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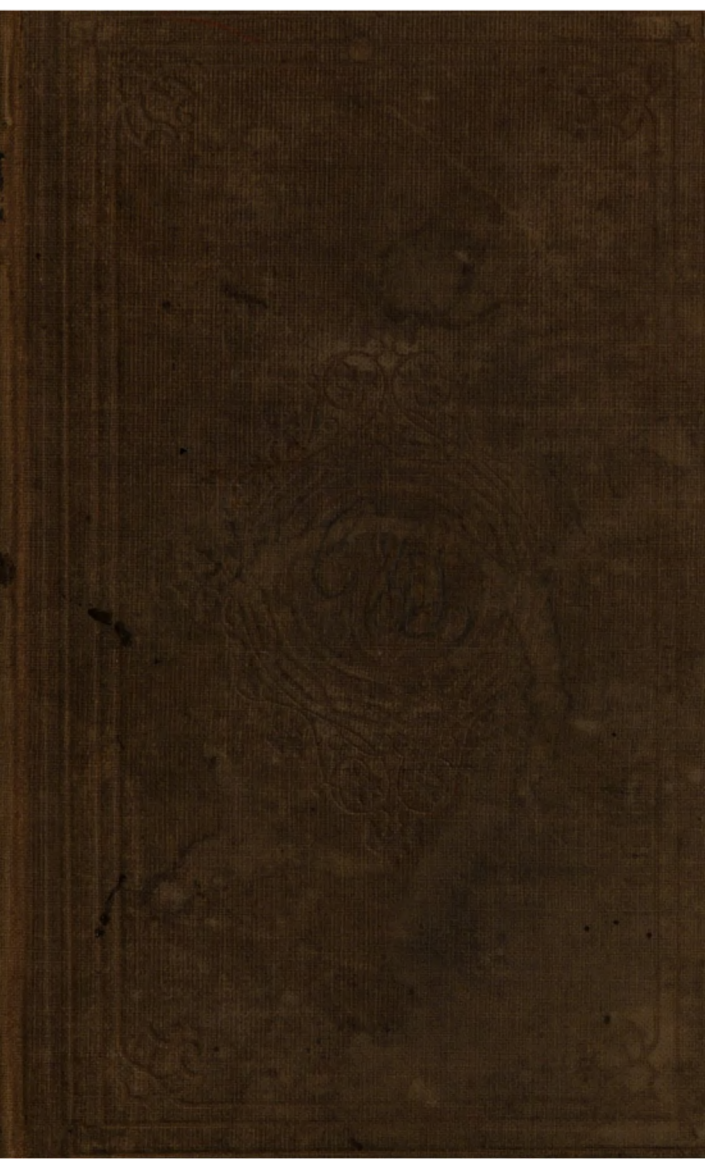
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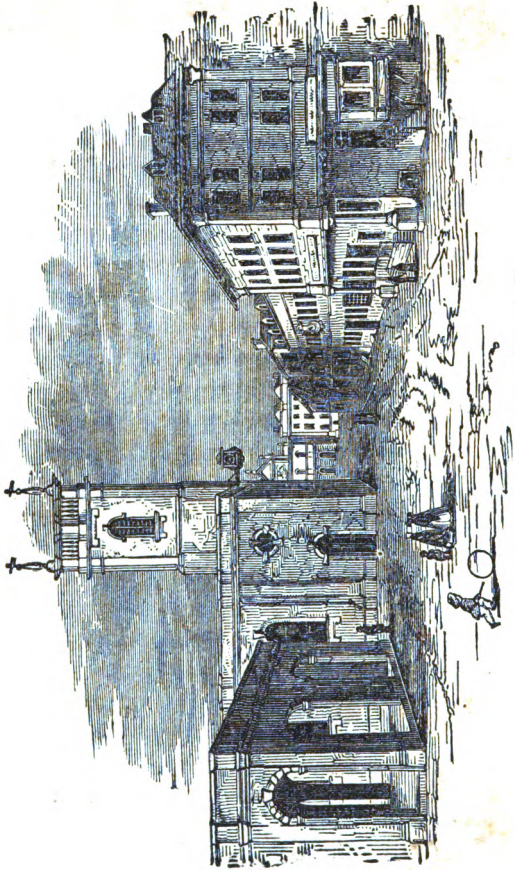




Duckee

Miss Ida

Miss Ida Duckee



BIRTH PLACE OF DR. JOHNSON — See page 74

ANECDOTES

FOR

GIRLS.

ENTERTAINING NARRATIVES AND ANECDOTES,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF PRINCIPLES AND CHARACTER.

BY

HARVEY NEWCOMB,

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE A LADY," "HOW TO BE A MAN," ETC.

SEVENTH THOUSAND.

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P R E F A C E .

IT was my intention to illustrate the several topics noticed in my two last works for Boys and Girls, with entertaining and instructive anecdotes; but I found the matter increasing on my hands so much, that I was obliged to abandon this purpose. Those works have met with so much favor, that I have been encouraged to carry out this design in separate volumes. In these works, I have had the same general object in view as in the former, namely, *the early formation of character*. But I have not confined myself to the same topics; and the *matter* of these two books, unlike the former, is *entirely different*, no anecdote being introduced into one, which is contained in the other.

This book is not a mere collection of stories, for the *amusement* of juvenile readers. Such,

and such only, have been selected as could be made to convey some useful instruction to the mind, or produce some good impression upon the heart. They have been collected from a great variety of sources, some new and some old; but in nearly every case entirely re-written, and such reflections added as have seemed necessary, to impress upon the mind of the reader the lessons which they teach. It is probable that some of the anecdotes may be already familiar. If so, they are here presented in a *new dress*, and made to serve a *new purpose*; so that they will bear another reading. It is believed, however, that most of them will be new to those into whose hands they may fall; and the author hopes that they may prove both entertaining and useful to a class of young people, whose happiness and future usefulness he sincerely desires to promote.

Grantville, Mass., Sept. 1847.

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ANECDOTES FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY PIETY.



LET no light-hearted girl throw down this book because it begins with a grave subject. There is nothing in it which interferes with any proper youthful enjoyment. I am sorry that any one should think religion tends to destroy the happiness of children and youth. This is not true. It does, indeed, forbid all sinful indulgence; but at the same time it removes the desire for it; and it introduces them to pleasures of a more exalted kind. Let no one say, "I will have my pleasure now, and attend to religion when I am a woman." Perhaps you will not live to be a woman. But, if you should, you want religion now, to lay the

foundation of a good character. When the prophet Elisha was living at Jericho, some of the people came to him, and told him that the water was very bad. Now, the city of Jericho was supplied with water from a spring, which was conducted to the city, I suppose, in an aqueduct of some kind. And what did the prophet do? He did not go to the streams, which conveyed the water to different parts of the city, to see if he could purify them; but he went and cast salt into the spring, and the water was made good. This is what you must do: cast salt into the spring, that the stream of life may run pure. You want your heart purified by the influence of true piety, in order that your character may be formed upon the true model.

Neither let any one think, that there is greater difficulty in becoming a Christian in childhood, than there is at a later period of life. There is much less. If any one wanted a tree in front of his house, would he go and dig up and transplant a great tree, with a tall, heavy trunk, wide-spreading branches, and great roots running deep into the ground? He might possibly do it; but it would be a work of great difficulty, and the tree would not be very likely to live. He would rather choose a young tree, which would be easily and safely transplanted. In like manner, the

difficulty of becoming religious increases as one grows older.

A woman of ninety lay on her death-bed, who had been a disciple of Christ for half a century. Conversing with a friend, she said, "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is just on the borders of eternity, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when she was a child. Tell them youth is the time to serve the Lord."

Neither let any one get the impression, that all pious children die when they are young. Most of the children's memoirs that have been written are necessarily accounts of those who died young. But thousands of children have died whose memoirs have not been written; and a great many die without giving any evidence of piety, which is a much greater cause of alarm to you, than that some pious children die. But children are no more likely to die because they are pious. Many, who have become pious in childhood, have lived to a very great age. Phebe Bartlett, of whose early piety a most delightful account was given by President Edwards, lived to be seventy-four years of age. Indeed, the tendency of true piety is to promote health and long life.

A Little Girl's Religious Experience.

The following sweet and simple expression of early piety was presented to the church in Stratham, N. H. nearly forty years ago, by a little girl about eleven years of age, who lived many years to adorn the profession which she then made, by an exemplary piety and Christian conversation.

“My dear and honored parents had often told me, when I was preparing to go to meeting, that I ought to attend to the religious exercises, and at least to remember the text. On the Lord's day, last summer, as I was going to meeting, I recollected my mother's advice, and had a great desire, and some strong resolutions, to attend, and at least to carry the text home with me; but I think I shall never forget it. These solemn words, “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?” seem to be imprinted on my heart, and will not, I trust, be soon blotted out of my memory. I think I felt the truth of every word that was said in the sermon. I am sure I saw that the salvation of Jesus is a great salvation, and that it was very wicked to neglect it, and as dangerous as it was wicked. And I was very sensible, that, though I was a young sinner, I needed that great salvation, as really as

the oldest sinner in the meeting-house. I was very sure I had wickedly neglected it. Returning home, I could not help thinking of the text and sermon. Nor could I help reproaching myself for my wicked neglect of Jesus and his great salvation.

“After this, I attended lectures whenever I could, and thought all the awful and solemn warnings of the word of God were directed to me, as really as if I had been named. I heard those alarming words, “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” And this awful sentence I believed would be directed against all who lived in sin, and died destitute of love to God and the Lord Jesus Christ. I found I had no love to God, no love to Jesus; and was certain, that if I lived and died so, God would say to me, “Depart.” The thought distressed me. I could not bear to think of being banished from God. I wanted to know and love God. I asked for mercy. My heart, I saw, was wicked, and must be changed, or God could not love me. I found I could not change it myself, and I tried to pray that God would renew my hard and sinful heart. I saw, too, that I could not merit his favor, that my prayers could not help me, nor oblige the Lord to save me. I found myself altogether helpless, and lying at the mercy of God. And, for ever blessed

be his name, he led me to trust in his mercy, in the Lord Jesus Christ. I had, I think, some clear views of Jesus, as the Saviour, who alone can save a sinner so unworthy as I saw myself to be. I think I enjoy a measure of the peace and comfort which flow from a reliance on his glorious grace alone. And, though I have had many doubts and fears, I have also many sweet and refreshing seasons.

“And now, Jesus Christ is so precious to my soul, his religion is so refreshing to my mind, and his ordinances are so lovely in my view, that I wish and long to enjoy access to them. I cannot but anxiously desire to give myself up to God, and to his church, in the bonds of his own everlasting covenant. And now, while I ask your charity, I also beg your prayers to God, that he would own me as a child of his, in that day when he will make up his jewels.”

You will perceive, from this narrative, that religion is not gloomy and repulsive. It fits the mind for true enjoyment. It gives a person the only true ground of cheerfulness, which is, a mind at peace with God. When embraced in childhood, it lays the foundation of character upon a solid basis. It gives it stability, by fixing in the heart true principles of action, and giving a love for what is right, and a dislike for what is wrong.

CHAPTER II.

FILIAL PIETY..



Y readers will perceive why I have chosen this for my next subject ; because piety towards parents is the next thing to piety towards God. Indeed, it is one of its first fruits. And I can hardly think it possible that a child can be pious towards God, and irreverent and disobedient towards her parents ; for parents stand, in an important sense, to children, in the place of God. He has committed you to their care, to bring up for him. The following examples furnish some forcible illustrations of the subject of filial piety.

The Faithful Daughter.

During the French Revolution, M. Delleglaié, who had been confined in prison at Lyons, was

ordered to Paris. His daughter begged to be allowed to ride with him, but was refused. Though of very delicate health, she followed him on foot, a distance of more than three hundred miles, preparing him food, and providing covering for him, in the dungeons where he was confined at night. At Paris, for three months, she presented herself before the authorities, in his behalf, till, at length, she prevailed, and procured his release. She conducted him back to Lyons. But the effort was too much for her; and having gained her object, and saved the life of her father, she lost her own.

Filial Piety Rewarded.

A female servant in London, in her early life, spent all her wages in the support of her aged and distressed parents. She was afterwards taken ill; and the Rev. Thomas Scott, to whose congregation she belonged, with the aid of kind friends, supported her for many years, by which she was saved from going to the workhouse. Thus was she rewarded for her dutiful conduct towards her parents.

Lady Lucy's Petition.

The following touching narrative of a historical fact contains such a beautiful illustration of filial piety as to need no comment. When I commenced this book, one of my children, on learning my intention, inquired, "Father, are you going to *make comments* on your anecdotes, or *leave them to tell their own story?*" In regard to this one, I shall *leave it to tell its own story.*

James II., King of England, was a great tyrant. He disregarded the constitution and laws of England, and undertook to exercise arbitrary and absolute power. Among other tyrannical and oppressive measures, he undertook to restore Popery, as the established religion. The people of England could not bear these things; and they entered into a negotiation with William, Prince of Orange, who had married the king's daughter Mary, to come over from Holland with an army, when they all joined him, and King James was obliged to leave the country; after which, the Parliament raised William and Mary to the throne. James and his friends made several ineffectual attempts to recover his crown. In one of these attempts, Lord Preston was engaged; and, being taken, was condemned

to die. His little daughter, Lucy, was taken by her nurse, Amy Gradwell, to visit her father, in the Tower, before his execution. As the coach drove up before the prison, Lady Lucy raised her eyes fearfully to the Tower, and exclaimed, "And is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me, nurse?" When they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels before the prison, she trembled and hid her face in Amy's cloak. "Yes, my dear child," replied her nurse, "my lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him. Are you afraid to enter this place, my dear?" "No," replied Lady Lucy, resolutely, "I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is." Yet she clung closer to the arm of her attendant, as she entered the gloomy precincts of the building, and her little heart fluttered fearfully, as she glanced around her; and she whispered to her nurse, "Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward V., and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester?"

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you," said Amy, in an encouraging tone. "And was not good Henry VI. murdered, also, by the same

wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination had been filled with the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place; many of which had been related to her by Bridget, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower on the charge of high treason.

"But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?" "Hush! hush! dear child, you must not talk these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord, your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent, till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined; when, forgetting every thing else in the joy of seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses. Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter; and, overcome by her passionate expressions of fondness; his own anguish at the thought of being separated from her by death; and the idea of leaving her an orphan at the tender age of nine years; he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her face with his tears. "Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked Lucy, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why

do you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own hall again?"

"Attend to me, Lucy," said her father, "and I will tell you the cause of my grief: I shall never come home again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason; and I shall not leave this place, till they bring me forth to Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple Bar or London Bridge."

At this terrible intelligence, Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wet with her tears. "Be composed, my dear child," said her father, "for I have much to say to you; and we may never meet again in this world." "No, no, dear papa! they shall not kill you; for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they cannot cut your head off; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are; and then they will not want to kill you." "My dearest love, all this would be of no use," said her father. "I have offended against the law, by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to the throne. Lucy, do you not remember that I once took you to Whitehall, to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?"

O, yes, papa! and I recollect he laid his hand

on my head, and said I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange, was at my age ;” replied Lucy, with great animation. •

“ Well, my child, very soon after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who had married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom ; and the people made him and the Princess of Orange king and queen in his stead.”

“ But was it not very wicked of the Princess to take her father’s kingdom away from him ? I am very sorry King James thought me like her,” said Lucy earnestly.

“ Hush, hush, my love ! You must not speak so of the Queen. Perhaps she thought she was doing right to deprive her father of his kingdom, because he had embraced the Catholic religion ; and it is against the law for a king of England to be a Catholic. Yet, I confess, I did not think she would consent to sign the death-warrant of so many of her father’s old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him,” said he, with a sigh.

“ I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition,” said old Amy Gradwell, “ and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were

very earnestly entreated of her, by some of your friends."

"Alas! my good Amy, no one will undertake the perilous office of pleading for a traitor, lest he should be suspected of favoring King James."

"Dear papa, let me go to the Queen, and beg your pardon," cried Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek and sparkling eye. "I will so beg and pray her to spare your life, dear father, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Dear simple child! What could you say to the Queen that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say," replied Lucy. Her father clasped her to his bosom. "But," said he, "thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the Queen, even should you be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to her, papa? Should she be angry with me, and answer me harshly, I shall be thinking too much of you to care about it; and if she should send me to the Tower, and cut off my head, God will take care of my immortal soul."

"You are right, my child, to fear God, and have no other fear. He, perhaps, has put it into thy little heart to plead for thy father's life; which if it be his pleasure to grant, I shall indeed feel it a happiness, that my child should be

the instrument of my deliverance. If it should be otherwise, God's will be done. He will not forsake my good and dutiful little one, when I am laid low in the dust."

"But how will my lady Lucy gain admittance to the Queen's presence?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of this interesting scene.

"I will write a letter to my friend, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter," said Lord Preston. He then wrote a few hasty lines, which he gave to his daughter, telling her that she was to go to the palace, the next day, properly attended, and give the letter to Lady Clarendon, who was there waiting upon the Queen. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though Lucy wept as she parted from her father, yet she left the Tower with a far more quiet mind than she had entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope. The next morning, the little Lady Lucy was up before the lark, dressed in a suit of deep mourning; and as she passed through the hall, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the old butler, all the servants shed tears, and prayed that God would bless and prosper her. Lady Lucy was introduced to

Lady Clarendon's apartments before she had left her bed; and having told her artless story with great earnestness, presented her father's letter.

Lady Clarendon was very kind to little Lucy, but told her plainly that she did not dare to ask her father's life, because her husband was already suspected of holding secret correspondence with his brother-in-law, King James. "O," said Lucy, "if I could only see the Queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me. I would plead so earnestly, that she could not refuse me, I am sure."

"Poor child! What could you say to the Queen?"

"God will direct me what to say," replied Lucy.

"Well, my love, you shall have the opportunity; but much I fear your little heart will fail, when you see the Queen face to face."

The Countess hastened to rise and dress, and then conducted Lucy into the palace gallery, where the Queen usually passed an hour in walking, early in the morning. While they were waiting for the Queen, Lady Clarendon tried to amuse little Lucy, by showing her the pictures which hung on the wall. "I know that gentleman well," said Lucy, pointing to a full-length portrait of James II. "That is a portrait of

Queen Mary's father," said the Countess. "But hark! here comes the Queen with her ladies. Now, Lucy, is the time. I will step into the recess, yonder; but you must remain alone, standing where you are. When the Queen approaches, kneel and present your father's petition. She who walks before the other ladies is the Queen. Be of good courage."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart beat violently, when she found herself alone; but her resolution did not fail her. She stood with folded hands, pale but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the Queen's approach; and when the Queen came near, she advanced a step forward, dropped on her knees, and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and, above all, the streaming tears that bedewed her cheek, excited the Queen's attention and interest. She paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her color rose, she frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with an anxiety which almost amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her

hand, and, grasping the Queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father! my dear, dear father, royal lady!"

Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things; but, in her sore distress, she forgot them all, and could only repeat, "Save my father, gracious Queen!" till her feelings choked her voice, and throwing her arms round the Queen's knees, she leaned her head against her person, and sobbed aloud. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston a measure of political necessity, because he was a ringleader in a conspiracy to overturn the government, and bring back King James, her father, to the throne. She therefore told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the Queen. "He may be so to you, child," returned the Queen; "but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die."

"But you *can* pardon him," replied Lucy, and I have learned that God has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

"It does not become a little child like you to attempt to instruct me," replied the Queen

gravely; "I am acquainted with my duty. It is my place to administer justice impartially; and it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it may be to deny so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the Queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James. This excited the Queen's curiosity, and she inquired of Lucy why she gazed so intently upon that picture. "I was thinking," replied Lucy, "how very strange it is, that you should wish to kill *my* father, only because he loved *yours* so faithfully."

This wise and artless reproof from so young a child went to the very heart of the Queen. She raised her eyes to that once dear and honored parent who had ever been a tender father to her; and when she thought of him as an exile in a foreign land, relying upon the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she was invested with the royalty of which he had been deprived, the contrast between herself and the pious and dutiful child before her affected her heart, and she burst into tears. "Rise, dear child," said she, "I cannot make thee an orphan. Thou hast prevailed. Thy father shall not die. Thy filial love has saved him!"

CHAPTER III.

SISTERLY AFFECTION.



BEXT to the duty of children to their parents is their duty to their brothers and sisters, of the same family. Affection lies at the foundation of the social relations, and mutual love is the reigning spirit in every well-regulated family.

But love may exist, and yet sometimes give way to a naughty temper, the evils of which cannot, for a long time, be remedied. And, if you would cherish love, you must not do violence to it, by the indulgence of contrary feelings and dispositions. Love is a *tender plant*, which will not bear the *east wind*. The following anecdotes illustrate *both sides* of this subject.

The Miss Singers.

The following account was given by Miss

Philomela Singer (afterwards Mrs. Rowe) to Rev. Dr. Colman, when he was in England :

“ My sister was a year or two younger than I; and her affection, as well as wit, was quicker. I seemed, however, myself to think more thoroughly. She desired her to be with me, and I wanted to be more by myself. We often retired, by consent, each to her chamber, to compose, and then meet to compare what we had written. She always exceeded me in the number of lines; but mine, I think, were more correct. She exceeded me much in the fondness of love, but never in the truth and strength of it. She was jealous of me, that my love was not equal to hers, and invented a hundred ways to try me; many of which I thought childish and weak, and therefore sometimes rather reprov'd than complied with them. This gave her grief, and I found her in tears, which I could not put a stop to, but by the tenderest words and embraces.

“ We lived years together, as happy as children could be in each other. We lived *religiously* together. We took care of one another's souls, and had our constant hours of retirement and devotion. We were daily speaking to each other of God; his being, perfections, and works; the wonders of creation and providence, the mysteries of redemption and grace. My father, in his

widowhood, took great delight in us, and cherished our love to God and one another; but, like good Jacob, was fondest of the youngest, admiring all she said and did; and in her death he was to be tried. But it was *I* that was taken sick, to a very dangerous degree. When my physicians were giving me over, my sister came to me, drowned in tears, and, earnestly kissing me, besought me to tell her whether I was, through grace, prepared to die; whether my interest in Christ and title to heaven were comfortable and clear to me. For she was afraid I should die, and she could not part with me, only to go to Christ, which was far better. I earnestly looked upon her, and said, 'Why! sister, do you think me dangerous? I must confess to you, my distress would be great, if I thought my dying hour were now coming on; for I have not that full assurance of my interest in Christ, which I have always begged of God I might have, before he should call me hence.'

"No sooner had she heard me say this, than she fell, as in agony, on her knees, by my bed, and in a manner inexpressible for fervor and humility, she begged of God, that, if her father must have the grief of burying one of his children, it might be *herself*; for through his free grace, and to the glory of it, she could humbly profess before

him, her assured hope of her interest in his everlasting mercy, through Jesus Christ: wherefore she could gladly and joyfully surrender herself to die, if it might please God to grant her sister further space wherein to make her calling and election sure. Having prayed thus, in a transport which was surprising and astonishing to me, she kissed me, and left the room, without giving me time or power to answer a word. And, what is almost incredible to relate, from that moment I grew better, and recovered; but she took to her bed, and died within a few days. Conceive, if you can, how I was astonished by this event of Providence, and overwhelmed with sorrow; and my father with me. The load of grief upon me confined me to my chamber for more than six weeks. My chief work was to consider the mind of God, in this his mercy to me; that I might make it evident to myself, that, indeed, in love to my soul, he had delivered me from the pit of destruction. We durst not be inconsolable, under a bereavement so circumstanced; yet my mourning is always returning, with the remembrance of a love stronger than death, and bright like that of the seraphim, those flames of love and devotion."

The death of the younger sister might, perhaps, be accounted for on natural principles, by the influence of a strong belief that her prayer

would be answered, upon a lively imagination, and a nervous temperament. But the recovery of the other could hardly be so accounted for. It is the more reasonable to regard it as a direct answer to prayer; which is agreeable to Scripture, for the feelings which the younger sister manifested were such as God approves. It was Christ-like. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and *we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.*" It was disinterested love; and who can help admiring its strength and ardor?

This example of sisterly affection is worthy of being followed; all except the jealousy manifested by the younger sister, lest the elder's love should not equal her own. Their example in helping each other on their way to heaven, and in conversing on heavenly things, is worthy the imitation of all good sisters.

A Generous Sister.

When Rev. Mr. Knibb, the missionary, was teaching a school in Jamaica, a little boy had been guilty of profaneness; and Mr. Knibb was going to shut him up for some hours alone, after school. But the little boy's sister came to him,

and begged to be shut up instead of her brother. To try her affection, he consented; and she cheerfully took the boy's place, while he was dismissed. But the teacher, having satisfied himself of her sincerity, dismissed her; when she said, "School-massa, me know it bad for curse; and if my broder eber do it 'gin, me bring him you for punish." On their way home, the little boy swore again; and she immediately brought him back to be shut up.

The Praying Sisters.

Two brothers left their mother and sisters, and went to a distant state. There they embraced some fatal religious errors, which were like to prove their ruin. They had two pious sisters, who no sooner heard of it, than they agreed with each other to spend half an hour every Saturday evening at sunset, separately, in prayer for their brothers. The two brothers were awakened, and hopefully converted to God. While this incident furnishes a beautiful example of sisterly affection, it likewise affords encouragement to pray for our friends, in the most desperate circumstances. God is a hearer of prayer.

EFFECTS OF UNKINDNESS.

The following story is taken from the "Religious Magazine," a work which was several years ago published in the city of Boston. It is well told, and true to the life ; so that, contrary to my usual practice, I have inserted it entire, without writing it over. Do any of my gentle readers ever get into such an angry, cross, unkind mood as that exhibited by Clara? If so, I think they cannot read this affecting story, without resolving never again to indulge such a temper.

Be Kind to your Sister.

One morning, there was a little girl sitting on the door-steps of a pleasant cottage near the Common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting upon her slender hand. There was a touching sadness in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet-black eyes did not destroy.

Her name was Helen. For several weeks she had seemed to be drooping, without any particular disease, inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing gradually her interest in all her former employments. Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers.

While she was most indisposed, they had expressed a great deal of sympathy, and tried to amuse her, and had willingly given up their own enjoyments to promote hers. But children will too often be selfish; and when Helen, for some days, appeared better, and was able to run about and amuse herself, they would forget how peculiarly sensitive she had become; and the cross words which they occasionally spoke, and the neglect with which they sometimes treated her, wounded her feelings, and caused her to shed many bitter tears as she lay awake on her little cot at night.

This day she seemed better; and it was something her sister had said to her just before, which gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again.

“Helen, mother says you must go to school to-day; so get up, come along and get ready, and not be moping there any longer.”

“Did ma say so?” said Helen. *in answer*

“Yes, she did,” replied Clara. “You are well enough, I know, for you always say you are sick at school-time. Get your bonnet, for I shan’t wait.”

Helen got up slowly, and, wiping with her apron the tear which had started in her eye, made preparations to obey her mother’s command.

Now Clara had a very irritable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or sympathy than herself; and unless she were really so sick as to *excite her fears*, she never would allow her to be sick at all. She was determined not to go to school alone this morning, and had persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her.

In a few moments they were both ready; but now a difficulty presented itself. The distance to school was so great that they seldom returned at noon. Their dinner had been packed for them in a large basket, which stood in the entry. Upon whom, now, should the task of carrying this devolve?

"Helen," said Clara, "I've carried the basket every day for a week; it is your turn now."

"But it is twice as heavy now," said Helen. "I can but just lift it."

"Well, I don't care," replied Clara. "I have got my geography and atlas to carry; so take it up, and come along, Miss Fudge. I shan't touch it."

Helen took up the basket, without saying another word, though it required all her little strength, and walked slowly behind her sister. She tried hard to keep from crying; but the tears would come as fast as she wiped them off. They

walked on thus in silence for about a quarter of an hour. Clara felt too much ill humor to take the least notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, and felt uneasy, but was yet too proud to give up, and was determined to "hold out;" excusing herself by thinking, "Well, Helen is always saying she is sick, and making a great fuss. It is just good enough for her." When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong to be easily broken, and she sat down sullenly to wait for Helen to come up.

This was a spot which few could have passed unnoticed. The broad, flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping-willow, whose branches hung so low, that even little Maria could reach them by standing on tiptoe;—and around the trunk of this tree ran a little brook, which came up just to this rustic seat, and then turned off into the next meadow. It would seem as if the beauty of this place must have charmed away the evil spirit which was raging in Clara's breast;—but no! The cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions, and the little ripples which sparkled in the sunbeam did not, for one moment, divert her attention from her own cross feelings. As I said before, she sat sullenly, till Helen came up, and then began to scold her for being so slow.

“Why don't you come along faster, Helen? You will be late to school, and I don't care if you are: you deserve a good scolding, for acting so.”

“Why, Clara, I am *very tired*, my head *does* ache, and this basket is very heavy. I do think you ought to carry it the rest of the way.”

“Do give it to me, then,” said Clara; and snatched it from her with such violence, that the cover came off. The apples rolled out and fell into the water, the gingerbread followed, and the pie rolled into the dirt. It has been truly said, “Anger is a short madness;” for how little reason have those who indulge in it! Helen was not to blame for the accident, but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having thus lost her dinner, she turned and gave her little sister a push, and then walked on as rapidly as possible. Oh! could she have foreseen the consequences of this rash act, — could she have known the bitter anguish which it would afterwards cause her, worlds would not have tempted her to do it; but *Clara was angry*. Helen was seated just on the edge of the stone, and she fell into the water. It was not deep. She had waded there many a day with her shoes and stockings off, and she easily got out again; but it frightened her very much, and took away all her strength. She could not even call to her sister, or cry. A strange

feeling came over her, such as she had never had before. She laid her head on the stone, closed her eyes, and thought she was going to die; and she wished her mother was there. Then she seemed to sleep for a few moments; but by and bye she felt better, and getting up she took her empty basket, and walked on as fast as as she was able towards school.

It was nearly half done when she arrived there; and, as she entered the room, all noticed her pale face and wet dress. She took her seat, and, placing her book before her, leaned her aching head upon her hand, and attempted to study, but in vain. She could not fix her attention at all. The strange feeling began to come over her once more;—the letters all mingled together; the room grew dark; the shrill voice of the little child screaming its A B C in front of her desk, grew fainter and fainter;—her head sunk upon her book, and she fell to the floor.

Fainting was so unusual in this school, that all was instantly confusion, and it was some minutes before the teacher could restore order. Helen was brought to the air; two of her companions were despatched for water; and none were allowed to remain near excepting Clara, who stood by, trembling from head to foot, and almost as white as the insensible object before her. Oh! what a

moment of anguish was this, — deep, bitter anguish! Her anger melted away at once, and she would almost have sacrificed her own life to have recalled the events of the morning. That was impossible. The ~~future~~, however, was still before her; and she *determined* never again to indulge her temper, or be unkind to any one. If Helen *only* recovered, the future would be spent in atoning for her past unkindness. It seemed, for a short time, indeed, as if she would be called upon to fulfil these promises. Helen gradually grew better, and in about an hour was apparently as well as usual. It was judged best, however, for her to return home; and a farmer, who happened to pass in a new gig, very kindly offered to take her.

Clara could not play with the girls as usual, — she could not study. Her heart was full, and she was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side.

O how eagerly she watched the sun in his slow progress round the school-house! and when at last he threw his slanting beams through the west window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal; and books, papers, pen and ink, instantly disappeared from her desk.

Clara did not linger on her way home. She even passed the half-way stone with no other

notice than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bed-side, impatient to show her the curiosities she had collected, and to make up, by every little attention, for her unkindness. Helen was asleep. Her face was no longer pale, but flushed with a burning fever. Her little hands were hot; and, as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself, sometimes calling on her sister, to "stop, stop," and then again begging her not to throw her to the fishes.

Clara watched long in agony, for her to awake. This she did at last; but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friends. She did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of the morning. It was too much for Clara to bear. She retired to her own little room and lonely bed, and wept till she could weep no more.

By the first dawn of light she was at her sister's bedside; but there was no alteration. For three days Helen continued in this state. I would not, if I could, describe the agony of Clara, as she heard herself thus called upon and deservedly reproached by the dear sufferer. Her punishment was, indeed, greater than she could bear. At the close of the third day, Helen gave signs of returning consciousness, — inquired if the cold water which she drank would injure her, —

recognized her mother, and anxiously called for Clara. She had just stepped out, but was immediately told of this. Oh! how joyful was the summons! She hastened to her sister, who, as she approached, looked up and smiled. The feverish flush from her cheek was gone,—she was almost deadly pale. By her own request, her head had been raised upon two or three pillows, and her little emaciated hands were folded over the white coverlid. Clara was entirely overcome, she could only weep; and as she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child threw her arms around her neck, and drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace;—then her arms moved convulsively, and fell motionless by her side;—there were a few struggles,—she gasped once or twice,—and little Helen never breathed again.

Days, and weeks, and months, rolled on. Time had somewhat healed the wound which grief for the loss of an only sister had made; but it had no power to remove from Clara's heart the remembrance of her former unkindness which poisoned every hour. She never took her little basket of dainties, now so light, or in her solitary walk to school passed the half-way stone, without a deep sigh, and often a tear of bitter regret.

Children who *are* what Clara *was*, go now and be what Clara *is*,—mild, amiable, obliging and pleasant to all.

Love to Brothers.

A gentleman, walking on the Battery in the city of New York, as he passed a little girl, who was blithely rolling her hoop, said, "You are a nice little girl;" to which she replied, patting her little brother on the head, "And he is a nice little boy, too." Here was delicate, disinterested feeling. This amiable little girl could not bear even to hear herself praised, while her little brother was overlooked.

A Loving Sister.

Sophia had one sister, older than herself, whom she most tenderly loved. If she had any nice things, such as the first ripe strawberry or peach or plum, or any thing that her sister relished, she would save it and share it with her, because she delighted so much in seeing her pleased. It seemed to give her more satisfaction to please her sister than to enjoy any pleasure herself. Such was her disinterested affection, that her teacher, on one occasion, in order to reward her, put down her sister's name among a select few who were to go with her to a concert.

Another time, the girls in the boarding school, which they attended, were directed to have a piece of sewing done the next morning; and, as Sophia's sister was sometimes negligent of her task, she was threatened with punishment if she failed. This she dreaded very much; but her dilatory habits prevailed; and when Sophia had finished hers, her sister had not begun. It was now evening, and she had abandoned the task in despair, thinking it too late to have it finished. The girls were all playing in the garden, in great glee, when it was suddenly discovered that Sophia was not among them. This occasioned great excitement among the group; for she was a general favorite, as every one will be who acts from the same disinterested feeling. After searching the house over, she was at last discovered in an old out-house, with the door fastened, busily at work on her sister's task, that she might save her the dreaded punishment. She was a happy creature. No doubt, she had much more enjoyment in making others happy, than she could have had, if it had been her great aim to please herself. Truly, as our Saviour says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If you seek to please others, you will be sure to please yourself; for you cannot fail to enjoy the happiness which you impart to others.

CHAPTER IV.

BENEVOLENCE.



IN her death-bed, a pious widow in England called her daughter, and said to her, "Here are twenty pounds: I wish you, after my death, to give this money to the missionary cause; and, depend upon it, you will never have any reason to be sorry for having given it." This was when the missionary cause first began to attract attention in England, and when many people ridiculed it. But the daughter cheerfully obeyed the dying command of her mother, though little expecting ever in any way to meet a return. But she had a son, who became exceedingly profligate, and brought heart-rending trouble upon his mother. He became utterly unmanageable, either by tenderness or authority, and at length forsook his friends, entered the army, and vanished

from their knowledge. The Providence of God led him to India. There he fell in company with a Christian missionary, who dealt faithfully with him, and was the means of his conversion to God. After a while, the young man himself became a missionary, and wrote to his mother, imploring her forgiveness, and informing her of the alteration that had taken place in him and in his employment. Here was her mother's gift returned into her bosom a hundred-fold. But the Lord repays bountifully those who lend to him. This woman had a second son, who was likewise a profligate, and had entered the army before this news reached her. He also was led to India. There he was taken sick; and, being affectionately attended by the missionaries, he also was brought to repentance. His eldest brother, who was several hundred miles distant, and who did not know that he was in India, was providentially led to visit the station at this time. On hearing from the missionaries the interesting facts in the case, he visited the young man, and, to his great surprise and joy, discovered in the sick youth his own brother! He remained with him till his death, which was peaceful and happy. This narrative shows that *it is profitable to give to the Lord*, and illustrates the proverb, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

A Lesson from the Birds.

A gentleman observed, in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling, a collection of brown thrushes, who, for several days, attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At length, his curiosity was so much excited, that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them. On examining the bushes, he found a female thrush, whose wing was caught in a limb in such a way, that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half-grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared, with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother, and then to her young; she, the meanwhile, cheering them on in their labor of love, with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene till his curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman released the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer; and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their several abodes, singing, as they went, a song of joy.

“Isn't that beautiful?” exclaims a sweet little girl, whose happy face and joyous song, and golden ringlets waving in the air, remind one of

the merry songsters of the grove. Beautiful! Indeed, it is. But I can tell you what is more beautiful still. It is that little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along — who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty — who never scowls, never contends, never teases her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase, their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

If you do this, you will be sure to be loved. Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little girl why it was that everybody loved her. "I know not," she replied, "unless it be that I love everybody." This is the true secret of being beloved. "He that hath friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love begets love. If you love others, they cannot help loving you. So, then, do not put on a scowl, and fretfully com-

plain that nobody loves you, or that such or such a one does not like you. If nobody loves you, it is your own fault. Either you do not make yourself lovely by a sweet temper and kind, winning ways, or you do not love those of whom you complain.

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An Angel of Mercy.

Mr. F. Grummet, an English gentleman, was passing, as a prisoner, through a small village near Rochfort, attended by a band of soldiers. His feet were much blistered, and extremely sore. He had covered them with fresh canvass; but it was soon worn out, and he suffered dreadfully. About noon, they halted at the village to rest and refresh. He took his seat on an old tea chest, standing in front of a little shop, and removed his tattered moccasins. While he was doing this, an elderly lady came out of the shop, accompanied by a young girl, prettily dressed. When they saw him, they both exclaimed, "*Poor prisoner!*" The girl, with tears in her eyes, looked at his lacerated feet, and then, without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes she re-appeared; with her finery taken off, and a large bowl of warm water in her hands.

In a moment, the bowl was placed before him, and she motioned to him to put in his feet, which he did; and then down she went on her knees, and washed them in the most tender manner. The mother brought him food; while the daughter, having finished her task, wrapped up his feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes. While this was going on, a number of persons had collected round, and stood, silently witnessing this angelic act of charity. "Elalie" (for that was the girl's name) "heeded them not; but, when her task was finished, a sweet smile of gratified pleasure beamed on her face." Surely, hers was a rare pleasure. There is no enjoyment greater than that which is experienced in relieving the distresses or administering to the enjoyment of others.

CHAPTER V.

LEARNING TO WORK.



SOOR and helpless will that woman be, who does not learn, when a girl, to employ her hands in useful labor. She may have enough, but she will not know how to use it for the comfort of her family. She may be well educated, and able to converse interestingly. She may play well on the piano. And all this is well. But, if she does not understand *work*, her common, every-day duties cannot be well done; and these are what, in all circumstances, contribute most to the comfort of every-day life.

New Music.

An accomplished young lady stepped to the door, on the ringing of the bell, and was greeted by a young gentleman who had called to see her.

On entering the parlor, he glanced at the harp and piano, and said, "I thought I heard music: on which instrument were you performing?"

"On the *gridiron*," she replied, "with the accompaniment of the *frying-pan*. My mother is without help, and she says that I must learn to finger these instruments sooner or later."

Another young lady, the daughter of a New-England clergyman, was visiting a rich uncle, in a great city in a neighboring State; and, being asked what instrument she played upon, replied, "When I am at home, I play on the *cooking stove*." These young ladies had the good sense not to be ashamed of useful labor. It is a fine thing to know how to finger the piano, and play on the harp; but these accomplishments are a poor substitute for the ability to play on the cooking stove.

Making Bread.

Good bread is one of the necessaries of life. With it, one can make a meal, though every thing else on the table be inferior. Without it, no one can make a comfortable meal. But to make good bread is a very great art, and one that every girl ought to learn in her mother's house.

There was a young lady, who had been brought up in fashionable style, and was really quite accomplished ; but, her parents being wealthy, she was under no necessity of laboring, and she was educated without any practical knowledge of household affairs. She was married ; and for some time things went on very well, for she happened to have an excellent cook. But, after a while, her cook left her ; and, as good help was scarce, she took such a girl as she could get. The first thing Nancy was required to do was to make some bread. But she said she never had done such work before ; but, if Mrs. —— would tell her *how*, she could soon learn. And now the lady's eyes were open, the first time, to her mistake. She did not know how herself, and how could she teach Nancy ? After considering a moment, she replied, "Upon the whole, as there is so much more that is important to be done, we will put this matter off, and try baker's bread."

After some days, as they were sitting at the table, the husband inquired, "Cannot Nancy make bread ? I am getting quite tired of baker's bread." "She shall make some," replied the wife ; "but this is nice baker's bread — I don't know but it is better than any home-made bread I ever ate." "There is nothing," rejoined he,

“like good home-made bread, *such as my mother used to make.*”

Nothing could be more mortifying to a young wife, than to find herself in such a situation. She was quite at a loss what to do. At first, she thought of confessing her ignorance; but, as they had now been married some time, she thought it would not do. The bread must be made; but *how?* that was the question. She concluded to begin with pearlash bread, because she thought it would be more easily managed than yeast; but she knew nothing about it, except that it must be made of flour, milk, salt, and pearlash. She concluded she would put in pearlash enough, so as to be sure and have it light. The preparation was made, and it was put in the oven. Mrs. — sat beside the stove, anxiously awaiting its progress, to see it rise. It grew beautifully brown; but, instead of rising up round and plump, it remained *flat, flat, flat!* Dinner came. Mr. — walked in, with a friend or two to dine. They sat down to the table. The mackerel was well broiled; the potatoes were well done; every thing was well, but the bread — the article that her husband considered most important — he took a slice; it did not look like bread, it was thickly studded with little brown spots of undissolved pearlash; and then, how it tasted! —

a strange mixture of salt and bitter. He looked surprised and mortified. As soon as they were alone, he said, "Had you not better attend to the bread-making yourself, and not leave that most important part of cooking to such miserable, inexperienced hands?" She went away and wept, with this pitiful lamentation, "What *shall* I do?" There stood the piano; and there was the handsome worsted work, over which she had spent so many days in her father's house. But of what use were all these fine things *without bread*? She had just discovered that she could not be a good wife, and make her husband and family happy, without knowing how to make bread; and this most important branch of education had been entirely neglected. She was indeed in a dilemma. She, however, had good sense and resolution enough to surmount the difficulty. She resolved, from that moment, to study her domestic duties, and to *know how* to become a skilful, economical, thrifty housekeeper. But she had a long and wearisome trial, before she was able to set before her husband her sweet, light, and wholesome loaves. When she found herself in the sad dilemma that has been described, she would have given all her knowledge of music and embroidery to know how to make good bread. Yet do not understand me as

speaking lightly of those accomplishments. They are good in their place, and a great addition to a young lady's education; but they cannot make up for the want of a knowledge of household affairs. And, if my gentle readers will listen to me, I would have them know that there is nothing to be done in managing the house but what they ought to understand how to do, by having done it themselves, and done it repeatedly, till they can do it well. In no other way will they be able to avoid such a disagreeable dilemma as that in which this lady found herself.

Miss Rachel Cowie; afterwards wife of Rev. Dr. Milne, missionary to China.

The following brief memoir shows the importance of a knowledge of some useful employment, even to females in high life. It likewise exhibits a beautiful picture of filial piety, diligence, and prudence.

Miss Cowie's father was a wealthy man, engaged in extensive business. He lived in Aberdeen, Scotland. But, in that country, the females of many families in the higher ranks of society, as well as those in middling circumstances, are instructed in some branch of business suited to

their strength. This is an excellent custom; for, whatever may be our circumstances to-day, we know not what they will be to-morrow. Riches are no sure dependence, for they often "take to themselves wings." This is especially the case in this country, where reverses are so common. That your father is rich to-day is no evidence that he will be a few years hence. It is therefore necessary that you should be prepared to provide for yourself; and, to be so, you must not despise any employment that is useful and suitable for your sex.

Rachel Cowie was early put to learn a branch of the millinery business; which she industriously acquired, though she knew not that she should ever need it. But, after a while, her father's business began to decline, and at length he failed. He gave up to his creditors every thing but their wearing apparel and a few books. Both her parents were infirm, with no means of support in their old age. There was no one but herself on whom they could depend. When Rachel saw the decline of her father's business, she obtained his consent to set up her own. She had a small sum of money, and she borrowed a little more of a friend, to begin with. She began her business, praying that God would prosper it, and keep her from the new temptations to which she

should be exposed. She was successful. In a few months, she was able to pay what she had borrowed, and to furnish a house for herself.

When her father's business completely failed, and her parents were thrown upon the world, destitute of the means of support, she was prepared to receive them into her own house. She supported them by her labors; nursed them with the utmost tenderness in their illness; attended them in their last sickness, and saw them die in the hope of glory. While they lived, she would listen to no proposals of marriage; but after their death, she became the wife of Rev. Dr. Milne, and accompanied him on his mission to China, where she was a great solace and comfort to him, and a helper to him in his labors.

Learn not to despise any useful employment; but deem it honorable to be able to provide for yourself, and to help others.

High Notions.

A young gentleman became very much interested in the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and thought of marrying her; but, after a while, he discovered that she was wholly ignorant of domestic affairs. He therefore sought an opportu-

nity to introduce the subject of domestic economy, when she declared her opinion that it was grossly indelicate for a lady of fashionable education to be engaged in domestic concerns. Just then, her mother came in, with her arms full of wood for the fire. Her reflections just before, taken with this fact, would seem to imply that she regarded her mother as a vulgar sort of a woman. At any rate, it showed that she was unfeeling enough to set up for a fine lady, and let her mother do the drudgery of the house. The young man was so disgusted that he never visited her again. Some time afterwards she married a young merchant, who was doing a fair business, and carried her high notions into full operation. With extravagant furniture, numerous servants, and attendant expenses, her husband's affairs became embarrassed, and every thing was seized by his creditors. Poor Zelia had the mortification to return to her father's house, a victim to her conceits — a useless and unhappy creature.

CHAPTER VI.

HABITS.

Heedlessness.

ROSALINDA was pretty, gentle, and amiable. But she had one very bad habit. She was so heedless that she scarcely thought what she said or did. As her father and mother were going out to spend the evening, they charged the children to be good, — to amuse themselves, but not to be rude or careless, so as to do any mischief. The children minded what they said. They studied their lessons, made no noise, and did not quarrel. Every thing was in order, and they would have passed the evening very happily, but for Rosalinda's heedlessness. She wanted something that was in the closet in her father's library, and she took a candle to find it. Here she committed two faults. She ought not to have gone to her father's library

in his absence. But, if she went, she should not have taken a light to a closet, or among her father's papers. But this was not her only fault. After she had got what she wanted, she heedlessly left the candle burning on her father's table, where there was a large heap of papers.

In about a quarter of an hour, Rosalinda smelt something burning, and, recollecting that she had left a light burning in the study, immediately ran to get it. She had carelessly set the candle on a bundle of papers. It had fallen over, and set the papers on fire; and, as she opened the door, she found herself completely enveloped in smoke. She was affrighted, and cried out aloud. Her brothers and sisters and the servant ran to the spot; but none of them had the presence of mind to pour some water on the fire, which they might easily have done, and put it out, if they had shut the door, so as not to give it air, till they had brought the water; for as yet there was nothing on fire but the papers and the table. But they were so frightened that they could do nothing but cry out, "The house is on fire! O dear! O dear! What shall we do! What shall we do!" While they were thus lamenting, the fire, having burst into a flame on the opening of the door, had spread to the curtains and the drawers, and soon the whole room was on fire. The neighbors saw

it, and ran crying "Fire!" and ringing the bells. The tumult was now dreadful. On all sides, people were crying out, "Fire! fire! water! water!" "Here is the fire," said the neighbors: "we must knock at this house." So they broke open the windows, and began to play the engines upon the fire. After two hours, it was put out; but there remained nothing of the house or its contents but a heap of ruins. The children were all saved; but Rosalinda, in the confusion, was severely hurt. The father and mother now arrived, but what was their consternation to find their house reduced to ashes, and themselves to poverty! However, they were thankful that their children were all alive. All this came, in the first place, by Rosalinda's heedless habits. But, after the fire was discovered, the house might have been saved by a little thought. Learn from this story,

1. To avoid heedless, careless habits.

2. Never carry a light about the house. It is dangerous for children to carry a light, especially among papers or clothing.

3. If you open the door of a room, and find that a fire has caught, shut the door instantly, and run for some water. Fire cannot spread rapidly without air; and by shutting the door, you may keep it in check, till it can be put out. A large

family were once thrown into consternation, on opening the door of a room where there was a fire, and the flames bursting out. The men were so frightened that they could do nothing. But two of the daughters shut the door, and seizing each a pail, ran for water, and dashing it into the room, shut the door again and ran for more, till in a few minutes they put the fire out, and saved the house.

Be Neat.

Neatness must be cultivated in early life. It is hard to overcome any disorderly or dirty habit, which has become confirmed in childhood and youth. But, if such habits are indulged at this period of life, they will afterwards occasion severe mortification. Fanny Freeman, for some years, dressed in black; and she fell into the dirty habit of wiping the point of her pen on her black dress. This habit became so confirmed that she did not mind when she did it. One afternoon, she dressed herself in white, to go some distance on a visit; but, having first to write a letter, she carelessly wiped her pen as usual on her dress. When the carriage drove to the door, and she was about to set her foot on the step, her attention was called to her dress; and, on looking down, she saw long

blots of ink crossing each other in all directions — a perfect fright. She blushed to the very ears for shame and mortification, and was obliged to go back to her room, and put on a black dress.

Carelessness.

“Oh, dear!” said Jane, as she came home from Sabbath School, “I cannot please my teacher at all. I learn my lessons well, but she is never pleased with me.”

Jane thought the fields looked so pleasant, she would go across them to school, and enjoy the walk among grass and the flowers; but, in doing so, she tore her tippet, bent her bonnet, slit her frock, and stained the bottom all round with the wet grass and dirt. When she came in, her teacher exclaimed, “O Jane! how untidy you come to school! I am quite ashamed of you.” When she took her catechism, it was all over finger prints and grease-spots; for she had used it after breakfast, without washing her hands. “Oh! what a careless girl!” said her teacher. “What a dirty book! You have had it but a fortnight, and it is not fit to touch.” Then, when she came to recite her hymns, the book was handed to her

teacher all over dirt. She had dropped it in the road, and another girl had stepped on it. "How did this happen?" inquired her teacher. "Another dirty trick, I fear." Another book was torn, one leaf quite out, and another pinned in, wrong end upwards. When her teacher saw this, she told her she was one of the most careless girls she ever saw. And, when she came to give little books to her scholars, she told Jane it was no use to give one to her; for she was so careless, it would soon be lost or torn to pieces. No wonder her teacher could not be pleased with her. No other good traits will make up for this bad habit. A careless girl will try the patience of her father and mother and teacher, and every one else that she has any thing to do with, and her own too. And it is a habit for which there is no excuse. It is easier to be tidy than careless. "But how is that?" you say. "I find it very difficult to be tidy; and mother chides me every day for my carelessness." I mean, it is easier, all things considered; or, as they say, "*in the long run.*" You make yourself a great deal of unnecessary work by your careless habits. I dare say, if you are a careless girl, fourteen years old, you have spent more than a month *hunting for your scissors.* If you doubt this, use a little arithmetic, and see if I am not right.

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Do you not spend, on an average, a quarter of an hour every day, hunting for your scissors? In six years, that would be twenty-four days. And, suppose you have done the same with respect to three other articles, you have lost an hour a day, just in hunting for your things; and this, in six years, would be four months. All this time might be saved, if you would be careful, when you use any thing, to put it in its place again. But this is not all that is lost by carelessness. You destroy your books, tear your clothes, injure furniture, lose your own patience, and your mother's approbation. When you take all these things into consideration, I think you will agree with me, that it is cheaper and easier to be tidy and careful, than it is to be careless and untidy.

Another Example.

One fine spring morning, Laura Selby told her mother that she had mastered her music lesson, and had nothing to do just then; "and now," said she, "pray, be so kind as to lay aside your work, and walk with me."

Just then, their attention was attracted by the sound of the piano. "What is that sound I hear, my love?"

“I dare say it is little George, amusing himself with my piano. I forgot to shut it, when I had finished my lesson.”

“I am sorry for that, my daughter, especially as you have so frequently been told to take care of your music. Go, without delay, and close it.”

Laura, quite ashamed at her carelessness, as her piano had just been put in tune, ran to obey her mother, and returned, renewing her request for a walk.

Her mother told her that she was going out, and would take her with her, if she could make herself ready without delay. Laura was delighted, and ran quickly to tie on her bonnet and shawl. She was gone longer than seemed necessary. Her mother was obliged to call twice, before she made her appearance, and was about proceeding without her, when she ran hastily through the hall. “My love,” said Mrs. Selby, “this is not doing as you ought.”

“Mother,” said Laura, blushing, “I could not find my shawl for a good while; and then I hunted some time for my pin.”

“But where did you put your shawl, that it could not be found?”

“I left it on a chair in the hall, where I sat down a moment, when I came in yesterday, and forgot to put it in my drawer.”

“I am grieved, Laura, to find this unfortunate habit of carelessness strengthening, rather than disappearing.”

Laura felt ashamed and unhappy. When Mrs. S. had done shopping, they called on Mrs. Ellenwood, and Laura was very happy to find Grace at home; for it was to see her that she had desired to walk. The girls were chatting together in fine spirits, when Mrs. Ellenwood, with a look of pity, inquired what was the matter with Laura's hand, which was wrapt in her handkerchief. “Laura has not injured her hand, I believe,” said her mother. “Pray, my dear, why have you twisted your handkerchief over it?”

Laura slowly unrolled her handkerchief, and exhibited a torn glove. “My dear,” said her mother, “we must be on our way home; you have employment there, I believe.”

Mrs. Ellenwood urged Mrs. S. to let Laura stay and spend the day with Grace, which was what she wanted to do; but her mother would not consent, she was so displeased with Laura's negligence. Laura was sadly mortified; and, when they got into the street, she could not refrain from tears. When they arrived at home, Mrs. S. asked Laura why she went out with her gloves in that condition.

“Because,” said Laura, “the last time I wore them, I made several holes in them, and — and — I forgot to mend them.”

“That is the very thing, my dear, for which you deserve to be reprimanded. Forgetfulness of such duty arises from carelessness. If you exhibit yourself every day, with some part of your dress out of order, your habits of carelessness will be confirmed, and your character, as an untidy young lady, quite established. I am particularly mortified with your appearance to-day, and recommend that you spend the remainder of it in repairing your clothes.”

There is, perhaps, no other habit which interferes so much with a girl's happiness, and contributes so much to spoil her temper, as carelessness. A mother does not take delight in chiding her girls; but how can she help it, if they are careless? The snail, as it crawls along on the earth, leaves a track behind it; and so does an untidy girl. Her things are always out of place; and not only her own things, but every thing else that she touches. She forgets to put any thing in its place. Her clothes are disordered; and if there is a rent anywhere in her wardrobe, she *forgets* to mend it till the moment it is wanted. And these things are so continually occurring, that her mother is obliged to spend half her

breath in fruitless efforts to correct this disagreeable habit. Thus, her own temper is fretted and injured, not only by the inconvenience to which she is subjected by her own carelessness, but by the constant displeasure of her mother. This will be tenfold worse if she lives to have a family of her own. — If you would have it sunshine about you, be neat and tidy.

Reading in the Night.

Girls sometimes contract the habit of reading in bed, with a lamp by their side ; or of sitting up late, to read, after they have retired to their rooms. Either of these practices is both injurious and dangerous. It is a good thing to have a taste for reading ; but the day, in summer, and the day and early part of the evening, in winter, are long enough to do every thing that needs to be done. “The night cometh, when no man can work.” The night is for rest and repose. No one can safely encroach upon it. The habit, of which we are speaking, has ruined the eyes of many a girl for life ; and in many instances, she has dropped asleep, and left her light burning, which has caught the bed-clothes or the furniture of the room, and set the house on fire.

Tirzah Locke had acquired this dangerous habit. There was nothing she loved so well to do, as to sit up late at night to read, after all others in the house had retired to rest. She would undress, and put on her night-clothes, wrap a large blanket round her, and recline herself, in the most comfortable position, in a large easy chair, by the side of the table, which held her lamp; and there she would sit and read, perhaps half the night. Two or three times she fell asleep there, and slept till morning, when she found her lamp still burning, or the oil burnt out. One night, Mr. Williams, with whom she lived, was called up to prepare some medicine for his wife; and, as he opened the door, he thought he perceived a smoke. He went up stairs and opened the door where his daughters slept, and one or two other doors, when he hastened to Tirzah's room. The smoke rushed out, so that he was obliged to step back to get his breath. But, in a moment, he returned and opened the window. The smoke was so thick that he thought Tirzah could not live there long; and he went to the bed, but she was not there. At that moment there was a blaze near the table, which discovered her, lying in the large chair, surrounded by flames, and apparently suffocated. Mr. Williams caught her in his arms, and carried her down

stairs. The family were roused, and with some difficulty the fire was put out. On searching for the cause, it appeared that Tirzah had fallen asleep while reading, and, in her sleep, had thrown out her arms towards the light, with the book in her left hand ; for the book, which was a beautiful annual that had been given her by her mother, was nearly consumed. There was a large place burnt in the top of the table, a small place in the floor, and the whole covering of the chair. Tirzah was stifled, almost beyond recovery ; and it was a long time before she could be revived. Then she was almost delirious, in view of the consequences of her carelessness, and her narrow escape. She was sick a number of days.

Some years after, she sat in an open window, with a fan and a glass in one hand, and the other moving cautiously over the branch of a rose-bush, which grew so near the window as to enter the room, when the window was raised. She had just been trying to distinguish the colors of some flowers ; but they seemed to be all blended and indistinct. The habit, which she indulged while a girl, of reading late at night, though she perceived no ill effects at the time, had ruined her sight ; and she was destined to spend the remainder of her days in almost total darkness.

Drinking Wine.

At a temperance meeting, some years ago, an address was made by Rev. Albert Barnes, in which he showed that alcohol is formed by fermentation; so that it exists in wine, cider, and beer, along with other matter. But, to form ardent spirits, it is separated and thrown off by heat. After the address was finished, a gentleman rose and said he wished to say a word or two to a lady, who had refused to sign the pledge; giving as a reason, that she now and then loved to take a little wine. It has been shown, said he, that, when a little wine, or a little beer, or a little cider, is exposed to heat, the alcohol is thrown off. This is called *distillation*. Now, when the lady takes a little wine into the warm stomach, the alcohol is thrown off through "the worm of the still;" up it flies into the brain, and if it does not blow off the cap, it may play mischief there not very creditable. Every time, therefore, that a lady takes a little wine, or a little cider, or a little beer, she is *converted into a distillery!* I think my readers will resolve never to taste a drop of intoxicating liquors, lest they should, unfortunately, be turned into such a loathsome object.

Putting Pins in the Mouth.

It is a very dangerous habit to carry pins in the mouth. A servant girl, in the town of Gore, Upper Canada, some years ago, in taking down some clothes that were pinned on a line, put the pins in her mouth; several of which she accidentally swallowed. One of them stuck in her throat, and the pain, occasioned by the surgeon in removing it, threw her into convulsions. But the pins which she had swallowed occasioned terrible pains in her stomach and bowels and made her very sick, so it was thought she could not live.

Dr. Johnson's Idea of Elegance in Dress.

Dr. Johnson,* speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked, "The

* SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D., one of the greatest literary characters of the 18th century, author of a dictionary that has done more, perhaps, than any other to settle the English language. He was a man of taste, a poet, and a moralist. He wrote some of the finest productions which our language affords. He was the son of a bookseller, born at Litchfield, in 1709. [See frontispiece.] He was educated at Oxford, and lived mostly in London. He died, a Christian, in 1784.

best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, *that one can never remember what she had on.*" Delicacy of feeling in a lady, will prevent her putting on any thing calculated to attract notice; and yet, a female of good taste will dress so as to have every part of her dress correspond. Thus, while she avoids what is showy and attractive, every thing will be adjusted so as to exhibit symmetry and taste.

Fondness for Dress.

Emma returned from a visit to her uncle's, vexed and unhappy. Her father, perceiving it, invited her to take a walk with him. On their way, they passed the shop of a fashionable dress-maker, when Emma exclaimed, "This is where Aunt purchased Maria's new pelisse, father. You cannot think what a contrast there was in hers and mine. One looked so *nicely*, and the other so *old fashioned and shabby*, I was ashamed to walk with her." "I am very sorry for that," said her father. "Yet, if you had not told me, I should not have discovered any thing so mean in your pelisse. However, since wearing it exposes you to so serious a mortification, I will make you a present of a new pelisse like Maria's,

if your mother has no objection." Emma thanked him heartily, and her good humor returned.

The object of the walk, was to visit a little girl, belonging to the Sabbath School, who had been absent several weeks from sickness. They found her pale, emaciated, and dejected, sitting, in a cold day, by a few dying coals in the grate. She was just recovering from a violent fever.

"Where is your mother, my good girl?" inquired Emma's father. The little girl told him that her father's wages were insufficient to support the family, and her mother had lost much time in taking care of her. She was gone out to work, to get something for her and six other little children to eat.

By this time, Emma's face was suffused with tears; and as they went out, she entreated her father to send some coals to keep them warm, and some food for them to eat. But he told her that he could not afford it; for her pelisse would cost as much as they could spare for a long time to come. "Forgive me, my dear father," she said, "and since vanity can only be gratified by such cruel selfishness as this, I hope I shall never again be ashamed, if my clothes are not so expensive or fashionable as Maria's." Nothing is more foolish than to ape others in dress. If you see some that can dress better than yourself, you

may easily find others who cannot dress so well. This will cure your vanity.

Eyes and no eyes.

Every thing in nature is beautiful. God delights in beauty; and he has made every thing full of it. But many things are so nicely formed that one who only looks carelessly around, will not see their beauty. The consequence is, some people go moping through life, seldom seeing any thing to admire; while others never behold the face of nature without being enraptured with the beauty of God's works.

A little girl, named Mary, whose parents lived in the city, was spending the summer with her aunt in the country, and going to school with her cousin Helen. One morning, Mary began to wish herself back in the city, and to complain that there was nothing to be seen or heard in the country. Helen felt a little disturbed at this; and the two cousins were on the point of a serious difference, when they were joined by Helen's sister Lucy, five years older than they, who proposed to accompany them to school. The little girls recovered their temper in a moment, subdued by the sweet tones of Lucy's voice, who was a kind-hearted sister, and who took delight in

making the younger ones happy. She had overheard their conversation; and her object was to show Mary that the country was full of beauty, if she would but open her eyes to see it.

"Stop a moment," said Helen, as they were in the court-yard, "I must make up a bouquet for the school-mistress."

"And so will I, too," said Mary. So they gathered white and red roses, and pinks, and convolvulus, and Lucy gave them some sprigs from geraniums which were standing in pots, and they each formed a pretty little bouquet. "Do you go directly to school?" inquired Lucy.

"O! no. My aunt sends us off three quarters of an hour before school-time, which she wishes us to spend in the open air; but I am sure ten minutes would be enough; there is nothing to be seen but those dingy old rocks; and I am tired of them."

They were just then going past a little clump of bushes. "What is that fluttering and chirping?" said Lucy.

The children went up on tiptoe, and peered into the bushes. They saw a dear little robin's nest, with three smooth spotted eggs, lying in the bottom of it. "Oh how pretty," said Helen, "but we won't touch them, will we, Mary? we will just take a peep at them, and then twine the branches

together, so that the boys shall not see it; and we will bring some crumbs for the robin every day, and some cherries, won't we, Mary?"

"Yes," said Mary. "I'll leave part of my biscuit now;" and she crumbled a little piece on the grass under the nest. We will call this *our* robin, and this shall be *our* robin's nest; and we won't let any body touch it, nor come near it, till the little birds are out of the shell, and have learned to fly."

Presently, they came to a low bridge which crossed a pretty brook. Lucy stepped on the bridge. "Pray, Lucy, what are you looking at?" inquired Mary.

"I am seeing how bright the golden sands look in the bottom of the brook; and how prettily the lights and shadows crinkle through the water. And see what a quantity of pretty flowers grow on its margin. I wish I had some of them." The two little girls ran down the bank, and gathered each a handful of iris and cardinal flowers, and Lucy made a bouquet which they declared to be prettier than those they had brought from the garden. They walked on.

"What a beautiful pile of rocks that is before us," said Lucy. "How prettily the sides are stained with lilac and green and brown, and what a fantastic old pine tree that is on the top. What

a nice picture it would make. I wish you would lend me your porcelain slate and pencil for a few minutes, Mary." Mary took them from her straw school-basket, and Lucy sat down upon a bank, and began to sketch the pile of rocks. As she did so, she gave a kind of playful lecture on drawing, to the little girls.

"I must begin," said she, "with a line for the bottom of the rocks, not straight, because they go up and down, here and there. Now, I observe that the pile of rocks is about half as high as it is broad; and here is a sharp point, and there is a round outline. Here is a monstrous crevice, and there is a great crack; and here is a queer, one-sided stone with some bushes growing round it; and on the very top is the old pine tree, with its rough trunk and scare-crow branches. Here a line and there a dot; and now for the shading; the straight lines, and the cross lines, and the zigzag lines. Here it must be left light, for the sun shines brightly upon it; and there it must be dark, for it is in shadow; and those great cracks must be almost black; and I must not forget the little tufts of grass and flowers springing up here and there. Now, how do you like my picture?"

Helen thought it was pretty, but Mary was in an ecstasy. It seemed to her like magic. "O! how I should like to draw from nature; and how

pretty these rocks look to me now. Do let me try to draw them."

Lucy advised her to begin with a single stone, or bush, or flower. "Try that little crooked tree." Mary looked at it very attentively, and then she tried to draw it. She got the trunk and branches very well, but when she came to the foliage it looked stiff and unnatural. "My branches look just like cabbage-heads," said she. Lucy took her pencil, and showed her on the corner of her slate just the kind of lines she ought to make, and after that, she succeeded admirably. She really made a very pretty little tree. She could not express her pleasure at her own success. "Mother always said I had a genius for drawing; and now I intend to draw something every day, and you shall tell me what is wrong." Lucy promised she would; and then they went on.

The school-house stood just the other side of a little wood, which they had to pass through. When they had got about half way through the wood, they saw a grey squirrel run up the trunk of a tree, and seat himself on one of the lower branches. "O! what a pretty creature. I wonder if he would run away if we were to go nearer. Let us try." So they stepped carefully over the grass and leaves, until they got near the squirrel, which seemed quite tame, and peered at them very

knowingly out of his little grey eyes, as he sat gnawing at an acorn. "Only see his little, sharp teeth!" said Mary, "and how cunning he looks sitting there, with his broad flat tail rising up on his head like a feather. He seems to be a happy little creature. Don't you think he is, Lucy?"

"Yes," said Lucy; "and every nook and corner of the woods and fields is full of innocent little creatures, which a kind Providence has made to live and be happy."

"I never saw them," said Mary; "where are they? I can see nothing now but this squirrel."

"Listen," said Lucy. "Do you hear nothing?"

"I hear some birds singing. Oh! I forgot the birds. Yes, there are plenty of them, and happy enough they are."

"Can you hear nothing else?"

"Nothing but a confused sound, as if a thousand crickets and catydids and grasshoppers were singing together."

"Which in truth they are. They are on every side of you, and under your feet, singing away as merrily as can be. But do you hear nothing else?"

"I hear the bleating of lambs," said Helen, and the peeping of frogs, from yonder brook. — Let us go to the brook." They did so; and, looking attentively into the deepest places, they

saw that it was filled with pretty little fishes, darting and playing about.

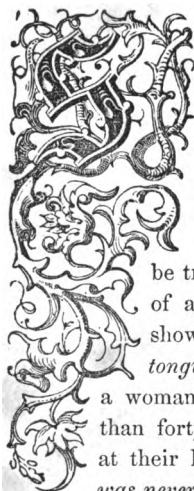
“Oh! how pretty,” said Mary; and how happy they seem to be, too, although they do not make a noise. — But what is that? Is it possible that it is the school-bell? We must run. Good bye, dear Lucy, kind Lucy, sweet Lucy; good bye.”

The next morning the girls did not wait to be urged off to school, they were ready ten minutes before the time; for, as Mary said, she longed to see if the little robin's nest was safe; and she wished very much to try a little corner of the clump of rocks; and to gather some cardinal flowers and iris. “And then, you know, Helen, we are to look for the squirrel, and carry him some nuts. And I want to find a catydid, which my aunt says is such a curious creature. And I wish to take another peep at the fishes, to see if there are any like those in the book that Lucy showed us last evening. I really do not think we shall ever find the walk to school dull again.” The reason of this change was, that Mary had just *opened her eyes*, while before she *kept them shut*.



CHAPTER VII.

GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

The Washerwoman.

SCARCELY is there a habit of more mischievous tendency than tattling. It is a vice to which females have peculiar temptations; and it is generally supposed to prevail more among them than among the other sex. But, whether this be true or not, we have an example of a woman in humble life, which shows that *a woman can govern her tongue*. In a small town there lived a woman, who supported herself more than forty years by washing for people at their houses; and all this time, *she was never known to repeat in one house what was said in another*. It is hardly necessary to say that she gave perfect satisfaction to her employers. In several instances, she was employed for the whole forty years in the same families. This example is worthy the imitation

of all ; but especially of those who are employed, as many young females are in this country, in dress-making, house-work, or other services, in different families in the same neighborhood. It is in their power to do great mischief ; and they have a strong temptation to it. But they have, also, a good opportunity to learn the very difficult art of governing the tongue.

Jenny Jenkins.

A tale-bearer is always despised by the whole neighborhood. Solomon says, "Where no wood is, the fire goeth out ; and where no tale-bearer is, strife ceaseth." One tale-bearer can easily set a whole village on fire. And yet, though it does so much mischief, and destroys their own reputation, many girls love to tell tales, as well as they love to eat cakes and sweetmeats. Jenny Jenkins was a sad tattler. Every thing she heard, she told over and over again, without giving herself the least trouble in the world to find out whether it was true or not. Indeed, she often added to the story ; for tale-bearers are rarely satisfied with the plain unvarnished truth.

Whisperers.

“A whisperer separateth chief friends.” Prov. 16 : 28.

A *whisperer* is one who slyly insinuates things to the disadvantage of others; who tells tales secretly, and charges those to whom she pretends to be revealing secrets, to tell nobody. But very likely, the next person she meets will hear the same story, perhaps with a little more exaggeration, and accompanied with the same charge not to tell any body. Thus, in a few hours, the whole village will have the news, under strict injunctions of secrecy. But, often this gossiping, tattling habit is accompanied with a malicious disposition; and then, look out for mischief. It was of such a one that Solomon was speaking, when he said, “A whisperer separateth chief friends.”

Mary and Nancy Worthley had two cousins, Jane and Eliza Mason, who lived very near, and with whom they were very intimate. They loved each other as much as if they had been sisters. After some time, however, Mrs. Worthley observed that Mary did not seem so glad as usual when Jane and Eliza came to see her; and she did not so often ask leave to go and visit them. Even little Nancy's eyes did not now sparkle as they used to, at the thought of going to Col. Mason's.

One afternoon, Mrs. Worthley went away, and left Mary to entertain a company of her young friends. Among these were her two cousins. When Mrs. Worthley returned home, the company were gone, and Mary and Nancy appeared vexed and unhappy. "O mother," said Mary, "I wish Jane and Eliza would never come here again, and that you would never send me to their house." "What! my love, your dear cousins?" "I don't want to call them cousins any more. They have spoiled our visit this afternoon." "What have they done, my daughter?" "Why, we talked about some old affairs, and Sarah Porter and I told them how naughty they had been; but they said it was not so, and were displeased, and cried about it, and made us all unhappy."

"But what are the old affairs, that make them such naughty girls?" inquired Mrs. Worthley. "You do not tell me what wicked things your cousins have done."

"O, mother, they have not loved me this good while, because I was a better scholar at school than they; so they would go and tell tales about me to their mother and all the girls. They always laugh, too, about my dress, and make game of my looks and words. When they come here, it is only to get something to talk about, and to make themselves merry with. I am sure I never

shall go to their house any more; and Sarah and Dolly Porter shall be my cousins.

“But, my daughter, how do you know that your cousins have been so wicked? Have you ever seen any such actions in them yourself?”

“O, no; they are very kind to my face, and profess as much friendship as ever; but that only shows that they are artful, and put on a fair show to deceive me the easier.”

“How, then, do you know?”

“O, Sarah Porter has told me about it a great many times. She has been so kind as to watch their conduct towards me, and let me know about it, or I might never have found it out.”

“Could not any of the other girls in the neighborhood have told you? Have they not seen some of these misdeeds?”

(Hesitatingly.) “I do not know that any of them have.”

“Have none of them ever spoken to you about it? Has not Dolly Porter confirmed her sister’s story?”

“No ma’am.”

“What, then, did all the girls say, when you told your cousins of their wickedness so plainly?”

“At first, we didn’t let them hear what we said to Eliza and Jane. But they found out something was the matter; and when we told them, they would not believe a word of it.”

“So, then, nobody knew any thing against them but you and Sarah.”

“Nobody but Sarah. I know nothing but what she has told me.”

“But how could you and Sarah maintain your ground against the whole company, and against the two girls, who protested that they were innocent?”

“I don't know, only that Sarah talked very fast and loud, and kept all in confusion till they went away.”

“I am sorry to say, my daughter, that Sarah Porter has accused your cousins falsely, and that you have been duped by her stories, till you have treated your best friends very ill indeed. Your suspicions of Eliza and Jane must be groundless. If they had long done as Sarah says, you would have seen it yourself, and I should have noticed it long ago; and so would the rest of your playmates. But it seems that every body has been blind and deaf except the *dear and friendly* Miss Sarah. Not even her own sister will believe that your cousins are guilty. All this looks very much as if *Sarah* was the guilty one, and had made up false reports, to do mischief. I will tell you, Mary, what I have seen. I have observed that you did not treat your cousins so kindly as you had done, and that they appeared grieved

and distant, of course ; while I have had no suspicion of their being envious or disposed to talk against you. I have seen, also, that Sarah Porter is apt to talk about other people, and I have feared that she indulged in idle gossip and tale-bearing."

"O, I see it now, mother. This is the work of poor Sarah, alone. She told some things first *as a great secret*, that made me suspicious of my cousins, and ready to listen to her again. Since that time, when I have seen her, she has done nothing but *whisper, whisper, whisper* about Eliza and Jane, till she has made me believe almost any thing. I have not a doubt they are innocent. I will go to them in the morning, confess the injury I have done them, and beg them to forgive me."

This story illustrates the Proverb of Solomon, "A whisperer separateth chief friends." Sarah Porter was a whisperer, and she separated these little friends, who loved each other as sisters. A whisperer is a very bad character. If you will read the 29th, 30th, and 31st verses of the first chapter of Romans, you will see that Paul classes them with the very vilest of characters.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.



HERE are some things, which females can do, in a modest, quiet way, to exert a good influence upon others, to much better effect than the other sex. Perhaps there is nothing in which they can do this more effectively than in checking such evil habits as drinking intoxicating liquors, using tobacco, and an indulgence in impiety, vulgarity, and profaneness of speech.

Their persuasive appeals, or keen rebukes, will often be received, when, if they came from a man, they would only give offence, and excite anger.

Swearing in Hebrew.

A young lady in the cars was very much annoyed by the conversation of a young naval officer, which was intermingled with oaths. After

bearing it a while, and seeing no improvement, she inquired, "Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?" He replied that he could, expecting, no doubt, to have the pleasure of holding some learned conversation with her. She then very politely told him that, if he wished to swear any more, he would greatly oblige herself, and probably the rest of the passengers, if he would swear in that language. The young man was silent the rest of the way. Profaneness, besides being an impious offence against God, is universally considered as too *vulgar* to be indulged in the presence of ladies. It is such an offence against decency and propriety, that, in any company, they will be sustained in rebuking it. But it has a much finer effect, when it can be done in such a style as this. Probably the young man never will forget it as long as he lives.

The Sea Captain.

A young gentleman was standing with a young lady on the deck of a steamboat, conversing on the comparative beauty of a storm and a calm at sea, when suddenly they had the opportunity of making the comparison. The heavens became black as night. The wind moaned through the ship's rigging. The thunder came nearer, and

the lightning wreathed the clouds with its flame. The black waters foamed angrily, and the waves went rolling and tumbling onward, dashing their crested tops to the clouds, while the boat was tossing like a feather in the wind, now mounting on the billow, and now sinking again to the depths. There was hurrying to and fro upon the deck, and anxiety on many a countenance. The loud shout of the commander was heard above the voice of the tempest, issuing orders to the crew. He came near where the young gentleman and lady were standing, and awoke them from their reverie of admiration by a blast from his speaking-trumpet, giving some command to his men. The command not being obeyed, it was repeated, accompanied with horrid oaths and curses. The young lady started, and with a shudder, said to her companion, "I fear not the voice of the tempest, or the wrath of the deep, or the fiery footsteps of Jehovah, as he walks upon the wings of the whirlwind; but I dare not stand in the presence of a man who curses his God. — Let us go below."

As they passed away, the captain turned and looked upon them with an air which told that he heard and felt the remark. After the storm had passed away, the captain sought the lady, and begged her pardon, promising never again to

take the name of God in vain. With expressions of gratitude to God, she drew a small Bible from her side, and presented it to him, saying, she hoped it might work in him a greater and holier reformation.

Some years after, this young lady with her father and mother were at church, in a strange city, listening to the burning eloquence of a man, whose whole soul was absorbed in the mighty theme of the cross. When he came down from the pulpit, he greeted the strangers, and lifting a small volume towards heaven, expressed his gratitude at beholding again the person who had given him that Bible, with that kind admonition, through which the blasphemous sea captain was changed to a minister of righteousness.

Doing Good.

Some people complain that they have no opportunity to do good. They think, perhaps, if they were in such or such a situation, they might do much. Perhaps some of my readers may be ready to ask, "What good can a little girl do? If I grow to be a woman, perhaps I shall be a missionary, and then I can do good to the poor heathen children; or, it may be I shall be a minister's wife, and then I can do good to all the

little boys and girls in the parish. But now, I am only a little girl, — what good can I do?" Our Saviour says, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." If you wish to be prepared for a higher station, you must be faithful where you are; if you would be prepared for great usefulness, you must embrace every opportunity to do good to those around you, in your own family, and among your young companions. But you cannot tell how much good may be accomplished, with a very little effort, in an humble sphere; for an influence once set a going, rolls on, increasing as the waves of the sea. This you will see, in the following anecdote.

A girl employed in a woollen-factory in England, obtained leave of absence to visit her native place. While there, she called at a factory in that town, where she had formerly worked, in which there was a Sabbath school. Her late mistress inquired whether they had a Sabbath school in the factory where she was now employed, and finding they had not, she encouraged the girl to try to form one, and gave her some books. When she returned, she talked to her companions on the subject, and several of them agreed to the proposal. The next Sabbath, they went in a little company to the church. When the proprietor of the factory heard of it, he talked with

his foreman about it, and agreed to superintend the school, and the factory was turned into the school-room. All the children, amounting to about seventy, employed in the factory, attended, and ten of the workmen became teachers. The conduct of the children was soon greatly improved. Instead of being engaged in idle and vicious conversation, they might be seen with their books before them, diligently storing their minds with Scripture truth.

When the establishment of this school became known in the town, numerous applications were made by the poor, for permission to attend the "Factory Sabbath School." But as there was not room for them in the factory, application was made to the minister of the place, to see if something could not be done to provide instruction for the poor children of the town. The minister wrote a subscription-paper, and went round to see if money could be raised to build a school-house. The proposal was well received. One gentleman gave a piece of ground to build on, with fifty dollars a year to support the school. Two others gave two hundred dollars apiece; and the inhabitants generally subscribed liberally. A substantial school-house was built, in which more than one hundred and fifty boys received daily instruction.

How small an influence set all this in motion ; In the first place, a kind encouraging word and a few books, from a benevolent woman to a young girl ; and next, the influence of this girl upon her companions. The stone was set a rolling on the top of the hill, and every stone it touched in its progress moved along with it, till hundreds came tumbling down like an avalanche. Such is *influence*. Let no one say, "I can do no good."



CHAPTER IX.

NOVELS AND PLAYS.

Dr. Johnson's opinion of Novels.

DOWN Garrick, the play-actor, Dr. Johnson one day called, and was shown into his study, to wait for his appearance. In an adjoining room were all the novels and other light works, which had been presented to Mr. Garrick by his friends. The door being open, Dr. Johnson went in, and taking up first one and then another of the books, read a little, and then threw it down. Before Garrick arrived, the floor was strewed with these splendid volumes. Garrick was very angry at finding Johnson there, and said it was a private cabinet, and no company was admitted there. "But," said Johnson, "I was determined to examine some of your valuables, which I find to consist of three sorts, *stuff*, *trash*, and *nonsense*."

Novels and Plays.

At a dinner party of young gentlemen, some years ago, in Philadelphia, theatrical performances were spoken of with great approbation, and praised as the best *moral* school in the world. One of the company being silent, his opinion was asked. He begged leave to differ from them entirely; and gave it as his opinion that such performances were calculated to check in young gentlemen and ladies, all solid moral and mental improvement, and to introduce extravagance, dissipation, and light and frivolous conversation. This fixed the eyes of the whole company upon him, with a sternness that convinced him that they thought his opinion deserved the strongest disapprobation. But to convince them that he was right, he proposed that they should appoint a committee of two of their number, with whom he would visit the theatre two or three nights in a week for a month, on condition that they should the next morning introduce him to some of the young gentlemen and ladies who were at the play. This was agreed to. At the expiration of a month, the same party dined together, in order to hear the report of their committee; who stated that of eighty young ladies, whom they had visited the next morning after the play, only one of them had spoken of the *moral* of the play; and

that the conversation was generally respecting the dresses and gestures of the actors and actresses, the fashionable dresses of the ladies in the audience, novels, dances, &c. This conversation had convinced the committee that plays and novels were a very great injury to all solid improvement; and this report convinced the whole company of the correctness of the gentleman's opinion at the previous party.

The Folly of Romance.

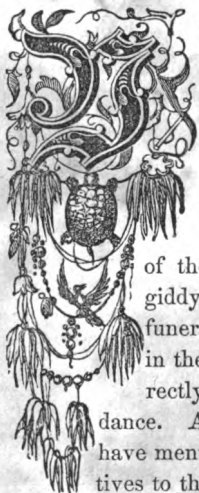
Novel-reading fills the heads of young girls with romantic notions. They become weary with the dull round of ordinary life. They sigh for some *adventure*, such as they have read of in works of fiction. The restless and uneasy spirit thus cultivated prepares them to become an easy prey to the false-hearted libertine.

A young lady of sixteen, an orphan, under the care of an uncle, was attending a boarding-school in Upper Canada. She was delicately bred, and ignorant of the world. Her naturally romantic feelings had doubtless been fostered by the pernicious practice of novel-reading, which has turned the heads of thousands. A man was introduced to her friends as a gentleman of standing and respectability; and, by his pleasing address and winning manners, soon presented to her mind the

beau-ideal of the romance. He proposed marriage. Her guardian and other friends opposed it. He was a stranger. She was too young. But this opposition was necessary to complete the romance, and make out an *adventure*. An elopement was now agreed upon. They ran away together, and were married in Detroit. It was not long, however, before he was overtaken by a creditor, from the place where he had formerly resided, arrested, carried to Cleveland, Ohio, and put in jail. His young and beautiful wife followed him, declaring herself willing to die with him in prison. This was necessary to complete the romance. But then she was informed that he had left a *wife* as well as *creditors*, at the East. The scene was now heart-rending. All the romantic hopes, which for weeks had filled her mind, were now dashed in a moment. The fiend in human shape, who had deceived her, being released from prison, left her to her fate. For him she had given up all—the home and companions of her childhood, her guardian and friends,—and now he not only abandons her, but denies their marriage. She returned, ashamed and broken-hearted to her friends,—a lesson to romantic girls not to make matches in their teens, against the advice of their friends—a lesson to boarding-school misses to mind their studies, and keep shy of novels, men, and boys.

CHAPTER X.

DANCING.



VOICE of Warning. A young lady was attentive to religious meetings, and was for some time the subject of serious impressions. But a dancing-school was opened, and she attended it. Of course, she lost all her seriousness. The spirit of the Lord is far from scenes of giddy mirth. One day, there was a funeral in the village at noon, and in the evening of the same day, directly across the street, there was a dance. Another day, the young lady I have mentioned followed one of her relatives to the grave. Soon after, a young gentleman called to accompany her to the dance. Her mother told her she had better not go, — it would not be proper so soon after the funeral of their friend. The daughter answered, “I shall go to the dance, if I die, and all my friends were corpses!” She was immediately taken sick; and

the day after he was to have waited on her to the ball, the young gentleman followed her corpse to the grave!

Another.

A pious lady had two children, a son and a daughter. The son was immoral in his conduct, and a source of great grief to his mother; but the gentle and docile character of the daughter gave great promise of excellence. She grew up beautiful and graceful; and her father, who was not a pious man, insisted on sending her to the village dancing-school. To the mother, who had devoted her child to God, such an act seemed little short of sacrilege. But, in spite of her tears and entreaties, the daughter was decorated with the earnings of the doating father, and sent to this school of fashion and folly. Her beauty was so remarkable, and her natural graces so attractive, that she soon became the belle of the village.

The father now died, and the poor widow was enabled to withdraw her daughter from these scenes of temptation. She sought, with some success, to instruct her in those religious truths, which had proved her own comfort and support in scenes of trial. The daughter lent a willing ear, and seemed to be the subject of good im-

pressions; and two years after the death of her father, she was on the point of making a public profession of religion. But now the village was thrown into great excitement. Some rich men, to show their *generosity*, determined to gratify the people with a *horse-race* and a *ball*. The poor widow shuddered as she witnessed the rapid progress of this much dreaded evil. In the midst of this excitement, her deceased husband's brother came to town with his only daughter, and stopped at her house. This man was a horse-jockey, and his daughter an ardent votary of second-hand fashions and graces. He fell into raptures at the sight of his niece's beauty, and declared that he would be at the expense of equipping her like his own child, and that she should eclipse all the women of rank and fashion in the ball-room.

The poor girl was at first unwilling to listen to these follies; but she had always delighted in dancing, and, on this occasion, suffered her better judgment to be overruled. "T is but for once, mother," said she, "and to please my uncle — nay, to avoid giving him incurable offence. Believe me, I shall not suffer my head to be turned by one night of gaiety. Pray for me, mother, that this compliance with the will of my father's brother may not produce evil consequences."

"My child," said the distressed mother, "I dare

not so word my supplication. It is in compliance with *your own will*, that you thus venture on the tempter's own ground, and in this open act of disobedience to your Heavenly Father I cannot lend my aid to excuse or extenuate your guilt. I have prayed — I will still pray that you *may not* venture still further in this matter ; but if you do, the responsibility must rest with yourself."

"But, mother, the scriptures say there is a 'time to dance.'"

"So, they say, in the same place, 'there is a time to make war, a time to hate.' The wise man means that all sins and follies will have their seasons, but he does not therefore, advocate sin and folly. O beware, my child, and let the same scriptures tell you, that he who hardeneth his neck under reproof shall be destroyed, and *that suddenly*. These are fearful words, my child. O heed my reproof, and do not harden your neck."

"Mother," the girl replied, "I have promised my uncle to go to this unlucky ball, and I cannot break my promise without offending him. He has been so kind that it would seem ungrateful to disappoint him in this trifle."

"O my daughter," said the mother, stopping her ears, "let me not hear you use such awful

language! Can it be *you* who call this sin a trifle! Go, if you will, but make no more vain attempts to make it appear right, lest you add to your condemnation."

The daughter went to the ball. She was much admired, and so often solicited to dance that her blood became painfully overheated. She started to go to a little back porch, in order to find relief from the heated atmosphere of the room. As she was passing rapidly out of the room, she met a servant, half intoxicated, carrying a pitcher of water. In staggering out of the way he overset the water into her bosom. This sudden shock was too much for her. It brought on a violent ague, which terminated in convulsions, and before the dawn of day, she expired in the arms of her distracted mother. She was heard, in her last moments, with difficulty to utter the word "*suddenly*," evidently alluding to the warning which her mother had given her.

This narrative affords a good answer to the question, whether it is safe for girls to attend the dancing school. If they learn to dance, they will then be importuned to go to balls; and we have seen how this young lady overcame her scruples. We cannot disregard the hand of God in her sad end; but if we could, and there were no *moral* evils attending such places of amuse-

ment, the danger to health and life, to which young ladies are exposed, by these unnatural excitements, heated rooms, stimulating refreshments, and exposure to the cold while heated, is a sufficient reason why they should not attend. But the exposure to *moral evils* is still greater. The ball room is the place to harden the heart against all serious impressions. It is the place where the unwary are exposed to the most dangerous seductions. It is the place where no one can expect the grace of God to help her resist temptation.

A contrast to the foregoing.

There was a young girl, who was beloved by very many friends ; and whose warm heart reciprocated all the affections which were bestowed upon her. She had a father and mother, who were extensively known and respected. She had brothers and sisters, both older and younger than herself ; and love was the presiding genius of the family. The mother was a pious woman and she faithfully instructed her children in their duty to God. The daughter of whom we are speaking, was early brought, as she believed, to receive the blessed Saviour as her friend and the guide of her youth. Soon after, she left home to attend school. Though here she met a large number

of the gay and thoughtless, she turned away from those who wasted the precious time allotted them for improvement in vain and trifling amusements. After some months, she returned home, and soon after united with the church.

Arrangements were then made for her to spend several months in the city ; and a short time before she left home, her father, who was a man of the world, told her that it was his wish that she should spend part of her time in attending the *dancing school*, for the purpose of *polishing her manners* ! As though good manners could only be learned in the school of vanity and folly. But nothing that this father could have done, would have given greater pain to his beloved child than this request. She was anxious to please and honor him ; but she thought a compliance with his wishes would dishonor the Saviour, to whom she had just devoted herself. She told her father how she felt ; and her mother approved her choice. But her father laughed at what he called her folly, and turned away from her with displeasure. She was grieved to the heart. She loved her father ; but she loved her Saviour more. She retired to her closet, and like good king Hezekiah, “spread the matter before the Lord.” She prayed earnestly that He who has power to change the heart, would reconcile her father to the decision which

she had made. She returned to the parlor. Her father's feelings were softened, though he knew not what she had been doing. In tones of tenderness, he said, "My child, I will not insist upon your attending the dancing school. If you prefer not to attend it, you shall act your pleasure."

These words from her father, so different from those which he had so recently addressed to her, filled her with sweet peace. She went to the city, where she entered a school of sixty young ladies, all older than herself, and all gay and thoughtless. When they went to the dance she went to the prayer-meeting or the social circle. She did not seclude herself, but enjoyed the society of some of the most refined and intellectual people in the city — a far better school for the improvement of manners, than a company of thoughtless young people, under the direction of an unprincipled Frenchman, to teach them how to hop and skip scientifically and gracefully. This young lady has lived many years, and passed through a great variety of scenes and changes; but she has never regretted the decision which she made at that time. How much better the termination, in this case, than in the other, where the young girl went to dancing school to please an ungodly father, and to a ball to please a

worldly-minded uncle, and from the ball-room, to eternity!

Death in a Ball-room.

A student was spending a vacation with a celebrated physician. On a beautiful, but keenly cold evening in January, a young gentleman came into the office, and with a hurried air, inquired for the doctor. As the physician was not to be found, the student was requested to go with the young man, which he did. On the way, the young man informed him that there was a ball at the hotel, which had been interrupted by the sudden illness of one of the belles of the evening. On arriving at the hotel, they were surprised at the rapid filling and driving away of the carriages. The hilarity of the occasion had been suddenly exchanged for mute terror. Hurrying through the crowd, they entered the ball-room. It was spacious and brilliantly lighted, but deserted of its occupants, save a horror-stricken group in the center. On a sofa, which had been drawn from the side of the room, sat a young lady, in a stooping posture, as though in the act of rising, with one hand stretched out to take that of her partner, who was to have led her to the dance. With the smile upon her lip, and eyes beaming with

excitement, death had seized her. The smile of joy was now transformed to a hideous grin. The beaming eye now seemed but a glazed mass, protruding from the socket. The carmine added to give brilliancy to her complexion, now contrasted strangely with the sallow hue her skin assumed, while the gorgeous trappings, in which fashion had decked her, seemed but a mocking of the habiliments of the grave. The pale mother, as she knelt beside her child, groaned out, "Not here! not here! Let her die at home!"

I do not pretend to say that God sends death into the ball-room to show his disapprobation of such scenes. This would not be a fair conclusion; for death sometimes seizes people in the house of God. We do not know the reasons of God's Providential dispensations; though open and presumptuous sins are often visibly punished. As I have remarked before, the exposure, the tight dressing, and the high excitement of the ball-room, has a strong tendency to bring on sudden death, especially with females. It may be, also, that God intends by it to show that no place is exempt from the destroyer. At all events, the fact that so many have been suddenly called into eternity from such scenes of mirth, shows that it may occur again; and *who would wish to die in a ball-room?*

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

Honesty Rewarded.

WHILE walking in Broadway, in the city of New York, a gentleman discovered that he had lost his pocket-book. He immediately returned, asking every one he met, whether they had seen it. At length, inquiring of a little girl ten years of age, she asked, "What kind of a pocket-book?" He described it, and then she unfolded her apron and took out one just like what he had described, saying, "Is this it?" The gentleman told her it was, and said she must go into the store with him. So he opened the book, examined the money and papers, and found she had taken nothing out of it. "Fifteen bills, of a thousand dollars each," said he. If they had fallen into other hands, I might never

have seen them again. Take this one, of a thousand dollars, my little girl, as a reward for your honesty." "No sir," said the little girl, "I have been taught not to keep what is not mine, and my parents might not be pleased, if I should take it home — they might think I had stolen it." "Well, then, my child, show me where your parents live." The little girl showed him the way to a small house, in a back street, for her parents were poor. He informed them what had happened. They told him that their little girl had done right, in not accepting the money; for, in giving him the pocket-book, she only did what she ought. It would have been a crime if she had kept it. However, the gentleman insisted on their taking the thousand dollars; which enabled them to pay their debts, live comfortably, and educate their daughter; who afterwards became the wife of a respectable merchant in New York. But if she had kept the pocket-book, she would have got herself and her parents into serious difficulty. It is always safest and best to do right.

Temper and Teazing.

There was a rich nobleman in England, who had a little daughter named Anne. They were very fond of her; for she was a fine little crea-

ture, very lively and merry, affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful. But she had a naughty temper. When any thing vexed her, she would fly into a rage, and turn and strike any one that provoked her. After every fit of rage, she would be ashamed and sorry, and resolve never to be so bad again. But the next time she was provoked, it was all forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was between four and five years of age, her mother had a little son, — a sweet little tender baby. The servants, who were thoughtless and wicked, loved to tease little Anne, because she was so easily irritated; and so they told her that her father and mother would not care for her now, because all their love and pleasure would be in this brother, and they would not mind her. Poor Anne burst into a flood of tears, and cried bitterly, saying, "You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her." And she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mother's room. The servant called after her, "Come, Miss, you needn't go to your mother's room, she won't see you now." Anne burst open the door, but was instantly caught hold of by a strange woman she had never seen before, "My dear," said this woman, "you cannot be allowed to see your

mamma just now" — and she was going on to tell her that it was because she was very sick and must not be disturbed. But she was too angry to listen ; and she screamed and kicked at the woman, who was obliged to take her by force and carry her back to the nursery. When she put her down, she gave the servant a charge to prevent her going to her mother's room. This added to her rage. But the wicked servant burst into a laugh, and said, "I told you that, Miss. You see your mamma does not love you now." The poor child became mad with fury. She seized a smoothing iron, and darting forward, threw it upon the baby's head, as it lay in the cradle. The child gave one struggle, and breathed no more.

Anne's mother died that night of grief. No other child was ever born to the family. Anne grew up and became the Countess of Crawford and Livingstone. She was fully informed of the fatal deed she had committed ; and in all her life, was never afterwards known to smile.

This melancholy tale (which is a well-authenticated fact), teaches two important lessons :— (1.) The folly and danger of teasing children ; and, (2.) The danger of indulging angry passions. When I see older people take delight in teasing children, or children in teasing one another, I

think it an evidence of a bad disposition, a malicious, black heart. What else could give them delight in tormenting one another? And if I see a little girl in a storm of passion, her eye-balls flashing with rage, and her hands and feet flying with fury, I think of Cain, who killed his brother, and fear that some terrible disaster will happen. If any one of my readers is afflicted with a bad temper, I would advise her when she feels an angry fit coming on, to run to her room, as fast as her feet can carry her, and there remain till it is over, falling on her knees and praying God to give her strength to control it.

If any of you are tempted to tease others, remember this sad story, and reflect what consequences followed the thoughtless conduct of these vicious servants, who amused themselves by exciting the passions of this little girl. But if any one teazes you, think what a slave you make of yourself, by suffering your temper to be disturbed by such things. Have independence enough not to mind what is said on purpose to teaze you; and then no one will attempt it. These servants by teazing, and this girl by being teazed, were both guilty of murder; and the lives of the mother and the child were both lost in consequence.

*Advantages of committing to Memory Scripture,
Catechisms, and Hymns.*

No one knows what changes may take place in her situation. The eyes are a very delicate structure, easily destroyed. The ears are often gradually closed, and the mind shut up in silence. Then the soul is dependent upon *memory* for its intellectual food. Happy, at such times, are they that have their minds stored with the precious word of God. A young lady was led into the presence of an eminent surgeon, totally blind and deaf. This calamity came upon her suddenly, by a violent pain in the head. She was brought to be examined, to see whether there was any relief. Several surgeons were present, all of whom pronounced her case hopeless. After this was over, and she was taken to the house of a friend, she eagerly inquired what the doctor said, and whether he could afford her any relief. The only way her inquiries could be answered was, by tapping her hand for "No," and squeezing it for "Yes;" for she could not hear the loudest noise, nor distinguish day from night. When she received the answer "No," she burst into tears, and wept aloud, in the bitterness of despair. "What! shall I never again see the light of day, nor hear a

human voice? Must I remain incapable of all social intercourse — shut up in silence and darkness while I live?" Again she wept. The scene was truly affecting. Had she been able to *see*, she might *read*, and receive the sympathetic expression of the countenances of her friends. Had she been only blind, she could receive knowledge and expressions of friendship through the sense of hearing. But both these avenues were closed, to be no more opened in this world. Her friends could pity, but could not relieve. And to add to the trial, she was an orphan, with no father, mother, brothers, or sisters, to pity and care for her. She was entirely dependent upon a few pious friends for support. This she keenly felt. As she continued to weep, a friend took up a Bible and placed it on her breast. She felt it, and said, "Is this the Bible?" She was answered that it was. She held it to her bosom, and said, "This is the only comfort I have left, though I shall never be able to read it any more," and began to repeat some of its promises, as "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." "My grace is sufficient for thee." "In a moment," says the narrator, "she dried her tears, and became one of the happiest creatures I ever

saw." She never seemed to deplore her condition afterwards. Although the channels of communication with the world were closed, one was opened between her soul and heaven. When she was a very little girl, she had been to the Sabbath School, where she had committed to memory many portions of Scripture ; and these were the manna on which her soul now feasted.

The Assembly's Catechism.

In a certain school district in the State of New York, there lived a man who was an infidel, and bitterly opposed to religion. The Assembly's Catechism was taught in the district school ; but when the children were called upon to recite it, this man's children were placed on a seat by themselves, and forbidden to take part in the exercise. They went home grieved that they should be treated so differently from the rest of the children, and asked their mother what it meant. She told them she did not know, though she suspected the cause. When her husband came home, she told him about it, and asked him whether, as she suspected, it was by his orders. He told her it was. He had forbidden the instructor of the school to teach it to them. "Then," said the mother, "they shall learn it at home."

“No,” said he, “they shall never learn it at home. I will never have it brought into the house.” “I have the catechism every word of it in my heart,” she replied; “and as long as I am your wife, I shall teach it to our children.” The man said no more, but went to the teacher, and said, “My wife is queen, and you must teach the catechism to the children.” This woman had committed the whole catechism perfectly to memory, when a child.

Another woman when she became very old and blind, so that she could not read, took great comfort in repeating the catechism, every word of which she remembered; and she dwelt with great delight on the precious truths which it contains.

Hymns.

Many years ago, several German families left their native land and settled in this country. Among them was a man from Wirtemberg, who settled with his family in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools in that part of the country; and he was obliged to keep the Sabbath with his family at home; instructing them to read the Bible and pray, and to commit to memory portions of Scripture and hymns.

In 1754, a terrible war broke out between the French and English. The Indians took part with the French; and some of them came into Pennsylvania, murdering the inhabitants and burning their houses. They reached the dwelling of the family from Wirtemberg, while the mother and one of the sons were gone to a mill, four miles distant, to get some corn ground. The father, the eldest son, and two little girls named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and son were instantly killed; but the little girls were carried away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles, through woods and thorny bushes, that no one might follow them.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, with a little girl whom she had never seen before, was given to an old Indian woman, who was very cruel to them. Her only son lived with her, and maintained her; but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then these poor little children were forced to go into the woods to gather roots and other things for the old woman to eat; and when they did not bring her enough, she would beat them so cruelly that they were nearly killed.

And now Regina began to find the advantage of committing to memory Scripture, Hymns, and Prayers. She would kneel down with the other little girl, under a tree, and repeat the prayers to the Lord Jesus, and the hymns, which her father had taught her; and the little girl prayed with her, and learned the prayers and hymns by heart.

In this condition these children remained nine long years, till Regina was nineteen and her little companion eleven years old. While captives, they took much comfort in repeating together the verses and hymns which Regina's father had taught her. They would cheer each other, especially with one hymn from the German hymn-book, used at Halle, in Germany:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear."

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would sometime bring them back to their Christian friends. In the year 1764, this hope was realized. The English Colonel Bouquet came to the place where they were, conquered the Indians, and made them restore all their prisoners. More than four hundred were brought to him, and among others, these two little girls. The Colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, and brought them all to the town of Car-

lisle, in Pennsylvania, and published a request in the newspapers that all parents, who had lost their children, would come to this place, and see if they could find them among the captives. Regina's mother came, but her child had become a stranger to her. Regina had the language and manners of the Indians, and neither mother nor daughter knew each other. The poor mother went up and down among the young captives, but could find nothing of her daughters. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Bouquet asked her if she recollected nothing by which her children might be discovered. She said she recollected nothing but the following hymn, which she used to sing with them :

“ Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear ;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes, the weary homes to cheer.
I am with him and he with me,
Even here alone I cannot be.”

He requested her to sing the hymn ; but she had scarcely sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing too, and flew into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy. But the other sister was not found, and no one came for the other little girl, Regina's companion, who clung to her and would not let her go. Regina's mother, though poor, took them

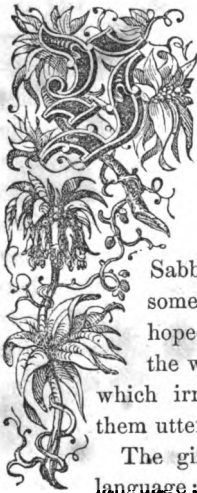
both home with her. Regina repeatedly asked her mother for "the Book in which God speaks to us;" for she remembered that, when her father took down the Bible to read to them he always said, "Now, my children, be still, and listen to what I am going to read; for it is God who speaks to us in this book." But her mother had no Bible. She lost every thing when the Indians burnt their house. She determined to go to Philadelphia and buy one; but the pastor of the church, learning her situation gave her a Bible. Regina had not forgotten what her father had taught her; for she was able to read the Bible, as soon as she received it.

Thus the hymns and Scriptures which this young woman had learned when she was a little girl, besides being a great comfort to her in her long captivity, were the means of restoring her to her mother.

CHAPTER XII.

RELIGION.

SECTION I. — DOING GOOD.

The Swearer reproved.

YOUNG persons may do good. A girl about twelve years of age, the daughter of a sailor in Southwark, England, being sick, her father determined to take her with him on a little voyage to Dunkirk. Before she started, she asked her Sabbath School teacher to give her some tracts to take with her, as she hoped they might be useful. On the way, the vessel was becalmed, which irritated the sailors, and made them utter a great many profane oaths.

The girl was shocked to hear such language; and though she was lying in her birth, very ill, she mustered courage enough to crawl to her box, where she found the tract entitled "The Swearer's Prayer," which she gave

to the young man who had been the worst, and asked him if he would not like to read it. He said he should be glad to read any thing to pass away the time. He began and read it aloud to the rest of the men, who seemed very attentive. Some time after, one of them swore again. Upon which, the young man said to him, "How can you swear, after hearing what has just been read! I have determined never to swear again as long as I live." "So have I," said another. And the whole company made a solemn vow that they would not swear any more; and no more profaneness was heard, during the voyage. Thus, my readers will see how easy it is, even for young persons to do good, if they are always intent upon it. It would be well for them always to carry about them some copies of the "Swearer's Prayer," whenever they are going where they may possibly be exposed to hear profane language, and make a similar use of it. It may please God to employ them in promoting the honor of his great name.

The Pearl of great price.

A native of one of the Islands in the Indian Ocean, was married to a Scotch merchant, who returned with her to his own country. She had

been brought up a heathen; but in Scotland, she lived without any religion at all. She had a great many jewels; and she spent her time in adorning herself with them, and playing with her children. One day she heard a loud rumbling noise, in the street where she lived, in the city of Aberdeen; and on looking out, she saw it proceeded from some carts filled with blocks of granite, which were passing in the street. Turning to an old Scotch nurse, then in the room, she said, "What a poor country Scotland is! Its hills produce nothing but great blocks of stone. In *my* country, they obtain from the hills gold, jewels, and precious stones." "But," replied the pious old woman, "we have one treasure here in Scotland, which your country does not possess — *the pearl of great price.*" "O," said the Indian lady, "I must have that treasure cost what it will. I am sure my husband will buy it for me. I will part with all my other jewels, if I can get this." "Ah!" replied the old woman, "this treasure is not to be bought. It is to be had freely, without money and without price. It is not an ornament for the neck or for the ears, but a blessing for the heart." "O, that is just what I want," rejoined the lady. "I am often very unhappy, when I think of my relations, whom I shall never see, and of my much loved native

land. I often have an aching heart in spite of my children, my jewels, and all my other comforts." The woman told her the treasure was hid in the field of the Holy Scriptures, and was to be found by diligent seeking. The lady immediately undertook to learn to read, which she accomplished in a little time; and by diligently searching the Scriptures, she found the "Pearl of Great Price," became a member of the Christian church, lived a happy life, and died a peaceful death.

How many of my readers, who have had the Holy Scriptures in their hands, and have been able to read them ever since they were old enough, have sought and found the "*Pearl of Great Price?*"

From the foregoing story, we learn how much good one may do, by watching opportunities, even in the humblest station. Solomon says, "A word spoken in due season, how good it is!" This old Scotch nurse, was wise to win souls. She knew how to speak a good word at the right time, and God blessed it. The following anecdote illustrates the same truth, in a different station of life.

Lady Huntingdon and the Gardner.

Lady Huntingdon, having employed a man to work in her garden, took an opportunity to urge him to take some serious thought about his soul. Some years afterwards, she employed another man for the same purpose, and began to talk to him in the same way, expressing her fears that he never prayed nor looked to Christ for pardon. "Your ladyship is mistaken," said he. "I heard what passed between you and James, at such a time, and the word designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" she inquired. "I heard it," he replied, "on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received." Do any of my readers ask, "What good can I do?" You perceive what power there is often in a "word in due season," "fitly spoken." You know not what good you may do, by watching opportunities to speak good words.

SECTION II. — FAITH.

A little Girl and her Father.

LITTLE girl was trying to find her father, who had gone into the cellar, by a trap door, with no light. Coming to the door, and looking down, she could see nothing, for it was *all dark*. She called out, "Are you down cellar, father?"

"Yes;" he answered. "Would you like to come, Mary?" "It is dark. I *can't* come, papa." "Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me. If you will drop yourself down, I will catch you." "Oh! I shall fall, I can't see you, papa." "I know it," he replied, "but I am truly here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. I will catch you." She strained her eyes, but could not see him. She hesitated, then advanced a little, and finally threw herself down and was caught in his arms. This was faith — faith in her father. Though you

cannot see Jesus, he is as truly present as this little girl's father was; and he says, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Now, can you not believe him, and in your mind, cast yourself into his arms? You need not be afraid. Only trust in him.

A little girl's application of Scripture.

An active little girl, ten years of age, had for some weeks been nursing, with affectionate carefulness, a sick sister, who was expected to die; her mother and another sister also being sick. She began to feel quite worn out. One morning, she went for some medicine with a heavy heart, crying very much. But on the way she heard some one speak of two criminals, who were about to be executed. She immediately began to think of the contrast between her feelings for her poor sick sister, and the feelings of the friends of these unhappy wretches. Her sister, she hoped, was prepared to meet death; and if she died, it must be God's will, and for good reasons. She saw that her feelings had been wrong. She determined, therefore, to do all she could for the comfort of her sister Lizzy, and leave the event with God. While she was returning across the fields home, she began to think of what she had

learned in the Bible. The 75th verse of the 119th Psalm came to her mind: "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." She felt so cheered by this text, that her mother was quite surprised at her briskness and change of spirits on her return; and on asking her the cause, the little girl told her what had passed in her mind. She continued active day and night, in waiting on her sister, and had the happiness, at length of seeing her recover. At the same time, she often comforted her mother with passages which she repeated from the Scriptures, suited to her case. This little girl had *faith*. She trusted in God.



SECTION III.—CHERISH SERIOUS IMPRESSIONS.



MEETINGS were held by a pastor in different parts of his parish, at which he was in the habit of speaking directly to every one who attended, about their souls' concerns. At one of these meetings, several young ladies, in order to avoid being conversed with, rose and left the house. After that, there were eight revivals in the place, some of them very extensive and powerful; but all these young women passed through them unaffected. And they all died as they lived, unawakened and careless.

A young lady had been for some time serious, and seemed to be "not far from the kingdom of heaven." At this time, some of her gay companions called on her to accompany them to a ball. At first she refused to go. Every thing in the house of mirth was contrary to her present feelings. But they urged her, ridiculed her "Methodism," railed at ministers and Christians, and so wrought upon her, that she exclaimed, "*Well, I will go, if I am damned for it.*"

She went; but the blessed Spirit immediately withdrew his influences. She seemed to be sensible of it; for she no longer felt sorrow for sin, "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." She fell into the horrors of despair, and pined away and died. The minister was sent for, but she would not consent that he should pray with her. He tried to direct her to the blood of Christ, but no ray of comfort entered her mind, and she went out of the world with despair depicted in her ghastly countenance. This comes from stifling serious impressions.

The Choice — A Contrast.

On a pleasant evening, two young ladies were walking together, in a certain town in New-England. One said to the other, "I understand there is some prospect of a Revival of Religion in this town; and if there is, I hope I shall be a subject of it." The other replied, "Well, *I hope I shall not*, for I have not enjoyed enough of the world to attend to religion yet." This discovered their different states of mind. The first one showed a sense of her need, and a willingness to give up all for Christ; but she was wrong in supposing that she must wait for a Revival before she could be converted to God; for Christ is ever ready to

receive all who come to him. But the other showed that she preferred the pleasures of this world, to the favor and service of God. In her heart she said unto God, "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways."

The one first mentioned attended the prayer-meetings, became deeply concerned for her soul, and after two or three weeks, she found peace in believing in Jesus. About the same time, the other young lady awoke in the night and called her mother, saying she was very unwell. Her brother ran across the street for a physician; but when he came she was a corpse! This shows the folly and the danger of putting off attention to religion, and preferring present pleasure to **everlasting bliss.**

SECTION IV. — CONSCIENCE.



CONSCIENCE is the faculty which distinguishes between right and wrong, and approves or condemns us, according as we do one or the other. It is a generous friend, but a terrible enemy; and, if we would keep its friendship, we must be careful to do nothing to offend it. The following story not only illustrates the power of conscience to accuse and condemn, but likewise shows the importance of being strictly honest in little things. Girls, who rob their mothers' closets of cakes and sweetmeats, and boarding-school-misses, who peculate upon the larder or the baker's basket, may see to what they are exposing themselves. These are dangerous practices. When habitually indulged, they blunt the conscience in regard to the rights of others, and sometimes produce the confirmed habit of thieving. This woman suffered more than tongue can

tell, from having indulged this thievish habit at boarding school.

In the year 1835, a lady about thirty-eight years of age, elegantly dressed, entered the shop of a pastry-cook in the neighborhood of London, in great mental excitement, and inquired if Mr. — was still alive, as she wished to see him. The man was engaged, and sent his daughter, to whom she stated, that more than twenty years before, she was at a boarding school, which Mr. — supplied with pastry ; and that while there, she was in the habit of taking little articles from his tray, unknown to the person who brought it. She had now been married some years, and was the mother of six children, having every comfort which this world could afford ; but the remembrance of these petty thefts so haunted her conscience that she was never happy. Her husband, perceiving that she was unhappy, inquired the cause ; and finding it continued to prey upon her spirits, he advised her to see if the pastry cook was alive, and to make him or his family a recompense ; and as she was about to leave London that day, she had come for that purpose. After begging his forgiveness, she insisted on his accepting a sum of money, which she believed to be about the value of the articles stolen.

SECTION V.—PRAYER.

PRAYING IN SECRET.



LITTLE Mary W. was asked, "Which do you love best, to pray in the family or in secret?" Her reply was, "I love to pray with others; but I can say to God when I am alone, what I cannot say when I am with others."

A little girl in the country was frequently sent to a spring, some distance from the house, for water. Her father noticed that she sometimes stayed longer than was necessary, and one day followed her without being noticed. When she got to the spring, she set down her pitcher and kneeled down to pray. When she arose, he came forward and said, "Well, my dear, was the water sweet?" "Yes, father," she replied, "and if you were but to taste one drop of the water I have been tasting, you would never drink the water of this world any more."

Pray without ceasing.

At a ministers' meeting, the question was proposed, "How can the command '*pray without ceasing*' be complied with?" After some discussion, one was appointed to write upon it for the next monthly meeting. A female servant, overhearing the conversation, exclaimed, "What! a whole month wanted to explain the meaning of that text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible." "Well, well," said an aged minister, "Mary, what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it. Can you pray all the time?" "O yes, sir," she answered. "What, when you have so many things to do?" "Why, sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray." "Indeed; well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise." "Well, sir," said the girl, "When I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, 'Lord, open the eyes of my understanding;' and while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I have washed myself, I ask for the washing of regeneration; and as I begin to work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day. When I begin to kindle the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my

soul; and as I sweep the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities. While preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna, and the sincere milk of the word; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the Spirit of adoption, that I may be his child. And so on, all day, every thing I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer." "Enough, enough," cried the aged minister; "these things are revealed to babes, though often hid from the wise and prudent. Go on Mary, pray without ceasing; and as for us my brethren, let us thank God for this exposition, and remember that He has said, 'The meek will he guide in judgment.'" It is not to be supposed that these ministers were ignorant of the meaning of this text; but it must have been gratifying to them to see how Christian experience will exemplify it, so as to render any explanation unnecessary. If our readers will follow the example of this servant-girl, they will learn how to "be in the fear of God all the day long."

SECTION VI. — DEATH-BED SCENES.

THE UNPREPARED.



MARIA was an amiable youth, in blooming health. She attended to the concerns of this life, was modest and gentle, and correct in her outward deportment. She attended public worship regularly, and listened attentively to the word of God; but she put off attending to the things which she heard, thinking, because she was young, and in vigorous health, there was time enough yet. She forgot that God claims the heart *in life*, and not merely *in death*. One evening, she was cheerful and happy as usual, promising herself months and years of worldly enjoyment. But in an hour she was taken to her bed, from which she was carried to the grave. Disease had taken hold of her vigorous frame with relentless grasp. The physician was called, and all the tender offices of anxious friends were afforded.

One fainting fit followed another, in rapid succession; during the intervals of which, she would exclaim, "O for life! for life! life! life! for a little life to prepare to die!" In this situation, she lingered a few days, and died. Reader, while you have life, devote it to God, and then you will want no time to prepare to die.

Peace in Death.

Ruth Maria Robbins died in Quincy, Illinois, Aug. 22, 1830, aged ten years. Her mother was a pious woman, who trained up her children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Maria was the subject of many prayers, and received much good instruction when she was very young. At the age of three years she was sent to the Sabbath School. She very soon became much attached to the teachers, was punctual at school, and never failed to have her lesson well learned. About a year before she died, her parents removed to Quincy. At that time, there was no Church and no Sabbath School in Quincy, for it was a new place. Maria felt these privations and often spoke with regret of the change in her situation.

Maria's last sickness was very distressing, but she bore it with much patience and resignation; for, while in health, she had put her trust in

Christ, and was prepared to endure whatever her heavenly Father saw fit to send upon her. Her physician said he had never before seen so much fortitude and patience in one so young. When asked if she did not wish to recover, she replied, "If I should, I must die some time. I trust I am now prepared to go. . Then why should I wish to live any longer? I desire to go to God, in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures forevermore. There I shall be free from sin and pain, and dwell for ever with my Saviour." She then said to her mother and little sisters, "I have put my whole trust in Christ, and now he supports me. You must all do likewise, and in the trying hour, he will also be your supporter." A few days before her death, she was told that a Church was about to be formed in Quincy. She said, "I should be happy to join it," and then inquired, "Are there not some in all the Churches who are hypocrites." Her mother replied, "No, in the Church of the first-born, the society of heaven, they are all holy, harmless, undefiled." "True," said she, "and I shall soon be a member of that society." Then with rapture she exclaimed, "Farewell, world, I am going home." In this frame of mind, she "fell asleep."

This little girl did not begin to be religious

after she was taken sick ; but in her health, she put her trust in the Saviour, and took the Lord for her portion ; and the Lord fulfilled toward her these precious promises of his holy word : “ Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.” “ When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.”

It is my desire, in taking leave of my readers, that they also may put their trust in the blessed Saviour, and thus be prepared, like Maria, to meet trials with patience and resignation, and to face death with calmness and composure, in prospect of a glorious immortality. I desire, also, to meet them in that blest abode ; and then it will increase my joy to know that my book has been a benefit to their souls.

Sweet peace smile on thee, gentle reader ; faith point thee to that world of light ; bright hope cheer thee on thy way ; and the glorious “ Ark of Safety ” bear thee over the “ deep waters,” to the haven of eternal rest. Adieu !

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