did not require knowledge to gape about blind-fold, and catch hold of one another, David was still the boy; but having much heated themselves, it was proposed to sit down awhile, and get cool before they went home.

"What hast thou here?" said John Scott, pointing to a large half-bound book; "are there drawings in this?"

"No," answered Philip, who was their host, "it is an atlas, and my father is so good as to teach me a little geography from it; but I have only learnt as far as Europe."

John opened the book, and looked over the maps with much pleasure; for geography was the study he liked best.

David came forward to have a peep, though he had not learned much of geography; but to know the names of a few countries, and to point out all the cities in England, he conceived was knowing a great deal; and he was anxious to make the usual display.

"There is Oxford," said he, "where I shall go to finish my studies; and here is Buxton, in Derbyshire, where my mother goes every summer to drink the waters."

"Pray show me which is Milford Haven?" asked a little fellow who came from Wales.



"Why here," said David, putting his finger to the spot; "here is the sea-port of Milford Haven."

All this was very correct, and showed that David did not forget what he had been taught; but when he was asked questions of other parts of Europe, he was convinced in his own mind, that he just knew as much of those; and although John Scott kindly hinted at two or three blunders he made, David's conceit would not be checked; and he went on making more, while the boys, who knew better, laughed at his folly, and taunted him for his great knowledge. David was angry, and showed that he was; yet he attached no blame to himself, and thought his playfellows were jealous of his wisdom.

The young Welchman inquired in what country was the city of Jerusalem; and John Scott would have told him, but David stopped him by saying, "in Africa."

All the best scholars called out against this, and David was loud in his own defence.

"Let us not quarrel about Jerusalem," said John; "neither David nor we are going there; we did not meet to dispute; and it is an ill return to friend Philip for the trouble he taketh to make us cheerful."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Quaker," said David.



John smiled: "Thee chocest to call me Quaker, but our people are better known as Friends."

"And a very good title for you, John," said the Welch boy; "for you have tried to make peace among us; but David tries to make everybody appear stupid but himself."

David was going to make an angry reply, when Philip's father came into the room; and seeing the atlas open, came forward to see, as he said, the route of their travels.

John Scott and the rest drew back; but David, quite at his ease, stood boldly in front, ready to answer all questions; so that Mr. Lewis supposed he must be a clever boy, and knew geography well.

"Come," said he, "I am very poor; where will you take me, my lad, to get some gold and silver?"

David was at a loss, but he was too conceited to own it; as he turned from map to map, not knowing at which to stop.

"What say you to Peru?" said Mr. Lewis.

David was as wise as ever.

"I see, David, that you will not let me make my fortune by gold and silver; take me to the copper and iron mines: you know in what country to find them."

David had too much pride to say no; he



therefore played with the maps as before, till seeing the boys smile, he ventured to name Italy.

"No, no, that will never do," said Mr. Lewis; "John Scott, will you put us in a better road?"

Thus invited, John pointed to Sweden.

Mr. Lewis then asked his way through other countries; and was pleased to find how well-informed the modest boy was, and how free from conceit.

Mr. Lewis then conversed upon school affairs, and chose such parts of learning as he thought best suited to the age of his young party.

David, a little abashed by his late failure, was not quite so bold as at first; and therefore gave more correct replies; yet it was plain that he knew less than many present.

Some peaches were put upon the table, and John Scott remarked that his father had lost more than four hundred of that fruit by a late storm.

"That was a loss, indeed," said Philip; "for I dare say they were worth three-halfpence each."

"And to what sum would that amount?" asked little Harry.

The boys began to think; but David, fearful of being outdone, answered without a thought, "Six pounds, to be sure."

"Not so much as that," said John.



"Well, then, four pounds."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" cried the boys; "you are only guessing."

"Let us think about it," observed Mr. Lewis; "how much is one hundred pence?"

"Eight and four-pence," replied David.

"And one hundred halfpence?"

"Four and two-pence," said little Harry.

"Very right, Harry; now let us add the four and two-pence to eight and four-pence."

"It maketh twelve shillings and sixpence," replied John Scott; "the price of one hundred peaches; and four times that sum is just two pounds ten shillings."

"Very well," answered Mr. Lewis.

David, though more than once inclined to answer, checked himself; for he was rather ashamed of so many mistakes, and began to think that John Scott knew some things as well as himself; so he did not again put himself forward, till just as they were parting, when Mr. Lewis asked if they could find their way home without a compass.

Little Harry inquired when the compass was first made in England.

David thought he was quite right in saying when Queen Elizabeth was living.

"No," said Philip, "it was long before her reign; as far back as that of Henry the Third."



CONCEIT, NOT MERIT.

David was quite mute, and really looked ashamed.

"My dear little friend," said Mr. Lewis, "you are a good-tempered well-meaning boy; and, I doubt not, are quick at learning what is taught you; but you will do well to speak only of what you know, and make yourself perfect in small things before you attempt greater. Children can only grow wise by degrees; and it is often more wise to listen than to speak; and be assured, there is no greater foe to real knowledge than vanity or self-conceit.

David was rather distressed by the result of this visit; and what Mr. Lewis had said at parting, did not pass away from his mind. They were not the words of a boy, like himself, who might be jealous of one more clever and learned; and indeed, he could not but own to himself that he had done or said little to prove his wisdom; while John Scott, who had not in the least presumed, convinced all who heard him, that he knew more than any other of the party.

"And proud enough he will be," said David "but if other people find fault with my conceit, I will take care not to put up with theirs."

But David need not have made this resolve; for the next time he met John, there was nothing of pride or boast in his conduct. He was cheerful and friendly as usual, and never once hinted



at the past; so that before they parted, David could find no fault in the stiff friend, as he once called him; and shook hands with him, as though he felt he deserved his regards.

From this time David spoke less, but thought more; fearful of mistakes he looked at books over and over again, before he ventured to make any display; and thus gained true knowledge of a subject, in place of picking up scraps of learning, which only dazzle the dunce and weak-minded; for none other are deceived by so shallow a pretence as conceit.



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CHARLEY AND ROVER.

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The sun shone bright on an autumn day,  
And Charley and Rover went out to play,  
There were no truer friends than they.

Down they went to the lonely strand,  
And raced about on the soft sea sand,  
And watched the boats as they drew to land.

Further and further, along the shore,  
Charley would rocks and bays explore,  
And Rover ever raced on before.

But the tide had turned while they careless strayed,  
And poor little Charley was sore afraid,  
When he saw waves roll where he lately played.

He turned in haste towards his home again,  
But all his efforts, alas! were vain,  
He could not pass through the swelling main.

He cried and he wrung his hands with fear,  
There was no one that tiny voice could hear,  
No one but faithful Rover near.

Nearer and nearer the waves swept on,  
One moment—his feeble footing is gone,  
Mother at home hast thou lost thy son?



No, God who watches when sparrows fall,  
Who feeds and comforts and cares for all,  
He heard poor Charley's infant call.

And help is near in that lonely spot,  
Though poor little Charley knew it not,  
But drifted away like a flower forgot.

For Rover, the noble dog and brave,  
Plunges at once in the dashing wave,  
His little master from death to save.

He springs away from the treacherous shore,  
And seizing Charley he boldly bore  
The drowning child to dry land once more.

He laid him down on the sunny sand,  
And close beside him he took his stand,  
For Charley moved neither foot nor hand.

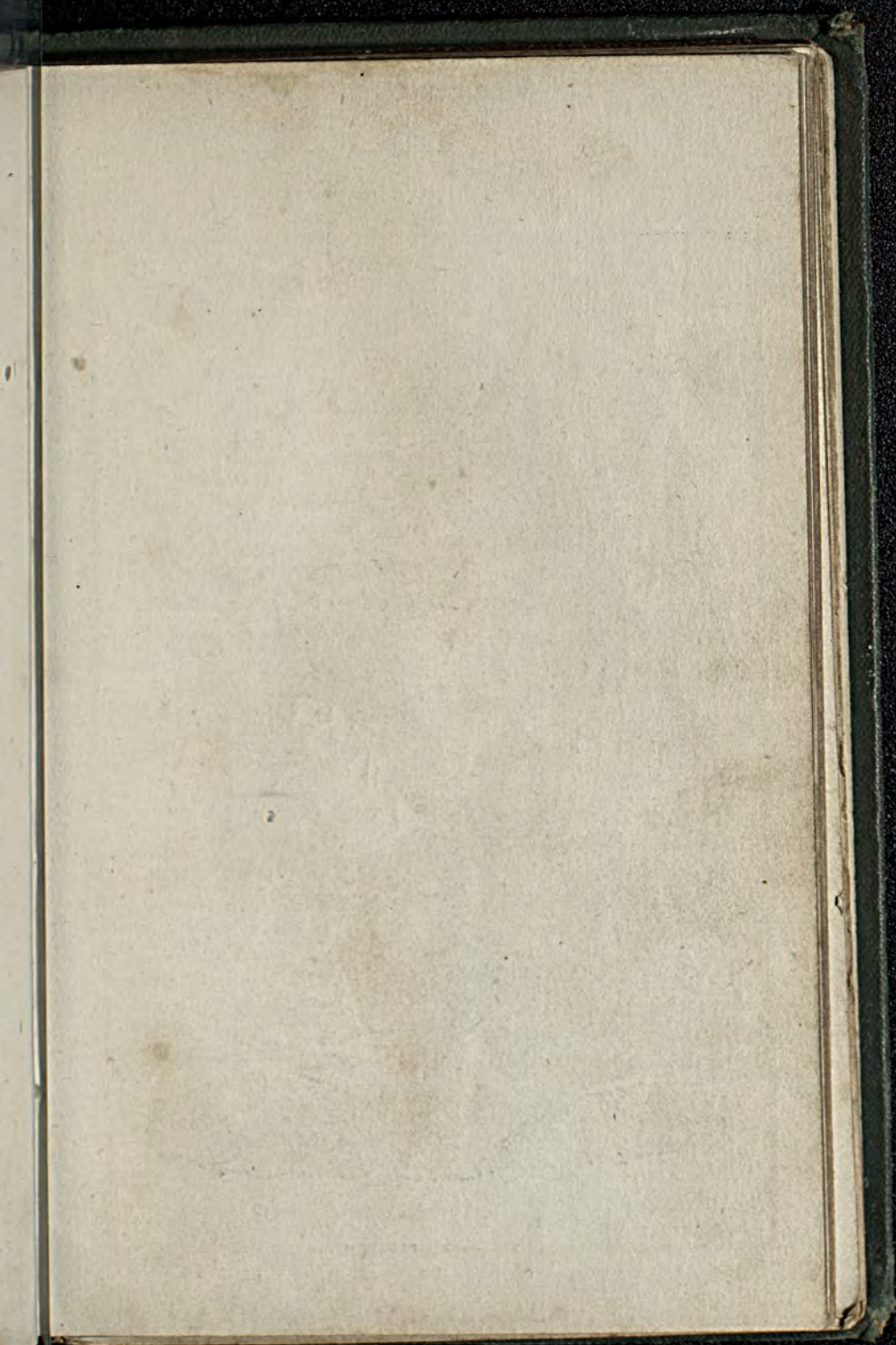
And with deep loud bark he seemed to say  
Good people do come by this way,  
And carry my dear little master, pray.

Some fishers plying their craft hard by,  
Soon heard good Rover's pitiful cry,  
And rowing shorewards were quickly nigh.

They lifted the body with tender care,  
And bore it homewards with many a prayer,  
That God would in mercy this young life spare.

And Charley lived and would often say,  
"I had died at sea on that dreadful day,  
But Rover bore me from death away."









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# THE YOUNG NEIGHBOURS ;

OR,

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

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AMBROSE and JOHN were neighbours, and their parents being on good terms with each other, the children were much together ; yet neither their tempers nor habits fitted them to be play-fellows. Ambrose was lively, and of a kind nature ; John was too apt to take offence, and not only resent it, but bear it in mind until the affront appeared a crime, and those who offered it became objects of his dislike.

Ambrose, who never did wrong from a liking to mischief, or a wish to give pain to others, used to be surprised when he found he had done anything to offend John, and would



feel very sorry; but seeing how often this happened, and how very soon the testy boy was put out of temper, he ceased to regret having given offence, and took no pains to avoid doing so.

In this Ambrose did wrong; for he should have tried to convince John that he had no cause to bear him ill-will, and should also, by every means in his power, have sought to prevent the growth of a feeling which was leading John to bear malice in his heart. It is not enough to abstain from doing evil; for if we see others guilty of an error which we have the power to check, and do it not, we deserve blame, though we mean no harm. But it must not be forgotten that Ambrose was young; indeed, one year younger than John, who was quite old enough to have known he was wrong.

One day Ambrose joined a party which were playing with peg-tops; John was among them, and allowed by all to be the best player, till Harry Carr came, and he whipped away with such skill, that the top kept spinning on, quite equal, if not better, than under the lash of John. It was quite a puzzle to decide who kept the top spinning longest; but Ambrose declared in favour of Harry; and, as most of the boys thought well of his judgment, they agreed with him.



John's anger rose, and he looked frowningly on him, and said Ambrose always gave every praise to others rather than do him justice.

"There you are wrong," replied Ambrose; "for I am not so spiteful, but I know that Harry span his top the longest, because the clock struck six when he began, and it was just a quarter past when he gave over; now you were just ten minutes, for I looked at the church dial when you began, to see how long a time I had to be with you, as I promised to be home in an hour."

No one doubted what Ambrose said; not even John; for he knew he was not a boy to tell a falsehood; yet he could not forgive him for proving his want of success. Ambrose saw he looked displeased; but such looks were common, and therefore he did not heed them.

"Well," said John to himself, as he walked home, "I shall not soon forget his spite; I never can like such a boy, though father is always praising his good temper."

By the next day, Ambrose thought no more of the matter; but John kept it in mind, and fancied he had a serious cause to dislike such a meddling fellow, as he called him.

For some time, nothing more happened that could widen the breach; and John was getting on better terms with his lively neighbour.



There was no boy in the village who took more pains with his learning than John; and on this account, the scholars looked up to him with respect. One day his master gave him a long lesson to learn, and promised him a prize if he should repeat it without a fault. John studied with all his mind; and in the course of two days, believed he knew it pretty well; but he meant to spend the third evening in going over it again, word for word, that he might be quite perfect.

Thus thinking, he was vexed to find, when he reached home, that the book was not in his satchel; no time was to be lost; so he hastened back to school to regain it: but though the room and every desk was searched, the book could not be found; and he went home, puzzled as well as vexed. He questioned his sisters, but they assured him they had neither seen the book nor touched his satchel.

It cost the young student some tears; but there was no help for it; and he went to school the next morning with a heavy heart, and was about to speak on the subject to his master, when Ambrose stepped forward, and said that he had taken the book in mistake, and found it among his own just before he left home.



His manner was so candid, and he expressed himself so truly sorry, that all believed him; and the master told John he should give him another day to make up for the unfortunate delay. John saw that the book was like one that Ambrose had; and he could not deny that he appeared sorry for the mistake; yet he believed that a mean motive, and not a real mistake, caused him to take the book, in the hope that he should fail in his lesson, and lose the promised prize: so when Ambrose came to shake hands and beg his pardon, he could not give a cordial answer, for he felt there was so much to forgive, and what he never could forget.

This was John's way of reasoning; and though all went on smoothly, and he won the prize, which was a book of fables, he thought Ambrose was sorry that he had gained it, and a jealous, must be a spiteful, boy.

John had a pretty taste for drawing; and his father bought him some pencils, and a box of colours. Then John set about making a large kite, and he drew a bird on one side, and a balloon on the other; both of which he painted in his best manner. His sisters declared it must be the handsomest kite in the world; and John himself fancied it was not the worst of its kind.



Like many other little boys, John thought there was great pleasure in keeping a secret, and still greater in surprising his friends by a fine sight; and therefore this great affair was carried on unknown to any but those at home. Ambrose being sent on a message to John's father, went into the garden to look for the little girls, who took him to the arbour to view their brother's pretty kite.

Ambrose gazed on it as a grand piece of painting, and thought John must be a first-rate artist; free from envy, and always inclined to give every one their due, he left the spot to hasten to his playmates, and described what he had seen in such terms, that the youthful party were half-crazed to behold this famous kite, which must surpass every other.

Meantime, John bought string, put on a full-trimmed tail to his kite, and as soon as tea was over, sat out to delight and amaze all who should behold it. Delight them he did: but he quickly perceived they were prepared to see the wonder; and for this he could in no way account; and he inquired, in rather a pettish tone, how they could have guessed that he had made such a thing.

"We did not guess it," said one; "for who could do that? but we heard of your famous work through Ambrose, who came about an



hour since, and told us he never beheld such a beauty of a kite."

"Ambrose again!" thought John; "now I never will forgive him this." But John did not seek to know how the secret reached the poor boy, who had incurred his anger. Ambrose seeing he was displeased, assured him that he had not gained a sight of the kite by prying; but that it was shown to him by Jane and Mary. This might be the case; but John had made up his mind not to forgive him, and therefore it was needful that there should be some reason for casting censure upon him; so he tried to believe, that although none praised the painting more, yet Ambrose was pleased to have vexed him, by telling the boys what they were to see.

No kite could fly better; and every one called out with delight as it rose in a steady graceful manner. Ambrose no longer noticed the sour looks of its owner, but shared in the mutual pleasure.

John saw this with surprise; but he was not convinced, for he was nourishing a bad passion, that placed everything in a wrong point of view; and he called that deceit, which, in truth, was generous and kind.

In this manner John went on, seeking and fancying he found new faults in Ambrose every



day, until at last, the wounded boy could not doubt it was real dislike that John felt towards him; and not wishing to increase it, he withdrew from play when his foe was of the party; and often with tears complained to his mother of John's conduct, and his own sense of not deserving it.

"Be not too sure," said his mother; "for although I am certain you would not be so unkind to him, it may be, that you often give offence from want of thought to avoid what you know affects his temper. John is a dutiful son, a fond brother, and a good scholar; all which, makes me wish you to be friends with him. When you see he suspects you wrongfully, do not resent it, nor appear heedless of his goodwill; but explain in mild terms, what you really mean, and he will soon see that he is unjust in his thoughts, and learn to regard you as you deserve. It is against the command of God to bear malice or hatred in the heart: we are told 'to love one another, and do unto all as we wish they should do unto us.'" Ambrose promised to do as his mother said; but he had little hope that John and he should ever be friends.

Some days after this, as Ambrose was passing a farm-yard, he heard the shrieks of a child, and he ran toward the place whence the sounds



came. There he saw a little girl, whom he knew to be John's sister Jane, trying to free her garments from the teeth of a great mastiff, who had seized them, and kept growling at the poor child, as though he would tear her to pieces. Ambrose tried to drag him away, and called aloud for help, till two persons from the farm came up, and forced the savage creature from its hold. Poor Jane was not hurt, but she was sadly frightened; and Ambrose coaxed her, and carried her in his arms to her own house. The poor child told her story and said how good Ambrose had been, for which her parents thanked him; and John, who loved his sister very much, said he had been very kind, and shook hands with him at parting. When speaking on the subject to his father, he said for the sake of this kindness to Jane, he would try and forget the harm Ambrose had done.

"Harm," said his father; "I did not think he was a boy to injure any one: pray what has he done to you?"

"O many, very many, spiteful things; such as some people would never forgive."

"Then they would be wicked people," returned his parent; "for we should forgive our greatest foes; and I much doubt if you have any just cause to complain of our good-tempered



young neighbour. But do tell me some of these many things."

John did not expect this check: but he began a list of petty evils, which he tried to make appear very black; and, among others, those which had happened lately.

"As to the school book," answered his father; "that was a mischance, and might happen to yourself as well as others; and don't forget, that when he found it mixed with his own, he gave it up boldly, in the face of the whole school; cleared you from blame, and asked your pardon. He had too much honour to keep it back from a jealous feeling; for he thinks you the best scholar in the whole class, and has spoken such great things of your learning to the rector, that our good parson desires to see your written copies, and the sums you have done."—John looked surprised.

"Now, John, let us come to the affair of the kite. That secret was disclosed to him by the poor children; who thought no harm in showing what their brother had done so well; and he, like a generous boy as he is, saw all the merits of your work, and fancied more than it deserved: be assured, when he praised your painting to the boys, it was only to prove your talent; and you are certain that he could not know that you meant to keep it secret; there-



fore, he did not betray you. In short, my dear, I am sorry to say that you are alone to blame; and I mean you to beware of this spirit of resentment, which leads you to the worst of all crimes, hatred. Were all you think of Ambrose true, and had he a thousand other faults, they would not deserve such harsh feelings on your part; and, believe me, if you indulge in them, you will become wicked. I am so shocked by this part of your conduct, that I cannot dwell upon it; but I pray you, my dear John, to banish from your mind the failings of others, and look to your own."

John was much hurt to hear his father speak thus; and he thought, for the first time, that his parent was severe; yet when left alone, he began to reflect on what he said, and there appeared some truth in it. Perhaps Ambrose was not so spiteful as he had supposed; and the praises bestowed upon his learning and drawing, plainly showed that Ambrose was not envious of him; and John reasoned with himself till he almost fancied he had been a little mistaken.

In this change of mind, he took a walk in the fields; during which, he would not have been sorry had Ambrose crossed his path; but no Ambrose was there.

On his return, he passed a large orchard, that



belonged to a very harsh man, of whom all the village children were afraid; and John walked on the other side of the road, lest he should be thought to have a design to steal the fruit: here he met a man whose sly looks at the trees, and creeping step, gave him reason to suppose he had no good intent towards the orchard; so he hurried on; but in a few minutes, he heard great shouting, and the cross gardener came up to him, and asked if he had seen any one near his orchard. John could not deny that he passed a strange man; and Mr. Ball went away, muttering threats against the thieves who came every night to rob him.

We have said he was a cross man, and we shall now add, a cruel one; for he set traps in his grounds to catch human beings; and at this time, he went to place one in that part of the orchard where a noise had been heard; and seeing a gap in the hedge, he guessed the thief was not far distant; so he went into the road, and fixed the trap just under the broken hedge.

It happened that Ambrose had been of an errand; and just as he reached this spot, his foot struck against a stone, and threw him down; and some money he held in his hand rolled about the road: in searching for it, he went close to the hedge, and stepping upon the trap it went off, and caught him by the



heel. His painful shrieks soon brought persons to release him, who carried him home in a sad state.

Mr. Ball tried to excuse his conduct, by saying that John told him he had seen a thief; and some silly children, who knew how much John disliked Ambrose, thought he said so out of spite. Of such a wicked intent John felt himself quite cleared; but he could not help thinking, had the same happened to him through Ambrose's means, he should have set it down as a thing not to be forgiven.

When he saw Ambrose he shed tears, and hoped he would forgive him.

"Forgive you!" replied Ambrose; "for what? How could you help it? I don't see you have anything to do with it, unless in telling the truth, when Mr. Ball asked you a question: I never thought you needed my forgiveness; but when you judge ill of me, without just cause; and perhaps that has made me a little vexed sometimes; but then I will own, I did not strive to convince you that you were wrong; and therefore you believed I really was spiteful, or I should have tried to clear myself."

"I hope it is all past," said John; "and I am sure I feel in my heart I forgive all that you have made me feel, right or wrong."



“Then shake hands;” cried Ambrose; “and in order to be true friends, let us forget and we shall be sure to forgive.”



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PRUDENCE, WITHOUT MEANNESS;

AND

PARADE, WITHOUT CHARITY

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PETER and MARY were the only children of Farmer Adams; and as they had then no mother, this fond parent thought they needed double care; and was therefore ever watchful of them, and worked hard to provide for them, in case it should be the will of God to take him from them also.

This was doing his duty, and made his children love him very much; but the good man was apt to indulge them too much, and let them have their own way in matters of which they were not judges.

With Mary, this kindness did not do harm; for she was a gentle and prudent child; but



Peter was rash, and sudden, in all he thought and did; so that he often did wrong, and brought himself into scrapes that might have been spared him, had his father checked him in proper time.

Neither brother nor sister were selfish; but they did not share with their friends, or dispense their bounty in the same way.

Peter, indeed, thought his sister stingy, and sometimes greedy, or unkind; for Mary did not always give the whole of what she possessed, nor did she give her penny to every beggar; yet she often could assist the poor, when her brother had only pity to bestow.

Once, when they had been walking a great way, and came home very hungry, Peter went into the kitchen to see what was cooking for dinner. "Boiled beef, carrots, and suet dumplings;" cried Peter: "all three what I like and so does Mary; I hope we shall not have long to wait."

To his great joy, dinner was soon ready: both sat down to table quite ready for the meal; but just as the meat was put into their plates, an old grey-headed beggar put his hat to the open window, and craved a morsel of bread.

"Poor creature," said Peter; "how hard it must be to see a good dinner and not have a morsel of his own. I am sure he shall have



mine;" and so saying, he put his fork into a large dumpling, to add to the plateful before him.

"Stop, brother," cried Mary; "you need not put the dumpling with the meat; one will be enough; you may be glad of the dumpling for yourself; for you know we must not eat all the meat, when so many are to come after us."

"What! cannot the servants go without a dinner for once?"

"You forget," said his father, "that my people have been at work in the fields while you were walking for pleasure; they have much need therefore of a dinner, and as much as we can spare them."

"Well then, let them eat away if they like, but Mary can spare hers."

"No thank you, brother; as you mean to give both meat and dumpling, it would be over-doing the matter, to give mine too: and really I am myself hungry."

"How greedy," said Peter; "and cruel in to the bargain:" then, jumping up, he emptied his plate into the man's hat, who, as he turned away, gave him many thanks.

When Peter again sat down, Mary offered to share her dinner with him; but he would only take a very small bit of beef, saying he could finish the meal with bread. His father



smiled, and Peter thought looked pleased: so he felt quite proud of his conduct, and thought his sister should be ashamed of her meanness; but Mary did not appear to feel she had done wrong.

When the dumpling came to be served, she declined eating any; saying she had dinner enough; and Peter did not doubt she meant her share for him. But he was soon convinced this was not the case, by Mary's asking Betty, the dairy-made, to put by the dumpling for her. Peter looked at his father, then at his sister, and hoped the former would notice such greediness; but he did not; and dinner being over in the usual time, Mary sat down to work, and Peter went with his father to look after the hay-makers.

He was not an idle boy; he liked to be employed; and on this day, took his part in the active scene better than most boys of his age; for he was only six years old. When the day's labour was over, few returned home more weary and hungry than our young farmer; and as he made his way to the little parlour, where he hoped to find supper ready for him, he more than once thought of Mary's suet dumpling. But on reaching the room, he saw only bread, cheese, milk, and beer.

"Have you had your supper, Mary?" asked he.



"No, brother; I would not take it until father and you came in from the fields."

"But are you not going to eat your dumpling, Mary?"

"Oh, my dumpling has been eaten long since."

"What, before supper? Well now, I do think you had better have given it, as I did mine, than eat it when you could not want it."

"Indeed, brother, I never eat when I do not feel I want it: but set your mind at ease; my dumpling made a nice supper for John, the shepherd-boy; I saw him eating cold potatoes for his dinner, and knowing that I had both meat and dumpling for mine, thought it was but fair he should have a bit of the one, when I should have enough of the other; so I sent it to him with a half-penny, at five o'clock; and dare to say he was not long making an end of it. Your beggar to-day was not so hungry: he put the victuals in a bag, and walked off to get more from our neighbours. Betty saw him get a load from Mr. Pratt's; and all went into the bag."

"Perhaps he waited till he went home, that he might give some to his children," said Peter.

"I am afraid he was not good for much," observed their father; "but never mind, boy; your kind act was still the same."



Peter thought so too; yet Mary had done more good, and eaten her dinner too.

One day, little Ellen, who lived at the next farm-house, came to borrow a bird-cage for a few days. Mary was most ready to lend the only empty one they possessed; but on learning the bird to be put into it was a blackbird, she knew the cage must be too small.

"How will you manage, Ellen?" said Peter.

"I am sure I don't know," replied she; "I do wish your cage had been larger."

"Well," said Peter, "I tell you what I think of the matter: your brother is very clever and handy, and I doubt not he could enlarge our cage with reeds, in the way he makes baskets."

"But that would spoil the cage," said Mary; "and you know grandmother is to send us a lark next week; and we should want it."

"Yes, I do know that; still it would be a pity the blackbird should want a cage, when ours might be made to suit; and William can but put it into its old trim again, when Ellen has done with it."

Mary did not think so; for she knew, and so did her brother, that Ellen and William only valued things for their present use; and when they got a better cage, were likely to bring theirs back spoiled and broken.



Peter wondered she could be so cross as to refuse such a trifle ; and in short, said so much on the subject, that Mary let him have his way ; and the cage was given to Ellen.

The next week brought the lark ; and there was great distress for its home ; the cage not being returned. Peter was sure that Ellen could spare it, and had forgot to bring it back ; so he called to ask for it ; when he found, to his dismay, that as Mary had foreseen it was too small for the blackbird, and as it was only lent to them, William would not take the trouble to alter it ; and there it was, broken and dirty, in an out-house, with other things these heedless children had spoiled.

Peter returned to Mary with a sad tale ; but the truth did not surprise her : she knew the tempers of her young neighbours too well ; and she said so.

"You are right, this time, Mary," said her brother ; "but there, you are a year older than I, and ought to have more prudence ; and I like to be good-natured and generous."

"So do I, brother ; but I don't call it generous to do a thing you know is wrong, just because you will appear good-natured ; and now, what are we to do with our pretty lark ? the canary is in the only cage we have."

"I have been thinking about it," answered



Peter; "and think I can manage until to-morrow, when I will ask father to assist me in mending the broken one."

Mary was at a loss to guess how he would manage; but he laughed and told her it was a secret.

Before going to bed, Mary went to look at the canary; and to her surprise, found the lark in the same cage. The stranger was a timid bird; but the canary a bold and pert thing: who would not brook the presence of a fellow-lodger, but kept scolding and pecking at the frightened lark, that in a flutter, retired to a corner of the cage.

Mary went in haste to fetch her brother, that the lark might be taken from its foe: but though he was at first alarmed for the safety of the bird, he thought the quarrel would not last long; and was certain his canary was too generous to hurt its new friend.

After awhile the birds became quiet; and the canary prepared for roosting.

"There!" cried Peter; "I told you how it would be; they are quite snug and happy, you see."

"I am sure the canary will kill the lark," said Mary; "and do beg you will rise early to-morrow, and mend the cage, that we may keep them apart."



Peter promised to do so, and his sister went to bed; after which, he began to think of a plan to divide the angry birds during the night. For this purpose, he procured a piece of wood, which he meant to fix across the cage; but how to do this without letting the warblers out was a puzzle; at length he slid his hand gently; but the motion awoke the spiteful canary, who pecked his hand smartly, and forced him to withdraw it with haste; and the next minute both birds were on the floor.

Peter pursued them from corner to corner, till seeing the canary approach the door-way, he slapped the door to in a hurry, and at the same moment, found the lark was caught by the wing. Tears rushed to his eyes, as he released the poor trembler; and forgetting the canary, he ran with the maimed bird to Betty, asking her advice.

When the lark was safe in her hands, he first thought of the canary; which on his return, he found resting on the top of its cage; and having secured the saucy creature, he went back to visit the ill-used stranger; but, alas! the poor thing was released from its troubles, and laid dead in Betty's lap. Shocked as Peter was to behold this sight, he took comfort in hearing from Betty that



the hurt in its wing had not caused its death: marks of the canary's beak were plain upon its head and breast, plainly showing how it was killed.

Peter would not disturb Mary with the bad news, that night; and before she awoke the next morning, he had, in a pet, given the canary to a school-fellow.

Mary was truly concerned to learn the fate of the pretty lark; but she said the canary was not to blame: the fault was their own, in putting the birds into one cage. "But," added she, "I will punish the wrangler, by not giving him a lump of sugar all this day."

For the first time, Peter felt he had acted rashly, in giving away the bird; and hardly knew how to excuse himself to his sister, who was both surprised and vexed, as she listened to him; but seeing that her brother was angry with himself, she was too fond of him to add to his regret, and therefore dropped the subject.

It was only a few days after this, that Peter, meeting the boy to whom he had given the canary, was shocked to hear the careless boy had left its cage door open, and it flew away. Truly sorry was Mary for the poor bird; who thus adrift in a world with which he had never mixed, might be subject to a



hundred evils; ill-treatment, and perhaps, a cruel death.

"Now, Peter," said the thinking girl, "you find there was nothing generous in lending the cage to Ellen, after we found it would not suit her purpose. She destroyed the cage, and we have lost our pretty birds: how much better it would have been, had you agreed with me at first."

Peter allowed this; but finished by saying he did not like to refuse favours when he could grant them; it looked so ill-natured.

Peter's false ideas of kindness and generous feelings, caused many of these sorts of regrets: still he always excused himself in the old way. But there was one bright day to come, in which all troubles were to be thrown aside; and this was the day of the town-fair, a mile distance from their home. So many fine sights were to be seen, and pretty things to be sold, that it was quite a treat to pass through the gay scene; but Farmer Adams was too fond a parent to let his children view pleasure and not share it: they partook largely of all that could attract their wishes, and their little red purses were well stocked to buy what they liked.

Peter did not long keep his money; he bought toys and cakes, gave alms to every one



who asked, and treated many of his young friends to see the show-giant, and the dwarf; until having spent all, and tired of looking 'bout him, and sick of sweets, he was not sorry to turn his back upon the splendid affair, and return to the quiet farm.

As they sat at supper, Peter remarked that Mary had seen few of the sights.

"I saw the puppet-show, and the shell-work," said she.

"Poh! that was nothing; and I only saw you buy a basket, and a book: it may be prudence, as father and grandmother say; but I call it stingy and mean, to spend all on self: pray what have you left, Mistress Prudence?"

Mary felt that her brother was unkind; but she felt also, that he would be sorry for it before they went to bed.

"I have eighteen pence left," said she; "and that I cannot call my own, for it is promised to another."

"Indeed," cried Peter.

"Yes, indeed, brother; but I must tell you, I only bought a book at the fair; my father gave me the basket."

"Then what did you do with the rest of your money?" asked Peter.

"I gave three-pence to three little girls, who were looking at the fine things, but had



no money to purchase any of them; then I gave two-pence to a blind man we saw on the road home; and I brought ribbons to Betty and Sally; and now I will own, that I should regret having spent so much, did I not hope you would add a trifle to my eighteen pence."

"Expect me to add a trifle!" cried he, in surprise; "why, Mary, I have spent every farthing; you know I am not selfish, and therefore hate hoarding my money."

"I am sorry for it," said she; "for I did think you would be able to make up my sum to half-a-crown."

"And what need have you for this half-crown?" asked her father.

"I will tell you, father. Poor John, the shepherd-boy, has been saving his money for many long weeks; and at length he got half-a-crown; with this sum he bought a stock of cakes to sell at the fair; and the profits were to assist his parents, who, you know, are very poor; but just as he got into town, one of the nasty show-carts ran against him, knocked the basket off his head, smashed all the cakes, and bruised his shoulder very much. Poor fellow; I saw him at the turnpike, weeping over his loss, and not looking for pleasure, like all the other young people: my heart ached for him,



and I promised to give him the eighteen pence I had left."

"You are a good girl," said her father; "and a generous as well as prudent one: take these two shillings and add to your gift; you well deserve the power, who so well know how to bestow; what think you, boy?"

"Think, father! why I think she is the best girl in the world; and has found out the right way to be generous, which I never have; for I see all my rash plans and good-natured actions were but a sham compared with hers. I am quite ashamed to think how often I have called Mary stingy and mean: yet how kindly she took it."

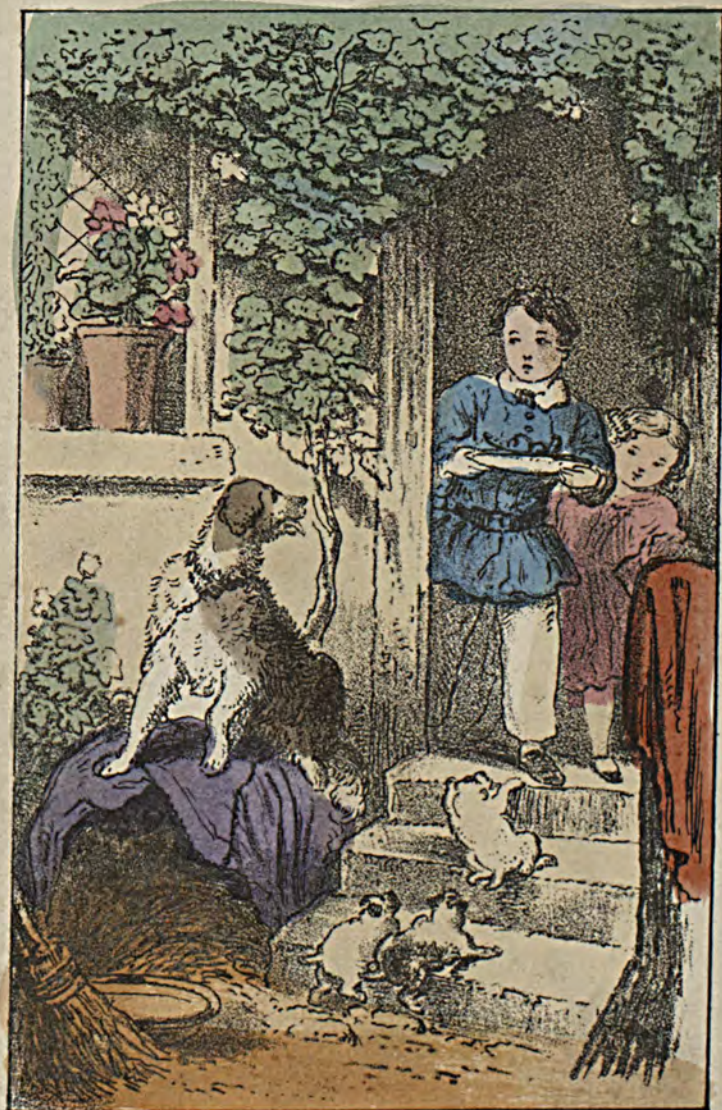
"Because, my dear Peter, I knew you would find out the truth, some time or other."

"I have, indeed, found it out," said Peter; "and take this kiss as amends for the past: be assured, Mary, I shall be proud to copy you in everything; and never again mistake prudence for meanness, nor vain parade for real charity."



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MRS. JUMPER AND THE FORTUNES OF  
HER THREE PUPS.

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Poor Mrs. Jumper sits in the yard,  
And a tub of straw is her bed,  
She begins to think it is very hard,  
That she should not have been fed.

And her three little puppies go climbing up  
The steps of the cottage door,  
And their mother wonders if ever a pup  
Was so clever as hers before.

But Herbert is near with a plate of bones,  
And some scraps of bread and meat,  
Pray Herbert set it down on the stones,  
That the hungry mother may eat.

Poor Mrs. Jumper deserves it well,  
For she guards the house by night,  
She cannot by sweet words her fondness tell,  
But her *duty* is her delight.

Oh, if some girls and boys I know,  
Would but show their love that way,  
Would but fewer kisses and hugs bestow,  
And their father and mother *obey*!



Herbert loves Mrs. Jumper well,  
And so does his sister Jane,  
They have prettier games than I can tell,  
With her in the cottage lane.

But now Mrs. Jumper must stay to mind  
Her little children three,  
For many days at first they were blind,  
But now they can walk and see.

And when they can leave Mrs. Jumper's care,  
They will seek their fortunes abroad,  
For to keep four dogs out of cottage fare,  
Herbert's mother cannot afford.

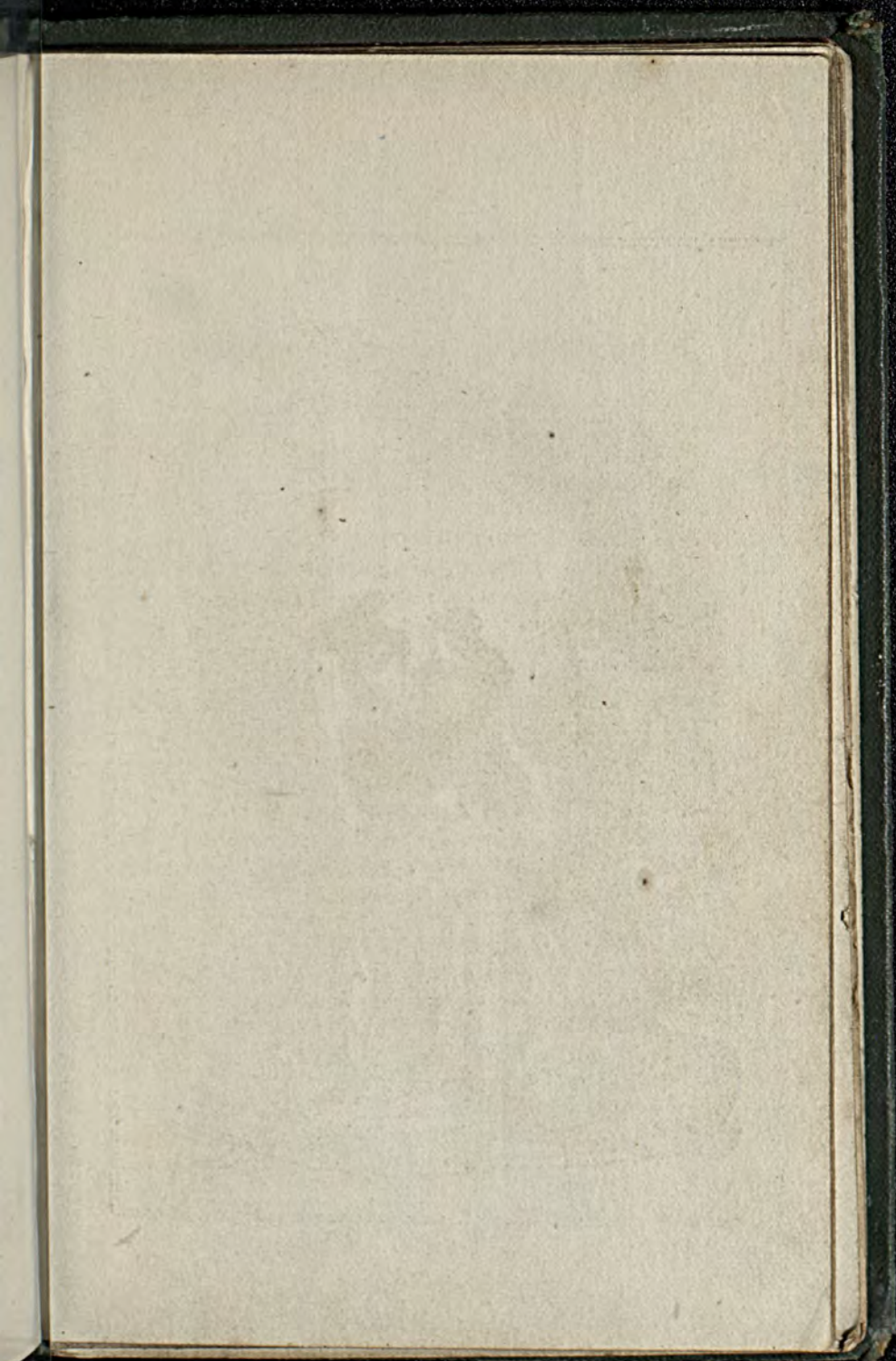
So one little puppy will go to the mill,  
And I think he will live in clover,  
Plenty to feed on, and rats to kill,  
And they mean to call him Rover.

Another will go to the Squire's son,  
And he'll live a life of ease,  
Be called a Prince, have plenty of fun,  
And have only himself to please.

But I think little Spot will the happiest be,  
For he will be *earning* his bread,  
He is going to live with the widow Lee,  
Poorly lodged, and coarsely fed.

He will help her to drag her market load  
Of fruits and greens by day,  
And at night he will watch by the orchard road,  
And frighten the thieves away.









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## BEAR AND FORBEAR;

OR,

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

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THERE was a little boy, named George, who had a brother and sisters younger than himself, and, therefore, he was called the head of his father's family, which sounded like something great; but George found it was only sound, for he had little of comfort or honour in thus being the eldest.

In fact, George had the best temper of the whole, though inclined to be hasty; and then he thought it but fair that the next should yield to him, for he was eight years old, and the oldest, and must know everything better than his brothers and sisters. William was a testy child, always taking offence, and often without cause Sarah cried and fretted all day long, if the least trifle were taken from her, or if she were not made the most of in all things. Jane was self-willed, doing only what she liked, and making no scruple of snatching or taking by force anything her brothers or sisters refused to give her.



With such children there could be little peace, and George would often seek playmates abroad, rather than bear with so many whims and cross words from those at home.

George had made a pretty little boat, which he contrived to do unseen by any one, for he was certain it could never be finished when so many would wish to have a hand in it.

It was all done but the painting, and he gladly went on an errand for his father, that he might purchase some colours for his boat, without betraying that he was doing a job for himself at the same time. The day was warm, and as he returned, George took the most shady paths to avoid the heat of the sun.

In passing a neat cottage he stopped to look at the pretty garden before it, and under a large willow tree he beheld some young children playing with each other, all in good humour and high spirits, while a girl about his own age, sat knitting close by.

George watched them a few minutes, and wished William, Sarah, and Jane, were as gentle and cheerful. He had some seed cakes in his basket, and could not help giving some to the pretty group.

The eldest put down her knitting as she thanked him for his kindness, and began to divide his gifts into equal shares for the others.



"What good and quiet children you all are," said he; "I wish some whom I knew were half as good." The little girl, whose name was Ann, smiled as she said, "Perhaps if you knew more of them, you would not find them better than others."

"I only know," said George, "that I have left three young ones at home who never sit so quiet as you do now."

"Are you the oldest?" asked Ann.

George said he was.

"Then it may be that you do not manage them rightly, and like to have your own way, as well as the little ones."

"Sometimes," answered George, "for they do so worry me, that I lose all patience; yet father says I bear with them pretty well."

"But you should bear with them a little longer," said Ann. "Now you will laugh at me, young as I am, thinking to give advice, but you must know, I used to be much teased with my brothers, and although I sometimes tried to please, was apt to snap them, and when I saw them spoiling my toys, or tearing my books, I snatched them away and scolded the little things, who would cry very much, but they did not mind me at all; then I complained to my parents, who at times took my part, though often they laughed at me for being such a baby."



"If *you* do not agree with your brothers and sisters, I need not tell you how sad it is to live in discord with them; and for certain, if they have faults, we, who are older, should have less; don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do think that," said George; "but really there is no pleasing my brother Will; and Sarah cries, if you do but look at her; then little Jane wants all she sees, and snatches things from you, whether you want them or not."

"She is very young, I suppose," said Ann.

"Yes," she is only three years of age."

"O! that is a baby's age; you cannot expect such a child always to do what is right."

"That is true, but you never saw such a tiresome girl as Jane is."

"I dare say I have," answered Ann, "and, like you, did not make the best of it; but my mother has put me into a way of checking such faults in my little brother; but observe, I have been obliged to curb my own temper as well."

"I am sure I wish you would instruct me," said George.

"I will tell you my mother's plan," answered she. "First, not to speak loud or angry to them; never to lift my hand against them; not to tease them, neither to be hasty in taking from them what it is wrong for them to have. She said kind and mild methods would make



them more docile than scolding or anger; and most truly did she say; for I now find my brothers pleasant and easy to manage, though now and then they may be a little cross. They love as well as mind me, and very seldom do harm to anything of mine that may come in their way."

"It is all very right, no doubt," said George; "but I am afraid my brothers and sisters will not be so soon tamed, and I cannot always be on my guard as to temper."

"Why not?" said Ann; "I am sure you look good-tempered enough, and the trial cannot be more for you than for others."

George could not deny this, though he was not certain he could act up to what Ann advised, but he promised to make an attempt, and prove if it were as easy as she said.

After wishing Ann good morning, George hurried towards home, for it was not usual with him to stay when sent on errands. As he opened the garden gate he heard Sarah crying, and William speaking in an hasty manner, as if scolding some one. Ah! thought George, this is the old story; I wish Ann could take a peep inside our cottage, she would soon look a little sour upon us.

The moment he turned into the common sitting-room, little Jane ran forward to see what was in the basket; and when he held it beyond



her reach, she caught hold of his coat, and pulled it, until, in pushing her from him, her head touched his elbow, and caused the basket to fall from his hands, and strewed its contents on the floor.

Among them were some nails and screws he had been buying for his father, and also the cakes he had meant to give his brother and sisters.

The cakes were of course broken to pieces, but George heeded them not; he was vexed to see the nails and screws dispersed about, and while kneeling to pick them up, felt too angry to think of Ann's caution, but kept scolding Jane with all his might, while she scrambling after the bits of cakes, took no notice of any one, except when the others offered to help themselves to some of the scraps, at which the little grasp-all muttered, and tried to beat their hands from the spot.

The bustle and mischief of the scene stopped Sarah's tears, though she complained in peevish tones, that Jane was so greedy she wanted all the cake for herself.

William joined his brother in looking for the nails and screws; but when George bade him be brisk, and not let them drop as fast as he picked them up, the testy boy took offence, threw down those he had collected, and went away in a pet.

"Go, for a cross boy as you are," said George;



"I would as soon have Snarl, the house dog, to help me, as a snappish brother like you."

When quiet was in some measure restored the angry George walked into the garden to cool himself.

"Well, Ann may say what she will, but her brothers and sisters must be better tempered than mine: do all I can to please them there is something goes wrong."

In a few minutes he began to think what he had really done to please them. Truth whispered it could not please the little Jane to have the basket kept from her, when she had not sense to know the reason; and then, to be pushed about roughly, and called a naughty bad child. "Perhaps," said he, "if I had let her seen what was in the basket without a struggle, and have given the cakes with kindness, she would have been pleased, and not have done mischief. William, too, hasty as he is, if I had not found fault with him for being slow, and had told him to make haste in more kind terms, he might have done so without putting himself into a passion. But I don't know how it is, they always take away my patience, and make me angry when I don't wish to be so: besides, I can't help being warm in my temper."

This was a great mistake in George's reasoning, for we can all help giving way to bad pas-



sions: only by not checking anger at first, we suffer it to master our better feelings, and when we have lost the control of our tempers, are silly enough to fancy it is our nature that causes us to be testy, as if our Maker gave us none but wicked feelings.

George never cherished ill-will in his bosom; and therefore, when he met his brother and sisters at supper, he took no notice of the past, and tried to put them in good-humour with each other. William's anger, too, had passed away, and he seemed to be disposed to be merry. Even peevish Sarah laughed at his remarks, but little Jane was getting sleepy, and more than once dropped some of her bread and milk upon Sarah's frock, who, not making excuse for the drowsy state of the child, began to whine and complain that her frock was wet.

"You cross child," said William; "don't you see the poor thing is almost asleep?"

The words, "cross child," soon made Sarah cry outright.

George, half-provoked, chid his brother for speaking so harshly; and this proved a great affront to William, who said he was not such a baby; but he knew what was right, as well as big master George.

Sharp words like these never end in friendship; and when they pass between kindred, de-



serve to be doubly censured. Our Saviour told Peter, "if our brother should sin against us seventy times seven times, still should we forgive him."

Neither George nor William were children to bear malice, but they wanted the gracious manner of owning a fault; and if in heart they forgave each other, their words did not confirm it.

George was the first to rise in the morning, and was soon busy at work in painting his boat. He thought of Ann and her good advice, and felt vexed with himself for being so hasty on the previous night. While thus engaged, he heard William calling him by name; and his first ideas were, to conceal the boat, lest it should lead to a dispute; but again, that was not the way to conquer bad habits; perhaps it would be wiser to make a friend of his brother, and show him the progress of the work he was about.

Yes, surely, this would be right; and so thinking, he went on painting till William was in sight.

"Come hither, Will," said he; "I want you to look at my fine boat, which is almost finished: What think you of it?"

"O! it is very handsome, indeed, George; red, black on green; where did you get those bright colours?"



"I bought them in the village yesterday, when I went on father's errand."

Here George was going to call out to prevent William from touching the paint, but he checked himself, for, had he done so, his brother, as usual, would have taken offence.

"I am thinking," said George, "how I shall manage to keep little Jane from handling it while it is wet; yet I don't like to hide it because that looks sly."

"Ah! I forgot," said Will, "it must not be touched before the paint is dry."

As he spoke thus, he quickly removed his finger from the spot he was going to rub. For once, thought George, I have done right.

"I tell you what, George," cried Will, "when I see Jane about to lay hold of it, I will snatch it away in a moment."

"No, no," observed George; "we always do so, and you find it only makes her more eager to have it; we must try and coax her to do what we wish. Little Ann, who lives by the turnpike, told me she does so with her young brothers, and you never saw such pleasant children as they are."

Will felt quite a man to be thus consulted, and he began to think it was the best way.

Scarcely had the brothers settled this knotty point, when Sarah came to call them to break-



fast. George followed, with the boat in his hand, which no sooner caught the eyes of Jane, than clasping her hands in delight, she ran to take it from him.

Instead of pushing her away, or hiding it, he calmly told her she must not have it; but if she was a good girl she should see it sail away in a tub of water.

At first the child was inclined to resist, and use force to obtain it; but the soothing words of both brothers, and a kiss from George, brought her into good-humour: she seemed conscious that he was kind, and fondled and kissed him in a most winning manner.

"There now," said George, "see how much better it is to coax dear sister than to be harsh with her. Take care, Will, that you and I do not quarrel, and we shall soon teach Jane to be as gentle as she is pretty."

Will declared he had no wish to dispute; but, as he said so, he trod upon Sarah's foot, and her peevish complaints brought the colour into his cheeks, and warm words to his tongue; but, before he could utter them, George, in a good-humoured way, put his hand to his lips, as a signal for silence; then, turning to Sarah, he gravely told her, that unless she would give over her childish cross humours, she should not see his boat sail, neither would Will or himself play with, or love her as a sister.



As he said this he took his brother by the arm, and went out of the room.

Sarah cried more than ever, and called them two cross boys; but, as her tears decreased, she began to think of the boat and George's grave looks, and for a moment thought she would not speak to him all day; but when they again met, and he spoke to her as though nothing unkind had passed, her anger died away, and she joined in play with more spirit than usual.

The day passed without any fresh dispute. Once Sarah was about to cry, because Jane took a tea-spoon from her plate; but a whisper from Will, to think of the boat, dispersed the watery cloud, and although tears were in her eyes, not one fell.

"What a good girl our Sarah is getting," said George, as kissing her he bade her good night.

Sarah raised her head in triumph, and assured her brothers she never meant to cry again.

"Well," said George; "I find Ann's method is worth all the sharp words and rough usage we ever gave each other, and my brother and sisters will soon be as good as hers." "Because," said his mother, coming forward and taking him by the hand, "you began to reform in the proper person—yourself, dear George." We have no right to complain of the mote in our brother's eye, while a beam remains in *our own*.



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## PENNY WISE & POUND FOOLISH.

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MATTHEW and Edgar were brothers, who agreed very well with each other, although their tempers and feelings were not always alike. Being sent one day to visit an old friend of their father's, at parting, he gave each a penny, saying, "that penny when saved, will become shillings, and shillings in the like manner become pounds."

They were not such silly children as to suppose the pence would really turn into shillings; but Edgar was rather puzzled to think how it could happen, until his brother said, their friend meant, that by saving all their pence, they should gain shillings, and so on to pounds.

"And a good way, too," said Edgar; "I am sure I should like to try it; and to be master of pounds would make me quite happy."



"I should like to be rich as well as you," observed Matthew; "but a penny is so small a sum, that I fear it would be very long before we should own pounds."

"Not so long as you think, brother: we have only to save all our money and keep it in a box, never buying foolish toys and cakes, as we have been used to do, and in three months, I am certain we shall be surprised to find how rich we are. Here is this penny to begin with."

"And mine too," said his brother; "yet I think we shall be obliged to open our box before three months have passed, for though we may do without cakes and trifles, still we shall want some useful things even in our play."

"No," answered Edgar; "we shall not want any; you have a handsome kite, and plenty of marbles; my bat and ball are as good as new, our legs will do for any other sports; so it is plain we may put by our money if we choose."

Matthew did think it was plain; and thus the matter was settled.

When they reached home, the first thing to be done was, to get a box without buying one, and this was soon had, for their sister Fanny hearing them express a wish for one, kindly gave them a Tonbridge-ware box, large enough to hold a fortune. This was a lucky onset; and having nailed down the lid, and made a slip in



the top to admit of their dropping the money into the box, the two boys felt secure in growing rich.

Some parents are weak enough to give their children money upon every trifling event, and even pay them for being good and doing their duty. Such was not the conduct of Matthew and Edgar's parents; who, always ready to indulge them in what was proper, never bribed them to perform what was right; and as this was the case, the money-box did not get filled through their means; yet, sometimes their mother gave them a few pence to buy such things as she thought might amuse them, and employ the mind. These kind gifts had, until now, been spent, as she desired; but times were changed; saving and not spending, became the habit of the brothers.

Soon after the little bank had commenced, the store was increased by a handsome present from a cousin, who came from Brazil, and gave Matthew a gold coin as a keepsake. Next came Christmas presents, and a new year's gift from a good uncle; so that Edgar's hopes of making a fortune seemed more certain every day. With such a prospect, Edgar felt content to deprive himself of many things he really wanted; and when his ball lodged among some bushes, and could not be found, he gave over playing at trap-



ball, rather than break into the treasures of the Tonbridge-ware box to purchase a new one. Matthew, who was of a more lively temper, would fain have taken out a small sum to replace the ball, for he liked not to give up the sport; but Edgar checked the wish by saying, that if once the box was opened, the stock would soon fly away; and he added, "Do you know, Mat., that I can reckon one pound three shillings; that is safe in our bank, and yet it is only seven weeks since Mr. Butler gave us those lucky pennies."

Matthew owned they had been lucky pennies, yet he was sorry the ball was lost. A few days after this, the brothers went into the fields to fly Matthew's kite; the weather was stormy and the wind strong; both feared it was not a fit day for their purpose, but they were tired of marbles, and not having a ball, could not return to their old game; so the fine-painted kite was forced into the airy flight far beyond its strength, until torn and broken by the wind, it caught in the top branches of a high tree, and the string being pulled with all Edgar's might, it broke and left the kite so fastened.

Matthew was vexed, as well as sorry; for he felt they were to blame letting it fly on so windy a day. "And now," said he, "we have spoiled



a second sport, I think we shall be obliged to break into our store."

"What!" cried Edgar in surprise, "open the box because we have lost a paltry kite! that would be childish indeed: come let us run a race home, and contrive some means of making a new one."

The race was run, and Matthew, who reached the garden gate first, stopped for his brother to join him; but it was some minutes before he did so, with a look of triumph, as he held out a handsome battledore towards Matthew.

"Look at this," cried he, "I told you we should manage without laying hands upon our store. Bob, the groom, found this in the road, and he has given it to me; so when we get a shuttlecock, we have fine sport before us."

"When we get a shuttlecock," said Matthew, "but how are we to get one without buying?"

"Oh! time enough to think of that."

At this moment a poor lame child, who lived in the village, passed by; and as he leaned upon his crutch, he looked at the well-fed and neatly-clothed brothers, and smiled, though sadly; they had often given him a penny, or a part of their bread-and-butter, as he went by the garden entrance; but these acts of kindness had ceased from the day they received the lucky pennies, for they could not give away and be rich too.

"Poor fellow," said Matthew, "I dare say



he thinks we have quite forgotten that he is poor and hungry; I wish I had not eaten that bun Jemmy gave me for a luncheon."

"Never mind the bun, Mat. Run to the kitchen and get a large slice of bread, and I will give him a half."—Here Edgar stopped short, for his ready tongue would have run on with the sentence, and have finished the word half-penny; nay, he was sliding his hand into his waistcoat pocket for the cash, but the pockets were empty; the few pence that used to be at hand when distress appeared, were in better keeping, and lay side by side with silver and gold.

Edgar's ready thought told him this; yet he did blush a little as he withdrew his hand from the fruitless search.

Meantime Matthew procured some bread and cheese, which he gave the child, with much pleasure; but neither he nor his brother asked after poor Ben's parents as they were wont to do. Ben looked as if he had something to say, but had not courage; and strange to add, they wanted courage to ask why he was so sad and reserved.

As they walked towards the house, Matthew observed, "I suppose you mean to open the box at the end of three months?"

"You have as much right as myself to decide upon that," replied Edgar, "but there is plenty



of time to think about it; there are five weeks to pass before the three months come to an end."

"True," said the other, "and a long time it appears; I wish it was nearer."

"What, Mat., you are still thinking of the kite; do pray have more patience. I am sure if Mr. Butler knew how much you long to peep at his gift, he would not give a fig for the fortune we shall make."

"I don't call it making a fortune, Edgar; the money is in the box, without our doing anything to gain it; all our merit is in keeping it there, if you call it merit."

"I think it is prudence," said Edgar, "and am certain my father will say so too, when he learns how well we have managed."

"I doubt that," observed his brother, "for I never heard him praise people for hoarding for themselves."

"Well, perhaps not; but our care is not to be called hoarding; when we open our box, I dare to say we shall be able to give a trifle to Ben and others."

"A trifle! why yes, I hope we shall: for we have always done so with our pocket money, and when we come to divide a fortune, it would be strange if we had nothing to spare."

Edgar said no more, for he saw that Matthew



was not well pleased with their plan, and he did not himself feel quite so easy as when he left home to fly the kite.

When they drew round the blazing fire after tea, their sister Fanny said she had something to propose, she thought would give them all pleasure.

"There is now in the village," said she, "What we have all wished to see, and that is a puppet-show, such as we hear so much admired in London. Papa says we may go to-morrow and view it."

The boys jumped up in delight. "Thank you, father, thank you," cried Edgar, "What time shall we start?"

"Why, my dear, that must depend upon the time the show is to be seen; but I must observe, that though I agree to your going, I do not intend to pay for either. I have just now need of every penny I possess, to meet certain expenses I cannot avoid. Fanny tells me she can treat herself, and as I know you are both very rich, of course you can do the same."

The brothers looked at each other in surprise. Matthew wondered how his father had heard of their Savings' Bank; but Edgar, added to his surprise, felt afraid of breaking into the treasure.

Both were dumb for a few minutes, when



Matthew began to say "that he should not object to paying his share;" but Edgar, stopping him, said, "they would think about it, for they had certain reasons for saving their money."

They were told they might do as they liked; which did not appear to please Matthew, who really wished to go to the puppet-show; but when they went to rest, Edgar said so much "of the pity it would be to open the box for a sight that would be over in an hour;" and spoke of the large sum they should have to divide in a few weeks' time, that Matthew was led to give up the next day's pleasure, and wait for the happy day that was to make them rich.

Little was said when they made known their wish to remain at home. Fanny, indeed, did say something about people being mean and stingy; but her father checked her, by saying, they had chosen what they liked best, and had a right so to do.

But Matthew had not made a choice, he had been guided by his brother; and when he saw the party off without him, expressed his regret in strong terms.

Edgar tried to reason with him, and then to laugh at his childish regret; and at last brought him the money-box, that he might feel how heavy it was.



"Its weight does not give me pleasure," said Matthew, "and I own I have never felt happy since we begun this saving plan: in the first place, we have lost many a pleasant hour of play, because we would not buy what was needful. I have wasted time and paper since I broke my slate, because I must not purchase a new one out of this famous hoard; and I am sure both of us have been hard-hearted from the first day we desired riches; not one poor person in the village has had a penny of our money, and we have hurried from every beggar in a way we never did before. I declare I cannot bear to look at the box; do pray remove it from the bed-room."

Edgar knew not how to answer the first part of this speech; and, therefore, gladly caught at the last words, and said, "If their fortune was so teasing a sight, he would place it where none should behold it, until the end of the three months." And away he ran with his treasure.

Matthew did not follow for some time, till his brother calling to him, he joined him in the garden, where he found Edgar with some old pens and a cork, with which he was trying to make a shuttlecock. On seeing him, Edgar resigned his task, for Matthew was far more clever at such things, and soon began to shape the cork for the proper purpose. "Here comes Ben," said he, looking towards the road, "and I am sure some-



thing is the matter, of which he wants to speak to us."

"I should be very sorry," replied Edgar, "that he asked any favour that we could not grant, that is just now;" and he turned away from his brother's keen look.

"Well, Ben, what news do you bring?" asked Matthew.

"Very bad news, sir," replied Ben; and the tears rushed into his eyes as he spoke.

"I am sorry for that; but let us hear what it is: it may be, matters are not too bad to be mended." The boy took courage as he saw smiles in both faces before him, and in a simple, though sad strain, told the cause of his trouble.

"He had been sent by a tradesman with a parcel, two miles from the village, and while stopping to rest on the bridge, the parcel slipping from his hold, fell into the river, and was borne away by the stream: the owner, a harsh man, and not very wealthy, would insist on payment."

"It is a bad case, indeed," observed Edgar, "but I don't know how we can help you; perhaps you thought we might swim after the parcel."

"No, sir, I had not such a thought, but I wanted friends to help me to repay the loss, and I have raised four shillings towards it; my poor



father and mother only earn from hand to mouth, and, therefore, cannot add a shilling to the sum; but knowing your brother and yourself are always ready to assist the poor, and have often been kind to me, I hoped you would afford me a trifle now; and I wished to say as much when I met you last, but you did not notice me as usual."

"Oh! that was a mistake," cried Matthew, "for we wish you well, as much as ever, and I am sure we shall not be backward to be of service to you."

Edgar gave his assent, and, drawing his brother aside, proposed to shake some shillings out of the box.

"I doubt if we can do that," replied Matthew; "it would be better to break open the box at once."

Edgar would not agree to this; but as he really wished to serve Ben, he bade him call in an hour, and he would see what could be done. The poor boy withdrew, with many grateful thanks, and Matthew, led by his brother, went towards a spot in the garden, where Edgar said he had buried their treasure, that the sight of the box might not annoy Matthew.

"Buried it, Edgar! why that is really like a miser; but pray dig it up, and let us try to make some better use of its contents."



But before Edgar could agree or dissent to this, Fanny came running towards them, her eyes streaming with tears, speaking as she ran, "O, my dear brothers, lend me ten shillings in a minute; papa will repay you when he comes home; but we have just seen a poor man fall from a ladder, and almost killed; papa had not money enough with him to give the wife of the poor creature, and, therefore, sent me home to get ten shillings more from my mother; but I find she is out, and as I know you have a money-box, I am sure you will not refuse to open it in such a cause."

Matthew was not more ready to do so than his brother, who ran to the spot, and began to move the stones he had placed over the hole in which he left the box; but his labour was spared, for the treasure was no longer there.

Edgar stood aghast; and, by his looks, betrayed the truth; hardly could he repeat it with his tongue.

Matthew and Fanny felt equal surprise; but the latter did not stay to lament the case. Her errand was of too much moment; so she went to seek the cook, and asked her to lend the money, while the brothers stood looking at each other, lost in thought.

At length, Matthew, pointing to the vacant place, said, "And thus ends our prospects of a



fortune; see what the mean hoarding has come to, and only think what mischief it has caused; poor Ben will soon be coming for relief we cannot afford him, and my father's good intent has been checked, because we had lost the heart to relieve others."

"No, Mat., not lost the heart: I really did mean to give away part of our wealth; yet I now see we might have been saving without being misers; though, to do you justice, it was not your wish to have a money-box."

"It was just as bad to be led into wrong with my eyes open, Ned; then so many times as I wanted a ball and other things, yet gave up a pleasant game, rather than trespass on that dirty box, which some artful person has stolen just to punish us."

"But how could any one know it was in this hole?" said Edgar.

"No matter; I only wish they had taken the box long since: but here comes my father; I really feel ashamed to see him."

Fanny had told her parent of her brothers' loss, and he said he had no doubt their money was taken by some gypsies who were watching near the house during every morning, and when he saw part of the hedge cut away, it was plain some of them had seen Edgar bury his treasure, and as soon as his back was turned, stole it.



"But it can hardly be called a loss," added their father; "for you did not appear to have any use for money."

"We did hope to use it," replied Edgar: "but it has been a mistake from first to last. When I proposed to save the money, I did not mean to be stingy, nor hard-hearted; but, somehow, the more we gained, the more I wanted, though, indeed, I would have given, not lent the ten shillings, you sent for. I regret the box is stolen on that account; but I now believe, both Matthew and myself will be much more happy without the money, for we have not been like ourselves from the first day we took to saving."

"It is very true," added Matthew, "and I own it seems a weight off my mind, and were it not for poor Ben, I should rejoice that we have been robbed."

This led his father to inquire what was the matter with Ben, which, having learned, he promised to assist him, as they no longer had the power of keeping their word.

The boys were truly grateful for this kindness; "for," said Edgar, "it would be shocking to raise his hopes, and then desert him; and I trust we shall yet be able to repay you, my dear father, though not by hoarding. No, no; the love of pounds, shillings, and pence, shall not



34      PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

teach us to be misers ; if we do get rich, let it be through better means than Mr. Butler's lucky penny."



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WHAT LITTLE JOHNNY LEARNT FROM  
SICKNESS.

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Poor little Johnny is very weak,  
Sunk are his eyes and pallid his cheek,  
But his words are gentle, his looks are meek.

He cannot run on the soft turf now,  
Or climb the banks where the cowslips grow,  
Or wander away where the streamlets flow.

He lies on his couch in pain all day,  
And he watches the children at their play,  
And wishes himself but as strong as they.

Once he was active and well and strong,  
And was full of laughter and merry song,  
As he skipped and gambolled the whole day long.

But then on a chilly autumn day,  
When tired and hot with a long hour's play,  
Down on the damp grass poor Johnny lay.

And from that same hour poor John felt ill,  
For the Doctor said he had caught a chill,  
And sore and feeble his limbs are still.



But Johnny is patient, he full well knows,  
That healing by bitter water grows,  
And that God has comfort for all men's woes.

So he tried in earnest (as little boys can,  
Quite as well as the strongest man,)  
To get good from evil, and this was his plan—

He learnt to write and to spell and read,  
And Papa said he did very well indeed,  
But he must not tire his little head.

And this kind Papa had a waggon made,  
In which little Johnny was often laid,  
And drawn about in the pleasant shade.

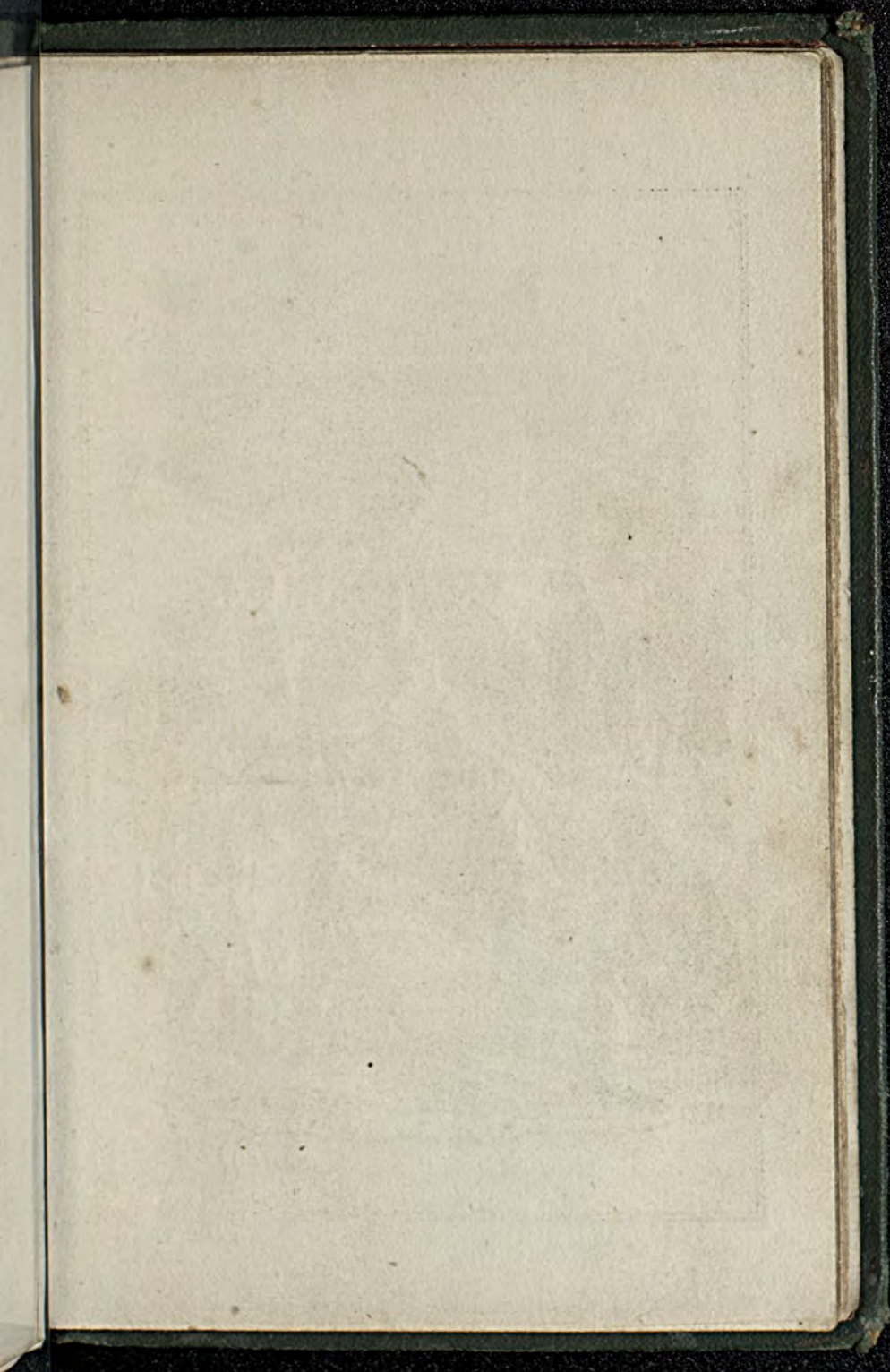
And Mary and Fanny, his sisters kind,  
Picked all the sweetest flowers they could find,  
And many a garland for Johnny twined.

And in God's own time, for God knows best,  
Returning health little Johnny blest;  
And he played and sung and ran with the rest.

But he never forgot how he once had lain,  
Weary and mournful and full of pain,  
Nor *Whose hand* had raised him up again.

And no greater pleasure good Johnny had,  
Than to help and comfort the sick and sad,  
So a blessing was sickness to this little lad.









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# THE PEACE-MAKER;

OR

DEFORMITY NO CRIME.

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IN a small town, more than a hundred miles distant from London, lived James Ashton, one among the many children who, at sunset, might be seen in the meadows which adorned the east entrance of the town; but it was seldom that James joined in the sports going forward, and yet more seldom was his voice heard in those peals of laughter so usual with the young and happy.

James, when an infant, gave promise of health, and even beauty; but having received an injury in the back from a severe fall, his health from that time declined; he became weak and sickly, his form changed, and his back grew quite crooked. Thus altered and his growth checked, he was no longer a pleasing object to behold.



His parents had no other child; and, being very fond of their son, were greatly shocked by the change in his appearance. Though not rich, they gladly spared all their savings to procure a doctor's advice. But man's skill could not effect a cure; the poor child's sickness and feeble frame became fixed; and, like other deformed objects, he could not move without drawing the notice of all he met.

It would have been wise in his parents to have made him as good as he was plain; but they were weak enough to think that a child so afflicted should be indulged, and please himself in all things. Want of health made him feel every attempt either to vex or tease him; and, finding how much his parents yielded to his wishes, he looked for the same from others, and when he did not gain it he fancied himself ill-treated, and fretted till he was really very ill. Those of his own age who felt pity for his misfortune became tired of his ill-humour, and would not join him in play if they could avoid doing so; while the few who were so wicked as to despise one thus afflicted, only laughed at his peevish humour, and did what they could to worry him.

At these times he would return home in anger, and complain to his mother; who, to make amends for the ill-treatment he had re-



ceived, would pamper him with sweets and such things as she knew he liked, though perhaps she might injure his health, and could not give ease to his mind.

He went to school with his young neighbours, and no doubt would have proved a clever scholar, had not his testy temper taken offence at the jokes of his playmates when he should have learned his lesson; while the reproof such neglect drew from his master, brought on sulky moods, floods of tears, and the usual complaint of harsh treatment.

Not having strength for the common sports of youth, he could only join in a few quiet pursuits, in which he always wanted to take the lead; and when he did not obtain his wishes, he would withdraw in anger, and often in tears.

By such means he estranged from him all who really desired to show him kindness; and he would stand aloof while they enjoyed themselves, either displeased with their conduct, or sad in himself for not being able to share their pleasures.

He was standing in one of these last moods, and looking with tearful eyes on a party playing at leap-frog, when a young stranger came into the meadow, towards whom all ran forward; and, having cheered his presence with loud huzzas, he quickly joined in their play.



This boy was the best leaper, and James drew a little nearer to witness his agile movements.

Just at this moment, his deformed figure caught the eye of the stranger, who, turning to a little fellow by his side, inquired, "Who is that poor boy?"

"Why James Ashton, with his crooked back," replied the saucy child.

"Hush, hush; he will hear you."

"No matter if he does, a cross, peevish fellow—he is none of us; let him play by himself, or go home to his mammy and get a sugar-plum."

This unkind speech caused two or three others to laugh; while James, seeing all looks fixed upon him, drew back, vexed as well as ashamed, and passed out of the meadow.

John Brown, the new play-fellow, had lately come to reside in the town; and although he had met some of the boys before, this was the first time he had mixed with them all as a friend.

The figure of poor James had surprised him, for he knew not there was such a boy in the place; but not liking the manner of the child he had spoken to, he asked the same question of a bigger boy.

The reply was—"James Ashton is a sad



object to look upon, and no better at school, nor at play. He is always pining and finding fault; you could as well fly over the moon as give him content. We have had a fine worry with his whims and humours; but, by good luck, he has taken a huff with us all, and now only looks on, instead of joining us."

"Poor fellow," said John, "he is much to be pitied."

"Well, so he is," replied the other; "but we can't help his being crooked; therefore he should not be spiteful to us because he is a frightful sight."

"Oh! don't say so," said John, "he is a human being like yourself; and perhaps, if his friends were more kind, he would be more gentle."

"Well, wait till you know more of him, and then you will say his crooked back is the best part of him."

"I will try to know more of him, and expect to find him better than you describe him; for I can perceive you are none of you too kind to the poor child."

In a few days after this John went to school, where he saw and heard more of James. Sometimes he heard the master praise him, and sometimes rebuke him for giving way to his fretful temper, which prevented his getting on as he



could do, and reaching the head boy in the first class.

"He is no dunce," thought John; "but he must be a bad-tempered boy to be so angry that his faults are noticed by his teacher; and instead of trying to mend, he cries and looks sulky."

Again John met him in the meadows; he spoke not to any one, and when observed slunk away.

"I fear he bears malice," said John; "for I perceive he scowled at George Green, who was punished for calling him crook-back."

"There goes King Wisdom," cried one of the boys, in a taunting tone.

James looked back, his face red with passion; but when he saw so many jeering faces, his anger died away, and he hastened on.

Tears started into John's eyes. "I tell you what," said he, "I will never play with or call one of you friend, if you mock that poor boy again. I never was used to such conduct; and if you are always as cruel to the deformed and crippled, I shall be sorry my father came to live in the town."

John's manner was so earnest, and he was so grieved, that the boys felt ashamed, and made various excuses, among which James's bad temper was not the least.



As the kind-hearted John was going home he overtook James, and, as he passed, wished him good night. This he did in so friendly a manner, that James could not suppose he was making sport of him; besides, he had heard part of the speech John made to his play-fellows, and therefore he knew these words were spoken in kindness.

His eyes were swelled with weeping, and his face very, very pale; but a pleasing smile passed over his features as he returned the proper notice, and John's pity increased.

The next day, during school, John gave him many nods and smiles, and James, pleased with such notice, took great pains with his lessons, that he might not be disgraced before the young stranger, who had already shown much talent and steady attention to his learning.

Being so much engaged, he had no time to watch the looks of his school-fellows, to observe if they mocked him; and as each lesson gained his master's favour, his pleasure was betrayed in his face, so that none could with truth upbraid him for looking cross or sulky.

When school was over, his master wrote a few lines upon a slip of paper, which he was to give his parents, and make them happy in learning what a good boy he had been all day.



And happy it did make them, while poor James never felt so pleased before.

When evening came, the boys met as usual. James did not as yet join them, but he drew nearer to view the sport, and sometimes spoke of the passing scene.

John asked him if he liked trap-ball; and George Green was going to answer for him, by saying he was too crooked to run after the ball, but John, with a frown, checked the forward boy.

James timidly replied, "that he was not strong enough for such rough games."

"Perhaps not," said John; but if you try a little of the game every day, I dare say in time you will be able to join the best players amongst us. Perhaps you like flying a kite?"

"Yes, very much indeed; but I have no pleasure in doing so alone, and I can never get any one to go out with me."

As he said this, the poor boy cast a look of mournful reproach on the group around; many of whom, feeling they deserved it, began to find fault with his peevish, tiresome ways.

"Stop, stop," cried John, "no matter who has been wrong, it is never too late to mend. I do believe James has not been so good-tempered as he ought to have been, and I have



proof that most of the present party have behaved very ill, nay, cruelly to him. I don't think it will happen again; but if it does, mind you, I am no longer a friend to those who so far forget what is his due."

Then, taking James by the hand, he added, "You and I are henceforth to be friends; stick to your book as you did to-day, and you will quickly get beyond us all; be cheerful and good-natured to your playmates and they will return it, and never dare call you out of your name."

The boys, one and all, promised to abide by these words; and James would have given his consent, but he was so unused to kindness that the words seemed to choke him, and he burst into tears.

John, taking him by the arm, led him out of the meadows; and more than once was obliged to pass his hands over his eyes when he looked at the feeble weeping boy by his side.

For the first time in his life James had found a friend, and the very friend he most needed; for although he took his part, and was always ready to adopt that play in which he knew the poor child could take a share, yet he did not indulge his whims, nor defend his conduct when he saw that he gave way to ill-humours.



By degrees James was brought into better habits; and as he lost his own failings, gave less cause to draw forth those of others.

At school there was no better boy. He had much quickness of parts, and was able to learn more than most children of his age; while the change in his feelings and temper, made his studies appear a pleasure rather than a task.

Every child owning common sense must know that a peevish temper will not make them strong. Constant fretting injures the health and sours the spirits, and such used to be the case with James Ashton; but, as he improved in these points, his health improved also, and he had no longer the look of sickness that made his features appear more plain than nature made them; and besides, being more content with his neighbours and playmates, he did not quit them to be petted by fond parents, too apt to soothe his feelings by giving him food that was unfit for his age and weakness.

With John's help he made a handsome kite allowed to be the best and largest in the town; and happy he felt when, followed by a train of eager friends, he went forth to try its merits.

John guided the string until the soaring kite became steady at a great height, when he



resigned the command to James, who then seemed king of the party.

As the little ones stood watching its progress, they could not help thinking that James must be a clever boy to make so noble a kite, and John had assured them he had little hand in forming it; and what made them think more highly of the kitemaker, was his good-nature in letting them all hold the string by turns, and examine the brightly-coloured star that adorned the middle of the kite. James, on his part, thought them all kind, and so changed in manner, that he could not believe they had ever meant to offend him.

Not one word met his ear that could be taken as a hint at his person; and during this happy evening he quite forgot he was unlike other children.

The kite had finished its airy tour, and lay upon the grass, while all tongues were loud in its praise, when Mr. Scott, the school-master, approached the spot. This good man was their friend as well as tutor, and his presence was therefore no check to the sports of his scholars. He stopped to view the new kite, and bestowed much praise on its makers; but, he added, that children who took pains with their learning were seldom dull at anything else.

"My dear children," said he, "I cannot



express the pleasure I feel in seeing you all thus happy, and of one mind. It has often grieved me to observe on what bad terms some of you lived with James Ashton, and I was sorry to see how much he widened the breach by his own conduct; yet the road to peace was plain enough. It was a happy day for my pupils when the parents of John Brown came to dwell in this little town. That docile and kind-hearted boy soon found out where the fault lay, and he took the very best means of setting all to rights.

"I am sure my little friend James must be aware of his value, and feel grateful for such friendship; and I trust he will never lose his present good humour, so well becoming him, and which has won the regards of his play-fellows."

James assured him that the change had made him so happy, that he should never return to his old peevish habits.

"I believe you, my dear," said Mr. Scott; "and I think I may also rely on all present, that they will never again betray those ill feelings that wounded you, and made them objects of contempt. Let every one here think of the blessings he enjoys; let every one look round on all he sees, and tell me who could improve the scene? No; I am certain you will allow that



God's works are perfect; and if we can admire a tree, a flower, or blade of grass, shall we dare to despise a fellow-creature, fashioned by the same great power, and, like ourselves, gifted with sense and feeling? Shape and size are of no value; but truth, wisdom, and virtue, are gems beyond all price."







## GOOD, NOT BEST.

‘WHAT makes you so thoughtful, my dear John?’ said his kind aunt.

“I was thinking,” John replied—“I was thinking, that I do not like bad people.”

“I don’t know who does like them, my love; a bad person, though covered with jewels, and possessed of sense and talent, can never be an object of respect; no, John, we can only love the good and pious.”

“Good and pious,” said John; “but, aunt, that is the same thing.”

“Not quite, my dear; persons may be kind-hearted, strict in their usual duties, harbour no ill-will towards their fellow-creatures, and be in the constant habit of doing good, yet not deserve to be esteemed as pious.

“Piety is a sincere love of God, a wish to please him in all things, and a daily respect for his laws and commands; not only doing right to



please the good feelings his mercy bestowed upon us, but with a desire to prove ourselves worthy of such a gift.

"We must believe in him, love him with all our hearts and minds, put our whole trust in him, and for every blessing he gives, return our most grateful thanks."

"Do you think children can be pious?"

"Yes, John; for although we cannot expect the young to perform every duty like their parents and friends, who have stronger minds, and a greater knowledge of the Scriptures, yet they may be sincere in what they perform, and try to deserve God's love, by learning and keeping his commandments, and turning from all he bids us avoid; they may say their prayers with a faithful heart, and keep his words in their minds. And were I to see a child who did all this, I should say, that is a pious child."

"Well, aunt, I will try and do so, and perhaps I may be pious. Everybody says I am good, for you know I never do what is wrong."

"I believe, my dear, that you never do wrong with the intent to do amiss; but you are very young, and of course weak in judgment, so that it sometimes happens you are led into trifling errors, which your friends are kind enough to forgive, because they hope, when you are wiser and older, you will correct such faults. But do



not suppose, from this kindness on their part, that you are faultless; no, John, there is much to be done before I can allow my little nephew has no faults, and, I must tell you, that no really pious persons think themselves perfect; the vain boaster, and the proud of heart, cannot be pious. A lowly heart, and a humble hope of mercy, are two strong feelings of piety; but if we are without faults, then we need no mercy, and therefore our prayers would be a mockery.

“The best of us may err, and God knew this, when he sent his only Son to secure pardon for our sins; he did not send him to make the perfect better, for that would be impossible, but he came upon earth to redeem the wicked; for, as the Saviour himself says, ‘there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;’ and another time he saith, that ‘human nature was liable to be tempted, but that God was faithful, and would not suffer man to be tempted above his strength, but would make a way for him, that he might escape doing evil.’ All this proves, that we are not always good, as you seem to think yourself.”

“But I am not wicked, aunt!”

“Surely not, and I trust you will one day be what we all desire you to be, good and pious;



meantime, keep your eyes open to your own failings, for self-conceit is a great hindrance to the gaining what you wish to gain; and we read of many whose prayers were rejected, because too much assured of their own worth: did you never hear the parable of the Pharisee and the publican?"

"No," answered John; "but pray what is a parable?"

"A parable is a strong truth, told under the figure of some striking objects, showing the real meaning, though disguised in its forms. Our Saviour gave many of his precepts in this way, because it caught the feelings of his hearers, and was sooner impressed on their minds. Now, I will tell you about the Pharisee and the publican, and then you will know better what I mean.

"In those days, persons who collected the taxes were called publicans; and those who set themselves apart from others, because they believed they were more godly than all the world besides, were called Pharisees; but you may be certain that such vanity and false pretence were offences in the sight of their Lord and Saviour, whose humility was equal to his other virtues. It was to such as these that he said, 'Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee and the other a pub-



lican; and the Pharisee stood and prayed, thanking God that he was not like other men, extorting from his fellow-creatures, dealing unjustly, yielding himself to crimes, or even as the publican then present: and he ended his selfish boast by saying, that he fasted twice in the week, and gave tithes of all that he possessed.

“‘But the publican, standing afar off, would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.’”

“I think the poor man was right,” said John; “for it was both vain and wicked in the other to boast of his goodness before his Maker.”

“Just so, my dear; and our Saviour, when speaking of it, assured the people that the publican went down to his house more in favour of God than the Pharisee, for that those who praised themselves should be abased, and the humble exalted.

“This parable, though it mentioned but two persons, was meant as a warning to all who possessed the same fault as the Pharisee; and while it gave no direct offence to one, caused all to feel ashamed.”

“Now I know what a parable is,” said John, “and I will take care not to boast of my own goodness, lest I should be despised as the Pha-



risee: but let me tell you what made me think about bad people this morning.

"Do you know, I saw a little boy yesterday, who was not much older than myself, yet he was a thief, and two men were taking him to prison. I am sure he must be very wicked indeed; and when I looked at him, I felt glad that I was not so—that is, it made me feel happy to think I had never been so bad as that boy."

"You were right to check yourself, John; for, besides forgetting your late intent, it would have been unjust to the poor child you mention, whose story I have since heard."

"Have you, indeed, aunt? Then pray tell it to me, for I should like to know who and what he is."

"He is an orphan, my dear, and has no friends nor kindred, except one uncle, a very bad man, who spends all the money he earns in idle pursuits, and when he has drunk so much strong drink that his senses are confused, he is sure to beat and ill-treat this poor child, who has been kept on scraps of stale meat and mouldy bread for many days, till he was nearly starved, and then the cruel creature turned him into the streets, where he met with wicked children, who at first won his regard, by sharing their food with him, and at last taught him



their own bad tricks. Happy for him that his first error came so soon to light, for he will now be placed where he will meet no bad examples; he will be taught a trade, by which he may gain a living in an honest way; and still better, he will be taught to respect virtue, and shun vice.

"We may pardon this poor child, for he has been greatly tempted; and if he truly repents, and becomes a good man, he will merit greater praise than you deserve for doing what is right; because you have loving friends, who maintain and provide for all your wants, take pleasure in teaching you the duties of youth, and procure teachers to instruct your mind. With all these blessings, you would be a most wicked child to bring yourself into disgrace, and would deserve little pity from the world."

John paused a minute, and then said, that he owned he should be doubly faulty if he forgot his duty; and he hoped the poor boy would mend, and prove as good as the best. "But tell me, aunt, do you think people will forget his faults, and be friends with him?"

"To be sure they will; who will dare turn from the contrite of heart, when our holy Master hath said, 'that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance?' Nay, he



scrupled not to admit them to his presence; and when he once sat at meat with a Pharisee, a woman of the city, and known to be a sinner, came into the house, and kneeling at his feet, washed them with her tears, and dried them with her hair; and having kissed his feet, she anointed them with ointment, and wept; for her spirit was humbled, and she looked to him as her Redeemer.

“Now the master of the feast, judging from his own proud heart, believed that Jesus knew not that she was a sinner; and he, therefore, doubted his being a true prophet. But his divine guest, knowing his thoughts, said, ‘Simon, I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed them with her tears, and dried them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but she hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath used ointment to my feet. Wherefore I say unto her, her sins, which are many, are forgiven.’ Then he bade the woman go in peace. If Jesus Christ could so act, what human being has a right to hold back from a repenting sinner?”

“Very true, aunt; and it has just come into my mind, that when Jesus Christ was crucified,



the scornful Jews placed him between two thieves, yet he never complained, nor thought it a disgrace."

"I am glad you remember the fact, my dear; and I hope you do not forget how he behaved to the two sinners. One of these men was hard of heart, yet no doubt feared to die, and hoped that the power of the Son of God would rescue him from the death so nigh at hand; but when he found that Jesus sought not to save himself, he reviled his Saviour, saying, 'If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.' But the other, conscious of his own sins, felt resigned to his punishment, and rebuked the partner in his guilt, asking him if he did not fear God? 'for we,' said he, 'suffer justly, but this man has done nothing amiss.'"

"Did not our Saviour say something kind to this man?"

"Yes, my love; when the poor creature addressed him, praying him that he would remember him when he came to his kingdom, Jesus answered him, 'Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'"

"What comfort that must have been to the dying man; I dare say he did not think any more of the pains he was about to suffer."

"It must indeed have been a comfort to him; and the same comfort is held out to all of us, if



we repent as sincerely as he did. Such a consoling truth is enough to make us good Christians; is it not, my dear John?"

"I think so, aunt; but tell me, do none but Christians go to heaven?"

"Yes, my dear; many who are good and virtuous, whose minds have not been instructed, nor taught their duties to the Father of All, will be received into the kingdom of the Almighty; for he, knowing their hearts, will have pity on the darkness of their state: and, for the sake of his Son, who died for them, as well as others—Pagans, who worship false gods and idols, knowing no better, are still objects of his care; and it is quite wonderful to think how many of these, living in remote countries, and by us reckoned as savages, and little better than the brute creation, are every day gaining a knowledge of God and his holy word.

"We are taught that the white, the black, the prince, and the beggar, have an equal claim on God's mercy, if they deserve it; so that it greatly depends upon ourselves to be good; and the precepts of Jesus Christ are so just, yet so simple, that all may learn them, and live by their rules.

"All religion proceeds from God; but that which he made perfect in his Son is the last, and best in its forms; for others, which man



has arranged, make people think too much of themselves, and have little hope for those who do not think like them; but the Christian religion teaches that the whole world has an equal hope of being saved, which proves its justice; and this has inclined many to adopt it."

"And no wonder," said John; "for surely, if one person were to tell me I was so wicked that no matter how sorry I might be for my fault, yet he never could forgive me; and if another person were to say that, badly as I had acted, yet if I would amend, and do right in future, that he would forgive and love me, why how could I forbear turning to the last?"

"True, my dear John; and just so the contrite spirit turns for comfort to the Christian faith. There is nothing in the Bible to frighten a good mind; and in the doctrines of our Saviour there is everything to cheer our minds, and render us happy."

"Well," said John, "I hope it does not show pride nor conceit, to say, that I am glad to be born a Christian."

"Neither, my dear boy; for who can help being glad that they knew the path to virtue in this life, and bliss without end in the world to come; but, as in other points, it is not enough to know the truth, if we do not act upon it. What matters it, if I know my well-filled purs-



would afford relief to the distressed, if I do not apply the same to so good a use. Too many persons think that to know their duty, and have faith in the Scriptures, as the source of good, is all that is required of the Christian; but they err greatly; for good works are needful as well as faith. Our Saviour found many willing to believe his power and greatness, and some who offered to follow him; but when he put them to the trial, they made excuse either to bury the dead, or say farewell to the living; and those who had much wealth and good things of this world, were loth to give them up, even for so great a reward. Therefore, he who knew the secrets of all hearts, requires active proofs of our duty. 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' These were the words of Jesus Christ."

"It is not so easy to be quite good as I thought," said John.

"The task is not so very great, my dear," observed his aunt; "but we must not feel certain of being so, until we can prove it to ourselves. When you learn a lesson in a hurry, and think you know it perfectly, it often happens that when you come to repeat it, you find yourself at a loss, and are obliged to look at and



study it over again; not because it was too hard to be well learned, but that you trusted too much to your own ability, and did not learn it so thoroughly as to keep it in mind. So it is with persons who fancy themselves perfect, when they only perform common duties: their pride is wounded by not receiving praise they thought due; and they begin to fear it is very difficult to be really good. The best way is, to think well of others, and humble of ourselves; for real merit is always modest, and shuns parade."

"And that puts me in mind," said John, "of what I saw last Sunday, when I was coming from church. A beggar asked alms of two little girls, and one taking out her purse, began to clasp and unclasp it so loudly, that all who passed looked at her; and I thought she looked quite pleased and vain; but, after all, she only gave the poor woman a penny, and that she asked of her mother; but the other child slipped some halfpence into the beggar's hand, and hurried away, as though she did not wish to be noticed. I thought she must be a kind-hearted little girl."

"She appeared to be so, indeed, John; and I rejoice to find you could so well discern charity from vanity."



" The hand that gives its secret aid,  
Bestows a double boon :  
And though on earth 'tis lost in shade,  
In heaven it shines like noon.

Real charity avoids all show,  
And shuns the public gaze :  
She gives alike to friend and foe,  
For pity, not for praise.

Give not for pride, nor silly boast ;  
For that is no good deed :  
Be it your aim, not to give most,  
But give where seems most need."



THE POOR AND THE RICH.

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I saw a beggar, poor and old,  
Stand at a rich man's gate ;  
With trembling limbs in rain and cold,  
They suffered him to wait.

With crumbs that from the table fell  
He asked but to be fed ;  
He had no home, and could not tell  
Where he should rest his head.

The rich man sat in state and pride,  
And fed and drank from gold ;  
He cared not for the wretch outside,  
He knew not want or cold.

A little child came by that door,  
And saw the beggar stand ;  
A penny, all her worldly store,  
She slipped within his hand.

Good angels saw that pious deed,  
And blessed her as she sped ;  
If she should ever suffer need,  
That blessing will be shed.

If you would know the rich man's end,  
Who cared not for the poor,  
Then read of *Dives*, and never send,  
A beggar from your door.



## THE PEACE MAKER.

Dogs and cats love to quarrel and fight,  
 They snarl, and they growl, and they bite ;  
 To take from another, though even his brother,  
 Is a pup's, or a kitten's delight.

But cats and dogs don't go to school,  
 They know nothing of charity's rule ;  
 They would not do it, tho' they fought all day  
 long,  
 They've no reason for passions to cool.

But children who know what is right,  
 How is it, that children can fight ;  
 Can grumble and scold, like the furies of old,  
 And in quarrelling take such delight ?

John Harting was not such a boy,  
 In peace and in love, was his joy ;  
 To suffer or lose, for himself he would choose,  
 The rather, than others annoy.

His mother was thankful and glad,  
 To own such a peaceable lad ;  
 When he was away, at his work, or his play,  
 She knew that she need not feel sad.

If the village boys quarrelled or fought,  
 John Harting with gentle words sought,  
 The peace to restore, and would beg them once more,  
 To be loving as little boys ought.



