

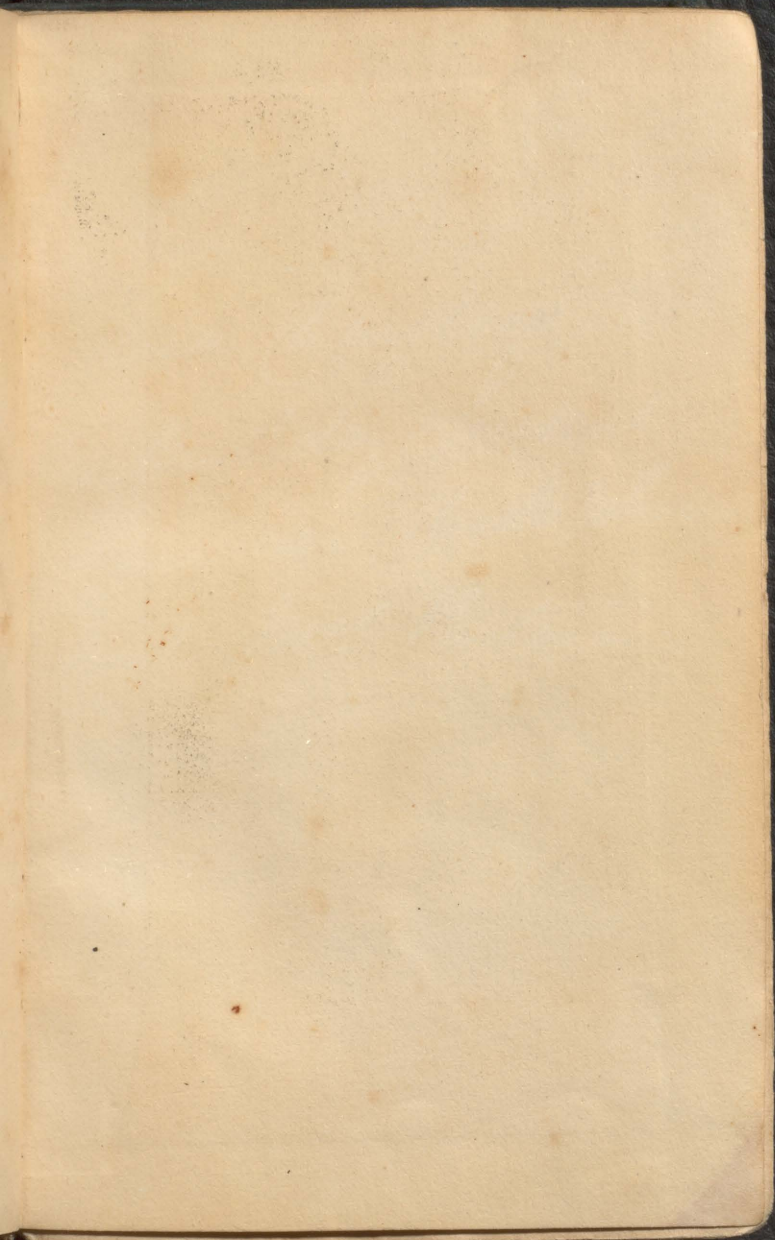
Clara Chesley.

a Birthday present  
from her Uncle John  
and Mrs Porter.

3/6

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Darts





p 58

'Gipsy' Children.

TALES  
OF  
THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY

THE EDITOR OF "THE PARTING GIFT,"  
"VISITS TO THE BANKS OF JORDAN,"

&c. &c. &c.

[Strickland, A.]

"Oh, that our lives, which flee so fast,  
In purity were such,—  
That not an image of the past  
Should fear the pencil's touch."

Wordsworth.

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TALKS

THE SCHOOL ROOM

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DEDICATION.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES AT ———.

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MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

SOME years ago, I remember being much interested in a little book, entitled, "Mrs. Leicester's School," where the youthful members of the establishment are each supposed to relate some particulars of their own history.

That such accounts were acceptable to the younger class of readers, has been proved, by the pleasure with which the volume was received. But other schools have risen up, since the far-famed "Amwell;" and we may imagine, that many of the youthful inmates might have interesting facts to communicate, if they could be induced to relate them. Not that at so early an age they are likely to have witnessed any events beyond those usually occurring in a family circle; but, a young person of mind and observation, may often remember circumstances on which she might converse with improvement to her young acquaintances.

We will therefore suppose a company of

young ladies, assembled for such a purpose, of edification and amusement.

I will be their historian; and if their narratives should please and edify you, my wishes will be amply gratified.

I remain,

My dear Young Friends,

Yours very affectionately,

Z.



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## TALES OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

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“BROTHER CHARLES.”

Related by Miss Anne C. . . .

I AM an only daughter, but I have several brothers, some older, and one younger than myself. I love them all — but I love my brother Charles the best. He is the eldest, and was born a good many years before me. Some of my earliest remembrances are of his care of his little girl, as he used to call me, and of the pains he took to teach me. I recollect before I could read, he used to lead me by the hand through the shrubberies, and over the lawn, and show me all the different trees, and the pretty insects that were flying about, and where the birds built their nests. Or he used to carry me to the seashore, and make words in the sand for me to

spell ; and then he would point to the rocks and the ocean, and tell me such interesting tales about lands that were far far over those waters, and histories of people and things that I was never tired of hearing.

Oh those were happy days ! and the first grief I ever remember was when my brother Charles was sent to a public school, as they said, to prepare him for college. Oh ! how I cried when they told me ; and I said to papa and mamma that I was sure he was good enough, and wise enough, and would learn all he needed from his tutor at home.

But they said that would not do, and that we must be parted — and then Charles promised that he would come back in the holidays, and be my play-fellow again. He tried to persuade me to comfort myself with Henry and John, and to be amused with little Frank, whilst he was away — but they were always such rough play-fellows, and there was no Charles to keep them in order, and to remind them to be gentle to his little girl.

I did try to amuse myself with Frank — I used to love to show him the pictures and



explain them, as Charles used to do to me—and I made letters for him, and told him stories—but not so well as Charles; and so he would not be attentive, and used often to run about the room and not mind me. You know I was not so clever as *my* teacher had been, so the consequence was that Frank did not get on as fast as I wished—and then they said I was impatient with him, but for all that, the child was very fond of me. I often cried, however, to think how far away my own dear brother was—and though my dear papa and mamma were as kind as could be, yet I used to reckon all the days till the vacation came. When Charles came home, I used to tell him all I had done whilst he was away, and show him what I had learned, and say my little pieces of poetry to him, and then we had such merry plays again, for though he had been in the midst of so many boys, he seemed to love his little sister better than ever. He was so delighted if he saw that I had made any progress in my studies, that it was a sufficient motive for me to take pains, that when Charles came

home he might commend me. When he was at school, he used to send me such nice letters, and save his pocket money to buy books that he thought would improve my mind.

Dear mamma was a great invalid, and I was chiefly taught by a relation of hers, who lived with her as a companion. I suppose she was clever, but she was very cross, and I did not like to complain to mamma, lest it should grieve her — and if I told Charles, he always tried to make peace between me and Miss Anstey. I have often heard her say that he had a way of putting every body in a good humour, and that nobody could ever be angry with *him*.

He was papa's delight and pride, and as he grew up, all our friends congratulated him upon his promising son — so you see if you say I am too partial, yet others think the same as I do.

Things went on in this way, till it was time for Charles to go to college. He had been for a year past under the care of a clergyman to prepare him for Oxford — but now he was

to come home for a little while, before he left us again.

It was near Christmas ; and oh ! how happy we were at the thought of Charles's return ! Every thing mamma did, seemed to have a reference to it, and when papa was saying any thing, it was always, "When my son comes home." It was the same in the nursery and the school-room. I do not think we minded either Mrs. Stokes the nurse, or Miss Anstey much, the last few days, for we were thinking about Charles.

Mamma was much better too, and there were friends invited to stay with us, and some young people were to be among them, and parties, and dances, and various amusements were planned. Charles had always been the life and spirit of all our recreations.

Well, at last he came — and we were glad enough—and he seemed more delighted than ever, to see us all again. He was so cheerful ! so smiling ! and yet there seemed now and then something grave about him too. Not when he was playing with us — then he was as merry as a child ; but when he was

in conversation with the grown up people, and with the giddy young ones, he seemed very different to them, as if he had something better to think of than they had.

But though all his friends sought him so much, I could see where he preferred to be — he would take long walks with papa, and sit with mamma, that he might read to her. I have often heard her say he was her best nurse.

A great many things happened, I can hardly tell how they came in order, because I was then such a little girl; we had the parties and the dance, but it was remarked that Charles did not enter into the gaiety of them, though he was present, and he excused himself from dancing, because he said he was to be a clergyman, who ought to be a grave person.

Then more than once I thought papa was angry with him, and said it was nonsense, — but I suppose he soon forgave him, for they seemed very affectionate to each other the next day.

But now came a change, and a sad one,

which cast a gloom over the whole family. Papa had a bachelor uncle, an elderly gentleman, who was Charles's godfather. He doated on Charles, whom I believe, he intended to make his heir. He came just at this time to stay with us; and I suppose he was very particular, for he was not at all satisfied with the manner in which things were going on. He complained that Charles was quite altered, and that he was become a mope and a Methodist.

I hardly knew what my uncle meant then, except that I was sure Charles was not a *mope*, for he was the happiest, and most cheerful of all the family.

I believe they used to converse about such things, for I remember one morning my uncle came down very early into the breakfast-room, where I was reading to my brother out of the Bible. He asked what I was doing, and being told, he said, "What is the use of moping that child over your books, and teaching her your notions of sin, and grace, and all that; it is quite time enough for her to think of such things by and bye."

Just at that minute, I remembered the hymn which Charles was beginning to teach me —

“Why should I say 'tis yet too soon  
To hear of Heaven or think of Death?  
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,” &c.

and I ventured to repeat this verse in a low tone of voice. Oh! this only made my poor uncle more angry; and he said, “The little girl turned preacher! worse and worse! Charles! Charles! I wish I had never lived to see this day; you'll break my heart!”

I think it was the same day, or the next, when I was sitting in mamma's room, that papa and my uncle came in; they looked very gloomy indeed, and my uncle said, “a pretty business this! he has ruined his prospects in life, he will never get on now.”

“What is the matter?” said mamma, looking very frightened.

“Why, my good madam, have not you observed a great change in your son? a change for the *worse*, I am sorry to remark.”

“No, sir, indeed,” said mamma, “he is only more kind and affectionate than ever.”

“Art, madam, all art, I assure you; because he hopes to win you over to his own way of thinking. What’s the reason, I say, that he turns his back upon all the gaiety that he used to enjoy, and has given up hunting, and shooting, and dancing too, that he used to be so fond of?”

“But surely,” said mamma, (for I suppose she was beginning to think a little the same), “there is some excuse for him: for those are not such suitable engagements for a clergyman as study.”

“Study; yes, madam; but is that to shut out all the innocent amusements of life?”

“But, perhaps,” replied she, “he may find they distract his mind from subjects of greater importance, and so he thinks it right to make the sacrifice.”

Just then, in came Charles.

“Here he is,” said papa, “to speak for himself.”

“Charles,” my uncle began, “are you going to Lady S.—’s ball next week?”

“No, sir, I have declined.”

“Why do I never see you engaging in field sports now?”

“You know, dear sir, I am soon to be a clergyman, and I wish to prepare for my duties as such.”

“Nonsense, boy, is there not time enough for all your duties, and for plenty of amusement besides?”

“I think not, sir,” said Charles, “but if it were so, I have no pleasure in those amusements now.”

“Then you are far gone indeed!” said my uncle, “I thought you were doing it from a mistaken sense of duty, and that we should have persuaded you to be wiser, but I see you are quite lost, — I have no hope of you now!” And this he said in a real passion, and then left the room.

These sort of things used to make me think a great deal. I was considered a little nobody in the room; they did not trouble themselves to send me away as they did Henry and John, but I sat quietly by, and heard all that passed.



I believe persons in general, have very little idea how soon children understand what is going on around them, and how they reason upon it. I am sure I did. I used to see my uncle so angry, and papa so uneasy, and then compare them with Charles, who answered them sweetly and mildly, when they said the most provoking things to him; and I thought I would give all the world to be just like him, and I wanted to find out what made him so happy in the midst of it all.

So one day I went to him when he was in his room by himself, and asked him to tell me, and he said, "Annie dear, if you were taking a long journey, through an unknown country, would you not like to have a guide on your way? and if there were enemies in the country, and you could not help yourself, would you not like to have a defender and a conqueror over them?"

"Yes," said I, (though I did not at first know what he meant.)

"And if you had to travel along, exposed to these dangers, would you not like the company of a friend who dearly loved you,

who had once trodden the same way, who comforted you with cheering words, and was able and willing to help you under every circumstance of difficulty?"

"Oh, yes!" I said.

"Then, dear Annie, listen to me: *I* was once wandering without a guide, in this sinful world, and I often strayed, but 'I have found Him, of whom Moses and the prophets did write,' even Jesus; this is my Friend; His presence makes me always happy, and He conquers those wicked enemies, my sins, and leads me to God."

I am sure I shall never forget these words, nor the manner in which he spoke them.

"Dear Charles," I said, "I wish I knew more about Jesus; I know I am often very naughty, and I want to be as good as you are."

"Do not look to me, my dear," he said, "as an example, but to Jesus, who was once a little child himself, and who tenderly loves little children. He is as willing to be your friend as He is mine, if you will seek him."

"But how shall I seek Him, brother?"

Then he drew me nearer, and said, "I will ask Him for you, my darling; let us pray, for He will hear us."

Then we knelt down, and I remember he prayed, all in words that I could understand, that Jesus would make me His own child, and teach me by His Holy Spirit, and bless me, and lead me to heaven. Then after he had prayed, dear Charles took me on his knee, and found out a number of nice passages of Scripture which he marked for me to read by myself, such as that in the 10th of John, about Christ being the Good Shepherd; and then Isaiah xl. 11. "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." And then I was to pray in my heart: "O Lord, make me Thy lamb, and lead me to thy heavenly fold." There was also John xvi. 13. "When the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth;" and then I was to pray, "O Lord, send Thy Holy Spirit into my heart." And again, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" and I was to pray to be taught what my sins were, and

that the blood of Jesus Christ might cleanse me from all sin.

Oh what happy hours did I spend often in Charles's room! he taught me so many texts and such nice hymns.

If it had not been for Charles taking so much pains with me, I should hardly have understood what the others meant when they talked to him. I used to tell mamma all he said to me, and I know *she* was not angry about it, for just at that time she used to read the Bible a great deal to herself, and Charles used to come and talk to her alone. Not even I was allowed to be in the room then.

Well, my uncle went on as usual, being more and more angry with Charles, because he could not drive him (as he called it) out of his new fashioned notions. He reproached my father for having placed him that year with the clergyman, who must, he said, have taught him all this folly; but papa said that Mr. — had been a distinguished man at Oxford, and was considered a great classic, and had been much noticed by great people; so that he did not know where Charles could

have been better placed. But all would not do, my uncle was not to be pacified; and he went away in high displeasure. All his hope was, he said, that college society would rub off some of Charles's odd notions, and as he would have many good connections there, he would see how other young men went on, and grow wiser from their example.

I thought he seemed to have chosen the wise part now, and I hoped he would not change. I told him so; when he smiled, and said, "dear child! 'the Lord is on my right hand, I shall not be moved'—'God will help me, and that right early.'"

He always had a word of scripture to answer with on all occasions, and I do not know how any individual could object to that.

So he went to Oxford. But I forgot to tell you, that before he left, he often used to converse with Miss Anstey, and though she was so many years older, yet both she and mamma used to look up to him as if he had been a prophet. I think one great reason for this was, what nurse Stokes said, that

Master Charles practised what he preached, and did not talk about good things and not do them.

After Charles was gone, I saw a great change in Miss Anstey. She had once been cross to me, but now she was forbearing and kind; and now she was anxious as she never was before, for me to read the Scriptures to her — but when I asked her to explain them, she said she was only a learner herself. I slept in her room, and I have often observed her rising very early in the morning, to read her bible and to pray, when she thought every one was asleep.

I do not know that there was any particular change in our house for some time. My uncle had been making inquiries at Oxford, how Charles went on—and he was very angry to hear that he avoided almost all company, and only associated with a few friends who were as grave and as good as himself. He was very diligent in his studies, so that there was nothing to complain of in that way; and yet my uncle talked so much everywhere about his vexation at Charles's con-

duct, that it reached papa's ears, and grieved him exceedingly.

It was of no use to remonstrate,—there was quite an unkind feeling gone forth, about my dear, dear brother. Strange stories were told of him in the neighbourhood; that he was an undutiful son, an unkind brother, and that he had so offended his uncle that he could not be forgiven.

I believe Charles was told of it, for in a letter which Miss Anstey had, which she let me hear her read to mamma, he alluded to the report, and said “none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy.”

It seemed a long, long time before we saw dear Charles again—it must have been more than a year—I know some others who were at college too, who came back once or twice whilst he was absent. I cannot tell why this happened—we heard of his being very diligent at Oxford—and we often talked of him in mamma's room, though papa very seldom mentioned his name.

I was much happier than ever I had been when Charles was away before. Miss Anstey was grown very kind, and dear mamma used to have me often with her, reading the Bible and some very nice books; and she used to explain them, and try to teach me how they might do me good.

All this time, however, papa did not seem at all well — he took scarcely any notice of us children, and shut himself up a great deal. He was persuaded to consult the physician who attended mamma, and he told him it was nervous, and that he must take an excursion, and exercise himself in field sports. So he obeyed these orders — but nothing did him any good. At length he became seriously ill, for though at the beginning they hoped not much was the matter, yet in the course of a week or two they had to sit up with him every night, and call in more advice.

Then I was frightened, for I loved poor papa dearly, and I cried very much lest he should be going to die. One night I remember, Miss Anstey, who was seriously alarmed



about him, sat up, and before the morning she came into our room in tears, so that I was afraid to ask any questions. She began to write a letter, and I found she was going to send an express for Charles, by papa's order — for he thought he was dying. Oh! there was such lamentation in the house, for so kind a papa, and so good a master — and we were all anxious for Charles to come, and counted hour after hour till we saw him, for he had a long way to travel. I think it must have been in the middle of the next night that he arrived, when I was gone to bed, and I heard them say he would take neither sleep nor refreshment, but only go to papa. But the very idea that he was in the house, seemed a great relief to every body; and the next morning the physicians said poor papa was a little better. Yet for a long time after this papa was confined to his room, and scarcely any one saw him but Charles; he was there night and day. Papa seemed to begin to recover from the time he came; and I suppose he could hardly bear his son out of sight, for it was very seldom Charles

could spare time to talk or walk with his little sister, but whenever he did, I found him the same kind brother as ever.

At length, dear papa got so much better, that he was able to drive out, and to sit in the garden. The evening before he joined the family again, he sat in the garden, under the shade of the great chesnut-tree. There he called us all around him, and was so glad that he was strong enough to talk to us again. He seemed very cheerful, but he looked much reduced by illness.

The next morning,— Oh I shall never forget that! we were all assembled in the breakfast-room when papa entered, leaning on Charles's arm, and he had a Bible in his hand. The servants were called in, and it was to family prayer. We used to have prayers read sometimes of an evening, when we had no company, but from this day it began regularly, as well as reading the Scriptures.

Papa sat down, and began to try to read, but his voice faltered, and the tears came into his eyes; however, he exerted himself

again, and first he said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Then he read Isa. xxxviii. from the 9th verse to the 20th, which you know is the writing of king Hezekiah, when he was recovered of his sickness. When he had finished this, he gave the prayer-book to Charles, and made signs to him to read. Charles opened the book, and before he began I heard him say, in a low voice, "I will make here an altar to my God, who answered me in the day of my calamity, and was with me in the way I went." Then he said, "let us pray;" but though he had a book to read from, I thought he said many things of his own, particularly when he returned thanks for dear papa's recovery, and prayed that all present might feel how good the Lord had been to them, in raising him up.

Charles did not then remain much longer with us; he went back to Oxford, but he was never kept so long away from home again, but returned at each vacation, to the joy of all the family. And now he is made a clergyman, which they all say he is just fit for.

When he is at home, he visits the poor and the sick ; and as nurse says, he will make the finest preacher in the country ; for when he explains the Scriptures to us in the family, there is not a word that cannot be understood, and all he seems to live for, is to serve God.

I am afraid I have quite tired you with my story, but I have no more to add, except that dear mamma is gone to travel for her health, and is to spend next winter in a warm climate, which they hope will do her great good. Papa is with her, and Miss Anstey is left at home, to superintend the other part of the family. Charles is at his curacy, and it was thought better to send me to school, while papa and mamma are abroad. And I promised them, that for their sakes, I would take pains, and learn every thing they wished, that they might find me very much improved when they returned home.

## "NURSERY DISCIPLINE."

Related by Miss Fanny H. . . .

My papa is a Member of Parliament, and goes to London for many months in the year, and mamma generally accompanies him. I went once to stay at our house in London, but we younger ones seldom are there, as mamma says the country is much better for our health whilst we are so little. Of late, my elder sisters have been in the habit of going up to town with their governess, (when papa and mamma are there,) that they may have the advantage of the best masters.

We have been generally left in the family mansion, in Derbyshire, a very pretty place with a great many gardens and woods surrounding it. There we were under the care of nurse, a good old body who lived in the family before I was born; I suppose she had been with mamma twenty years, for she said

she had seen us all grow up, and I am one of the youngest.

Mamma trusted fully in her, and said that she knew better than any one how to manage children, particularly if we were ill, or there was any thing the matter. I dare say she thought so, for nurse used to be very good-natured to us sometimes, and I believe she was truly kind-hearted, but she had an odd way of showing it, and I do not think she had found out the right method of keeping us in order.

There were three or four in the nursery, of whom I was the youngest but one. Once, I remember being nurse's chief favourite, and I used to be petted and spoiled above all the others; but when baby was born, by degrees she gave all her love away to him, and used to scold and drive me away, when I expected to have my former indulgences.

Then I heard her complain to the servants below-stairs, and those that came to see her from other houses, that we were the most cross, ill-tempered, good-for-nothing children that ever were seen, always quarrelling with

her, or with one another, and impossible to manage.

Notwithstanding this, I have heard her whisper to the house-keeper, when any other young ones came to the house, "I declare our children beat them all hollow, in their beauty and pretty behaviour; they look like a real gentleman's children." If any of us were ill, how kind she was! she would sit up with us all night, and in the day she would never leave our bed-side, except to get what we wanted; and if she had to give us medicine, there were sugar plums and nice things provided for us to take after it; or she would carry us about in her arms, and let us sit on her lap, as long as we liked. Then I used to love her dearly, and thought I would never quarrel with her again. But nurse said we always grew cross, when we were getting well. I am sure *she* did; for her behaviour was quite changed, when we were able to run about again; then it was, "Master John, you troublesome boy, you are always in mischief," or "Master George, let those things alone, *do sir*," or "Miss Fanny, you are al-

ways the worst of all!" and then she used to twitch me up, and lock me in a dark closet, and tell me if I was not a good girl, the black man would come and carry me away.

I was sadly frightened at this threat, for I fully believed what she said at first; and when we walked out, if I met a chimney sweeper, I used to run shrieking to her. Then nurse told me, if I would be good, she would not let him take me away this time.

By and bye, when we grew older and wiser, we found that sweeps came for other purposes than to carry away little girls and boys, and so when she tried to frighten us about the black man, we said we should like to go with him very well, and that we thought it would be fine fun to climb up the chimney, and creep upon the house-top.

So she saw *that* would not do any longer, and I suppose she thought of another plan for "ruling such spirits," as she used to call us.

We used to hear her now talking with the maids who waited upon us in the nursery,



about ghosts, and haunted houses ; and many a strange tale excited our curiosity, and made us inquire for more. I told you we lived in an old mansion ; it was rather a strange place, with long galleries, and a great many doors in them, and oddly shaped rooms, hung round with old family pictures. We were very fond of running up and down the galleries, and playing hide and seek in the empty rooms, so as sometimes to give nurse a great deal of trouble to find us ; but after we heard these tales we dared not venture into such places. There was one picture that always looked so at me when I came into the room ; and another, that we heard nurse declare had walked out of its frame when papa's great grandfather would go to the wars, where he was killed. And then there was a dark dismal closet, where they said such strange noises were always heard, if any thing was going to happen to the family. *That* closet was our especial dread, and if nurse had fulfilled her intention of locking me up there one night, when I was very naughty, I really believe I should have never come out alive.

The very idea of the fright I was in makes me shudder now.

I only wish every one could know what dreadful effects arise from thus treating children. I was quite afraid in the winter time to go to sleep, and I was so glad when the light nights came, and I could close my eyes whilst the sun was up; for in the dark I lay awake, thinking about all the stories I had heard, of the ghosts that were sent to frighten children, and to 'spirit them away' as nurse called it, till I used to hide my head under the bedclothes, and cry myself to sleep.

You will wonder I did not complain to mamma, but she was not often in the nursery, and when she did come, nurse was always so very good-natured to us, that she would not have believed me if I had said any thing. We used to go in to dessert; or when mamma had company in the morning, we were rung for; and after being dressed in our smart frocks, and our hair brushed carefully by nurse, we went down. Oh, then she was very proud of us! and as she handed us in,

she used to say how pretty we looked, and bid us hold up our heads, and behave nicely, that all the ladies and gentlemen might admire us in our new frocks.

Poor nurse! I do think she loved us, in the midst of all her crossness, and perhaps if she had known how wretched she made me by these horrible tales, she would not have told them. They frightened me so much, that although I was always thinking about them, I could not have repeated them to any one for the world.

I do not know what would have become of me, but for a circumstance that happened. My elder sisters had a new governess, and she was so kind as to take a great deal of notice of little Fanny, and sometimes invited me into the school-room, where I sat upon her lap whilst my sisters were reading to her, and now and then, she gave me a little lesson too, which I liked very much.

Nurse was very civil generally to Miss Watson, but in the nursery she used to scold terribly about my going into the school-room, for I often tried to steal away, and crept

softly along the passage and up the stairs, and opened the door gently and said, "May I come in; I promise not to speak a word, if I may be here?" Dear kind Miss Watson seldom said no; and though I heard much said in the nursery what a shame it was, for governesses to interfere with children, before they were given to their care, &c. I did not mind. Nurse said she had taken a great deal of pains "to learn Miss Fanny her book," and that it was quite time enough for her to have other things besides reading and spelling; that none of her elder sisters were taken away so early, and such things, which was very odd; when at other times, she said I was so troublesome, she wished I was entirely out of the nursery. If ever I did any thing naughty, I heard, "Is that what you learn in the school-room, miss?" or, "I am sure Miss Fanny you are not half so pretty in your manners as you used to be before the governess came." All this, however, I only laughed at, for the pleasure of going to Miss Watson quite made up to me for it. Now and then I used to take a walk with her and

my sisters, and Johnny too, for he was my eldest sister's pet, and she begged leave for him to go. Then we used to hear such pretty stories about animals, and she picked flowers, and taught us their names, and showed us curious birds, and insects. As to the frogs, and lizards, and beetles, that I used to be so afraid of before, I began to see how pretty they were, when Miss Watson used to take them in her hand, instead of teaching us to run screaming away, as the maids did. Even the toad, that they told me would spit fire if I touched it, never did me the least harm when I stooped down to admire its eyes, and the pretty spots on its back. I loved to hear about all these creatures, and how wonderfully God had made them, and how kindly He had provided exactly the food they wanted, within their reach.

I think I shall never forget the nice lessons which we had while we were walking out, for we gained a great deal from them, though they seemed like pretty stories. I believe I shall be the happier for these walks all my life, for now I cannot help listening to the

different voices of the birds, and examining the roots of the trees for pretty moss ; or watching the busy little ants, or peeping under the bark of old trees for the curious families of insects. Oh ! I remember the spiders we watched, and how delighted I was to be shown the nests of the carpenter and mason bee ; the one in a tree, and the other in an old wall ! When we came home, we often brought flowers in our hands, or curious things we had picked up ; but no sooner did nurse see them, than she cried out, "That's your walking, is it ? I thought little ladies and gentlemen went out for exercise, and not to do their lessons abroad." And when Johnny said, "Oh, nurse, do look at these pretty specimens !" she scolded us, and complained of Miss Watson in such a manner, and threatened that if we dared to bring home any more "specimens," she would throw them all in the fire, for she would not have such a litter in the nursery !

I know I was very troublesome often, and difficult to manage, and what they called a high spirit. I was afraid of nothing, except

ghosts, and that nurse knew very well, which made her use such cruel means to keep me in order.

At last it happened that John and George had a fever, and I was removed from the nursery bed-room, lest I should take it. Miss Watson very kindly offered to let my little bed be placed in her room, which was a long way from the nursery, and opened into the room where my sisters slept. I was happy enough there; no scolding had I to bear, but I was gently desired to do every thing, and I obeyed directly. I staid in the room whilst my sisters were at lessons, and though I was sometimes tired, yet I had nice pictures and books given me to amuse myself, and when she had time, Miss Watson would carry me to the piano and teach me a tune, and that I liked very much indeed.

One night, and it was winter time, my sisters were gone down into the drawing-room, and Miss Watson staid with me. It was nearly my bed-time, but just before that, she went out of the school-room to her own, leaving me alone. I dared not say, "pray

let me go with you," but I felt so frightened; and when she shut the door after her, I did not know what to do.

I told you that ours was an old-fashioned house, and in the room where I was, there were dark paper hangings, and a great Chinese screen was put up always in cold weather. I drew close to the fire, and I looked and looked at the screen, for fear any one should come from behind it; and I thought of the terrible tales I had heard, till I began to think some of the painted figures were really coming towards me. Oh, I was so frightened! I never shall forget that night as long as I live. I ran to one of the window curtains, and wrapped myself tight in it, hardly daring to breathe, and I listened to every noise. At last I heard the door open, and a gentle step came across the room. Then I set up a dreadful scream, and cried out, "the ghost!" But it was only Miss Watson, who, finding me in my hiding place, gently undid the curtain, led me out, and seated me on her lap. She waited a little,



and soothed me, and then said, "What is the matter with my dear little girl?"

"Oh, ma'am," I replied, "I was afraid of being left alone, because of the ghosts, and I thought you were one coming."

"A ghost!" she said, smiling, "and what is a ghost, dear Fanny?"

"Oh, I don't know ma'am, indeed, only nurse says they are horrid things that come by night, to naughty people."

"My child," she said, "listen to me:—do you think *I* would do any thing to frighten or hurt you?"

"No, that you would not," said I, throwing my arms round her neck.

"And why not, dear?"

"Because you *love me*, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed I do," she answered, "and you know we cannot hurt those we love. But do you know, my Fanny, there is one who loves you better than I do, who is above all?"

"Yes, ma'am; you mean God."

"And do you think that He who is so kind

and good, would send beings to torment you?"

"But," I said, "I am so often a naughty child, and I do not deserve that God should love me at all."

"Nor do any of us," she said. "God does not love you or me, because we are *good*, but because He has pity upon us. Do you not know dear, what He has done for you?"

"Yes," I answered, "He gives me food and clothes, and takes care of me all the day."

"And something better still, dearest child," she said.

"I do not know," I answered, for I had never then heard about it. So she went on to tell me how wicked we all were, and that all the world must have perished, had not God sent His dear Son Jesus, to die for our sins.

"But do you know, ma'am," I said, "nurse told me I had a *good heart*, though I am often so troublesome; a much better one than Johnny, who tells lies, and is often cross and unkind."

"That is a mistake," she answered, "for God Himself has said, 'there is none righteous, no not one,' and we must all be saved by Jesus Christ, or we shall never find the way to heaven."

"But how do you know this is so?" I asked her.

"Because it is written in the book of God," she said, "and He cannot lie."

As she went on thus talking to me, I forgot my fright, and I could have listened to her much longer, only it was my bed-time. Then she was so kind, she went with me to her room, and sat by my side till I fell asleep.

After that, on other days, she told me a great deal about the care that God takes of us, and how He gives His angels charge over us, so that nothing can come nigh to harm those that love Him.

And she taught me such a nice text from the Bible, to say when I lie down to sleep. It was, "Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." And she told me to pray to God, to watch over me,

for Jesus Christ's sake. She said we could have nothing given us but for His sake; so we were always to ask in His name.

By degrees I began to be much less afraid when I was left alone. I knew that God was every where, and could take care of me. But one day, I said to Miss Watson; "I remember when you first told me how God loved the world, and I think if I could be sure that He loved *me*, I should never be afraid of any thing again."

She said "you have only to believe the words that God has said, just as you do my words, or that of any other friend whom you know would not deceive you, but with this difference, I might make a mistake, but He cannot."

And then I asked her, what He had said about loving *me*?

So she shewed me a text, which says, "He is the propitiation for our sins," (that means, she said, that Jesus Christ died for us), "and not for ours only, but also, for the sins of the whole world."

Then she said, "Are not you one that lives in the world, Fanny?"

“Yes,” I said, “but how am I to know that He loves *me*?”

She answered, “The words of Jesus are, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.’”

I next wished to know how I could come to Him. She asked me, what I should do, if I wanted any thing of *her*? I said I should ask her for it. Then she taught me some sweet beautiful texts, which comforted me very much, and they were these: “The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry,” and “Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”

I found too, as I read more about Jesus Christ in the Bible, that He is so good and kind, that when he was on earth, He never sent away one who came to ask His mercy.

And Miss Watson said, “Surely He would not do less for us *now*, when He told His disciples, ‘All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth,’ and ‘Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.’”

Do you know, that I learned so much about these good things, and liked them so

well, that I no longer minded the ghosts, and I used to go in and out of the rooms in the dark, and along the passages alone, without any fears.

I should tell you, that after this, I had scarcely any thing to do with nurse. She went out with my little brothers for change of air, and happy I! was left with my sisters in the school-room, to the care of Miss Watson.

There I continued for a year, till my sisters' education was finished, and dear Miss Watson was married to a clergyman, who lives not far from this neighbourhood; so that she could not teach me any more.

She persuaded my mamma to send me to this school, and she has given me a kind invitation to go and see her whenever I can. Once I have been to the happy little parsonage, and I hope to stay with her all the next vacation, when the rest of my family will be in London.

## "THE PLAYMATES OF CHILDHOOD."

Related by Miss Emma G. . . .

I AM a very little girl, and cannot tell you such pretty stories as my companions have done ; but as you wish it, I will try and relate something. I have generally lived with my grandpapa and grandmamma, at their nice house in the country : for they said that London, where my papa was, was not good for my health ; but he came every now and then to see me, and he thought I looked so rosy and so happy, that he could not make up his mind to take me away. Well might I be rosy, for I ran about all day ; and happy, for I was never far from grandpapa, whose chief pleasure was to amuse me, or see me amuse myself. Often he used to set me on his knee and say how I reminded him of his own dear child, when she was my age ; for my mamma was his only one, and she died

just after I was born. Then he told me such pretty stories about her,—what an obedient dutiful child she was,—and how she loved her parents, — and how useful she was to them, and to all around her. I was never tired of hearing those tales, but I knew when it was time to leave off,— when dear grandpapa was beginning to cry, and to say nothing would make up to him for the loss of his darling. Then I would throw my arms round his neck and kiss him, and say I would be mamma over again; and though that made him cry more for a few minutes, yet he was better soon. Then I jumped down and ran to grandmamma to see if I could help her to attend to her fowls, and tie up her beautiful flowers, of which she had a great variety: or I would go and see what Mrs. Bridge, the housekeeper, was doing, in her room,— or run about with my dear play-fellows, the two great dogs.

Ah! they were dogs, indeed! Grandpapa said they were very fine of their kind. Rover was a Newfoundland, and Cæsar was a Springer, and they could both swim charm-

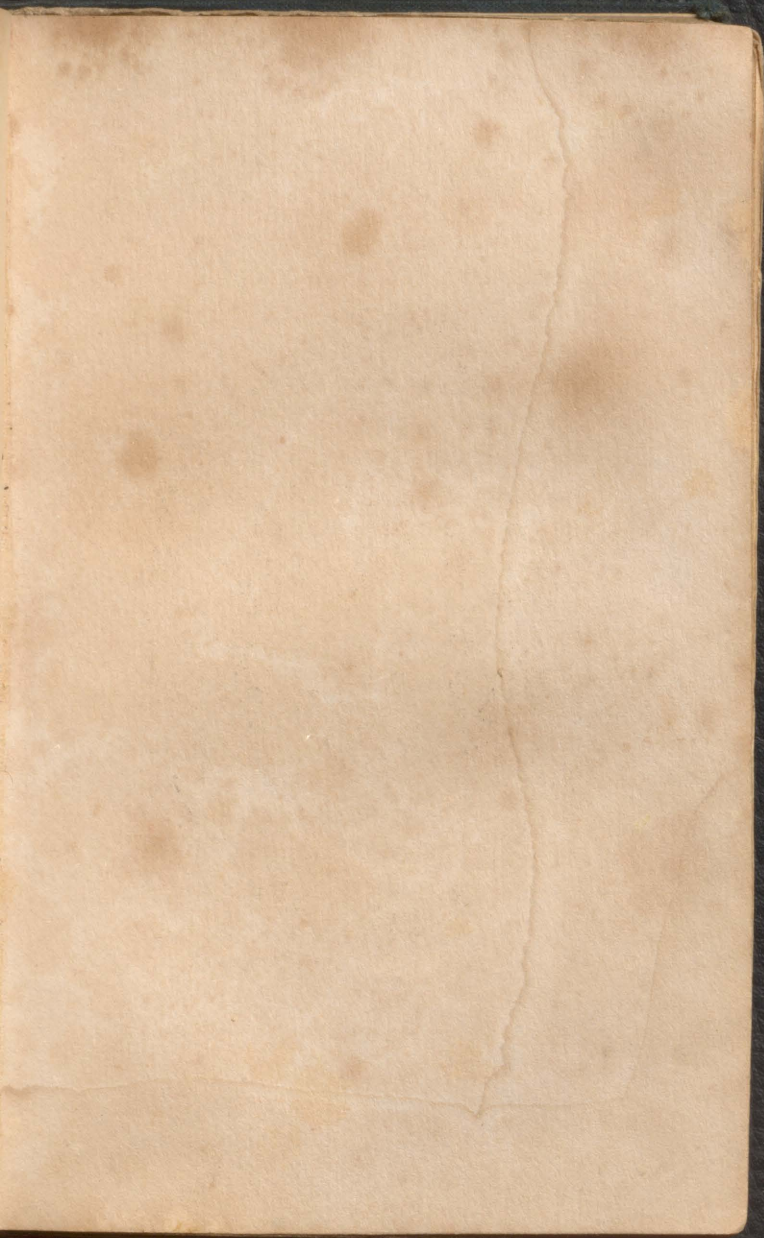


ingly. Many an hour have I stood by the large pond, or by the river side, throwing in sticks and stones for them to fetch out, and then they would bring and lay them so dutifully at my feet, and expect me to pat them, and let them jump upon me when they were dripping with wet,—saucy fellows ! and then they would flap their tails about, and give themselves such a shaking, as quite sprinkled me all over with water or mud, whichever they happened to have upon them. Yet for all this, they were very sensible dogs. I have known Cæsar find grandpapa's stick, or hat, when it was mislaid ; or they would bring grandmamma's gloves if she had put them down when she was gardening. They seemed to understand all that was going on in the house, as well as if they had been rational creatures, grandpapa said ; and when he spoke to them, they did all but speak in return ; they seemed as if they only wanted words to carry on a conversation.

Poor grandmamma in general, was rather fearful about me, and did not like me to be from home, even in our own grounds ; but if

the two dogs went with me, she was not afraid of trusting me any where; for she said if any thing was the matter, one would stand by to guard me, and the other would run for assistance.

Now I am afraid you will laugh at me for what I am going to tell you, but I cannot help it. Grandpapa often read to me very pretty accounts of animals, and other things, and when I heard what nice stories there were printed in books, I longed to read them too; so I asked him to teach me,—and he was so pleased, and he took a great deal of pains, till at last I could read pretty well. Then I said to grandpapa, “Could not we teach the dogs to read? Rover is so steady, and Cæsar is so clever, I think we could.” He smiled, and took down a book, from which he read me an account of a boy (not in this country though) that taught his dog to speak, and I think, to know some of the letters; but grandpapa thought I should hardly be able to get on so far. However, that very day I began to try, but I had such idle scholars! Whenever I tried to teach





Rover a letter, he wagged his tail, and looked up in my face, instead of down upon the lesson, and Cæsar turned up the leaves of the book with his paws, and yawned. I saw they would not do together at all, and I put one out of the room, and tried the other by himself, but all to no purpose. Rover sat at the door, and scratched, and whined to be let in, and Cæsar answered him by a bark, instead of trying to sound A B C, as I wished. So I was obliged to give up my plan. But you must needs suppose that they were very dull animals, from what I have said. I will tell you what will prove quite the contrary.

When they were walking out, which they often did, with grandpapa and me, up and down the terraced walk in front of the house, sometimes they heard the bell ring for the kitchen dinner: Rover was a hungry dog, and never liked to miss any of the nice bones and pieces which the servants threw to him, so he generally wagged his tail, and set off full speed to the back door; but dear Cæsar used to wait; he could not determine whether he loved us best, or the dinner; he would

look up in our faces, and then after Rover, as if quite uncertain what to do, — and it often ended in his not leaving us at all till we went in to dinner ourselves.

But I must tell you a story also about Rover. Mrs. Bridge, our housekeeper, was very fond of him, and had several times nursed him when he was sick, particularly once, when he had got some glass into his foot. One day, grandpapa was obliged to go to a town about nine miles off, upon business, and there he remained several days, Rover being his companion. By some accident on the journey, Rover got a thorn into his foot, which I suppose at first he did not mind, as he continued where he was; but after a while, he was missing, and the men could not find him any where. In the meantime, the second day after grandpapa's departure, as Mrs. Bridge sat quietly in her room, she heard a scratching at the door, and on its being opened, in came Mr. Rover, wagging his tail, and he put one of his paws upon her lap. When she examined it, she found a great thorn, and the place much

swelled ; she took out the thorn, and doctored the foot, which soon was quite well, and then I believe Rover ran back to his master again. Was not this a very sensible animal ? \*

There were many little things if I could only remember them, that seemed rational in these dogs, as if they had minds that thought like ours ; but grandpapa said it was only a faculty called instinct, though in them it appears much nearer to our reason than it does in almost any other animal.

For instance, I remember, when grandmamma's pet lap-dog, Dash, was suddenly killed, Cæsar took great pains to succeed him in her favour ; and instead of spending his time out of doors as much as usual, he would come creeping up-stairs, and peeping into the drawing-room, and would go in and lick grandmamma's hand, as if he wanted to comfort her for her loss. We all thought he seemed to shew the feeling of a child towards her.

It was a sorrowful day when I had to part

\* A fact.

with one of my play-fellows. Rover died. I do not know what was the matter with him ; he was ill for some time, and grandpapa had a horse-doctor to come and see him ; and then our family physician, who knew how valuable he was, said *he* must prescribe for him. But he could do him no good. Even now I could cry, to think how poor Rover lay on his side, panting for breath, and too weak to stand ; and when I came near and spoke to him, he just noticed me, but could not raise himself up. He died the night after Dr. F— had seen him ; and they could not comfort me at all.

I said to grandpapa, “ Shall I never see Rover again ? you told me I should see dear mamma in Heaven, and will not Rover be there too ? ”

“ Emma, love,” he answered, “ your dear mamma had a soul as well as a body, and her soul loved God, and is gone to Him, but the dog has no soul.”

“ Why not ? ” I asked.

“ God is wise and good, my dear, and knows best how to order His creatures ; but



you are not singular in your thoughts about your dog." Then he repeated, what I afterwards learned, because it was so pretty :

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or milky way,  
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topt hills, a humbler Heaven;  
He thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

"And how do you know, grandpapa," I said, "whether the poor Indian is not right?"

"My Emma," he answered, "the book of God speaks of '*the beasts that perish*,' of man alone, that he must rise again, and stand before the judgment seat of Christ."

"And must I stand there, dear grandpapa?"

"You, my love, and I, and all the world."

"And what will the Judge say to us?" I asked.

"According to what we have done here," he said, "whether it be good or evil; and it is *here* that the time is given us to prepare to

meet Him ; and *here* He is willing to be our Saviour, if we would not see Him as our Judge hereafter." Then grandpapa taught me another verse of poetry which I shall never forget :

"Thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we  
Take shelter from Thyself, in Thee,  
And with the wings of thine own Dove,  
Fly to thy sceptre of soft love."

And this, he explained to me, meant, that God was not willing we should die (though we deserve it) for our sins, but has made a way of escape for us, in His dear Son Jesus Christ our Saviour. And grandpapa said, that it was the custom formerly, when subjects came into the presence of their king, if the king meant to be kind to them, he stretched out his golden sceptre that they might touch the top of it ; so this verse means to say that God loves *us*, and wishes to be gracious to us.

After this, I asked grandpapa a great many more questions, but I have not time now to tell you all he said in answer. He used to teach me my lessons himself, and it

was a long time before grandmamma and grandpapa could spare me to come to school. I was so sorry to part with them, and with Cæsar! and grandpapa wrote me word the other day in a letter, that Cæsar comes every now and then up to him, as if he were looking for his little play-fellow.

I shall be very glad when the holidays come, and I can go home to see them all; but in the meantime I must mind what grandmamma says,—that I am to be a very diligent and studious girl, that I may learn all I can while I am at school, and then come home to live with them always, and be the comfort of their old age.

## "SAD RECOLLECTIONS."

Related by Miss Lucy T. . . .

It is very painful to think of our faults, and still more so, to tell of them; and yet, if I give you a fair account of myself, I shall not be able to omit such things. My mamma says, we have good and bad examples given us in the Bible, that we may follow the one, and take warning by the other; so that I hope the particulars I shall relate will not be without their use.

Before I came here, I was placed in a very nice school; it could hardly be called a school, it was so like a home. The lady at the head of it only took six pupils, and two of them were the children of a dear friend of hers, who lived in the East Indies, so they were always with her when the other pupils went home in the vacation.

Mrs. N. was an accomplished woman, and taught us a great deal herself. She had also a sister, Miss W. who lived with her, of whom we were all very fond, and every thing was done by them both, to make us happy. We had a nice garden to play in, and many indulgences not customary at schools, and our governesses were so kind that we had ready access to them at any time. Then they taught us so nicely, that we seemed to learn as a pleasure, and not as a task. I had had a governess at home, and had been for a short time to another school, but I never *understood* what I was taught, till I came to Mrs. N. It was not that she took more pains to make us comprehend our lessons, but in a few simple words which we could not forget, she explained what she wished us to know. If you ask me which of the ladies I liked best, I could hardly tell how to answer, I liked them both so much, and they were very kind to me. There was great love too between us all; we seemed to belong to one family, and to take an interest in each other's pursuits, which made it very pleasant.

I do not think, for a long time, we ever quarrelled.

I told you there were but six at the school, but afterwards there was another admitted by particular favour, as her mamma was a friend of Mrs. N.'s, and earnestly requested that Alicia should have the privilege of being at ——. I am sorry she ever came. Before that time, there was but one mind amongst us, and envy and jealousy were unknown in our little circle. When Alicia arrived, we welcomed her heartily, and thought that every additional one must bring an increase of pleasure; so we told her how happy we were, and that we rejoiced she was come.

But I do not know how it was; from the first there seemed a strange spirit in her towards some of us, and others she took great pains to please. She could make herself very agreeable, and she was clever too, and to her favourites, she was particularly obliging in her behaviour. At first we hardly thought we could make enough of her; she would teach one some pretty work she understood, and would help another in her

studies, or relate entertaining histories of what she said she had seen, and in short, she gained great influence over us all.

It was singular, however, that although we saw she was not nearly so unreserved as we were with Mrs. N., yet she pretended to know all about her affairs, and she made us believe that she was on more intimate terms with her than any of the rest of us were. This could not have been the case, because I found out afterwards, that she had been very little in Mrs. N.'s company before she came to —. At the time, I believed all she said, for I thought her so good, and so much wiser than any of us,—now I wish I had never listened to her. Not long after she came, we began to feel not so happy or so united as we had been, and yet no one could tell the reason; but I see now how it was. Alicia was often insinuating things to one against the other, so as to excite jealousy, not perhaps with the direct intention of making us quarrel, (for I cannot suppose her so naughty,) but so as to produce an unhappy effect upon our minds. She would

say to Maria, "Why are you so fond of Helen? she does not care particularly for you; take my advice, and seem cool to her a little while, and then she will learn to value your regard." Now Maria had no reason to doubt her friend's affection, but the observation that was made, rendered her suspicious of Helen, and she began to watch every little occasion of offence. Very minute circumstances, which formerly would have passed unnoticed, were now magnified,—things which Helen would have carefully avoided saying or doing, had she been aware of the remarks made upon her. By such means friends were separated.

As Alicia was before us in most of our studies, we occasionally applied to her for assistance, but that was granted according to her own varying humour, and she seemed to take a pleasure in disappointing some of us, that she might shew peculiar favour to others. I am sorry to confess that I was entirely under her influence, and was persuaded to like or dislike according to her taste. I would not repeat evil things of my former



school-fellow, but that you may be on your guard, if you should ever meet with a similar character,—beware of such influence, lest you suffer from it as I have done. Perhaps the most unkind act of which Alicia was guilty, was her endeavour to persuade us that Mrs. N. had favourites, and that her partialities were very evident, if we would only notice them.

Believing, as we did, Alicia's own account of her long private interviews with Mrs. N., and the marks of favour she was continually receiving, we readily conceded to *her* the first place in our governess's regard, because we thought that the family intimacy would justify it.

We found afterwards how much we had been deceived by these representations, for there was so much *impartiality*, that Alicia had written home to complain that she wondered Mrs. N. did not on her mamma's account, treat her with more distinction. She could not bear, she said, to be degraded to a level with the children (as she called us). This came out long afterwards, but at the

time, we little suspected such double dealing. I told you, that two of Mrs. N.'s pupils were East Indians, the children of a dear friend of hers. They were sweet girls, especially the eldest, whose name was Henrietta. They had been confided to Mrs. N.'s care since they were very young, and being delicate in health, she was often anxious about them. There might have been some excuse, had these been the chief favourites; and I am surprised that so much impartiality was maintained, for they were never disobedient, nor gave any trouble, and their love to their English mamma, as they called her, was so great, that it seemed impossible for them to grieve her by any disrespect to her commands.

I cannot think what caused Alicia's hatred to these girls, except that their works were good and hers evil, which is the usual cause of dislike against persons; and you will scarcely believe that she contrived to set us all against them, though they only returned our cool or spiteful treatment with good nature.

Alicia had a strange way of casting ridicule upon those she disliked,—perhaps a movement or a word, she would point out as an exercise for her spleen. She would say, “Look at Julia,” (the youngest of the East Indians), “only see how she tosses her head and looks up, as if she wished every body to admire her.” I do not think the poor girl deserved this censure, and we had never thought of noticing her movements before, but our attention was thus directed, and a sort of spiteful watchfulness for the failings of others was created, which was heretofore unknown amongst us. Then she would try to misinterpret what Henrietta did, and insinuate that it was a great shame she should have so much power over Mrs. N. How could we believe these things, when we had the positive evidence of our senses against them? and yet we did! such is the effect of bad influence, it is like yielding up our reason.

Alicia tried to set me against Miss W —, by assuring me that both she and her sister had a peculiar dislike to me; but there she could not succeed, for Miss W. was the

kindest friend I had ; and reproved me when it was necessary, with a tenderness which shewed that it was in sorrow, not in anger, that she spoke. That Mrs. N. was set against us by Henrietta, we were often told, but even then, when I was so blinded, I had several proofs to the contrary, which shewed me that Henrietta was a peace-maker, and would endeavour, if possible, to extenuate the faults which we committed. And she shewed marked kindness to those whom she must have known were prejudiced against her.

If ever you are placed in similar circumstances, remember Solomon's advice, which is as applicable to children as to grown up persons: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not," for had this been my motto, I should have been spared much sorrow and remorse. We are told also in another part of scripture, to speak evil of no man, then we should be equally careful not to *listen* to evil against others, lest we should be tempted to speak it. When such a person as Alicia is trying to prejudice us against

another, instead of putting together all the little circumstances to prove the case, let us recollect all the instances of kindness that have been shewn us by the accused person. This would be good for our own minds, and oh! how much happier, than the indulgence of those feelings that cause bitter pain whilst we encourage them, and sad remorse upon reflection. But I must hasten to another part of my story.

I told you that Henrietta and Julia had no home in England but Mrs. N.'s; and that they lived with her all the year. It happened that my parents were suddenly called from home, just before Christmas, and they sent word that they wished me to remain with Mrs. N. during the vacation. "Poor girl," said Alicia, when she heard my fate. "I am sorry you are doomed to be moped with the governesses and their pets,—I am afraid you will lead a dull life." These, and many such reflections did she make, and I am sorry to say that I shewed the bad effect of her influence, by appearing quite sullen and unsociable. But I could not long resist the

kindness which was shewn me by the ladies, who seemed determined not to see the ill-temper that I manifested. Henrietta and Julia too, were exceedingly attentive to me; for Henrietta's sweet disposition was proof against all my rudeness. I wonder, now, how I could think evil of so good and gentle a creature. When I came to have a nearer view of her, I was sure that Alicia must have been mistaken about her, for I saw none of the bad traits which were said to be in her character. I was beginning to come to my senses, and to see things again in their true light, and yet such was the strength of the evil influence that had been exerted on my mind, that I felt like one of the persons we read of in fairy tales, with a spell cast over them, which it is long before they are able to break. How many instances I now observed, in which Henrietta shewed kindness to me at the sacrifice of something that was pleasing to herself, and how desirous she seemed to remove every thought of jealousy on the subject of Mrs. N. I found that she often gave up sitting with

Miss W. to whom she was exceedingly attached, that she might read or work with me, and endeavour to render the holidays more agreeable to me.

It was just at this time that I was attacked by the measles, and Henrietta, who had had them before, undertook to be my chief nurse. I shall never forget her kindness, and how patiently she bore with my crossness, and soothed my pain. My eyes were much affected, and I was so ill that they were obliged to sit up with me at night. Mrs. N. would not consent to Henrietta sitting up, as she was very delicate, but she would often be at the bed-side by five o'clock in the morning to try and comfort me after a wakeful night. She would read short portions to me from the Bible, and nice books, just as I could bear them, and would sing sweet hymns to me. My heart was touched by her conduct. I remembered my unkind treatment of her, to which she never once alluded; nor did she say anything against Alicia, if I happened to mention her name. I have often thought, whilst Henrietta was so kindly

attending upon me, of that text of scripture, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

At last, one day, when I was very low spirited, for I had been thinking a great deal of what had passed, I said to her, "I don't deserve that you should do any thing for me, Henrietta," and I began to cry.

"Why not, dear?" she answered.

"Because I have always been so unkind to you, and you must have seen it."

"I have been sorry that you did not love me," she said, "but now you know me better, perhaps you will."

"Yes, I shall indeed," I replied; "but can you forgive me for all the ill-nature I have shewn you?"

"Do you remember," she said, "the story of the debtor who owed his Lord so much that he could not pay, and he frankly forgave him all; and it was afterwards said to him, 'Shouldst thou not have compassion on thy fellow-servant, as I also had pity on thee?'"



“But you have not wronged any body and been forgiven,” I said.

“We have all wronged our Lord,” she said: “He has bestowed on us innumerable mercies, and we have not loved or served Him as we ought.”

“True,” I said, “but what do you mean about being forgiven?”

“The dear Saviour,” she replied, “came to reconcile us to God, and if we trust in Him, we are for His sake forgiven.” Then she tried to shew me that, although I was so young, I might be a follower of Christ, and that He loved young disciples, and sent His Spirit to teach them the will of God, and to help them to do it. I felt more inclined to listen to Henrietta, because I saw that she was so good, and I believed she must be a real follower of Christ, because she tried to be like him. How patient she had been with me,—when she was reviled, reviling not again, and doing kindness to those who despitefully used her.

I made a great many resolutions, and determined that my conduct should be the re-

verse of what it had been, especially to Henrietta, who I now saw was my true friend. But, alas ! I had little opportunity afforded me to shew my repentance and amendment.

Dear Henrietta, whose constitution was very delicate, was looking so ill when some friends came to see her, almost immediately after the vacation, that as they were travelling into Devonshire, they carried her away with them, for change of air. When we parted, (which I little thought was for ever in this world,) she committed her little sister Julia particularly to my care, and you may be sure I was glad to have any opportunity of shewing her kindness, for Henrietta's sake. The dear child grew very fond of me, and comforted me for the loss of her sister. Alicia endeavoured to recover her influence over me, but my mind was changed towards her, and I did not much care that she tried to set the others against me, and talked of my having succeeded to the favourite's place. It did not vex me then, for Julia and I were thinking about dear Henrietta, who used to write to us such nice letters ; but soon they

came seldomer, and at last we found out that she was very ill indeed, never likely to recover any more. Julia was sent for to see her, and so I lost both my friends. At the end of that half-year, there was another great change, for Miss W. was going to be married, and Mrs. N. did not like to continue the school alone, but determined to give it up, and settle near her sister. That was the reason of my coming here, for after various inquiries, mamma thought this school was more like that of Mrs. N. than any other she could find.

You will be anxious to hear about dear Henrietta. The accounts we received of her were very comforting, particularly from Miss W., who went down to see her before she died. She was quite aware she could not recover, and yet she was as calm as she had been in the days of her health. She suffered a great deal of pain, but she was constantly saying how thankful she was for her affliction, since God had shewn her so much of His love. She said to Julia, "Do not grieve for me,—I am going to leave my earthly inheritance for one that is incorruptible, and

fadeth not away." And then to Miss W., "Only think, dearest Miss W., if I had returned to India, I might have gone into the world, and forgotten the good things you taught me; but now, God is fetching me home to His blessed fold, that I may be safe for ever."

She gave poor Julia a great deal of parting advice, and told her how happy she would be, if she loved Christ and tried to be like Him. Poor dear Julia! she almost broke her heart to lose her darling sister, — she is still living with Mrs. N. Oh! and Henrietta said, "Give my dearest best love to my English mamma, and thank her again and again for her kind instructions. It was she and dear Miss W. that brought me to the Saviour."

One of the last things dear Henrietta did, was to write me a precious little note, only a few words, for she was then so weak, but this was it:

"DEAREST LUCY,

"Seek the Lord while He may be found:

call upon Him *now*. He has been a very present help to me in the time of trouble; He is carrying me gently through the dark valley, and I fear no evil, for He is with me. Look unto Jesus, He will be *your* Saviour too. May He bless you with his love, dearest Lucy!

“Your very affectionate, dying friend,  
“HENRIETTA.”

I cannot tell you more now.

## "THE STEP-MOTHER."

Related by Miss Charlotte B. . . .

THE day we first met after the holidays, you were all questioning each other respecting the new pupils who had arrived. You asked me, I remember, if I had a papa and mamma, and brothers and sisters. I answered "yes," at first, and then, in order to be correct, I added, "not my own mamma, though." I observed that this excited sympathy in the minds of my companions, and several times I heard it whispered, "Poor thing! she has a step-mother!"

Thank you, dear young ladies, for your kind feelings towards me, but I am glad to take the earliest opportunity of correcting your ideas respecting my mamma. You must pardon me if it be a long tale.

I can scarcely remember my own mamma; she died when I was very young, leaving

three children,—a sister and a brother besides me, and they were both older. I think she must have been very pretty, because in my uncle's house, where I was chiefly brought up, there was a picture of her, with sweet blue eyes, and such a kind smile! My aunt was her only sister, and was very fond of her; and when mamma died, she said she would be a mother to me, a promise which she faithfully kept. If I had been her own child I could not have had greater affection shewn me. She was only too indulgent. If any of the servants contradicted me, it was as much as their places were worth; and there was no misdemeanour for which my little cousins were so punished, as unkindness to me. I fear I took advantage of this, and asserted my rights too peremptorily. Grandmamma, who did not withhold her opinion when she was angry, used to say she had no notion of such a young one ruling the house, things were not so in her day. So also said Mrs. Watts, a very important person, who lived with my grandmamma. They were often at my aunt's, and I am sure they need

not have talked about spoiling, for when Watts was in a good humour, she would pet me more than any one, and give me nice things that were not at all good for me. But what I liked best of all, were her stories about my dear mamma when she was a girl. I could have listened to them always. I was a special favourite with Watts, though I cannot think how she could put up with all my tricks, which were often exercised upon her, ungrateful return as it seemed, for all her kindness. Yet I fancy she liked my making sport of her, for she used to say, half laughing, half crying, "Now she puts me in mind of her dear mamma that's gone, she was just such a funny young lady at that age."

My cousins had a governess, and with her they had regular hours of lessons. She was very kind, and frequently offered to teach me, but I did not like restraint, and I was not compelled to attend to any thing. It was well I contrived to learn to read and to work a little, for in other respects I was a regular dunce, backwarder than all the children of



my own age. My uncle, from a mistaken idea of kindness, said that my days of control would come soon enough, and that I should have a free range and be happy, as long as I lived with them. If happiness means leading an idle life, then I was happy; but I began to think at last, that children who are employed a certain time every day, enjoy their hours of liberty more than those who are allowed to do as they please.

I have not yet told you what a nice dear papa I have. He came every now and then to see me, whilst I was living at my aunt's; but he used to shake his head at my being so idle, and said he wished my kind friends would put a little more restraint upon me.

One day he came, and instead of sending for me the moment he arrived, he asked for my aunt, and went to her sitting-room without speaking to any one else. I fretted about this, and I lingered near the door, and went and made a noise on the stairs; but no notice was taken. Then I gently opened the door, and peeped in; my aunt was sitting on the sofa, crying, and papa on a chair near;

and he looked sorrowful to see her unhappy. I could not think what was the matter,—but as they had not heard me, I closed the door again, and ran to Watts, who was in the housekeeper's room, to tell her all about it. She seemed surprised, and could not explain,—but presently, in came papa's man, and then they whispered together, and she held up her hands, and said, “So! indeed! dear me!” to all that he said. And I heard also, “Don't tell the poor child, she will hear it soon enough, poor dear!” What can it be? I thought; but I dared not ask either my aunt or papa when I was sent for, for they both seemed very grave, and I was afraid of making my aunt cry again. Dear papa was exceedingly affectionate to me, and he said that he would soon bring my brother and sister to see me, for they wished it very much, and aunt had been so kind as to invite them. In about a month they came. Robert was grown a fine boy, and Ellen was a dear girl,—she was between ten and eleven then.

We were very happy all together, though I

am afraid we rather increased the noise of the house. Watts said our chief fault was, that we were too riotous, but then she added, "Let them alone, they'll want all their spirits to go through the troubles of life with, and we do not know how they may be beaten about in the world, poor motherless babes!"

One day, when we were playing together, Robert said he would tell me a great secret. Ellen, however, hesitated for a moment, because they had promised not to mention it to any one; but Robert answered, "Nonsense, we never said we would not tell our own Charlotte, it concerns her as much as ourselves.—Charlotte, we are going to have a new mamma."

"Well! but aunt is *my* mamma."

"But you are coming home to live with us by and bye."

"No," I said, "I will not leave my aunt;—but who is going to be our mamma?"

"I don't know," Robert answered, "I am told she is a very nice lady."

"No," Ellen said, and she began to cry: "she is not; my school-fellows tell me that

step-mothers are very cruel always, and that she will 'rule us with a rod of iron.'"

"Oh! never mind what those girls tell you," said Robert. "I hope she will be very kind to you,—if not, I'll cut off her head, that I will!"

Notwithstanding this promise of fraternal protection, I declared I would not leave my aunt, and I wanted immediately to have referred to her, but they would not let me. From this time, we often talked on the subject, and Ellen used to cry and wish she could stay with me. If that might not be, she hoped very much I should not mind coming home. I was sorry for her, but I was a selfish child, and preferred being happy myself, to suffering a little with my sister, in order to be near to comfort her. But all was best as it happened, as you shall hear. Whenever we talked about this affair, we used to get quite angry,—and one and all, we made up our minds to carry on open war with the poor lady.

One day, when we were at my grand-mamma's, by something we said, Mrs. Watts

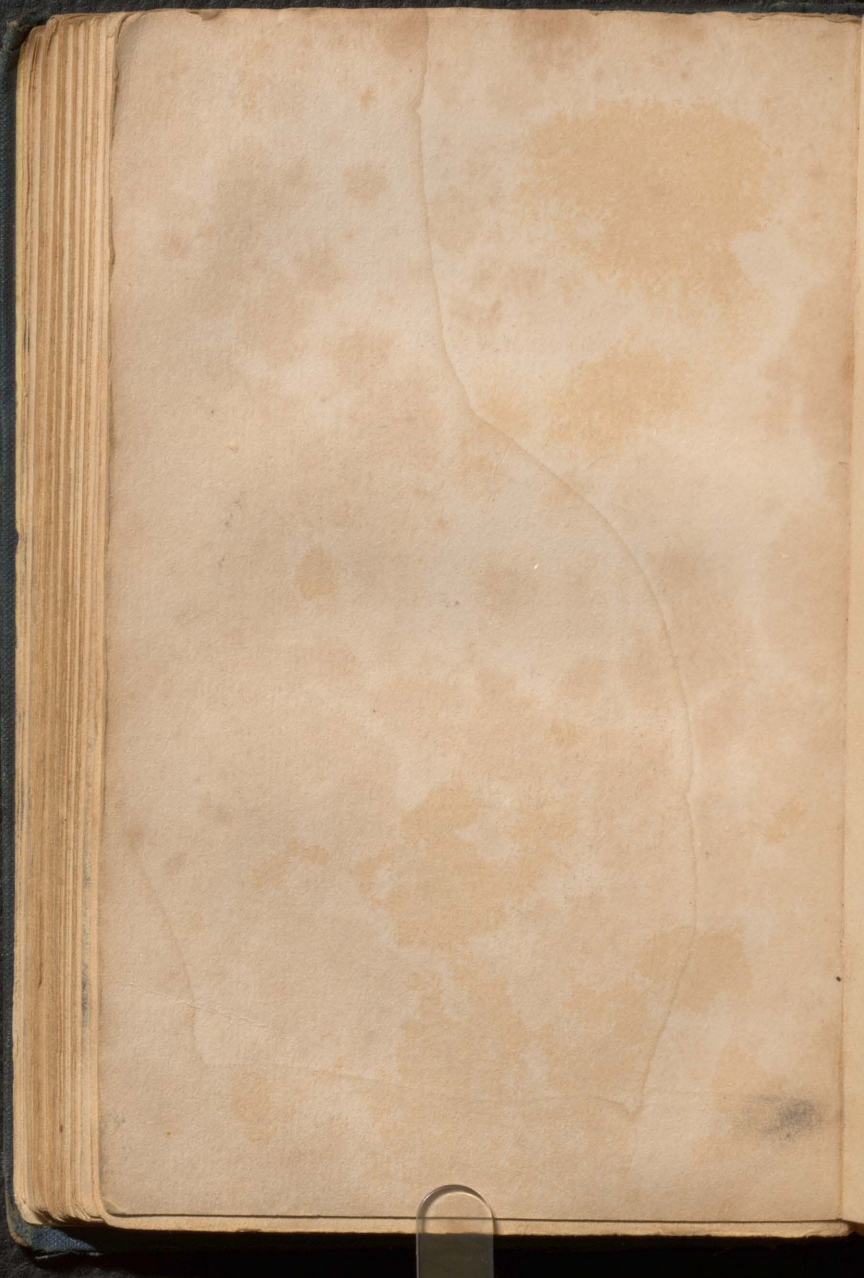
found out that we knew the secret, and then we began to speak to her. I do not think she much liked what was going to happen, for she told us all sorts of odd stories that she had heard, no matter where, about the lady and her family,—how mean she was,—how she ruled the servants ; and other things ; adding, “ Ah ! how different your mamma was ! but never mind, children, if she is but kind to you.”

I have often thought since how wrong it was to prejudice our minds. If papa had known the naughty things we sometimes said, I am sure he would have been very unhappy. He too came in for a share of our displeasure ; we said it was very unkind of him to bring us a new mamma, when we did not wish it. Had Miss Henley heard all, I think she would hardly have consented to come and rule such a set of children ; but I suppose they never found it out, for they did as they had planned, and after some time, papa brought home his bride.

I should tell you, that before this, my aunt spoke to us on the subject ; she could not

say much, she was so affected when she mentioned it; we thought she liked it no better than we did, — but I believe her sorrow was partly owing to the remembrance of former times, when our own mamma was going to be married. When the new lady was settled at home, papa came to fetch us. He told us that we should be so happy,—that there were many things at home to please us,—that our mamma wished very much to see her little daughters and son, and he brought us some pretty presents from her. Yet I did not seem to like her any better even for this. I think I was beginning to be a little reconciled, only when I ran to show my pretty doll to grandmamma, Mrs. Watts said, “’Tis easy enough for people that are rich to buy favour.” And those few words destroyed all the kindly feelings which were beginning to rise in my mind. I quite disliked my nice doll, and I was so naughty, that I dressed her in the ugliest clothes I could find, that the other dolls had left off, and I called her Miss Henley, and put her in the corner with a chair before her, as they did to me when I







was very naughty. This was after papa was gone, and Ellen and Robert with him, — for I entreated so much to stay a little longer, that he consented, on condition that my aunt would bring me home, and pay them a visit.

Different circumstances postponed this journey for some time ; — first my uncle was ill, and then some of my cousins, — and then some friends came. However, at last, all was prepared, and we set off. I was very sorry to leave the place which had so long been my home, and such kind and dear friends ; but as my aunt went with me, I did not distress myself so much as I should otherwise have done. I was curious to hear what Ellen would have to tell, — and I longed to know all that had happened to her since we parted, — for it was more than half a year. My aunt was very low when we came near papa's house. She had not been there since her dear sister's death, — and as we went along, she had showed me the places where they used to walk about together, and the churchyard where mamma was buried. At last we reached the door, and papa came out,

and so did his lady, to welcome us,—and she took me up in her arms, and kissed me, and smiled on me so kindly, that I began to be afraid lest I should not be able to help liking her. I observed how very attentive she was to my aunt, and how kind to Ellen. Robert was gone to school. I ran away with Ellen as soon as ever I could, for I wished to hear how she got on, and whether she was more comfortable than she had expected to be. I thought she looked very cheerful. She led me up-stairs into a nice room, where there were two pretty French beds with white hangings. “This is our room,” she said, “and here is my book-case, and some shelves in it for you, and a closet for your playthings.”

“O dear!” I said, “how pleasant! who contrived this?”

“It was our kind mamma,” she answered; “she says she wishes to make us as happy as ever she can.”

“And are you happy, Ellen, after all?”

“O! indeed I am,” she replied; “I should be very ungrateful if I were not.”

“Is she kind to you, then?”

“O, *so kind!*”

“Ah! but do you know Mrs. Watts said that she would begin all smooth and fair at first, but in time we should find her out.” Then Ellen laughed, for she said she had been home eight months nearly, and had not found her out yet.

“Do you know, Charlotte, she has not once been cross to me all that time, — so patient! When I first came home, I was very perverse, and wanted to have my own way entirely, and to do just as I used in former times.”

“And was not she cross *then?*”

“No, indeed,” said Ellen, “though Robert and I were often very saucy to her, and said we did not choose her to govern us. Robert began to behave better much sooner than I did, and called her mamma first. But I am sure she conquered us both by her love. Papa said I ought to be locked up in a room by myself, but she would come to me, and take my hand, and speak to me so gently, that I was sooner made sorry than if I had been severely punished.”

This account given by my sister quieted my fears, and I went down well contented with my lot. My aunt staid about a week. She seemed very comfortable—and after this, she often repeated her visit. She used to walk about and talk with mamma, as if they had been old friends. I think they used to be sometimes speaking of us—for I heard my name one day when I was running by their side.

I told you what an ignorant little girl I was; when I first came home I could hardly read any thing that others do at my age—I was seven years old. My kind mamma began to teach me, and I am indebted to her for almost every thing I know. Ellen and I had a very nice room, which opened into our mamma's dressing room—and there every morning she used to hear us our lessons—and she excused herself to any company that came, till after the hours that she devoted to our instruction. We used to have long walks with her, and she took us to visit the poor, and to see her schools—for, do you know, though we had been told she was

stingy — yet when we came to see the truth, we found that she was continually giving to the poor, and trying to help them in every way she could.

Ellen was very forward in her lessons — you cannot think how well she played on the piano—and mamma promised to teach me the harp, as I liked that best. I used to hear them speak French together, till I was quite ashamed of my ignorance, and I determined, for the future, to get on as well as ever I could, and redeem lost time. I used to say to Ellen, “How clever you are! I shall never be up to you;” and then she comforted me that she was several years older, and that by perseverance I should soon learn as much. I was often surprised, however, to sit by and hear the curious books they read, about different parts of the world — and the animals, and the stars — and I never should have understood about them, but for our kind mamma, who explained every thing so clearly; and though we asked her all sorts of odd questions, she never seemed at a loss for answers. At first, when I saw her showing Ellen the

magnet, and some glasses and wires she had, they appeared to me almost like conjuring tricks. Now, I know a little better, and understand more of their uses. Sometimes, when we had a difficulty in comprehending what we were reading, mamma used to take out her pencil and sketch it for us. She draws very nicely indeed.

At last, we could not help expressing one to another, how glad we were that ever papa married Miss Henley, for we should not have been near so happy without her.

I have said how much useful knowledge she was trying to give us; but I must tell you also, that she endeavoured to teach us far better things. We knew but little of the Scriptures when she came first; for, though our papa is a very good man, circumstances prevented his instructing us as he would have desired. Whenever we were rejoicing in our newly-acquired information, our mamma would point us to a higher knowledge, without which, she said, the wisdom of this world would avail little. When we were admiring the works of creation, she would direct us

to the great Hand that had contrived them all; and then she taught Ellen to sing a beautiful piece of music, which begins :

“What though I trace each herb and flower,  
That drinks the morning dew;  
Did I not own Jehovah's power,  
How vain were all I knew.”

When we were studying the history of other lands, and tracing their situation, and the character of the people, she would lead our thoughts to a better country, even an heavenly; and beseech us with earnest entreaty, to “set our affections on things above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.”

From such a teacher we have derived real good. I trust that the fruit of her instructions will be seen in our conduct through life; and that we shall add our testimony to that of many others, who have had eternal reason to be grateful for the blessing of a step-mother.

## "THE GIPSEY."

Related by Miss Harriet S. . . .

OUR little friend, Miss Fanny, has given a lively detail of the effects of superstition upon her mind. Though several years older than she is, I can well enter into her feelings. It is true no one ever attempted to act upon my mind precisely in the same manner, and yet I know that the influence of superstition has been employed to keep me in order.

I have a great deal to tell you about this, but I must first begin, as the others have done, with a little of my private history.

We live in a pretty place, in the neighbourhood of ——. My papa and mamma are very good people, and are much thought of in that part of the country; for they are very kind to the poor, and active in benevolent societies.



I was brought up entirely at home, till I was between ten and eleven years old ; and mamma and my eldest sister taught me. It was then considered better for me to go to school, that I might have some advantages which were not to be obtained in a private education. But dear mamma could not bear to part with me to any distance, or for a long time together. She, therefore, gladly listened to the advice of some friends, who recommended a school just on the other side of the town where we lived ; and I was sent there as a weekly boarder. I returned home every Saturday, and remained till Monday. I felt the comfort of this, especially at first, when I went out as a stranger ; for when I came home, I used to tell them all that had happened, and show them how I had got on with my lessons, and who I liked or disliked among my schoolfellows. I had always been accustomed to speak to mamma about every thing, and I never liked to be engaged in any thing without her knowledge. Sometimes I wondered how she could have the patience to hear all my childish stories, about

the school, and my companions, and the teachers, and the walks we took, and the little adventures that occurred. But she did seem to like very much to hear it all, and she would put in a good word of advice now and then, of which I thought a great deal; for I had always believed my mamma the wisest woman in the world, and I never had any idea of the sense of persons who differed from her in opinion. I used, therefore, to be so surprised, when I quoted her sayings, to hear the young ladies ridiculing the good advice she gave; and when any thing was done that I thought wrong, and I threatened to appeal to her judgment in the affair, they called me "tell-tale," and some of them whispered: "I hate those weekly boarders, that go and make stories at home of all we do."

By degrees, they persuaded me that it was wrong to repeat what I saw and heard. Perhaps it was as well not to carry home all the little things of no consequence; but whatever occurred of a more important kind, certainly ought to have been communicated: for I

have often observed, how dear mamma, in a few words, would set before me the folly of something or other I wished to do; or point out to me the consequences of what I had only thought of, as it regarded the present moment. That is the use of having elder friends, my sister would say, for they have had long experience of life, and may have tried those very schemes which we so eagerly pursue, and have discovered the folly of them. My eldest sister, I believe, was a very good girl; she was always with mamma, and they seemed to consult each other upon all occasions.

But to return to the school. The young ladies said they disliked weekly boarders, for the reason I have given. I do not know how it was, that they seemed so delighted with some day-scholars that our governess received into the school. If they had to complain of a tell-tale before, I am sure there were many more now. All the stories that you can think of, were brought to us about people in the town — people that I did not even know the names of, though I had lived

there all my life: we had histories of their private affairs, and things that it seemed to me we had nothing to do with. I suppose when these girls returned home, they mentioned all that passed amongst us; at least, I conclude if they talked one way, they would another.

At first, I did not at all relish these gossiping stories; but by degrees I began to listen to them, and occasionally to repeat them at home. Mamma seemed quite grieved that they should have afforded me any interest, and asked me what improvement it was to my mind, to hear of my neighbours' affairs. I acknowledged that I found none; and that it only made me look about at church, to see where Mrs. Such-an-one sat, and what Miss So-and-so had on.

My dear mamma shook her head, and seemed to be seriously thinking what she should do to avert the evil. I heard her saying to my sister, that she believed it would be necessary to remove me from Mrs. G.'s, and that she should exceedingly regret sending me farther from home, but she saw no

alternative. When I heard this, I entreated that I might not be sent away, and promised that I would make no more acquaintance with the day-scholars. This resolution I kept for some time, but as my school-fellows all acted differently, they seemed much annoyed at my conduct. However, I preferred obeying my mamma, to seeking favour from any of them.

About this time, we had a new teacher, named Miss Pike, who seemed good-natured, and quickly ingratiated herself with the girls. She had her favourites though, and I was not one of them ; for she did not approve of what she called my holding myself so high. I think she seemed to wish to procure supreme authority over us, and to set aside our regard for the other teachers. This she could not do with me, because I was very fond of Mademoiselle Juillet, the French governess, at whom she was always laughing. We had not much to do with the lady at the head of the establishment, for though she took care to have our comforts well attended to, and heard, at stated times, all the classes in turn,

that she might ascertain our improvement, yet she chiefly left the management of the school to the teachers. They had their favourites, as I have said ; and had it not been that I pitied Mademoiselle Juillet, and we made common cause together, I think I should have had no friend at all there. They all said I had a very unsociable disposition, which I hope you will not find, for I am sure they were wrong.

To continue my narrative. Unfortunately for me, it happened just at this time, that my eldest sister was in very poor health, and change of air was prescribed both for her and mamma, who had been in close attendance upon her. They were absent for several months ; and though I returned home every week, as usual, to see dear papa, who was always very kind, yet it was a different thing : he could not enter into my childish troubles, or give me advice, like mamma and my sister

In the course of that half-year, a great many gipseys came into our neighbourhood. I was very desirous of seeing them, as I had

heard a great deal about their curious habits and manners; how they lived in tents, and not in houses, and travelled about from one place to another, having no settled habitation. I had heard, too, that they spoke a strange language, and ate beasts that had died of themselves, and that they gained their living by stealing and lying. Mamma used to say, when she told me about them, that she thought the poor gipseys needed a missionary as much as the heathen; and my sister went sometimes to talk to them: she found them so ignorant, that scarcely one could read, which prevented her from pursuing her favourite plan of giving tracts. They would have been no use to these poor women, who could not make out a word. My sister said, they were such intelligent creatures that she liked to talk to them; they seemed (she observed) as if their wits were always sharpened and ready for use; for often they would make such clever answers to what was said, that she was quite surprised.

Having heard all this, I was, as you may suppose, quite curious to see them; for being

at school when my sister went to the gipsey camp, I had hitherto had no opportunity. When I saw some walking about in the neighbourhood, I began to tell my school-fellows all I knew about them. The young ladies seemed surprised that my sister should have gone to talk to them; for they said gipseys were very dangerous people, and had the power of foretelling what was to happen. I remembered my sister had told me about their *pretending* to do this; but she said that only the Spirit of God could reveal future events, and he would not give the power to poor ignorant, sinful creatures like these. So I had thought no more about it, until the young ladies at Mrs. G.'s began to relate such strange things, that I could not help listening to them.

Miss V. said her mamma knew a lady that went to have her fortune told, just before she was married, and that the gipsey said she should have six children; but if the sixth was a boy, she should die directly after it was born. She lived very happily, except that she used to think a great deal of what



the gipsy said ; particularly when she had had five children. Still she hoped the prediction would prove untrue ; for it was a long time before she had the sixth child. It was a boy!—and the moment she knew it, she exclaimed, “Then I must die!” and in an instant expired.\*

When I heard this story, I said I know what my mamma would say to it,—that the death of the poor lady was the effect of fear on her mind ; but all the girls silenced me directly, by asking, “How could the gipsy tell she would have six children ?”

“Why,” said I, “you know she only said if she had six, and *if* the sixth was a boy, she would die ; so she spoke at random, and there was no foretelling in the case.”

“O, nonsense,” they said, “you are afraid to believe it, and so you contradict the story.”

“Now,” said Miss N., “I will tell you something that cannot be contradicted.—My cousin, Miss ——, went with a party of friends to have their fortunes told. She was

\* A fact.

engaged to be married to a gentleman in the neighbourhood (though that circumstance was not known to the gipsey). The gipsey looked at her, and said, 'You are not to be married to the person you now think of, but to another gentleman, that you have not yet seen: you shall meet him at a ball, at —, and not long after you shall become his wife.' She then described some peculiarities of person and address, which could not be mistaken. My cousin was at first much vexed, for I believe she liked Mr. Y. very much; but I suppose she was afraid to do any thing contrary to her fate, so she broke off the engagement. Soon after, at the very place and time, she met the other gentleman, and ere long she married him. Now, said she, you cannot contradict this, for I know all the facts."

"So you may," said I; "but how do you know that the other gentleman did not bribe the gipsey to say what she did, that it might influence the lady's mind in his favour?"

"Well! I would not be so unbelieving, for any thing, they said; and some of these

days you may be convinced yourself, by having your own fortune told."

"No; that I never will!" I said, in too hasty and presumptuous a manner. I thought *then* it would be impossible. I was too much like the man we read of in Scripture, who (when the prophet was weeping at the calamities which he foresaw would, through his means, come upon Israel) exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Alas! I felt as sure of myself, and as proud in my own strength, which I have since found is perfect weakness. When I turned from my companions, it was with a feeling of my own superiority. I thought how much better I had been educated, and how impossible it was for me to believe the folly that seemed to influence their minds.— I know it was quite right to entertain a persuasion of its being folly, and that I had reason to be grateful to my dear mamma and sister, for giving me more rational views; but it was very wrong to indulge such pride, which must be afterwards humbled. If I had then (as my sister afterwards told me)

prayed to God to deliver me from evil, because I could not deliver myself, I should have been preserved in the hour of temptation.—I hope my example will prove a warning to others.

I thought no more about the gipseys for some time, till one day, when several of us were taking a walk with two of the teachers, at a distance from home, we came suddenly to a common, where we saw tents. The girls exclaimed, in great delight, “Oh, the gipseys!—we must go and speak to them. May we go, Miss Earl?—May we go, Miss Pike?” At first, they objected; but as they were excessively importuned, they could not refuse.

Presently, we heard “Tell your fortunes, ladies?”—and two or three tall, black-eyed creatures, in tattered red cloaks, came near us. I shrunk from them, and went to talk to some pretty gipsey children, that were playing about; they were the most entertaining little things, and they looked with such wonder at all I had on, and asked me very funny questions. In the mean time I

heard peals of laughter coming from the group near the tent, and I saw some of the young ladies beckoning me to come to them. At first I would not, but a special messenger was sent to bring me, and to say that I should lose such fun if I did not join them.

“Do come and hear them talk; that cannot do you any harm, surely—they speak such an odd language, and seem so different to all other people.”

Then I left the little children and went with my companions; and when the others saw me coming, they were very glad indeed. They began telling me how Miss Earl had had her fortune told, and that she was to die an old maid, but very rich; and that Miss Pike was to marry a fine gentleman a great deal older than herself, who was to come from beyond seas. I do not remember what were to be the fortunes of each of the little misses who had “crossed the gipsy’s hand with silver,” as they called it, though all were repeated to me with great glee. I persisted that these poor ignorant women could not know any thing of what would happen

to us; but my opinion was flatly contradicted,—for they said, “If you knew how wonderfully she had told me about circumstances *at home*, that she could not have known!”—I continued incredulous, when another of the women, advancing from the tent, came directly up to me,—“My pretty lady, I can tell your fortune!”

“You cannot,” I replied; but still I foolishly longed to know what she would say; and yielding to the temptation of the moment, I took out a shilling, and said, “That you shall have, if you tell me any thing like the truth.”

“So I will, pretty Miss,” she said; and drawing herself up, she fixed her piercing black eyes on me, and added—“No good for those who deny us;—those that climb too high will have a downfall in life; and those that splash their clothes will be splashed with ill-luck all their days.”

My companions set up a shout of laughter, and I hid my face in my hands. They all declared that the woman must be a conjurer, for if ever there were a true word spoken, it was respecting me. To explain the reason of

their triumph, I must confess, that when I first came to school I was a very wild girl; I had been allowed to run about as I pleased at home, and as we lived in a hilly country, I used to climb about, till I became very adventurous, and was not afraid of any thing. I was thought a great trouble by the teachers, because they found it difficult to make me walk steadily and strait forward, without springing occasionally to the right or the left, as I had been accustomed to do, in my papa's grounds; and as to splashing, I was continually in disgrace for it. I was quite confounded therefore by what the gipsey said—of course I gave her the shilling, and I wish the affair had ended there. That would have been the least of all the evils,—but I never heard the last of the story, at school;—I was considered quite defeated—and all took part against me, and teased me so, that had it not been for kind Miss Juillet, I should have led a sad life amongst them.

My mamma and sister being absent from home, I had no opportunity of comforting myself in their society; for although I was

aware they would be deeply grieved at what I had done, yet I had always been in the habit of such openness with them, that I should have confessed my fault without fear.

Under these circumstances, I brooded much over what the gipsy had said ; it made me feel very melancholy, and in vain I endeavoured to reason with myself on the subject ; the more I thought about it, the more unhappy I was. The right principles which I had early received, came strongly to my mind, and then I felt assured that it was impossible that any power of divination should be bestowed from heaven upon these poor creatures. From whence then came their knowledge?—the very idea was horrible, and to think that I had been the subject of what they had derived from an evil source!—for it was remarkable what they had said to me—at least so it appeared then. Again and again I questioned my school-fellows, whether they had given any hint to the gipsy—and they one and all, positively declared they had not.

It seemed very shocking—and I began to



think, that, having thus acted against my conscience, by asking counsel of evil persons, they would be suffered to gain still greater influence over me. The conviction that I had been well instructed, and might have resisted the temptation, came like an arrow to my heart. I had always been taught to consider God as my Father, and that I should go to Him for help and forgiveness just as I would to a tender earthly parent. But I had lost my confidence—I was afraid to pray—or if I did, it was only in a formal manner, saying a few words, because I was afraid to omit the duty altogether.

O, my dear young friends! this is a sad state of mind to be in—we get hardened, and are ready to be the prey of every evil example. I was living as if I were without God in the world, and deprived for a time of the counsel of those dear friends who would have led me back to Him.

Our governess, I believe, was considered a pious woman, but she kept us all at a distance from her, so that I dared not have spoken a word to her, unless she first ad-

dressed me. I suppose she thought the ladies to whom she committed the charge of us were good, or she would not have trusted us to them; but except in dear Miss Juillet, she must have been sadly mistaken. However, I ought to blame no one but myself.

I continued very uncomfortable all the remainder of that half-year. Mamma did not return home, but remained at the seaside, where I found I was to join them, as soon as the vacation commenced. Formerly I should have counted the hours till the time came; but now, though I wished very much to see my dear relatives, I felt as if I did not deserve their notice. I had not recovered the effects of the gipseys' prediction. I wondered how it would end, and what would be at last my miserable fate. I am sure, during all that period I did not once offend Miss Pike, either in climbing, or splashing my clothes—for I was so careful in this respect as to make myself quite ridiculous; and to cause a constant triumph over the unbeliever, as they were pleased to denote me.

The day at length arrived, and bidding

adieu to my governess and companions, I was sent with a careful servant by the coach, which would bring me, after a long day's journey, to the watering-place where mamma was. All the way as I went, I was pondering in my own mind, whether I should tell mamma and Mary Anne what had happened, or not,—and as I went farther and farther away from my bad counsellors, I felt that I was going to my best friends, from whom I could hide nothing ; and I resolved, let the consequence be what it would, to confess my misdeeds, and all the unhappiness they had caused me.

We had a fine day, and a very pleasant journey to H—, and the change of scene, with the beautiful country through which we passed, delighted me. It was my mamma's own maid who was sent for me ; and at length she told me that we were come within one stage of the end of our journey, and bid me look out, for it was the prettiest part of the way. I did so, till we came to the top of a high hill, from whence we could see the town of H—, and the sea beyond.

At that moment, the horses took fright, and after flying from side to side of the road, they overturned the coach. Now my fate seemed sealed—and even in that moment of fright, the gipsey's prediction crossed my mind—but that was all I remember, for I was stunned by a blow I had received on my head, and I fainted away. I can recollect nothing more, till I opened my eyes, and found myself in a cottage by the road side, lying on a bed, and mamma and Mary Anne standing by, with a surgeon, who had been bleeding me. I screamed out, "O mamma! the gipsey!" and immediately fainted again. When I recovered, I was taken home in the carriage, and put into bed, where I was kept as quiet as possible for some time. The servant had escaped unhurt, had carried me into the cottage, and sent for mamma, who immediately hastened thither.

I scarcely need tell you, my dear young ladies, how often I thought of "the downfall" which the gipsey had predicted—and the moment I was allowed to enter into conversation, I told mamma the whole story;—

adding, that I could not wonder at what had been foretold coming true, because I had been so naughty. She looked at me very sorrowfully, and said, " My dear child, you may be truly thankful for this sad accident, for I hope it may have awakened your mind to a sense of the danger of sinning against God, by doing that He has forbidden.

" At the same time, I wish you to be convinced, that your overturn has had nothing to do with the gipsey's prediction. The deceitful persons who pretend to tell fortunes, utter words which will bear two different meanings. For instance, in your case, by ' a downfall in life,' she meant what is usually understood by it—loss of fortune, or rank in society; but it happens you have been overturned in a coach, and by a constrained application, the words might be accommodated to this also.

" I suppose when your school-fellows hear of your accident, they will repeat it as another proof of the correctness of gipsey divination. Thus, similar stories are handed down as facts, which would have been

accounted equally true, with a very different result."

This wise explanation, given by my dear mamma, was very satisfactory. She pointed out to me also the manner in which the sin of witchcraft is spoken of in the Scriptures, and how awfully God in former times punished those who exercised it. "It is not," she said, "that persons in the present day have any real power; but the *pretension* to it is wicked, because it assumes what God has forbidden."

"Then, mamma," I answered, "are not those persons much worse, who have been better taught than these poor gipseys, and yet encourage them to make a gain of their delusions? Oh! I hope I have learned a lesson for life!"

After this, we had many very interesting conversations about the power that was granted from above to the chosen messengers of the Lord of Hosts, and how those people were confounded who dared to gainsay them. We read of the magicians of Egypt, who were permitted to go a certain length with their unholy incantations, only that they

might be more effectually confounded by the prophet of God.\* And mamma shewed me, how each of the plagues of Egypt was directly aimed against the false gods of that country, or against some superstition that they fondly cherished. The river that they worshipped was turned into blood—their consecrated frogs became a torment to them—the deities on whom they depended for the destruction of insects, they found unable to prevent the swarms of flies and lice—their adored oxen were smitten with fatal disease—and the rest of the plagues were designed in the same manner to prove that the Lord reigned God alone.

Then we proceeded to the Chaldean soothsayers who were confounded before Daniel; and mamma told me that striking observation of a quaint writer, that “none but Daniel could read his Father’s hand-writing.” You will be much interested in examining the manner in which the subject is treated in many parts of holy writ, and the woes pro-

\* Exod. vii.

nounced on the false prophets, who prophesy lies in the name of the Lord, — and the exclusive manner in which *He* gives the power to open and shut Heaven, and bring down the blessings and curses He ordains for His creatures.

But my story has become so long, that I must postpone the conclusion to another time.



## "THE GIPSEY."

(Continued.)

It was some time before I recovered my health, after the shock I had received in the overturn. I therefore remained at the seaside with mamma and my sister, during a great part of the summer; and when we returned home, they determined that I should not go again to Mrs. G.'s school. Masters were engaged to teach me, and my dear sister being much recovered, she also resumed her instructions. I began to be very happy again—I had learned to appreciate the value of the society of my dear relatives, and I hope I endeavoured to improve. I wish I may ever be like my sister, when I come to be her age. You cannot think how useful and active she is, and how much esteemed by all who know her. Many would have excused themselves

from exertion, with her delicate health ; but even when confined almost to the sofa, she would be devising plans for the benefit of others, and when she was able to rise, she would put them in execution. She seems too to gain great influence over others, so as to induce them to unite in her schemes of usefulness ; and yet it is all done quietly, and you would never say that she thought the least of her own efforts. Her feeling, on the contrary, is, that she is at best an unprofitable servant, and has done no more than is her duty to do.

Ever since what happened to me about the gipsey, my sister had thought much of those poor wanderers. She told me that she prayed a great deal for them, for she knew they were so far from the means of improvement ; no one used exertions on their behalf, or tried to rescue them from their wicked ways. They seemed out of the reach of all but divine mercy. She often said, if she were a man, she would be a missionary to them. She endeavoured to collect together all the facts that are mentioned in history respecting them

— to trace their origin and progress, and to find out what is said of their manners and customs, both in this country and others. If we were reading a book of travels, and met with any accounts of interviews or conversations held with gipseys, she would employ me to transcribe it for her. But still she said, though all spoke of their wit and cleverness, and liked to be amused by them, “no man cared for their souls.” We discovered that they lived in different parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, — but that there were none in America. Once they were accustomed to consider some aged man and woman amongst them as their king and queen; but this distinction has of late years been lost. A book has been published of the life of one of their kings; but I have not read that, as my sister did not wish I should. I read aloud to her “Hoyland’s survey of the Gipseys,” which is very interesting, and gives an account of the many foreign words in their language, as well as of their habits and manners.—When you think in what a state of ignorance these creatures are, you will be surprised to hear

how many kind dispositions are apparent in their character.\*

You know that the inhabitants of heathen countries leave the aged people to perish, and they are even so cruel as to sacrifice their own children. But though many persons suppose the gipseys to have come from the very countries where this wickedness is practised, they are remarkable for the tenderness they exercise towards the old, sick, or blind, amongst them.

Parents and children are also devotedly attached to each other.\* It is said, that when they first appeared in Europe, in the fifteenth century, they were quite black ; and even now they are easily distinguished from all other people by their complexions.

A singular fact is recorded of them, which is worthy the attention of young ladies at school, who are sometimes heard complaining of the letters they have to write home. Very few of these poor gipseys can either read or write, " Yet a regular and *frequent* corres-

\* See "The Gipseys' Advocate," by Rev. J. Crabb.

*pondence*” (says one who is well acquainted with all their customs,) “is kept up between the members of families who have had the least advantage of the sort ; and others correspond through the kindness of friends who write for them. Numerous are the letters they receive from their relatives in New South Wales, to which colony hundreds of them have been transported. These letters are usually left at one particular post-office, in the districts where the gipseys travel ; and should such letters not be called for, during a long period, they are kept by the post-master, who is sure they will be claimed sooner or later. A gipsey will travel any distance to obtain a letter, and never is heard to complain of the expence of postage.”\*

The accounts which we read of the cruelties practised against the gipseys, under pretence of justice, and their sufferings in consequence, is very affecting.—My sister said she was quite convinced that tyranny and oppression would never succeed in driving

\* Crabb's "Gipseys' Advocate."

them from the country, and that kindness and love only could reform them.

We remained at home for another year, during which time I entirely recovered, and my sister's health was much improved. We then all went a very pleasant journey along the southern coast, stopping for a short time at different places, till at last we reached the neighbourhood of S——, where we had some friends. We received a very pressing invitation to stay there; but papa was obliged soon to return home, and mamma accompanied him; they, however, acceded to the request of our friends, to leave me with my sister, who was intending to pay a longer visit. I have told you how good my sister was. She could never be long in a place without trying to be useful, or to gain hints for the furtherance of her benevolent plans. She requested our friends to take her to some of their schools, that she might see if there were any improvements which she could adopt in her own.

They led us accordingly one morning to a school for infants, with which we were de-

lighted ; but amidst nearly a hundred children, the objects that we distinguished with the most interest, were several little swarthy black-eyed creatures, whose race could not be mistaken. "Where did you get those gipseys?" said my sister.

"Their mother has left her wandering life, and is settled here," said Miss J—; "she has learned a trade, and is a promising character." Upon inquiry, we found that this was not the only instance of improvement among the gipseys; that there was a society in S— for their reformation, and that many were partakers of its benefit.\* I need not tell you how glad we were, and how anxious to see some of those who were reclaimed. Miss J— accordingly took us to the cottage of the woman she had mentioned first, and what was my astonishment, to find in her the one whose predictions had occasioned me so much unhappiness! She did not recognize me, for I was grown taller, and my appearance was altered in the past year.

\* See "The Gipseys' Advocate."

She had still the same scrutinizing look, and peculiar gaze, as formerly ; but there was at the same time, a subdued expression of countenance, which shewed that she was now under the influence of new and more holy principles.

My sister entered into conversation with her on her former mode of life, and soon asked her if ever she pretended to tell fortunes.

“Ah, madam,” she replied, “to my sorrow, I did—it has been a heavy load at my heart since I began to know the true way.” She was then questioned as to the motives which had induced her to forsake this wicked practice, and the answers received were very satisfactory indeed. It appeared that she had frequented an Adult School, till she learned to read in the Testament ; that she was a constant attendant on public worship, and was deeply impressed with the importance of religion.\*

We inquired how she had been able to

\* Facts. See “The Gipseys’ Advocate.”



foretell future events? and she said, that she was in the practice of making minute inquiries in every place where she remained any time, as to the circumstances, character, &c. of the inhabitants. Through servants she often gained intelligence which they little suspected how she meant to employ; and persons in general were so secret in their applications to her, that she did not fear they would betray what she said, and thus discover the source of her information.

Then my sister pointed to me, and asked if she had any knowledge of that young lady? She looked at me a few minutes, and then all the facts seemed brought to her remembrance. They served to corroborate what she had previously stated. It appeared that when I was at a distance talking with the gipsey children, my school companions were concerting a plot to induce me to have my fortune told; the gipsey cunningly asked some questions about me, which Miss Pike had fully answered; and the result was, as you have heard. Thus you see, there was no real knowledge of future events, but the

pretence of it was a dreadful falsehood, of which she now bitterly repents.

From this time, we frequently visited our gipsey friend, and she took us to several others, who, like herself, were in settled abodes. The chief of these was an old woman, whom she called aunt; she had been long converted, and was an eminent christian, and for years had been praying for her different relatives, that they might be convinced of their sin, and brought to the Saviour. She had been dreadfully persecuted by her own tribe, and several times had nearly lost her life among them, for the sake of Christ; for whatever might be the scorn with which she was treated, she still continued to warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

At the period we saw her, she was under the protection of friends, who provided for her necessities, and never suffered her to want. Her gratitude to them was unbounded; but what we particularly remarked, was her great concern for the souls, not only of her own family and race, but of all who approached her.

An instance of this is mentioned in a little tract which has since been published respecting her.\* She visited the author of that tract one day, in considerable agitation; and when the cause was enquired into, she replied, "My sister and I have shed thousands of tears this morning, in beseeching the Lord for these poor wanderers. We passed the tents in our way to you; they were blowing in the wind; it seemed such a melancholy scene, and so heinous in the sight of God,—their souls posting the downward road, with no more hope than the brute beasts, and hunted about like hawks. They observed we had been crying. 'What is the matter?' Looking round, I said, 'Have I not reason? I am often crying for you, about your precious souls, when you are asleep, and not crying for yourselves.'"

I need not however tell you more about this good old woman's history, as you may read a full account of her in the tract.

\* "The Aged Gipsy," p. 19, by the author of "Visits to a Cottage in Scotland."

Whilst we were at S—, Sally (for that was the name of my first gipsey acquaintance) was very ill. I believe her sickness was considered to be owing to the great change of habits and manner of living, which ensued on her becoming a house dweller and sitting at her trade, which was that of shoe binding. We visited her several times, and thought she could not recover. On my sister inquiring into her state of mind, she answered in her peculiar manner: "O ma'am! once I had a great load here," laying her hand on her heart, "but now it is taken away, it was my sin, but the Lord has blotted it out with the blood of Christ." Being asked if she was happy? she said, "Yes, she was happy now, and ready to die in a moment, if it were not for leaving the poor children, but however, she knew that God would be their father."\*

The profession she made was not without its fruits. I remember on one occasion she had pursued some of her former friends, who

\* Facts; hitherto unpublished.

had persecuted and even stolen goods from her ; so much spite is always shewn by the gipseys to those who leave their community. After following these wanderers over hedges and ditches, for many hours, she at length came up with them. The natural violence of her character being well known, serious mischief might have been reasonably apprehended ; but when asked what she did on the occasion, she said, with tears, " I forgave them ! " \*

The disorder which threatened her life, yielded to medicine, and the great strength of her constitution ; and we had the pleasure of seeing her in a measure recovered before we left S—.

I could tell you much more about the gipseys, but I had rather refer you to the books which have been written on the subject, which you will see. I will conclude by reading you some letters, which my sister received at different times, from " the Aged Gipsy," who attached herself strongly to us

\* A fact.

during our stay.\* The first (which was dictated to a young lady) is as follows :

“MY DEAR MISS—

“As you wished me to write to you, I can tell you it gives me such a joy at my heart to think you should remember such an unworthy wretch as me; and it gives me great consolation to think I have such a kind friend. I hope you will never forget me at the throne of grace. I never shall forget you, and my most earnest prayer to God for you is, that your soul may be kept; and whilst you are teaching others, that your own soul may be watered by divine grace. In the midst of all my troubles, I can give God the glory that I can say ‘thy will be done.’ I hope you are able to cast your whole body, soul, and spirit on Him who careth for you. I hope you will be much, much in prayer; for ’tis prayer that is the life of the soul, and prayer removes the huge mountains of every difficulty, while passing through the vale of this life; and I

\* These letters are literally copied, and have never before been published.

hope, my dear Miss——that you will cast your bread upon the waters, and that it may be found after many days. I hope and pray the Lord that I may see you once more in this life; but if it is not His will, we shall meet in another world, where parting is at an end. I have found that the Lord has stirred up many kind friends for me, and has not left me alone to the words of the world. I pray God that you may be as a burning and a shining light among those whom you are with, and cry aloud and spare not; that you may neglect no opportunity of doing good where God has placed you. No more at present from your (I hope I may say, though so very unworthy) well-wisher; for you know I can do nothing but pray for you, which I do constantly."

L. N.

LETTER THE SECOND.

"MY DEAR MISS ——

"I humbly thank God for His great mercy in preserving you safe on your journey, and

giving you the desire of sending to such an unworthy worm as I am. It gives me great consolation that you are still hungering and thirsting after this great salvation. You desired I should pray for you. I can say, if I should cease praying for you, or for any of my kind friends, I should cease praying for myself. It gives me great consolation to think that you have such a great desire to seek Heaven,—not to rest satisfied, till Christ is found in you, the hope of glory.—My bodily strength is weak, so that I cannot exert myself so as to satisfy my own conscience; but the desire of my heart is, not to live one week after I can be of no use. I may say, above all creatures on earth, I have the greatest reason to be thankful, when I take a view of the mercies of the Lord towards me, both temporal and spiritual. My heart seems as though it would burst, for fear it should not be filled with gratitude to Him and His dear children, for their great kindness to me. I pray God to give you strength and power, and endue you with a spirit of prayer; to pray for poor unworthy me; and that if we never



meet together on earth no more, may we meet in the kingdom of Heaven, and be found with those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, where we shall be found singing of that song, which none can sing but the redeemed.

“My dear Miss,—I find many difficulties; I can say that my graces have been tried very hard; but I do find the promise stands sure: “My grace is sufficient for thee.” And now I pray God Almighty to make you useful, and preserve you spotless and blameless, and keep you till the day of his coming.

Your loving           L. N.”

## "A VISIT TO OLD FRIENDS."

Related by Miss Catharine L. . . .

My early life was a very happy one. I was brought up with a large family of brothers and sisters, in a pleasant part of the country, and every thing was done to make us comfortable and good. Oh! what beautiful places we had to play in, and such a pretty garden! I will tell you how it was:—the house stood upon a rising ground in the midst of plantations; and before it, and on one side, was a lawn with trees. At the end of the lawn was a gate which opened into a meadow, and the meadow reached down to the river's side. Beyond that, to the left, was the sea; not very far off, just within a walk. We were very fond of going down to the sea-side, to pick up shells and stones; there were many of both, of which I had quite a collection.—

I have seen other pretty ones since, of different kinds, but I never think any so nice as these ; and when I look at them, they make me fancy that I am a little child again, in my happy days at T—. I was so sorry when we left the place ; I was sure I should never like another so well ; but I am not come to that part of my story yet.

The county in which we lived was an agricultural one ; there were not many trees, nor hills, as I have seen in some places ; but there never were such fields ! Some months in the spring we might not run about in the meadows, because the grass was growing ; but we did not then so much care, because within papa's garden there were some small ones of ours, which we took great pains to cultivate, and spring was the time to attend to them. When we were almost tired of that employment, and had gathered all the primroses, and violets and cowslips, then came the hay-making, and that was great fun. We went out every day to help the people who were at work ; but old Griffith, the bailiff, said we did more mischief than good ; for we

did not toss the hay high enough, or we raked it into a heap before it was dry, or we jumped upon the haycocks and pulled them down. How glad we were if the men thought it would rain, because there was such scampering to clear the field, and then all the house came out to help, except mamma and the baby. Then was the time, if the thieves had chosen to visit us; for all the doors were open, and they might have taken any thing away:—but we never heard of thieves there; and some of the old people said they remembered the time when there were neither locks nor bolts in any of the houses in the neighbouring village.

When hay-making was over, we had to look forward to harvest time. That was indeed a joyful season, when the corn was gathering in—and we used to listen to the songs of the reapers, and watch them at their work. Sometimes, when the men were sitting down in the hedge to get their dinner, we took up the sickles, and tried to cut some corn; but to say the truth, we cut our fingers so that mamma was obliged to forbid the sickles





being touched. Harvest home was the merriest day of the year; we always rode round the field in the waggon that took home the last load, and the men shouted so loud, that I wonder the horses were not frightened. It was a pretty sight after this, to see the gleaners in the fields; some were quite little children, and yet they gathered a great deal for their poor mothers. When the happy time of harvest was over, we began to look forward to winter, which we always enjoyed very much. Cousin Walter came to stay with us; he was much older than we were, but very kind to his little cousins; and I wonder he was not tired of us, for we were always at his side. When he went to skait we ran on the ice by him, not without getting many a fall—and scarcely ever we went without mamma, for she was so afraid lest the ice should break, and we should be drowned. In the morning at breakfast, when Walter said he was going to skait, and we all petitioned to go with him, mamma would say—“My dears, I think it is thawing.” “O no, aunt,” Walter would say. “the frost is

harder than ever." Then mamma shook her head, and generally ended by going with us, to see that all was safe; but she would only go down to the river side, she never ventured on; and Walter used to remind her of the story of the hen that had hatched the ducklings. Oh, he took such care of us! I only remember one accident of any importance, and that was when I ran a race with him, and fell over his skait and hurt my foot. At night, when skating and snowballs were over, we had joyful evenings; the large dining-room was the scene for dancing, or magical music, or hide and seek; and above all, our favourite game of blind man's buff. We generally had a house full of visitors at Christmas, and young ones amongst them, all as merry as possible.

When I was about eight years old, I was told the sad news that we were going to remove from our dear, dear home to another place. It was to a distant part of the kingdom, where a house was taken for us near a large town. At first I could not understand it; I thought we must be only just going on



a visit somewhere and then coming back ; but, alas ! it was not so. I found that papa had really parted with the estate, so that we should no more call it our own. It was some comfort that a family of our friends had taken it ; some who had often visited us there, and loved the old place, and would keep it up just as we had done.

It was a sorrowful day when we left T—. Very early in the morning I rose up and visited every spot round the house and grounds, went all through the shrubberies and woods, and gathered little flowers from my favourite places. Even after I was told all was ready for us to go, I could not help running across the lawn to take a last look at the dear meadow and the river. Every thing looked prettier than ever that day. When I came into the hall, I found papa and mamma surrounded by the poor people, who were taking leave of them, and the dear old servants who were married and settled near T—, and consequently could not follow us where we were going. Oh how they cried, and they said they had lost their best friends, and I believe

that was true, for papa and mamma were very kind to them, and cared as much about their poor, as their rich neighbours.

However, I must pass over this sad part of my history, and tell you, that we travelled about for some time, till the variety of scenes, and the new faces I saw, quite banished my grief, and at last we settled in a very pretty part of the country, where I became quite content to stay. Papa and mamma often thought about our former home; they had a picture of the house, and sketches of places near it, and I could observe how silent and sorrowful they were when they looked at them. My brothers and sisters were too young to prefer one place to another; so that we did not by conversation keep up the remembrance of what we had left, and by degrees I became quite reconciled to my new abode. It was very unlike what we had left, but it was a milder climate, the flowers were luxuriant, and the scenery beautiful. I found a great many nice young companions, and altogether the time passed very pleasantly. I was then entirely educated at home.

Some years after, I think it must have been four or five, papa said that business would call him to the neighbourhood of T—, and he proposed taking mamma and me with him. "Would my little Kate like to see home again?" he said, one morning to me.

"O yes, indeed, papa, I should!" And I promised to be no trouble to mamma if I might go. She consented, and we had a very delightful journey, for it was the pleasantest time of the summer, before it becomes too hot to be out all day long. Much of the road we went was quite new to me, and it was varied and beautiful. Strangers, I doubt not, would have preferred it to the place to which we were going, but I thought the finest part of the country was that within a few miles of our former residence, where every field and bush seemed familiar to me, and the thoughts of childhood returned, while all the space between seemed like a dream. I fancied every step we went that we met somebody I knew. I could hardly contain my joy,—only I saw dear papa and mamma look rather grave, and so I kept my thoughts chiefly to

myself. We were going to stay at the very house at which we once lived, — our friends there would not hear of our going any where else, and they received us with particular kindness. As soon as all the greetings were done, as well as the remarks upon my growth, and the comparative heights of my young play-fellows, we escaped from the parlour and made the tour of the house. The eldest daughter of the family was very kind to me, and gave me leave to run into all the rooms, and to peep into the closets. There were some alterations, but there was the dear nursery, and the sleeping-room attached to it; and the long dark closet which used to be my prison when I was a very naughty girl, and was particularly in nurse's way. Harriet was much entertained by the pleasure I expressed at all I saw. I do not think I went to bed that night till I had visited every corner, and when I awoke the next morning, I almost thought that we were come home again to live. As soon as breakfast was finished, I went over all the fields, and visited some of the poor people in the village, and

saw several respectable old cows who had remained with the farm, besides a pet Newfoundland dog, my earliest play-fellow, who had been too aged to remove to the distance we were going. Dear Cæsar! he shewed as much joy as any body at seeing me again. My kind young friends, Harriet and Bessy, followed me wherever I liked to go. Harriet is several years older than I am; Bessy is the same age. We walked on and talked, till we were quite tired, and then sat down to rest. They are so cheerful and pleasant; but I thought Harriet seemed altered in her manner, and spoke more gravely than she used to do.

As we were sitting down that morning, looking about us, I said, "How odd it seems that this place does not belong to papa now." She answered —

"Do you know that text, 'Here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come?' All the changes of this world are to teach us to fix our hearts upon a better place." Then she began to sing a sweet hymn to me; some verses of which were as follows :

“ We’ve no abiding city here ;  
This may distress the worldling’s mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

“ We’ve no abiding city here ;  
Sad truth! were this to be our home,  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.

“ We’ve no abiding city here ;  
Then let us live as pilgrims do,  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.”

There were several other very pretty verses, but these made the greatest impression on me, because they seemed so applicable to my present circumstances, and I used to ask dear Harriet to sing them over and over again to me, till I learned both the tune and the words. But when I first heard them (at the time I told you) I did not understand the meaning, and I asked Harriet to tell me what was meant by

“ This may distress the worldling’s mind,” &c.

"Were not you very sad, dear," she replied, "when you left this place?"

I answered, "Yes."

"But then you know that your papa had provided another house where you were to live?"

"Yes."

"But think what a sorrow it would have been to you, if there had been no place for you to go to,—if there had been no other house ready?"

I could not think to what she was leading, when she added, "Our Heavenly Father has provided a better home for us than even this beautiful world. We *cannot* stay *here*,—but there we may abide for ever."

I looked at her with surprise, and said, "Harriet, how solemn you are! you used never to talk of such things as these—I am afraid you are growing melancholy."

She smiled at this, and said, "Oh no, I was never so happy in my life."

"But whilst we are so young," I said, "we need not trouble our minds with gloomy subjects."

“Indeed they are not gloomy, she said, “does it make you mournful to think that your dear parents love you and take care of you? and why should it not be a joy to know that God loves and cares for me?”

“But,” said I, “I am sure my parents love me, but how can you know that of God?”

“Because He has told me so, my dear, in the bible, which is His word: there it is written how He gave Jesus to die for our sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.”

“How do you mean,” I said, “the just for the unjust?”

“We are sinners,” answered Harriet, “and deserve to die, were it not that Jesus suffered in our place; do you believe this, my dear Kate?”

“I thought we all believed in Jesus Christ,” I said.

“We must not be content, dear, with believing that He lived, nor even that He died for us, as a matter of fact merely; but with the heart we must believe unto righteousness.”



I took an opportunity of asking my friend Bessy, who was much younger than Harriet, whether she cared for the same things. She said she did not know nearly so much as her sister, but she had thought a good deal about them. I wanted to know how they came to think of it at first; and the answer was, that about two years ago, a very good clergyman came into the neighbourhood, and he had assembled all the young people together in bible classes, and taught them the value of the scriptures, and the accountability of every one to God.

I used to go with Bessy and Harriet to hear some of these instructions in scripture, and I learned many things which were new and wonderful to me. We also visited the poor people together; most of them remembered, and were delighted to see Miss Kate again. Some of them seemed just as they used to do; others were a good deal changed, but not for the worse.

The young people went to Sunday schools, and were much improved, and there was old Nanny Bateman, who had been bed-

ridden for many years, and used to be the most discontented woman, though mamma was always so kind to her. Now she seemed quite in a different spirit, and as if she could never be thankful enough that she had been laid aside by affliction, because she said she had been brought to know God on her sick bed.

We staid a month at T——, and it was one of the happiest of my life—though it was spent very quietly, and there were no gaieties at all. I was much struck with the change of behaviour in my young friends: there certainly was some strong motive that kept them good, especially Harriet. She used to be very passionate, but now she is as gentle as a lamb. Mamma and papa, in the mean time, seemed to be enjoying themselves very much: their old friends came to see them, and they became acquainted also with the good clergyman of whom I have told you.

I hope I found some improvement from this delightful visit to T——, but when I

came away, I used to think how ignorant I was, compared to my young friends. I suppose mamma thought so too—she seemed to be different in many respects after we came home; and one of the first things she did, (according to our friend's advice) was to send me to this school, where she hopes I shall become like Harriet and Bessy, whom I so much love and admire.

## "AUNT JEMIMA."

Related by Miss Maria V....

I WAS born in the East Indies, and my dear papa and mamma are still there, but I hope they will come back in a few years. They were obliged to send me to this country, when I was a very little girl, and also my younger brother, for children do not grow up healthy in that hot climate. We were sent over with a black servant, called Moggy, and under the protection of a gentleman and lady papa knew. We were committed to the care of our relations and friends in England. I have several uncles and aunts, and a great many cousins, and they are very kind to me; but I love none of them half so well as I do my Aunt Jemima. All their kindness put together would not make up hers.

When we first landed, my aunt came to

the ship to meet us, and took us home with her. I shall never forget first seeing her. Oh there was such a noise and bustle! and we clung to Moggy; and though we were glad enough to get out of the ship, where we had been such a long, long time, yet we almost cried to go back to it again, because every thing seemed so strange to us on shore. Then we saw Aunt Jemima's kind face, and I loved her directly, because she was so like my dear mamma, only she looked older. And she kissed us again and again, and called us her own dear children, and cried very much. We soon began to be sociable with her, and we were glad that she was going to take us home.

We were quite little children then, but I remember looking about me with great wonder, to see the poor people who worked in the fields, or walked by the side of the road, with so many clothes on, for in the country I had left they had scarcely any, and never shoes or stockings. My aunt told me this was owing to the difference of climate, and that it was much colder in England than in

India. Indeed I soon found that to be true, and I cannot tell you the pleasure I had, when I first saw the snow. Moggy ran into my room, as soon as it was light, "See, see missey, all the salt is coming down!" and Harry and I were so busy watching it, that we could hardly leave off to be dressed.

But that was long after we first landed. I wondered I did not see any rice growing; but my aunt said, that it was not set in the fields here; and she told me, that in England they are obliged to send for it from our country, or America, because this is not hot enough to produce it. I used to think it very entertaining in my country to see the men, women and children, planting out the rice after the great rains were over. They take each separate plant up out of the place where it is first set, and then put it into another field, where furrows have been dug to receive the water, and the new plants are placed in them, quite different from the manner in which wheat and barley are sown here, which I was afterwards taken to see.

Well, but I must go on to tell you, that

we first went to a place near London, where some of our relations live, and there we met a number of them, first one, and then another; and they gave us presents, and invited us to go and see them. So we did, several times; but I did not like it. In the parlour we had to sit up primly, and though we were caressed a great deal, yet I was afraid of all the elder people; and when we were sent up stairs to play, our cousins were rough, and we preferred standing still in a corner and looking at them, and all the while wishing that it was time to go. This was at first, before I was used to them: afterwards I could romp as well as any of them, but Harry was a very quiet little fellow, and did not try to get over his shyness.

At length we found it was settled by our friends that we were to go and live with Aunt Jemima, at least for several years, at her house in the country. We were glad enough to hear this, for we knew she loved us so much, that she would make us happy. And we found that she was longing to return home, but that she had been waiting all this

time, in order that we might see our relations, and that an arrangement might be made for her to have the sole care of us. I suppose they were glad to be spared the trouble, and thankful that she would take it from them; for Uncle John wanted to have us both sent to school at once, and several were of the same opinion; but Aunt Jemima pleaded that we were too young yet, and that she could attend to us very well for some time, as she lived alone, and should like the charge. I am very glad she had her wish, and with her we were the happiest creatures that could be.

She lived in a pretty village on a hill, where there were several gentlemen's houses and grounds, but chiefly the cottages of poor people. The poor were very fond of my aunt, and well they might be, for she was always shewing them kindness; she used to have broth made, and then we had the pleasure of going out with her to carry it to the people, and when they were sick, she would mix up medicine and give it to them with her own hands. If they were very ill, she



would go and nurse them. Her old servant, Grace, told me, that sometimes her mistress went where there were fevers, when almost every one was afraid to go to the houses. Aunt Jemima first tried to get a nurse, and as she could not succeed, she determined to perform the office herself. She never did this after we came, for fear she should bring any fevers to us; but "many's the life," Grace used to say, "that my mistress has saved, when nobody else pitied the poor things."

One night I remember waking, and wondering where my aunt was, (for I always slept in her room,) and I thought I would lie awake till she came; however, I grew sleepy again, and never woke till the morning, and there was no aunt then; and when I came to inquire, she had been sitting up all the night, with a little child of the gardener's, who was dangerously ill with the water on the brain: the doctor had ordered leeches and medicine, and my kind aunt fancied that the poor people who were tired after their day's work, would not be able properly to attend to the child; so she went herself.

The child grew better, and the doctor said, "that if it had not been for my aunt it could not have recovered." He was a great friend of ours, but he used to laugh at Aunt Jemima, and say, "that she took away all his trade, for the cottagers thought so much more of what 'the lady' gave them, than any of his medicines." Well, she did cure a great many, I think. She had medicines for burns and scalds, and then she could tie up a wound and stop the blood, when an accident happened, when other people did not know what to do, and ran away in a fright.

Mr. H— (the surgeon) used to call our house "the Village Dispensary," for though my aunt had appointed certain hours every day for seeing her patients, yet they seemed to be there at all times, and she never forbade them. Perhaps there was a woman bringing her baby, and then Aunt Jemima used to say, "Poor thing! very likely 'tis the only time that she has all day, and if the complaint is neglected at first, the dear babe will suffer so much more."

My aunt had such kind feelings for others ;

she seemed not to mind any trouble, if she could save a fellow-creature from pain, or do him good. She thought so much about the poor people's children, that she had a school for them entirely at her own expense, and visited it constantly. Nor was it human beings only who shared her love; she was kind to animals of every description, and her friends used to laugh at her about the number of animals upon whom she took compassion. If she saw a poor cat or dog ill-treated, or half starved, she generally brought it home to feed, and as you might suppose, it soon preferred such good quarters to those it had left, and if it did not exactly live at our house, it was often there on a visit.

My aunt's humanity to animals was so well known, that I have heard, when the naughty boys who drove donkies, saw her coming, they used to beat the animals more than usual, that she might bribe them with halfpence (as she always did) to leave off. If she heard of a bull-baiting many miles off, she would spare neither money nor pains to endeavour to prevent it; and I am sure if on

other accounts she had not been so much beloved by the cottagers, the men would have been very angry with her often, for interfering about their horses. She was so anxious to have them well fed, and kindly treated ; for she said, “ we should remember that though we were to have dominion over all creation, yet that power was to be used for purposes of humanity.”

She used to tell me many entertaining stories about the animals she had tamed, and some I saw. All the birds in her garden seemed to hop about us, as if there were none but friends near, and the chief difficulty we had, was to preserve them from the cats. I do not mean our cats, for they were kept in good order, and had plenty of other food ; but those of the neighbours, who sometimes came over the wall, and caught the stragglers. It was quite a grief to us when this happened, for we seemed acquainted with each of them ; and my aunt had paid such attention to their various notes, that she could tell in a minute whether a thrush, or a blackbird, or a linnet, or a nightingale were singing. No

birds seem to me to sing so sweetly as those did ; perhaps it was because we lived quite in the country, and there were no noises to interrupt the pretty sounds, only the murmuring of water, or the wind moving along the trees, or the bleating of sheep at a distance, or the tinkling of the bell which called them together.

Aunt Jemima always said, “ that it was the fault of man, if there were any enmity between him and the domestic animals: for they would all honour and love him if they were properly treated.”

Mr. and Mrs. L. our next neighbours, used to smile when she said this, and while they owned what power she seemed to have over the brute creation, they asked her if she could not tame bears and lions by the same magic ? Mr. T. (another friend of hers) said, “ that he would bring her a young wolf for a pet, that she might try her skill upon him.” As to that, I cannot say how she might have succeeded, — but certainly she had a wild nature to tame, when she took the care of her niece.

Our London cousins used to call me "the Bengal Tiger," when I first came over, which I did not like at all, and it just made me more furious than ever to hear it repeated. Aunt Jemima seemed anxious to remove me, and try what gentle means would do with my temper, and she soon was able to manage me; for though we had hitherto done whatever we pleased, and were in the habit of being very angry if any one dared to oppose us, we soon learned to obey a single word from her.

I believe this was owing to her great kindness and gentleness; she never answered us in anger, or seemed as if we were in the way; but if she were busy, she would say, "I will do, or tell you what you wish, as soon as I am able." And she never promised a thing, and then forgot to do it. So we trusted her fully, and thought we should have all we wanted in time.

When we had been there a few months, Moggy said that Missy was grown quite good, and little Massa too. And she thought "lady" (as she always called my aunt) was

the best person in the whole world, and never did any thing wrong. I almost thought so too ; but when I said any thing like it to my aunt, she shook her head, and said she hoped I should know better one day, for that there were "none righteous, no not one," and that her prayer was, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I could not think what she meant, for she never was in a passion, and never scolded the maids, or said what was not true. But she told me that God looked into our hearts, and that all we did should be done from love to Him ; but that we did those things we ought not, and left undone that which was our duty to do, so that what would become of us if we trusted to our own goodness ? I was an ignorant little girl, and no one had ever talked to me about this before, and when I sometimes went with her to her schools, I used to be ashamed to see how much more those little children knew than I did. They spoke about a book I had never read before I came to my aunt's, in which was written all our history, and the history of the whole world, and of another

world far better than this, where we shall go if we love God.

I listened to all this with wonder, and to a great deal more, for there was not one day in which she did not teach me something about these things, though I am afraid I did not attend as I ought to have done. My delight was to hear about the birds, and the animals, and the trees, and to gather the flowers and herbs, of which I was sure to hear all the names, and whether they were used for food, or medicine, or had ever been celebrated in poetry. When we walked out, we were usually attended by several dogs, and I could relate many curious stories respecting them. Yet, as you have heard such from Miss —— I prefer amusing you with some about a cat.

Our next neighbours, I told you, were Mr. and Mrs. L. They were very nice people, but I am sorry to say that their children were not so kind to animals as they should have been. Now and then, they would hunt their cat about, and frighten her sadly, and then she generally escaped over into our garden,



and took refuge with its peaceable inhabitants. She was a beautiful Russian cat, but she always looked so fearful, as different as could be to ours, who walked about as if they were in their own house and grounds, and were doing the honours of it to strangers. There was my favourite, that we called Trot; she had formed an intimate friendship with the Russian, who was called Kousky, and often we were amused at seeing them taking a walk together. When Trot's breakfast was put out, (it was a large basin of milk,) she never would taste it till she had mounted the wall and made a particular kind of noise, to invite Kousky to share her food,\* and it was a very funny sight to see them both drinking together in so friendly a manner.

Once Kousky had four kittens; they were all to have been drowned, but she carried off one before any body was aware, and hid it. The hiding place could not be discovered, though it was sought far and near. The boys went down into the cellar, and into the place where

\* A fact.

the coals were, and all over the gardens. And where do you think it was?

Kousky had carried it in her mouth to the very top of the house, and put it out upon the leads, where she visited it every day. Whilst it was there, the summer came on, and the heat increased; the leads, I suppose, were too warm for little pussy; so Kousky was seen bringing her carefully down-stairs. They did not follow her then to discover her new place of concealment, but it was suspected that she had come into our gardens, and leave was asked to search there. My aunt granted this, — but we anxiously went about with the boys, lest they should hurt any of our pet animals, or frighten the birds, who had the privilege of building their nests wherever they pleased in our premises. The kitten was not in the garden, but soon after the servants saw Mrs. Kousky walking out of the door at Mr. L.'s, with a piece of bread and butter in her mouth, which she was carrying to her little one. They followed her, and found the mother and kitten secreted

in a coppice which joined our orchard.\* My aunt was so pleased with this clever trick of the cat, that she always shewed her particular favour. She used to say, that although cats had not so high a character as dogs, yet they often shewed great sagacity, and when treated kindly, you might discover much more sense than they have credit for.

She read me some curious stories to prove this, and amongst others, about a murder that was committed, where it was thought impossible to find out the guilty person, for no human eye had seen the deed done. But as Aunt Jemima said, it could not be hidden, if God chose to bring it to light, because the bible says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." And so it did. The favourite cat of the gentleman was in the room when he was killed. The naughty murderer thought, I suppose, that puss could never tell of him, but though she could not speak a word, she shewed her anger and fear of him as soon as

\* A fact.

he came into the room, which he did with other people. She flew about in all directions, and hid herself under the furniture, looking at him as if she remembered what she had seen him do. This strange behaviour led to a suspicion of the man, who confessed his crime, and suffered death for it.

I often wished I could have written down all the pretty stories my aunt told me about animals; and they every one ended with something good, to improve me. In the mean time, my brother and I were growing strong and healthy children, and learned a great many things, though, I think, I might have known much more by this time, if I had given better attention to all my aunt said. I advise you to take warning by what I say, and let us each try, whilst we are here, to improve by what we are taught, that when we go away, we may not have to reflect upon our idleness: and particularly, do not let us grieve the kind friends who teach us, by our disobedience or inattention, for we shall be very sorry when we remember it afterwards.

I am so sorry sometimes ; but I must tell you how I came to leave my Aunt Jemima. I was sad enough when I first heard I was to do so. We had been in England two years, when papa and mamma wrote word that they thought it quite time, at least for me, to be sent to school. Then my uncles and aunts in London wanted to recommend various places for me ; but aunt Jemima was very anxious, if I must leave her, that I should be here, as Miss —— is a friend of hers, and she could come and see me sometimes ; and then she knew I should be kindly treated, and taught in the way she liked. My little brother is to stay with her another year, and then go to a day-school near her, and we are always to be with her in the holidays, till papa and mamma come home. I am very happy here, but I do long to see dear Aunt Jemima again, and the dogs, and the cats, and the birds, and the frogs ; and to walk in the dear fields and garden, and see how all the plants and trees have grown. My London cousins told me that we should not like being with Aunt

Jemima, for that she was a cross old maid, surrounded by dogs and cats, and that she had neither time nor love to spare for little children. However, we had no reason to be jealous, for she loved us far beyond all the rest. Her other pets, I think, were chosen because her heart is so full of love, and, as she said, she delighted to be kind to the whole family of whom God is the Father. I hope I shall never forget all she has said to me upon this subject, for the poor animals are in our power, and the rule applies to them, as much as to our fellow-creatures, "Do as you would be done by."

## "LE BAS BLEU."

Related by Miss Evelina R. . . .

AND am I to give my history too? I hope then that I may be able to remember something for your edification, even if it arise from a display of my faults. As I am older than several of you here, you may find my experience useful.

My brother and I are the two eldest of our family, and as there was only the difference of a year between us, we were always brought up together, and were very fond of each other. Several years passed before my next sister was born, and after her there were two more. I was my brother's constant companion, and if I were rather too much of a romp in consequence, mamma said she hoped it would wear off, when my sisters became my associates. Great pains were

taken with our education ; for till my sister was born, mamma taught us entirely, and then engaged an excellent nursery governess to assist her. From them we had solid English instruction, and learned the rudiments of Latin. We were both very partial to our lessons, which, I believe, was owing to our being taught in so pleasant a manner as we were ; but we loved play as well as any children when we were at it. People said that we knew a great deal at our age, and I wish they had not said so in my hearing, for it excited my vanity, and gave me a wrong motive for getting forward. It was "loving the praise of men," rather than acting from a principle of duty, and because it is right to employ the talents which are given us by God.

When we grew older, and there were two more children in the nursery, the question arose what was to be done with me. A tutor had been engaged to attend my brother daily, and as I was rather beyond the superintendence of Miss Lane, who was still suitable for the younger ones, to my great joy



it was concluded that I should take lessons with William. Papa said that it would be a stimulus to my brother, to have a companion in his studies, till he went to school; for, that it was the chief fault of a home education, that boys had no idea of the progress made by others. In the meantime, I was to be instructed by Miss Lane in the evening, in the necessary accomplishment of needle-work. I cannot say that in this I excelled: my little sister, only six years old, was soon before me. She was always called "a handy little creature," and as long as I can remember, an old servant we had, who came from Norfolk, used to designate me by one of her provincial expressions, "you ungain child," which being translated, means as far as I could understand, the superlative degree of awkwardness. However, such accusations were only subjects for my mirth, for my brother consoled me that I should be so much more learned than any of the "stitching generation," as he always called the ladies who excelled in needle-work. No complaint was

made about my progress in other acquirements ; for my brother and I spurred each other on, and tried to see who could be up earliest in the morning, to prepare our lessons. I was very proud when I was first promoted into Virgil, and began to learn Greek ; but I might have known that there was nothing surprising in this, and at the same time many girls of my acquaintance had made very superior attainments, in other branches of useful knowledge. Papa approved of educating girls upon the same plan as boys, because he thought it strengthened the female mind ; and I have heard him say, that few ladies in the present day know how to converse rationally, because they have been taught in a superficial manner. He would have educated us entirely himself, but he had not the time, as he is a physician. He attended, as much as he could, to our progress, and we often spent happy hours with him in the evening, when he returned from his professional duties. The sound of the carriage bringing him home, about five o'clock, was a signal of joy to my brother

and to me ; and poor papa had not much rest at dinner, as we were often peeping in to see when he had done. We longed for the nice books that he would read aloud to us — sometimes prose, sometimes poetry. He always questioned us closely upon history, because he wished us to be well grounded in every branch of the subject ; and from his excellent library, he would select books for our private perusal, and we had to write abstracts of their contents. When I brought any of mine to read to him, he smiled at what he called the abundance of my metaphors, and said he must lop off the tropes and figures, to make plain sense of my prose. For, I was extravagantly fond of poetry, and I have heard dear papa say, “it is quite necessary to balance this child’s imagination with a little Latin and Greek.” He took great pains to direct my taste in poetry, and often read it aloud to me, that he might point out the beauties, as well as the distinguishing characteristics of the various poets. You must not suppose that Latin and Greek, poetry and history, were my only studies ;

I would not let my brother learn any thing without me. But you will wish to know how I proceeded with my needle-work, of which, I fear, I have not a very good account to give; and the reason is, that I did not take any pains with it.

I began, silly child that I was, to undervalue that, without a proper knowledge of which, no young lady can be useful. Even if circumstances do not require her to use the needle for her own advantage, it is absolutely necessary that she should be able to direct others.

My sister excelled in work, and also in music, for which we had a master; and she was far beyond me in both.

At length, to my great grief, William was sent to school, and the plan was changed for me; for Miss Lane had left us, and a governess was engaged to superintend my sisters and myself. Here began the sorrows of my life! I suppose some one had prejudiced the new governess against me; for she acted as if she thought me very disagreeable, and difficult to teach. It was

indeed not easy to curb my spirits, which were quite unrestrained; and I formed a great contrast to my sister Laura, who was a quiet, steady little girl, and, as Miss Johnson said, gave no trouble. I believe Miss Johnson was thought very clever; but she certainly did not know how to manage me. A kind word of encouragement would have won my heart; but I was continually contradicted, till I acquired a habit of opposition which was unnatural to me. Whilst I was studying with my brother, Laura had made great progress in accomplishments which I had neglected, because there was not time for both; and I entreated that so long as William remained at home, I might continue to partake of all his advantages. I had therefore gained in some points, and lost in others; and I think it would have been well, if Miss Johnson had gently pointed out to me my deficiencies, and assisted me to remedy them; but her plan was to *undervalue* all I had acquired, and to estimate as highly as possible the branches of education to which I had least attended. Laura's attainments in

music, and French, and needlework, were continually contrasted with mine. From having been accustomed almost exclusively to read Latin and Greek, I found it difficult to catch the pronunciation and idiom of modern languages; and my blunders were made a source of amusement in the school-room, till I almost hated the sight of the books, and acquired such a timidity in speaking French, as I believe I shall scarcely ever entirely overcome. This led to a silly affectation of despising the modern languages, and I lost some excellent opportunities of improvement, which I have since deeply regretted. When I look back upon my own folly, I am quite ashamed to think how I indulged the vain fancy that my attainments were so much more valuable than those of others, that I might neglect the studies now appointed me. Ah! my dear friends, I have often thought since how true are the words of the poet:—

“ Knowledge is proud, that he hath learned so much;

“ Wisdom is humble, that she knows no more !”

You must not imagine, however, that all my previous time had been lost; for I endeavoured to turn to some account what I had learned. I found it of great advantage in English literature; and the scientific terms of which young persons in general have to seek the meaning, were explained to me by the words from which they were derived. Here my sisters found me of some use, and they called me their dictionary; for I often saved them the trouble of looking into a printed one. I also assisted Laura in writing her "Themes," as Miss Johnson called them; having acquired some facility in composition, by the plan which I told you had been early adopted by my dear papa.

But whilst I relate what I was able to do, I ought not to omit that I was continually in disgrace, through my ignorance of those accomplishments which are the peculiar province of a lady. I am ashamed to say, that at the age of thirteen, I could not make a shirt, all the niceties of which my sister perfectly understood; and even then I should hardly have given my mind to the manufac-

ture, but for the pleasure of furnishing papa with so necessary an article. I professed to despise needle-work, and Miss Johnson had so often called me "the learned lady," that I assumed the title as my own, and determined I would in all things act consistently with the character. I was almost as much in disgrace with the music-master as with my governess, and this, not because I despised music as I did needle-work, but because I was indolent, and also because I thought it should be studied rather as a science than an art. I maintained that music ought to be learned scientifically, and I spared no pains in acquiring a knowledge of thorough bass, that I might practise Handel in the score; but composers of modern date I despised.

The subject upon which Miss Johnson and I were most completely at variance, was that of neatness. My brother used to litter his room with books and papers, and I had heard him say that this was the case with all learned men; therefore I foolishly thought, that the same negligence and want of order were becoming in a literary lady. In vain the rules



of the school-room were strictly enforced, and were extended also to my apartment.— I had fines innumerable to pay; but I had acquired such habits of carelessness, that even the loss of the money which I had stored for the purchase of books, failed to operate as a charm against my untidiness. Miss Johnson complained that I never looked nice, as the others did; that my frocks were spotted with ink, my gloves lost, my shoes untied, and the buttons and strings off my clothes;— she said, too, that my room looked as if a shower of shoes and stockings had fallen there, and that my wardrobe was in such confusion, that nothing could be found that she went to look for.

These were serious charges; but I am afraid I must plead guilty to them;—and I have found, by sad experience, that

“Habits are soon acquired; but when we strive  
“To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive!”

The awkwardness I had, owing to not properly learning the use of the needle, extended itself to other handy works, in which

my sister was an adept. We were sometimes engaged in preparing fancy work for benevolent objects, and it was an indulgence, on our holiday afternoons, to manufacture the pretty articles, which, when neatly finished, found a ready sale.

There were several institutions which by such means, I would gladly have assisted, but my unskilfulness in work was a barrier to my usefulness. How often I wished that I had been more attentive to the instructions of Miss Johnson, when I saw the ingenious inventions which were going forward ; but if I attempted to offer my assistance, they only laughed at me, and said I never cut the gold paper straight, — or that I spotted the things with gum, and never could finish any thing off nicely. I think it would have been kind, had they shewn me how to contrive better ; but then I had so often pretended to despise their ingenuity, that I did not deserve any assistance. I thought once I never should have heard the last of a box I was so unfortunate as to attempt by myself. It should have had eight equal sides, but I confess the lid

would only fit one way ; and it was shown about and quizzed, and called "Evelina's octagonal box," till I was very cross indeed, especially when I heard it remarked, that it was surprising my acquaintance with mathematics had not made me more correct.

Papa and mamma saw and lamented the sad effects that these circumstances had upon my temper ; and I suppose they consulted as to what remedy it would be best to apply. It was proposed, as a plan for my improvement, that I should be sent to stay for a while at my uncle's in Derbyshire. He is the clergyman of a parish in the country, papa's brother, and I am much attached to him and his family, especially to the eldest, my cousin Emily, who, though many years older than myself, has always treated me with particular kindness. To her care I suppose I was committed, for she provided me with a room near her own, and made me her constant companion during my stay at S——.

As papa had often excited me to diligence

in my favourite studies by her example, I was not afraid that she should deter me in their pursuit. I had been told that she was a good classic, had superior literary knowledge, wrote well, and was in short, what is termed "very blue." But I had always observed that she had a quiet, unobtrusive manner, and seldom engaged in general conversation, unless an effort was made to draw her out, and then she looked so animated, and expressed herself so well, that you could scarcely believe her to be the same person. Her dress and appearance were very ladylike, and I was surprised when I visited her room, to which she gave me constant access, to observe how exquisitely neat were all her arrangements. Every thing was in its place; and she did not look at all like a learned lady; nevertheless, I had great confidence in her, and I resolved to acquaint her with my troubles, and ask her advice.

One morning when I entered her sanctum, I found Emily busily engaged in needlework. A large parcel of clothes for the poor was lying by her side, and she said, she was pre-

paring for a working society, which was to be held that evening at the Parsonage. She requested me to help her, for she wished to have all in readiness, so as to give the younger ones of the party their assigned portion, without interrupting the reading that would be going on. I was obliged to acknowledge my fear that my assistance would not much benefit her ; however, I took some easy thing that she had in hand, and did it as well as I could. In the meantime, I was surprised at the neatness and quickness of Emily's work ; and I ventured to ask her, how she could condescend to such things, because I had understood she was a very learned lady.

She blushed at this, and replied, "That is the last title I should wish to assume, for it often implies what is very derogatory to the character of our sex. But tell me, dear, what you mean by the question ?"

I answered, "that I thought when persons had high intellectual pursuits, the common avocations of life were quite beneath them."

"That is a too general mistake, dear Eve-

lina," she said; "the more highly our minds are cultivated, the better we are prepared to fulfil the duties which Providence has allotted us."

"But is it not very tiresome to you, to do this needlework?"

"Why should it be, dear?" she replied, "for every thing there is a time, and I return to my books with a greater relish, after the performance of domestic duties, but not with regret that I have been for a time obliged to leave them."

"It is quite right," I said, "to make clothes for the poor, but is it possible that you do any other work?"

"I cannot say that I do much now," she replied, "as part of the instruction of my sisters devolves upon me; and besides, our young girls at the school are becoming good needlewomen, and I consider it better to give them employment than to occupy my own time in sewing.—But, dearest Evelina, you know if we do not understand how to work ourselves, we cannot direct others how to do it."

"True," I said; "but are you never

haunted with the idea of how much pleasanter it is to read or study?"

She smiled. "I do not deny that, my dear, and I remember too, when I used to think as Evelina does, that it was beneath the dignity of a lady who possessed any intellectual cultivation, to engage in domestic employments."

"And how came you to alter your opinion?" I asked.

"I received a strong impression," said Emily, "from reading the life of Elizabeth Carter, one of the most learned ladies that this country has ever produced. She understood Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Hebrew. She also taught herself Arabic, which she could read with the help of a dictionary. She made great progress in mathematics, and attended to almost every science. Dr. Johnson (who was a most fastidious critic) had a high opinion of her talents and acquirements. And one day, when speaking of some great scholar, he said, 'I believe he understands Greek better than any one I know, *except* Elizabeth Carter.'

Notwithstanding all this learning, she attended to accomplishments, music, drawing, &c., and *found time to work a great deal at her needle*, not only for herself, but also for the family; for it appears, that when she was visiting in London, some shirts of her brother's were sent her to make. In a letter to a friend, she says, 'Whoever that somebody is, who is to write the life of Epictetus, seeing I have a dozen shirts to make, it cannot be I, however seriously I did think of the thing.'\*\*

"And did this conquer your dislike for needle work?" I said.

"Oh, no!" replied Emily, "it acted as a corrective to my natural feelings,—but I gratefully acknowledge, that I have since been brought under the influence of higher motives, and learned to own the strong authority which directs a woman to the quiet and sober observance of the duties of her peculiar sphere."

"But I hope you have not relinquished your studies?" I said.

"Oh no, dear; but I never allow them to

\* See the Memoirs of Mrs. E. Carter.



take the place of the employments which fall to my lot, as the member of a household."

Just as we were engaged in this pleasant conversation, a lady was announced, whose manner and deportment appeared the very reverse of my cousin's. I was going to retire, but Emily detained me, and I remained a silent witness of their conversation.

Mrs. H— ran in. "Well, my dear Miss L—, have you written the preface to my book for me?"

Emily drew some papers from her desk, and handed it to her.

"My dear creature!" said Mrs. H—, "how kind you are. This is charming, and so clear too,— I cannot think, so *bleu* as you are, how you can write so neatly. The printers complain of me every time I publish, and it is a tiresome task to correct the press where they have made so many mistakes. But how have you proceeded with your philological studies since I saw you last?"

"Not much," said Emily, "though they are always pleasant to me."

"Do you know," said Mrs. H—, "that I

am preparing to begin Chinese ;—the idea of difficulties to be encountered only animates me in the study, in which I hope you will join me.”

“Not yet,” said Emily, “I have not time, at present.”

“Oh! I suppose there is a great deal to do in the parish? But now I am come to bid you to my house this evening, to meet D—, and A—, and F—, people of rare occurrence in this dull world, and Mrs. T—, also, and I must have you bring that clever essay of yours, ‘on the uses and abuses of phrenology,’ for they have all written on the subject, and I want them to see your production.”

“My dear Mrs. H—,” Emily replied, “you remember that was not designed for critical eyes, and merely written almost impromptu at your request. I cannot allow it to be seen; besides, there is nothing new in it.”

“My dear, you undervalue your own abilities; I have seldom seen any thing superior to that essay; it had but one fault,—too much religion.”

Emily sighed.

“We shall see you then this evening, my dear Miss L—?”

“I must be excused,” Emily said, “though it would give me great pleasure to hear your conversation with your friends. But it is the evening of our working society, and papa has so much duty, that I cannot allow him to read aloud; consequently that part will devolve upon me.”

“Oh, you pattern of domestic charities!” exclaimed Mrs. H—, “now I know it is of no use to tempt you farther, for if you once see it your duty, you would rather associate with beings without an idea amongst them, than enjoy the highest intellectual society.”

“I wish I deserved such an eulogium,” said Emily, “but—”

“But! — have you finished the poem you promised me for the next number of my miscellany?”

“Not quite,” said Emily, “you shall have it soon. But I know you will say that there is too much religion in it to please you.”

“Never mind,—I will tolerate any thing of yours.”

“Then, will you honour me by reading some papers I have prepared for you?”

“On the old subject,” said Mrs. H—, glancing at them. “Yes. I am sure what you write is sincere, and with a wish to do me good. I *will* read them, but I do not promise to yield my own notions even to please you!” So saying, she kissed Emily, and bidding us adieu, hastened away.

“What a strange being!” I exclaimed, for I cannot describe to you the figure she was.

Emily replied, “She has fine qualities, if she did but rightly employ them, and superior talents, which I long to see brought into the service of the sanctuary.”

When we joined the family below, my cousin James began: “Well, Evelina, what do you think of my sister’s bosom friend, Mrs. H—? I hope you observed ‘the sweete neglecte’ of her dress,

‘Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,’

shoes down at the heel, so as to make sundry displays of her scorn of that excellent old proverb, ‘a stitch in time saves nine.’”

"You are too severe, indeed, James," said the gentle Emily; "have you forgotten her kindness to you, when you were a naughty little boy, hearing your Latin when you were in disgrace, and taking pains to make you really understand the lesson?"

"Ungrateful fellow that I am!" said James, "I ought to have remembered that, and also her uniform good nature, when I venture to quiz her, or any of her performances."

"She is really a clever woman," said my aunt, "but she has mistaken ideas about the cultivation of the female mind."

"Do you object, then, dear aunt," I asked, "to ladies being learned?"

"Only, my dear, when it interferes with their domestic pursuits, or affords occasion for display."

"Yes," said James, "our good mamma was so careful that Emily should not be injured by learning, that when she had finished her Latin and Greek lessons, the housekeeper used to be her instructress in

pies and puddings; and if we returned from the most interesting chemical lectures, and she longed to try the experiments over again with me, she went first like a good girl, to help her mamma to finish clothes for the benevolent society."

I need scarcely tell you, my dear friends, that these conversations made a strong impression upon my mind. I witnessed every day the superior attainments of Emily, and yet saw that she took her part in all the family arrangements, as if they were her chief pursuits.

I asked her once how she had acquired such a command over self? and she replied in the words of Scripture, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are His."

"But do you not often long to devote yourself exclusively to study?" I said.

"We are naturally very selfish," replied Emily, "but we have a great example in Him who 'pleased not himself,' and when

‘His love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost,’ we are enabled to make any sacrifice for his sake.”

“But may not the variety of talent bestowed upon us, be a direction in the choice of our pursuits? Would not this be an acknowledgment of the favours of Providence, and the greatest proof of piety?”

“A constant attention to the work with which God entrusts us, is the greatest mark of solid piety,” replied Emily; “so says a favourite author of mine.”

I cannot attempt to repeat the variety of discussions we held upon this subject, nor can I express how useful my dear cousin’s conversation proved to me. Suffice it to say, that by her advice I wrote to my parents to say, that as I knew that I had greatly neglected some important parts of education, I would thankfully accede to any plan they proposed to remedy the deficiency.

My dear cousin Emily, who returned home with me for a short time, and with whom they particularly consulted, proposed that I should spend a year under this roof, as she

has a high opinion of Miss —, to whom she particularly introduced me, and I hope, during that time, by very great diligence, to become a proficient in those branches of study I formerly despised.

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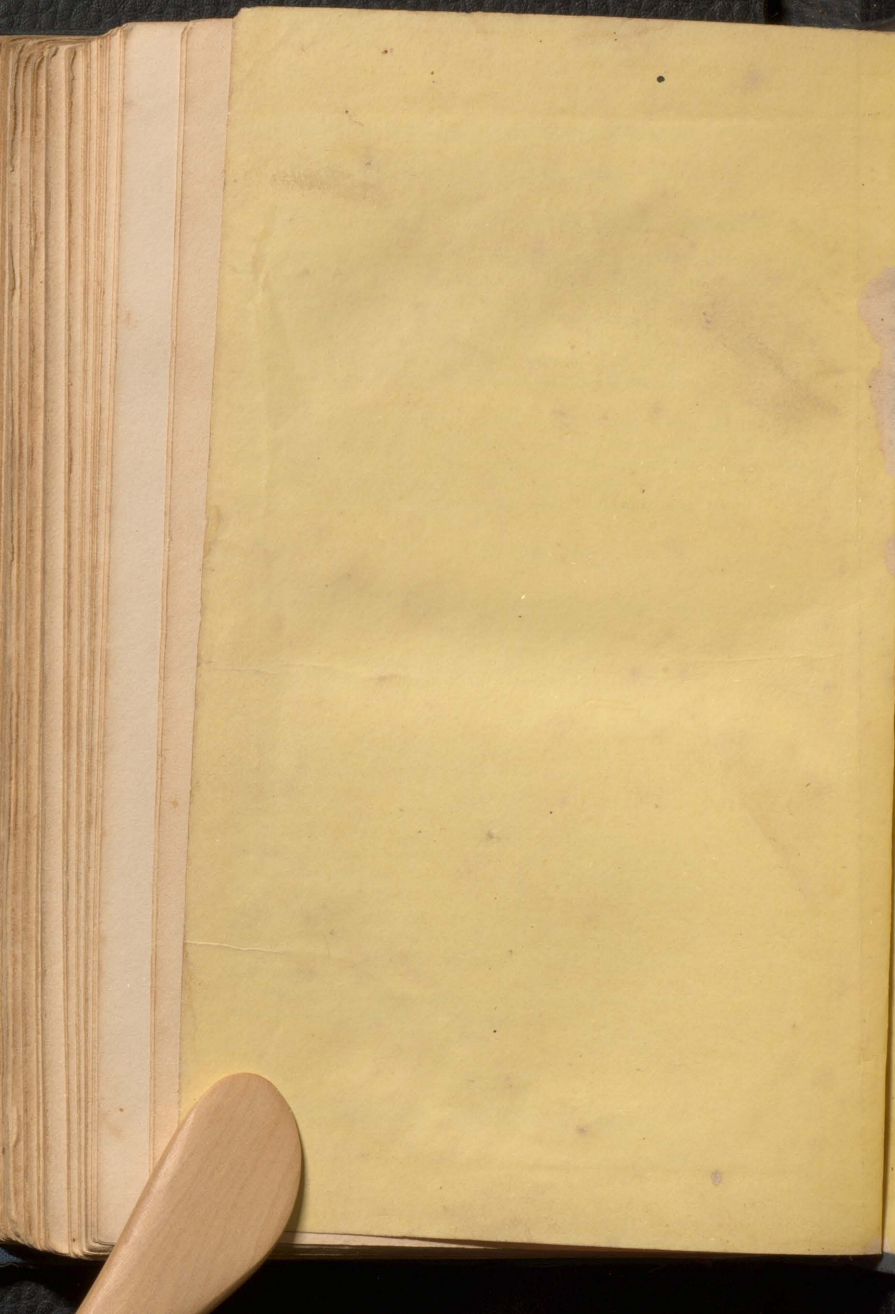
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