PZ6

1. Juvenile literature —
Fiction, English

Minnie D. Clair

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"Look, look, what a large branch John has cut me!"

ETHEL'S STORY:

Illustrating the Advantages of

PATIENCE.

BY

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

Fourth Edition.

PHILADELPHIA:
PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,
No. 56 NORTH FOURTH STREET.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

PATIENCE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE old year has only a few hours to live — what a blustering night it is! The air is freezing cold, whilst the wind howls as though it took a peculiar pleasure in hearing the sound of its own melancholy tones. Let us seek shelter from the storm. In what pleasant circle shall we search for the means of spending a few hours agreeably? We will once more intrude on the hospitality of our venerable acquaintance; yes, we will pay a third visit to the cheerful mansion of Mistress Harmonteagle.

May we beg our young readers to do the same?

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What a kind old lady, to invite such a host of little ones! See, see, several are now hastening

up the steps; if we quicken our movements, we may arrive before old Thomas has again closed the door. What is to be the amusement of the evening? Another of "My Mother's Stories?" At your pleasure! Indeed, nothing can be more welcome than

A TRUE FAMILY MYSTERY.

ECNEITAP AND ECNEITAPMI.

"Look! look! what a large branch John has cut me, is it not? But what is the matter? Are you hurt, Emma?"

"No! What should make you think I am hurt?"

"You uttered such a loud exclamation, and then threw down your work so suddenly; but, if not hurt, why do you not go on? you have not half finished that corner: see, those festoons you have already hung, are not firmly fastened; there, there is one of them falling now!"

"I know it; I am tired of the whole thing!"

"Tired! What do you mean, Emma?"

"I mean what I say, Herbert. Here have I been, just one hour and a half, trying to arrange that side of our bower, and look at the result!"

"Indeed, my dear sister, I think you have

done what you have finished, very prettily — down, Rover, down sir!"

"And how much is finished?"

"Not much, certainly; but a few minutes more would have secured those three festoons, which, for want of an additional string, have almost dropped to the ground from their own weight."

"A few minutes more! that is just the way you always speak. You do not consider how long I have been in the sun! I cannot stay all the day at such work; I shall never get through; if you had tried —"

"My dear Emma, you chose that part of the work! You said you would arrange the festoons, if I would gather the large branches of lilac and May-flower, to deck the top and sides; whilst the little ones should weave garlands ready for your use —"

"Oh, but I did not know I should be so long doing what I undertook — it is very easy to form wreathes and draw sticks! such work requires but little time. It is very different with these festoons; they cannot be hung quickly. I am sure I should be fatigued to death before I could complete them. Indeed, I cannot think of finishing them."

"But, Emma, dear, who will hang them up?"

"I do not know: I cannot! Let us do without them; they are not necessary—"

"But what shall we do with all the beautiful garlands those little ones have twined?"

"Why, nothing; at least, nothing can be done with them in respect to the bower."

"But Clara and Walter have worked so hard! it will be such a pity to disappoint them."

"Disappoint them! What will they care after the first minute? Such work is all amusement to them."

"It might have been all amusement to them, had they not preferred helping me to draw the branches! But as it is, they will be much disappointed; for they were persuaded to continue weaving the flowers, instead of joining me, that *their* work might ornament our bower; and they have at length nearly completed the required number."

"They have not taken them so very long!"

"They commenced above two hours ago, long before you, dear Emma, came out; I have been surprised, knowing how anxious they were to assist me, that they have sat there so quietly; but Ecneitap is talking with them, and I sup-

pose his pleasant conversation enables the little ones to get through their work bravely."

"Ecneitap! All very well to praise Ecneitap, for those who like him; I must admit he is too slow for my use — at least on the present occasion."

"Indeed, Emma, were you to listen to him, you would not feel one bit tired with your work. I found myself getting wearied of some of these large branches — they are no light weight! Tnetnocsid hastened up to put in a word of *his!* when, fortunately, Ecneitap whispered a few sentences in his soft voice, and his advice seemed so rational, that though I felt inclined to hear the saucy comments of Master Tnetnocsid, yet prudence told me I should act more wisely by attending to the counsel of the former."

"And you followed his advice?"

"I did; and with his help, I soon returned to my labor with redoubled energy. I have not felt so much fatigued since. This Ecneitap is an excellent companion."

"But, Herbert, what became of Tnetnocsid? I do not see him about."

"Oh, seeing I paid more attention to his competitor than I did to himself, he speedily left me."

"And has not returned?"

"I saw him trying to gain the attention of Clara and Walter; but they were so much interested in the conversation of Ecneitap and Tnetnoc, that his attempt was completely thrown away; indeed, on observing Lufreehc join the party, he was aware of the folly of wasting another moment in efforts that must have proved useless, so he suddenly left the party — left that part of the shrubbery."

"And where did he then go, Herbert?"

"I think—I believe he went towards you, dear Emma; I have been thinking you must have been talking with him yourself?"

"I! What makes you think so?"

"Because you have allowed yourself to be influenced by his great friend — Ecneitapmi; they are inseparable —at least, *I* believe so, for I have never seen the latter, unless accompanied by Tnetnocsid; or, when this same disagreeable sprite was lurking about in the distance."

"Indeed, sir, I was not aware I had been influenced by Ecneitapmi! or that I had had any conversation with his friend! But — but, just because I do not wish to do all you and the little ones want, I am accused of associating with — with —"

"With evil spirits!"

"Oh, no, dear mamma, I never said that!"

"You may not have said that, Herbert — but *I do* .... that is right, dear boy, you had better go after the rest of the branches. Yes, my dear Emma, both Ecneitapmi and Tnetnocsid are evil spirits of the most dangerous character; and I regret to say, that whilst you have lately often succeeded in ridding yourself, in some degree, of the latter's company, you have, as far as I can see, favored, rather than discouraged, the approaches of the former."

"I do not see how, mamma?"

"By listening to him whenever he speaks."

"I do not think he often speaks to me."

"Why let him speak at all to you?"

', How can I help his speaking?"

"You can turn a deaf ear to him!"

"I tried this morning not to hear him; but he spoke so loud that I could not help hearing a portion of what he said."

"How do your brothers and sisters avoid him?"

"They listen to him sometimes."

"*Very* rarely, I am happy to say."

"They do not require his help so often as I do."

"Of what use is his help! Is a single pain or trouble you may have to endure rendered more bearable by his society? Nay, are not many of the inconveniences you suffer caused by the interference of this Ecneitapmi?"

"Indeed, mamma, he does not make difficulties."

"I am pretty sure he does make difficulties! Instance this morning; you all had a whole holiday, to prepare for the return of your sister, and the anticipated visit of your cousins. You decide on arranging a bower that will serve for a tea-party; your plans are laid; you ask for the assistance of John; he leaves some important business, as he considers it, that he is about in the garden, and willingly aids in the erection of the desired arbor; your brothers and sisters hasten to their appointed labors—"

"I could not come out when they did, mamma; I was to clean Alice's bird-cage before bringing it out; you see, there it is, ready cleaned, and the bird watered and fed—"

"I was not blaming you for not coming out in the first instance; I was merely stating facts: as I said, your brothers and sisters hasten to their work; you join them at the end of an hour—"

"I could not get finished earlier; the cage was very much stained from the fruit which Clara gave Dick yesterday—"

"And instead of listening to Ecneitap, who wanted to help you to clean the cage thoroughly, the right method and the shortest one in the end, you chose to be guided by Ecneitapmi; and he, far from assisting you, delayed the completion of your work, by inducing you to slur over the job, and thus obliging you to repeat your labors: but let this pass; as I said before, you join the party at the end of an hour, and with Tnetnoc, Lufreehc, and Ecneitap, you are all as happy as it is possible for young people to be; but, suddenly, Ecneitapmi finds his way into the grounds; he knows your weakness; he approaches your neighborhood, seizes his opportunties, and whenever a leaf gets doubled up—"

"Oh, no, mamma, not when a leaf merely—"

"Well, then, when a bit of string becomes entangled—"

"No, mamma, now you are laughing at me; not even when a bit of string becomes entangled—"

"At least, when a garland accidentally drops on the ground, or nearly drops, Master Ecnei-

tapmi springs forward to *condole* with the unfortunate Miss Emma; and Miss Emma, I regret to say, is silly enough to listen to his pretended sympathy, till, led on step by step, she turns from Ecneitap, Tnetnoc, and Lufreehc, and yields her whole attention to the evil-disposed Ecneitapmi, Tnetnocsid, and Nellus—"

"Ah, mamma, I have not listened to Nellus for a long time; indeed, I have not."

"My dear child, you *think* you have not; but believe me, you were more than once under his influence yesterday; and though he has not spoken to you this morning, you may be certain that he was quite near you all the time you were so much occupied with his two friends: trust me, they are never far from each other."

"His two friends, dear mamma — excuse my repeating the words, but who do you mean?"

"Ecneitapmi and Tnetnocsid."

"That is just what Herbert says—at least, he said he *thought* I must have been talking with Tnetnocsid; but indeed, I have not seen him to-day, mamma."

"Persons are frequently blind, not only to what is passing immediately around them, but also to that which directly concerns themselves: thus, my dear Emma, you yourself are often

ignorant of the presence of those very characters, from whose baneful influence you have already suffered so much—beneath the tyranny of such rule, the best qualities lie paralyzed!"

"I never dreamt of any of them being here to-day!"

"Certainly, but for *your* encouragement, not one of them would have *remained!* There is but little sympathy between such spirits and your brothers and sister. How busy they have been the whole morning; observe with what eagerness they pursue their work; yet they have been longer exposed to the heat of the day, and have borne more real fatigue than yourself: this you must admit, my dear."

"But, mamma, they—they like their occupation."

"Do you suppose Herbert prefers dragging those branches, to resting himself, heated and tired as he is? or do you think Clara and Walter have no desire to give up their present employment, and have a game of romps, or assist—"

"Oh, they did want to assist Herbert; but they were not so bent upon aiding him, as not to be easily persuaded, and even, in the end, to be gradually talked into being well pleased to

continue their work, on being told it would prove the greatest ornament of our bower; they are so anxious to have the roof hung round with their beautiful garlands, that they—they—"

"They have worked away as hard and as steadily as their little fingers could enable them —whilst, by encouraging the visit of Ecneitap, they have not only nearly got through their task without the *slightest disturbance of word or look*, but by the assistance of Tnetnoc and Lufreehc—the attached friends and frequent companions of Ecneitap—Clara and Walter have spent a delightful morning; and this, during the very time that you, my dear child, yielding obedience to the evil-spirited Ecneitapmi, have, so far, completely destroyed your own pleasure, and seemed disposed, from the few words I overheard on entering the shrubbery, to disappoint, as far as might be in your power, the anticipated pleasure of your sisters and brothers, as well as that of your expected cousins; for, of course, you cannot doubt but *all* would have derived gratification from your bower being festooned with those prettily-arranged wreaths?"

"Mamma, dear mamma, I have been very wrong; how I do wish I could drive off Ecneitapmi

whenever he appears. Every day I resolve not to hear a single remark he may make: but it is all in vain; I become his unwilling, if not his willing listener, in spite of myself."

"Yes, Emma, in spite of yourself! You are *weak* and erring; yet, by the aid of that Holy Spirit which is *never* sought in vain, you would, influenced by His sacred promptings, find yourself *strong* in every virtuous effort. Not only might the mischievous assaults of Ecneitapmi be effectually overcome — with the Divine Comforter for your Director, you would be safe from the influence of *all* evil spirits. My child, rest not till you have secured a Friend in this Heavenly Guide!"

"Ah, mamma, how can I obtain such happiness?"

"Learn from the *seventh* and *eighth* verses of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew—your lesson for next Sunday:

'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

'For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.'

But it is already twelve o'clock! Hasten, and finish your bower; your sisters and cousins will

not be here before six or seven o'clock: if you have all of you concluded your preparations before dinner, we will afterwards take a walk, and return in time to receive the travellers."

"I will try, dear mamma, and make up for lost time; with hard work, I think, half an hour may enable me to finish. Ah, there is Herbert; he has done his business, and has kindly lent a helping hand to finish mine!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"MY dear children, I have a little engagement this afternoon; I am obliged to go to the neighboring village. I regret this, because I had promised to take you all a pleasant walk in the fields; but, I have just this moment received a message from Mrs. Landor, requesting me to visit her, if possible, to-day."

"That is very provoking; such a pleasant afternoon as it is. We must — we must do the best we can."

"You must call Ecneitap to your assistance, Clara; our walk in the fields must be deferred till to-morrow."

"But, mamma, might we not accompany you? We would try and not be troublesome; it would be so pleasant."

"I see no objection, Emma, to your accompanying me to Draycott; but, as I told Clara

just now, you must call Ecneitap to make one of the party. I believe, Mrs. Landor wants me on business; and therefore, I may be detained for some time."

"The walk will be delightful. We will go with you, mamma, with your permission; it seems, that whether we go or stay, we shall have to beg the *honor* of Ecneitap's society; and though a ramble in the fields would have proved more agreeable, yet with Tnetnoc and Lufreehc, we shall do very well."

"You are a sensible boy, Herbert, to encourage the visit of such unexceptionable friends; they are, indeed, most valuable acquaintances; try and make them your constant companions."

"Mamma, whose cart is that on the road — just there by the stile leading to the large field that was mown last week? Papa has been talking to the jolly looking driver; papa left off speaking when that horse began to kick."

"Oh, I see now, Walter; I could not obtain a clear view when you first spoke; that large branch was in my way. I think, my dear, that is farmer Roper's cart: yes, it is; I see the man in it who brought the note from Mrs. Landor's; he is at the far corner there; he told me he worked for farmer Roper; and that the latter

"One thing is very certain, Emma, that young horse has got tired and has apparently put an end to the conversation."

had promised Mrs. Landor, I should have the note as he passed our grounds on his way to the next market town, where he was going to sell his potatoes."

"But, mamma, what has kept them there all this time? It must be a quarter of an hour since you read your note; you had finished reading it when we came in."

"I suppose, the good farmer has been talking to your papa—perhaps, they have been trying to make a bargain about those potatoes; a large load there! One thing is very certain, Emma, that young horse has got tired of waiting, and has apparently put an end to the conversation."

"That cart was standing in the road as I ran round that way from the shrubbery; the farmer was then busy talking to some one; I did not notice it was papa; but, I suppose it must have been. A pity I did not stop!"

"I am not at all of your opinion, Herbert, seeing that it is now getting late; and if you go with me, you had better get ready quickly."

"Mamma, may we not have Rover with us?"

"Yes, my dear; and now, get ready, Walter."

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"Ah, ha, papa, so mamma has coaxed you to

be of our party; I am so glad! We shall have fun, *now*.'

"And, my dear little Clara, I must say, that I am not very sorry that your mamma has succeeded in persuading me to accompany you to Draycott. My only objection was, that having been out the whole morning on horseback, I felt rather too much fatigued for a brisk walk; however, with the help of Ecneitap, we shall make out admirably; we must not be over rapid in our movements."

"Oh, we can go as slowly as you like, papa."

"Thank you, Miss Emma, but as I have business to transact, I cannot be so dilatory, as from your words, I judge you are disposed to be. I think, good people, I had better hasten to Draycott, whilst you can follow at your leisure, and we may return together, after I shall have seen Mrs. Landor."

"Be it so, my dear, I will take care of the young people. I imagine, this arrangement will suit you better, than your being troubled with so large a party, till you have accomplished your visit."

"It will, indeed; for though I was unwilling to deny the children their request, yet, I felt unequal to making the walk as agreeable to them,

as if I had not had Mrs. Landor's message on my mind. I fear poor Mary is the cause of my being thus suddenly sent for; but, I will go at once. A brisk walk will soon take me there."

"You had better go in the little carriage; William passes Draycott on his way to Ratcliff, where he will receive Alice from her grandfather — go, Herbert, and desire the coachman to call for your mother; he must be ready by this time; we will proceed, and you can follow us as soon as you have delivered the message; we will walk slowly....."

"Papa, I did not like to ask mamma — I was afraid of troubling her — but, if I may ask the question, who is this poor Mary, in whom both mamma and you appear to take so much interest?"

"She is the daughter of a widow lady, with whom I became acquainted on my last visit to Brighton. A few weeks ago, she engaged a cottage about one mile from Draycott; or, perhaps, Emma, I should speak more correctly, were I to say half a mile. They have taken May Cottage for the next six months."

"But what is the matter with poor Mary?"

"Ah, her story is a very sad one, indeed; she has lost a leg, and not only by the aid of crutches,

walks with difficulty, but at times she yet suffers the greatest pain."

"Poor girl! But, papa, how did you become acquainted with the family? Hah, here is Herbert returned."

"You were longer than I thought you would be?"

"I waited, papa, to hand mamma into the carriage; they have taken the high road, and they will soon be at Draycott; for Besika is quite fresh, and set off full trot. Mamma, I was afraid, might be rather frightened, she is usually so timid; but, on the present occasion, mamma did not seem to give a thought to Besika—she is so anxious about this Mary!"

"Yes, indeed, I do not wonder at it; the poor child is a great sufferer; but, for the constant companionship of Ecneitap, I know not what would have become of her. Your sister, Emma, was asking how I became acquainted with her history—"

"Yes, just as you rejoined us, Herbert."

"Well, whilst Clara and Walter amuse themselves in running forward and gathering flowers by the way, I will try and gratify your curiosity."

"Thank you, dear papa; we are so much obliged to you."

"I do it the more willingly, Emma, as the example of my sweet young friend may prove beneficial to yourselves; for remember, my dear children, it is *waste* time to seek information from which you do not *strive* to profit.

"Mrs. Landor and I were in fact acquainted, many years ago; she was then the happy wife of a wealthy country gentleman. By some means—I have never been in the way of hearing the exact particulars, the bulk of their fortune was lost. I was at that time abroad, and on my return to England, heard the Landors' estate had been sold, long before the death of Mr. Landor, whose decease took place some years after their ruin. Of the widow and two daughters, I could learn nothing, as to where they at that time resided; they had left the neighborhood, and no one, with whom I was acquainted, knew any thing certain as to their plans. Some thought they had gone to Scotland; others were nearly sure they had joined their relations in the south of England; but, all spoke highly of the sweet dispositions—manifest at that early age, for, they were only four and five years old! of the little fatherless girls, whilst their widowed mother had gained the praise and deserved respect of the whole neighborhood, through her having, under

her heavy afflictions, sought and obtained the counsel of the invaluable Ecneitap! Brought up in luxury—still young, beautiful, and highly accomplished, the misfortunes of Mrs. Landor might have thrown her on the society of Ecneitapmi — in the delusive hope of receiving from him, some consolation in her distress. On the contrary, she at once invited Ecneitap to the house of mourning; where, he was invariably treated with such marked respect, that he has never since, for one moment, been absent from this grateful family. As I had never been very intimate with Mrs. Landor, having met her, only occasionally, when visiting in Yorkshire, I soon ceased to give more than a passing thought to the subject; and having lost sight of the family, I had nearly forgotten them; when chance again brought us together, during the visit your mamma and I paid to Brighton, in June."

"How curious!"

"Curious, indeed, Herbert; and it was with the children—who are wholly grown out of my remembrance, that the acquaintance was renewed."

"That is singular; but, dear papa, do please explain—quickly, quickly; this Ecneitapmi will be my death!"

"Ecneitapmi! Why notice him, Julia?"

"We were but jesting, dear papa."

"Child, jest not with evil spirits! Shun them on *all* occasions. Who would play with a viper!"

"Henceforth, dear papa, I will try and follow your advice; but, how did you renew your acquaintance with the little Landors? If it is not too much trouble, please tell us."

"No longer, little! Mary is of your age. I was taking an afternoon stroll—hah, Walter, my boy, do not catch that poor butterfly. Why interfere with its pleasure?"

"But papa, dear papa, it is so beautiful!"

"And, *now*, as happy as it is beautiful."

"I will not hurt it, papa; I would touch it so very gently; see, only see, how it flutters about from flower to flower! Indeed, I would touch it gently. I will not hurt it."

"Its wings are so delicate, that, to touch them, is necessarily to hurt them; so, my dear boy—"

"I will not touch the pretty thing, papa; I did not think I should hurt it!—Poor little thing, fly about in safety."

"Yes, my boy, that is right; you like to walk and run—the butterfly likes to fly hither and thither—what right have you, uselessly, to de-

prive it of pleasure? None! My dear child, never idly destroy the happiness of any living creature; and now, run and fill your little basket with flowers; Clara has got more than you have."

"It takes too long to fill mine, papa."

"You talk, I am afraid, to Ecneitapmi! If so, send him away; he helps no one; at all events, go and join Clara; see, she is frightened at the noise of that barking cur. As I observed, I was taking an afternoon stroll one day last June, when I overtook two girls about fourteen and fifteen. The eldest was a beautiful specimen of youth, health and happiness; and her joyous voice and her sweet smile, added cheerfulness to the brilliant scene by which we were surrounded — but my attention was particularly excited by attractions, no less charming, though of a very different character. Her rosy face and sparkling eye were ever and anon turned towards her younger companion; a slight and naturally, an elegantly formed girl, though the use of crutches had already much impaired a figure that would otherwise have rivalled her sister's; she walked with the utmost difficulty; her slow and painful step being taken with the greatest cau-

tion; for, as yet, she was but little used to her new walking assistants—the ungainly crutches."

"Poor girl, what an unfortunate case!"

"It is, indeed, Emma; but my sorrow for the afflicted child, was turned into respect and admiration for *both* sisters, as I witnessed their behaviour under this trying affliction. Ada appeared to devote every thought, word and action, to her companion; measuring her own movements to suit the sufferer; and this, in the most delicate manner. Ada's step was never in *advance* of her sister's. She might have been Ecneitap himself!"

"What a comfort to her lame sister!"

"And so Mary appeared to think, Herbert; the grateful child fully repaid every effort that was thus gently made, to mitigate the evils of her condition; far less lively than her companion, her calm, pensive countenance, which did not belong to her age, and which was the more marked, from its strange and melancholy contrast to that of her gay and laughing sister, whilst it led me to believe that, for one so young, she had been sorely tried, yet, it also convinced me, that her state was in one respect an enviable lot."

"An enviable lot! Oh, dear papa, how can that be possible? And to have suffered the loss of a leg!"

"Mary has suffered much — she still is, at times, subjected to the severest bodily pain, but, in the depth of her anguish, she found a firm friend in Ecneitap; and now, Emma, that she has schooled her mind and heart, to bear with resignation the calamity which has befallen her, Ecneitap is her constant visitor; and has, on numerous occasions, contributed to her happiness."

"But, papa, with so kind a sister, she would not—"

"Would not want such a constant companion as she finds in Ecneitap, you think, Emma?"

"When one has good and affectionate friends in one's own family, there is less need of—"

"Less need of going beyond the family circle in search of counsel and consolation! You are right, Emma; were we speaking of that class of characters which are numerous, and which are so frequently and so unwisely selected by the giddy and romantic, for bosom friends! merely, because they are amusing! Yes, my dear child, *most* generally, our best friends are

to be found among those comprising the *family circle;* but the case is quite different as regards Ecneitap! This christian-like spirit, has the power to diminish, through his presence, many of the evils incident to persons of every age, and of every position in society. Let us rest a few minutes on this spot of green turf. Hah! hear that pretty Thrush."

3*

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"YOU were speaking in favor of Ecneitap, papa, could he do more for me than you or mamma could do, or Herbert?"

"My dear, your mamma and I can give you our best advice—we can set you a good example — we can try and *persuade* you to bear up against little inconveniences which are perpetually occurring to harass the temper, and militate against your daily enjoyments; and Herbert might aid in diverting your thoughts; but, Emma, Ecneitap will enable you to suffer quietly, that which cannot be remedied; and, as there are various opportunities frequently occurring, when he may prove how effectual is his skill in this respect, so, the implicitly following his counsel on such occasions, has been made one of the first and most important of our Christian duties."

"Henceforth, I will cultivate his friendship."

"You will do well, Herbert; it is most valuable!"

"Papa, how did you discover that the sisters were Mrs. Landor's children? and they so much grown!"

"As I was walking behind them, Emma, the younger one, stepped on a stone and slipped. I hastened forward to prevent her falling; their thanks were so warmly expressed, that I was encouraged to attempt making their acquaintance; when I soon heard enough to give me a clue to their history, and I informed them in return, that I and their mother had formerly been well known to each other."

"It must have been a pleasant surprise to them?"

"Quite so; we soon became intimate. Mary and I sat down on one of the benches, and after a few minutes agreeable chat, Ada bounded away towards the water, where she busied herself in picking up some of the curiosities of the beach; in a few minutes, she was again by our side, presenting her trifling collections to poor Mary; who, whilst conversing with me, had been watching — with a kindly eye, and a sweet smile, her more fortunate and active sister. In

the course of a short half hour, a nice little carriage stopped near us, out of which, Mrs. Landor herself stepped, and immediately joined our group. Having had a visit to pay a friend, she had left her daughters under the care of a neighbor's nurse in charge of an infant, that Mary might enjoy for a full hour, the benefit of the refreshing sea breeze; she had now returned to take them up on her way home — to a cottage, prettily situated three miles distant."

"Did Mrs. Landor recognise you, papa?"

"No, Emma; not at once; but a word of explanation from Mary, sufficed to recall me to her mother's memory, when she begged me to take a seat in their carriage, and wished me to spend the evening with them."

"And did you, dear papa?"

"No, Herbert; not that time. I assured my newly recovered friends, that as your mamma would be expecting me, I must decline the pleasure of accompanying them that evening; but afterwards, we made them frequent visits during our stay at Brighton; and from what I saw on some of these occasions, I became so impressed with the almost inestimable benefits this family had received from their frequent intercourse with Ecneitap, that I have ever since felt par-

ticularly desirous that you, my dear children, should make him your friend."

"But, papa, what made Mrs. Landor leave her cottage at Brighton? You say she has taken one near Draycott."

"She wrote us word she had been advised to try a few weeks change of air, her daughter having caught a severe cold last month. I allude to Mary, Emma."

"Why did you not tell us of their being so near us? they would have been such nice companions, papa."

"I would have done so, could you have seen them; but since their arrival in our neighborhood, Mrs. Landor has lost a brother, and wished to remain quite quiet."

"Then, shall we not be able to see them before they leave, papa? I hope we may; I hope so very much indeed, papa."

"I hope so also, Emma; but that must depend on Mrs. Landor's wishes. You would not force your society on them!"

"Papa, you said they had lost money?"

"Yes, Herbert; but an uncle left them a sum sufficient to enable them to live comfortably."

"I supposed something of the kind, from their

now keeping their carriage. I am glad they have enough, for poor Mary's sake."

"Does Yew Tree Cottage belong to them, papa?"

"It was left them by Mrs. Landor's uncle, Emma. They will return there, I imagine, on leaving our neighborhood."

"Is it a pretty cottage, papa?"

"Exceedingly so, my dear; and admirably sheltered from the violent storms which so often pass over the Brighton coast. It is just such a spot as you would like, Emma — so very picturesque."

"And the children like it?"

"Of course, Emma; and well they may! They have so many comforts around them, and the means of indulging in so many innocent pleasures: there is their garden; there is the sea-side for walking or driving; there is Mary's garden-chair, and her tame Thrush."

"Does she go about in one of those Bath chairs, such as Grandmamma used to use?"

"Yes, Emma; otherwise she could get but little exercise. It was delightful to see how she enjoyed feeding the poultry, and more particularly her pet bantams and guinea-fowls."

"But how does she contrive to bring them

from a distance? Poultry generally wander a great way from their own home, and particularly guinea-fowls, papa."

"They do, Herbert; and more especially when, as in the present instance, their own grounds are confined; but when Mary is ready to feed her numerous family, you will see her active sister issue from the store-room, holding a small basket of barley, or some other grain, in her hand — perhaps she lets it dangle from her arm; but whichever way it is presented to their view, the sagacious colony recognize it, as if by instinct—hastening towards her at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, nor waiting to be summoned to their meal. Should there be stragglers in the distance, Ada will proceed in their direction, calling them to her side, and followed by those the sight of her basket has already attracted."

"And does she not give a few grains, papa?"

"Never, unless absolutely necessary to make the wanderers return. You see, Emma, her object is to gratify her sister, who, as Ada places the little basket in her hand, showers the grain in the midst of the noisy and bustling expectants, now crowding around *her* chair. It was a beautiful picture — the gay voice, the brilliant

laugh, and the light step of the ever-active and healthy-looking Ada, contrasted, as it was, with the cheerful tone, the placid smile, and the resigned, though suffering countenance of poor Mary. Ecneitap was the constant companion of both sisters; and his two relatives, Tnetnoc and Lufreehc, were rarely absent. Leaving your mamma in conversation with Mrs. Landor, I used often to stroll through the lawn, carefully picking my way amidst the flower-beds, which were, in a great measure, the result of Mary's taste, and of Ada's industry. Arrived at the end of the pleasure-grounds, a shaded pathway would lead me to the paved yard, styled by my young friends the farm-yard! Here I would find the chair containing the poor invalid—for, since her accident, her health has been very delicate—nor would I find her alone, but surrounded by the various members of her family; a cow, in the adjoining field, anxiously looking for a cabbage-leaf to be thrown over the paling; rabbits, robbing the chickens and guinea-fowls of their long-expected evening's meal; and a pony, boldly thrusting its nose over the low hedge, to claim a few grains from its gentle mistress; whilst Miss Ada was gliding about from flower to flower, first gathering a pink, then a gera-

"Where I often saw him."

nium, next a rose, a carnation, and I know not how many more, that Mary might form a bouquet for their mother, on their return to the house."

"Papa, who draws Mary's chair?"

"A youth of about fourteen, Walter?"

"Is he not young, papa, to be trusted with the care of so helpless a cripple, as poor Mary seems to be?"

"He is young; but, he appears a very careful lad: very much so, indeed, Emma."

"Has he been long with the family?"

"Some years, Clara; and he takes a great interest in his youthful mistress; in fact, most of his time is devoted to her—if not in drawing her in the little chair, he is executing some commission for her in the flower garden, where most of the parterres are under Mary's special supervision; or, in the poultry-yard, where there is always some favorite that requires particular attention, and where I often saw him."

"What is the boy's name, papa?"

"Stephen, Herbert; or, as some still call him, 'The Orphan Boy!'"

"'The Orphan Boy!' What do you mean?"

"Hah, there hangs a tale, Herbert."

"But what tale? Oh, papa, do please tell us all about it—there is some mystery connected

with this tale, I am sure. Who is this 'Orphan Boy?'"

"That is rather a difficult question to answer as the subject deserves; indeed, I am very much afraid you must wait to have your curiosity fully satisfied, until you become acquainted with the Landors; and this, I hope, may be soon. Meantime, I will just tell you the little I clearly know about this young fellow, who is now an active, intelligent, and industrious lad, devoted to his benefactors, and more especially to the delicate invalid, by whose instructions he has been reclaimed from a life of idleness and ignorance."

"But, papa, how did the family hear of him?"

"This way, Emma; on arriving at Brighton, three years ago, Mrs. Landor had, one fine afternoon, sent the children out driving, when Mary's heart-felt sympathy was excited for a poor boy, who, on hearing carriage-wheels, had remained leaning against a distant fence, until the girls' tiny equipage was out of sight. The boy's wretched appearance, compared with the happy looking and comfortably clad children around him, but too plainly showed, either, that he had worthless parents, or, that he had none! The latter supposition was a correct one. He was an orphan!"

"Poor little fellow; since seeing Robert Frost, I always pity children that have no parents."

"Yet, Robert Frost, Clara, has excellent friends to replace his papa and mamma; he has been fortunate to meet with such kind protectors; his aunt and uncle are most worthy people."

"Oh, yes, papa; but—but I should not like to live with them, instead of with you, and with dear mamma! And, papa, when Robert is playing with us, and you or mamma kiss one of us children, I often wish Robert had a kind parent to pet him."

"My darling, you must try and make him feel the loss of his parents as little as possible; it is no use regretting a person's misfortunes, unless one endeavors to alleviate them."

"But, papa, how can such a little girl as I am, alleviate Robert's misfortunes?"

"You understand what is meant by to alleviate?"

"Yes, papa; mamma told me it meant to lighten; but how can I lighten Robert's misfortune of having lost his papa and mamma."

"If Robert meets with unkindness, is he not more likely to feel the want of his parents, who were so fond of him and protected him, than

if he should always be treated with tenderness and consideration?"

"Certainly, papa; but who would ever think of being unkind to such a gentle little boy as Robert; an orphan, too!"

"Yet, Clara, a little girl was very cross to poor Robert yesterday."

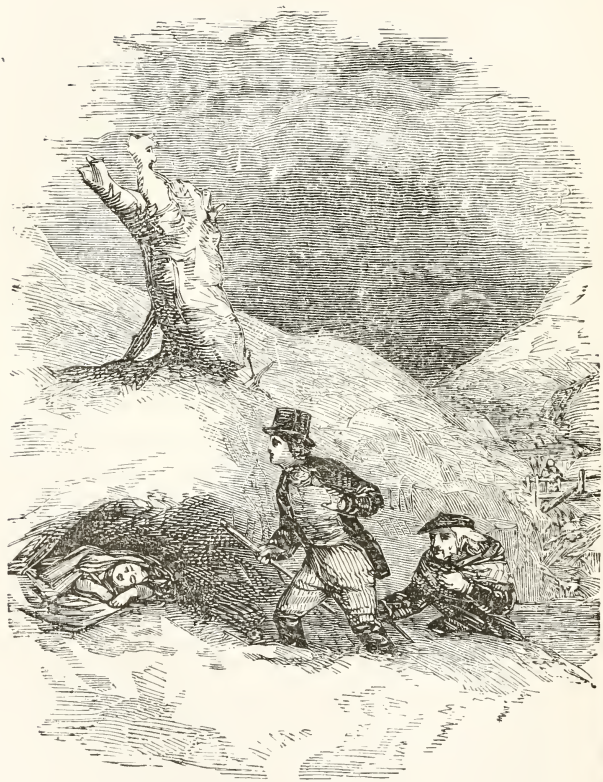
"That little girl was me, papa, I am sorry. It will not occur again, I hope."

"Will you tell us what you know about Mrs. Landor's boy, papa?"

"Willingly; but do not shriek so, Walter. I am not deaf, my dear child, and it is so very ungenteel to speak in so loud a key; you have all of you a disagreeable habit of speaking louder than necessary; and I think my little Walter one of the most faulty in this respect; try and cure yourself of it, dear."

"I will, papa; I did not know I was speaking loud; I will be more careful in future."

"I wish you would all of you pay attention to the subject; never talk whilst others are conversing. By waiting till they have finished, you will have no necessity for raising your voice above its natural tone. Mrs. Landor's lad had been an orphan for some years."



Stephen is found asleep, on the edge of a steep cliff, by two gentlemen taking their morning walk on the beach."

"Poor boy, and with whom did he live?"

"Nominally, Herbert, with an aged grandmother, to whom the parish authorities allowed a trifle for the child's support; but, in reality, he spent the most of his time in running wild; often sleeping whole nights, in succession, beneath some retired archway; or, merely sheltered from the pitiless storm, by some friendly haystack."

"But, papa, what a bad grandmother!"

"We must make allowance, dear Emma, for extreme old age, and the most abject poverty; the poor woman was scarcely able to take care of herself; certainly, she was unfit to have charge of a wilful boy that had never been taught obedience."

"And did Mrs. Landor take him in charge?"

"Persuaded by Mary, to make some inquiries regarding the neglected child, Mrs. Landor became sufficiently interested in his history, to give him such trifling work as was suited to his strength; she felt the more disposed to do this, because the boy seemed grateful for the least kindness shown him, whilst he was most thankful for the instruction 'Miss Mary' gave him. The affectionate mother, having consented to her daughter's wishes — that she might teach 'The

Orphan Boy' an hour every evening. No slight undertaking, Emma!"

"And did Mary like the occupation?"

"She told me that, for the first two evenings, she was delighted with it; but from that time, Herbert, not only did the novelty wear off, as respected her own share of the business, but her pupil became each night more negligent, more idle, and more tiresome."

"Then, did she give up the attempt?"

"Oh, no, Emma; Mary called Ecneitap to her aid: for many months this prudent friend was her constant assistant, in the efforts she made for the improvement of her scholar."

"And did Mary and Ecneitap at last succeed?"

"Yes, Emma; they were, at length, amply rewarded for all their trouble: at one time Mary feared she should have to turn her intractable pupil over to the discipline of some one more severe, and more capable of commanding submission than she was herself; but Ecneitap begged her not to despair: the result was, that, in the course of fifteen months, her endeavors, united with those of Ecneitap, had effected such a change in the character of their young charge, that on his grandmother's death, which happened

a few weeks later, Mrs. Landor decided on making him one of her establishment, to the gratification of Mary, as well as of himself."

"And what is his name, papa?"

"I believe, the family usually call him Stephen; but most others style him 'The Orphan Boy,' Herbert."

"I thought, papa, you said the poor child was thankful for instruction; yet, you observed just now, he became negligent, idle, and tiresome."

"Too true, Emma; but, I ought to have expressed myself more clearly; he became thankful for the learning he obtained, only, when he had learnt the value of the instruction he received — from the first moment, he appeared grateful for a kind word, an approving smile, or a humane deed. It was this gratitude that won Mrs. Landor's good will, to the degree of introducing him as a member into her happy and respectable household."

"There is Yew Tree Cottage! We have walked fast! I hope the girls, or Stephen, may show themselves."

"Not improbable, Emma; meantime, we will rest beneath this old tree. It will shade us admirably."

"Papa, when did Mary become lame?"

"When she was quite young, Emma; soon after her father's death; at least, an accident she at that time met with, eventually resulted in the loss of her leg."

"What a terrible accident it must have been, papa! How could she have contrived to meet with such a disaster?"

"Her mother told me, that the accident occurred at the period, when she herself was fully occupied in business arrangements connected with the death of her husband. It seems, the children were in the habit of placing flowers on their papa's grave; they had frequently done this, in company with their mother; but when the time arrived for their leaving the cottage, in which — since their misfortunes, they had been obliged to reside, Mrs. Landor had found herself unable to continue her visits with the same regularity as she had done previously; every moment of her time was engaged during the day; and when, at night, she would occasionally traverse the prettily situated church-yard, to visit the resting place of the beloved dead, her little ones were fast asleep."

"Then the children ceased to go to their papa's grave with fresh flowers?"

"No, Clara, I did not say that; on the con-

trary, anxious that her darlings should not forego a work of love which appeared to afford them so much gratification — that of taking the prettiest and freshest flowers to dear papa! Mrs. Landor allowed Ada and Mary to spend an hour there every evening, under the care of a nursery-maid."

"And she let Mary hurt herself?"

"Can Martha always prevent your hurting yourself, Master Walter?"

"No—no, papa; but I am a boy; and I run about as I like; but Mary seems so very quiet!"

"She is quiet *now*, from necessity, Walter; but, at the period of which we are speaking, Miss Mary was quite as active as yourself, sir; and, I am sorry to say, rather more fond of the society of Ecnetapmi, than was either useful to herself or agreeable to others."

"Oh, papa, I thought Ada and Mary did not even know that evil sprite!"

"Ah, Emma, I am sorely afraid, that Ecneitapmi has a very general acquaintance — more particularly among young people; yet, I am well aware, that he is far more intimate with some, than with others. Now, he was never on very familiar terms with the Landor family — he received too little encouragement from any of its

members! But, still, he occasionally *condescended* to honor one or other of the individuals composing it, with an untimely visit — his presence, though it might be tolerated, was never really welcome in that house! And since Mary's accident, I do believe he has not once, for a wonder, intruded himself even on the grounds."

"Was he concerned in Mary's accident?"

"Yes, indeed, Clara; he was the most in fault of any of the party there; unless, we except poor Mary herself, who was then almost too young to understand the danger she incurred, by listening to her evil-spirited adviser."

"How did the accident occur, papa?"

"Nancy had helped the little ones to prepare for going out; and having desired them to remain quiet, hastened to put on her own bonnet and shawl; but hardly had she left the nursery, when Ecneitapmi thrust himself into the room, and instantly began talking to poor Mary; the silly little girl lent a willing ear to his evil suggestions; she became so engaged in conversation with her new companion, that entirely forgetting Nancy's charge—to keep quite quiet, she ran off with Ecneitapmi; and heedlessly stepping near a small pond for ducks, plunged her little foot into the not very clean water. This

would not have been of much consequence, had she wisely returned to the nursery, and changed her shoe and stocking; but unfortunately, Clara, my little friend was so fascinated by the deceitful language of her strange favorite, that instead of pursuing the only prudent course which remained, she still ran on with Ecneitapmi; and having gathered some few pretty flowers, they hastened towards the church-yard."

"But, papa, was it near their cottage?"

"Close to it, my dear Walter; in fact, a wire fence was all that separated the cottage grounds from the church-yard, whilst a small gate afforded an easy means of communication."

"How pleasant that must have been! they could have no difficulty in getting to church, even in bad weather."

"It was in reality the parsonage house, Emma; but being on a very limited scale, and the clergyman who then resided there, having a large family and a tolerable good fortune, he had left the cottage, and taken a larger and more commodious dwelling at the other end of the village."

"But, what of little Mary, papa?"

"Having reached her papa's grave, Clara, she

seated herself; and her first act was to remove the uncomfortable shoe and stocking."

"Oh, Mary, Mary! What a girl!"

"You must remember, Walter, they were soaking wet; or, I suppose, Miss Mary would never have been guilty of so great an impropriety!"

"Ah, papa, you are jesting now; I am sure, we take off our shoes and stockings sometimes, when we have wanted to cross the little stream that runs through the large hay-field."

"How could I have imagined such a case, had you not told me of it, Clara! Though, to be sure, now I think on the subject, I believe I saw something equally strange yesterday — a young lady without shoes climbing a fence!"

"That was me, papa!"

"I imagined so, Miss Clara! Nor did I see that Master Walter seemed very much shocked at this proceeding of yours—on the contrary, he was doing his best to help you, though he appears to think my little friend's conduct was most extraordinary for a young lady."

"But, papa, Clara did not take off her stockings!"

"Not yesterday, Master Walter, perhaps; but I think that both she and you did last Monday,

when Ecneitapmi told you to hurry across the stream, before old Matthew could have time to place the new stepping-stones, instead of those that had been washed away by the storm."

"But, papa—papa, that was not like sitting down on the ground to take off her stocking! it—"

"It was not such a very different proceeding, I should say, Master Walter; but, my boy, we are very apt to view actions in a different light, when we ourselves are parties concerned; we should try to form an impartial judgment; we should endeavor to *do* unto others, and to *speak* of others, as we would have others do to us, and speak of us, were our relative positions reversed; remember this advice, my dear children. The fault of my little Mary, did not lie in her taking off her wet shoe and stocking, but, in her having disobeyed orders, which she would not have done, but for the advice of the evil-spirited Ecneitapmi."

"And when she had pulled off her shoe and stocking, papa, what did she do then?"

"She did, Clara, what she would never have done, had she not been under the influence of her bad adviser; it seems, that once a week, an old gardener, who had long known the family,

was in the habit of bringing a basket of flowers and evergreens, that the children might deck their favorite spot: on his return from the next village — whither he had business every Friday, he called for the basket, and usually got his supper in the cottage kitchen with Mrs. Landor's servants, one of whom was his daughter. On the occasion of which we are speaking, he had brought a larger basket than usual, it having to contain, not only the flowers, but a large pot which held a young yew tree, that the old man had been nursing with great care; and which he intended to place at the foot of the grave, after he should have eaten his supper."

"But the children would then be in bed?"

"He wished to surprise them, Walter; he thought they would be so pleased to find the little yew tree, when they should make their accustomed visit the following evening. Well, Miss Mary, seeing the flowers, instead of *waiting* for her sister, robbed from the basket, cast the latter, with its remaining contents aside, put all her riches together; and, with her lap full of the sweet-scented treasures, was on the point of arranging them to her mind, when suddenly a beautiful butterfly lit on her finger! To steady herself, so as not to disturb her visitor, Mary cast

"When, suddenly, a beautiful butterfly lit on her finger!"

her arm around the flower-pot containing the yew tree—it was a *very* large one—and had been carelessly placed on a pile of loose gravel: for the old man had never thought of the children being there alone; indeed, his boy had placed both basket and flower-pot near the grave. Unfortunately, some of the stones rolling down, the flower-pot gave way; and Mary not only fell herself, but drew upon her the heavy weight to which she had trusted for support. She was found in a fainting condition, with her knee very much injured; and though, at first, no great danger was feared, yet, it was finally discovered, the bone of her knee had been very much injured."

"Poor child, how did they find her at last?"

"Of course, Clara, it was long before they thought of looking for her in the church-yard! a place to which neither she nor her sister had ever been known to venture out alone, unless by permission; she had not told Ada where she and Ecneitapmi were going, so that no information could be obtained from her frightened sister, who added to the general distress by her cries and lamentations after the little runaway; nay, so alarmed did the affectionate child become, that she gave the few shillings she had to her

mother, entreating her mamma to give the money to 'some man to *cry* Mary!' She was found by Ada!"

"But how was that, papa?"

"In the confusion, little Ada was partially forgotten, and in helping to look for Mary, she strayed into the church-yard, and naturally ran towards the spot she was so accustomed to visit. A loud scream at the sight—as she thought, of her dead sister, soon brought the anxious mother and servants to where she stood, when they quickly bore the injured child to its little white curtained crib, from which it was not removed for several weeks. On her being sufficiently recovered, the whole family repaired to Scotland, where they have since resided until within two or three years."

"And did they find Ecneitapmi with poor Mary, when she was discovered near her papa's grave?"

"Ecneitapmi! Ah, no, Herbert; that evil sprite had taken himself off, on witnessing the mischief he had occasioned his deluded companion."

"I should hardly suppose he would again find a ready listener in poor Mary."

"You may well say that, Emma; in fact, he

never was a favorite in the Landor family; and since that unlucky day, they have scarcely tolerated his presence for a moment."

"Papa, where was the family residing when little Mary hurt her knee?"

"In a village, Emma, near Lincoln."

"Then, papa, they must have lived near Lincoln Cathedral?"

Lincoln Cathedral.

"Their cottage was within a short walk of it, Herbert."

"Oh, papa, then Ada and Mary must have heard 'Tom of Lincoln' ring!"

"No doubt of it, Walter; but what do you know about 'Tom of Lincoln' my little man?"

"Robert Staples told us yesterday, that when he visited Lincoln last summer, he heard Tom.

Papa, Robert said it takes twelve men to ring Tom! it is such a very great bell."

"I hope, Walter, you will hear it next spring, when we pay your uncle our long promised visit; but, Lincoln Cathedral is famous for something else besides its great bell: its architecture is of the richest and lightest style; and is well worth the closest examination."

"Papa, I thought you had known the Landors in Yorkshire? yet, you say, they lived in Lincolnshire!"

"They resided in Yorkshire, Clara, before their misfortunes; they afterwards removed to the small cottage in which Mr. Landor died, and where the family remained until they removed to Scotland."

"Then they could place no more flowers on their father's grave."

"Not almost every evening, as formerly; but two years since, they paid a visit to Mrs. Landor's sister, who lives near their former cottage; and within an hour after their arrival, Ada and her two cousins, Charles and Edwin, hastened to the spot; her mamma would not let Mary go that evening, fearing she might be too much fatigued."

"Are the two counties near each other, papa?"

Ada planting Flowers ovér her Father's Grave.

"Yes, Clara; the river Humber divides them."

"Papa, to what part of Scotland did Mrs. Landor go, when she removed from Lincolnshire?"

"To the neighborhood of Linlithgow, Emma; a lake near the town is very remarkable for its water, being celebrated for its bleaching properties."

"Is there not a palace there, papa?"

"There once stood the Palace of Linlithgow, in all its pride; but now, the greater portion of it is in ruins, Herbert."

"Was it a royal residence, papa?"

"Yes, Clara, when in its grandeur! indeed, it was a convenient country abode, being only about sixteen miles from Edinburgh. It was the birth-place of Mary, Queen of Scots."

"Poor Mary! Papa, do you think she deserved the cruel treatment she received?"

"*I* cannot decide, my dear Emma, as to her guilt or her innocence: one thing is certain — throughout many years of almost unparalleled deprivations, she maintained the strictest friendship with Ecneitap; in fact, they were rarely separate."

"Her fate, poor woman, was a hard one.

"But Herbert, if she were guilty, she does not deserve our pity! Does she, papa?"

"She may not deserve it, dear Clara, but she would need it the more! Ah! my children, remember, that to yield compassion to the unfortunate is noble — to commiserate guilt is *heavenly*."

"But, papa, would you not punish guilt?"

"Yes; the safety of society demands this; but, whilst we punish, we may pity, and who more requires our compassion than one that has swerved from the innocence of childhood! Emma, dear, repeat us those lines — The Infant in Prayer."

One of the Twelve!

THE INFANT IN PRAYER.

[REV. R. MONTGOMERY.]

A CHILD beside a mother kneels,
With lips of holy love,
And fain would lisp the vow it feels,
To him enthron'd above.

That cherub gaze, that stainless brow,
So exquisitely fair!
Who would not be an infant now,
To breathe an infant's prayer?

No crime hath shaded its young heart,
The eye scarce knows a tear;
'Tis bright enough from earth to part,
And grace another sphere!

And I was once a happy thing,
Like that which now I see,
No May-bird, on ecstatic wing,
More beautifully free:

The cloud that bask'd in noontide glow,
The flower that danced and shone,
All hues and sounds, above, below,
Were joys to feast upon

THE INFANT IN PRAYER.

Let wisdom smile; I oft forget,
  The colder haunts of men,
To hie where infant hearts are met,
  And be a child again;

To look into the laughing eyes
  And see the wild thoughts play,
While o'er each cheek a thousand dyes
  Of mirth and meaning stray.

O Manhood! could thy spirit kneel
  Beside that sunny child,
As fondly pray, and purely feel
  With soul as undefiled:

That moment would encircle thee
  With light and love divine;
Thy gaze might dwell on Deity,
  And heaven itself be thine.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"I THINK we are very fortunate in having found this shady seat; mamma has detained us so long, that had we remained, exposed to the hot sun, we should have been very uncomfortably situated. Do you not think so, papa?"

"Why, yes, Emma: I cannot but admit that we are more pleasantly placed, seated beneath this wide-spreading oak, than had we continued our walk along the heated road; besides, the little ones can take an occasional run into that enamelled field, and amuse themselves in gathering specimens of its variegated wealth — but, hark! there are strange voices! ah, I see; a lady is speaking to Walter; yes, and who else is there in the field?"

"Two gentlemen, I think, papa. . . No, no, I was mistaken; it is a gentleman and a young lad; just look! they have approached Clara, and are now speaking to her . . . there, Clara gives them some of her flowers."

"I see, Emma: you have quicker eyes than

either I or Herbert have: but the party are crossing towards the other road . . . there, they are gone: and here are our young ones hastening back, eager to tell their tale."

"Papa, papa, I am so out of breath!"

"Why so fast, my dear Clara? *Madame Argenville* would tell you such rapid steps were undignified."

"Ah, but papa, I am not with that lady, *now*, and I do like a good race. Walter and I determined to find out which was the best runner: but we got here together."

"Yes, Clara: and yet, *I* ran after that lady with the bunch of flowers she had dropped."

"I am glad, dear, that though anxious to gratify yourself in a trial of speed with Clara, you, however, were not neglectful of what was due to good manners, and to good nature; the lady must have felt obliged."

"Oh, yes; she thanked him several times: papa, I think she was a very poor lady—I mean, that she has not much money—"

"And may I ask this little wise-head, the reason of such an opinion?"

"Oh, yes, papa: the lady was very plainly dressed; she had very little ribbon on her bonnet; and—and she had no lace on, nor was she dressed

one bit finer than Emma or I; and, you know that we are yet quite young, but when we are grown up, we shall have finer things."

"I hope, my darling, that your sister and yourself will never dress *finely;* but that you will ever command the approbation of your kind and valued friends, by a strict regard to *neatness*, both in your person and attire, which is a far more powerful attraction than the most expensive garb can ever prove."

"But, papa, you do not object to ladies who have the means, dressing handsomely, and according to their station?"

"No, Emma; not if they keep within the bounds of moderation: but, I would prefer my children being distinguished for the qualities of heart and head, rather than that they should be noted for the splendor of garments, which cannot even approach the beauty of a bird or butterfly!"

"Droll, indeed, that idea! I never thought of my dress being compared to the plumage of a bird, or, the—"

"Not so fast, Miss Clara! Your dress cannot possibly compare with either one or the other, of these beautiful objects of nature. . . But, my dears, you must remember, that each one of us should set a *good* example; and, though you may

possess great wealth, yet, if you spend merely for the sake of exhibiting your riches—I mean, if you dress more extravagantly than true propriety requires—you commit a serious error; others may be led to copy your foible: the mischief has commenced—who knows where it will stop? often, ruin speedily follows: and for this sad result, the original delinquent will be brought to account."

"But, papa, I cannot be punished, if Ralph or Harry choose to buy what they cannot afford, because I have purchased similar articles."

"*Legally*, you cannot be punished: but your heavenly Father, Herbert, would not suffer you to escape the consequences awarded those who wilfully, or even *negligently*, make their brethren to offend . . . but, was this lady a pleasant mannered one, dear children?"

"Oh, very kind spoken, indeed;" exclaimed both Clara and Walter in a breath.

"Were the gentlemen of her party?"

"Yes, papa: and Walter had given his flowers to the lady, so I gave mine to the gentlemen: at first, I did not much like their appearance—their coats were so rough-looking, papa: not at all like yours!"

"They were probably shooting-jackets: I noticed the youth held a gun in his hand; but it is

not always a proof of wisdom, to judge persons by their dress, Clara; by so doing, you might occasionally be led into error; and whilst withholding from respectable individuals, that attention they should receive, you might be prompted to yield your homage to others, who are undeserving of your regard."

"Oh, papa, do you not think one could readily discern — without reference to dress — the difference between real and pretended merit?"

"When I was quite young, Emma, I was spending the midsummer holidays, at the country-seat of my father's uncle, who had several grand-children about my own age. My kind-hearted relative was a gentleman of the old school, and was no less distinguisned for the urbanity of his manners, than he was for his rare intelligence, and his high integrity. Residing in a densely populated neighborhood, he had it in his power to render himself useful to numbers; nor was he ever known to be backward, in opening his well-filled purse to a deserving object, or, in making his influence available to calm the troubled spirits, occasioned by political questions, or private strife. Such a character could not but be honored, and many were the offers tendered him by government, that he should form one of the administration; but this

he steadily declined, feeling his health unequal to more than properly bearing his part, as an active country gentleman. For many years, he had performed the duties of a county magistrate, and in the exercise of the functions attached to this office, he was necessarily brought into contact with men of very different characters, but under no circumstances, did he ever treat persons with harshness or incivility; even the criminal, whom he felt obliged to punish, met with that sympathy due to a fellow-creature—erring, though he might be."

"But, papa, does a criminal deserve the sympathy of good people? a criminal!"

"He is not likely to obtain much from bad ones, Emma; and, as we are all, more or less, offenders in the eye of our heavenly Father, and yet 'He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust,' Matt. 5, 45; who are sinful men, that they should contemn their erring fellow-creatures?"

"Papa, why does the Apostle speak of there being *just* men, if there are none?"

"Some persons, Clara, are more virtuous than others, and to such characters the Apostle alludes, in the sentence I just quoted. To return to my great-uncle: he was one of the most amiable of men, in every respect; and his grand-children,

who were orphans, and had been educated beneath the roof of their kind-hearted relative, were all, on the whole, well-disposed young people; but Sinclair, the eldest boy, was inclined to pride himself rather too much on the wealth and position which his family enjoyed; a fault that my uncle observed with much regret, and which he had frequently, but so far, vainly, endeavored to correct; moreover, this good cousin of mine was too fond of the society of Ecneitapmi. It chanced one day, that the old gentleman had gone to spend the morning with some friends, who resided ten miles from Grace Hall, leaving us children, for the time, to our own devices; we enjoyed our holiday, nor, had there been the slightest drawback to our happiness, until, suddenly, all play was stopped by the approach of an aged man, who, on reaching the open window that led to the lawn, prepared to enter the room where we were all, at that moment, engaged in watching his movements. His great-coat was coarse and shabby, though cleanly; and it gave to his whole appearance, the look of extreme poverty. Sinclair sprang to his feet, and with his natural haughtiness, demanded, in no very gentle tone, the reason of this intrusion, adding, 'there are

doors—why, old man, do you dare break in upon our privacy?'

"'Excuse me, sir, I meant not to offend; but I tried to gain admittance at the door, when I was told Mr. Murdoch was from home; passing by the shrubbery, and hearing voices, I thought I might venture here, to ask a question, which I did not like to ask of the servants.'

"'And what is your question, my good friend?' asked the bright-eyed little Matilda, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"'My poor son! dear Miss, my poor son! can you tell me how his case has been decided?'

"'How do we know anything about your son, old man? Silence, Matilda!' seeing his gentle sister was about to speak. 'I am master here, in grandpapa's absence; and, I tell you, this is no person for you to hold communication with—some low fellow, whose son has been stealing, I suppose! one as bad as the other, I dare say.'

"'Ah, indeed, my poor son!—'

"'Not another syllable, sir, and I give you my word, that, unless you leave this, quicker than you came, I will desire the servants to turn you out.' And, listening to the advice of Ecneitapmi, Sinclair, offended at seeing the stranger still linger, placed his hand on the old man's arm, as

though to hasten his movements. Unfortunately. that abettor of so much mischief—Ecneitapmi—was apparently not unknown to our visitor, and, influenced by him, a blush suddenly overspread his handsome features, whilst, grasping his stout cudgel more firmly in his hand, he seemed on the point of using it over my cousin's head. But happily, though acquaintances, Ecneitapmi and this wise individual were evidently no friends; he preferred the society of Ecneitap; and, as though he were ashamed of having for an instant, yielded attention to the former, he hastily turned from him, and, accompanied by the latter, left us to ourselves. The tears were in Matilda's eyes; I was myself greatly shocked at such unnecessary harshness, and, young as I was, I ventured to remonstrate, but in vain: judging only from the outward appearance of the old man, Sinclair had decided in his own mind, that he was an impostor, or at least, some worthless supplicant; and nothing would satisfy him and his friend Ecneitapmi, but the man's instant departure; telling him, however, that if he wished information as to his son's fate, he could call in the afternoon—'Mr. Murdock is sure to be home at five; he dines at half-past.'

"This little incident went far to damp our

pleasure for the next hour: Matilda and her brother were not quite satisfied with each other; whilst I felt any thing but comfortable, after this unfeeling display of my cousin's prevailing fault —a display, which Sinclair declared was fully justified by the circumstances — 'respectable man!' he would mutter, 'who ever saw a respectable man so dressed?'

"'I am sure his dress was beautifully clean and neat,' Matilda would urge.

"'Clean and neat, indeed! he must have selected his great-coat out of a rag-bag, I should say!'"

"Oh, papa, what a very disagreeable boy that Sinclair must have been!"

"No, my dear, only when under the influence of pride, and in the company of Ecneitapmi; at all other times, he was a most pleasant companion; but, as I previously remarked, after the stranger's departure, there was a gloom thrown over our spirits, till, at the close of an hour, a new party arrived, to dispel the cloud. A carriage, borne by a couple of prancing steeds, stopped at the door, and the servant ushered into our presence, a young man, whose fashionably dressed exterior, and easy manners, not only impressed us all in his favor, but Sinclair at once set him

down as a person of great wealth, and of high standing in society.

"My cousin rose from his seat, the moment the stranger entered, and hastily advancing to meet him, begged to know, to what he might attribute the honor of his visit.

"'I came to speak to your father, on a little matter of business, and hearing he was out, I thought I might intrude—'

"'No intrusion, I assure you, sir, I am delighted to see you; and, if there is anything I can do, or, if you choose to leave any message for my father, it will afford me the greatest pleasure imaginable, to be of the slightest service.'

"'Many thanks, good youth,' condescendingly answered our visitor, as he drew from his pocket a rather dirty looking letter. 'Here is a note I would like your father to receive this morning, if possible; I did not like to trust it in the hands of a servant; it is of consequence, and as I was anxious to place it in safe custody, thus sought an interview with yourself; and, after seeing you, I have no longer the slightest hesitation in confiding it to your care. Present my respects to your estimable parent—an excellent, worthy man; I know him well! he is a most useful member of the community; and proud indeed, he may be,

that he has a son who so admirably represents him in his absence.' So saying, and most graciously bowing to our party — each member of which he had noticed, in the most condescending manner — he left the room, escorted by Sinclair to his carriage. You can hardly comprehend the feelings of my delighted cousin; I must admit, we were all more or less taken with the appearance of our decidedly handsome visitor, notwithstanding several little peculiarities, which were wholly at variance with the usages of the refined society, to which we had been accustomed, in our respective homes; but, 'a distinguished individual — as I am sure this gentleman must be — cannot be expected always to confine himself within common rules; no, such people set the fashion!' was Sinclair's observation, in answer to some remarks Matilda and I made on the subject. However the case might be, one thing is certain, he had left behind him a most favorable impression, and his visit afforded us conversation till my uncle's return, when Sinclair gave him the letter; 'he was sure the gentleman was a person of consequence — so very gentlemanly, so dignified, and yet, so very condescending. Oh, papa, I was so gratified to hear him praise you as he did!' 'Thank you, dear, I am honored by the gentleman's approba-

tion,' rejoined my uncle, with a quiet smile, as he placed the letter he had just read, in his pocket.

"'But, papa, who is he? the letter must tell.'

"'You shall know, Sinclair, at dinner-time, he writes me he will be here at that hour: and have you had no other visitors this beautiful day?'

"'None, papa, none. Oh, I remember, a person—a very shabbily dressed old man, called to see you; he said he would be here again this afternoon; how provoking! he will be coming just when the gentleman arrives! Had I not better desire Peter, to tell him he must call to-morrow?'

"'Quite unnecessary, Sinclair, I will soon satisfy him.'

"The time arrived; a carriage stopped; all was expectation among us young ones; the door opened, and the servant announced General W. —a celebrated officer, and an old friend of our uncle's—the latter pressed forward to meet him, we eagerly followed, and as our eyes met—yes, there was no mistake, we mutually recognised each other. Our morning visitors stood before us! Ere we had recovered from our astonishment, the younger one seized my uncle's hand, and in accents of heartfelt gratitude, expressed his thanks for the mercy and kindness that had been shown him.

"'Oh, sir, you have saved my life—you have done more! you have not disgraced me in the eyes of the world. . . and you, young gentlemen—seeing our bewildered looks—forgive the deception I played on you this morning; but, it was—it—'

"'It was at my request,' said my uncle; 'yes, and the General's part, also,' observing our eyes wandering in the direction of his old friend. 'I wished to teach you, Sinclair, by experience, and I trust it will be of service. Now, gentlemen, dinner is announced.'

"The lesson effected a complete cure on my cousin; for many months, he could not bear the mention of our morning visitors. Three years afterwards, I heard from the young man—already become the happy husband of a charming wife, and the father of a noble boy—that he had yielded to temptation—and had forged my uncle's name; the latter had forgiven the deed, on condition he left the country at once for six years, and repaired to a situation engaged for him by my uncle, and which would effectually remove him from bad influence. He was a nephew of the old General's; and, on his return to England, they were both coming to pay my uncle a visit, when the latter met them, and arranged his scheme."

BETWEEN WHILES.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

She brought her little sampler out,
With all its lettering, tinted high,
And said, with childhood's merry shout,
"Father, a cunning rogue am I."
"Why, dearest, when was this achieved?
These birds and blossoms all complete?"
"Oh, father, can it be believed?"
Said she, when mine her eyes did meet,
"I did it all *between whiles!*"

The blacksmith swung his arm of steel,
And fast and far the sparks did fly,
He took but time to eat his meal,
When at the forge his form I'd spy.
But soon the world had heard his name,
For he had grappled learning brave;
Ask him how he has earned a fame,
When labor seemed his life to crave?
He did it all *between whiles!*

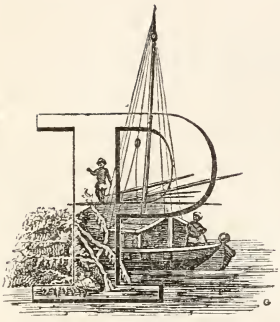
The maiden sat with cheek aglow,
And needle keeping pace with thought,
She loved her feeble mother so,
That patiently till eve she wrought:

Yet eyes there were who caught her form,
And blest her too, as forth she sped,
With garments neat, and cordial warm,
To thus revive the sufferer's bed,
She does it all *between whiles!*

The wondrous Engine speeds its way,
The Telegraph its lightning wings,
Genius its stores can thus display,
And shower on man its offerings.
For they whose minds evolved the whole,
And pushed ahead the human race,
In the few hours from care they stole,
Have conquered time, and vanquished space.
And did it all *between whiles!*

Oh, idlers! butterflies! awake!
Your time hangs heavy, do you say?
You would a strong prescription take,
To put you through a single day.
Wake, Sybarites! to duty spring,
And Ennui will lose its power,
If you will dance in Folly's ring,
Oh, give not Folly *every hour*,
But do *some work between whiles!*

CHAPTER V.



"PAPA, do you not think that many persons mean to serve their neighbors, but that their intentions are frustrated through some involuntary failing on their part — for example: there is Margaret Anson, who is so anxious to make her nephew more steady and respectable than he is, but the way she adopts to correct him of his bad habits has just the contrary effect — she worries him so much that she drives him from his home to the beer-shop, where he meets with the very men she wishes him to shun."

"I know it, my dear Emma; I have very frequently spoken to Dame Anson on the subject; poor woman, she means well, but, unfortunately for all concerned, she does not act well! She was herself brought up in a severe school — her parents were most austere people; and hence, the reason of her being so tyrannical one might

almost call it — in the *attempted* management of her wild young nephew."

"But, papa, Dick must know that the good old soul has no object in view, save his own benefit."

"He must arrive at this conclusion if he reflects on the subject at all, a doubtful point in my mind — yet, Herbert, of one thing we may be certain, viz.: that truth is almost always acceptable, when presented under an agreeable aspect; and thus it is necessary that even a good man should pay regard to appearances! Emma, dear, read us the account of Little Ellen."

"Yes, papa; I shall do so with pleasure."

"Now read distinctly, and not too fast, my dear."

"I will try, papa; every one complains of my reading! alas, poor me —"

"Nay, nay, my dear; you need not say, 'poor me,' but rather, poor *they*, who have to listen to you. Indeed, my child, you should endeavor to correct yourself — each time you indulge in a bad habit, only adds to the difficulty of its cure."

"Papa, I will indeed do my best."

"Do, so, my dear; and now let us have little Ellen, or suppose you first read us these few lines, 'Be Kind:' they are pretty, and will not take long."

BE KIND.

[SELECTION.]

BE kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother — for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother — for thee will she pray,
As long as God gives to her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother — his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy brother — wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister — not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

Worcester Cathedral.

LITTLE ELLEN;

OR

THE GIPSY GIRL.

[BY A. H. M.]

"And be ye kind one to another." — Eph. 4 : 32.

"THERE is no use in talking, madam — none in the world. I have been seven-and-thirty years, come lady-day, mistress of this school of Glendenning, and so good-for-nothing a young toad I never met."

"Try gentle means, dame, replied the amiable Mrs. Leigh; "gentleness, I am sure, would conquer. Reason with her."

"So I did, madam — I did reason with her last night. When the children were all gone home, I gave her a regular talking to; 'Ellen,' says I, 'you know what a good-for-nothing girl you are; you know the pains that are taken with you: there's Mrs. Leigh took you when your old *gipsy* grandmother died in James Blount's barn. She

clothed you, and fed you, and placed you under my care; you have been with me now nearly three years, and yet you have not half got through your sampler. You can't say three times three without missing; you'd rather play at bass-ball, or hunt the hedges for wild flowers, than mend your stockings.' (I let her see I knew her tricks, madam.) 'You just mind your reading, indeed,' says I, 'because that pleases Mrs. Leigh — but you'll never get your bread by reading, I tell you.' With that she says, as pert as a magpie, 'I ought to please dear Mrs. Leigh — she is never cross to me.'"

"'You young brat,' says I, 'do you mean to say that *I'm cross?*' So she turned sulky and would not answer. Now, madam, mark my patience. I never said a word more, nor touched her; and with that she walks across the green without saying as much as 'by your leave, mistress,' and pulls her pin-a-fore full of dirty weeds."

"Dame! dame!" said Mrs. Leigh, "I cannot call your thus wounding the feelings of the child, *reasoning.* Her mind is a superior one; and you treat her as if she were of an inferior species. I *know* that kindness would soften her."

"A good birch rod could not soften her, madam. This very day I gave her my apron to hem; bless

you, madam, every stitch was as long as my finger!"

"Mr. Leigh's cravats were good specimens of needle-work."

"Ay, madam, she's so deep. Anything for you or his reverence will be as nice as hands and pins can make it; but for me or any one else, I warrant she takes a long stitch."

This conversation between the most choleric of village school-mistresses — a regular lady of birch and fool's-cap, long samplers, and awful button-holes; and sweet Mrs. Leigh, the most peace-loving of all vicars' wives, took place at the school door of Glendenning, a retired village, bounded on the one side by the river Tees, and on the other by picturesque and highly-cultivated woodland. It was a ripe and sunny September evening, and the rustic children were playing merrily on the green that led to the quiet river.

"I do not see Ellen," said Mrs. Leigh; "she is generally the gayest of the gay. I know her faults; but, indeed dame, you *are* too severe."

"No, madam, I am not severe. Ellen is safe, madam — safe in the coal-shed, where I put her, after flesh and blood could bear her idleness no longer; and there she stays until ——"

—— "Until I desire her removal, dame," said

Mrs. Leigh, with more than ordinary dignity, "which I now do, as I want to find if *my* reasoning can effect more than yours."

"Reason, indeed," muttered dame Godfrey, as she passed to the little briar-fenced yard to liberate her prisoner; "a good birch rod's the best argument. Ladies have strange notions now-a-days. Who would have dreamt, I wonder, of *reasoning* with a brat of seven or eight years old, thirty years ago? I knew all along no good could come of her gipsy blood: the best *reasoning* is a birch rod." With this charitable feeling she unlatched the shed.

"Come out, Miss Graceless, and thank me for my kindness in not — bless us! — why Ellen! — Ellen! — Ellen I say! — Mrs. Leigh! — madam! why she's not here! — clean gone! — and as I hope to be saved, her bonnet, shoes, stockings, and tippet, here they are, rolled up on the window ledge." "Well if ever I saw such ingratitude," continued the loquacious mistress, "the little gipsy hussy ——"

"Dame," said Mrs. Leigh, with firmness, "I desire you to be *silent*. Your unkindness has driven from the only roof that sheltered her, a young and unprotected child. I have one bitter reflection, that of having permitted you to remain

in a situation which your severe temper quite unfits you for."

Dame Godfrey, for once, was dumb — utterly dumb for five minutes, — and when she recovered her speech, Mrs. Leigh was at the other end of the green, anxiously inquiring if any one had seen little Ellen, the gipsy. No — nobody knew anything of her; none of the children, who now eagerly flocked round Mrs. Leigh, could tell what path she had taken.

"What! Ellen run off, madam?" said James Blount, a stately old oak, who, man and boy, had vegetated sixty years in Glendenning; "if she has run, don't thee blame her, madam; dame Godfrey has driven her to 't. When the evil spirit's in her, she's enough to drive any body clean daft. Oh! she's a wicked limmer."

"She'll come back," said Dame Croft.

"She won't," said James Blount, "never. There's that in her, would brave storm and starvation. I'd walk myself this bonny evening, a score o' miles and mair, to hear or see that little gipsy; for a nobler child is not under that moon that's smiling so sweetly on the churchyard trees. She was so like my own lost Jane," said the old man, with a bitter sigh, "so very like."

"She gave me up her prize at midsummer,"

said Jane Price, "because she had so many gifts from you, madam, and I had none."

"Often," continued Blount, "have I seen her under the briar-hedge, at the end of the copse, when her sweet face has been swelled with crying; and when I asked her the reason, 'Oh! 'tis nothing, sir; I know I'm careless — but oh, dear! I'm sure I'm not a beggar's brat. Mrs. Leigh would not call me *that*.' She has a high spirit, and a light one to be sure: but oh! to an orphan child, we should show double mercy."

"She was a wee bit careless though," said Mrs. Croft, "and that's enow to provoke any one."

"We are all careless sometimes, dame," answered James; "but women ought to show the mercy they expect so much of."

Mrs. Leigh arranged that Blount and another villager should go in opposite directions in quest of little Ellen; and then turned towards the parsonage, pondering bitter thoughts; "Why had she suffered dame Godfrey to hold her situation so long? She did not possess the Christian meekness — the firm, yet gentle temper, necessary for the village school. Why had she been weak enough to suffer her easy, perhaps indolent conscience, to be quieted by the consideration, that if Dame Godfrey were turned out of her situation,

what would become of her? Why, when she felt and acknowledged the affectionate disposition, the abilities, and the noble bearing of this child of adversity, did she not see that her wayward humor was restrained by proper methods? And why did she promise to rear and protect even the gipsy orphan, and yet permit the village tyrant to treat her with contempt, if not with cruelty? Why had she been wilfully blind to Ellen's unhappiness? Why had she forgotten the necessity for appointing a schoolmistress, whom the children of the village could love and respect, as well as obey?"

When she remembered the gipsy's sweet and bewitching face, that alike in joy and sorrow turned to her with such an expression of devoted affection and gratitude; when she called to mind the many little traits of generosity the little creature showed to her playmates, she forgot her proud spirit and wilful temper; and thought, with truth, that her faults, like those of most children, were not to be attributed to *nature*, but to *education*.

When Mrs. Leigh reached the parsonage, her first question was, "Have you seen Ellen?"—"Ellen, madam," replied old Mary, "Ellen was here immediately after you went out. She looked so woe-begone, without tippet or shoes, and

brought you a bunch of wild flowers. 'Child, what's the matter?' said I; 'Nothing,' said she; 'but, ——' and she cried as if her heart would break; 'but give my dear mistress these for me, and tell her, the gipsy girl was not ungrateful.' I know the Dame is hot, so I asked her if she had beat her. She grew red as fire, and would not answer. The flowers, madam, are on master's study table."

Mrs. Leigh entered the study, and looked on the fair and fading memorials of Ellen's love. The blue "forget-me-not" was profusely scattered amongst the other blossoms of the heath and hill. Mrs. Leigh was forcibly struck by the feeling and delicacy of the orphan child; and mentally resolved that if Ellen were again restored to her care, she would herself superintend her education. She had no offspring of her own; and her beloved husband's state of health was so precarious, that she had often wished for one "who might be to her a child." She had often thought of Ellen; — but some contending feelings, and, perhaps, the indolence of mind before alluded to, prevented her acting on her wish.

James Blount waited not for morning. It was, he said, "bra moonlight;" and he marched northwards, thinking that Ellen might have felt an in-

clination to cross into Scotland, as she had an extraordinary love for everything connected with that country. A gipsy horde was also there, yet James could not bring himself to think that she had joined them. He passed from cottage to cottage, inquiring if any one had seen the little runaway; and got fairly out of patience — a quality to be sure he did not particularly excel in, at any time, when he heard an old clock strike twelve, just as he reached the boundaries of Scotland.

He knew he could gain no farther information during the night; and, without any ceremony, disturbed the inhabitants of a little rustic inn, where he rested until morning.

An hour after dawn, James found himself in the "North Countrie;" and then began to reason, as well as he was able, on the improbability of the little gipsy's having wandered in this direction. "I must be right," said he to himself, "she can hardly be in Scotland, although she loves the name of that bonny land; her little feet could never have carried her so far. I'll e'en go back to Glendenning, and — but hark!—hark!— was that the wood-lark's note, or the voice of the little runaway?" Without pausing to ask himself another question, — a habit which the sturdy old yeoman dearly loved — James Blount crept

slowly into the copse from which the sounds proceeded, gently pushing aside the underwood, and stooping beneath the bending hazel-trees, whose ripened burthen dropt from their shells as he stirred the fruitful branches. It was, indeed, the little object of his search; the natural music of whose voice was rising above the trees, and sounding so sweetly, that the very birds appeared silently listening as she trolled a wild song, the long-forgotten melody of early days, which had returned to her remembrance, now that the associations with which it was connected exerted their influence over her mind. The song she sung had all the wildness peculiar to the wandering and outcast race to whom her existence was traced. She was repeating it by lines, as they came to her memory, at times humming the air, as if to recall the words connected with it; and now and then she murmured some sentences of that strange language which is unintelligible beyond the gipsy tribe. The song that follows, is formed of scattered sentences, gathered from the lays of this extraordinary people; and, although clothed in another language, and perhaps constructed with more attention to harmony, the ideas, and even the rhyme, are such as they use, apparently, with much delight.

O sing the wild lay that we sing every day,
When the sun lights the sky, or the moon rises high
O'er our beds, o'er our beds of wild thyme;
Let it scorch or decay, we heed not its ray;
On the plains we can lie, to the shade we can fly,
And can choose, and can choose our own clime.

Oh! the world has its care, which we never share,
Tho' at distance we hear of its pang and its tear;
But we laugh, but we laugh and live on.
For life always looks fair, and our toil we can bear;
While no sorrow we fear, tho' we see it come near,
With morrow, with morrow, 'tis gone.

We but cease our wild song, as we wander along;
To hear the birds sing, in the summer or spring,
Like ourselves, like ourselves, they are free;
Like the weak and the strong, that we ramble among,
'Mid the greenwoods that bring into freedom each thing
As they grow — as they live — so do we.

James Blount still crept onwards until he perceived the object of his search, sitting at the foot of a tree, and smiling as gaily and as happily, as if her song had indeed proceeded from a light heart. She had gathered her apron full of nuts; and while her hand rested on the brown twig which had assisted her in collecting her store, she was in the act of gazing on a gay-colored but-

terfly, whose motions she had been anxiously watching ever since her voice had ceased. It had now settled on a leaf of the tree that shadowed her; and she was silently admiring its brilliant hues, apparently forgetful of her wearisome journey, the night she had spent sleeping on the greensward, and the utter hopelessness that waited on reflection.

"So Miss Ellen, I have found you?" said James Blount, starting from his hiding-place, and standing directly before the terrified child. In an instant, the nuts tumbled to the ground, and the tears burst forth from her large black eyes, as the full remembrance of her situation came before her.

"Don't thee weep, child," said the yeoman; "although I may say thou hast been very *silly*, a little wicked, and almost ungrateful."

"No!—no!—not ungrateful?" exclaimed the child, as she rose, and made the good-hearted old man weep also, for her little feet and hands were swollen and bleeding; "Not ungrateful to Mrs. Leigh!—but oh! I thought to be so free and so happy, away over the hills from Dame Godfrey; and Mrs. Leigh could not miss *me* when so many love her." After much coaxing and a few threats, James Blount induced the little truant to return

to her only home; and taking her in his arms, bore her towards the village of Glendenning, and soon entered the path-way that led to the back entrance of the Parsonage house.

The secret of Ellen's wandering was preserved even by her loquacious friend; and the children all thought this night was passed at the good lady's dwelling. A new mistress was soon provided for the school, and a new system had its effect, not only on the little gipsy, but on the whole youth of the neighborhood.

It is now fifteen long years since I last visited the little village of Glendenning; let my readers fancy themselves ascending with me the gentle slope of the hill, that leads, first to its neat church, and its mossy church-yard. How grateful is the perfumed air! how reviving the breeze that comes from the blue river, that gives back the image of the blue skies! The glorious sun is sinking behind the hills; and the fleecy clouds appear as if waiting in the distance, to behold the blaze of his farewell glory.

Between this tranquil spot, where the forefathers of the village have for ages slept their last

sleep, and the river, which for ages has followed the same course, is the village school. How white are its walls! and what a happy looking woman is its mistress, who is knitting in the little garden before its door! See how the children flock around her; the younger prattling their little tales into her attentive ear, and the elder laying on her lap their wreaths of mingled daisies and buttercups. Hark! she beckons the stragglers onwards; and now they are all there, assembled to raise their little voices in the open air, and sing the praises of the Giver of all good.

Now turn for a moment to the church-yard again, to mark a young and lovely woman who is carefully twining the pensive jessamine around a white marble slab, and propping the roses that lavish their beauty and their perfume upon the grave — the grave doubtless of some beloved parent, to whose memory affection pays its tribute every eve. Now she is passing under the row of sombre yew trees, and just turns at the style to look once upon the tomb —— Oh! there are those of whom it may be said, even upon earth they never die.

Let us gaze for a moment on this tablet, which records the dead. — "To the Memory of the Rev.

John Leigh, for twenty years Vicar of this Parish." —

"To the Memory of Ellen, his Wife, who survived her beloved Husband but one month." —

So then, my old and respected friends have followed many of the flock, of which he was in truth the shepherd — so then they have gone to that heaven whose messengers they indeed were — so then —

But hark! the hymn is over; and if we hasten we shall see the little elves trip home in the early moon-light. They are all within; but the door is open. And there, in the very midst of the happy urchins, is the very lady who was but now decorating the dwelling of the departed. How affectionately she speaks to them! — that pale and slender girl has just received some cakes: how gratefully she looks up to her kind friend! and that rosy lump, with her laughing blue eyes, is absolutely placing her curly yellow head under the lady's hand: — 'tis evident, that the law of love alone is here! I can see neither rod, nor fool's-cap, suspended in awful dignity over the fire-place; while everything is exact, clean, and as it ought to be. There is one of them, however, in disgrace — a little sulky toad — how she bites the end of her bib! Now the lady sits down,

takes the unfortunate corner out of her little rosy mouth, and *reasons* with her in calm and affectionate terms suited to her understanding — tears come at last — there, it is all over — "She will never do so any more."

The lady is gone forth, and the little ones are merrily trotting homewards.

She has certainly bewitched me: involuntarily have I followed her steps to this lowly hut; it is evidently the abode of poverty: she has entered its open door, surely to be the messenger of comfort. How truly is a "virtuous mind in a fair body, a fine picture in a good light." Let us look through the latticed window: we can see and hear. She has laid her bonnet on the chair, and is bending over the body of a sick and aged woman; now reaches the Bible from the shelf, and in a sweet and gentle voice, reads the words of comfort to the sufferer. "Cast me not away in the time of age — forsake me not when my strength faileth me!"—"Some put their trusts in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

"Oh! Miss Ellen," exclaimed the invalid in a weak and broken voice, "how unworthy am I, and how good are you! but you have since forgiven me." —

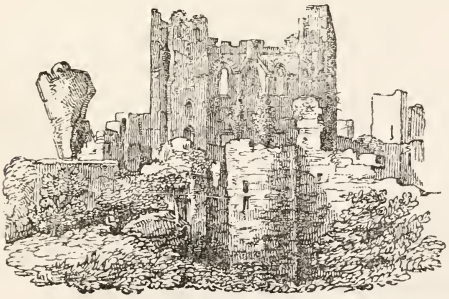
"Surely I know that voice; the lighted candle gleams upon the aged woman's face: is it? *it is* old Dame Godfrey!"

"And the dark eyes, the jetty hair — can it, can it be the gipsy Ellen?" I exclaimed.

"Ay that it is," said my old friend James Blount, whom I now for the first time observed peering in at the window as well as myself; "Miss Ellen Leigh, we call her now, heaven bless her sweet face! the comforter of the poor, the respected of the rich, the pride of the village of Glendenning. Ay, madam," he continued, and he laid an emphasis on the words that followed — "Ay, madam, *it is* ELLEN, THE LITTLE GIPSY."

Would my readers correct an erring brother or sister—let them make the attempt in a *kind* spirit.

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.



Caerphilly Castle.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"HAT is very well read, my dear; it is quite a pleasure to hear you when you take ordinary pains."

"And this time, papa, I did my very best."

"If you would always do so, no long period would elapse before you would find it more easy to read well than carelessly; practice would soon remove all difficulty."

"And, papa, the history of Little Ellen is such an interesting one."

"Very much so, indeed, Clara; I have always intended you should hear it, but our time has hitherto been so fully occupied, that we have not had a moment for my young favorite."

"Papa, the children must have been delighted to get rid of that crabbed old dame; she was so very cross!"

"Oh, yes, Clara; I think the poor woman meant to act rightly; but she certainly was deficient in charity, the chief of virtues. Emma, repeat those lines you learnt this morning."

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

[J. MONTGOMERY.]

FAITH, Hope, and Charity, — these three,
Yet is the greatest Charity;
Father of light! these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart: —

Faith that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail;
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for GOD IS LOVE.

The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The Rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form.

But Charity, serene, sublime,
Unlimited by death or time,
Like the sky's all bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

"Ah! I do not think that Dame Godfrey had much charity in her disposition; had she possessed even a small portion of that Christian grace, she would never have been so bitter in her remarks on a poor gipsy."

"And that same gipsy, a little orphan girl, you forget that, Herbert."

"I must admit, Emma, that the old woman was very much prejudiced in regard to our Ellen; yet, I still think, as I said before, that she intended to act up to her duty; but she failed in the attempt —partly from a want of real charity."

"I thought charity consisted in giving to the poor and needy?"

"Charity, my dear Walter, includes many virtues, besides that of giving to the needy—St. Paul tells us, that 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.'"

"It did not require much to provoke Dame Godfrey!"

"True, Herbert; she was anything but *kind*."

"Then, Emma, she had *evil* thoughts of Ellen."

"And evil thoughts, dear Clara, led to evil words; suppose, my darling, you read us those lines on 'Words,' you said to your mamma yesterday."

WORDS:

AN ENIGMA.

[BY THE LATE MRS. BARBAULD.]

FROM rosy lips we issue forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day;
Abroad we take our airy way.
We fasten love, we kindle strife,
The bitter and the sweet of life.
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel:
Now smooth as oil, those wounds we heal.
Not strings of pearl are valued more,
Nor gems enchased in golden ore;
Yet thousands of us, every day,
Worthless and vile, are thrown away.
Ye wise! secure with bars of brass
The double doors thro' which we pass.
For, once escaped, back to our cell
No art of man can us compel.

"Ay, ay, Dame Godfrey found to her cost, that she could not recall the words which had once passed through her lips. She must have felt terribly mortified, I should think, when she received her dismissal."

"She deserved it, Herbert; such a bad-tempered woman."

"And yet, Emma, I am not certain, but what you censure the old dame too severely; she was very cross, very suspicious, and very injudicious; but I am of opinion that much of her erroneous conduct is to be attributed to her over-zeal."

"Over-zeal in having her own way, papa!"

"No, no, Emma; now *you* are wanting in charity —I mean over-zeal in the cause of her little flock!"

"Papa, papa, you must be jesting!"

"No, dear Herbert, I am not jesting. I assure you many worse faults than those we blame in Dame Godfrey, are the result of over-zeal in some good cause; yes, Christianity itself has had to blush, for the faults into which its over-zealous votaries have but too often been betrayed."

"Such Christians cannot be good ones, papa?"

"They are not perfect! but who is, Emma? whilst we blame their imprudence, we must honor their good intentions. I will repeat you some lines on the subject."

THE ERRORS OF THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

[BY M. J. J.]

BLAME not the spirit, blame the shrine!
The frail, the human heart of sin,
Where oft religion's light divine,
Is sullied by the gloom within.
Then ere thou blame the faithful few,
For speech unwise, or zeal undue,
Bid the quench'd dew-drops of the morn
Glitter as when they gemm'd the thorn,
The trampled snow upon the earth
Be pure as at its heavenly birth
Expect thy roses in the storm,
Fadeless in hue, and fair of form,
And bid the limpid streamlet swell,
Bright through the city, as the dell.
'Twere vain; — yet ev'n the sullied snow,
Dimm'd flowers, fall'n dew, and darken'd rill,
Despite the *earthly* taint they show,
Beauty and blessing scatter still.

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"Papa, it seems a more difficult matter to be good than I had supposed — it would appear that even good intentions are no security against committing bad actions."

"I was thinking the very same thing, Herbert! But, papa, if we always listened to Eneitap——"

"Eneitap, my dear Clara, would preserve you from many dangers; but even *he* could not save you from all evil: there is but one way of leading a Christian life — you must make Christ your guide! A person may be excellent in some respects, yet, failing in other, his very virtues may prove his bane — instance this morning, your sisterly affection for Walter made you disobedient to your mother."

"But, papa, I only——"

"You only played with Walter before you had learned your lesson, wholly forgetful of your mamma's command!"

"Yet, papa, Walter begged me so hard, just to help him to fly his kite, that I thought there was no harm in——"

"In disobeying your mother! Clara, my darling, if Walter was too young, or too thoughtless to feel the impropriety of requesting you to act contrary——"

"But, papa, Walter did not know that mamma had desired me to learn my lesson."

"I am very glad of that, Clara; you, then, my child, are the only party in fault—affection for Walter incited you to an act of disobedience, and whilst Ecneitap and you were the best of friends, yet you were led into evil by ill-regulated love for your brother."

"What do you mean by ill-regulated love, dear papa?"

"That clock on the mantel-piece is now well-regulated: it strikes the hour at the end of every sixty minutes, whilst it goes neither too fast nor too slow, but keeps good time. Last week it was *ill*-regulated: it struck the hour very irregularly, whilst it gained ten minutes on Monday, and lost twenty on Tuesday! Now, your love for Walter is something of the same character. This morning you disobeyed your mamma in your over-zeal to oblige him; but yesterday you disregarded his reasonable request, and when he begged you to help him in his garden, you listened to Nellus, and refused Walter's entreaty."

"I—I felt rather tired, papa—at least——"

"At least, Nellus made you think you were tired; but this kind of love resembles the *ill*-regulated clock; had you dismissed Nellus and

aided Walter yesterday, and had affection for him, instead of making you disobedient,—urged you to increased diligence this morning, I should then compare you to the well-regulated time-piece. My darling, do you understand?"

"Yes, papa, quite; and I am much obliged to you for your explanation. Now I can comprehend that Ecneitap's friendship is not sufficient to keep us in the right path."

"Ah, no; I have known instances of men committing very grave errors, yes, and this, too, when they and Ecneitap were almost constant companions."

"Papa, are you serious in what you say?"

"Yes, Emma; I have heard of a person who was constantly accompanied by Ecneitap, and yet, though the latter had helped him for many years to make a large fortune, he himself would not assist a distressed neighbor with so much as the loan of a penny!"

"What a miserable creature, papa!"

"True, Herbert, but I know of another individual, who, though blessed with the frequent companionship of this valuable friend, was yet guilty of the worst of vices — ingratitude!"

"Oh, papa, what a bad man! but to whom was he ungrateful? to Ecneitap?"

"No, Herbert, not to Ecneitap—he was an ungrateful son!"

"Papa, papa, is that possible?"

"Too true, Emma; I received the account this morning, from a friend: I will read it to you."

"Thank you, papa—is it a long account?"

"Not a very long one, Walter."

"Then you will be able to finish it before mamma comes?"

"I think so, Clara."

"Is the account written or printed, papa?"

"It is a written one, Emma; my friend took the trouble to write it down for me and a few others of his acquaintance. I shall return it when read, as I know he wants it as soon as possible."

"Where does your friend live, papa?"

"In London, Walter."

"I think he must be a very obliging person, to write down so many pages in order to gratify the curiosity of his friends."

"He is, indeed, Clara, one of the most obliging individuals, I have ever known, and hence, he is universally beloved."

"And now, papa, *we* are going to enjoy the result of his labors—that is, if you will kindly read us the account, as you said you would——"

"I will, Emma; but first I should like you to

let us hear 'My Mother;' I have the lines here in my pocket. I think they are in your handwriting, are they not, *Miss* Emma?"

"Yes, papa; but where did you obtain those same lines, may I ask?"

"Why, *Miss* Emma, you must know that I was passing through the school-room, when, seeing a piece of paper on the floor, I picked it up, and finding something written on it, I took the liberty of reading a few lines, and, liking them, I brought the manuscript away, hoping to find an owner."

"I copied them from a book lent me by my cousin Arthur."

"I am sure I feel much obliged to Arthur——"

"I think, papa, you might admit your obligations to me, also, who copied them!"

"Yes, but it does not seem that you intended we should profit by their perusal!——"

"I intended to surprise you by the recital of them one day next week."

"Had you not carelessly left them about, I should not have had the opportunity of picking them up from the floor; but let us hear them, dear, and I will then read to you about George Campbell."

MY MOTHER.

[SELECTION.]

OH! I remember when a girl,
I stood behind the old arm chair,
And twined around the graceful curl,
That fell in ringlets from her hair;
I gazed upon her gentle face,
And thought that none was half so fair;
On memory's mirror still I trace
Affection's smile that linger'd there.

And I remember when we met
At evening's hour to kneel and pray,
How conscience smote me with regret,
When guilty of some wrong that day;
A strong impression then was given,
Which time nor chance could e'er efface,
My joys in life, my hopes in heaven,
To those bright scenes may all be traced.

And I remember when a bride,
I kiss'd the tears from off her cheek,
I knew not then the gushing tide,
That choked her so she could not speak;
But when I knew in after years,
The feelings of a mother's heart,
Oh! then I prized those hallow'd tears,
The pangs she felt when we did part.

And I remember too when pain
  And fever scorch'd my weary head,
My mother's loved and hallow'd name,
  Almost awoke me from the dead:
Yes, I remember, how she wept,
  When little hope of me was given,
And how on tip-toe round she crept
  To kneel and point me up to heaven.

Who that has known a mother's love,
  Can e'er forget her accents mild?
Her tears, her prayers, must ever prove,
  The tie that binds her to her child;
The world may use her offspring ill;
  He may become debased and low;
But pity on that altar still,
  Mingles with love a brighter glow.

There's not a name on earth more dear,
  Than that the tongue first learns to speak;
There's not a bosom more sincere
  Than where we laid our infant cheek;
There's none where half the feeling glows,
  As that which burns within her breast,
An altar there, the light still shows—
  Of earthly friends she is the best.

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

[BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.]

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

GEORGE CAMPBELL was born in a venerable town, in the west of Scotland, one of four burghs, the union of whose corporate voices calls an item of the legislature into septennial existence. His family was by its own report a withered branch of the great Argyle Campbells. Whether the assumption was just or not, his father, Dugald Campbell, public instructor of youth in the *gude town* of D——, was a personage of considerable consequence in his peculiar circle, and acquitted himself like one who knows and appreciates the value of a good name. He was conscientious and simple-minded, with a resolute love of truth, and a burning thirst after every description of knowledge. In common with all "of woman born," he had his weaknesses: a leading one of which was an intellectual contempt for pur-

suits unassociated with letters. For agriculture, commerce and manufactures, he entertained a most dignified scorn. His spouse had also her professional antipathies. She was a kind-hearted creature, shrewd too and reflective, but tenacious in the last degree of sundry opinions which had been "time out of mind" hereditary in her father's house. Among these was an utter aversion to law and soldiership, and an undisguised belief that they who terminated their career in either of these avocations were vessels selected for anything but a holy or happy purpose. The celebrated Colonel Gardiner, indeed, formed an exception; but he was quoted as a brand snatched from the burning, an instance of what Providence can, rather than of what he will do. Mrs. Campbell generally clinched her arguments by appealing to the notorious mal-practices of a half-pay captain, and his crony, a *writer* of small eminence, whose everlasting potations, and the freaks consequent thereupon, afforded a permanent theme to the sober moralizers of the burgh.

The prepossessions of this worthy couple naturally regulated their intentions with respect to their son. *Wee Geordie* was neither to be farmer, weaver, shopkeeper, writer, counting-house scribe, nor gentleman militant. Dugald, for household

reasons he chose to conceal, declined making him a light to the rising generation, which surprised those who witnessed the enthusiasm he always displayed in speaking of the important office allotted to the dispenser of learning. The Church was neutral ground, both to husband and wife. The Church therefore was selected, and *Wee Geordie* was formally and reverently set apart for the sacred labors of the ministry.

The schoolmaster was poor, and though his wife was a thrifty woman, and, as her good man observed at times when his staid affections overflowed their usual measure of expression, "a crown unto her husband," — still it would have puzzled a better manager to extract riches out of poverty, which Mrs. Campbell aptly compared to drawing marrow from a *fusionless bane.* It was an affecting sight to see the exertions they made, under the pressure of indigence, to give their beloved *bairn*, the sole surviving hope of seven, an education suited to the high vocation for which, with submission to Providence, they had destined him. The Dominie's black coat was relieved at much longer intervals, his snuff-box was literally laid upon the shelf; and even the prim little tea-pot, that had been in diurnal use from the commencement of their house-keeping, graced the table no

more at morning and evening meal, but was superseded by a dull vessel of crockery, containing a portion of blue-looking milk. Grandeur may smile in derision at the recital of these humble sacrifices, but there is One by whom they will be pronounced acceptable, in the day when the vanities of a heartless world will fleet away with the perishing scene of their unsubstantial triumphs. Beautiful and becoming in the eyes of the paternal God is the unwearied attachment of the parent to the child! Alas! how little does the unthinking spirit of youth know of the extent of its devotedness. There sits the froward, fretful, indolent boy. The care that keeps perpetual watch over his moral and physical safety, he misnames unjust restriction. The foresight that denies itself many a comfort to provide for his future wants, he denounces as sordid avarice. He turns away from his father's face in coldness or in anger. Boy! boy! the cloud upon that toil-worn brow has been placed there by anxiety, not for self, but for an impatient, peevish son, whose pillow he would gladly strew with roses, though thorns should thicken around his own. Even at the moment when his arm is raised to inflict chastisement on thy folly, thou shouldst bend and bless thy parent. The heart loathes the hand that

corrects thy errors; and not for worlds would he use "the rod of reproof," did he not perceive the necessity of crushing his own feelings, to save thee from thyself.

After a course of English education under his father, and of classical literature under a competent teacher, George Campbell was sent to the University of Glasgow with a few pounds and innumerable blessings. An eight-day clock, the chief domestic ornament, was sold to assist in his outfit. It was hoped that he might obtain a tuition, and so contribute a share of his collegiate expenses. At parting, his mother presented him with her own pocket Bible, in which her name was inscribed in gold letters, and slipped a silk purse into his hand containing thirty shillings, earned by sewing and washing, at hours when a frame, far from robust, required repose. His father accompanied him to Glasgow, and remained there until he saw him settled in his humble lodgings, and until the *lonesome* feeling inseparable from a first entrance into a great city had something abated.

"Fareweel! Geordie," said he, as he shook the young student's hand: "Write aften, and be mindfu' to let us ken a' about your studies, an' how ye come on wi' the Professors. Dinna be

frettin' that ye're no at your ain fire-side; though your mither and I canna aye be wi' ye, the Lord I trust will—and he'll no let you want for ony thing that's gude. 'Ask and you shall receive.'"

The honest teacher faltered, as he pronounced the last "Fareweel!" and when he halted midway on the stone staircase that led to his son's attic apartment, he afforded subject for speculation to more than one gazer, who stared at the tall iron-looking man in "the auld black coat, dichtin' his een wi' his wee bit napekin and greetin' like a wean."

Four sessions of college had passed, and George had both distinguished himself in his classes and obtained a respectable tuition. Dress and a residence in a gentleman's family had improved his manners and appearance. By the Professors he was esteemed a youth of decided promise, and he was admired by his compeers as a lad of sense and metal. Low as his situation was, there were others of a grade still lower, and even he had his circle of flatterers, who aggravated his opinion of his abilities, and encouraged a notion he had long cherished in secret, that the Kirk of Scotland offered a field, a world too narrow for the exercise of his genius.

His engagement as a tutor had expired,—and

the term for attaching himself to the study of theology was approaching; it therefore behoved him to decide for futurity without delay. He resolved to abandon all thoughts of the ministry, and as he well knew the impossibility of reconciling his parents to the change, he determined at once to leave Scotland, and return to beg forgiveness when fortune had crowned his efforts in another and wider sphere. After transmitting a hasty letter to his father, he embarked at Leith, and in a few days landed in London with about an equal number of shirts and guineas. Singular and hope-depressing were the vicissitudes he underwent in a brief space, without friend or recommendation, where both, and more than both, are required by the youthful adventurer. Chance, as it is termed, made him a kind of secretary, or literary assistant, to an individual of eccentric liberality and great East India interest. His endeavors to please his employer were completely successful; a cadetship falling in his gift, he was rewarded with it; and the close of his minority found him with a pair of colors in a regiment of Bengal infantry. Such was the early history of Colonel St. George, — a history he had studiously concealed from his arrival in India, and which, according to his wishes, remained unknown.

Though far from being either a cold-blooded or unprincipled man, a false shame and a deference to the opinions of people he despised, had prevented him from communicating with his parents. Once, in a gay assembly, flushed with wine, he had taken advantage of the family tradition, and had claimed affinity with the house of Argyle. This assertion he conceived himself bound to support, and he dreaded the discovery of his humble origin, as involving disgrace and degradation. — He forwarded money from time to time by a circuitous channel to a lawyer in Glasgow, for the use of his parents, under the assumed character of a distant relative, and endeavored to satisfy his conscience by receiving information of their welfare in this indirect and disingenuous manner.

Ambition did not meet the expectations of its votary; the son of an obscure, indigent schoolmaster held high command in the most splendid military service in the world, and was unhappy. His views were elevated, his capacity extensive, his spirit haughty, his feelings, though criminal in one instance, capable of much that was noble; and he found beneath the glare of his profession a thousand things to irritate and gall him. His pride threw a veil over his vexation and disappointment, but he suffered not less keenly, nor

sighed less frequently for independence and retirement. To procure them on a scale calculated to preserve the homage of the multitude he scorned, he wooed and won a woman he did not love, and tried in vain to esteem. An idle dispute for precedence with a lady of kindred pretensions, brought the Colonel's equivocal lineage under hostile scrutiny. The question was referred to an individual expected in a month or two from Europe. Before the arrival of the arbiter, St. George was on the way to England, and the partner of his fortunes, but not his affections, had ceased to exist. This event, subdued as he had been by other circumstances, sensibly altered his disposition and resolves. Without domestic ties, for his had proved a childless union, he soon felt that in the midst of wealth, and all the luxuries that wealth can command, the heart may be desolate as death. He determined to seek his parents, alleviate in person the ills of their old age, and end his days in the country of his birth, as became a rational and responsible being. Having concluded the purchase of an estate situated in the Western Highlands, he left London for the place of his nativity, from which he had been separated one and twenty years.

He sailed from Liverpool for Greenock; the

wind was favorable and the passage not unpleasant, even to the long absent sojourner in lands glowing beneath a tropical sun. The best hues of our northern summer were tenderly united in the soft shadowy grandeur that characterized the combinations of earth, sea, and sky which greeted the Colonel's gaze, as the bark cleft its evening way through the waters that roll between Bute and Arran. This scene had left a deep impression on his memory when he parted "lang syne" from the country of his fathers, and now face to face once more with "the grand giant mountains," the expression of their stern lineaments all unaltered, while he and his were changed, how much he could not say, and might not dream; heart-seared and world-worn though he was, his feelings gushed forth in a flood, and his breast rose and fell like a sea-bird on the billows. At that moment he seemed to have overleaped the chasm of years which divided him from the days of boy existence; the present floated away like a mist, and the past lay before him clear and fair as the side of a sunny hill. His first thoughts were those of a patriot—his second of a man. With all his soul did he bless every hill, valley, forest, firth, stream, cottage, town and tower of Broad Scotland, and bitterly did he reflect, that in disowning

the holiest ties that bound him to Caledonia, he had shown himself unworthy of being called her son. His hands clasped a relic long untouched and half-forgotten; its preservation appeared to him almost miraculous—it was his mother's pocket Bible, his college gift. Insects had pierced its leaves, the binding had decayed, and the gay letters in which her name had been inscribed, were like her boy's affections, tarnished and time-worn; yet "Marion Campbell" was still visible, and the words her hand had written, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," were not quite obliterated. The Colonel slid the book into his bosom.

The home-returning wanderer, looking to the cloudless sky peopled with luminous life, felt and acknowledged the influence of the Almighty and his works; he crossed his arms upon his breast, and pressed the volume he had deposited there, with a tranquil fervor to which he had been long, very long a stranger. Sharp blew the night-breeze, and the bark obeyed it well. As they skirted the shore of Argyleshire, the waves of romantic Clyde, leaping and sparkling, seemed with their monotonous voices to bid the self-expatriated welcome to their common land. Pensively he hung over the vessel's edge, and murmured, as

he turned his glance towards the country of the Campbells, "I have parted with my name, but my nature is still unchanged. Forgive me, God! forgive me my estrangement from thee and the protectors of my youth. Though an unworthy lip implores thee, bless, I beseech thee, my poor deserted parents with the blessing thou hast in reserve for those whom most thou lovest!" As he ejaculated these words, he pulled his travelling cap closely over his brow, and drew his handkerchief from his pocket, as if to protect his throat from the nocturnal chillness. He leaned an arm upon a part of the rigging, and pressing the handkerchief to his temples, hid his face in its folds. A tremulous motion pervaded his whole frame. One of the seamen perceiving him shiver, observed, that the air, for so mild a season, was remarkably keen. The Colonel started from his position, and gathering his cloak so as completely to conceal his features, strode hastily and silently below, and throwing himself upon a sofa, slept, or appeared to sleep, until the rustling of ropes and the din of voices announced their arrival in Greenock.

The Colonel despatched the following letter to the agent, who had been employed to forward the remittances to his parents. This person had re-

mained unacquainted with the name and rank of his principal, until his departure for Europe. Of the actual relation of Colonel St. George to Dugald Campbell and his wife, he was yet ignorant, and on that point it was not considered necessary to enlighten him.

GREENOCK, *July 22d*, 18—.

SIR:—Before I sailed from India, I transmitted, through Messrs. Leeson and Fairbrother, an order for £200, to be applied to the use of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who, according to your last account, had their residence in Glasgow. I at the same time begged you to communicate to them that their only son was still alive, and having realized an independence, was about to return to his friends and his native soil. I requested the favor of a reply, addressed to the care of Payne and Van Ess, Lombard Street, London; but nothing of the kind has reached them or me. I wrote another letter when I reached London, stating that Mr. Campbell the younger had arrived in England, and was anxious that the fact should be immediately intimated to his parents, and likewise expressing a strong desire on his behalf to be informed of the particulars of their present situation. This also remains unanswered.

I knew not their address, else I should have communicated with them directly; but I hope you will without fail instantly inform Mr. and Mrs. Campbell that their son George will be in Glasgow in *two days* from the date of this sheet, at which time I purpose calling upon you to arrange any matters that may remain unsettled by my Calcutta agents.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

G. C. St. GEORGE.

To Archibald M'Grigor, Esq.,
Writer,
St. Enoch's Square, Glasgow.

The Colonel resolved to complete his plans as quickly as possible. Catherine's Craig, the Highland property of which he had recently become the owner, was only a short sail from Greenock, on the picturesque shores of Loch G——. Attached to it was a handsome modern mansion, and a part of the lands retained in the possession of the late proprietor was well laid out, and as promising as careful cultivation could make an ungrateful soil. He had purchased the entire stock and furniture, with the intention of remaining there during the summer and autumn, and he had postponed his journey to Glasgow, partly to

prepare his father and mother for his appearance, and partly to see that his new abode was in order for his and their reception. At noon, he went on board a coasting vessel, bound with a few passengers, and much miscellaneous lumber for the head of Loch G——.

Of all the years he had passed on earth, more than a half had elapsed since he had spent a day within the bounds of his natal soil, and he deemed it singular that his emotions were not of a livelier character. Long-slumbering images of evil arose and brooded upon his mental vision, making impressions more life-like and truth-like than the surrounding scene, though crowded with home associations and mute remembrancers of affection and the affectionate. His sensations did not amount to positive pain or sorrow. A solitary joy-thrill would ever and anon mingle with them strangely. Yet he was far from experiencing that warm, uninterrupted pleasure he had anticipated from his first day in Scotland. To relieve the trouble of his spirits, he gladly met the wishes of an old gentleman, who showed a desire for conversation, and who, minutely acquainted with the localities on their course, appeared courteously solicitous to impart his knowledge to one, whose swart cheek and foreign attendant announced a stranger. This

individual was dressed in a modest suit of black, cut after a forgotten fashion. His face to a physiognomist, would have been security for a thousand pounds; its expression at once indicating strength of mind, sincerity and philanthropy, qualities strikingly developed in his observations. Every fine feature of a coast distinguished by boldness and beauty, derived a new interest from the energy of his description and the vivacity of his anecdote. St. George and he were mutually pleased, and had passed the bounds of formal introduction an hour before their bark had reached its destination. The old gentleman was the unaffectedly pious and thoroughly learned Dr. Summerville, clergyman of Loch G——, the parish in which Catherine's Craig was situated. He greeted the Colonel as a member of his flock, and goodhumoredly hoped that he would employ him without ceremony in his secular as well as in his sacred capacity. Occasional showers had fallen, and the sky looked loweringly, when they touched the fairy strand that fringed the secluded site of their mountain haven. With a kindly frankness, that spoke a disposition anything but indifferent to a refusal, the good pastor tendered the hospitalities of the manse for the night to his new parishioner, backing his invitation, by expatiating on possible

disorder at the Craig, the length of the way, the uncertainty of the weather, and the danger of trying meteorological experiments on a frame hot from Hindostan. He begged to premise, however, that he would not pledge himself for their cheer, as he had been some time from home, and how his niece would regulate household matters in his absence, he did not pretend to divine. The young lady enjoyed but a temporary authority; her mother, his legitimate housekeeper, being on a visit at Edinburgh. Of one thing at least he was certain, that Jessie would leave nothing undone to express her gratitude to her uncle, if he succeeded in procuring her an audience from an officer, who had won his laurels in the Company's service. St. George in a similar strain of gaiety, accepted the Doctor's offer, and ordering Saib to "marshal the march" of a knot of bare-legged *gillies*, who carried his baggage, he proceeded to the manse.

Miss Summerville was abroad, but the appearance of the vessel produced her speedy return. The gentlemen were standing at the window of a pleasant parlor that fronted "the dream-loving billow," when she came in sight; and the old man's benevolent eyes glistened as they fell upon her graceful form tripping cheerily along, in the

buoyancy of innocence, to give him the artless welcoming of grateful affection. He advanced to meet her. Bounding forward, without regard to the fate of a pretty basket which dropped to the ground, Jessie hung upon his arm, and clasped his right hand closely in hers. The Doctor, surveying the prostrate basket, inquired if she had been visiting their sick friend. She replied in the affirmative, adding that he was ill — very ill — and had expressed an anxiety to see the minister whenever he came home."

"We shall see him to-night, my dear; in the meantime, I have the pleasure of introducing you to Colonel St. George. — My niece, Miss Jessie Summerville, Colonel; a young lady who takes a lively interest in the East India service, and the officers attached to it.—What, blushing? Then I must descend to sober explanation, and destroy the romance. Miss Summerville would have me say, Sir, that she has two brothers on the Bengal establishment, for whose sake she entertains a strong partiality for every gentleman who has borne a commission in the East. Now, my love, hold a dinner counsel with Matty, without delay. We have had good cause for appetite, and until the Colonel has tasted our mountain fare, I feel

bound to protect him from the fierce onslaught of female curiosity."

Dinner was quickly served up, and with that taste and neatness which impart an agreeable zest to the plainest viands. Jessie assisted in doing the honors of the table, in a style that St. George considered surprising in a girl unused to fashionable life. Unlike the vacant imitations of humanity whom he had often heard thus designated, she appeared to him really an accomplished female. With a sound understanding, and accurate and general information, she neither obtruded nor withheld her opinions. Her beauty, too, — for she was beautiful, — sat easily upon her. She wore it sportively, like one pleased that it gave pleasure to those she esteemed, but fully alive to its intrinsic nothingness. There was an unostentatious kindliness about his entertainment, that inspired St. George with feelings more gratifying than any he had experienced for many a day. In the course of conversation it was discovered that, as Colonel Campbell, he had done a signal service to Lieutenant Summerville, Jessie's younger brother. This made him completely at home under his host's roof, and he was at once treated with the confidence usually bestowed upon an old and respected friend. When his niece retired, the

Doctor spoke unreservedly of her and the family His brother, Major Summerville, had, he said, died at middle age, leaving his wife and three children with a sum scarcely exceeding two thousand pounds for their future provision. The boys, who were early bent on a military life, were battling for bread in India: Jessie and her excellent mother shared his humble lot.

"Poor lassie," continued he, in a softened tone, "dearer to me she could not be were she my own beloved child! She is so truly good, so — but enough of domestic explanations. Colonel, you have pronounced yourself a confirmed tea-bibber, and as Jessie has by this time concluded her arrangements, we shall, if you please, put your sincerity to the test." The divine showed the way into a cheerful apartment. This room was particularly devoted to the ladies, their amusements and occupations. A harp and music-books, giving promise of sweet sounds, retained possession of a corner. Drawings of mountain scenery, and a few choice volumes, lay upon a little table of fantastic workmanship. Fresh flowers were tastefully disposed in vases of cheap material and pleasing symmetry. The open window displayed some blossoming exotics, ranged on a rustic balcony, and unfolded to the eye a picture composed

of the grandest elements of the natural landscape. The rain-clouds had quite disappeared — the winds slumbered upon flood and forest — the sun was setting, and the summits of the far cliffs looked as if they had been bathed in molten gold.

"O for music at such an hour!" cried St. George, casting an expressive glance at the harp. Miss Summerville smiled and obeyed the summons.

The last vibration of the harp-strings had melted into the tranquillity of evening. A silence of some minutes followed.

"It is now half-past nine, uncle," said Miss Summerville, using more than ordinary emphasis in announcing the hour.

"True, Jessie; and our duty must be remembered. Perhaps our guest will accompany us. We are going to the village, Colonel, to administer comfort to a poor old man, who, I fear, will soon retire to 'the narrow house appointed for all living.' The death-bed of the pure in spirit is replete with instruction; and of our afflicted friend I may truly say he is 'an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.'"

St. George expressed a ready acquiescence, and they were soon on their way to the village.

They entered a cottage, small and of rude con-

struction, but exhibiting a degree of cleanliness and comfort rather unusual in a Highland habitation of its class. It belonged to a fisherman's widow, a *douce-looking* dame, who answered the clergyman's low-breathed inquiries by a mournful shake of the head, and gliding *ben* beckoned the party to follow. Jessie and the Colonel sat upon a chest near the window, the recess of which contained a number of books that had evidently seen service. The divine, taking a light from the *gude-wife*, approached a large four-posted bed, hung with coarse plaiding. St. George lifted a volume and began to explore its pages, although it was pretty obvious that no human powers of vision could have distinguished a syllable in the position he occupied. The minister bent a moment over the bed, then softly retreated to the window, and placed the candle in the reeess.

"He is fast asleep," said he, "let us not disturb him." A hollow, distressful cough broke upon the stillness, and proved him mistaken.

"Wha's there, Lizzie?" inquired the sick man, in a voice struggling hard for expression.

"It's naebody but the minister and the young leddy," replied Lizzie.

"Doctor, come near me," said the sufferer, endeavoring to raise his emaciated form; "I was

amaist afeard we should never meet in this warld mair. This has been a dreich day to me — a weary day, an' a waur gloamin'. But let me no' be unthankfu'. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' Gie's yer han', Sir, ye hae been a gude frien' to a puir auld 'broken reed,' with neither wife, nor wean, house, nor ha' — yer han', Doctor, yer han'; it's may be for the last time."

The minister, when the invalid began to speak, had resumed the light, and would have advanced immediately towards him, had not Colonel St. George arrested his hand, while, with a pale cheek and trembling lip, he riveted his eyes on three or four lines of manuscript, barely legible, on the title-page of the volume he had picked up at random in the window. He dropped the book — compressed his brow between his extended palms —and, grasping Dr. Summerville's arm, led him hurriedly out of the cottage.

An ash tree, that grew about thirty yards from the door, afforded support to the Colonel's frame, which appeared to demand it. The pastor, in a tone of deep anxiety, begged him to explain the cause of his emotions. He paced to and fro for a moment; then paused, as if endeavoring to mas-

ter feelings that left no room for utterance. At length, in accents low and broken, he replied,

"Sir — Sir, you know not what you have done, —you have brought me to my father's death-bed."

"Dugald Campbell your father, Colonel! impossible!"

"Impossible! Sir, it is true — bitter true — One and twenty years have rolled by since I heard that voice, but hollow as it is, it rings through my heart; and if the lip misled me, the hand could not. I knew the book, and I remembered the writing well. God pardon me! I have been guilty of black wrong, but surely I am not to blame for all this. My mother in her grave too! Well may I exclaim with Cain, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' But how came my father here, and why is he so destitute? I sent from India what to him must have been affluence, had he received it. — Can M'Grigor have deceived me?"

"M'Grigor! What M'Grigor!"

"M'Grigor the writer, in St. Enoch's square, Glasgow, to whom I forwarded large sums for the use of my parents."

"Then you have been deceived. Although ill health, and other causes, reduced them to great distress, more than a trifling sum annually, I *know* he never gave them; and even of that your father

had not a farthing during the last year, when he much required it. M'Grigor, about ten months ago, sold all his effects and sailed for South America."

"Curses go with him! but I have deserved it —more, much more; yet the villain shall not escape me!"

"Colonel St. George," said the clergyman, "I am sure it is from no unworthy feeling, from no wish to exceed my proper measure in our respective relations, that I am induced to hope you will forbear the expression of your sentiments concerning the person who has wronged you. There is a solemn and important duty to be performed; your father has to be told that you are here, and it must be done with much caution, lest the shock prove too heavy for him, and extinguish a flame already flickering."

"To you, Sir, I confide everything. Tell him that his long-lost son is waiting to crave his forgiveness, and to be the prop of his declining years, if the Author of Life will, in his mercy, spare him yet a little longer."

The pastor had executed his task;—the females had retired with him, and the repentant son knelt by the hard couch on which his father lay, worn with age and penury and sore affliction. His tears

filled the hollow of the furrowed hand he pressed to his quivering lips. The heart that had never failed him in the charge of battle, became as an infant's, and he sobbed aloud. — It was nature's holy triumph.

"Dinna be grievin', Geordie, ye're still my ain bairn, though we're baith mickle altered; ye hae my blessing, but ye maun seek yer Maker's. Remember we canna 'serve two masters. What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"Father, my dear father! spare yourself; you are exhausted — I pray you spare yourself — we shall again see happy days."

"I hope you will, Geordie, and mony o' them, but my hours are numbered; and though I feel as one who joys in the God of his salvation, yet I ken weel that I'm not to be lang here. Be gratefu' to the gude pastor of this place when I'm gane, and lay me beside your mither in the kirkyard at our auld hame.—I'm waxin faint, an' my e'en are wearin' dim. — Ca' the minister, an' let me hear my son's voice join in the worship of God before I gang to my rest."

A psalm was sung,—a portion of scripture read, and as they knelt in prayer, the sick man placed his hand upon his son's head. The service was

at an end, and still it lingered there;—all was tranquil, and it seemed as if he slumbered. In removing the hand to the warmth of the bed, it felt powerless and chill.—The Colonel snatched a light and gazed piercingly and long upon the wasted features of his father—he was dead.

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord," said the minister, as he closed the eyelids of the departed;—"May *we* die the death of the righteous, and may *our* last end be like his. And sanctify, we beseech thee, O Lord, this affliction to the use of thy servant!"

The course of his subsequent life proved that the unexpected trials of this period were indeed sanctified to Colonel St. George. From the time of his bereavement, he acted as if every passion of earth had been supplanted by the noble ambition to walk soberly, righteously and godly through an evil world.

He was yet in the prime of existence,—his constitution vigorous,—his fortune ample. Bound to Dr. Summerville by the strongest ties of gratitude, it was his pride and pleasure to acknowledge them. They became friends of the truest order. The pastor of Loch G—— was his chief counsellor and sole confidant, and frequently admonished him, in a vein of harmless pleasantry, on the im-

propriety of remaining alone in the world. One day, when the subject was introduced, the Colonel pronounced himself a convert, and craved his clergyman's consent to his addresses. He demanded the lady's name —

"Miss Jessie Summerville."

"She is a good girl, and worthy of you. My consent shall not be wanting, if you gain her mother's and her own."

The Colonel contrived to make himself acceptable to all parties — he was united to Jessie — it proved a happy union — the doctor had to find a new theme for his admonitions, and Catherine's Craig was no longer solitary.

"Papa, what a painful history — how his poor parents must have grieved over their thankless son."

"Yes, Emma; I have rarely heard of more cool ingratitude! one may readily imagine the many sorrowful hours passed by that afflicted couple!"

"And, papa, so strange to be ashamed of one's own father and mother!——"

"Oh, Herbert! what could you expect of a man who hesitated not to tell a falsehood?——"

"Stop, stop, Emma; you are now running on too fast; we have no reason to imagine that the untruth George Campbell uttered was spoken deliberately; but, on the contrary, we are given to suppose that the sin was committed in a moment of excitement——"

"And then wilfully persisted in, dear papa!"

"True, Herbert, and hence we may well draw a lesson — avoid the first step towards evil——"

"But, papa, Colonel St. George is spoken of as being a sensible man; surely, to be ashamed of one's own parentage betrays great weakness."

"Great indeed, Emma; but, unfortunately, many people expose themselves to just ridicule through this contemptible feeling — there are circumstances, certainly, which may excuse such a weakness — for example, the son of a convicted

felon may well blush for his father's crime, and may be pardoned for wishing to conceal the connection that exists between them; but the virtuous parent, however humble his sphere, merits the respect of all, and more especially of his child, who, in denying that honor due the author of his being, convicts himself of odious ingratitude, and of most unenviable imbecility: but what is it you would say?"

"Papa, I should like you to repeat me those pretty lines, 'The Child and Flowers.'"

"Willingly, my darling — no wonder you are tired of our dry discourse — you must learn your favorite lines; but now, if you will come and sit by me, you shall hear them."

"Papa, did George Campbell say his prayers?"

"I should suppose that he did, Walter."

"And did he pray for his father and mother?"

"I presume he did."

"And yet treat them so ungratefully!"

"People are apt to deceive themselves, Walter, when their selfishness is excited; George Campbell probably thought he acted the part of a good son in praying for the happiness of his parents and in sending them money; but he lived to see his error. — Now, Clara, for your favorites. —"

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

[SELECTION.]

PRETTY little flowers, that blow
Where the grass is soft and low—
Daisies, white and tipped with red;
Violets, on your leafy bed;
Cowslips, bending on your stalk;
Primroses, beside the walk—
Who has made you fair and sweet,
Growing thus beneath my feet?
Surely He must loving be
Who made such tender things as ye.
Little children, would you know
Who has made us live and grow,
Who has given our pleasant smell,
Who has kept us all so well,
Who has given us beauty thus
Tho' no gardener cares for us?
Listen, while I simply tell
Of Him who "doeth all things well.'
God created us at first,
Before the earth for sin was curst;
And every day our need supplies,
And guards us with his watchful eyes
O, when your little hands ye spread
To pluck us from our lowly bed,
Well pleased our varied forms to spy,
Remember He is ever nigh;
And think, if thus His tender care
Has made the meanest flower so fair,
How surely He will keep and bless
The little children's helplessness.

"Thank you, dear papa: I tried to learn those lines this morning, but I could not manage to say more than the six first perfectly. I will try again to-morrow, I think them so pretty."

"They are very pretty, my darling, and their great beauty consists in their truth. God is indeed the Father of the helpless—whether it be man or child——"

"And the good Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'—papa, when people assist others, do they not in some degree resemble their heavenly Father?"

"If they are influenced by pure motives—if they do good to God's creatures out of love to God their Creator, then may they be termed humble followers of their Divine Master."

"But, papa, may not one do good to others out of love to themselves?"

"Christ tells us, Emma, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' Matt. xix. 19; and again, St. Paul says, 'Do all to the glory of God' Cor. x. 31; but, farther, my child, the goodness of our Creator is particularly shown in this direction—'He knoweth the heart of man, and He knows that love founded on earthly considerations is imperfect—even the love of a *mother* cannot

compare in depth and enduring constancy to that affection which is founded on love to himself!——"

"But, papa, you and mamma love us for ourselves?——"

"In a degree! but we love you all the more from the conviction that you are a sacred deposit entrusted to our care by the Almighty."

"And the kindness you show the poor?"

"Is the sweeter to our own feelings when our conscience tells us—in serving our neighbor we have served our heavenly Father."

"Then, the more we strive to serve others, the more we serve God?"

"The more we help others for their heavenly Father's sake, the more we serve and *please* God."

"But, papa, when I wanted to go and read to old Martha, yesterday, you objected to my doing so——"

"Yes, my dear, it rained violently; the weather was not fit for you to venture such a distance from home."

"Yet, papa, surely it would not have hurt me had I worn Emma's camlet cloak? I should soon have reached Martha's cottage——"

"Not before you had been wet to the skin; the

rain fell in torrents, and you are not used to being drenched in the way you must have been, had I granted your request. I regretted the circumstance as much as you did yourself, but there was no help for it."

"I thought — I thought, papa, that persons ought to put themselves to inconvenience, when necessary, for the sake of helping or obliging others?"

"*When* necessary, my dear Clara; but in this instance there was no absolute necessity for your exposing yourself to the danger of taking a severe cold, which would have entailed much anxiety on *mamma*. You see, darling, that by serving Martha, you would have run great risk of bringing unwarrantable trouble on your mother."

"But — but, papa, I regretted so much that I could not be allowed to gratify old Martha, and to do what was right."

"You did what was right in yielding submission to your mother's wishes — and this, without even a murmur——"

"Oh, papa, I — I did for a moment feel very cross, when mamma decided I should not go——"

"I observed that, for an instant, discontent was brooding in your heart; but as I also remarked,

that you tried earnestly to overcome the passing error, I was satisfied. I am, however, very glad that your candour will not permit you to accept praise to which you know you are not fully entitled. In the mean time, I must tell you that mamma and I have resolved you shall still have the pleasure of reading to Martha."

"But how is that possible, papa? She was to leave this morning for her son's residence, and she told us that she thought she would not return!"

"But we can go to her! the village in which her son lives is only five miles from this, and I often drive through it on my way to the neighboring town; thus, the next time I go I can take you with me, and will leave you at your old friend's until my return in the afternoon."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but—but, Emma, read her those beautiful lines, I wanted to——"

"Read to her yourself!"

"Yes, papa, I could make out every word so easily; even the long ones."

"Suppose you say them."

"With pleasure — now, papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am so glad!" —

A FEW WORDS TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

FRANK HARMONTEAGLE kindly allows us to give you the benefit of his discovery—made by his having, in a frolic, spelt Ecneitap and Ecneitapmi backwards, when he perceived his pencil had traced the words Patience and Impatience.

Dear readers, cultivate a spirit of *patience*—and thus follow the counsel of St. Paul:

"But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God in much *patience*." 2 Cor. vi. 4.

"Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, *patience*, meekness." 1 Tim. vi. 11.

"Let us run, with *patience*, the race that is set before us." Heb. xii. 1.