



See Tale Thirteen.

FAMILIAR TALES

FOR

CHILDREN.

BY MRS. SARAH L. GRIFFIN.

MACON:
BENJAMIN F. GRIFFIN.

1841.

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PREFACE.

THERE is, perhaps, no class of writing more important than that which is intended for the juvenile reader. The taste is formed, in a great degree, by the books presented to us in early youth. It is, therefore, highly important that we put into the hands of our children works inculcating moral sentiments, as well as facts in physical knowledge. It is to be feared that too much attention is paid to cultivating the intellectual, without regard to the moral and religious being. The constant cry is—facts, facts—knowledge, knowledge—i. e., instruction in the ways and means of accumulating wealth, or the fabulous history of remote times, studied in a language sel-

dom remembered. Children, as well as adults, tire of constant study; and works intended for recreation, should be so tempered, that the heart will find food and instruction. And the language, as well as the ideas, should be sufficiently plain to be easily comprehended by them; for, notwithstanding the authority of Sir W. Scott, it can hardly be supposed that children, who are just learning the meaning of words, can be either interested or benefited by a tale or an essay clothed in language adapted to the capacity of adults.

Moral tales have a great effect upon the feelings of youth. Many of those contained in this little book, were written expressly for my own little flock; and I can truly say, that the lessons here inculcated have gone deeper, and had more abiding effects in eradicating faults, and checking error, than any punishment which could have been devised. The hightened color, the downcast eye, the heaving bosom, and trickling tear have borne witness that the

lessons were felt; and the voluntary amendment, and after reference have shewn that they were not soon forgotten.

With the sincere desire that the rising generation may be in some degree benefited, by labors undertaken for those dearer than life, I am induced to present this little work to the public. May the blessing of God attend the lessons it contains.

S. L. GRIFFIN.

MACON, AUG. 3, 1841.

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FAMILIAR TALES.

TALE I.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

" SARAH, come here and see what I have found ! put down your sewing, and come," said Alonzo to his sister, one day. Sarah dropped her work, and ran with her brother, and he took her to a pear tree in the garden, and told her to look up ; she did so, and saw a bird's nest ; Alonzo wanted to climb the tree and get it ; but Sarah said, " No, mother told me about birds' nests the other day, and I will bring my work, and sit down and tell you, if you will get some seats.

So Alonzo ran and brought two little stools and they sat down. Alonzo was very fond of learning any new thing, and he would ask a great many questions, till he thought he knew all about it, and then he would sit and think ; and sometimes his ideas were very

good, and his remarks quite just. "Well sister," he said, "now tell me what bird made this nest?" "I don't know enough to tell you that, brother, but perhaps we shall see her soon. Mother told me, that some birds made their nests with sticks and hay, and then put hair, or cotton, or anything soft that they could find, into them, and smoothed the inside neatly, so that the young birds should be warm, and not feel any roughness. Mother said too, that birds build where they think they will be safe, and where the nest will not be blown down: you see, this is in the fork of the tree, where there are branches on three sides of it, and the leaves overhead, will keep out almost all the rain."

"O, Sarah, see there is the bird; it is a mocking bird, and we shall hear it sing!" cried Alonzo.

"Yes, when the father comes home, he will sing a sweet song to his wife, as she sits on the eggs, or nestles the young birds under her wing for warmth," said Sarah.

"Will the father, or the mother, teach the little ones to sing?" said Alonzo.

"The father. The mother only chirps a few notes herself, which they understand, as

we do what our mother says to us; but the father sings the beautiful notes we hear so often. Both the old birds unite in teaching them to hop and to fly, but the mother does the most of that. You know mothers nurse children more than fathers, and I suppose it is the same with birds. But the sun comes here now, and I have finished my sewing, so we will go into the house, and ask mother about some other kinds of birds, and their nests." They went in, but their mother was busy, and could not talk to them; but she gave them a book about birds, that they might see the pictures of different kinds of nests, and told them she would talk about them some other time.

TALE II.

THE BIRD'S NEST — *Continued.*

"Now, mother," said Sarah, "please tell us about the birds again!" "Yes," said Alonzo, "mother, do birds ever build any other kinds of nests?"

"Yes dear," said Mrs. B, "each kind of bird builds a nest in its own fashion, and situation: you know, situation means place. I told you, that God had given reason to man, and to inferior creatures, instinct, which governs them: now, some birds build their nests near man, for their instinct teaches them that men are their friends."

"Mother, why should men be friendly to birds? do not they eat their fruit and corn?" said Alonzo.

"They eat a little, it is true, but they pay for it by their sweet music, and besides, they devour a great many troublesome worms and insects, and so preserve our gardens from total destruction. Many birds eat flies, and you know that they are very troublesome: you know God made every living thing for man, for his use."

"Yes mother, the Bible says so, but I never thought of the use of birds before: I knew they were pretty, and sang sweetly, but had forgotten to think of their use. But, mother, tell me of other birds, which do not build near man."

"Well, partridges hide their nests under bushes, on the ground, and, if a man approaches, each one will run a different way to escape, and they will put their heads under a leaf, and think they are hidden: when they are larger, they rise up and then dart off in a straight line, as swift as thought. They eat worms and other vermin, and are killed for food. Some birds build as far from man as possible: eagles, for instance, seek some high rock, and if men intrude upon their eyrie, or nest, they leave it, for they will not bear men near them. In some parts of Africa, where there are many monkeys, who are very fond of bird's eggs, and will devour all they can reach, there is a bird which builds a nest in such a way, as to display the instinct with which they are endowed, in a truly wonderful manner: man himself could hardly do better. They select a tree with long, slender limbs, which will not bear the monkeys, and

saving her dear little sister's life, that she could not control her agitation. Her mother kissed and praised her, and then they knelt down and thanked God for his great mercy. Sarah never forgot that hour, but became remarkable for firmness and presence of mind in time of danger, in her after life.

TALE IV.

KINDNESS.

"Sarah, I want you to be very kind to Helen to-day, and watch over her all the time, as she is not well," said Mrs. B.

"Why, mother, must I be kinder on that account?" said Sarah, "I *always* wish to be kind to her, I am sure."

"So you are, my dear, but I speak to you to-day, because she may be fretful, and try your patience; if you are on your guard, and know that it is sickness which makes her cross, you will pity her, and not feel angry or out of patience with her. You must not go to the plum-tree to-day, for she will want to go with you, and the plums will make her worse. I think it is plums which have hurt her."

"Well, mother, I will try to do rightly by her, I should be *so* sorry to have her die, I do love her very much."

"If you were to be unkind to her to-day, and she should die, you would have cause for sorrow all your life. I once knew a little girl named Eliza; she had a sister Jane,

and they loved each other very much. Jane was a very sweet tempered child, and never seemed to be angry at any thing. Now, Eliza was generally good, but always wanted her own way; Jane generally yielded, so they did not quarrel. One day their mother gave each of them a new book, and told them each to see how long and how nice they would keep them. They were very much pleased, and promised to take great care of their presents. Jane put hers into her trunk, and used to read it carefully and then replace it safely when she went to play. Eliza kept hers by her in the sitting room, and read it quickly through, then she threw it on a table and left it.

“One day it dropped from the table and got trodden upon, and nearly ruined. Eliza was sorry, but thought she would get Jane to change with her, and say nothing about the damage: but when she proposed it, she was surprised by Jane’s saying ‘Why sister Eliza, how can you ask me, when you know your book is almost spoiled?’ Eliza was angry at the reproach, for she felt that she deserved it, and she said, ‘Well, if you do not change, you will be sorry, I tell you.’

‘Indeed, I cannot,’ said Jane, ‘for mother wished us to keep our books nice, and mine is as nice as ever.’ Eliza was very angry, and left her sister with her heart filled with bad thoughts. She had never yet done any thing really wicked, but now she allowed evil wishes to take place in her heart. She took her spoiled book and placed it in her sister’s trunk, and took Jane’s nice one which she carried to her room; the books were exactly alike at first, and she hoped not to be discovered, for she knew Jane would not tell of her fault, unless closely questioned. At dinner time she saw that Jane had been crying, and that her mother looked displeased, and she felt very uneasy; after dinner she wished to replace the books, but her mother called them to walk with her. They walked some distance, but none of them seemed very happy. They had nearly reached home again, when a bull came running from a lane, just as they were passing. He ran upon poor Jane, knocking her down, and trampling upon her. Eliza screamed, but her mother shut her parasol, and then opening it suddenly, full in the face of the an-

imal, alarmed him in his turn, and he made a hasty retreat by the road he had come. Mrs. Ellis took Jane in her arms, but her eyes were shut and she could not speak. At last they reached home: Jane was laid on a bed, and when she opened her eyes, she said, 'Oh! Eliza, I am sorry for you. Oh! mother, kiss me! kiss me sister!' and died. Eliza was almost distracted; she said 'Oh! mother, Jane is happy, but I can never be happy again. I have been so wicked! and she forgave me too! how could I act so wickedly by her! there never was so kind a sister! my book was spoiled, and I took hers and put mine in its place! what shall I do? how wicked I have been!' Her mother talked very seriously to her about her sin — told her that she had caused her to express displeasure towards Jane, who had borne it in silence, though apparently very much grieved, and then sent her to her room to pray for God's mercy and forgiveness. Jane was buried, and from that day, Eliza never deviated from the right way; always asking herself in regard to her conduct to others, 'should I like it myself?' She never spoke of Jane without tears — not for her



sister, but for her own sins; and when she had children of her own, she told them this history, that they might avoid the same faults."

"O, mother," said Sarah, "I will try to avoid them; I know I am sometimes wicked in my mind and selfish, but I will try to remember our Savior's rule, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' See, sister is asleep in my lap!"

TALE V.

MORE ABOUT BIRDS.

"Come Sarah, your sewing is ready, what are you doing?" said Mrs. B.

"O, mother, I have been watching the birds. Do you know that the bird that built her nest in the rose bush, has four young ones, and they are all here; the old bird flies away, and then the little ones all open their mouths so wide, and they hold them open so long, I should think they would be tired. At last the mother comes back with something in her bill, and she puts some of it in one of their mouths and some in another, and flies off again for more. Will she feed them all day long, mother, or do they have breakfast, dinner, and supper, as we do?"

"I can't say, my child, but she continues till they are satisfied, and then gets her own food; but I expect they keep her busy about all the time."

How do they sleep, mother, I should not think there was room in this little nest?"

"The little ones nestle down close together, and the old one spreads her wings over them to keep them warm. They do not require much room, for their bodies are very small, and their feathers can be laid close to their sides. In a few days they will be able to hop out of the nest, upon the bushes, and then they will try to fly; and when they can fly quite well they will leave the nest, and provide for themselves, and soon build nests for themselves."

"Mother, are birds ever naughty?"

"They have not souls like us, and therefore cannot sin in the same sense, for they cannot know that they offend God. But birds appear to have different tempers, and sometimes they will fight very fiercely, and seem so full of rage as not to heed their hurts: indeed, sometimes birds are trained to fight until they kill each other; but this is done by cruel men.

"There was once a nest under my window, and I used to watch the birds a great deal, for I was always fond of observing whatever came under my eye. At first, I could not tell one of the little ones from the other; but I soon observed differences, and

gave them names, and they seemed quite familiar to me. Two of them were males, and two females. One of the females was gentle, and I called her Ellen; the other was such a vixen, that I gave her the name of Xantippe, after the ancient scold, Socrates' wife. I will tell you about her another time. The two males appeared kind, and I called them George and Frank.

When they were first hatched, Xantippe wanted all the food her mother brought, and would tread upon her sister and brothers to get at it; but the mother was very particular to feed all alike, and when Xantippe was very bad would peck her sharply to make her good. When they began to hop about, if Ellen found a worm, Xantippe would flutter and try in every way to get it for herself, and if she did not get it, she would cry 'peep, peep,' in such a cross tone that I wanted to scold her. I was a child then, and knew no better; now I know that God has taught the birds and beasts every thing proper for them to know, and that they can govern themselves. George and Frank took Ellen under their care, and would hop away from Xantippe, or drive

her from them, till, when they began to fly, they separated from her entirely, and she soon had the roost to herself, and I did not see any more of her. The others stayed near the house a long time, and used to make me very happy by their singing.

TALE VI.

SNAKES.

"Mother, Henry says there is a snake in the branch, and that it has been in the lot. Will it kill us if it bites us?"

"I do not know what kind of a snake it is, my dear — did Henry tell you?"

"Yes Ma'am, he said it was a moccasin snake; and he said it would kill us: but could not we get away?"

"I never was in danger from one myself, but some have escaped them by running, and some have killed them with a stick. It is said, if you strike one on the tail with a stick, he cannot hurt you, but it is best to keep away from the places where they are."

"What do snakes eat, mother?"

"They eat frogs, toads, lizards and mice. They are venomous creatures; you know Satan is called the Old Serpent, and that he tempted Eve, and that God said to him 'Upon thy belly thou shalt go, and there shall be enmity between thee and man: he

shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel:' and it is so. Men have an antipathy to serpents, and kill them whenever they find them, and they generally leave inhabited places; and if man intrudes upon them, revenge themselves, by biting him."

"Mother, tell me about the temptation; I have read it, but I like to hear you tell it, and explain it to me."

"You know, my dear, that God made the Earth, Sea, and Sky, and all other things, in six days, and rested on the seventh — you know he made man in his own image, and that he gave him all things for his use; but of one tree he forbade him to eat the fruit, saying, in the day he ate the fruit thereof, he should surely die. Now the Serpent told Eve that she should not die, but that she would know good from evil, if she ate; she did so, and Adam ate also: when they had done this, they knew that they had done evil; before this, they only knew to do the will of the Lord, without question, which was good, but this disobedience was their first sin, so that it made them know sin, or evil, and sad knowledge it was for man truly. When

God came to speak to them, as formerly, they tried to hide from him; but no one can hide from God. They tried to blame the Serpent, but they knew they should not have listened to him. God then cursed the Serpent for what he had done. He also told the woman that she should know pain and suffering—and the man that the earth should not yield him fruit without toil and labor, which is the reason men have to work in the fields so much. He said to him 'dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' And as man might again disobey and eat of the tree of life, God turned them out of their pleasant home in Eden, and they lived by labor, and after Eve had brought forth children, they died, as God had said, and their bodies returned to dust, but the breath of life to God who gave it."

TALE VII.

THE BAD AND GOOD DAY.

SARAH felt very lazy one day, and when her mother gave her some sewing, she did not work diligently, but stopped every few minutes, till at last her mother said,

"Sarah, I must set you a task, and if you do not finish it, you cannot ride this evening." Mrs. B. used to indulge Sarah with a ride on horseback every evening, before she rode herself.

Sarah was very fond of riding, but this day she felt so very lazy, that, even at the risk of losing her ride, she would drop her work for every trifle, and not come back for some time, when she got away from it. This was very wrong, for, if she had been diligent, she could have finished all in two hours, as her mother did not wish to confine her to work too closely; but no, she wanted to play, and she did not try to bend her mind to work; she thought she should finish in season if she did play some; but alas! the work progressed so slowly, that at last she could not bear to look at it.

After dinner she thought she would swing a little, and then sew; while still swinging she saw Alonzo getting some plums from the plum-tree, and ran to get some also; then she spied an ant-hill, and remembering that her mother had told her many curious things about their cells, she watched them some time. At last she heard her father's voice. She ran into the house. Her work was not done, and she had lost her ride. She burst into tears, but Mrs. B. took no notice of it, except to bid her remember all she had told her in the forenoon, and then left her.

Sarah sat down. She recollected that her mother to'd her how hard it would be to take hold of her work after playing, and that she had told her stories of children who had acted just as she had done that day. She remembered that she had said, "I do n't do so mother, I know." She was very much ashamed, but formed a resolution to work first and play afterwards for the future. She finished her work neatly, and when her mother returned, showed it to her with a smiling face, and said, "I hope I shall not be so bad to-morrow, moth-

er." Her mother saw that she had made good use of her lesson, so she kissed her and said "She hoped she would *not* be so so naughty in future, as all wrong conduct brought sorrow with it."

"Now, Jane, I have other work to attend, but I will tell you about Sarah's to-morrow after dinner."

"Now, mother, I will get my work and sit by you, if you will tell me about Sarah's tomorrow," said Jane. But her mother was busy just then, and told her to wait awhile; so she took her work and sat down and waited patiently till her mother was ready to talk with her. The time appeared very long to her, but it was just half an hour when her mother put down her pen, folded, sealed, directed her letter, and sent it to the post office; and then, taking her sewing, told Jane that she should be rewarded by hearing the rest of the story about Sarah. So she began:

"The next morning when Sarah woke, she first prayed God to help her be very good; then she dressed herself quietly, that if her mother slept she might not disturb her. Just as she had finished dressing, she

heard her little sister, who slept in a crib by her mother's bed, saying 'papa,' so she went into the room, treading very lightly, and finding her parents asleep, took Helen carefully out of her crib, and carried her into the sitting-room, washed her nicely, as she had seen her mother do, and dressed her. Then she took her hand and walked in the garden with her, and Helen was very happy, and they walked and talked till they heard their father's voice. He had risen to breakfast, so they ran into the house. Breakfast was ready, and when they had kissed their parents, they sat down to the table, feeling very happy. Her mother told her she had slept soundly, and felt better for it. Mrs. B. had been sick for some time; she was still very weak, and required sleep, which was the reason she did not rise much before breakfast. When they rose from the table Mr. and Mrs. B. walked awhile in the garden. Sarah put by such things as were to be locked up, and took the key to her mother; then she and Helen walked by their parents, and were very happy. After about half an hour, Mr. B. said he must go to the store, so he led Mrs. B. into the house, and



she sat down on her couch with her books and work on a table near her, and a pillow on one end of the couch, that she might rest when she was tired. Sarah asked for some work, and her mother told her she would get some ready; so Sarah took Helen into another room and played school with her, till her mother told her the work was prepared. Helen wanted some sewing too, so Mrs. B. gave her a needle and thread, and some calico, and she sat down as busy as a bee. Sarah took her work and did not even wish to leave it for some time.— When Sarah had worked diligently an hour and a half, Mrs. B. told her to take Helen into their play-house, and play with her, as she wished to lie down and rest.

“Sarah was happy, as every body is when they know they are good; so she ran away with Helen and they had a grand frolic, for their play-house was separate from the dwelling, and they could make as much noise as they pleased without disturbing any one, and you know you like to make a noise too, when you play.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Jane, “it does not seem like playing if I have to be still, but

I know I must not be noisy in the house."

"Sarah knew the same," said Mrs. B. "but in the play-house they could do as they pleased, if they were good natured, but they were not allowed to scold. Sarah was so much engaged in her play that she was surprised when she was called to dinner. Mrs. B. had informed her father of her diligence, and he kindly promised to come home that evening earlier than usual that she might ride with him; this was a great treat to Sarah as she usually rode alone, and could not go far for fear of accidents.

"After dinner the prospect of her ride filled her mind, and she felt like jumping about instead of sitting down to her books, but she remembered that her ride would be happier if her lesson was learned, so she sat down and bending her thoughts on her book, soon had the satisfaction of feeling that her duty was done, and she free for enjoying the reward. She washed her face, neck, hands and feet; combed her hair, and braiding it nicely, tied the ends of the braid with some riband which her mother gave her for the purpose, and by the time her armlets, cape,

hat, &c. were on, her father was ready and the horses saddled.

"You may be sure she was very happy as she rode off with her father, for he was very kind to her, and pointed out the pretty flowers which they passed. They saw a flock of goats who were feeding among some bushes by the road side. Sarah had never seen goats before, and was delighted with the kids, and bleated like them, and they answered her; her father laughed and did not stop her till they came near some houses, when he told her he thought she had played goat long enough, and now had better play young lady. They stopped at one of the houses for a glass of water. The woman looked surprised to see so small a child riding, and asked her if she was not afraid. Sarah said, 'No ma'am, for father would not let me ride any but a gentle horse.' The lady smiled, and Mr. B. told Sarah that they had come a mile and a half, and that by the time they reached home her mother would be ready. So they rode home and the air was very pleasant. When they arrived, Sarah's foot was asleep, but she laughed at it, and it soon passed off. Mrs. B. kissed her, and told her

to see that Mary had supper ready in season, and that she gave Helen milk enough before she put her to bed.

"Sarah said that she would, and when her mother set out she went into the house, took off her street dress and put on an apron, and attended to Mary's doing the work. When her mother came home, she found Helen sound asleep, and all things ready for supper. When Sarah went to bed that night, she thanked God for helping her to be good, and prayed him to look always after her ways, and guide her in the right path.

"'Now Jane,' said Mrs. B. 'you may put by your work and play till tea time.'

"'Thank you mother, for your sweet story, and I hope I shall be a comfort to you as Sarah was to her mother that day.' So Jane kissed her mother and ran to play."

TALE VIII.

IDLENESS:

"Mother," said Mary, "I do not not want to go to school to-day, do let me stay at home. I don't have any time to play. I wish I could never have to go to school again."

"Well, Mary," said Mrs. K. "you may do as you like, and I will not send you to school again, until you ask to go. But, you must not have a book, or any sewing at all, until you are convinced that you would be happier to work some, study some, and play some."

Mary thanked her mother, and told her it would be a long time before she should be tired of play. She sat down and tried to decide what to play first; her mother did not say any thing to her, but sat down to some frocks which she was mending, before giving to some poor children. Mary had been in the habit of helping her mother in her works of charity, but to-day she was only to play, so she turned away, and taking out her cups and saucers, asked her mother to give her tea

and sugar, as she generally did; but Mrs. K. said she gave her assistance in her plays when they were properly timed, and not when her duties were neglected for them. The mention of duties caused a cold feeling to pass over Mary's heart, and to drive it off she ran into the garden, but she found nothing to do there; her mother's nosegay had been gathered before breakfast, and she was not allowed to pull any flowers without leave. She sat down in her swing, but having no one to push her she could not swing high, and had no pleasure at all. She still felt the cold at her heart; she knew she was not doing her duty, and her conscience was whispering to her all the time. The forenoon appeared very long, and she found no pleasure in any thing she tried to do.

Now, Mary was generally a very industrious girl and loved her school, but for some time her mother had perceived that idleness was gaining power over her, and she wished to give her a lasting lesson at once, and break the spell of the tyrant. This was the reason she so readily consented to Mary's desire of staying at home. She knew that her habits of industry were still strong enough

to render it impossible that she should be happy without employment; and that her sense of duty would punish her very much while she was neglecting its dictates; so she left her to herself. When her brother and sister came home, they were skipping and laughing, and in high glee ran to shew their mother two books which they had received as prizes. Mary had forgotten that this was prize day, and now felt ready to cry with vexation, but no one noticed her, till Jane shewed her book to her, and said, "Miss Eells asked why you were not at school; I told her I believed you stayed at home to play. She looked very serious and did not say any more." Poor Mary! she wished very much she had not been so foolish.

At dinner, Jane and George were very busy telling their father about the trial for prizes. Mary hung her head when her father said, "And where is Mary's prize? did not you get one, Mary?"

"No, father, I did not go to school this morning."

Mr. K. said no more; he saw that something was wrong, and knew that Mrs. K. would manage rightly. After dinner Mrs.

K. told Jane and George, that when they returned from school in the evening, they should walk with her, and carry the frocks to the poor children. So they ran out to play an hour before they went to school. They were very merry and swung and played school with each other, and then ran races till near school time, when they took their books and started, very happily.

Mary wished to go with them, for she was heartily sorry for her foolishness, and was already convinced of her folly, but she was ashamed to say so to her mother; so she passed a very unhappy afternoon; and when her mother and Jane and George went to walk, she sat down and cried bitterly. When they returned, Jane came to her and told her all they had seen in their walk, and how the children were so happy with their frocks, and how the mother had thanked them, and how they had gathered berries and ate them, and what a sweet bunch of wild-flowers they had picked for their mother. Mary knew that it was her own fault, that she had not been with them. She would not bear the thought of going to bed, till she had obtained her mother's forgiveness for her folly, and made known her determi-

nation of endeavoring to do right in future. She was fully convinced that the hardest life in the world is a life of idleness; and resolved, that, in future she would not harbor such foolish wishes as had made her day so unhappy.

She went to her mother and told her all her feelings, and her mother kissed her and told her she knew that in future her days would be happier, and hoped she would remember the *play-day*, whenever she wished to avoid doing right because it did not appear pleasant at the time.

T A L E I X .

THE DEATH-BED.

Mrs. K. and the children sat round the table after breakfast on Saturday ; there was no school, and the children were forming plans for the day : Jane proposed to make new dresses for their dolls, while George read to them ; Mary and George wished to gather berries.

While they were talking, Polly came in, and said that Mrs. Kelly, the poor widow to whom she had carried some milk, was very bad, (she meant very sick) and that her grand-child had taken the fever. "O," said Mary, "mother, do let us nurse them ; that will be better than picking berries." Mrs. K. wished to bring her children up to feel for the poor, and not to shun the sick, so that it was no new thing for them to pass an hour or two in a sick room. She did not allow them to expose themselves to contagion uselessly, but taught them what they should do in all cases that they might preserve their presence of mind, without which, they could be of no use in the world.

So she put some things in a basket for widow Kelly and her grand-child, and they all went to the cottage. It was a mile from where they lived, and, as some of you perhaps, never visited the houses of the suffering poor, I will describe it to you. It was built of logs, but, instead of being tight and warm like most log houses, was open in many places to the weather.

Mrs. K. did all she could for the poor, but as her means were not great she could not do all her kind heart suggested for them. — She could not rebuild widow Kelly's house, so she did all she could towards making her comfortable in it.

When they entered, they found the widow on the bed, unable to rise. She had been failing some time, for she was very old ; nobody knew exactly how old, but some said a hundred years. She did not know certainly, herself. A great change had come over her since the children saw her before, and as she lay upon the bag of moss which served as her bed, with her eyes closed, and her lips so very white, they thought she was already dead ; but she heard them come in, and when she slowly opened her eyes, they

were very heavy, and she could not see her friends. When Mrs. K. spoke kindly to her and asked her how she felt, she whispered, "My kind friend, I am going home now, and my only care is for Susan, will you take her into your house and keep her from bad company?" Mrs. K. answered, "Make yourself easy about that, I will befriend Susan." "Then I am ready: my work on earth is done, and God will soon let me rest forever," said the poor widow.

The children had turned to where poor Susan, about eleven years old, sat on a chair, which shook under her, with the ague: poor thing, she looked blue and cold, and the blood was settled under her nails, although it was summer. Poor child, her teeth knocked together so that she could hardly speak. She tried to tell them that "Granny," as she called her, had been so bad in the night, that she had risen to make a fire, and had been up ever since, for when the chill came on, she could not help herself, and poor Granny was grieving about her till Polly came with the milk. She had drank some, but it would not stay on her stomach, "and oh dear," said she, "if I could only go with Granny, I

should be so glad." Mrs. K. told her that she must endeavor to wait God's good time with patience: she did not reprove the suffering child severely, but put some water on the fire in a tin cup which she had brought for such purpose: when it was hot she put some wine and spice in it, and made poor Susan drink it, for she knew she was worn out with working and taking care of her grand-mother.

When Susan had swallowed her wine, her ague abated a little, and Mrs. K. wrapped her in a blanket and laid her on some straw, which was her usual bed. After a little time she fell asleep, and Mrs. K., after talking awhile to widow Kelly, told the children that one of them might stay with the poor woman an hour, and then the others take their turns, and that after dinner Polly should come and stay till the next morning. The children preferred remaining together, and promised they would be very quiet indeed. Mrs. K. then left them, bidding them, if they needed any thing, or if the widow was worse, to send George for her, as she must return home for the present.

When Mrs. K. had gone, George went and

gathered some chips near the door that they might be ready for the fire if needed, and Jane began quietly to arrange the room, and make it some somewhat neater. She moved very quietly, so that she did not disturb either Susan or her grand-mother. Mary took the widow's Bible, and, sitting upon the side of the bed, began to read some of the Savior's blessed words. Widow Kelly said softly, "Bless you, dear child, those are words of comfort," and then she lay very still till Mary had read some time, when she suddenly said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" and her eyes seemed set wide open, and she looked so ghastly that Mary was alarmed; she saw the jaw begin to fall, and knew that the poor widow was dead; so she told George to go and tell their mother.

She did not cry, but, as it was the first time she had seen any body die, she felt very solemn, and her thoughts occupied her till her mother arrived in the carriage, for she had come immediately upon hearing George's story. She brought Polly with her, and calling the children to get into the carriage and ride an hour, and then come back, she went in. While the children were riding, they talked

of death, and felt, that young as they were, they ought to be ready also.

When they returned to the cottage, they found the body laid out on the bedstead, and ready for the coffin. Susan had waked, and was crying bitterly. Polly and another servant were to stay till the funeral was over. They took poor Susan home, and the children tried all the rest of the day to console her; she was to stay with them, and to be taught to read and sew, and to work, that she might be able to provide for herself should she ever be left in need. That night the children slept soundly, and the next day, after meeting, attended widow Kelly's funeral, and hoped that when death came to them, they should also be found ready to answer the call.

T A L E X .

CARELESSNESS.

SARAH was so careless, that her mother knew not what to do with her. She generally thought she wanted to be good, but, if any thing drew her attention from what she had been directed to do, she left immediately. She was not a child of a wicked disposition, but it seemed impossible to impress upon her mind, that she ought always to mind her mother. She would say her hymn,

“ I must not tease my mother,
For she is very kind :
And every thing she says to me
I must directly mind.”

She would put the emphasis on *directly*, and appear to feel that she needed to apply it to herself; but, if her mother told her to put her trunk and box in order, she would go to her room, and in her play, or the pages of some of her books, forget all about it : when her mother would call, “ Sarah, are you nearly done ? ” she would say, N - o - o M - a - a m, I

have been playing, or reading, whichever it was, and for the moment think she would do as she was bid ; but alas, she would go on the same as before, till roused by some punishment which her mother would be obliged to resort to. Sometimes these punishments would show their good effects for a week, but by that time she was almost sure to relapse. Her conduct distressed her mother very much; and as Sarah knew this she would at times form strong resolutions to do better ; but alas, her resolutions were remembered but a short time, and then forgotten. Mrs. Barker's health was feeble, and she was therefore unable to keep the continual and watchful rule over Sarah that was necessary to reform her, and correcting this bad habit by sedulously cultivating the habit of immediate and perfect obedience. O, how she mourned over her child ! her health decreased, and she grew feebler and still more weak, till at last she died. Then how bitterly Sarah repented her wickedness. She remembered that her mother had said to her one day, ‘ O my child, you are shortening my life by your conduct ; and when I am gone, how bitterly you will feel when you remember your wicked disobe-

dience.' Sarah remembered this, and when there was no one for her to go to with her troubles, she mourned very much : she found that no one now would do for her as her mother had done : no one regarded her feelings, no one directed her conduct, no one assisted her in any thing : servants, she found, were not mothers to her. She had thought, that if her mother did die, somebody would care for her ; but now, if her clothes were torn, nobody mended them for her, and she was obliged to wear them so, until her father procured more : this made her so much expense to him, that he was obliged to send her to a boarding-school far away from him, and through life, she found there was no second mother for her.

Will this tale be a warning to any of you, my little readers, and teach you to make a good use of your time, while your mothers are spared to you, that you may not be obliged to carry through life, the heavy sorrow of remembered sin, for which it is too late to atone ?

TALE XI.

DILIGENCE.

Mrs. B. had three children. Sarah was eight years old, Alonzo six, and Helen just two. These children were like all others ; sometimes good and sometimes naughty ; but you will find that out as I tell you about them. It was summer time, and there were no schools, so they were at home all the time. Mrs. B. wanted Sarah to learn to sew nicely and generally gave her some work every day. One day Sarah said, "I don't want to work, mother, I wish I did not have to," but her mother said, "If you do not sew to-day, because you happen to feel lazy, my child, you would feel still less inclined to do right to-morrow ; you must finish your apron, and then you may play ; if you sew diligently, it will soon be done, if not you will have to sit at it all day, besides not feeling happy."

Alonzo was not very well, and was lying on the couch, Helen was running from one to the other, feeding them with some of her bread, and Mrs. B. was writing, while the

servant arranged the rooms. Sarah began to talk to Helen, as she was sewing, but did not speak plain, and her mother told her that Helen would not learn to talk well unless she spoke plainly to her, but Sarah was heedless, and did not always remember what her mother told her. Helen was very good, and sat down by Sarah, and Sarah soon began to talk to Alonzo in a sharp tone of voice and with a cross manner, though she loved him. She had acquired this manner from a woman with whom she had spent a year, when she was about four years old, and all her mother could do had not yet conquered it. But her mother looked up from her writing and checked her, and she continued her sewing. She was quite diligent, and soon had completed her work, then her mother kissed her, and she was very happy to think that she had conquered her wish for idleness. Mrs. B. then took Sarah with her to make some calls upon her friends: at one lady's house, they heard of a little girl, whose father was dead, and whose mother was a bad woman, and was in the Poor House. Sarah asked her mother to try to help this little girl. Mrs. B. told her she would think about it; at pres-

ent they would go and see the little girl. A poor neighbor had taken her to her house, and she sat clothed with rags and the picture of sorrow. Mrs. B. talked with the woman awhile, and promised to try to procure work for her, and when she was going home she told Sarah that she would cut out some clothes for little Jane if she would make them. Sarah felt very sorry for Jane, and said to her mother, "O, mother if I was like Jane, what should I do! but God has given me such a good mother." When they got home it was dinner time. After dinner, Mrs. B. cut out some clothes for Jane, and Sarah sat down and did not once wish to stop sewing till her mother told her it was time to play.

TALE XII.

ANGER.

JANE and ELLEN were playing in the field through which ran the water from a fine spring, forming a stream of some considerable breadth and depth. Their mother had cautioned them about playing too near it, and forbidden them to go upon the tree which served for the bridge. Jane and Ellen ran races and caught grasshoppers, and held them in their hands, so as to make a cage, and put their hands with the grasshoppers in them to their mouths and said,

"Grasshopper, grasshopper, I have you now, Give me some honey, and you may go."

Then in a short time they would open their hands and the insect would gladly hop as far as he could, and they would find a drop of something in their hands which tasted sweet and they called honey, then they thought the grasshopper had known what they caught him for, and they would laugh so merrily you would have laughed yourself

to hear them. At last they saw some flowers growing near the stream, and ran to get them without thinking of what their mother had said; but Ellen soon reminded Jane and was running back, when Jane called for her to stop and see how high the water was; so they threw stones in, and saw the circles which they made in the water, and Ellen threw her stones the farthest, and that made Jane feel cross a little, and she said to Ellen, "You dare not go over the tree, if you *can* throw stones furthest."

"O, Jane," said Ellen, you dare not, I am sure for mother told us not; but if mother would let us, we could both walk on it, I think. Perhaps when the spring is low, and there is not much water here, mother will let us try."

"O you coward!" cried Jane, "you are afraid, and so you say it is because mother will not let us, but I will go over any how, and you may run and tell if you like."

Now Jane was like a great many other folks; when she was vexed at trifles, she let her temper worry her, and make her very unhappy, and she cared not what she said or did, though she was generally very sorry after-

wards. She felt vexed that Jane could throw stones furthest, and more so, because she knew it was foolish and wicked to be envious, and she wanted to make Ellen do something wrong too, or at least to make her cross, but Ellen had a very sweet disposition, and was very sorry to see Jane naughty, and would not do any thing that she knew was wrong, for her golden rule told her,

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me gentle kind and good,
As children ought to be."

In reminding Jane of her mother's directions, she only thought that perhaps Jane had forgotten them; she often wanted to go on the tree, for she wished to stand on it over the middle of the stream, and see it run; it always made her happy to see the running water, and she felt no fear, except of disobeying her mother and doing wrong, so she told Jane, "I shall not tell mother unless she asks me, and then if you will tell her yourself I will not, but I cannot lie to my kind mother."

Jane had run across the tree as she last

spoke to Ellen, and was now on the other side; she was more angry than ever, and and thought she would run back and strike Ellen, for she was even wicked enough to do that when she was angry with her, so she started, but before she got over, her foot slipped and she fell into the water.

Now, thought she, mother must know it, for she had wet herself very much, but as she was near the bank, she caught hold of Ellen's frock and got out. But her rage was so great that she pushed Ellen violently. Ellen screamed to find herself falling, and her head struck the tree, and she lay under the water so still that Jane was frightened, and climbed down and tried to pull her out, but she was not strong enough to lift her, so that she had to run screaming to the house that Ellen was dead in the stream. Her mother was terribly frightened, and she with all the servants ran as fast as they could and took Ellen out; but she did not move, and they saw blood on her head, and found a cut to the bone where she had hit the tree. The blow had stunned her, and made her insensible. They carried her to the house and put her in bed, and all

the time they were trying to bring her to her senses, Jane sat by weeping in the greatest agony. She cared not for the punishment her mother might inflict upon her, but the wickedness of her conduct and of her whole life seemed before her, and she felt that her heart was altogether sinful. She hardly dared to pray, but thought that if God would but restore her sister, she would be willing to suffer any thing that could be inflicted. When the doctor arrived, he bled Ellen, and she soon opened her eyes. Then he bandaged her head, which had not bled much, as the cold water prevented it. Presently she said, "Jane, sister Jane;" and when Jane went to her, she put her arms around her neck, and said "don't cry, Jane, you did not mean to hurt me so much."—The doctor told her not to talk now, and she would soon be well. But Jane could only weep, and cry, "what shall I do, what shall I do!" till at last her mother told her she must go away, as Ellen could not sleep unless she was still. She rushed out and throwing herself on the ground tried to pray. At first, she could only cry, "Oh God forgive me, forgive me!" After a while, she



became calmer, and poured out her feelings in prayer, and when she rose from that spot, she felt that God had forgiven her, and hoped through the help of his Spirit she should be enabled to rule her passion for the future. When she went into the house, her mother told her that Jane was asleep, and would be able to get up the next day. Jane was very thankful in her heart, and she said, "Mother, if I don't tell you how wicked I have been, I shall not be happy." So she told her mother all her wickedness, and all her repentance and her mother said she hoped she would never forget that day; and she did not. She tried to imitate Ellen in her gentleness and kindness of heart, and after some time her mother told her she was so much pleased with the change that she should always offer up special thanks to God for renewing her heart, and giving her a wish sincere and humble, to follow her Savior's footsteps.

TALE XIII.

SUN AND MOON.

"MOTHER, where does the sun go when it gets behind the hills and we cannot see it: I know it shines on other people, but does it not stop sometimes?"

"No, my child; I think you can understand if I explain the cause of day and night to you; at any rate I will attempt it, and you must be very attentive, that you may learn. You know that the earth is round, or nearly so like an orange?"

"Yes, mother, I know that it turns round on its axis; and that attraction and the pressure the air prevent us from falling, and that there is no being underneath, for that the middle of the earth is the bottom to every body on the surface, and that we are never with our feet up as I used to think before you told me."

"You are a good child to remember so well, and as you do, I think you will understand what I now tell you. The sun is round and very far from us—so far that

your mind could hardly conceive the distance. Now this sun is apparently stationary to men, and has many planets moving round it. I will tell you of these at some other time; now we will talk only of the earth. The sun being luminous, which means, giving light, makes that part of the earth which is next to it very light, and there it is day; on the other side you see it is dark, for it receives no light, and there it is night: now the earth turns this way, or from west to east, which makes the light come upon the eastern part of a country first, so that the sun appears to rise in the east, and as the earth still turns light leaves the western part of a country last, which makes it appear to set in the west. When we speak of the sun's rising and setting, we simply mean the earth's having turned so as to bring the light to us or carry it from us. Do you think you understand this my dear?"

"Yes, mother, I see how it must be. But is the moon with the sun?"

"No, the moon moves round the earth, and is a reflecting body, which means, that when the sun shines upon it, it throws

back light upon all near it: it moves round the earth in twenty-nine days and half, and goes round the sun with the earth."

"How long does it take the earth to go round the sun?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five days, or a year; it takes a little longer, but instead of making the year begin at different times of day, a day is added to every fourth year, which makes all even. Every fourth year is called leap-year."

"Mother, why does the moon look sometimes round and sometimes not?"

"As the sun appears nearly still to us, and the moon is going round the earth continually, the sun shines upon all of one side of it, and it appears round; as the moon gets to the side of the earth, or one quarter towards the sun, though the sun still shines on one-half of it, only one-half of that side can be seen by us; so that she appears like a quarter of a moon. — As she approaches the sun, we see less of the illuminated part, till at last she is directly between the earth and sun, so that her bright side is away from us and we see no moon at all. As she leaves the

sun again and proceeds round the earth, we begin to perceive part of her reflected light, and say there is a new moon. She proceeds as before to the full."

"How can the sun shine upon the moon when the earth is between them?"

"You see this candle, which we will call the sun. I will place this ball just as high as the candle, and call it the earth; now this small ball is the moon: if it went round the earth in a line just as high as the earth itself, it would be hidden, but God has ordered that the position of its orbit, which you know is the path in which it moves, should remedy that; when it is at the side, it is just as high as the earth, and sinks lower as it nears the sun; then on the other side it rises just as high, again, and carrying that circle round, you perceive makes it rise above the earth when opposite to the sun; so that it receives light there, and reflects it to us. Do you understand this, my dear?"

"I think I do, mother; but the clock is striking and I must attend school: I will think of it this evening, and if you have leisure and will talk with me again to-morrow, I can ask you about what I do not know."

T A L E X I V .

C L O U D S .

"MOTHER, if we could get on a high hill, and get on the top of a great tree on it, could we touch the clouds?" said Alonzo.

"Why, my dear, what do you think the clouds are?"

"I don't know, mother, I should like to go to them and see."

"I will tell you, and that will do at present. You know there is a great deal of water on the earth: the oceans and seas and springs and ponds?"

"Yes, mother, and after it rains there are a great many ponds which go away in a little while; where do they go? I don't see any holes in the ground for the water to run out."

"Some of it sinks into the earth between the grains of sand, and a great deal is drawn up into the air by heat."

"How does the heat draw it, mother?"

"Heat makes the upper particles of wa-

ter separate, till they are so fine that they are lighter than the air; then they rise through it, until they get where the air is as light as themselves."

"What makes them rise, mother?"

"You press your hand on this basin of water. Do you see that as your hand is pressed down and takes the place of the water, the water rises up? so, as the air presses down towards the earth, and the water has been so much separated by heat as to become vapor, which is very light, the air, being heaviest, will make the vapor rise above it."

"How curious, mother, but you make me understand it now."

"Well, when this vapor has risen so high that it is just balanced in the air, it remains and is blown about by the wind, and more vapor rises, and these vapours being blown together, or colder air making the particles come together, form clouds. When these clouds are too full of water, that is when the drops have joined to other drops, and become heavier than the air, they fall to the earth, and that is rain. Sometimes they are frozen in coming down,

and then it is hail. Sometimes very cold air will come upon the vapor and freeze it so suddenly that it cannot unite into hard drops, and then we have snow—beautiful, white snow.”

“Did any body ever go up to the clouds?”

“Yes, dear, I was about to tell you, but I wished you to know what clouds were before I answered your first question.—Some mountains are so high that the clouds gather round their sides, seeming to those who pass through them like an atmosphere of water, and wetting their clothes completely through, and when they get above them the sun is frequently shining brightly. People go up in balloons, too, above the clouds, and are frequently in sunshine while it lightens and rains below them.”

“That is very strange, but I see why it may be so now you have explained it to me. What are dews, mother? are they rain?”

“No, I told you that water is almost always rising into the air, and is kept there in an invisible form by heat. At night the grass and other objects become cold, and this vapor

coming in contact with these objects, its heat is taken away, and the water that was before invisible becomes dew.”

TALE XV.

TEMPER.

Two little girls were one day walking home together: they had both been good at school, and their hearts were full of happy thoughts.

"Sarah," said Lucy, "don't you think we have the best teacher in the whole world?"

"I can't say," said Sarah, "for I do not know all of them; but Mrs. Newman is very good; for even when she punishes, she tells us why, and why it is better for us to suffer *for* faults now than to grow up with them, and suffer always *from* them. When I am careless, I feel that I had rather be punished, that the pain may guard me from the like fault in future."

"And I too," said Lucy, "if Mrs. Newman was not so mild when she punished, I should think my hasty temper no such great fault: Did you hear Mrs. N. tell last week about herself?"

"No, I was absent that day, for mother

was sick and she wanted me to see that Jane took good care of sister Helen; you know she sometimes is cross to her. Can you tell me the story now?"

"I will try," said Lucy. "She said that when she was a little girl, she had a very bad temper: her mother did not correct her for it, and would not allow her to be contradicted at any time, so that her temper grew worse as she grew older. When she did any serious damage, she was often very sorry, but was too proud to say so. At last she began to be very bad to her mother, and her mother was sick, and was obliged to send her into the country. She was sent to a very good farmer's house: Mrs. Harrold did not allow her children to indulge any evil passions, and was very much distressed when she found how bad a child her friend had sent her to manage; for she feared that if she corrected her, she should lose the good will of her friend. She therefore wrote to Mrs. Newman's mother and told her what she thought of her child, and asked her if she was willing that she should place her under the same discipline as her own children. She

had no answer for a whole month and began to think that her friend was very angry, and would send for the child, when one evening a black woman, in mourning, came to the door and asked for her. She called her in and received a letter full of melancholy news. Her friend had died a week before, but had written a letter before losing her senses, consigning her darling girl to the charge of so good a friend; praying her to be more truly her friend than her mother had ever been, and begging God's blessing on both of them.— Mrs. Harrold called in the little Susan, and told her of the death of her mother, and that Martha, the black woman, was come to wait upon her. Susan cried to think she should never see her mother any more, but asked where her pet, Martha's little girl, was? Martha burst into tears, and said master had sold all but her. Mrs. Harrold was astonished, but breaking open Mr. Leroy's letter, found it was too true: He had put his name as security for a friend, and been obliged to pay. He could not bear the shadow of dishonor, and had sold all his property and paid to the uttermost far-

thing. The shock had hastened the death of his wife; and he had to begin the world anew, and toil for the support of his child, while his heart was in the grave. Martha was so old that nobody cared to buy her, and had come for a refuge to the friend of her young mistress. Mrs. Harrold was very much shocked to learn the sufferings of her friends, and determined within herself that Susan should never want a mother while she lived.

“For a while Susan behaved very well, but she soon began to show that sorrow had only lulled her passions, and that they were far from being subdued. Upon the first storm Mrs. Harrold took her to her room and talked with her sometime, shewed her mother's letter to her, and told her that from that time she must conquer her temper, or she would be punished until it was conquered for her. Susan was very angry, and screamed and called for Martha; but Martha did not come. She told Mrs. H. she would die before she would obey what was said to her. ‘Very well,’ said Mrs. H., ‘I shall leave you to yourself then, until you are more peaceably inclined.’

She had no dinner, no supper, and at night was put by Mrs. H. in a closet adjoining her own room. Susan was very hungry, but she was not subdued: she tried to get out of the window, but it was fastened; she then sat down on the bed, and tried to invent some means of escape. At last she spied a box of matches on a shelf, and determined to set the bed on fire, thinking to frighten them and prevent their punishing her in future: she did this, but Mrs. H. slept soundly, and it was not until Susan found it so hot she could not bear it, that she awakened the house by her screams: it was too late to save the house, and too late, alas, to save the life of Mrs. H's youngest child, who slept against the partition of the closet, and was suffocated.—

Mrs. Newman cried very much when she told this, but said that it might be a warning to all who had violent tempers. I trembled, I am sure, and think that whenever I feel angry I shall think of that child. Mrs. Newman said that Mrs. Harrold fainted when she found that her child was dead; but that when she went to her, and on her knees told her how it happened, and

promised solemnly to try to replace the little one that her bad passions had sent to the tomb, Mrs. H. took her by the hand, and kneeling with her, prayed to God for strength to bear her loss, and to forgive and love the cause of that loss. Mrs. N. could not speak again for a few minutes, but at last said, 'I have told you enough to impress the lesson, I hope; but in the many struggles I had with myself, and during the long time before my efforts were blest and my passions subdued, Mrs. H. was my constant friend, and guided me to that only source of grace from which we can draw strength in our combats against our evil dispositions.'

TALE XVI.

CANDOR.

Mrs. HOLMES lived very near Mrs. B., and Virginia sometimes came to play with Sarah. Sometimes they walked in the woods and found flowers, for they both loved flowers, very much, as almost all good children do. They would bring them to their mothers to smell, and offer them as many as they liked. Then they would put some of them in water, and some of them they would weave into wreaths for their hair. Some, they would plant, for they were very fond of making gardens, and Mrs. B. indulged them in all things that were not wrong or injurious. Sarah had a fine swing, fastened to the tops of two high trees; it was very strong and safe, and Sarah loved dearly to be allowed to play in it with her little friends. They would be very merry, going up until they touched the branches. How they did laugh and enjoy themselves! Sometimes they ran under; I suppose you all know what that is — pushing until the one in the swing is out of reach,

and running forward while she is in the air. One evening Virginia was in the swing, and Sarah was pushing her, when she accidentally stepped upon her frock and tore it half way round the skirt. Now Virginia had often torn her clothes, and her mother had told her that she would whip her if it happened again.

Poor Virginia had on a nice white frock this evening, and though not to blame for the accident, she began to cry bitterly, for fear of a whipping, for Mrs. Holmes was very severe when she was angry, and was apt to give vent to her temper before examining whether she had reason. Sarah felt very sorry, and got a needle and cotton to mend the frock, but it became dark long before it was done, and Virginia was obliged to go home. So Sarah went to her mother and asked her if she might go home with Virginia, and tell Mrs. Holmes how the accident happened. Now Sarah trembled very much at the idea that Mrs. H. might scold her, but she knew that she did not tear the frock intentionally, and she could not bear the idea of Virginia's being whipped for what she had done. So she

went with Virginia and told Mrs. Holmes exactly how it had happened, and then said, "Please don't be angry with Virginia, for indeed she could not help it, nor did I mean to." Mrs. H. told her that she was not angry, and Sarah ran home very happy. She determined from that time to make it a settled rule with herself, never to let another bear blame which belonged to her; and she well observed this rule, and derived much happiness from it; for many times those who might have suffered severely, were saved by her noble candor from undeserved censure, and their good will and the approval of her own conscience, afforded her more happiness than all the ill-gotten gain in the world could have done.

TALE XVIII.

IMPATIENCE.

"How tiresome it is to learn to write," said Jane Grey. "If I could sit down and write as you do, it would be pleasant enough, but it is so tiresome to make so many straight marks, and not one of them straight, either. Oh, mother do you think I shall ever learn?"

"Not unless you have patience, my dear," said Mrs. Grey. "Nothing is ever learned without patience and persevering efforts. Do you think I could always write as I do now?"

"No, mother, but you have more patience, more resolution than I, so it must have been easier to you than it is to me."

"True, I have more patience now, than you have my dear, but it was not always so. When I was a little child, I was even more impatient than you are. My kind parents were often grieved by the bursts of passion which frequently disturbed the peace of the house, when my wishes were not gratified at once. They tried every means which they

could devise to teach me to control my temper, but for some time it was all in vain. My twin sister Mary was the gentlest child I ever saw. She never seemed to be out of patience with any thing. Mother told us one day that the one who would thread a needle first should go to walk with her that evening. I was very anxious to go, and took the needle and thread, determined that I would do it at once. I tried several times, and succeeded in getting the end of the cotton through the eye, but in my haste to secure it, let it slip out again. I was ready to cry with vexation, and on looking at Mary, saw that she was smiling and patiently endeavoring to overcome her difficulties: I tried again and again, and at last succeeded, when, on handing it to my mother, Mary followed with hers. Dear sister, she looked so pleasant, that while I never thought of relinquishing the reward to her, I could not refrain from saying 'I wish I was as patient as you, sister Mary.' She smiled and we went to play. While we were walking, my mother told me that Mary had threaded her needle several times, until she could do it quite easily, but had not shown it, that I might walk. I allowed her

generosity to act, that it might produce its effect upon you,' said mother. I could not help shedding tears at such a proof of the kindness of my dear sister, for I did love her very much, and promised sincerely to try to conquer my impatience and bad temper. For sometime, as I had no very severe trial, I succeeded to my own satisfaction, and my parents began to entertain hopes that my irritability had diminished. Alas! I was to receive a very severe lesson. When we were about eight years old, we went into the field one day to gather berries. Some of the girls went into another field, and cried out to us to run there also, as they were thicker than they had seen them in their lives. We started, and I being strong and healthy, jumped over the fence at once; but Mary had been sick and had not recovered her strength. She called to me, "Sister Jane, please help me." I was in a great hurry, and my impatience to get to the best bushes was so great, that instead of helping her kindly, I ran back and giving her a pull, said, "Why cannot you do as the rest of us do?" Her frock was entangled in the

top rail of the fence, which was loose, and the pull which I gave her made her lose her balance and fall to the ground. The rail fell upon her leg and broke it; she fainted, but I did not know that, and saying, "Never mind, jump up and try another," run on. After some time one of the girls said "Where is Mary?" I was alarmed, and ran to the place where I had left her. There she lay, how still and how pale. I thought she was dead, and ran screaming for help. Some men heard us and carried the sufferer home. Then it was that I found her leg was broken. O, how I reproached myself. I told my mother exactly how it happened, and I can never forget her look as she said, "And this is the fruit of your impatience!" It was enough. I ran to my room, and kneeling down, earnestly prayed God that he would give me strength to overcome this terrible sin, as I now felt it to be. It was the first time I had viewed it in its true colors, and I now felt such a horror at myself, that it was long before by earnest prayer for pardon and strength for the future, I could recover myself sufficiently to go to

my sister's side. When she saw me she held out her hand, and drawing me to her said, "Don't cry, dear sister; you did not know that my frock was fastened, and that I called you to loose it for me." My tears burst forth afresh: had I had an instant's patience, this would not have happened. I felt as though I could never sufficiently atone for the evil I had caused. When Mary could sit up, my mother proposed that we should both learn to write, for I never left my dear sister when I could possibly be with her. We commenced; oh, how I did strive with the evil spirit often when I would see the progress that Mary made, while mine was comparatively slow! My impatience would rise, but one glance at her pale face, and an inward prayer for help, carried me through. It was a long time before Mary could walk about, a longer still before I acquired such a command of my temper as I wished; but my endeavors were unceasing, and not made in my own strength, and when I was twelve years old my mother kissed me and said God had given her another Mary. O, my child, do

not let me see you fall into the sin of which I have now warned you, but raise your heart to God, whenever you need his help, and in time all difficulties will vanish from your path."

TALE XIX.

THE REWARD OF PIETY.

ABOUT twelve months after, Jane brought her copy-book to her mother, and Mrs. Grey was really surprised at the improvement in it. The letters were all even, the strokes firm and regular, and Jane now felt it no vexation at all to write. She was much pleased with her mother's commendation, and after putting away her book, sat down by her mother's side, apparently in deep thought.

"What absorbs you so, my dear," said Mrs. Grey, after observing her for some time in silence.

"I was thinking, dear mother, how truly it was, that, as you told me, if I prayed for help, all difficulties would vanish from my path. I knelt down that night and prayed earnestly to God, that he would give me a new heart, and fill it with strength to walk in the right way. I repeated that prayer mentally, when I perceived impatience intruding upon me, and God never withheld his aid. I

had many trials—it was so hard at first to be patient—I had been so used to fretting, but when I asked, the strength came; for you know,

“God’s own most holy book declares,
He loves good children well;
And that he answers to their prayers,
Just as a tender Father will.”

“That is a sweet hymn, mother, don’t you think so?”

“Yes, my dear, it is, and I am glad you make so good a use of the hymns you learn.”

“Not me, mother. I said it without thinking of its meaning, till little Menie Holt, who goes to our school, talked to me about it one day. She is a poor girl, and most of the scholars will not play with her, because her father is a bad man. But her mother is very good; Menie is so kind and gentle, and she always speaks the truth, and she is so pleased if any one notices her, that I love her dearly. I did not take much notice of her until Sally Kent, whose father got rich by some sudden means, I don’t know what, laughed at her, and called her a poor thing, who could not get stockings to her feet. I knew when she

could not get shoes, but did not tell her so, for you tell me never to taunt any one; but when I saw Menie crying, and Sally following her and asking her why she always wore one frock, and when she had it washed, I ran to the poor girl, and taking hold of her hand said, ‘I almost hate that Sally Kent!’ ‘Pray don’t say so,’ said Menie, as well as she could for crying, ‘the Bible says we must love our enemies, and pray for them that despitefully use us.’ I was ashamed of myself, that such a little girl should be so much better than I. We walked on together, and after that I was very much with her, for I always felt better when I had been talking with her, she knew so many hymns, and applied them so well. I have wanted to tell you about her, but it seemed as though it would be like boasting. May I bring her here for you to see some day, mother?”

Mrs. Grey gave her consent, and was so much pleased with the appearance and manners of the little Menie, that after some time she offered to take her, as a companion for her own daughter, and bestow upon her the same advantages of education &c., as her own child received. Mrs. Holt, who had several other

children, was very glad to have Melnie so well provided for, and her father cared nothing about it. Melnie made the best use of all her advantages, and in her gentle duty to herself, and the example she set before Jane, Mrs. Grey was rewarded an hundred fold for her kindness. In sickness, no one so indefatigable as Melnie; in trouble, who so kind? Who so full of such sweet scriptural consolations? It seemed as if her whole heart was full of fervent piety, and abounding love. When in after years, Jane married and left her mother's house, Melnie remained to fill the place of an affectionate daughter, and she did fill it to the last, deferring her own union with a man every way deserving of her, until she had performed the last duties of love to her benefactress. Nor were her own friends forgotten: many gifts she bestowed on them, which she could spare from the abundance which she received; and till her parents removed to a distant part of the country, she rose at dawn in the morning, to teach her sisters the lessons which she had herself learned. She wept bitterly at separating from her beloved mother and family, but feeling that

God ordered all things in his own good pleasure, she endeavored to submit her wishes to his will. The year after Mrs. Grey died, she was established in a comfortable home of her own, and wrote to her mother to send one of her sisters to her, that she might be of use to her. The letter was answered by her mother in person. The scarlet fever had destroyed both her children, and her husband had gone far away. How happy was Melanie, that she could shelter her mother's head in her declining days, and see her looked upon with respect and affection, by him who was her protector from the evils of the world. As her children came of age to be benefitted, they were told their mother's history—that the increasing wealth of their parents might not induce them to value themselves too highly, or make them look down upon those who had nothing but merit to recommend them.

T A L E X X .

SELFISHNESS.

Mrs. ELLIS had a sweet babe, who was called Lucy: Eliza loved her very much; but, sometimes when she wished to play, and her mother called her to hold Lucy, she was cross and not pleasant to the sweet one; and when it looked up in her face and smiled, she would scowl and say, "I wish I could never have to hold you again." Now this was very wicked, and Eliza knew it; but when she let evil into her heart, by being unwilling to obey her mother, she could not prevent its extending its poison to her love for the little helpless Lucy. One day Eliza had a new doll, and was making a frock for it: she was very busy and happy for some time, but when she was nearly done, her mother called her to take care of her sister, as she was obliged to go down to receive some visitors, and did not like to remove Lucy, who was not well, from the warm room she was in. Eliza did not dare refuse to do as her mother bade her;

but she felt very wickedly, and was angry at her mother and at little Lucy too, because she was called from finishing her doll-frock. After her mother had gone down, she began talking to herself: "I don't see what mother wants me to hold Lucy now for; I am sure she is quiet enough; so I will just lay her down and bring my baby things in here, and finish my frock before mother comes up." As she laid Lucy on the couch, she stopped to look at her; for she thought she had never before seen her look so beautiful: her blue eyes so mild, her skin so very white, and her little hands so perfect in form and color. Her heart smote her for the moment, for her unkind feelings towards her; but the love of self prevailed, and she went softly to her own room and brought her baby things and went to work.

At first she looked quite often at Lucy, to see if she was easy; for, with all her selfishness, she would not have hurt her, but, in her eagerness about her doll, she at last forgot every thing else, when she was startled by something falling on the floor: she turned round, and there lay little Lucy, perfectly black in the face, with her eyes roll-

ed up in her head so that only the white could be seen, her hands clenched and purple, except where the pressure of the nails rendered them perfectly colorless. Eliza screamed violently, and catching up the little sufferer, without seeing that her doll's frock went into the fire, she perceived that her sweet sister, so beautiful but a short time before, was in a fit. Mrs. Ellis alarmed by Eliza's cries, ran hastily up stairs; but it was too late. Lucy was past hope: that sweet cherub passed from this world to its better home in a very few moments. On removing its clothes, a needle was found buried nearly half way in its little body. It had moved in its sleep to the edge of the couch, and at last rolled off upon a needle which was in part of Eliza's work. Mrs. Ellis was much distressed, but who can say what Eliza felt: her sister—her little Lucy killed—actually killed by her selfishness and unkindness! She was in such agony of mind that her body sunk, and for some time her life was despaired of; but it pleased God to raise her, after this awful lesson, from her low state, and she became scrupulously careful, never to allow selfishness to have the least do-

minion over her: the calls of others were always first attended to, and when she was asked by a stranger one day, the cause of some disinterested action, she burst into tears and exclaimed, "O Lucy! Lucy! can I ever again return to the guilt that killed you, my angel, angel sister!" The stranger, who knew not to what she alluded, remained silent, and felt for the first time in her life, that curiosity was a feeling which should not always be indulged.

T A L E X X I .

THE HOLIDAY.

"MOTHER, oh mother, do please let me go with the rest of the girls to Forsyth to gather chinquepins," said Sarah, running into the house at 11 o'clock one forenoon; "Mrs. Bradlee has dismissed us early that we may go. I said my lessons well, so do dear mother say yes to me." Being quite out of breath Sarah stopped, and gave her mother an opportunity to speak. "You have not told me who is to direct your movements: it would be dangerous for a parcel of school girls to go in the rail cars, and wander in strange woods, without some one to prevent their getting into mischief and danger." "O mother," said Sarah, "who by this time had recovered her breath fully, "Mrs. Bradlee is going with us. She says we have behaved so well, that she will reward us in this way if our parents are willing. We are each to take twenty-five cents, and a little basket to put the chinquepins in. Don't laugh, now mother, you know what I mean;

the twenty-five cents is to pay for the ride in the car, and the nuts will go in the basket—there—that will do, won't it?" "Yes, my dear; but you will have to put the nuts in the basket, I think: I never saw one go any where of itself in my life." Sarah laughed heartily and said, "Well, dear mother, I hope that I shall learn to speak correctly before I am much older; if I do not, it will not be your fault I am sure. But the question now is—'to ride, or not to ride?' as the speech said, or not exactly as it said either—the girls laugh at me for my nicety, as they call it; but I should like to speak correctly when I am a woman, and if I do make a fuss about it now, I hope in time it will become natural to me. You never seem to think what you shall say, but speak correctly at once as if you never did otherwise." "Practice makes perfect, in using correct language as in every thing else," said Mrs. B., "and if Mrs. Bradlee is to be with you, I have no objection to your being of the party this evening. At what time are you to meet?" "We are all to be at the depot at half past two o'clock," said Sarah, "but may Alonzo go

with us?—Mrs. Bradlee gave me leave to take him, if you are willing, and he will be so pleased.” Sarah threw her arms round her mother’s neck in her anxiety for her brother’s gratification, and Mrs. B., pleased to perceive the love between her children, gave her assent at once. Sarah kissed her mother once for herself and once for Alonzo, and then danced away to tell him the joyful tidings. She found him weeding her little flower garden, and he looked up as he saw her coming, and cried, “O Sarah, you have got another heart’s-ease, and some pinks: Thomas gave them to me, and I have planted them in your garden; for I knew you would like them.” “Thank you, dear brother, for them,” cried Sarah, “but guess where we are to go this evening.” “I don’t know,” said Alonzo; “perhaps to father’s store, to see the pretty things?”—“No,” said Sarah, “but on the rail road to Forsyth, to gather cinquepins, with all the school girls.” Alonzo jumped up from the ground and cut a caper in the air, crying, “Who has got such a mother as we, and won’t we be glad to go!” They went into the piazza and washed their hands and

faces, and then went into the house and found two baskets, that their mother had given them some time before. They were made of ash splits, and held about two quarts each. They put these baskets with their bonnet and hat, and then went to play till dinner time. After dinner they went to the depot, and found Mrs. Bradlee already there, as well as some of the children.—They gave their money to Mrs. B. for safe keeping, and walked about and looked at the engine, and enquired of Mrs. B. how the steam could make the cars go. Mrs. B. very kindly explained the machinery to them, by which time it was the hour for starting: about twenty children had arrived, and they set out. At first, they went very slowly, and Sarah was just going to jump up, to look out and see what stopped them, when she saw the trees flying past them fast and faster and faster still, until she almost believed that they were all running a race and she sitting still to see them. Mrs. B. told her she had better not look out too much as she would become dizzy, and they passed a very pleasant half hour in hearing their kind teach-

er compare their present manner of traveling with what she remembered thirty years back. They thought that the man who first applied steam to traveling, was a great benefactor, and ought to be acknowledged as such. The car stopped at last, and they all scattered themselves in a small wood, which Mrs. B. pointed out to them: it was so small that they could not lose themselves, while in it, and Mrs. B. told them not to leave its bounds unless to return to the house. They were very busy for an hour, and having filled their baskets, they all returned to the house and sat down to rest themselves: they had some milk and bread and some cold ham, which Mrs. B. had provided, and then with happy hearts returned home. They had a fine view of the sun which was setting just as they left the cars, and they slept sweetly that night, and many evenings the chinquepins roasting in the ashes recalled the pleasant afternoon they had spent in gathering them.

T A L E X X I I .

T H E P R I Z E .

"Mother, you know Mary Hoyt, don't you; she lives in that old house by the branch?" said Ella Dean one day.

"Yes, my dear, but why do you ask me?"

Ella was much agitated when she came in, and as it was an unusual thing for one of her even temper, her mother feared she had been led to do something wrong, for which she was sorry; for Ella always made her mother the confidant of all her feelings and actions.

"Why," said Ella, "our examination is in three weeks, and Mary and myself are the two highest scholars, and the prize is between us. Mrs. James told us to-day that we must be dressed in white during the days of examination, and Mary has no white frock, and her mother cannot give her one. She cried when she told me to-day that her mother was obliged to work very hard to get enough for them to eat, and that she was paying for her schooling herself, by working

for Mrs. James between schools and in the evening. She hopes to be able to teach, one of these days, and thus support her mother and little brother and sister. I felt so when she told me about it, that I did not know what to say: for she deserves the prize I am sure; she tries hard to learn, and it is to be either a medal or ten dollars, as the winner chooses, and the money would help her mother so much! Oh, mother, cannot I do something for her? May I give her one of my frocks; you know I have two?"

"Well, my dear, let us talk it over; do you wish to help her, or to have me do it?"

"I wish to do any thing I can, I am sure, but if you do not allow me to give her a frock, how can I help her now?"

"Are you willing to make the other one last you all the summer for your best, if I allow you to give her one of them?" said Mrs. Deane. "You know it is not the money I value, but that I wish to teach you that it is no charity to give away that which we can do as well without, or rather that which is provided for us by another. Self-denial renders a kind act very sweet to our hearts, and acceptable to God."

"Yes, mother," said Ella, "I know that if I am not willing to deny myself for others, I am in truth as selfish in feeling, even though I give away much that you give me, as though I retained all. I will gladly wear my one frock every Sunday, or if it does not last, will not be at all ashamed of a calico one; for our dress, you know you tell me, if neat and clean, is of little consequence to our well being."

Mrs. Deane kissed her darling, who so well remembered her precepts, and telling her to bring Mary home with her in the evening, to try on the frock, bade her run now and play.

"When Mary came in the evening, she appeared so modest and so thankful, that Mrs. D. made many inquiries about the family, and learned that they had been in good circumstances, but had become reduced by misfortune, and the death of her father, to extreme poverty. They would not expose their wants to the eyes of the envious world, but worked on in silence, in the hope that God would bless their efforts. The frock fitted very well, and Mary ran home with sparkling eyes, and happy heart. Ella was very

silent; at last, she looked up to her mother with tears in her eyes, and said,

“Oh, mother, ‘to whom much is given of him much will be required,’ and how much is given to me. May God help me always to bear this in mind, and remember the hymn:

Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

When the examination day arrived, Ella allowed Mary to go before her in her exercises, that she might win the prize, contenting herself with the second. Mary, who knew that Ella could have won it, burst into tears when she received the money, and told the circumstance of the frock to the assembled company. Poor Ella felt that the praise that she received was a new temptation, and retiring to her mother's side, sat down, repeating to herself the text she had quoted formerly, and sending up an inward prayer for power to do right. At the fete after the close of the examination, Mary proposed that Ella should be chosen queen of the day. The proposition was joyfully acted upon, and a hap-

py time the girls enjoyed. Mrs. Deane did not allow the interest which Mary had excited to die away, but through her influence procured profitable work for Mrs. Hoyt, and enabled her to support her family much better than before. After some time she was able to open a shop for selling small articles, and making caps and bonnets, &c., which brought her considerable income. She always looked upon Mrs. Deane and Ella as her best friends, and never gave them cause to repent of their kindness to her.

Mary grew up and became a teacher of one of the best schools in the country, and at last married a man whose property was so large that she gave her brother and sister an excellent education, and her mother passed her last days with her in all the comfort that wealth could bestow. Mary told her husband the history of the frock, and he loved her the better for her candor. Could such persons fail being happy here, and not reap a still happier eternity?

TALE XXIII.

THE FRUITS OF INFIDELITY.

Mrs. HAMILTON often pointed out to her children their duties and endeavored to lead them constantly to refer the blessings which they received to their true source. Many were the lessons which she inculcated; but this alone was not enough. She placed before them opportunities to practice the precepts which she taught. They accompanied her in her visits of charity, and many hours did Ellen take from her plays that she might sew for the poor. Many a frock and tippet did her young hands make for those who had no means to get them for themselves; and many hearts blessed the kind child, who always had a pleasant word for all. One day Ellen returned from a walk in tears; she ran to her mother, and begged her without loss of time to give her some food and cordial for a poor woman and child, who were dying in a shed in the next square.— Mrs. H. lost no time, indeed, when such a

case called her, and bidding Peggy put up some wine, bread and meat in a basket, put on her bonnet and shawl, and was soon on her way to the scene of misery, despite of the clouds, which threatened a heavy shower. She bade Peggy follow with an umbrella, and hastened on. Hardly could she keep pace with Ellen's steps, and when she arrived at the miserable out-house and saw the objects that had attracted the sympathy of her daughter, she could not but shudder to behold persons of her own sex in such a condition. Famine had reduced them to mere skeletons, and the few garments that were upon them, hardly served the purpose of hiding their limbs from the scorching sun of mid-day, or the chilling dews of night. They were both at that time shivering with ague, although the weather was oppressively warm. They appeared to be mother and child, though no one could judge correctly of their age, in their present suffering state. Without waiting to question their deserts, Mrs. H. took counsel of her piety, and proceeded at once to administer some wine to them. They hardly appeared sensible of the kindness, and

Mrs. H. feared she had been called too late. She dispatched Peggy to get a dray with a straw bed on it, and a blanket; and when it arrived, had the poor creatures tenderly lifted and laid upon it, and driven to her house. They were obliged to go pretty fast, for the shower was close at hand. But the road was smooth, and they were in the house before it came down. At sound of the thunder, the woman shuddered and hid her face in her hands. They were brought into the sitting-room, still upon the bed, and laid upon the floor, until preparations could be made for putting them to bed. Peggy soon brought word that all was ready, and taking the mother in her arms, who, indeed, weighed but little, carried her to a comfortable room, where a warm bath and clean linen seemed to refresh her very much, and she seemed to endeavor to speak. Mrs. H. could only make out 'thanks,' - - - 'Mary.' She said all that could calm the poor woman, promising that the child should be taken care of and brought to her. She then went down to the room where Ellen sat by the poor child. Ellen looked up to her mother

and said, while the tears flowed from her eyes:—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God,
For all his gifts to me?"

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

"How many children in the street,
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

"While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

"While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

"Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest!
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try and serve thee best.

"Oh, mother, how shall I ever answer for all my privileges?"

Mrs. H. kissed her, and said God would point out the way, if she would follow it. Peggy took Mary in her arms, and carried her up to the room where her mother was, and fresh warm water being brought, she was put into the bathing tub. She opened her eyes for the first time, and said, "Where am I, mother?" Her mother tried to raise her head to answer her, but she could not; and when Mary was put into her arms, the tears flowed from her eyes, while she had not power to wipe them away. When Mrs. H. first heard of them, she had ordered some broth to be prepared, and it was now brought up.— Mrs. H. fed the mother, and Ellen did the same by the child. What an interesting sight! Angels smile when they see such deeds upon earth. After swallowing some nourishment, mother and daughter sank into a deep sleep, and Mrs. H. and Ellen went down to their tea, leaving the faithful Peggy to sit in the room with the sufferers. The poor servant's heart was full, and she knelt down by the bed and thanked God for giving her a kind master and mistress, who would

never see her in such distress. Her mind relieved by this act, she sat in her chair watching the countenances before her, and comparing her state with theirs. New springs of feelings seemed to open in her heart, and thankfulness overflowed within her. She knew that if ill, she should be watched and attended, and feared not to be left to the misery from which these poor creatures had been rescued.

When Mr. Hamilton was told of their guests, he kissed his wife and daughter, and giving them his full approbation, said God would not withdraw his bounty, while they were faithful stewards, bade them adieu, as he was to go into the country a few weeks. Mrs. H. and Ellen were sorry to be separated from him, even for a short time; but instead of repining, turned themselves to the diligent pursuit of their duties.

When they went up stairs, after Mr. H. was gone, they found that their patients had become very restless, and that they were in a high fever. Mrs. H. immediately sent for a doctor, who said that their extreme debility would require the greatest care. Mrs. H. kissed Ellen, and sent her to bed at 9 o'clock, for she required her to be regular in her

hours, as her health depended upon it. Ellen disliked to go, very much, but she always obeyed her mother without question, as all children should do. She went to her room, read the parable of the "Good Samaritan," and prayed God that he would give her a heart always ready to use his bounty aright. After praying even more earnestly than usual, not forgetting those who were too ill to pray for themselves, she lay down, and soon falling asleep, did not again awake until broad day light. She sprang up, and after craving protection and guidance through the day, went lightly to the parlor. Her mother was not there; she was asleep. She had been up most of the night with the sick ones. The mother had raved in a manner frightful to hear. Mary had been begging as though she was still in the scenes of misery through which it was apparent she had passed. "Pray give me a piece of bread, or a cold potatoe! I am very hungry. Indeed I am not deceiving. I did not steal. O, I never stole any thing. Once I had enough, but now I starve! Water, for God's sake, to save my life!"

Poor child! it was heart-breaking to see her, her thin hands clasped on the bed co-

ver, for she could not raise them, the tears stealing from her closed eyes, over cheeks that had no roundness,—pleading in that piteous manner, unconscious that her lips were moistened every few minutes, and her burning head enveloped in cloths kept constantly wet with cool vinegar and water. Sometimes she would appear to know that her mother was near her, and beg she would pray, saying, that an angel told her that if her mother prayed God would answer; but the mother did not pray; her dreams were all horrible; she was pursued for crime and taken to punishment, and she would call on some one, named James, to assure her that this was all the hell she should suffer; for unless he told her so, she was sure she saw before her the fire that is not quenched, and felt the worm that never dies crawling to lay hold on her. Mrs. H. was very glad that Ellen did not hear all this, for it would have been too much for her young feelings.—About two o'clock, she seemed exhausted, and the fever abating, she sunk into a sleep. Mary had been quiet for some time, and Mrs. H. knowing that days and perhaps weeks of care would be needed, waked Peggy, and

giving her directions what to do, went to her room, and recommending herself to God, was soon in the refreshing slumber that fatigue gives to health.

Ellen finding no one in the parlor, went softly to the room of the sick ones, and found them still asleep. Peggy said they had waked once, and after taking nourishment had sunk to sleep again. So she told Peggy to lie down on the carpet and get some more sleep, and she would take her Bible and sit by the bed. Peggy obeyed, for she was sleepy, and Ellen sat reading for nearly an hour, when her mother came in, and kissing her, told her she had better take a run before the sun got high, and, as she came back, tell them to bring in breakfast. Ellen ran to the spring-house, which was about half a mile from the house, and had a bathing-room in it: she plunged into the cool water, and rubbing herself carefully dry, was soon on her way home, with her nerves new braced, and spirits elastic as the flowers which rose from her tread as she tripped along. Mamma June, the cook, met her and told her breakfast was ready, so she ran in, and was just in time to join her

mother in craving a blessing on their food. Ellen never relished any food on which God's blessing had not been asked. While at their meal, her mother told her that Mary was still asleep, but that Mrs. Lane, for that was the name of the woman, was awake and desirous of talking, but that she had told Peggy not to speak to her. Mrs. H. did not think Mrs. Lane would recover, but she did not at present tell Ellen so, for she did not wish to cloud her hopes. After breakfast Mrs. H. told Ellen that that they would take their sewing and sit in the room, to take care of the sick ones, while Peggy went to find a nurse; for Mrs. H. could not give her the constant care which she would need, without neglecting her other duties.

When they went up stairs, Mary had just waked. She seemed much surprised to find herself in bed, and said in a faint voice, "how sweet and clean." Mrs. H. told her not to talk. She gave her some tea, and told her to try to go to sleep again. Mrs. Lane began to groan heavily, and appeared in much pain; but when Mrs. H. asked her what was the matter, she only said, "O, if there is a God, what will be my state. Mrs.

H. was much shocked, and telling Ellen to go and carry some articles which they had made the day before for a babe who had come into the world, and whose mother had not been able to provide clothes for it, she sat down by the wretched woman, and talking kindly and seriously to her, asked her if she did not feel that there was a God? Mrs. Lane shuddered, and said "Yes, I feel his rod; but what will become of my soul? for it is vain to think of my body. I cannot live, and how can I live forever?—What will become of my soul?" Mrs. H. told her to trust to the mercy of the Savior. "But I have denied him: alas, I have denied him, and he will now deny me!" Mrs. H. told her to pray. She said God scoffs at the prayer of the sinner, and I have been one of them. O James! James! you have dragged me from a high place on earth, and will yet drag me to hell!" Mrs. H. knelt down by the bedside, and prayed fervently for light and mercy to this poor, lost, wandering soul, and for wisdom to benefit by the lesson before her. When she rose from her knees, she read many of the sweet promises of scripture, and they seem-

ed to enter the heart of the despairing one, awaking there the idea that there was a possibility of salvation. She appeared much exhausted, however, and Mrs. H. advised her to try to sleep. She said, "Do you not wish to know who enjoys the shelter of your roof? Shall I tell you the story of my sins and their punishment?" Mrs. H. told her by no means to attempt it; that some days hence, when she was stronger she might do it, but not now. And soothing her with kind words, she at last fell asleep. Mrs. Hamilton had the little Mary removed into another room, that her recovery might not be retarded by her mother's violence. Ellen spent much of her time with her, as all she appeared to need, after the first few days, was rest and generous food. But Mrs. Lane was apparently hastening to the grave. Mrs. H. spent great part of the mornings with her, as she appeared to be less under the influence of the disease in the early part of the day, and was able to comprehend such religious truths as her kind hostess laid before her. For a few days, her mind was in a frightful state. Despair sat upon her soul, and she dared not raise her eyes to the cross of the Sa-

viour. After some days, however, she joined in the prayers which Mrs. Hamilton ceased not to offer at her bed-side. She referred too, of herself, to some passages of scripture, and appeared much softened. One morning, Mrs. H. was agreeably surprised on entering the room, to perceive that the wildness of her eyes was gone, and that a calm smile was upon her face. She held out her hand, and thanked her hostess for her exceeding kindness, saying, "Without you I never should have found a Saviour! During the night, sweet assurances have been vouchsafed to me, that though my sins are as scarlet they shall be white as snow! What cleansing power is there in the blood of the Lamb! O, my friend, thank God with me and for me, that his grace has sought me out and found me! Now I am ready to go whenever God sees fit!" Mrs. H. was much affected at this manifestation of grace, and poured out her soul to that God who is so ready to receive all who come to him. Then rising, she sat down by Mrs. Lane and entered into conversation with her.— Her humility was very great, and she seemed to feel very anxious that she might be

able, in some way, to shew the reality of the change which had taken place within. She begged Mrs. H. to listen to her story, that, if she thought fit, she might communicate it to her child, whom, she earnestly begged Mrs. H. never to forsake, but to put into some honest way of maintaining herself, when old enough, adding, "I do not crave worldly riches for her; give her the riches of God's grace, and that is enough. I was rich once," said she; "my parents were of the wealthiest. All that money could procure, was lavished upon me. Masters in every accomplishment! Years at the most expensive schools! Foreign travel! All were resorted to that my person and manners might receive the highest finish. When sixteen years of age, we were crossing the Alps: a tremendous storm arose, and death appeared inevitable. At first, all our energies were bent to the one object of finding shelter from the increasing storm; then came fear, dismay, despair! My father, whom I had never before heard utter the name of God, but in levity or impiety, now called wildly on him for help. My mother, whose health was delicate, seemed to sleep. As for

myself, I cannot describe my sensations.—Several hours passed of mingled hope and agony, when our guides, who had left us for succor, returned. We were carried to a house half way down the mountain; my mother still appeared to sleep. Alas! it was the sleep of death. The chillness and fear had been too much for her feeble frame. I was almost frantic when I saw that the mother, whom I had not enough valued, whose comfort had always appeared to be bound up in my smiles, who had gratified my every wish, was no more. She, the mild, the pious, the gentle,—right in all things but a too great fondness for a wilful child. Often had she endeavored to instil into my mind the seeds of piety, often had she shed tears over my levity, and many prayers had she put up for one, who, alas, never prayed for herself! When I saw her before me, in the dread array of the grave, my heart seemed ready to burst its tenement, and uttering shriek upon shriek, I was carried far from her resting place. My father was much affected. He seldom spoke, but returning to our now desolate abode, we lived for some time in gloomy retirement. How-

ever, my volatile nature, after a few months, began to resume its sway, and soon I was plunged into a round of gayety, as if no grief had ever touched me. My good resolutions were all forgotten; and as my father seldom accompanied me, I received the attentions of many, who, having nothing but showy manners and pleasing exteriors to recommend them, were the worst companions whom I could have met with. My father's wealth, made me the object of pursuit to many. Some were attracted, may add, by my accomplishments, and person, which were not contemptible,—but there was no one solid quality in me, which could attract the truly good and wise. Thus time passed: my heart was not touched, and my vanity was too much flattered by general homage, to wish to exchange it for the devotion of any one I had yet seen, so that my father saw not the danger which was closing around me. About two years after my mother's death, there came a young man to our city, as a bank agent. His appearance was fine, his manners winning, and his introductions such as to insure him welcome in the best circles. I need not

describe his person ; suffice it to say that he was an avowed infidel. At first, I avoided him ; for my mother's memory had not entirely lost its effect. Perhaps this avoidance piqued him, for he paid me the greatest attention, entered into argument with me to prove that he was right, complimenting my reasoning mind, and at last winning my heart. I pass this briefly, but a lesson might be drawn from it. My time is short, my strength failing, and I must be brief. Suffice it to say, we were married. My father paid my fortune into my husband's hands, and I thought I was happy. Alas! was I? I soon found that Infidelity struck at the roots of domestic happiness. That unbelief did not cast out suspicion. I was watched ; detained from all places that I loved ; told that women were made to be the playthings of men, and when my babe was born, she hardly received the kiss of welcome from one who avowed openly that all he had ever loved of the mother was her money. I was too proud to let my grief be known, and my husband was as well received in the world as ever. He could smile as sweetly as ever in public, and who wished for more? Not the gay world who

once bowed to me or my wealth. But enough of this. About two years since, Mr. Neal dropped suddenly dead at an evening party, and upon winding up his affairs it was found that he had spent all which had come to him with me, and all which my father had left for my child, of whom he was guardian. We were turned from the house, which had descended from my father to my child, but which her father had squandered. We had but our clothes allowed us, for my husband had wronged many, and we had no one to speak for us. So we went to some who had pretended to be our friends, but how coldly were we received ! For my child's sake I bore much, but after a year spent with different persons, we had no one to receive us. Our clothes were almost gone. We could get no work, and were at last reduced to wander, in hopes some one would relieve us. When my poor child begged, she often received only abuse, and for the last week, we have been literally starving. We should have died, as the beasts, with no one to close our eyes ; and for me, what a futurity ! had not God ordered it that your child should see us. And praised be his name, he has

redeemed my soul forever!" She sunk back exhausted, and soon fell into a deep sleep, from which she only waked to utter the name of her mother and then was at peace forever. Mary recovered after some time, and seemed to be full of gratitude to God, for rescuing her from the fate which had seemed inevitable. She became a pious, useful member of society, and with the tears she shed for her mother, mingled fervent thanks for the mercy which allowed her space for repentance. Mr. H. returned to his family, and his store was still blessed, and his cup was still full, when at an advanced age God called him and his partner to leave the circle of grand-children, who were springing up like olive branches around the table of Ellen, who carried into all the duties of life the active piety and good sense which had distinguished her as a child.

TALE XXIV.

THE SCHOOL COMPOSITION.

"MOTHER, what shall I do for a composition? I do so hate them: they are all alike: and I don't know what to write about," said Ellen Hamilton, one Saturday afternoon. "How can I help you, my love," said Mrs. H., "you surely do not wish me to write for you?" "O no, mother; for that would be deceiving, and all deceit is wicked. But if you would only give me a subject, and a few ideas to begin with, I could do it myself." "If I gave you the ideas, would it not be the same as though I put them into words? Let me hear your last composition, and I will perhaps propose a subject for you." "Last week Mrs. Hale gave us *Industry*, and you would have laughed to hear the compositions: they were all alike: I am sure I did not copy mine, nor did any one see it until it was read, but the whole twelve were almost exactly the same; some had put in a few words more than the others, but they did

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not mean much. I will read you mine: Mrs. Hale said it was one of the best, but it is so stupid, I cannot bear to write such things. We are to choose a subject this time, and I don't know what to choose." Ellen brought forward a sheet of paper, very nicely written, and began to read:

"Industry is a very great virtue: it is one of the greatest of all virtues, for it leads to all others. How important is it to cultivate it then, to its greatest possible extent. What would the world come to, if there were no industrious people in it? All would soon fall into ruin, and desolation would soon cover the whole earth. We should all strive to become one of the industrious people; for if we do not, we shall be no better than drones in a hive, and deserve to be cast out from the community of industrious persons. It is essential that we should commence the practice of industry early in life; for when our habits are formed, it will be in vain to conquer the indolence which has 'grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength.'"

"There, mother, do not laugh at me; Mrs. Hale liked the quotation very much, I

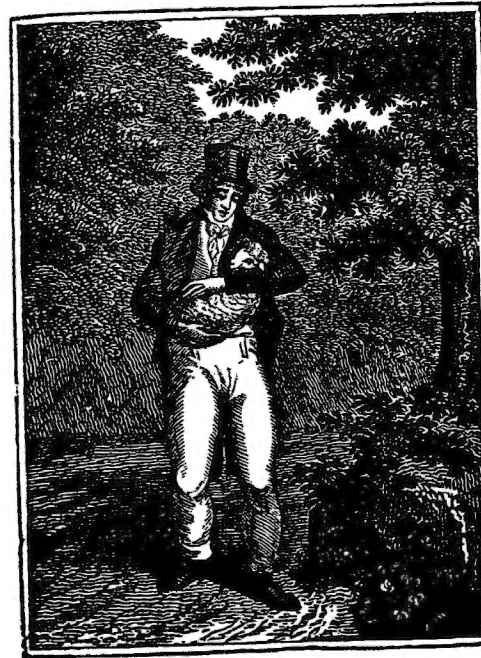
assure you." Mrs. Hamilton smiled, and instead of laughing at her daughter's attempt, told her that if she pursued a proper course, she did not doubt that composition would soon be easy to her. "I do not think it is best for beginners to attempt to write upon an abstract subject," said she, "girls in general, have in their minds only the maxims on such subjects, that have been instilled into them, and thus are unavoidably driven into common-place. I would advise you to endeavor to describe some pleasant evening's amusement, or a ramble,—telling minutely even trifling things, and this will give you a habit of expressing yourself in writing; in time you can add reflections of your own,—but let them be your own, and not copied from any book. Appropriate quotations are a great ornament to writing, when not too frequently resorted to. I have said enough, if you remember it, and too much, if you do not,—so sit down and try your best: Suppose you describe your last Saturday evening's entertainment." "I thank you, dear mother, I will try; it will be so much easier, and I shall not feel it a task at all: It makes

me laugh now to think how funny the sheep looked; but I will write first, and laugh afterwards." She sat down, and for an hour was very busy with her pen: at last she turned round and said, "Now, if you will please to hear me, mother, and tell me if this will do for a composition; I am sure there has never been any thing like it read in our school." So she began:

"Last Saturday we dined at one o'clock, for my dear parents had promised my brother and myself that we should visit our cousins, who live about five miles in the country. We, I mean brother and I, did not eat much, I promise you, for we knew that we should get fruit and berries, and fresh butter in plenty where we were going. When we rose from the table, we put on our hats, and were very impatient for the carriage to be brought round. It came at last, and Uncle Jack laughed as he let down the steps, and said, 'Ah, Miss Ellen, you in such hurry: you no want to come back though.' I knew that as well as he; so I laughed too, and said, 'Please drive fast, Uncle Jack.' 'Ah,' said he, 'what Massa say! -hey?' Father and mother came out,

and we were off very quickly: Uncle Jack did drive fast—he is a good servant, that is a fact, and shall never want while I have any thing. We arrived at Aunt Ellis's house—I do love that house; we got out at the gate, and walked through such a pretty flower garden to the front piazza.—There is a seat on each side of it, and a honeysuckle runs over the lattice. O, it is a sweet, shady, cool place: the hall runs through the house, and there are two rooms on each side of it; there are two more rooms up stairs: the back piazza runs along the whole of the back part of the house; and there is the cool well-house—how I love to eat strawberries and cream there! Well, Cousin Ann and Jane, Frank and Susan, ran to meet us, and little Edward came after; Monna Dinah had the little Eliza in her arms: such a time you never saw—we were all so happy! I forget how father and mother met Uncle and Aunt; but I know I had so much kissing to do, that when it was over, there the old folks were sitting in the piazza, smiling to see us children. We sat down for a while, but soon put on our sun-

bonnets and went into the 'door-yard':— there were the turkeys and ducks and hens: we looked at them for a while, and spoke to all the servants, for they are always glad to see us: then we went into the pasture where the sheep were: we sat down under a tree: pretty soon Frank said, 'Only see, cousin, how the sheep almost shut their eyes; don't you suppose that the sun hurts them?' 'I don't know, I am sure,' said I, 'I never noticed it before.' So he got up and ran off: pretty soon he came back with some large collard leaves and some string: 'What are you going to do with those collard leaves?' said I, 'O, I am going to make bonnets for the poor sheep;' said he, 'for I know the sun hurts them.' So he and William caught several, and tied the leaves on for bonnets: the creatures did not know what to make of it; they tried to eat them, but their mouths would not turn over; so they ran about sometime with them on, till at last they ate them from each other's heads. William tried to catch the old ram, to put a bonnet on him; but he soon made him quit that, for he butted at him and laid him flat. Willie laughed, and said 'the ram might



burn his eyes out before he made him another bonnet.' The sheep did look so comically, with their sun-bonnets on. Cousin Susan thought the wool ought to be whiter for them. When we were tired of seeing them play, we went into the house and had some of the best fruit, and such nice corn-bread and fresh butter: the hominy was white as snow, and the chicken was so tender. We made up for our slight dinner, and were sorry enough, I assure you, when the time came to go home. So was Uncle Jack, for his wife belongs to Aunt Ellis; but he went back at night and stayed, as he always does, till Monday morning. He has got a nice baby, about a month old, and he told me to-day he was going to name it after me, Ellen: so I gave him a frock and cap for it this week, and my next week's pocket money will buy a necklace for it."

"There, mother, will that do for a composition! I don't know what Mrs. Hale will say to it, for there was never any thing like it in the school before; but I am so tired of Duty, Industry, Truth, &c. for subjects, that I am determined to read

this if you approve it, and set a new fashion for the girls."

Mrs. Hamilton pointed out some places in which the expressions needed altering, and when Ellen read it in school on Monday, Mrs. Hale said she wished all the girls would do the same, and she should not fear but as good writers would issue from her school, as from any other in the States.

TALE XXV.

BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

As Mr. GREEN was walking over his plantation one day, he was much surprised to hear the voices of his two sons in high dispute.

"I want the whip, and I will have it," said Frank, who was about nine years old.

"Let me have it, now, I tell you," said Thomas, who was twelve, "or it will be worse for you."

"Father said I might have it, so let it alone," again exclaimed Frank; and the sounds of a struggle were heard. Then Thomas laughed, tauntingly, and said, "Ha, you thought you was strongest, did you? but I'll teach you another guess chance than that." Frank began to bellow loudly, and Mr. Green stepped up to his two wrangling children. He was deeply grieved, for in the absorbing care of his place and people, he had been contented that his children had appeared well before him, and said good lessons in the Sabbath-School; and, easy man, sup-

posed that all was as fair as it appeared to him. He never inquired into the private acts of his children, not dreaming of their behaving ill. Struck to the heart by the consequences of his neglect, he hardly knew what to do. Mr. Green was a pious man in his own heart: he wished to do right, but he had not much force of character, and had never inquired what were his duties towards his children, in regard to their souls. Now he felt keenly the consequences of his neglect, and taking the cause of contention in his hand, he bade his children follow him, and returned home. He lifted his heart to God for direction, and, as though a mist had fallen from his eyes, his duty lay plain before him. Arrived at the house, he called his son Thomas into a room, and set before him his sin in its true light. "Does your strength, Thomas, give you the right to oppress your brother?" Thomas was much ashamed, for he was a good-hearted boy, and answered "No, father; but I offered to let him have my top, and he would not; he did not want the whip, for he told Jim to carry it for him." "Well, my son, Frank may have been wrong, but did that justify you in using your

strength against his right; for I did tell him *he* might have the whip, not once thinking it would be the cause of a quarrel between you." "I was wrong, father, and am sorry for it," said Thomas, "and will try and remember the hymn I learned last Sunday, in future." "I will hear you say it after I have spoken with Frank," said Mr. G. "Go and call him." Frank came in, looking down upon the floor, with his fingers in his mouth, and very sulky; for he was rather inclined to resist all show of authority. "Well, my son, can you account for what I heard this morning?" said Mr. G. "Yes," said Frank, "Tom wanted the whip you told me I might have, and I would not give it to him; so he fought me and took it." "We will let Tom alone for the present," said Mr. G., "and you may tell me why you would not let Tom have the whip." "I wanted it," said Frank sulkily. "That is not true," said Mr. G., "or why did you bid Jim carry it for you?"

Frank, who thought his father had heard him, knew not what to say. He twisted and turned, and at last said, "You told me I might have it, and I did not know that you would make me give it to Tom without I chose to."

Frank was unsubdued, but Mr. G. continued mildly. "Do you never do any thing unless you are obliged to, then? I have much mistaken your disposition, if such is the feeling at the bottom of your heart! Can it be possible that you can have such a mind against your brother, who last summer sat by your side, fanned you, told you stories, and brought forward every thing in his power to cheer your sickness; is such your gratitude? Not willing that he should enjoy what you did not want yourself? Fie! my son, I cannot believe it." The tears began to flow down Frank's cheeks, for he well remembered his brother's kindness to which his father alluded, and was ashamed of his selfishness. Mr. G. saw that he was touched, and calling Tom into the room, was pleased to see them throw themselves into each other's arms, and promise to be kinder in future. After some minutes their emotion subsided, and Mr. G. asked Tom for his hymn. He stood up, and in a clear voice said it was a lesson to play-mates and brothers; then he began

"Little children, love each other,
Is the blessed Savior's rule;
Every little one is brother
To his playfellow at school.

"We're all children of one Father,
The great God, who reigns above;
Shall we quarrel? no—much rather
We would be like Him—all love.

"He has placed us here together,
That we may be good and kind;
He is ever watching, whether
We are of one heart and mind.

"Who is stronger than the other?
He should be the weak one's friend;
Who's more playthings than his brother?
He'll delight to give and lend.

"Children, who are like the Savior,
Give kind looks and gentle words;
And always by their good behavior,
They are known to be the Lord's."

"and, if that is good for little children, it is the same for large ones," said Tom, "and I will try to bear it in mind in future." "And I," said Frank, "if you will teach it to me." So they sat together, and were deeply engaged in their hymn, until the bell rang for dinner.

TALE XXVI.

PRAYING WITH THE HEART.

MARY COOPER was the child of pious parents, who loved her too well to allow bad habits and feelings to grow unchecked in her heart. She was early taught to pray, and she profited by the attentions bestowed upon her. It was pleasant to hear her young voice caroling praises to her maker, as she tripped along to school, with her kettle of dinner in one hand and her books in the other. She was so diligent in her lessons that she was generally at the head of her class, and her teacher loved her very much. When she was about six years old, her cousin, Ellen Sanford, came to spend the summer holidays with her. They played together very happily all the first day, and when night came, retired to her room. They were to occupy the same room, which had two nice snug beds in it, with musketo-nettings over them. "O, what a pretty room," said Ellen; "it smells of the roses so sweetly!--I should like to sleep here

always." She prattled on until Sally had undressed them, and was about to jump into bed, when Mary said, "You have not prayed, Ellen!" "O, I forgot," said Ellen; so she knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer over as fast as she could, and then got up again. Mary took her Bible and read a chapter, and Sally listened attentively, then she knelt down, and prayed God to renew her heart, and forgive her sins, and teach her the right way which would bring her to heaven, closing with the Lord's Prayer. When Sally was gone, the little girls lay sometime without speaking; at last Ellen said, "I don't see the use of being so particular to say our prayers every night: I am sure I don't know the meaning of half that is in it." "O, Ellen, do not say so," said Mary, "for the hymn says—

“WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking, all the while,
About some other thing.

Oh let me never, never dare
 To act a trifer's part,
 Or think that God will hear a prayer,
 Which comes not from the heart."

And how dreadful it would be for God not to care for our prayers." "Why, he takes care of us all the same, don't he?" said Ellen. Mary was shocked. She had never heard any one speak in that manner before, and hardly knew what to say. But she could not let her cousin, whom she loved already, continue in such error, if she could open her eyes. So she lifted her heart to God, then asked Ellen if she knew who made her? and for what purpose she was made? and then, in her own simple manner, explained to her the fall of man and the necessity of prayer. Ellen said she had never heard this before. Her mother made her say the Lord's Prayer every night and morning; but she had never thought of praying with her heart, or of asking God to help her to do right. They lay for some time talking, and at last Ellen proposed that they should rise and kneel down together, and she made her first feeble effort to pray. She seemed to feel at once

all that Mary had said, and the next day she learned the hymn that Mary had repeated that night, and during the summer her young heart appeared to grow in grace, and she bade fair to be a shining light in the world; but the next year death came, and cut down this sweet flower, that had so lately turned its gaze towards heaven. How happy was Ellen then, and how happy too was Mary, when she visited her dying cousin, that she had been the instrument of conducting her to the throne of grace. The evening before Ellen died, she sang, with a feeble voice—

"GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise joyful at the judgment day."

She died without pain, and, to the last, was willing to answer the call which would show her the face of her God, and place her forever near his throne.

TALE XXVII.

THE PRIDE OF WEALTH.

Four little girls were walking together one evening. The sun was down and they had no bonnets on, but each one had their hair braided and tied with ribbon. They had reached the open ground near the woods, when a little girl came out of a house and said, "May I go with you?" She was one of their school mates. Her father was poor, and worked hard for his living. He sent her to school, and her mother took pains to keep her nice and clean, so that she need never be ashamed of her appearance. Her frocks were all calico, and very plain; but they were always whole and clean. Her hair was braided nicely, but she had no ribbon to tie it; so a piece of black thread answered the purpose. Her manners were so gentle, her temper so mild, and she was so willing to oblige any who needed her services, that most of her playmates loved her. But a few, and among them one of the four now walking, thought, because

they dressed finer than Ella Deane, that they themselves were better. Jane Curtis' parents had never cared for any thing but show, and of course Jane had imbibed all the evil feelings which the conduct of such parents would naturally produce. So she spoke up at once:

"Pretty well too, Miss Forward; do you think we can get no better than you to walk with us?"

Poor Ella had not seen Jane, as she was behind the others, and shrunk back, with tears in her eyes, upon receiving so sharp an answer; but Sarah Hamilton and Helen Lamar, who were together, went forward to the poor girl, and taking each a hand, said,

"Yes, Ella, we shall be glad to have you go, for no one is more amiable than you, I am sure, and we love you dearly."

But Ella said, "Perhaps Jane Curtis will not like it."

"Then she may walk by herself," said Helen. "If our companions are not good enough for her, she can quit as soon as she likes. We did not ask her to come with us, but she ran after us, because our fathers

happen to be richer than hers. It is very foolish, I am sure, to think so much of riches."

"Yes," said Sarah "the hymn says —

In a modest humble mind,
God himself will take delight;
But the proud and haughty find
They are hateful in his sight.

Jesus Christ was meek and mild,
And no angry thoughts allow'd;
Oh, then, shall a little child
Dare to be perverse and proud?

This, indeed, should never be;
Lord, forbid it, we entreat:
Grant that all may learn of thee,
That humility is sweet.

I should be afraid to be proud of riches,
for they take themselves wings and fly away,
and who can tell whose turn it may be
next to need even the necessaries of life.
But we will go on, for Jane is nearly out
of sight."

In the mean time, Jane had said to the
little girl with her,

"Come, Susan, let us go on; I am sure

you and I don't want Ella Deane's company, and if those girls knew how much they lowered themselves by walking with her, they would not let her go. Mother always tells me not to go with any but rich girls; for we are not so rich as a great many, and if I go with poor girls, folks will think the others look down on me."

Susan Peters, who was as well off as Jane, liked these sentiments, though her own mother often told her she should not be proud. She never had had religious instructions suited to her capacity, and could not detect the folly of Jane's talk.

They had advanced some way when the others set out, and, determined not to be overtaken, they kept on. In the mean time Ella and her companions walked on, and had nearly reached Jane and Susan.

This they determined to prevent, and turned from the road into a side path. Now a creek ran across the road, near by, and there was a good bridge over it, but at the side path there was only the trunk of a tree.

Helen called to Jane not to go that way,

or she would get hurt; but Jane pretended not to hear, and kept on. They were going to see a woman who lived over the creek, and who was very fond of having children visit her. She had a nice peach Orchard, and those who visited her always had a fine treat. Helen, Sarah and Ella staid some time on the bridge looking at the water to see how fast it ran, and talking of the goodness of God, in providing an article so necessary as water in such abundance. As they left the bridge to pass on to the old lady's house, they heard a terrible scream, and looking up the creek, saw Jane Curtis in the water floating down the stream, screaming, but using no efforts to save herself. Sarah and Helen screamed, but Ella, who had a great deal of presence of mind, recollected that just below the bridge there was an eddy, which would bring Jane near the shore. So saying, — "come, we will save her," she ran to the place, followed by her companions. She gave her hand to Helen, and told Sarah to cling to a tree that grew near the edge and Helen to hold by her, then fearlessly stepping into the water until it was up to

her chin, was just in time to catch hold of Jane's fine frock, and turning, dragged her to the bank, where the others too took hold of her, and soon had her on the dry ground. At first Jane did nothing but scream and cry, but Ella having seen her safe, ran to the old lady's house and begged her to let one of her men go to the creek. Mrs. Appleton was frightened enough, you may suppose, to see a child all dripping rush into the house; but as soon as Ella spoke she recognized her, and calling Peter to follow, walked as fast as she could to the bank, where by this time Jane was sitting up, and Susan by her. She hardly looked at Ella, to whom she was indebted for her life, and Peter, taking her in his arms, carried her at once to the house, where she was wrapped in a blanket and put to bed until her clothes could be dried. Ella also changed her garments for some which had belonged to Mrs. Appleton's daughter, and Helen took off her shoes and stockings to dry, and then they talked the matter over. The girls could hardly help crying, but they were so happy that they could not, and it took several peaches to

carry the lumps down in their throats. After all their clothes were dried, Mrs. Appleton had her little pleasure wagon got out, and her old grey horse harnessed, and telling the girls they had had exercise enough for one evening, bid them good bye, and they went to the gate. Jane felt some returns of her foolish vanity, when she saw that she was to go home in a wagon; but no one minded her hesitation, and with many a laugh, and much happy feeling, they returned to town. The next morning Mrs. Curtis called in her carriage and offered Ella ten dollars, with many thanks of ceremony. Mrs. Deane did not answer, but Ella said,

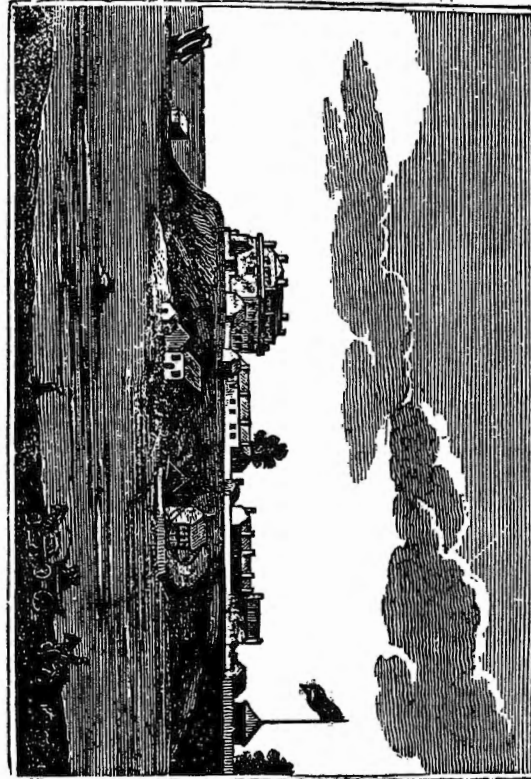
"Indeed, ma'am, I did not save her life for money."

Mrs. Curtis would have left it upon a table, saying she did not like to remain under an obligation when she could avoid it. This raised the spirit of Mrs. Deane, who asked her if she thought her child's life could be paid for by that sum; assuring her at the same time, that if she left it, it would be sent to her house. Mrs. Curtis was angry, and talking of upstart pride, re-

turned the note to her purse and entered her carriage.

Mrs. Deane was sorry that she had allowed her feelings to hurry her into incivility, but felt that Mrs. C. had deserved the rebuke. Mrs. Lamar and Mrs. Hamilton praised the conduct of Ella very much when their daughters related it to them, and gave their cordial approbation to the friendship which sprung up between the three girls, contriving in many ways to confer benefits upon Ella, without wounding her delicacy or independence.

Many a walk did they afterwards enjoy over the bridge, and many times did Mrs. Appleton observe the character of Ella, for whom she conceived a deep regard; and when, after some years she was called from this world, having no near relations, she left all her property to Ella, who was as gentle in her prosperity as she had always been, and befriended poor Jane Curtis, whose father and mother were both dead, leaving her nothing to depend upon, but a weak mind and hands unused to do any thing useful. Poor girl, she was much to be pitied, for the mortifications which daily met



her in her path, had power to pierce her in her most vulnerable part. She died at the age of twenty-two, lamented by no one, but wept for by the kind hearted Ella, who had labored long and earnestly to induce her to secure a hope for a future world.

TALE XXVIII.

FILIAL PIETY.

JULIA EMMONS was a sweet child, about nine years old. Her temper was so docile that every one loved her. The instructions of her mother took root and flourished in her heart. She delighted to perform acts of charity, and many a dainty morsel found its way from her hands, to those of the suffering poor. Often would she reserve some nicety from her own meal, for some one whom she knew could not procure it for herself. Mrs. Emmons was taken very sick, and Mr. E. was desirous of sending Julia to a friend's house, for fear that she might, with the thoughtlessness natural to children, disturb her mother.— But Julia begged with such earnestness to be permitted to stay, that her wishes were granted. During the first days of her mother's danger, she sat in the adjoining room with her book; but she did not read much, for her mind was with her mother. She would steal to the door and listen, to catch

the sound of her mother's voice, and question every one who came out whether she was not better. After a few days of suspense the danger was past, and Julia was admitted to see her mother, upon promising not to disturb her by giving way to her feelings. She was much shocked, to see the face she loved so very pale, and the tears rolled down her cheeks; but she suppressed her sighs, and creeping on tip-toe to the bed side, kissed her mother without speaking, and sat down by her, holding the pale hand in her own. How thankful her heart was to God, that that dear parent was spared, to watch over her who needed a guardian so much. It would have pleased you to see the dear child, during the days of her mother's weakness, sitting near, watching every turn of her countenance and anticipating every wish, and at last, when her mother came down stairs, and rode out for exercise and air, her very soul seemed filled with delight. Do you, my little readers, feel towards your mother the love of this little girl?

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