

ADELAIDE,  
OR THE  
RAINY EVENING,

A  
MORAL TALE.



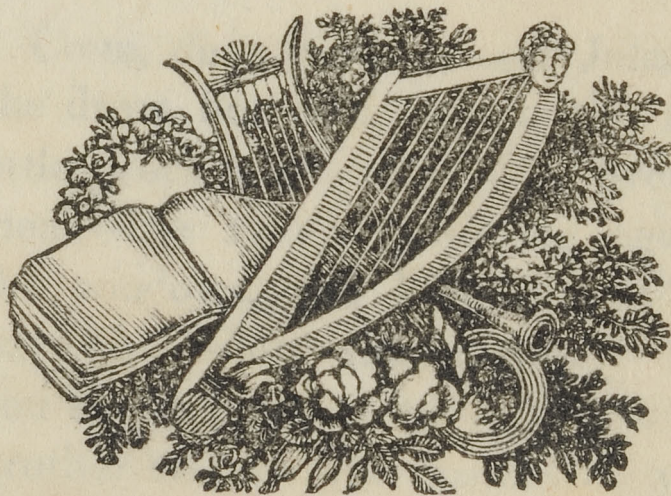
BOSTON,  
PUBLISHED AT THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER OFFICE.  
1827.





*Sarah M. Haynes  
From her friend Rev. Mr. Barry.*

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ADDITIONAL

OR THE

RAINY SEASON.

MOSE TUB



NEW YORK,

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1881



ADELAIDE,  
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RAINY EVENING.

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CHAPTER I.

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COME, dear mother, said Julia, as she drew her chair up to the neat little work-table after the evening meal—the rain is pattering against the windows, and I think you will have no visitors this evening. Will you be so kind as to relate to my brother and me the history of your friend Adelaide? You know I loved her dearly, and I shall never forget how happy I used to be when she

spent her holydays with us. Then, you know, she would walk with us in the fields. And Charles, do you remember when the thunder-storm came up, and we were close by the old hut where dame Jenkins used to live? And how we were frightened when the lightning flashed in so through the broken windows—and began to cry? But she smiled so sweetly, and told us, God would take care of us. And said she, you have been taught to love Him, and to pray to Him, can you not now ask Him to “deliver you from evil?”

O yes, sister, I think I shall never forget how we kneeled down beside her, and she prayed to God to preserve us from danger. It seemed to me then, mama, that God was very



near to us, and would not suffer the lightning to harm us.

I wish you, my dear children, always to feel that God is very near you; and then you will have few fears, but the fear of displeasing Him.

You well know my dear Julia, that I love to talk of our friend Adelaide, and am always happy to gratify you. But you must first get the little sock you were knitting for your brother—for I would always have your hands usefully employed, as well as your mind.

Adelaide used to tell me so, said Julia, and I am sure I never saw her idle. she used to say too, that good people were always happy. But I have seen her look very sad, and the tears steal down her cheeks—but if any one

saw her, she would brush them away, and smile as cheerfully as ever.

Good people often meet with trials in this world, replied her mother, but I think she is quite happy notwithstanding.

She had a sweet, intelligent face when a child; and was the favourite of the whole village. At school she never failed to gain the love of her instructor; and though she always bore away the prize from her class, no one envied her. The younger ones came to her for assistance, and the injured ones for sympathy and redress; and she seldom failed to put all upon good terms, and to secure their love for herself. In all their amusements, whatever Adelaide thought prettiest, they were sure to adopt.



There was one little girl in the village, of nearly her own age, for whom she felt a decided partiality. Adelaide was then about eleven years, and Emma a few months younger. They were seldom separated. Wherever one came, the other was sure to follow—and Adelaide would often have gladly yielded her station at the head of her class to save the feelings of her little friend, who, though equally diligent, could not always, like her, master her lessons.

A few days before the vacation, an examination of the school took place, and Adelaide received the two first prizes from the hand of her instructor. With joy, she thought of her father's kind smile, and her mother's affectionate kiss. Her little friend's eyes too, sparkled with pleasure, as she said,

you will let me read those pretty books with you, Adelaide?

The next morning when they had finished their lessons, Adelaide folded one of the books very neatly in a wrapper, and placed a little note in it. What are you going to do with that said Emma? I intend to send it to the friend I love best, said she smiling. The tears started to Emma's eyes; for she was sure she loved no one so well as Adelaide, and she wished for an equal share of her love. But thought she, I am not so good as Adelaide, and why should she love me as well. When Emma returned home, her mother observed she looked less happy than usual; but she forbore to question her as to the cause—for she wished her always to come voluntarily, and acquaint her with all



that gave her pleasure or pain.—  
While Emma was engaged in her evening lesson, her brother brought in a little packet and gave to his mother. 'Tis for Emma, said she. Emma looked up. Oh! she does love me best, now I am sure she loves me best. That is just like Adelaide. She is always doing something to surprise and delight us. But what is the book? "The Gift of a Friend." And she is a friend to every body—and I will try and be like her, mother.

## CHAPTER II.

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Adelaide's mother who had long been feeble was now confined to her room; and Adelaide left the school to assist her sister in the duties of the family, and to watch beside the couch of her mother. And here it was, she has often told me, that she first received those strong impressions of piety, which have been her solace in many severe trials. While her sister was preparing the family breakfast, Adelaide would assist her mother to rise; and so assiduous and observant was she, that she understood even her look; and never gave her the



pain of repeating a single wish. Then she would bring in her breakfast so cheerfully, and say, do dear mother, try and eat a little of this—for sister has taken so much pains to make it good, and to suit your taste. And when she saw her mother smile, and make an effort to relish it—her eyes would glisten with pleasure, and she would say, “I hope, dear mother, you will be better soon.” But her mother felt that it was a vain hope—and she would often speak with her children on the subject of her death. If it should please God, my dear children, to restore me to health, I doubt not you would feel very grateful to Him; and if He should see fit to relieve me from my present suffering state, and take me to a world where there is neither sickness nor sorrow—ought

you not cheerfully to acquiesce?—  
When I think how Jesus, the son of God, came into the world, and suffered, and freely offered up his life for sinners,—I can look down into the grave without shuddering. And did I not know that your dear father, and you, my dear children, would be deeply affected by my death, I should even long to leave this world, and join the redeemed in heaven.

O, dear mother, said Adelaide, bursting into tears,—how could we live without you? Since you were confined to this room, I cannot bear to stay out of it. Everything looks so sad in our little rooms, that I do not feel happy as I used to, only when I am doing something for you—and I fear I can never do enough to repay you for all the kind care you have



taken for me. You have ever been a good and dutiful child, Adelaide—and while your father, and brothers, and sister are spared, you cannot feel very lonely—and God has promised to be the father and protector of the orphan.

Get your Bible, my child, and read some of those sweet promises which have so often comforted me, and which I hope you will impress deeply on your yet tender mind.

She gave the book to her mother, who pointed out to her many passages; and Adelaide read till she became quite composed.



Then her mother would shew her in the New Testament, how the Saviour had encouraged little children to come to him; and how ready our Heavenly Father is to hear the prayers of the least of his children.

After these conversations with her mother, she always seemed more cheerful and happy; and would often retire to her chamber, and kneeling beside her bed, with her little hands lifted to heaven, would pray God to



forgive her sins; to restore her dear mother to health; and to be her guide and protector through all her life.

The youth of the village had been for some weeks preparing for a dramatic exhibition, for their amusement; and Adelaide's sister was to personate the character of "Sylvia" in the "search after happiness." When she saw her mother daily declining, she was desirous of relinquishing her part in the exhibition. But Mrs Marlow would not consent. For she was one who never forgot the feelings of youth, and always manifested a lively interest in all their pursuits. Dr Marlow's profession led him much from home. But he arranged his business, intending on the evening of the exhibition to take upon himself the duty of nurse, that his daughters might enjoy

the evening, free from all solicitude on account of their mother.

While Adelaide was crowning her sister with a wreath of evergreen, delighted to see her look so much like a nymph of the wood—her father received an urgent call which required his immediate attention.—I will first go, said he, and see if Mrs Eldridge will let Mary or Susan, come and sit with Mrs Marlow.

No, no, dear father, said Adelaide, I will stay myself. I have no part, you know; and it is not necessary I should go. But, you used to be delighted with such scenes, Adelaide, and I fear you will be very dull when your sister is gone. O, no, I shall not be dull, and I shall feel much happier than I should to go and neglect my duty. And besides, Mary and Susan will both wish



to go, and I should be sorry to spoil their enjoyment.

Well, my child, I am happy to see you so willing to forego a selfish gratification, to perform your duty,—so saying, he gave her an affectionate kiss, and left her.

When she had arranged all things comfortably for the evening, she selected several books from her little “Library of Gifts,” as she used to call it, and was asking her mother which she should read,—when she heard a gentle tap at the door. She opened it, when her friend Emma clasped her neck, and almost smothered her with kisses.

Why Emma! said she, how came you here? I thought you would be at the exhibition.

So I should, if you were there.—

But your sister told me, you were not going; and I thought I should not enjoy it much without you—so I begged mother to let me come, and spend the night with you.—The two little friends were now very happy—and Mrs Marlow exerted herself as much as she was able, to amuse them, by relating many interesting circumstances of her own childhood. The evening passed rapidly away; and Adelaide often said,—how much happier I feel, than I should to have left you, dear mother.



### CHAPTER III.

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Not many days after this, Adelaide was taken violently ill. Her mother would not suffer her to be removed to another apartment, and a little bed was prepared beside her own. Then she was so patient and kind; so thankful for all that was done for her—and so fearful too of distressing her mother, that in the most excruciating distress, she made an effort to suppress every groan. Her disorder seemed beyond the power of medicine, or the kind attention of friends; and she became gradually weaker.

One morning her father came into

the room, and was surprised to see her altered countenance. He spoke in a low voice to her mother; and then assembled the family.

He made a short prayer, in which he fervently commended his little one to God. When he ceased, she fixed her eye upon him, and motioned him to her. Do you think, dear father, said she, I am going to die? I think, my child, you are very sick; and if it pleases God to take you to himself, I hope you are not unwilling? No, dear father, Jesus has said "suffer little children to come unto me."

Her sister bent over her—smoothed her pillow—and a tear fell on Adelaide's cheek. She looked up with a faint smile; and then closing her eyes sunk into a gentle slumber. When she awoke she seemed much refresh-



ed. Her father thought the disorder had reached the crisis, and his hopes revived.

Many times every day, did the little children tap at the door, and inquire how she did; and Emma would watch by her couch for hours, and perform every little office of kindness in her power. In a few days she began rapidly to recover. And when she was able to be carried to the window, and saw that the snow had disappeared, and the little lambs were skipping in the meadows, her heart swelled with joyful emotions. Everything, said she, dear mother, seems to smile upon me, and look happy. I hope I am not less thankful.

God has indeed, my child, been very gracious in sparing your life—and I hope you will show your gratitude, by

endeavouring always to do your duty. Strive to imitate the example of our Saviour in all your conduct, and you must be good and happy.

As the season advanced Mrs Marlow rapidly declined. Dr Marlow wrote to his two sons who were established in business at some distance, to return home. They arrived only a few days before her death.—I shall pass over this scene and continue the story of Adelaide—only remarking, that they deeply felt and mourned their loss. But they knew it was God who had ordered the event, and could cheerfully say, “It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.”

Not long after the death of her mother, Adelaide went to reside with an Aunt, who, having no children, proposed to Dr Marlow to adopt Ade-



laide for her own. The idea was at first very painful to her father and sister; but as she was a pious and judicious woman, and had it in her power to do better for Adelaide than he could, he consented.

The separation was at first very bitter to the two little friends; but they mutually promised to write often. And whatever interested or gave pleasure to one, was immediately communicated to the other.

Adelaide's Aunt placed her in one of the best schools in the vicinity, and she made rapid progress in whatever she undertook. The vacations she passed among her friends, and by her affability and good nature, endeared herself more and more to all her acquaintance.

The first visit she made me, was

when you, my dear girl, were an infant; and she gave you the name of Julia, in memory of her mother.

Her sister, and one of her brothers, have since followed their mother down to the silent grave. And can you now wonder, my Julia, good and affectionate as she is, that she should sometimes shed a few tears to their memory? Or, believing as she does; that God does all things well, that she should generally appear so cheerful and happy?



## CHAPTER IV.

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When Adelaide had finished her education at school, she still continued to improve her mind by reading and study. About two years since, a particular friend of her's, who had removed to a distant part of the country, sent her a pressing invitation to come and pass a few months with her. As an inducement she proposed to her to open a school, for the instruction of youth, whose advantages had hitherto been very limited. As Adelaide always felt most happy, when she was most useful, she strongly

urged her Aunt's permission, and finally obtained her consent.

Her friend made all the necessary arrangements for the school; and before her arrival prepossessed all the village in her favor.

Many young ladies who had been educated as Miss Marlow was, would have been disgusted with the awkward and rustick manners of most of her pupils; but it served only to increase her exertions. She soon gained their affections; and each was anxious to deserve the love of so kind an instructor.





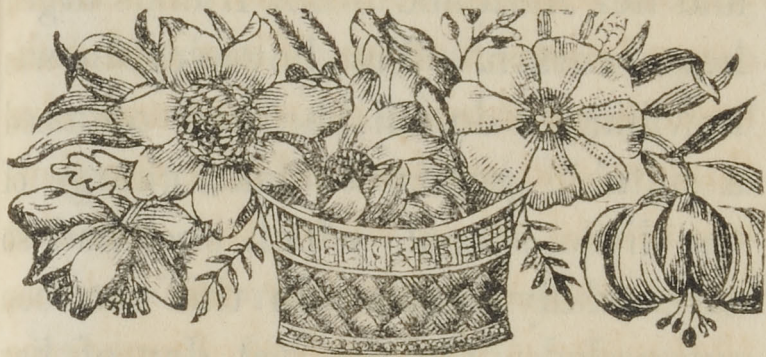
Frequently when the afternoon lessons were finished, she would stroll with them into the adjoining wood or fields—and nothing escaped her notice, by which she could lead their youthful minds to dwell on the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.— The meanest flower or insect, and even the little pebbles became interesting to them. They would return laden with evergreens and flowers to garnish the white-washed walls of their neat little school-room; and

each had an opportunity of displaying her taste and ingenuity in its decorations. At one end of the room was a recess which Miss Marlow appropriated to her own use; and she who had the honor of adorning that, was as much gratified by the distinction, as if it had been the throne of an Empress. One day this privilege was to be shared by two of the Misses, when a little dispute, so common in schools, arose between them. They had gathered a profusion of white and blue flowers, and one insisted that the flowers should *all* be white, for, said she, how often Miss Marlow has told us, that white is the emblem of innocence and purity; and I am sure she will prefer them. But, said her companion, blue is the color of the sky—and



she is always admiring the beauty of the sky—I say they shall be blue.

I admire nothing so much as good nature, and an obliging disposition, said Miss Marlow, who had listened to their dispute unobserved by them. They blushed, and one immediately proposed that one half of the flowers should be blue, and the other white.



While she was earnestly endeavoring to improve their minds and manners, she was still more desirous to impress their hearts with feelings of

piety and religion, she zealously engaged in the sabbath school which was then for the first time introduced in the village. You would have been delighted to have seen with what interest the children listened to her with smiles and tears upon the same face.

The proposed term of her residence with her friend passed rapidly away, and her Aunt and other friends urged her to return. This however she was unwilling to do, till she had obtained a suitable person to take charge of the little school, which she had so successfully begun. In this she soon succeeded. On the last day of her connexion with the school, she gave each a token of her love, with a few words of affectionate advice, and requested them before separation to



read as usual, a chapter in the Bible. It was the sixth chapter of Ephesians. One of the Misses who had contended about the flowers was to read first; her voice trembled, and when she had finished the first verse, "Children obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."—she sat down and burst into tears. Another, and another made the same attempt; but their voices failed and they all sobbed aloud.—Miss Marlow then read the chapter in a firm and affectionate tone; and shaking each by the hand, bade them farewell.

Since her return her Aunt has placed a small fortune at her disposal; and she spends much of her time among the poor and ignorant—supplying their wants—encouraging their industry—instructing their children;

and often making the widow's, and the orphan's heart to rejoice.

So, my dear girl, if you would be beloved and happy, like her; you must endeavor to be useful.

But, Mama, has she no faults?

Yes, there are none without some failings; but as I thought you would have no desire to imitate her faults, I did not think it necessary to mention them. But she is continually striving to overcome them; and I think I never saw a person more sensible than she is, of her own foibles.

But I have made my story too long for you, my boy, I see you are very sleepy.

No mother, I am not very sleepy, said Charles, rubbing his eyes—and when we have another rainy evening, I should like to hear something more



about Emma—I think I like her about as well as Adelaide, though you have not said so much about her.—Well, we will see. But I forgot to tell you, that Adelaide and Emma are both early risers. And I hope *you* will be ready to bid me good morning at an early hour.

But we will have our evening hymn before you go.

“ Now condescend, almighty King,  
To bless this little throng ;  
And kindly listen while we sing  
Our pleasant evening song.

We come to own the Power Divine,  
That watches o'er our days ;  
For this our feeble voices join  
In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before the sacred footstool see  
We bend in humble prayer,  
A happy little family,  
To ask thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to-night,  
From every danger free ;  
Because the darkness and the light  
Are both alike to Thee.

And when the rising sun displays  
His cheerful beams abroad,  
Then shall our *morning* hymn of praise  
Declare thy goodness, Lord.”



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