

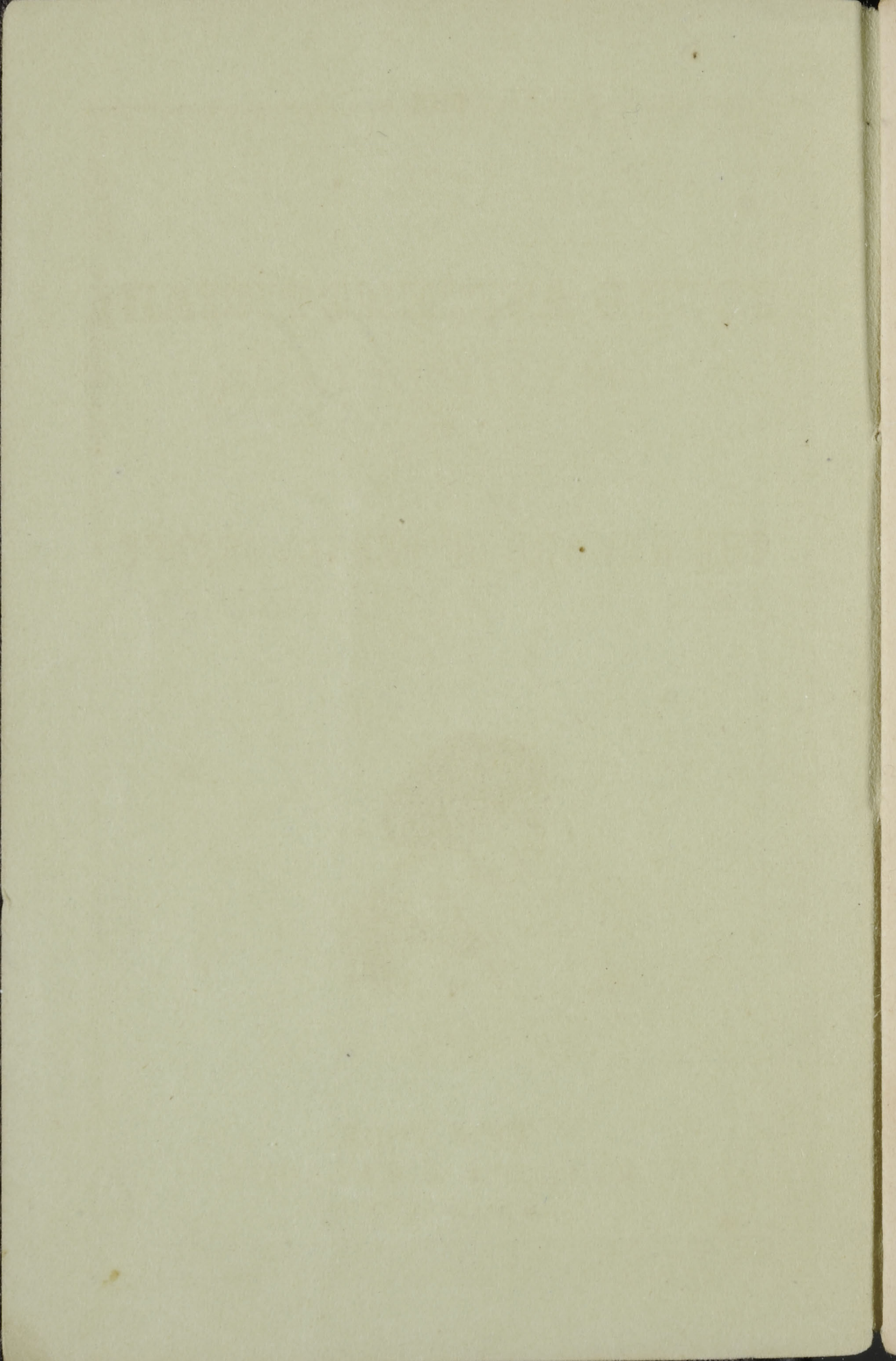
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L. B. R. P. M. 1851

THIRD SERIES.—No. 5.

THE
YOUNG ARITHMETICIAN;
OR,
THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.



NEW YORK:
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Laura Sinclair.

NEW YORK
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THE
YOUNG ARITHMETICIAN.



LAURA SINCLAIR was an intelligent girl, studiously devoted to all her lessons except arithmetic. That to her was a hard, dry study. One pleasant morning, she had seated herself near the summer-house in the garden, to be away from the children's noise, and attempted to fix her mind upon the to her uninteresting study; but a hard sum, upon which she was engaged, overcame her patience, and she threw down her slate and book in a pet. Her mother at that moment came to the door which looked into the garden. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "this is arithmetic day; how I hate it!"

“My daughter, do not make use of such expressions,” replied her mother. “Nothing is wanting but close attention and perseverance, to make that study as agreeable as any other. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and say you understand it from want of energy to learn it, you will always find it difficult. I speak with feeling on this subject, for when I went to school, a fine arithmetician shared the same desk with myself, and whenever I was perplexed by a difficult sum, instead of applying to the teacher for an explanation, I asked Amelia to do it for me. She was too obliging, and complied. The consequence is, that even now I am often compelled to refer to your father in trifling calculations. I expect much assistance from your perseverance, Laura,” continued she, affectionately taking her hand.

Laura’s eyes looked a good resolution, and she commenced the next day

putting it in practice. Instead of being angry because she could not understand her figures, she tried to clear her brow to understand them better; and her tutor was surprised to find her mind rapidly opening to comprehend the more difficult rules. She now felt the pleasure of self-conquest, besides the enjoyment of her mother's approbation, and steadily gave herself up to the several branches of mathematics.

Laura was the eldest of four children, one an infant, who had been born to the luxuries of wealth. Mr. Sinclair was a merchant of respectable connexions, and had been successful in business, with every prospect of a competency to retire upon in his declining years. But, alas! how uncertain all human calculations! He, late one afternoon, received word by telegraph that an extensive mercantile house in another city — one to which he was creditor to a very heavy amount

—was on the very verge of bankruptcy. His immediate presence was required; not an hour was to be lost. The utmost speed of steam would only allow him to arrive in season to be of any avail. He immediately threw a few necessary articles into a carpet-bag, seized his umbrella, took a hasty leave of his family, and speeded his way to the boat. But here he was destined to disappointment. He arrived at the pier only in season to

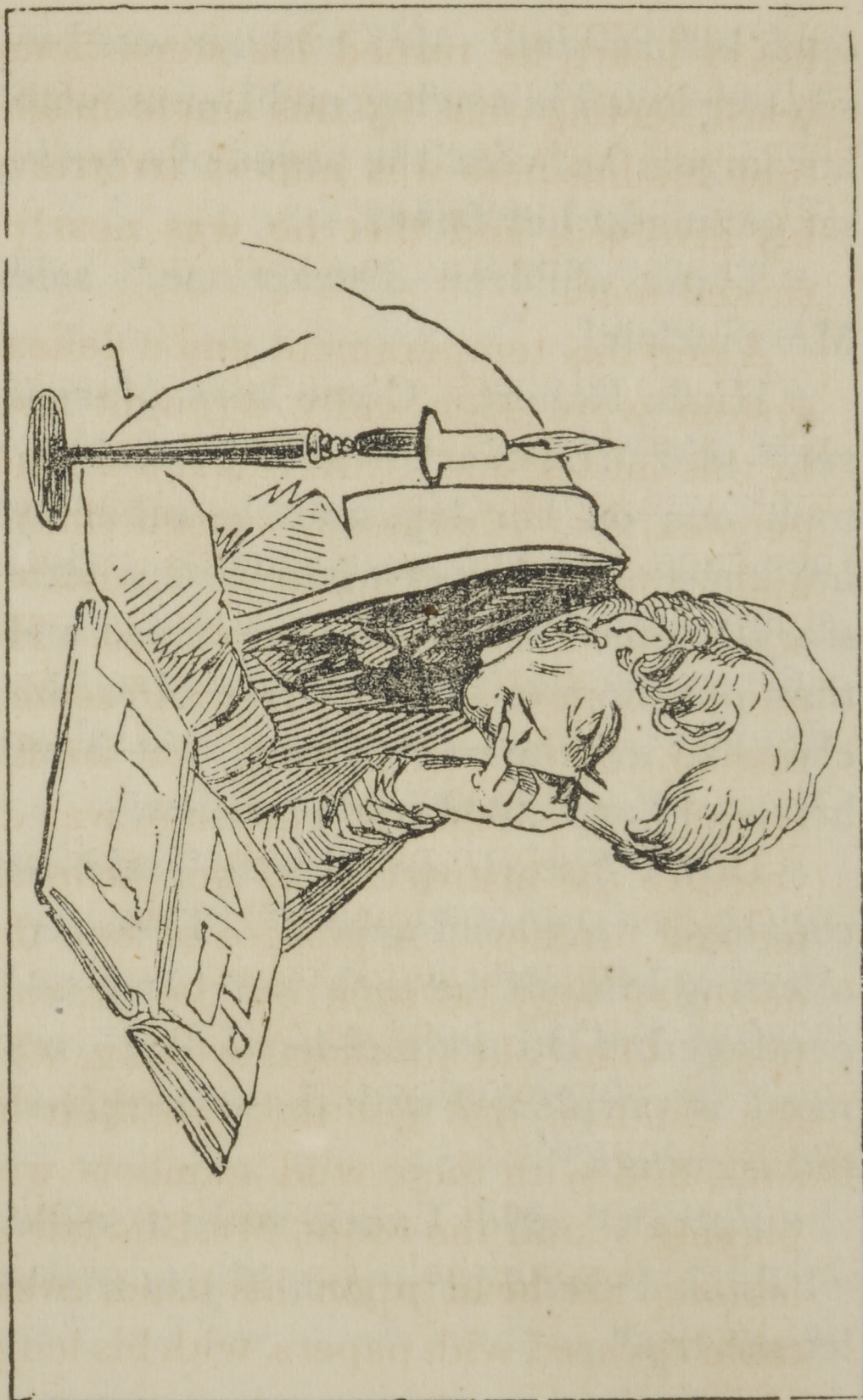


find the boat in the middle of the stream, pursuing its way without him. With a



heavy heart, he turned his steps home ward, feeling that by this single misfortune his business was almost irretrievably involved, and that he was nearly a ruined man.

A nervous temperament and a delicate system were soon sadly wrought upon by this misfortune. Mr. Sinclair's mind, perplexed and harassed, seemed sinking under the weight of anxiety. Laura was at this period sixteen years of age. Her mind was clear and vigorous, and seemed resting, like a young fawn, for its first bound. A portion of her time was devoted to the instruction of her little sister and brother. A picture of her thus occupied may be seen on the previous page. One cold autumnal evening, when the children had got through their lessons, and with their wild gambols were playing round the room, Mr. Sinclair sat leaning his head upon his hand, over a table covered with papers, with his ledger



open before him. Mrs. Sinclair was busily employed in sewing, and Laura, with her fingers between the pages of a book, sat gazing at her father.

“Those children distract me,” said Mr. Sinclair.

“Hush, Robert. Come here, Margaret,” said Mrs. Sinclair gently; and she took one on her lap, and the other by her knee, and whispering to them a little story, calmed them to sleepiness, and then put them to bed. When Mrs. Sinclair had left the room, Laura laid down her book, and stood by her father.

“Don’t disturb me, Laura,” said he roughly; “my head aches.” Then recollecting himself, he took her hand and continued, “Do not feel hurt, dear; my mind is perplexed with these complicated accounts.”

“Father,” said Laura with a smile, “I think I could help you, if you would let me try.”

“You, my love?” exclaimed her father; “why, these papers would puzzle a wiser head than yours.”

“I do not wish to boast, dear father,” said Laura modestly, “but Mr. Randon, my tutor, said to-day—” Laura hesitated.

“Well, what did he say?” said Mr. Sinclair, encouragingly.

“He said,” answered Laura, blushing deeply, “that I was a better accountant than most men. And I do believe, father,” continued she earnestly, “that if you were to state your case to me, I could help you.”

Mr. Sinclair smiled sadly, but, to encourage her wish of usefulness, commenced with some remarks, and opened his accounts. Insensibly he found himself engaging his daughter in the labyrinths of numbers. Laura, with a fixed look and clear eye, her pencil in her hand, and her cheek kindling with inter-

est, listened to him. Mrs. Sinclair entered on tiptoe, and seated herself softly by the cradle which contained her infant, to sew. The accounts became more and more complicated; but Mr. Sinclair, with his practised mind, and Laura, with her quick intellect, followed them up with close fidelity. The unexpected sympathy of his daughter seemed to inspire him with new life. Three hours did Laura sit, and give the whole power of her mind to these calculations. Mr. Sinclair's spirits gradually rose with every chime of the clock.

“Wife,” said he suddenly, “if this girl only gives me one more hour like this, I shall be in a new world.”

“My beloved child,” said Mrs. Sinclair, pressing Laura's fresh cheek to hers.

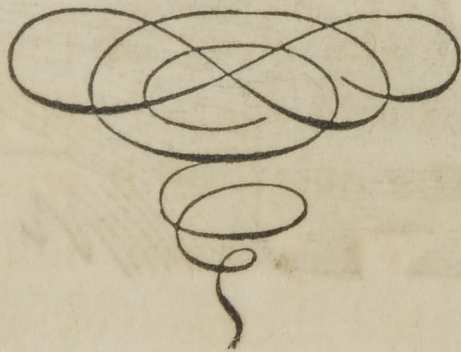
Laura, with untiring patience, went through these mercantile details; nor did she quit her father's side until the warning hour of twelve.

Mrs. Sinclair engaged in sewing.



Laura commended herself to God, and slept profoundly. The next morning, after seeking his blessing, she repaired to Mr. Sinclair. "You say you can not afford a clerk," said she. "Now you have tried me, father, and you know I am worth something. I will keep your books, and you may give me a little salary to buy shells for my cabinet."

Mr. Sinclair accepted the proposal. Laura's cabinet increased in beauty, and the fine female hand in his books and papers was a subject of curiosity and interest to his mercantile friends.





MARY AND HER DOVE.

It was a pleasant summer's evening, as I was sitting in the parlor, that the children came running up to me and asked me to tell them a story. One desired me to tell them about Blue Beard, and another the story of the disorderly little girl. I told them I had a new story to relate; the name of it was Mary and her Dove. They were delighted with the title, seated themselves at the table, and, looking earnestly up in my face, inquired if it was a true story. I told

them it was a kind of fable, and I then commenced : Mary had a white dove, of which she was very fond. Whenever Mary was good, the dove was very happy, and would discover in various ways his approbation ; but when she was not good, the bird would droop its head and seem very melancholy. The only way in which Mary could comfort it, was to make sincere resolutions to be better in future. She always carried it about with her, and indeed the dove was never willing to be absent from her even for a moment. If she did the least wrong, it silently reproved her. She would often act contrary to the wishes of the bird, and then she always felt unhappy ; but when she had the dove's approbation, she was full of gladness.

The dove is an emblem of conscience, which is a friend that we all have within our own hearts, and if we obey its dictates, we shall always be happy.

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