

Emilie the Peacemaker eBook

Emilie the Peacemaker

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CHAPTER FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.

One bright afternoon, or rather evening, in May, two girls, with basket in hand, were seen leaving the little seaport town in which they resided, for the professed purpose of primrose gathering, but in reality to enjoy the pure air of the first summer-like evening of a season, which had been unusually cold and backward. Their way lay through bowery lanes scented with sweet brier and hawthorn, and every now and then glorious were the views of the beautiful ocean, which lay calmly reposing and smiling beneath the setting sun. "How unlike that stormy, dark, and noisy sea of but a week ago!" so said the friends to each other, as they listened to its distant musical murmur, and heard the waves break gently on the shingly beach.

Although we have called them friends, there was a considerable difference in their ages. That tall and pleasing, though plain, girl in black, was the governess of the younger. Her name was Emilie Schomberg. The little rosy, dark-eyed, and merry girl, her pupil, we shall call Edith Parker. She had scarcely numbered twelve Mays, and was at the age when primrosing and violeting have not lost their charms, and when spring is the most welcome, and the dearest of all the four seasons. Emilie Schomberg, as her name may lead you to infer, was a German. She spoke English, however, so well, that you would scarcely have supposed her to be a foreigner, and having resided in England for some years, had been accustomed to the frequent use of that language. Emilie Schomberg was the daily governess of little Edith. Little she was always called, for she was the youngest of the family, and at eleven years of age, if the truth must be told of her, was a good deal of a baby.

Several schemes of education had been tried for this same little Edith,—schools and governesses and masters,—but Emilie Schomberg, who now came to her for a few hours every other day, had obtained greater influence over her than any former instructor; and in addition to the German, French, and music, which she undertook to teach, she instructed Edith in a few things not really within her province, but nevertheless of some importance; of these you shall judge. The search for primroses was not a silent search—Edith is the first speaker.

"Yes, Emilie, but it was very provoking, after I had finished my lessons so nicely, and got done in time to walk out with you, to have mamma fancy I had a cold, when I had nothing of the kind. I almost wish some one would turn really ill, and then she would not fancy I was so, quite so often."

"Oh, hush, Edith dear! you are talking nonsense, and you are saying what you cannot mean. I don't like to hear you so pert to that kind mamma of yours, whenever she thinks it right to contradict you."



“Emilie, I cannot help saying, and you know yourself, though you call her kind, that mamma is cross, very cross sometimes. Yes, I know she is very fond of me and all that, but still she *is* cross, and it is no use denying it. Oh, dear, I wish I was you. You never seem to have anything to put you out. I never see you look as if you had been crying or vexed, but I have so many many things to vex me at home.”



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Emilie smiled. "As to my having nothing to put me out, you may be right, and you may be wrong, dear. There is never any excuse for being what you call *put out*, by which I understand cross and pettish, but I am rather amused, too, at your fixing on a daily governess, as a person the least likely in the world to have trials of temper and patience." "Yes, I dare say I vex you sometimes, but"—"Well, not to speak of you, dear, whom I love very much, though you are not perfect, I have other pupils, and do you suppose, that amongst so many as I have to teach at Miss Humphrey's school, for instance, there is not one self-willed, not one impertinent, not one idle, not one dull scholar? My dear, there never was a person, you may be sure of that, who had nothing to be tried, or, as you say, put out with. But not to talk of my troubles, and I have not many I will confess, except that great one, Edith, which, may you be many years before you know, (the loss of a father;) not to talk of that, what are your troubles? Your mamma is cross sometimes, that is to say, she does not always give you all you ask for, crosses you now and then, is that all?"

"Oh no Emilie, there are Mary and Ellinor, they never seem to like me to be with them, they are so full of their own plans and secrets. Whenever I go into the room, there is such a hush and mystery. The fact is, they treat me like a baby. Oh, it is a great misfortune to be the youngest child! but of all my troubles, Fred is the greatest. John teases me sometimes, but he is nothing to Fred. Emilie, you don't know what that boy is; but you will see, when you come to stay with me in the holidays, and you shall say then if you think I have nothing to put me out."

The very recollection of her wrongs appeared to irritate the little lady, and she put on a pout, which made her look anything but kind and amiable.

The primroses which she had so much desired, were not quite to her mind, they were not nearly so fine as those that John and Fred had brought home. Now she was tired of the dusty road, and she would go home by the beach. So saying, Edith turned resolutely towards a stile, which led across some fields to the sea shore, and not all Emilie's entreaties could divert her from her purpose.

"Edith, dear! we shall be late, very late! as it is we have been out too long, come back, pray do;" but Edith was resolute, and ran on. Emilie, who knew her pupil's self-will over a German lesson, although she had little experience of her temper in other matters, was beginning to despair of persuading her, and spoke yet more earnestly and firmly, though still kindly and gently, but in vain. Edith had jumped over the stile, and was on her way to the cliff, when her course was arrested by an old sailor, who was sitting on a bench near the gangway leading to the shore. He had heard the conversation between the governess and her headstrong pupil, as he smoked his pipe on this favourite seat, and playfully caught hold of the skirt of the young lady's frock, as she passed, to Edith's great indignation.



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“Now, Miss, I could not, no, that I could’nt, refuse any one who asked me so pretty as that lady did you. If she had been angry, and commanded you back, why bad begets bad, and tit for tat you know, and I should not so much have wondered: but, Miss, you should not vex her. No, don’t be angry with an old man, I have seen so much of the evils of young folks taking their own way. Look here, young lady,” said the weather beaten sailor, as he pointed to a piece of crape round his hat; “this comes of being fond of one’s own way.”

Edith was arrested, and approached the stile, on the other side of which Emilie Schomberg still leant, listening to the fisherman’s talk with her pupil.

“You see, Miss,” said he, “I have brought her round, she were a little contrary at first, but the squall is over, and she is going home your way. Oh, a capital good rule, that of your’s, Miss!” “What,” said Emilie smiling, “Why, that ‘soft answer,’ that kind way. I see a good deal of the ways of nurses with children, ah, and of governesses, and mothers, and fathers too, as I sit about on the sea shore, mending my nets. I ain’t fit for much else now, you see, Miss, though I have seen a deal of service, and as I sit sometimes watching the little ones playing on the sand, and with the shingle, I keep my ears open, for I can’t bear to see children grieved, and sometimes I put in a word to the nurse maids. Bless me! to see how some of ’em whip up the children in the midst of their play. Neither with your leave, nor by your leave; ‘here, come along, you dirty, naughty boy, here’s a wet frock! Come, this minute, you tiresome child, it’s dinner time.’ Now that ain’t what I call fair play, Miss. I say you ought to speak civil, even to a child; and then, the crying, and the shaking, and the pulling up the gangway. Many and many is the little squaller I go and pacify, and carry as well as I can up the cliff: but I beg pardon, Miss, hope I don’t offend. Only I was afraid, Miss there was a little awkward, and would give you trouble.”

“Indeed,” said Emilie, “I am much obliged to you; where do you live?”

“I live,” said the old man, “I may say, a great part of my life, under the sky, in summer time, but I lodge with my son, and he lives between this and Brooke. In winter time, since the rheumatics has got hold of me, I am drawn to the fire side, but my son’s wife, she don’t take after him, bless him. She’s a bit of a spirit, and when she talks more than I like, why I wish myself at sea again, for an angry woman’s tongue is worse than a storm at sea, any day; if it was’nt for the children, bless ’em, I should not live with ’em, but I am very partial to them.”

“Well, we must say good night, now,” said Emilie, “or we shall be late home; I dare say we shall see you on the shore some day; good night.” “Good night to you, ma’am; good night, young lady; be friends, won’t you?”

Edith’s hand was given, but it was not pleasant to be conquered, and she was a little sullen on the way home. They parted at the door of Edith’s house. Edith went in, to join

a cheerful family in a comfortable and commodious room; Emilie, to a scantily furnished, and shabbily genteel apartment, let to her and a maiden aunt by a straw bonnet maker in the town.



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We will peep at her supper table, and see if Miss Edith were quite right in supposing that Emilie Schomberg had nothing to put her out.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

An old lady was seated by a little rickety round table, knitting; knitting very fast. Surely she did not always knit so fast, Germans are great knitters it is true, but the needles made quite a noise—click, click, click—against one another. The table was covered with a snow-white cloth. By her side was a loaf called by bakers and housekeepers, crusty; the term might apply either to the loaf or the old lady's temper. A little piece of cheese stood on a clean plate, and a crab on another, a little pat of butter on a third, and this, with a jug of water, formed the preparation for the evening meal of the aunt and niece. Emilie went up to her aunt, gaily, with her bunch of primroses in her hand, and addressing her in the German language, begged her pardon for keeping supper waiting. The old lady knitted faster than ever, dropped a stitch, picked it up, looked out of the window, and cleared up, not her temper, but her throat; click, click went the needles, and Emilie looked concerned.

"Aunt, dear," she said, "shall we sit down to supper?" "My appetite is gone, Emilie, I thank you." "I am really sorry, aunt, but you know you are so kind, you wish me to take plenty of exercise, and I was detained to-night. Miss Parker and I stayed chattering to an old sailor. It was very thoughtless, pray excuse me. But now aunt, dear, see this fine crab, you like crabs; old Peter Varley sent it to you, the old man you knitted the guernsey for in the winter."

No,—old Miss Schomberg was not to be brought round. Crabs were very heavy things at night, very indigestible things, she wondered at Emilie thinking she could eat them, so subject as she was to spasms, too. Indeed she could eat no supper. She was very dull and not well, so Emilie sat down to her solitary meal. She did not go on worrying her aunt to eat, but she watched for a suitable opening, for the first indication indeed, of the clearing up for which she hoped, and though it must be confessed some such thoughts as "how cross and unreasonable aunt is," did pass through her mind, she gave them no utterance. Emilie's mind was under good discipline, she had learned to forbear in love, and for the exercise of this virtue, she had abundant opportunity.

Poor Emilie! she had not always been a governess, subject to the trials of tuition; she had not always lived in a little lodging without the comforts and joys of family and social intercourse.



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Her father had failed in business, in Frankfort, and when Emilie was about ten years of age, he had come over to England, and had gained his living there by teaching his native language. He had been dead about a twelve-month, and Emilie, at the age of twenty-one, found herself alone in the world, in England at least, with the exception of the old German aunt, to whom I have introduced you, and who had come over with her brother, from love to him and his motherless child. She had a very small independence, and when left an orphan, the kind old aunt, for kind she was, in spite of some little infirmities of temper, persisted in sharing with her her board and lodging, till Emilie, who was too active and right minded to desire to depend on her for support, sought employment as a teacher.

The seaport town of L——, in the south of England, whither Emilie and her father had gone in the vain hope of restoring his broken health, offered many advantages to our young German mistress. She had had a good solid education. Her father, who was a scholar, had taught her, and had taught her well, so that besides her own language, she was able to teach Latin and French, and to instruct, as the advertisements say, “in the usual branches of English education.” She was musical, had a fine ear and correct taste, and accordingly met with pupils without much difficulty. In the summer months especially she was fully employed. Families who came for relaxation were, nevertheless, glad to have their daughters taught for a few hours in the week; and you may suppose that Emilie Schomberg did not lead an idle life. For remuneration she fared, as alas teachers do fare, but ill. The sum which many a gentleman freely gives to his butler or valet, is thought exorbitant, nay, is rarely given to a governess, and Emilie, as a daily governess, was but poorly paid.

The expenses of her father’s long illness and funeral were heavy, and she was only just out of debt; therefore, with the honesty and independence of spirit that marked her, she lived carefully and frugally at the little rooms of Miss Webster, the straw bonnet maker, in High Street.

From what I have told you already, you will easily perceive that Emilie was accustomed to command her temper; she had been trained to do this early in life. Her father, who foresaw for his child a life dependent on her character and exertion, a life of labour in teaching and governing others, taught Emilie to govern herself. Never was an only child less spoiled than she; but she was ruled in love. She knew but one law, that of kindness, and it made her a good subject.



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Many were the sensible lessons that the good man gave her, as leaning on her strong arm he used to pace up and down the grassy slopes which bordered the sea shore. "Look, Emilie," he would say, "look at that governess marshalling her scholars out. Do they look happy? think you that they obey that stern mistress out of *love*? Listen, she calls to them to keep their ranks and not to talk so loud. What unhappy faces among them! Emilie, my child, you may keep school some day; oh, take care and gain the love of the young ones, I don't believe there is any other successful government, so I have found it." "With me, ah yes, papa!" "With you, my child, and with all my scholars; I had little experience as a teacher, when first it pleased God to make me dependent on my own exertions as such, but I found out the secret. Gain your pupils' love, Emilie, and a silken thread will draw them; without that love, cords will not drag, scourges will scarcely drive them."

Emilie found this advice of her father's rather hard to follow now and then. Her first essay in teaching was in Mrs. Parker's family. Edith was to "be finished." And now poor Emilie found that there was more to teach Edith than German and French, and that there was more difficulty in teaching her to keep her temper than her voice in tune. Edith was affectionate, but self-willed and irritable. Her mamma's treatment had not tended to improve her in this respect. Mrs. Parker had bad health, and said she had bad spirits. She was a kind, generous, and affectionate woman, but was always in trouble. In trouble with her chimneys because they smoked; in trouble with her maids who did not obey her; and worst of all in trouble with herself; for she had good sense and good principle, but she had let her temper go too long undisciplined, and it was apt to break forth sometimes against those she loved, and would cause her many bitter tears and self-upbraidings.

She took an interest in the poor German master, for she was a benevolent woman, and cheered his dying bed by promising to assist his daughter. She even offered to take her into her family; but this could not be thought of. Good aunt Agnes had left her country for the sake of Emilie—Emilie would not desert her aunt now.

The scene at the supper table was not an uncommon one, but Emilie was frequently more successful in winning aunt Agnes to a smile than on this occasion. "Perhaps I tried too much; perhaps I did not try enough, perhaps I tried in the wrong way," thought Emilie, as she received her aunt's cold kiss, and took up her bed room candle to retire for the night. When aunt Agnes said good night, it was so very distantly, so very unkindly, that an angry demand for explanation almost rose to Emilie's lips, and though she did not utter it, she said her good night coldly and stiffly too, and thus they parted. But when Emilie opened the Bible that night, her eye rested on the words, "Be ye kind one to another,



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tender-hearted, forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," then Emilie could not rest. She did not forgive her aunt; she felt that she did not; but Emilie was *human*, and human nature is proud. "I did nothing to offend her," reasoned pride, "it was only because I was out a little late, and I said I was sorry and I tried to bring her round. Ah well, it will all be right to-morrow; it is no use to think of it now," and she prepared to kneel down to pray. Just then her eye rested on her father's likeness; she remembered how he used to say, when she was a child and lisped her little prayer at his knee, "Emilie, have you any unkind thoughts to any one? Do you feel at peace with all? for God says, 'When thou bringest thy gift before the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, *first* be reconciled to thy brother, and *then* go and offer thy gift.'" On one or two occasions had Emilie arisen, her tender conscience thus appealed to, and thrown her arms round her nurse's or her aunt's neck, to beg their forgiveness for some little offence committed by her and forgotten perhaps by them, and would then kneel down and offer up her evening prayer. So Emilie hushed pride's voice, and opening her door, crossed the little passage to her aunt's sleeping room, and putting her arm round her neck fondly said, "Dear aunt!" It was enough, the good old lady hugged her lovingly. "Ah, Emilie dear, I am a cross old woman, and thou art a dear good child. Bless thee!" In half an hour after the inmates of the little lodging in High Street were sound asleep, at peace with one another, and at peace with God.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE LESSON AT THE COTTAGE.

Edith was very busily searching for corallines and sea weeds, a few days after the evening walk recorded in our first chapter. She was alone, for her two sisters had appeared more than usually confidential and unwilling for her company, and her dear teacher was engaged that afternoon at the Young Ladies' Seminary, so she tried to make herself happy in her solitary ramble. A boat came in at this moment, and the pleasant shout of the boatmen's voices, and the grating of the little craft as it landed on the pebbly shore, attracted the young lady's notice, and she stood for a few moments to watch the proceedings. Amongst those on shore, who had come to lend a hand in pulling the boat in, Edith thought that she recognised a face, and on a little closer inspection she saw it was old Joe Murray, who had stopped her course to the beach a few evenings before. She did not wish to encounter Joe, so slipping behind the blue jacketed crowd, she walked quickly forwards, but Joe followed her.



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“Young lady,” he said, “if you are looking for corallines, you can’t do better than ask your papa some fine afternoon, to drive you as far as Sheldon, and you’ll find a sight of fine weeds there, as I know, for my boy, my poor boy I lost, I mean,” said he, again touching the rusty crape on his hat, “my boy was very curious in those things, and had quite a museum of ’em at home.” How could Edith stand against such an attack? It was plain that the old man wanted to make peace with her, and, cheerfully thanking him, she was moving on, but the old boots grinding the shingle, were again heard behind her, and turning round, she saw Joe at her heels.

“Miss, I don’t know as I ought to have stopped you that night. I am a poor old fisherman, and you are a young lady, but I meant no harm, and for the moment only did it in a joke.”

“Oh, dear,” said Edith, “don’t think any more about it, I was very cross that night, and you were quite right, I should have got Miss Schomburg into sad trouble if I had gone that way. As it was, I was out too late. Have you lost a son lately, said Edith, I heard you say you had just now? Was he drowned?” inquired the child, kindly looking up into Joe’s face.

“Yes Miss, he was drowned,” said Joe, “he came by his death very sadly. Will you please, Miss, to come home with me, and I will shew you his curiosities, and if you please to take a fancy to any, I’m sure you are very welcome. I don’t know any good it does me to turn ’em over, and look at them as I do times and often, but somehow when we lose them we love, we hoard up all they loved. He had a little dog, poor Bob had, a little yapping thing, and I never took to the animal, ’twas always getting into mischief, and gnawing the nets, and stealing my fish, and I used often to say, ’Bob, my boy, I love you but not your dog. No, that saying won’t hold good now. I can’t love that dog of yours. Sell it, boy—give it away—get rid of it some how.’ All in good part, you know, Miss, for I never had any words with him about it. And now Bob is gone—do you know, Miss, I love that dumb thing with the sort of love I should love his child, if he had left me one. If any one huffs Rover, (I ain’t a very huffish man,) but I can tell you I shew them I don’t like it, I let the creature lay at my feet at night, and I feed him myself and fondle him for the sake of him who loved him so. And you may depend Miss, the dog knows his young master is gone, and the way he is gone too, for I could not bring him on the shore for a long while, but he would set up such a howl as would rend your heart to hear. And that made me love the poor thing I can tell you.”

“But how did it happen?” softly asked Edith.



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“Why Miss it ain’t at all an extraordinary way in which he met his death. It was in this way. He was very fond of me, poor boy, but he liked his way better than my way too often. And may be I humoured him a little too much. He was my Benjamin, you must know Miss, for his mother died soon after he was born. Sure enough I made an idol of the lad, and we read somewhere in the Bible, Miss, that ‘the idols he will utterly abolish.’ But I don’t like looking at the sorrow that way neither. I would rather think that ‘whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.’ Well, Miss, like father like son. My boy loved the sea, as was natural he should, but he was too venturesome; I used often to say, ‘Bob, the oldest sailor living can’t rule the waves and winds, and if you are such a mad cap as to go out sailing in such equally weather on this coast, as sure as you are alive you will repent it.’ He and some young chaps hereabouts, got such a wonderful notion of sailing, and though I have sailed many and many a mile, in large vessels and small, I always hold to it that it is ticklish work for the young and giddy. Why sometimes you are on the sea, Miss, ah, as calm as it is now—all in peace and safety—a squall comes, and before you know what you are about you are capsized. I had told him this, and he knew it, Miss, but he got a good many idle acquaintances, as I told you, and they tempted him often to do bold reckless things such as boys call brave.”

“It was one morning at the end of September, Bob says to me, ‘Father, we are going to keep my birthday; I am sixteen to-day,’ and so he was, bless him, sixteen the very day he died. ‘We are going to keep my birthday,’ says he, ‘Newton, and Somers, and Franklin, and I, we are all going to Witton,’ that is the next town, Miss, as you may know, ‘we are going to have a sail there, and dine at grandmother’s, and home again at night, eh Father.’ ‘Bob,’ says I, ‘I can’t give my consent; that ticklish sailing boat of young Woods’ requires wiser heads and steadier hands than your’s to manage. You know my opinion of sailing, and you won’t grieve me, I hope, by going.’ I might have told him, but I did not, that I did not like the lads he was going with, but I knew that would only make him angry, and do no good just as his heart was set upon a frolic with them, so I said nought of that, but I tried to win him, (that’s my way with the young ones,) though I failed this time; go he would, and he would have gone, let me have been as angry as you please. But I have this comfort, that no sharp words passed my lips that day, and no bitter ones his. I saw he was set on the frolic, and I hoped no harm would come of it. How I watched the sky that day, Miss, no mortal knows; how I started when I saw a sea gull skim across the waves! how I listened for the least sound of a squall! Snap was just as fidgetty seemingly, and we kept stealing down to the beach, long before it was likely they should be back. As I stood watching there in the evening, where I knew they would land, I saw young Newton’s mother; she pulled me by my sleeve, anxious like, and said, ‘What do you think of the weather Joe?’ ‘Why, Missis,’ said I, ‘there is an ugly look about the sky, but I don’t wish to frighten you; please God they’ll soon be home, for Bob promised to be home early.’”



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“Well, Miss, there we stood, the waves washing our feet, till it grew dark, and then I could stand it no longer. I said to the poor mother, ‘keep a good heart,’ but I had little hope myself, God knows, and off I made for Witton. Well, they had not been there, I found the grandmother had seen nothing of them. They were picked up a day or so after, all four of them washed up by the morning tide; their boat had drifted no one knows where, and no one knows how it happened; but I suppose they were driven out by the fresh breeze that sprung up, and not knowing how to manage the sails, they were capsized.”

“There they all lay. Miss, in the churchyard. It was a solemn sight, I can tell you, to see those four coffins, side by side, in the church. They were all strong hearty lads, and all under seventeen. I go and sit on his grave sometimes, and spell over all I said, and all he said that day; and glad enough I am, that I can remember neither cross word nor cross look. Ah, my lady, I should remember it if it had been so. We think we are good fathers and good friends to them we love while they are alive, but as soon as we lose ‘em, all the kindness we ever did them seems little enough, while all the bad feelings we had, and sharp words we spoke, come up to condemn us.”

By this time they had reached the fisherman’s cottage; it was prettily situated, as houses on the south coast often are, under the shadow of a fine over-hanging cliff. Masses of rock, clad with emerald green, were scattered here and there, and the thriving plants in the little garden, gave evidence of the mildness of the air in those parts, though close upon the sea. The cottage was very low, but white and cheerful looking outside, and as clean and trim within as a notable and stirring woman could make it. Joe’s daughter-in-law, the same described by Joe the other evening as the woman of a high spirit, was to-day absent on an errand to the town; and Edith, who loved children, stopped at the threshold to notice two or three little curly-headed prattlers, who were playing together at grotto making, an amusement which cost grandfather many a half-penny. Some dispute seemed to have arisen at the moment of their entrance between the young builders, for a good-humoured, plain-looking girl, of twelve, the nursemaid of the baby, and the care-taker of four other little ones, was trying to pacify the aggrieved. In vain—little Susy was in a great passion, and with her tiny foot kicked over the grotto, the result of several hours’ labour; first, in searching on the shore for shells and pebbles, and secondly, in its erection. Then arose such a shriek and tumult amongst the children, as those only can conceive who know what a noise disappointed little creatures, from three to seven years old, can make. They all set upon Susy, “naughty, mischievous, tiresome,” were among the words. The quiet looking girl, who had been trying to settle the dispute, now interfered again. She led Susy away gently, but firmly, into another part of the garden, where spying her grandfather, she took the unwilling and ashamed little girl for him to deal with, and ran hack to the crying children and ruined grotto.



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"Oh, hush! dears, pray hush," said Sarah, beginning to pick up the shells, "we will soon build it up again." This they all declared impossible, and cried afresh, but Sarah persevered, and quietly went on piling up the shells, till at last one little mourner took up her coarse pinafore and wiping her eyes, said, "Sarah does it very nicely." The grotto rose beautifully, and at last they were all quiet and happy again; all but poor Susy, who, seeing herself excluded, kept up a terrible whine. "I wonder if Susan is sorry," said Sarah. "Not she, not she, don't ask her here again," said they all. "Why not," said the grandfather, who having walked about with Susy awhile, and talked gravely to her, appeared to have brought about a change in her temper? "Why because she will knock it down again the first time any thing puts her out." "Won't you try her?" said Sarah, pleadingly; but they still said "No! no!" "Don't you mind the day, Dick," said Sarah, "when you pulled grandfather's new net all into the mud, and tangled his twine, and spoilt him a whole day's work?" "Yes," said Dick. "Ah, and don't you mind, too, when he went out in the boat next day, and you asked to go with him, just as if nothing had happened, and you had done no harm, he said, 'ah, Dick, if I were to mind what *revenge* says, I would not take you with me; you have injured me very much, but I'll mind what *love* says, and that tells me to return good for evil?'" "Yes," says Dick. "Do you think you could have hurt any thing of grandfather's after that?" "No," said Dick, "but I did not do it in a rage, as Susy did." "You did mischief, though," said Sarah; "but I want Susy to give over going into these rages. I want to cure her. Beating her does no good, mother says that herself; wont you all try and help to cure Susy?"

These children were not angels. I am writing of children as they are you know, and though they yielded, it was rather sullenly, and little Susan was given to understand that she was not a very welcome addition. Susy kept very close to Sarah, sobbing and heaving, till the children seeing her subdued, made more room for her, and her smile returned. Now the law of kindness prevailed, and when the time came to run down to the shore for some more shells, to replace those that had been broken, Susy, at Sarah's hint, ran first and fastest, and brought her little pinafore fullest of all. Edith watched all this, and her good old mentor was willing that she should. "I suppose you have taught them this way of settling disputes," said Edith to Joe. "I, oh no, Miss, I can't take all the credit. Sarah, there, she has taken to me very much since my Bob died, and she said to me the day of his funeral, when her heart was soft and tender-like, 'Grandfather, tell me what I can do to comfort you.' 'Oh, child,' says I, 'my grief is too deep for you to touch, but you are a kind girl, I'll tell you what to do to-night. Leave me alone, and, oh, try and make the children quiet, for my head aches as bad as my heart. Sally.'"



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“Then Sarah tried that day and the next, but found it hard work; the boys quarrelled and fought, and the little one scratched and cried, and their mother came and beat one or two of the worst, but all did no good. There was no peace till bed time; still I encouraged her and told her, you know, about ‘a soft answer turning away wrath,’ and since that time, she has less often given railing for railing; and has not huffed and worried them, as elder sisters are apt to do. She is a good girl, is Sarah, but here comes the Missis home from market.” “The Missis” certainly did not look very sweet, and her heavy load had heated her. She did not welcome Edith pleasantly, which, the old man observing, led her away to a little room he occupied at the back of the cottage, and showed her the corallines.

Edith saw plainly that though the poor father offered her any of them she liked to take, he suffered in parting with them, so calling Dick and Mary, she asked if they would hunt for some for her, like those in grandfather’s stores. They consented joyfully, and Edith promising often to come and see the old man, ran down the cliff briskly, and hastened home. She thought a good deal as she walked, and asked herself if she should have had the patience and the gentleness of that poor cottage girl; if she should have soothed Susy, and comforted Dick and Mary; if she should have troubled herself to kneel down in the broiling sun and build up a few trumpery shells into a grotto, to be upset and destroyed presently. She came to the conclusion that for good, pleasant, prettily behaved children, she might have done so, but for shrieking, passionate, quarrelsome little things as they appeared to her then, she certainly should not. She felt humbled at the contrast between herself and Sarah; and when she arrived at home, for the first time, perhaps, in her life, she patiently bore her mamma’s reproaches for being so late, and for the impropriety of walking away from her sisters, no one knew where. She was not yet quite skilled enough in the art of peace, to give the “soft answer;” but her silence and quietness turned away Mrs. Parker’s wrath, and after dinner, Edith prepared herself for the visit of her dear Emilie.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE HOLIDAYS.

Mrs. Parker and her two elder daughters were going to pay a visit to town this summer, and as Edith was not thought old enough to accompany them, Mrs. Parker resolved to ask Emilie to take charge of her. The only difficulty was how to dispose of aunt Agnes; aunt Agnes wishing them to believe that she did not mind being alone, but all the while minding it very much. At last it occurred to Emilie that perhaps Mrs. Crosse, at the farm in Edenthorpe, a few miles off, would, if she knew of the difficulty, ask aunt Agnes there for a few weeks. Mrs. Crosse and aunt Agnes got on so wonderfully well together, and as she had often been invited, the only thing now was to



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get her in the mind to go. This was effected in due time, and Mr. Crosse came up to the lodgings for her and her little box, in his horse and gig, on the very evening that Emilie was to go the Parkers', to be installed as housekeeper and governess in the lady's absence. Edith had come to see the dear old aunt off; and now re-entered the lodgings to help Emilie to collect her things, and to settle with Miss Webster for the lodgings, before her departure. Miss Webster had met with a tenant for six weeks, and was in very good spirits, and very willing to take care of the Schombergs' goods, which, to tell the truth, were not likely to oppress her either in number or value, with the exception of one cherished article, one relic of former days—a good semi-grand piano, which M. Schomberg had purchased for his daughter, about a year before his death. Miss Webster looked very much confused as Emilie bade her good-bye, and said—"Miss Schomberg, you have not, I see, left your piano unlocked."

"No," said Emilie, "certainly I have not; I did not suppose——"

"Why," replied Miss Webster, "the lodgers, seeing a piano, will be sure to ask for the key, Miss, and to be sure you wo'nt object."

Emilie hesitated. Did she remember the time when Miss Webster, indignant at Emilie for being a fortnight behind-hand in her weekly rent, refused to lend a sofa for her dying father, without extra pay? Did she recall the ill-made slops, the wretched attendance to which this selfish woman treated them during the pressure of poverty and distress? Emilie was human, and she remembered all. She knew, moreover, that Miss Webster would make a gain of her instrument, and that it might suffer from six weeks' rough use. She stood twisting some straw plait that lay on the counter, in her fingers, and then coolly saying she would consider of it, walked out of the shop with Edith, her bosom swelling with conflicting feelings. The slight had been to her *father*—to her dear dead father—she could not love Miss Webster, nor respect her—she could not oblige her. She felt so now, however, and despised the meanness of the lodging-house keeper, in making the request.

Edith was by her side in good spirits, though she was to miss the London journey. Not every young lady would be so content to remain all the holiday-time with the governess; but Edith loved her governess. Happy governess, to be loved by her pupil!

Mrs. Parker received Emilie very kindly: she was satisfied that her dear child would be happy in her absence, and she knew enough of Emilie, she said, to believe that she would see that Mr. Parker had his meals regularly and nicely served, and that the servants did not rob or run away, or the boys put their dirty feet on the sofa, or bright fender tops, or lead Edith into mischief; in short, the things that Emilie was to see to were so numerous, that it would have required more eyes than she possessed, and far more vigilance and experience than she lay claim to, to fulfill all Mrs. Parker's desires.

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Amidst all the talking and novelty of her new situation, however, Emilie was absent and thoughtful; she was dispirited, and yet she was not subject to low spirits either. There was a cause. She had a tender conscience—a conscience with which she was in the habit of conversing, and conscience kept whispering to her the words—“What things soever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them.” In vain she tried to silence this monitor, and at last she asked to withdraw for a few minutes, and scribbled a hasty note to Miss Webster; the first she wrote was as follows:—

“Dear Miss W.—I enclose the key of the pianoforte. I should have acceded to your request, only I remembered standing on that very spot, by that very counter, a year ago, petitioning hard for the loan of a sofa for my dying father, who, in his feverish and restless state, longed to leave the bed for awhile. I remembered that, and I could not feel as if I could oblige you; but I have thought better of it, and beg you will use the piano.”

“Yours truly,

“Emilie Schomberg.”

She read the note before folding it, however; and somehow it did not satisfy her. She crumpled it up, took a turn or two in the room, and then wrote the following:—

“Dear Miss Webster—I am sorry that I for a moment hesitated to lend you my piano. It was selfish, and I hope you will excuse the incivility. I enclose the key, and as your lodgers do not come in until to-morrow, I hope the delay will not have inconvenienced you.

“Believe me, yours truly,

“Emilie Schomberg.”

Having sealed her little note, she asked Mrs. Parker’s permission to send it into High Street, and Emilie Schomberg was herself again. You will see, by-and-bye, how Emilie returned Miss Webster’s selfishness in a matter yet more important than the loan of the piano. It would have been meeting evil with evil had she retaliated the mean conduct of her landlady. She would undoubtedly have done so, had she yielded to the impulses of her nature; but “how then could I have prayed,” said Emilie, “forgive me my trespasses as I forgive them that trespass against me.”

The travellers set off early in the morning, and now began the holiday of both governess and pupil. They loved one another so well that the prospect of six weeks’ close companionship was irksome to neither; but Emilie had not a holiday of it altogether. Miss Edith was exacting and petulant at times, even with those she loved, and she loved none better than Emilie. Fred, the tormenting brother of whom Edith had spoken



in her list of troubles in our first chapter, was undeniably troublesome; and the three maid-servants set themselves from the very first to resist the governess's temporary authority; so we are wrong in calling these Emilie's holidays. She had not, indeed, undertaken the charge very willingly; but Mrs. Parker had befriended her in extremity, and she loved Edith dearly, notwithstanding much in her that was not loveable, so she armed herself for the conflict, and cheerfully and humbly commenced her new duties.

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Fred and his elder brother John were at home for the holidays; they were high-spirited lads of fourteen and fifteen years of age, and were particularly fond of teasing both their elder sisters and little Edith; a taste, by-the-bye, by no means peculiar to the Master Parkers, but one which we cannot admire, nevertheless.

The two boys, with Emilie and Edith, were on their way to pay aunt Agnes a little visit, having received from Mrs. Crosse, at the farm, a request for the honour of the young lady's company as well as that of her brothers. John and Frederick were to walk, and Emily and Edith were to go in the little pony gig. As they were leaving the town, Edith caught sight of John coming out of a shop which was a favourite resort of most of the young people and visitors of the town of L——. It was professedly a stationer's and bookseller's, and was kept by Mrs. Cox, a widow woman, who sold balls, fishing tackle, books, boats, miniature spades, barrows, garden tools, patent medicines, &c., and who had lately increased her importance, in the eyes of the young gentlemen, by the announcement that various pyrotechnical wonders were to be obtained at her shop. There are few boys who have not at some time of their boyhood had a mania for pyrotechnics—in plain English, *fire-works*—and there are few parents, and parents' neighbours, who can say that they relish the smell of gunpowder on their premises.

Mr. Parker had a particular aversion to amusements of the kind. He was an enemy to fishing, to cricketing, to boating; he was a very quiet, gentlemanly, dignified sort of man, and, although a kind father, had perhaps set up rather too high a standard of quietness and order and sedateness for his children. It is a curious fact, but one which it would be rather difficult to disprove, that children not unfrequently are the very opposites of their parents, in qualities such as I have described. Possibly they may not have been inculcated quite in the right manner; but that is not our business here.

Edith guessed what her brothers were after, and told her suspicious to Emilie; but not until they were within sight of the farm-house. John and Fred, who had been a short cut across the fields, were in high glee awaiting their arrival, and assisted Edith and her friend to alight more politely than usual. Aunt Agnes was in ecstasies of delight to see her dear Emilie, and she caressed Edith most lovingly also. Edith liked the old lady, who had a fund of fairy tales, such as the German language is rich in. Often would Edith go and sit by the old lady as she knitted, and listen to the story of the "Flying Trunk," or the "Two Swans," with untiring interest; and old ladies of a garrulous turn like good listeners. So aunt Agnes called Edith a charming girl, and Edith, who had seldom seen aunt Agnes otherwise than conversable and pleasant, thought her a very nice old lady.



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Mrs. Crosse was extremely polite; and in the bustle of greeting, and putting up the pony, and aunt Agnes' questions, the fire-work affair was almost forgotten. When they all met at tea, the farmer, who had almost as great a horror of gunpowder as Mr. Parker—and in the vicinity of barns and stacks, with greater reason—declared he smelt a smell which he never tolerated in his house, and asked his boys if they had any about them. They denied it, but it was evident they knew something of the matter; and now Emilie's concern was very great.

After tea she took John by the arm, and looking into his face, said, "I am going to be very intrusive, Sir; I am not your governess, and I have no right to control you, but I wish to be your friend, and may I advise you? Don't take those fire-works out on Mr. Crosse's premises, you have no idea the mischief you might do. You could not have brought them to a worse place. Be persuaded, pray do, to give it up." John, thus appealed to, laughed heartily at Miss Schomberg's fears, said something not very complimentary about Miss S. speaking one word for the farmer's stack, and two for her own nerves, and made his escape to join his brother, and the two young farmers, who were delighted at the prospect of a frolic.

What was to be done? The lads were gone out, and doubtless would send up their rockets and let off their squibs somewhere on the farm, which was a very extensive one. The very idea of fire-works would put aunt Agnes into a terrible state of alarm, so Emilie held her peace. To tell the farmer would, she knew, irritate him fearfully; and yet no time was to be lost. She was older than any of the party, and it was in reliance on her discretion that the visit had been permitted. She appealed to Edith, but Edith, who either had a little fancy to see the fire-works, or, who feared her brothers' ridicule, or who thought Emilie took too much upon herself, gave her no help in the matter.

"Well, Edith," said Emilie, when the farmer's wife left the room to make some preparation for a sumptuous supper, "I have made up my mind what to do. I will not stay here if your brothers are to run any foolish risks with those fire-works. I will go home at once, and tell your papa, he will be in time to stop it; or I will apprise Mr. Crosse, and he can take what steps he pleases."

"Well, you will have a fine life of it, Miss Schomberg, if you tell any tales, I can tell you," said Edith, pettishly, "and it really is no business of yours. They are not under your care if I am. Oh, let them be. Fred said he should let them off on the Langdale hills, far enough away from the farm."

But Emilie was firm. She tied on her bonnet, and determined to make one more effort—it should be with Fred this time. She followed the track of the lads, having first inquired of a farm-boy which road they had taken, and as they had loitered, and she walked very fast, she soon overtook them. They were seated on a bank by the roadside, when she got up to them, and John was just displaying his treasures, squibs to make Miss Edith jump, Catherine wheels, roman candles, sky-rockets, and blue lights



and crackers. The farmer's sons, Jerry and Tom, grinned delightedly. Emilie stood for a few moments irresolute; the boys were rude, and looked so daring—what should she say?



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“Young gentlemen,” she began; they all took off their hats in mock deference. “A woman preaching, I declare.” “Go on. Madam, hear! hear! hear!” said the young Crosses. “Young gentlemen,” continued Emilie, with emphasis, “it is to *you* I am speaking. I am determined that those fire-works shall not be let off, if I can prevent it, on Mr. Crosse’s premises. If you will not give up your intention, I shall walk to L—, and inform your father, and you know very well how displeased he will be.”

“Who says we are going to let them off on Mr. Crosse’s premises?” said Fred, fiercely. “You are very interfering Miss Schomberg, will you go back to your our own business, and to little Edith.”

“I will go to L—, master Fred,” said Emilie, firmly, but kindly. “I shall be sorry to get you into trouble, and I would rather not take the walk, but I shall certainly do what I say if you persist.”

The boys looked doubtfully at one another. Fred seemed a little disposed to yield, but to be conquered by his sister’s governess was very humiliating. However, they knew from Edith’s account that Emilie, though kind, was firm; and, therefore, after a little further altercation, they agreed not to send up the fire-works that night, but they promised her at the same time that she should not hear the last of it. They returned to the farm much out of humour, and having hidden them in the box of the pony gig, came in just in time for supper.

The ride home was a silent one; Edith saw that her brothers were put out, and began to think she did not like Emilie Schomberg to live with at all. Emilie had done right, but she had a hard battle to fight; all were against her. No one likes to be contradicted, or as Fred said, to be managed. Emilie, however, went steadily on, speaking the truth, but speaking it in love, and acting always “as seeing Him who is invisible.”

CHAPTER FIFTH.

EDITH’S TRIALS.

“Now, Emilie, what do you think of my life?” said Edith, one day after she and Fred had had one of their usual squabbles. “What do you think of Fred *now*?”

“I think, Edith, dear, that I would try and win him over to love and affection, and not thwart and irritate him as you do. Have you forgotten old Joe’s maxim, ‘a soft answer turneth away wrath?’ but your grievous words too often stir up strife. You told me the other day, dear, how much the conduct of Sarah Murray pleased you; now you may act towards John and Fred as Sarah did to little Susy.”

Edith shook her head. “It is not in me, Emilie, I am afraid.”



“No, dear,” said Emilie, “you are right, it is not *in* you.”

“Well then what is the use of telling me to do things impossible?”

“I did not say impossible, Edith, did I?”

“No, but you say it is not in me to be gentle and all that, and I dare say it is not; but you don’t get much the better thought of, gentle as you are. Miss Schomberg. John and Fred don’t behave better to you than they do to me, so far as I see.”

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“Edith, dear, you set out wrong in your attempts to do right,” said Emily, kindly. “It is not *in* you; it is not *in* any one by nature to be always gentle and kind. It is not in me I know. I was once a very petulant child, being an only one, and it was but by very slow process that I learned to govern myself, and I am learning it still.”

At this moment Fred came in, bearing in one hand a quantity of paper, and in another a book with directions for balloon making. “Now Edith, you are a clever young lady,” he began.

“Oh, yes,” said Edith, wrathfully, “When it suits you, you can flatter.”

“No, but Edith, don’t be cross, come! I want you to do me a service. I want you to cut me out this tissue paper into the shape of this pattern. I am going to send up a balloon to-morrow, and I can’t cut it out, will you do it for me?”

“Yes, yes,” said Emilie, “we will do it together. Oh, come that is a nice job, Edith dear, I can help you in that,” and Emilie cleared away her own work quick as thought, and asked Fred for particular directions how it was to be done, all this time trying to hide Edith’s unwillingness to oblige her brother, and making it appear that Edith and she were of one mind to help him.

Fred, who since the fire-work affair had treated Emilie somewhat rudely, and had on many occasions annoyed her considerably, looked in astonishment at Miss Schomberg. She saw his surprise and understood it. “Fred,” said she frankly, “I know what you are thinking of, but let us be friends. Give me the gratification of helping you to this pleasure, since I hindered you of the other. You won’t be too proud, will you, to have my help?”

Fred coloured. “Miss Schomberg,” said he, “I don’t deserve it of you, I beg your pardon;” and thus they were reconciled.

Oh, it is not often in great things that we are called upon to show that we love our neighbour as ourselves. It is in the daily, hourly, exercise of little domestic virtues, that they who truly love God may be distinguished from those who love him not. It was not because Emilie was naturally amiable or naturally good that she was thus able to show this loving and forgiving spirit. She loved God, and love to him actuated her; she thus adorned the doctrine of her Saviour in all things. Young reader there is no such thing as a religion of words and feelings alone, it must be a religion of *acts*; a life of warfare against the sins that most easily beset you; a mortification of selfishness and pride, and a humble acknowledgment, when you have done your *very best*, that you are only unprofitable servants. Had you heard Emilie communing with her own heart, you would have heard no self gratulation. She was far from perfect even in the sight of man; in the sight of God she knew that in many things she offended.

It is not a perfect character that I would present to you in Emilie Schomberg; but one who with all the weakness and imperfection of human nature, made the will of God her rule and delight. This is not natural, it is the habit of mind of those only who are created anew, new creatures in Christ Jesus.



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This you may be sure Emilie did not fail to teach her pupil; but a great many such lessons may be received into the head without one finding an entrance to the heart, and Edith was in the not very uncommon habit of looking on her faults in the light of misfortunes, just as any one might regard a deformed limb or a painful disorder. She was, indeed, too much accustomed to talk of her faults, and was a great deal too easy about them.

“My dear,” Emilie would say after her confessions, “I do not believe you see how sinful these things are, or surely you would not so very, very, often commit them.” This was the real state of the case; and it may be said of all those who are in the habit of mere confessions, that they do not believe things to be so very bad, because they do not understand how very good and holy is the God against whom they sin. Edith had this to learn; books could not teach her this. She who taught her all else so well, could not teach her this; it was to be learned from a higher source still.

Well, you are thinking, some of you, that this is a prosy chapter, but you must not skip it. It is just what Emily Schomberg would have said to you, if you had been pupils of hers. The end of reading is not, or ought not to be, mere amusement; so read a grave page now and then with attention and thoughtfulness.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

EMILIE’S TRIALS.

The truth must be told of Emilie; she was not clever with her hands, and she was, nevertheless, a little too confident in her power of execution, so willing and anxious was she to serve you. The directions Fred gave her were far from clear; and after the paper was all cut and was to be pasted together, sorrowful to say, it would not do at all. Fred, in spite of his late apology was very angry, and seizing the scissors said he should know better another time than to ask Miss Schomberg to do what she did not understand.

“You have wasted my paper, too,” said the boy, “and my time in waiting for what I could better have done myself.”

Emilie was very sorry, and she said so; but a balloon could not exactly be made out of her sorrow, and nothing short of a balloon would pacify Fred, that was plain. “Must it be ready for to-morrow?” she asked.

“Yes, it *must*,” he said. Three other boys were going to send up balloons. It was the Queen’s coronation day, and he had promised to take a fourth balloon to the party; and the rehearsal of all this stirred up Fred’s ire afresh, and he looked any thing but kind at Miss Schomberg. What was to be done? Edith suggested driving to the next market town to buy one; but her papa wanted the pony gig, so they could only sally forth to Mrs.



Cox's for some more tissue paper, and begin the work again. This was very provoking to Edith.

“To have spent all the morning and now to be going to spend all the afternoon over a trumpery balloon, which you can't make after all, Miss Schomberg, is very tiresome, and I wanted to go to old Joe Murray's to-day and see if the children have picked me up any corallines.”



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"I am very sorry, dear, my carelessness should punish you; but don't disturb me by grumbling and I will try and get done before tea, and then we will go together." This time Emilie was more successful; she took pains to understand what was to be done, and the gores of her balloon fitted beautifully.

"Now Edith, dear, ring for some paste," said Emilie, just as the clock struck four; Margaret answered the bell. Margaret was the housemaid, and so far from endeavouring in her capacity to overcome evil with good, she was perpetually making mischief and increasing any evil there might be, either in kitchen or parlour, by her mode of delivering a message. She would be sure to add her mite to any blame that she might hear, in her report to the kitchen, and thus, without being herself a bad or violent temper, was continually fomenting strife, and adding fuel to the fire of the cook, who was of a very choleric turn. The request for paste was civilly made and received, but Emilie unfortunately called Margaret back to say, "Oh, ask cook, please, to make it stiffer than she did the last that we had for the kite; that did not prove quite strong."

Margaret took the message down and informed cook that "Miss Schomberg did not think she knew how to make paste." "Then let her come and make it herself," said cook. "She wants to be cook I think; she had better come. I sha'nt make it. What is it for?"

"Oh," said Margaret, "she is after some foreign filagree work of hers, that's all."

"Well, I'm busy now and I am not going to put myself out about it, she must wait."

Emilie did wait the due time, but as the paste did not come she went down for it. "Is the paste ready, cook?" she asked.

"No, Miss Schomberg," was the short reply, and cook went on assiduously washing up her plates.

"Will you be so kind as to make it, cook, for I want it particularly that it may have as much time as possible to dry."

"Perhaps you will make it yourself then," was the gracious rejoinder. Emilie was not above making a little paste, and as she saw that something had put cook out, she willingly consented; but she did not know where to get either flour or saucepan, and cook and Margaret kept making signs and laughing, so that it was not very pleasant. She grew quite hot, as she had to ask first for a spoon, then for a saucepan, then for the flour and water; at last she modestly turned round and said, "Cook, I really do not quite know how to make a little paste. I am ashamed to say it, but I have lived so long in lodgings that I see nothing of what is done in the kitchen. Will you tell or show me? I am very ignorant."



Her kind civil tone quite changed cook's, and she said, "Oh, Miss, I'll make it, only you see, you shouldn't have said I didn't know how." Emilie explained, and the cook was pacified, and gave Miss Schomberg a good deal of gratuitous information during the process. How she did not like her place, and should not stay, and how she disliked her mistress, and plenty more—to which Emilie listened politely, but did not make much reply. She plainly perceived that cook wanted a very forbearing mistress, but she could not exactly tell her so. She merely said in her quaint quiet way, that every one had something to bear, and the paste being made, she left the kitchen.



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“Well, I must say, Miss Schomberg has a nice way of speaking, which gets over you some how,” said cook, “I wish I had her temper.”

More than one in the kitchen mentally echoed that wish of cook's.

The balloon went on beautifully, and was completed by seven o'clock. Fred was delighted when he came in to tea, and John no less so. All the rude speeches were forgotten, and Emilie was as sympathetic in her joy as an elder sister could have been. “I don't know what you will do without Miss Schomberg,” said Mr. Parker, as he sipped his tea.

“She had better come and live with us,” said Fred, “and keep us all in order. I'm sure I should have no objection.”

Emilie felt quite paid for the little self-denial she had exercised, when she found that her greatest enemy, he who had declared he would “plague her to death, and pay her off for not letting them send up their fire-works,” was really conquered by that powerful weapon, *love*.

Fred had thought more than he chose to acknowledge of Emilie's kindness; he could not forget it. It was so different to the treatment he had met with from his associates generally. It made him ask what could be the reason of Emilie's conduct. She had nothing to get by it, that was certain, and Fred made up his mind to have some talk with Miss Schomberg on the subject the first time they were alone. He had some trials at school with a boy who was bent on annoying him, and trying to stir up his temper; perhaps the peacemaker might tell him how to deal with this lad. Fred was an impetuous boy, and now began to like Miss Schomberg as warmly as he had previously disliked her.

On their way to old Joe's house that night, Emilie thought she would call in on Miss Webster, not having parted from her very warmly on the first night of the holidays. A fortnight of these holidays had passed away, and Emilie began to long for her quiet evenings, and to see dear aunt Agnes again. She looked quite affectionately up to the little sitting room window, where her geraniums stood, and even thought kindly of Miss Webster herself, to whom it was not quite so easy to feel genial. She entered the shop. The apprentice sat there at work, busily trimming a fine rice straw bonnet for the lodger within. She looked up joyously at Emilie's approach. She thought how often that kind German face had been to her like a sunbeam on a dull path; how often her musical voice had spoken words of counsel, and comfort, and sympathy, to her in her hard life. How she had pressed her hand when she (the apprentice) came home one night and told her, “My poor mother is dead,” and how she had said, “We are both orphans now, Lucy. We can feel for one another.” How she had taught her by example, often, and by word sometimes, not to answer again if any thing annoyed or irritated her, and in short how much Lucy had missed the young lady only Lucy could say.



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Emilie inquired for her mistress, but the words were scarcely out of her lips, than she said, "Oh, Miss, she's so bad! She has scald her foot, and is quite laid up, and the lodgers are very angry. They say they don't get properly attended to and so they mean to go. Dear me, there is such a commotion, but her foot is very bad, poor thing, and I have to mind the shop, or I would wait upon her more; and the girl is very inattentive and saucy, so that I don't see what we are to do. Will you go and see Miss Webster, Miss?"

Emilie cheerfully consented, leaving Edith with Lucy to learn straw plaiting, if she liked, and to listen to her artless talk. Lucy had less veneration for the name of Queen Victoria than for that of Schomberg. Emilie was to her the very perfection of human nature, and accordingly she sang her praises loud and long.

On the sofa, the very sofa for which M. Schomberg had so longed, lay Miss Webster, the expression of her face manifesting the greatest pain. The servant girl had just brought up her mistress's tea, a cold, slopped, miserable looking mess. A slice of thick bread and butter, half soaked in the spilled beverage, was on a plate, and that a dirty one; and the tray which held the meal was offered to the poor sick woman so carelessly, that the contents were nearly shot into her lap. It was easy to see that love formed no part of Betsey's service of her mistress, and that she rendered every attention grudgingly and ill. Emilie went up cordially to Miss Webster, and was not prepared for the repulsive reception with which she met. She wondered what she could have said or done, except, indeed, in the refusal of the instrument, and that was atoned for. Emilie might have known, however, that nothing makes our manners so distant and cold to another, as the knowledge that we have injured or offended him. Miss Webster, in receiving Emilie's advances, truly was experiencing the truth of the scripture saying, that coals of fire should be heaped on her head.

Poor Miss Webster! "There! set down the tray, you may go, and don't let me see you in that filthy cap again, not fit to be touched with a pair of tongs; and don't go up to Mrs. Newson in that slipshod fashion, don't Betsey; and when you have taken up tea come here, I have an errand for you to go. Shut the door gently. Oh, dear! dear, these servants!"

This was so continually the lament of Miss Webster, that Emilie would not have noticed it, but that she appeared so miserable, and she therefore kindly said, "I am afraid Betsey does not wait on you nicely, Miss Webster, she is so very young. I had no idea of this accident, how did it happen?"

How it happened took Miss Webster some time to tell. It happened in no very unusual manner, and the effect was a scald foot, which she forthwith shewed Miss Schomberg. There was no doubt that it was a very bad foot, and Emilie saw that it needed a good nurse more than a good doctor. Mr. Parker was a medical man, and Emilie knew she should have no difficulty in obtaining that kind of assistance for her. But the nursing!



Miss Webster was feverish and uneasy, and in such suffering that something must be done. At the sight of her pain all was forgotten, but that she was a fellow-creature, helpless and forsaken, and that she must be helped.



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All this time any one coming in might have imagined that Emilie had been the cause of the disaster, so affronted was Miss Webster's manner, and so pettishly did she reject all her visitor's suggestions as preposterous and impossible.

"Will you give up your walk to-night, Edith," said Emilie on her return to the shop, "Poor Miss Webster is in such pain I cannot leave her, and if you would run home and ask your papa to step in and see her, and say she has scald her foot badly, I would thank you very much."

Emilie spoke earnestly, so earnestly that Edith asked if she were grown very fond of that "sour old maid all of a sudden."

"Very fond! No Edith; but it does not, or ought not to require us to be very fond of people to do our duty to them."

"Well, I don't see what duty you owe to that mean creature, and I see no reason why I should lose my walk again to-night. You treat people you don't love better than those you do it seems; or else your professions of loving me mean nothing. All day long you have been after Fred's balloon, and now I suppose mean to be all night long after Miss Webster's foot."

Emilie made no reply; she could only have reproached Edith for selfishness and temper at least equal to Miss Webster's, but telling Lucy she should soon return, hastened to Mr. Parker's house, followed by Edith; he was soon at the patient's side, and as Emilie foretold, it was a case more for an attentive nurse than a skilful doctor. He promised to send her an application, but, "Miss Schomberg," said he, "sleep is what she wants; she tells me she has had no rest since the accident occurred. What is to be done?" "Can you not send for a neighbour, Miss Webster, or some one to attend to your household, and to nurse you too. If you worry yourself in this way you will be quite ill."

Poor Miss Webster was ill, she knew it; and having neither neighbour nor friend within reach, she did what was very natural in her case, she took up her handkerchief and began to cry. "Oh, come, Miss Webster," said Emilie, cheerfully, "I will get you to bed, and Lucy shall come when the shop is closed, and to-morrow I will get aunt Agnes to come and nurse you. Keep up your spirits."

"Ah, it is very well to talk of keeping up spirits, and as to your aunt Agnes, there never was any love lost between us. No thank you, Miss Schomberg, no thank you. If I may just trouble you to help me to the side of my bed, I can get in, and do very well alone. *Good night.*" Emilie stood looking pitifully at her. "I hope I don't keep you, Miss Schomberg, pray don't stay, you cannot help me," and here Miss Webster rose, but the agony of putting her foot to the ground was so great that she could not restrain a cry, and Emilie, who saw that the poor sufferer was like a child in helplessness, and like a

child, moreover, in petulance, calmly but resolutely declared her intention of remaining until Lucy could leave the shop.



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Having helped her landlady into bed, she ran down-stairs to try and appease the indignant lodgers, who protested, and with truth, that they had rung, rung, rung, and no one answered the bell; that they wanted tea, that Miss Webster had undertaken to wait on them, that they were *not* waited on, and that accordingly they would seek other lodgings on the morrow, they would, &c., &c. “Miss Webster, ma’am, is very ill to-night. She has a young careless servant girl, and is, I assure you, very much distressed that you should be put out thus. I will bring up your tea, ma’am, in five minutes, if you will allow me. It is very disagreeable for you, but I am sure if you could see the poor woman, ma’am, you would pity her.” Mrs. Harmer did pity her only from Emilie’s simple account of her state, and declared she was very sorry she had seemed angry, but the girl did not say her mistress was ill, only that she was lying down, which appeared very disrespectful and inattentive, when they had been waiting two hours for tea.

The shop was by this time cleared up, and Lucy was able to attend to the lodgers. Whilst Emilie having applied the rags soaked in the lotion which had arrived, proceeded to get Miss Webster a warm and neatly served cup of tea.

It would have been very cheering to hear a pleasant “thank you;” but Miss Webster received all these attentions with stiff and almost silent displeasure. Do not blame her too severely, a hard struggle was going on; but the law of kindness is at work, and it will not fail.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

BETTER THINGS.

“Ah, if Miss Schomberg had asked me to wait on *her*, how gladly would I have done it, night after night, day after day, and should have thought myself well paid with a smile; but to sit up all night with a person, who cares no more for me, than I for her, and that is nothing! and then to have to get down to-morrow and attend to the shop, all the same as if I had slept well, is no joke. Oh, dear me! how sleepy I am, two o’clock! I was to change those rags at two; I really scarcely dare attempt it, she seems so irritable now.” So soliloquized Lucy, who, kindhearted as she was, could not be expected to take quite so much delight in nursing her cross mistress, who never befriended her, as she would have done a kinder, gentler person; but Lucy read her Bible, and she had been trying, though not so long as Emilie, nor always so successfully it must be owned, to live as though she read it.

“Miss Webster, ma’am, the doctor said those rags were to be changed every two hours. May I do it for you? I can’t do it as well as Miss Schomberg, but I will do my very best not to hurt you.”

“I want sleep child,” said Miss Webster, “I want *sleep*, leave me alone.”



“You can’t sleep in such pain, ma’am,” said poor Lucy, quite at her wits ends.

“Don’t you think, I must know that as well as you? There! there’s that rush light gone out, and you never put any water in the tin; a pretty nurse you make, now I shall have that smell in my nose all night. You must have set it in a draught. What business has a rush light to go out in a couple of hours? I wonder.”



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Lucy put the obnoxious night shade out of the room, and went back to the bedside. For a long time she was unsuccessful, but at last Miss Webster consented to have her foot dressed, and even cheered her young nurse by the acknowledgment that she did it very well, considering; and thus the night wore away.

Quite early Emilie was at her post, and was grieved to see that Miss Webster still looked haggard and suffering, and as if she had not slept. In answer to her inquiries, Lucy said that she had no rest all night.

“Rest! and how can I rest, Miss Schomberg? I can’t afford to lose my lodgers, and lose them I shall.”

“Only try and keep quiet,” said Emilie, “and I will see that they do not suffer from want of attendance. *You* cannot help them, do consent to leave all thought, all management, to those who can think and manage. May aunt Agnes come and nurse you, and attend to the housekeeping?”

“Yes,” was reluctantly, and not very graciously uttered.

“Well then, Lucy will have time to attend to you. I would gladly nurse you myself, but you know I may not neglect Miss Parker; now take this draught, and try and sleep.”

“Miss Schomberg,” said the poor woman, “you won’t lack friends to nurse you on a sick bed; I have none.”

“Miss Webster, if I were to be laid on a sick bed, and were to lose aunt Agnes, I should be alone in a country that is not my own country, without money and without friends; but we may both of us have a friend who sticketh closer than a brother, think of him, ma’am, now, and ask him to make your bed in your sickness.”

She took the feverish hand of the patient as she said this, who, bursting into a flood of tears, replied, “Ah, Miss Schomberg! I don’t deserve it of you, and that is the truth; but keep my hand, it feels like a friend’s, hold it, will you, and I think I shall sleep a little while;” and Emilie stood and held her hand, stood till she was faint and weary, and then withdrawing it as gently as ever mother unloosed an infant’s hold, she withdrew, shaded the light from the sleeper’s eyes, and stole out of the room, leaving the sufferer at ease, and in one of those heavy sleeps which exhaustion and illness often produce.

Her visit to the kitchen was most discouraging. Betsey was only just down, and the kettle did not boil, nor were any preparations made for the lodgers’ breakfast, to which it only wanted an hour. Emilie could have found it in her heart to scold the lazy, selfish girl, who had enjoyed a sound sleep all night, whilst Lucy had gone unrefreshed to her daily duties, but she forebore. “Scolding never does answer,” thought Emilie, “and I



won't begin to-day, but I must try and reform this girl at all events, by some means, and that shall be done at once."

"Come, Betsey," said Emilie pleasantly, "now, we shall see what sort of a manager you will be; you must do all you can to make things tidy and comfortable for the lodgers. Is their room swept and dusted?"



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“Oh, deary me, Miss, what time have I had for that, I should like to know?”

“Well now, get every thing ready for their breakfast, and pray don’t bang doors or make a great clatter with the china, as you set the table. Every sound is heard in this small house, and your mistress has had no sleep all night.”

“Well, she’ll be doubly cross to day, then, I’ll be bound. Howsoever, I shall only stay my month, and it don’t much matter what I do, she never gives a servant a good character, and I don’t expect it.”

“No, and you will not deserve it if you are inattentive and unfeeling now. It is not doing as you would be done by, either. Do now, Betsey, forget, for a few days, that Miss Webster ever scolded or found fault with you. If you want to love any one just do him a kindness, and you don’t know how fast love springs up in the heart; you would be much happier, Betsey, I am sure. Come *try*, you are not a cross girl, and you don’t mean to be unkind now. I shall expect to hear from Lucy, when I come again, how well you have managed together.”

Fred went to Mr. Crosse’s after breakfast, in the pony gig, for aunt Agnes, who, at a summons from Emilie, was quite willing to come and see after Miss Webster’s household. She soon put mutters into a better train, both in kitchen and parlour, so that the pacified lodgers consented to remain. And though neither Lucy nor Betsey altogether liked aunt Agnes, they found her quite an improvement on Miss Webster.

It is not our object to follow Miss Webster through her domestic troubles nor through the tedious process of the convalescence of a scalt foot. We will rather follow Edith into her chamber, and see how she is trying to learn the arts of the Peacemaker there.

Edith’s head is bent over a book, a torn book, and her countenance is flushed and heated. She is out of breath, too, and her hair is hanging disordered about her pretty face; not pretty now, however; it is an angry face—and an angry face is never pretty.

Has she been quarrelling with Fred again? yes, even so. Fred would not give up Hans Andersen’s Tales, which Emilie had just given Edith, and which she was reading busily, when some one came to see her about a new bonnet, so she left the book on the table, and in the mean time Fred came in, snatched it up, and was soon deep in the feats of the “Flying Trunk.” Then came the little lady back and demanded the book, not very pleasantly, if the truth must be told. Fred meant to give it up, but he meant to tease his sister first, and Edith, who had no patience to wait, snatched at the book. Fred of course resisted, and it was not until the book had been nearly parted from its cover, and some damage had ensued to the dress and hair of both parties that Edith regained possession; not *peaceable* possession, however, for both of the children’s spirits were ruffled.



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Edith flew to her room almost as fast as if she had been on the "Flying Trunk," in the Fairy Tale. When there, she could not read, and in displeasure with herself and with every one, dashed the little volume away and cried long and bitterly. Edith had not been an insensible spectator of the constantly and self-denying gentle conduct of Emilie. Her example, far more than her precepts, had affected her powerfully, but she had much to contend with, and it seemed to her as if at the very times she meant to be kind and gentle something occurred to put her out. "I *will* try, oh, I will try," said Edith again and again, "but it is such hard work."—Yes, Edith, hard enough, and work which even Emilie can scarcely help you in. You wrestle against a powerful and a cruel enemy, and you need great and powerful aid; but you have read your Bible Edith, and again and again has Emilie said to you, "of yourself you can do nothing."

Edith had had a long conversation on this very subject only that morning with her friend, as they were walking on the sea shore, and under the influence of the calm lovely summer's sky, and within the sound of Emilie's clear persuasive voice, it did not seem a hard matter to Edith to love and to be loving. She could love Fred, she could even bear a rough pull of the hair from him, she could stand a little teasing from John, who found fault with a new muslin frock she wore at dinner, and we all know it is not pleasant to have our dress found fault with; but this attack of Fred's about the book, was *not* to be borne, not by Edith, at least, and thus she sobbed and cried in her own room, thinking herself the most miserable of creatures, and very indignant that Emilie did not come to comfort her; "but she is gone out after that tiresome old woman, with her scalt foot, I dare say," said Edith, "and she would only tell me I was wrong if she were here—oh dear! oh dear me!" and here she sobbed again.

Solitude is a wonderfully calming, composing thing; Emilie knew that, and she did quite right to leave Edith alone. It was time she should listen seriously to a voice which seldom made itself heard, but conscience was resolute to-day, and did not spare Edith. It told her all the truth, (you may trust conscience for that,) it told her that the very reason why she failed in her efforts to do right was because she had a wrong *motive*; and that was, love of the approbation of her fellow creatures, and not real love to God. She would have quarrelled with any one else who dared to tell her this; but it was of no use quarrelling with conscience. Conscience had it all its own way to-day, and went on answering every objection so quietly, and to the point, that by degrees Edith grew quiet and subdued; and what do you think she did? She took up a little Bible that lay on her table, and began to read it. She could not pray as yet. She did not feel kind enough for that. Emilie had often said to her that she should be at peace with every one before



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she lifted up her heart to the “God of peace.” She turned over the leaves and tried to find the chapter, which she knew very well, about the king who took account of his servants, and who forgave the man the great debt of ten thousand talents; and then when that man went out and found his servant who owed him but one hundred pence, he took him by the throat, and said, “Pay me that thou owest.” In vain did the man beseech for patience, he that had only just been forgiven ten thousand talents could not have pity on the man who owed him but one hundred pence.

Often had Edith read this chapter, and very just was her indignation against the hard-hearted servant, who, with his king’s lesson of mercy and forgiveness fresh in his memory, could not practise the same to one who owed him infinitely less than he had done his master; and yet here was little Edith who could not forgive Fred his injuries, when, nevertheless, God was willing to forgive hers. Had Fred injured her as she had injured God? surely not; and yet she might now kneel down and receive at once the forgiveness of all her *great* sins. Nay, more: she had been receiving mercy and patience at the hands of her Heavenly Father many years. She had neglected Him, done many things contrary to his law, owed him, indeed, the ten thousand talents, and yet she was spared.

She had a great deal of revenge in her heart still, however; and she could not, reason as she would, try as she would, read as she would, get it out, so she sunk down on her knees, and lifted up her heart very sincerely, to ask God to take it away. She had often said her prayers, and had found no difficulty in that, but now it seemed quite different. She could find no words, she could only feel. Well, that was enough. He who saw in secret, saw her heart, and knew how it felt. She felt she needed forgiveness, and that she could only have it by asking it of Him who had power to forgive sins. She took her great debt to Jesus, and he cancelled it; she hoped she was forgiven, and now, oh! how ready she felt to forgive Fred. How small a sum seemed his hundred pence—his little acts of annoyances compared with her many sins against God. Now she felt and understood the meaning of the Saviour’s lesson to Peter. She had entered the same school as Peter, and though a slow she was a sincere learner.

She is in the right way now to learn the true law of kindness. None but the *Saviour*, who was love itself, could teach her this. If any earthly teacher could have done so, surely Emilie would have succeeded.

She went down to tea softened and sad, for she felt very humble. The consideration of her great unlikeness to the character of Jesus, affected her. “When he was reviled he reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not;” and this thought made her feel more than any sermon or lecture or reproof she ever had in her life, how she needed to be changed, her whole self changed; not her old bad nature *patched*



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up, but her whole heart made *new*. She did not say much at tea; she did not formally apologise to Fred for her conduct to him. He looked very cross, so perhaps it was wiser to act rather than to speak; but she handed him the bread and butter, and buttered him a piece of toast, and in many little quiet ways told him she wished to be friends with him. John began at her frock again. She could not laugh, (she was not in a laughing humour,) but she said she would not wear it any more, during his holidays, if he disliked it so *very* much. The greatest trial to her temper was the being told she looked cross. Emilie, who could see the sun of peace behind the cloud, was half angry herself at this speech, and said to Mr. Parker, "If she looks cross she is not cross, Sir, but I think she is not in very good spirits. Every one looks a little sad sometimes;" and Mr. Parker, happily, being called out to a patient at that moment, gave Edith opportunity to swallow her grief.

After tea the boys prepared to accompany their sister and her governess in the usual evening walk. Edith did not desire their company, but she did not say so; and they all went out very silent for them. On their road to the beach they met a man who had a cage of canaries to sell, the very things that Fred had desired so long, and to purchase which he had saved his money.

Edith had no taste for noisy canaries; few great talkers have, for they do interrupt conversation must undeniably, but Fred thought it would be most delightful to have them, and as he had a breeding cage which had belonged to one of his elder sisters years before, he asked the price and began to make his bargain. The birds were bought and the man dispatched to the house with them, with orders to call for payment at nine o'clock, before Fred remembered that he did not exactly know where he should keep them. In the sitting room it would be quite out of the question he knew, for the noise would distract his mother. Papa was not likely to admit canaries into his study for consultations; and Fred knew only of one likely or possible place, but the door to that was closed, unless he could find a door to Edith's heart, and he had just quarrelled with Edith; what a pity! To make it up with her, however, just to gain his point, he was too proud to do, and was therefore gloomy and uncivil.

"Where are you going to keep your canaries Fred?" asked his sister.

"In the cage," said Fred, shortly and tartly.

"Yes; but in what room?"

"In my bed-room," said Fred.

"Oh, I dare say! will you though?" said John, who as he shared his brother's apartment had some right to have a voice in the matter. "I am not going to be woke at daylight



every morning by your canaries. And such an unwholesome plan; I am sure papa and mamma won't let you. What a pity you bought the birds! you can't keep them in our small house. Get off your bargain, I would if I were you. Besides, who will take care of them all the week? they will want feeding other days besides Saturdays, I suppose."



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Fred looked annoyed, and dropped behind the party. Edith whispered to Emilie, "Go you on with John, I want to talk to Fred."

"Fred, dear," said she, "will you keep your birds in my little room, where my old toys are? I will clear a place, and I shan't mind their singing, *do* Fred. I have often hindered your pleasures, now let me have the comfort of making it up a little to you, and I will feed them and clean them while you are at school in the week."

"You may change your mind Edith, and you know if my birds are in your room, I shall have to be there a good deal; and they will make a rare noise sometimes, and some one must take care of them all the week—I can only attend to them on Saturdays, you know."

"Yes, I have been thinking of all that, and I expect I shall sometimes *wish* to change my mind, but I shall not do it. I am very selfish I know, but I mean to try to be better, Fred. Take my little room, do."

Fred was a proud boy, and would rather have had to thank any one than Edith just then; but nevertheless he accepted her offer, and thanked his little sister, though not quite so kindly as he might have done, and that is the truth. There is a grace in accepting as well as in giving. Edith had given up what she had much prized, the independence of a little room, (it was but a little one,) a little room all to herself; but she did so because she felt love springing up in her heart. She acted in obedience to the dictates of the law of kindness, and she felt lighter and happier than she had done for a long time. Fred was by degrees quite cheered, and amused his companions by his droll talk for some way. Spying, however, one of his school-fellows on the rocks at a distance, he and John, joined him abruptly, and thus Emilie and Edith were left alone.

Sincerity is never loquacious, never egotistic. If you don't understand these words I will tell you what I mean. A person really in earnest; and sincere, does not talk much of earnestness and sincerity, still less of himself. Edith could not tell Emilie of her new resolutions, of her mental conflict, but she was so loving and affectionate in her manner to her friend, that I think Emilie understood; at any rate, she saw that Edith was very pleasant, and very gentle that night, and loved her more than ever. She saw and felt there was a change come over her. They walked far, and on their return found the canaries arrived, and Fred very busy in putting them up in their new abode. He had rather unceremoniously moved Edith's bookcase and boxes, to make room for the bird cages. She did say, "I think you might have asked my leave," but she instantly recalled it. "Oh, never mind; what pretty little things, I shall like to have them with me."



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It really was a trial to Edith to see all her neat arrangements upset, and to find how very coolly Fred did it, too. She sighed and thought, "Ah, I shall not be mistress here now I see!" but Fred was gone down stairs for some water and seed, and did not hear her laments. He was very full of his scheme for canary breeding at supper, and Emilie was quite as full of sympathy in his joy as Fred desired; she took a real interest in the matter. Her father, she said, had given much attention to canary breeding, for the Germans were noted for their management of canaries; she could help him, she thought, if he would accept her help. So they were very merry over the affair at supper time, and Mr. Parker, in his quiet way, enjoyed it too. Suddenly, however, the merriment received a check. Margaret, who had been to look at the birds, came in with the intelligence that Muff, the pet cat of Miss Edith, was sitting in the dusk, watching the canaries with no friendly eye, and that she had even made a dart at the cage; and she prophesied that the birds would not be safe long. A bird of ill omen was Margaret always; she thought the worst and feared the worst of every one, man or animal. "Why, it is easy to keep the door of the cage shut," John remarked, but to keep puss out of her old haunts was not possible.

Muff was not a kitten, but a venerable cat, who had belonged to Edith's elder sister, and was given to Edith, the day that sister married, as a very precious gift; and Edith loved that grey cat, loved her dearly. She always sat in the same place in that dear little room. Edith had only that day made her a new red leather collar, and Muff looked very smart in it. "Muff won't hurt the birds, Fred dear," said Edith, "she is not like a common cat." Whatever points of dissimilarity there might be between Muff and the cat race in general, in this particular she quite resembled them; she loved birds, and would not be very nice as to the manner of obtaining them. What was to be done? Fred had all manner of projects in his head for teaching the canaries to fly out and in the cage, to bathe, to perch on his finger, *etc.*; but if, whenever any one chanced to leave the door of the room open, Muff were to bounce in, why there was an end to all such schemes. In short, Muff would get the birds by fair means or foul, there was no doubt of that, and Fred was desperate. I cannot tell how many times Muff was called "a nasty cat," "a tiresome cat," "a vicious cat," and little Edith's heart was full, for she did not believe any evil of her favourite; and to hear her so maligned, seemed like a personal insult; but she bore it patiently. She asked Emilie at bed time what she should do about Muff; she had so long been accustomed to her seat by the sunny window in Edith's room, that to try and tempt her from it she knew would be vain.



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Emilie agreed with her, but hoped Muff would practise self-denial. Before Edith lay down to rest that night, she again thought over all that she had done through the day; again knelt down and asked for help to overcome that which was sinful within her, and then lay down to sleep. Edith was but a child, and she could not forget Muff; she thought, and very truly, that there was a general wish to displace her Muff. Not one in the house would be sorry to see Muff sent away she knew, and Margaret at supper time seemed so pleased to report of Muff's designs. This thought made her love Muff all the more, but then there were Fred's birds. It would be very sad if any of them should be lost through her cat; what should she do? She wished to win Fred to love and gentleness. Should she part with Muff? Miss Schomberg (aunt Agnes that is) had expressed a wish for a nice quiet cat, and this, her beauty, would just suit her. "Shall I take Muff to High-Street to-morrow? I will," were her last thoughts, but the resolution cost her something, and Edith's pillow was wet with tears. When she arose the next morning she felt as we are all apt to feel after the excitement of new and sudden resolves, rather flat; and the sight of Muff sitting near a laurel bush in the garden, enjoying the morning sun, quite unnerved her. "Part with Muff! No, I cannot; and I don't believe any one would do such a thing for such a boy as Fred. I cannot part with Muff, that's certain. Fred had better give up his birds, and so I shall tell him."

All this is very natural, but what is very natural is often very wrong, and Edith did not feel that calm happiness which she had done the night before. When she received Emilie's morning kiss, she said, "Well, Miss Schomberg, I thought last night I had made up my mind to part with Muff, but I really cannot! I do love her so!"

"It would be a great trial to you, I should think," said Emilie, "and one that no one could ask of you, but if she had a good master, do you think you should mind it so very much? You would only have your own sorrow to think of, and really it would be a kindness if those poor birds are to be kept. The cat terrifies them by springing at the wires, and if they were sitting they would certainly be frightened off their nests."

Edith looked perplexed; "What shall I do Emilie? I *do* wish to please Fred, I do wish to do as I would be done by; I really want to get rid of my selfish nature, and yet it will keep coming back."

"Watch as well as pray, dear," said Emilie affectionately, "and you will conquer at last." They went down to breakfast together. "Watch and pray." That word "watch," was a word in season to Edith, she had *prayed* but had well nigh forgotten to *watch*.



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She could not eat her meal, however, her heart was full with the greatness of the sacrifice before her. Do not laugh at the word *great* sacrifice. It was very great to Edith; she loved with all her heart; and to part with what we love, be it a dog, a cat, a bird, or any inanimate possession, is a great pang. After breakfast she went into the little room where Muff usually eat, and taking hold of the favourite, hugged and kissed her lovingly, then carrying her down stairs to the kitchen, asked cook for a large basket, and with a little help from Margaret, tied her down and safely confined her; then giving the precious load to her father's errand boy, trotted into the town, and stopped not till she reached Miss Webster's door. Her early visit rather astonished aunt Agnes, who was at that moment busily engaged in dressing Miss Webster's foot, and at the announcement of Betsey—"Please Ma'am little Miss Parker is called and has brought you a cat," she jumped so that she spilled Miss Webster's lotion.

"A cat! a cat!" echoed the ladies. "I will have no cats here Miss Schomberg, if you please," said the irritable Mistress. "I always did hate cats, there is no end to the mischief they do. I never did keep one, and never mean to do."

Miss Schomberg went down stairs into Miss Webster's little parlour, and there saw Edith untying her beloved Muff. "Well aday! my child, what brings you here? all alone too. Surely Emilie isn't ill, oh dear me something must be amiss."

"Oh no, Miss Schomberg, no, only I heard you say you would like a cat, and Fred has got some new birds and I mayn't keep Muff, and so will you take her and be kind to her?"

"My dear child," said aunt Agnes in a bewilderment, "I would take her gladly but Miss Webster has a bird you know, and is so awfully neat and particular, oh, it won't do; you must not bring her here, and I *must* go back and finish Miss Webster's foot. She is very poorly to-day. Oh how glad I shall be when my Emilie comes back! Good bye, take the cat, dear, away, pray do;" and, so saying, aunt Agnes bustled off, leaving poor Edith more troubled and perplexed with Muff than ever.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

Old Joe Murray was seated on the beach, nearer the town than his house stood, watching the groups of busy children, digging and playing in the sand, now helping them in their play, and now giving his hint to the nurses around him, when Edith tapped him on the shoulder. There was something so unusually serious, not *cross*, in Edith's countenance, that Joe looked at her inquiringly. "There, set down the basket, Nockells, and run back quick, tell papa I kept you; I am afraid you will get into disgrace."



“Mayn’t I drown Puss?” said Nockells.

“No! you cruel boy, *no!*” said Edith, vehemently. “*You* shall not have the pleasure, no one shall do it who would take a pleasure in it.”



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“What is the matter Miss?” asked Joe, as soon as Nockells turned away.

“The matter, oh Joe! I want Muff drowned; my cat I mean, my dear cat;” and then she told her tale up to the point of Miss Webster’s refusing to admit Muff as a lodger, and cried most bitterly as she said, “and I won’t have her ill-treated, so I will drown her, will you do it for me Joe, please do now, or my courage will be gone? but I won’t stay to look at it, so good-bye,” said she, and slipping a shilling into Joe’s hand, ran home with the news to Fred, that the cat was by this time at the bottom of the tea, and his canaries were safe for ever from her claws.

Fred was not a hard-hearted boy, and his sister’s tale really grieved him. He kissed her several times over, as he said he now wished he had never bought the birds, that they had caused Edith nothing but trouble and that he was very sorry.

“I am not sorry, Fred dear, at least I am only sorry for being forced to drown Muff. I like to give you my room, and I like to give up my cat to you, and I shall not cry any more about it, so don’t be unhappy.”

“And all this for me,” said Fred; “I who teased you so yesterday afternoon, and always am teasing you, I think!” How pleased Emilie looked! She did not praise Edith, but she gave her such a look of genuine approval as was a rich reward to her little pupil. “*This* is the way. Edith dear, to overcome evil with good; go on, *watch* and pray, and you will subdue Fred in time as well as your own evil tempers.”

How easy all this looks to read about! How swift the transition from bad to good! Who has not felt, in reading Rosamond and Frank, a kind of envy that they so soon overcame their errors, so soon conquered their bad habits and evil dispositions? Dear young reader, it is *not* easy to subdue self; it is not easy to practise this law of kindness, love, and forbearance; it is not easy to live peaceably with all men, but believe me, it is not impossible. He who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, will give you grace, and wisdom, and help to do this if you ask it. The promise is, “Ask and ye shall receive.” Edith In her helplessness naked strength of God and it was given. That which was given to her He will not withhold from you. Only try Him.

For the comfort of those who may not have such a friend as Emilie, we would remind our readers that the actual work of Edith’s change, for such it was, was that which no friend however wise and however good could effect. There is no doubt but that to her example Edith owed much. It led her to *think* and to *compare*, and was part of the means used by the all-wise God, to instruct this little girl; but if you have not Emilie for a friend, you may all have the God, whom Emilie served, for a friend. You may all read in the Bible which she studied, and in which she learned, from God’s love to man, how we should love each other. She read there, “If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.”

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The holidays drew to a close. The return of the mother and sisters was at hand. Emilie was not without her fears for Edith at this time, but she trusted in the help which she knew Edith would have if she sought it, and was thus encouraged. The right understanding between her brothers and herself she was rejoiced to see daily increasing. It was not that there was nothing to ruffle the two most easily ruffled spirits. Fred was not considerate, and would constantly recur to his old habit of tending Edith. Edith was easily teased, and would rather order and advise Fred, which was sure to bring on a breeze; but they were far less vindictive, less aggravating than formerly. They were learning to bear and forbear. Edith had the most to bear, for although Fred was impressed by her kind and altered conduct, and could never forget the generous act of sacrifice when she parted with Muff to gratify him, he was as yet more actuated by impulse than principle, and nothing but principle, Christian principle I mean, will enable us to be kind and gentle, and unselfish *habitually*, not by fits and starts, but every day.

Joe Murray was sitting at his door smoking his pipe, and watching his little grandchildren as they played together (this time harmoniously) in the garden. They were not building a grotto, they were dancing, and jumping, and laughing, in the full merriment of good healthy happy children. Emilie and Edith greeted Joe as an old friend, and Joe seemed delighted to see them. The two children, who had been commissioned to search for corallines, rushed up to Edith with a basket full of a heterogeneous collection, and amongst a great deal of little value there were some beautiful specimens of the very things Edith wanted. She thanked the little Murrays sincerely, and then looked at Emilie. Should she pay them? the look asked. It was evident the children had no idea of such a thing, and felt fully repaid by Edith's pleasure. Edith only wanted to know if it would take from that pleasure to receive money. She had been learning of late to study what people liked, and wished to do so now.

Emilie did not understand her look, and so Edith followed her own course. "Thank you, oh, thank you," she said. "It was very kind of you to collect me so many, they please me very much. I wish I knew of something that you would like as well as I like these, and if I can, I will give it to you, or ask mamma to help me." The boy not being troubled with bashfulness, immediately said, that of all things he should like a regular rigged boat, a ship, "a little-un" that would swim. The girl put her finger in her mouth and said "she didn't know." "Are you going to have a boat?" said every little voice, "oh, what fun we shall have." "Yes," said our peace-making friend, Sarah. "You know that if Dick gets any thing it is the same as if you all did. He is such a kind boy, Miss, he plays with the little ones, and gives up to them so nicely, you'd be surprised."



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"I am glad of that," said Emilie, "it will be such a pleasure to Miss Edith to give pleasure to them all—but come, Jenny, you have not fixed yet what you will have." Jenny said she did not want to be paid, but she had thought, perhaps Miss Parker might give them something, and if Miss Parker did not think it too much, she should like a shilling better than any thing.

Every one looked inquiringly, except Sarah. Sarah was but the uneducated daughter of a poor fisherman, but she studied human nature as it lay before her in the different characters of her brothers and sisters, and she guessed the workings of Jenny's mind.

"What do you want a shilling for?" said the mother sharply, who had joined the group. "You ought not to have asked for anything, what bad manners you have! The weeds cost you nothing, and you ought to be much obliged to Miss Parker for accepting them."

"I wanted the shilling very much," persisted Jenny, as Edith pressed it into her hand, and off she ran, as though to hide her treasure.

But Edith had caught sight of something, and forgot shilling and every thing else in that glimpse. Her own dear old Muff sleeping on the hearth of the kitchen which she had not yet entered. I shall not tell you all the endearments she used to puss, they would look ridiculous on paper; they made even those who heard them smile, but she was so overjoyed that there was some excuse for her. Mrs. Murray rather damped her joy at once by saying, "Oh, she's a sad thief, Miss. She steals the fish terribly. I suppose you can't take her back, Miss?"

"Ah, Joe," said Edith sorrowfully, "you see, you had better have drowned her."

"So I think," said Mrs. Murray.

"No, no, no," cried Jane, coming forwards. "I have a shilling now, and Barker the carrier will take her for that all the way to Southampton, where aunt Martha lives, and aunt Martha loves cats, and will take care of Muff; she shan't be drowned, Miss," said Jenny, kindly.

The mother looked surprised, and they all admired Jenny's kind intentions. Emilie slipped another shilling into her hand as they went away, and said "You will find a use for it." "Good night Jenny, and thank you," said poor Edith, with a sigh, for she had already looked forward to many joyful meetings with Muff—her newly-found treasure. But as old Joe, who followed them down the cliff said, there was no end to the trouble Muff caused, what with stealing fish, and upsettings and breakings; and she would be happier at aunt Martha's, where there was neither fish nor child, and more room to walk about in than Muff enjoyed here.

"But how kind of Jenny," said Edith, "how thoughtful for Muff!"



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“No, Miss, ’t aint for Muff exactly,” said Joe, “though she pitied you, as they all did, in thinking of drowning the cat; but bless the dear children, they are all trying in their way, I do believe; to please their mother, and to win her to be more happy and gentle like. You see she has had a hard struggle with them, so many as there are, and so little to do with; and that and bad health have soured her temper like; but she’ll come to. Oh Miss Edith, take my word for it, if ever you have to live where folks are cross and snappish, be *you* good-humoured. A little of the leaven of sweetness and good temper lightens a whole lump of crossness and bad humour. One bright Spirit in a family will keep the sun shining in *one* spot; it can’t then be *all* dark, you see, and if there’s ever such a little spot of sunshine, there must be some light in the house, which may spread before long, Miss.”

“Goodnight, Joe,” and “Good night, ladies,” passed, and the friends were left alone—alone upon the quiet beach. The sun had set, for it was late; the tide was ebbing, and now left the girls a beautiful smooth path of sand for some little distance, on which the sound of their light steps was scarcely heard, as they rapidly walked towards home.

“Who would think, Edith, that our six weeks’ holiday would be at an end to-morrow?” said Emilie.

“I don’t know, Emilie, I feel it much longer.”

“Do you? then you have not been so happy as I hoped to have made you, dear; I have been a great deal occupied with other things, but it could scarcely be helped.”

“No, Emilie, I have not been happy a great part of the holidays, but I am happy now; happier at least, and it was no fault of yours at any time. I know now why I was so discontented with my condition, and why I thought I had more to try me than anybody else. I feel that I was in fault; that I *am* in fault, I should say; but, oh Emilie, I am trying, trying hard, to—” and here, Edith, softened by the remembrance that soon she and her friend must part, burst into tears.

“And you have succeeded, succeeded nobly, Edith, my darling. I have watched you, and but that I feared to interfere, I would have noticed your victories to you. I may do so now.”

“My *victories*, Emilie! Are you making fun of me? I feel to have been so very irritable of late.—My *victories!*”

“Just because, dear, you take notice of your irritability as you did not use to do, and because you have constantly before your eyes that great pattern in whom was no sin.”



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“Emilie, I will tell you something—your patience, your example, has done me a great deal of good, I hope; but there is one thing in your kind of advice, which does me more good than all. You have talked more of the love of God than of any other part of his character, and the words which first struck me very much, when I first began to wish that I were different, were those you told me one Sunday evening, some time ago. ‘Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave his Son a ransom for sinners.’ There seemed such a contrast between my conduct to God, and His to me; and then it has made me, I hope, a little more, (a *very* little, you know,) I am not boasting, Emilie, am I? it has made me a *little* more willing to look over things which used to vex me so. What are Fred’s worst doings to me, compared with my *best* to God?”

Thus they talked, and now, indeed, did the friends love one another; and heartily did each, by her bedside that night, thank God for his gospel, which tells of his love to man, the greatest illustration truly of the law of kindness.

CHAPTER NINTH.

FRED A PEACEMAKER.

“Talk not of wasted affection, affection never is wasted.... its waters returning back to their spring, like the rain shall fill them full of refreshment”—*H. W. Longfellow*.

“Well Fred,” said Emilie at the supper table, from which Mr. Parker was absent, “I go away to-morrow and we part better friends than we met, I think, don’t we?”

“Oh yes, Miss Schomberg, we are all better friends, and it is all your doing.”

“My doing, oh no! Fred, that *is* flattery. I have not made Edith so gentle and so good as she has of late been to you. I never advised her to give up that little room to you nor to send poor Muff away.”

“*Didn’t* you? well, now I always thought you did; I always kid that to you, and so I don’t believe I have half thanked Edith as I ought.”

“Indeed you might have done.”

“Well, I hope I shall not get quarrelsome at school again, but I wish I was in a large school. I fancy I should be much happier. Only being us five at Mr. Barton’s, we are so thrown together, somehow we can’t help falling out and interfering with each other sometimes. Now there is young White, I never can agree with him, it is *impossible*.”

“Dear me!” said Emilie, without contradicting him, “why?”



“He treats me so very ill; not openly and above-board, as we say, but in such a nasty sneaking way, he is always trying to injure me. He knows sometimes I fall asleep after I am called. Well, he dresses so quietly, (I sleep in his room, I wish I didn’t,) he steals down stairs and then laughs with such triumph when I come down late and get a lecture or a fine for it. If I am very busy over an exercise out of school hours, he comes and talks to me, or reads some entertaining book close to my ears, aloud to one of the boys, to hinder my doing it properly, but that is not half his nasty ways. Could *you love* such a boy Miss Schomberg?”



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“Well, I would try to make him more loveable, Fred, and then I might perhaps love him,” said Emilie.

“Ah, Emilie, your ‘overcome evil with good’ rule would fail there / can tell you; you may laugh.”

“No, I won’t laugh, I am going to be serious. You will allow me to preach a short sermon to-night, the last for some time, you know, and mine shall be but a text, or a very little more, and then ‘good night.’ Will you try to love that boy for a few weeks? *really* try, and see if he does not turn out better than you expect. If he do not, I will promise you that you will be the better for it. Love is never wasted, but remember, Fred, it is wicked and sad to hate one another, and it comes to be a serious matter, for ‘If any man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.’ Good night.”

“Good night, Miss Schomberg, you have taught me to like you,” and oh, how I did dislike you once! thought Fred, but he did not say so.

Miss Webster’s foot got well at last, but it was a long time about it. The lodgers went away at the end of the six weeks, and aunt Agnes and Emilie were quietly settled in their little apartments again. The piano was a little out of tune, but Emilie expected as much, and now after her six weeks’ holiday, so called, she prepared to begin her life of daily teaching. Her kindness to Miss Webster was for some time to all appearance thrown away, but no, that cannot be—kindness and love can never be wasted. They bless him that gives, if not him that takes the offering. By and bye, however, a few indications of the working of the good system appeared. Miss Webster would offer to come and sit and chat with aunt Agnes when Emilie was teaching or walking; and aunt Agnes in return taught Miss Webster knitting stitches and crochet work. Miss Webster would clean Emilie’s straw bonnet, and when asked for the bill, she would say that it came to nothing; and would now and then send up a little offering of fruit or fish, when she thought her lodgers’ table was not well supplied. Little acts in themselves, but great when we consider that they were those of an habitually cold and selfish person. She did not express love; but she showed the softening influence of affection, and Emilie at least understood and appreciated it.

Fred had perhaps the hardest work of all the actors on this little stage; he thought so at least. Joe White was an unamiable and, as Fred expressed it, a sneaking boy. He had never been accustomed to have his social affections cultivated in childhood, and consequently, he grew up into boyhood without any heart as it is called. Good Mr. Barton was quite puzzled with him. He said there was no making any impression on him, and that Mr. Barton could make none was very evident. Who shall make it? Even Fred; for he is going to try Emilie’s receipt for the cure of the complaint under which Master White laboured, a kind of moral ossification of the heart. Will he succeed? We shall see.



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Perhaps, had Joe White at this time fallen down and broken his leg, or demanded in any way a *great* sacrifice of personal comfort from his school-fellow, he would have found it easier to return good for his evil, than in the daily, hourly, calls for the exercise of forgiveness and forbearance which occurred at school. Oh, how many will do *great* things in the way of gifts or service, who will not do the little acts of kindness and self denial which common life demands. Many a person has built hospitals or alms houses, and has been ready to give great gifts to the poor and hungry, who has been found at home miserably deficient in domestic virtues. Dear children, cultivate these. You have, very few of you, opportunities for great sacrifices. They occur rarely in real life, and it would be well if the relations of fictitious life abounded less in them; but you may, all of you, find occasions to speak a gentle word, to give a kind smile, to resign a pursuit which annoys or vexes another, to cure a bad habit, to give up a desired pleasure. You may, all of you, practice the injunction, to live not unto yourselves. Fred, I say, found it a hard matter to carry out Emilie's plan towards Joe White, who came back from home more evilly disposed than ever, and all the boys agreed he was a perfect nuisance.

"I would try and make him loveable." Those words of Emilie's often recurred to Fred as he heard the boys say how they disliked Joe White worse and worse. So Fred tried first by going up to him very gravely one day, and saying how they all disliked him, and how he hoped he would mend; but that did not do at all. Fred found the twine of his kite all entangled next day, and John said he saw White playing with it soon after Fred had spoken to him.

"I'd go and serve him out; just you go and tangle his twine, and see how he likes it," said John.

"I will—but no! I won't," Bald Fred, "that's evil for evil, and that is what I am not going to do. I mean to leave that plan off."

An opportunity soon occurred for returning good for evil Miss Barton had a donkey, and this donkey, whose proper abode was the paddock, sometimes broke bounds, and regaled itself on the plants in the young gentlemen's gardens, in a manner highly provoking to those who had any taste for flowers. If Joe White had any love for anything, it was for flowers. Now, there is something so pure and beautiful in flowers; called by that good philanthropist Wilberforce, the "smiles of God," that I think there must be a little tender spot in that heart which truly loves flowers. Joe tended his as a parent would a child. His garden was his child, and certainly it did his culture credit. Fred liked a garden too, and these boys' gardens were side by side. They were the admiration of the whole family, so neatly raked, so free from stones or weeds, so gay with flowers of the best kind. They were rival gardens, but undoubtedly White's



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was in the best order. John and Fred always went home on a Saturday, as Mr. Barton's house was not far from L——. Joe was a boarder entirely, his home was at a distance, and to this Fred Parker ascribed the superiority of his garden. He was able to devote the whole of Saturday, which was a holiday, to its culture. Well, the donkey of which I spoke, one day took a special fancy to the boys' gardens; and it so happened, that he was beginning to apply himself to nibble the tops of Joe's dahlias, which were just budding. Joe was that day confined to the house with a severe cold, and little did he think as he lay in bed, sipping Mrs. Barton's gruel and tea, of the scenes that were being enacted in his own dear garden. Fred fortunately spied the donkey, and though there had been lately a little emulation between them, who should grow the finest dahlias, he at once carried out the principle of returning good for evil, drove the donkey off, even though his course lay over his own flower beds, and then set to work to repair the damage done. A few minutes more, and all Joe's dahlias would have been sacrificed. Fred saved them, raked the border neatly, tied up the plants, and restored all to order again; and who can tell but those who thus act, the pleasure, the comfort of Fred's heart? Why, not the first prize at the horticultural show for the first dahlia in the country, would have given him half the joy; and a still nobler sacrifice he made—he did not tell of his good deeds. Now, Fred began to realise the pleasures of forbearance and kindness indeed.

There could not have been a better way of reaching young White's heart than through his garden. Fred's was a fortunate commencement. He never boasted of the act, but one of the boys told Mr. Barton, who did not fail to remind Joe of it at a suitable time, and that time was when White presented his master with a splendid bouquet of dahlias for his supper table, when he was going to have a party of friends. The boys, who were treated like members of the family, were invited to join that party, and then did Mr. Barton narrate the scene of the donkey's invasion, of which, however, the guests did not perceive the point; but those for whom it was intended understood it all. At bed time that night, Joe White begged his school-fellow's pardon for entangling his kite twine, and went to bed very humble and grateful, and with a little love and kindness dawning, which made his rest sweeter and his dreams happier. Thus Fred began his lessons of love; it was thus he endeavoured to make Joe lovable, and congratulated himself on his first successful attempt. He did not speak in the very words of the Poet, but his sentiments were the same, as he talked to John of his victory.

“There is a golden chord of sympathy,
Fix'd in the harp of every human soul,
Which by the breath of kindness when 'tis swept,
Wakes angel-melodies in savage hearts;
Inflicts sore chastisements for treasured wrongs,
And melts away the ice of hate to streams of love;
Nor aught but *kindness* can that fine chord touch.”

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Joe Murray was quite right in telling Edith that a little of the leaven of kindness and love went a great way in a family. No man can live to himself, that is to say, no man's acts can affect himself only. Had Fred set an example of revenge and retaliation, other boys would have no doubt acted in like manner on the first occasion of irritation. Now they all helped to reform Joe White, and did not return evil for evil, as had been their custom. Fred was the oldest but one of the little community, and had always been looked up to as a clever boy, up to all kinds of spore and diversion. He was the leader of their plays and amusements, and but for the occasional outbreaks of his violent temper would have been a great favourite. As it was, the boys liked him, and his master was undoubtedly very fond of Fred Parker. He was an honest truthful boy though impetuous and headstrong.

Permission was given the lads, who as we have said were six in number, to walk out one fine September afternoon without the guardianship of their master. They were to gather blackberries, highly esteemed by Mrs. Barton for preserves, and it was the great delight of the boys to supply her every year with this fruit. Blackberrying is a very amusing thing to country children. It is less so perhaps in its consequences to the nurse, or sempstress, who has to repair the terrible rents which merciless brambles make, but of that children, boys especially, think little or nothing. On they went, each provided with a basket and a long crome stick, for the purpose of drawing distant clusters over ditches or from some height within the reach of the gatherer. At first they jumped and ran and sang in all the merriment of independence. The very consciousness of life, health, and freedom was sufficient enjoyment, and there was no end to their fun and their frolics until they came to the spot where the blackberries grew in the greatest abundance. Then they began to gather and eat and fill their baskets in good earnest. The most energetic amongst them was Fred, and he had opportunities enough this afternoon for practising kindness and self-denial, for White was in one of his bad moods, and pushed before Fred whenever he saw a fine and easily to be obtained cluster of fruit; and once, (Fred thought purposely,) upset his basket, which stood upon the pathway, all in the dust. Still Fred bore all this very well, and set about the gathering with renewed ardour, though one or two of the party called out, "Give it him, Parker; toss his out and see how he likes it." No, Fred had begun to taste the sweet fruits of kindness, he would not turn aside to pluck the bitter fruits of revenge and passion. So he gave no heed to the matter, only leaving the coast clear for White whenever he could, and helping a little boy whom White had pushed aside to fill his basket.

Without any particular adventures, and with only the usual number of scratches and falls, and only the common depth of dye in lips and fingers, the boys sat down to rest beneath the shade of some fine trees, which skirted a beautiful wood.



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"I say," said John Parker, "let us turn in here, we shall find shade enough, and I had rather sit on the grass and moss than on this bank. Come along, we have only to climb the hedge."

"But that would be trespassing," said one conscientious boy, who went by the name of Simon Pure, because he never would join in any sport he thought wrong, and used to recall the master's prohibitions rather oftener to his forgetful companions than they liked.

"Trespassing! a fig for trespassing," said John Parker, clearing away all impediments, and bestriding the narrow ditch, planted a foot firmly on the opposite bank.

"You may get something not so sweet as a fig for trespassing, John, though," said his brother Fred, who came up at this moment.

"Man-traps and spring-guns are fictions my lad," said Philip Harcourt, a boy of much the same turn as John, not easily persuaded any way; "Now for it, over Parker; be quick, man," and over he jumped.

Then followed Harcourt, White, and another little boy, whose name was Arthur, leaving Fred and Simon Pure in the middle of the road. The wood was, undoubtedly, a very delightful place, and more than one fine pheasant rustled amongst the underwood, and the squirrels leaped from bough to bough, whilst the music of the birds was charming. Fred, himself, was tempted as he peeped over the gap, and stood irresolute. The plantation was far enough from the residence of the owner, nor was it likely that they could do much mischief beyond frightening the game, and as it was not sitting time, Fred himself argued it could do no harm, but little Riches, the boy called Pure, who was a great admirer of Fred, especially since the affair of the Dahlias, begged him not to go; "Mr. Barton, you know, has such a great dislike to our trespassing," said Riches, "and if we stay here resolutely they will be sure to come back."

"Don't preach to me," was the rather unexpected reply, for Fred was not *perfect* yet, though he had gained a victory or two over his temper of late.

"I didn't mean to preach, but I do wish the boys would come home, it is growing late; and with our heavy baskets we shall only just get in in time."

"Halloo!" shouted Fred, getting on the bank. "Come back, won't you, or we shall be too late; come, John, you are the eldest, come along." But his call was drowned in the sound of their voices, which were echoing through the weeds, much to the annoyance, no doubt, of the stately pheasants who were not accustomed to human sounds like these. They were not at any great distance, and Fred could just distinguish parts of their conversation.



John and Harcourt were urging White, a delicate boy, and no climber, to mount a high tree in the wood, to enjoy they said the glorious sea-view; but in reality to make themselves merry at his expense, being certain that if he managed to scramble up he would have some difficulty in getting down, and would get a terrible fright at least. White stood at the bottom of the tree, looking at his companions as they rode on one of the higher branches of a fine spruce fir.



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“Don’t venture! White,” shouted Fred as loudly as he could shout, “don’t attempt it! They only want to make game of you, and you’ll never get down if you manage to get up. Take my advice now, don’t try.”

“Mind your own business,” and a large sod of earth was the reply. The sod struck the boy on the face, and his nose bled profusely.

“There,” said young Riches, “what a cowardly trick! Oh! I think White the meanest spirited boy I ever saw. He wouldn’t have flung that sod at you if you had been within arm’s length of him; well, I do dislike that White.”

“I’ll give it to him,” said Fred, as he vaulted over the fence, but immediately words, which Emilie had once repeated to him when they were talking about offensive and defensive warfare, came into his mind, and he stopped short. Those words were:—“If any man smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also,” and Fred was in the road again.

“Well,” said Riches, “we have done and said all we can, let us be going home, their disobeying orders is no excuse for us, so come along Parker—won’t you? They have a watch, and their blackberries won’t run away, I suppose.”

“Can’t we manage between us, though, to carry some of them?” said Fred. “This large basket is not nearly full, let us empty one of them into it. There, now we have only left them two. I’ve got White’s load. I’ve half a mind to set it down, but no I won’t though. You will carry John’s, Won’t you, that’s lighter, and between them they may carry the other.”

They went on a few steps when they both turned to listen. “I thought,” said Fred, “I heard my name called. It could only be fancy, though. Yet, hush! There it is! quite plain,” and so it was.

John called to him loudly to stop, and at that moment such a scream was heard echoing through the woods, as sent the wood pigeons flying terrified about, and started the hares from their hiding places. “Stop, oh stop, Fred, White can’t get down,” said John, breathless, “and I believe he will fall, if he hasn’t already, he says he is giddy. Pray come back and see if you can’t help him, you are such a famous climber.”

Fred could not refuse, and in less than five minutes he was on the spot, but it was too late. The branch had given way, and the boy lay at the foot of the tree senseless, to all appearance dead. There was no blood, no outward sign of injury, but—his face! Fred did not forget for many years afterwards, its dreadful, terrified, ghastly expression. What was to be done? They were so horror-struck that for a few minutes they stood in perfect silence, so powerfully were they convinced that the lad had ceased to breathe, that they remained solemn and still as in the presence of death.



To all minds death has great solemnities; to the young, when it strikes one of their own age and number, especially. "Come," said Fred, turning to Riches, "come, we must not leave him here to die, poor fellow. Take off his neck-handkerchief, Harcourt, and run you, Riches, to the stream close by, where we first sat down, and get some water. Get it in your cap, man, you have nothing else to put it in. Quick! quick!"



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“Joe! Joe!” said John, “only speak, only look, Joe, if you can, we are so frightened.”—
No answer.

“Joe!” said Fred, and he tried to raise him. No assistance and no resistance; Joe fell back passive on the arm of his friend, yes, friend—they were no longer enemies you know. Had Fred returned evil for evil, had he rushed on him as he first intended when he received the sod from White, he would not have felt as he now did. The boys, who, out of mischief, to use the mildest word, tempted him to climb to a height, beyond that which even they themselves could have accomplished, were not to be envied in *their* feelings. Poor fellows, and yet they only did what many a reckless, mischievous school boy has done and is doing every day; they only meant to tease him a bit, to pay him off for being so spiteful all the way, and so cross to Fred when he spoke. But it was no use trying to still the voice which spoke loudly within them, which told them that they had acted with heartless cruelty, and that their conduct had, perhaps, cost a fellow-creature his life.

“Will you wait with him whilst I run to L—— for papa?” said Fred.

“What alone?” they cried.

“Alone! why there are four of you, will be at least when Riches comes back.”

“Oh no! no! do you stay Fred, you are the only one that knows what you are after.”

“Well, which of you will go then? It is near two miles, and you must run, for his *life*—mind that.” No one stirred, and Riches at this moment coming up with the water, Fred told him in few words what he meant to do, and bade him go and stand by the poor lad. That was all that could be done, and “Riches don’t be hard on them; their consciences are telling them all you could tell them. Don’t lecture them, I mean; you would not like it yourself.”

Off ran Fred, and to his great joy, spying a cart, with one of farmer Crosse’s men in it, he hailed it, told his tale, and thus they were at L—— in a very short space of time. Terrified indeed was Mrs. Parker at the sight of her son driving furiously up in farmer Crosse’s spring-cart, and his black eye and swelled face did not tend to pacify her on nearer inspection. The father, a little more used to be called out in a hurry, and to prepare for emergencies, was not so alarmed, but had self-possession enough to remember what would be needed, and to collect various articles for the patient’s use.

The journey to the wood was speedily accomplished, but the poor lads who were keeping watch, often said afterwards that it seemed to them almost a lifetime, such was the crowd of fearful and wretched thoughts and forebodings, such the anxiety, and hopelessness of their situation. There in the silence of the wood lay their young companion, stretched lifeless, and they were the cause. The least rustle amongst the



leaves they mistook for a movement of the sufferer; but he moved not. How did they watch Mr. Parker's face as he knelt down and applied his fingers to the boy's wrist first, and then to his heart! With what intense anxiety did they watch the preparations for applying remedies and restoratives! "Was he, was he dead, *quite* dead?" they asked. No, not dead, but the doctor shook his head seriously, and their exclamations of joy and relief were soon checked.



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Not to follow them through the process of restoring animation, we will say that he was carefully removed to Mr. Barton's house, and tenderly watched by his kind wife. He had been stunned by the fall, but this was not the extent of the mischief. It was found upon examination that the spine had received irreparable injury, and that if poor White lived, which was doubtful, it would be as a helpless cripple. Who can tell the reflections of those boys? Who can estimate the misery of hearts which had thus returned evil for evil? It was a sore lesson, but one which of itself could yield no good fruit.

It was a great grief to Fred that his presence, in the excitable state of the sufferer, seemed to do him harm. He would have liked to sit by him, and share in the duties of his nursing, but whenever Fred approached, White became restless and uneasy, and continually alluded, even in his delirium, to the sod he had thrown, and to other points of his ungrateful malicious conduct to his school-fellow. This feeling, however, in time wore away, and many an hour did Fred take from play to go and sit by poor Joe's couch.

He had no mother to come and watch beside that couch, no kind gentle sister, no loving father. He was an orphan, taken care of by an uncle and aunt, who had no experience in training children, and were accustomed to view young persons in the light of evils, which it was unfortunately necessary to *bear* until the *fault* of youth should have passed away. Will you not then cease to wonder that Joe seemed to have so little heart? Affection needs to be cultivated; his uncle thought that in sending him to school and giving him a good education, he was doing his duty by the boy. His aunt considered that if in the holidays she let him rove about as he pleased, saw to the repairs of his clothes, sent him back fitted out comfortably, with a little pocket money and a little *advice*, she had done *her* duty by the child. But poor Joe! No kind mother ever stole to his bedside to whisper warnings and gentle reproof if the conduct of the day had been wrong; no knee ever bent to ask for grace and blessing on that orphan boy; no sympathy was ever expressed in one of his joys or griefs; no voice encouraged him in self-denial; no heart rejoiced in his little victories over temper and pride. Now, instead of blaming and disliking, will you not pity and love the unlovable and neglected lad?

He had not been long under Mr. Barton's care, and after all, what could a schoolmaster do in twelve months, to remedy the evils which had been growing up for twelve years? He did his best, but the result was very little, and perhaps the most useful lesson Joe ever had was that which Fred gave him about the Dahlias.

CHAPTER TENTH.

EDITH'S VISIT TO JOE.

Fred and Edith were sitting in the Canary room one Saturday afternoon, shortly after the event recorded in the last chapter; Edith listening with an earnest interest to the oft-repeated tale of the fall in the wood.



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“How glad you must have felt, Fred, when you thought he was dead, that you had not returned his unkindness.”

“Glad! Edith, I cannot tell you how glad; but glad is’nt the word, either. On my knees that night, and often since, I have thanked God who helped me to check the temper that arose. Those words out of the Bible did it: ‘If any man smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.’ Emilie told me that text one day, and I said I did’nt think I could ever do that, but I was helped somehow; but come, Edith, let us go and see Emilie Schomberg, I have’nt seen her since all this happened, though you have. How beautifully you keep my cages Edith! I think you are very clever; the birds get on better than they did with me. Is there any one you would like to give a bird to, dear? For I am sure you ought to share the pleasures, you have plenty of the trouble of my canaries.”

“Oh, I have pleasure enough, and their songs always seem like rejoicings over our reconciliation that day ever so long ago; you remember, don’t you, Fred? but I should like a bird *very* much to give to Miss Schomberg; she seems low-spirited, and says she is often very lonely. A bird would be nice company for her, shall we take her one?”

“It would be rather a troublesome gift without a cage, Edith, but I have money enough, I think, and I will buy a cage, and then she shall have her bird.”

“We will hang it up to greet her on Sunday morning, shall we?” Thus the brother and sister set out, and it was a beautiful sight to their mother, who dearly loved them, to see the two who once were so quarrelsome and disunited now walking together in *love*.

Emilie was not at home, and they stood uncertain which way to walk, when Fred said, “Edith, I want some one to teach poor Joe love; will you go with me and see him? You taught me to love you, and I think Joe would be happier if he could see some one he could take a fancy to. Papa said he might see one at a time now, and poor fellow, I do pity him so. Will you go? It is a fine fresh afternoon, let us go to Mr. Barton’s.”

The October sky was clear and the air bracing, and side by side walked Fred and Edith on their errand of mercy to poor neglected Joe, their young hearts a little saddened by the remembrance of his sufferings, “Is not his aunt coming?” asked Edith.

“No! actually she is not,” replied Fred. “She says in her letter she could not stand the fatigue of the journey, and that her physicians order her to try the waters of Bath and Cheltenham. Unfeeling creature!”

Thus they chatted till they arrived at Mr. Barton’s house. Mrs. Barton received them very kindly. “Oh, Miss Parker, she said, my heart aches for that poor lad upstairs, and yet with all this trial, and the wonderful providential escape he has had, would you believe it? his heart seems very little affected. He is not softened that I can see. I told him to day how thankful he ought to be that God did not cut him off in all his sins, and

he answered that they who tempted him into danger would have the most to answer for.”



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Ah, Mrs. Barton, it is not the way to people's hearts usually to find fault and upbraid them. There was much truth in what you said to Joe, but truth sometimes irritates by the way and time in which it is spoken, and it seems in this case that the *kind* of truth you told did not exactly suit the state of the boy's mind. Edith did not say this of course to the good lady, whose intentions were excellent, but who was rather too much disposed to be severe on young persona, and certainly Joe had tried her in many ways.

"I will go and see whether Joe would like to see Edith may I, madam, asked Fred?"
Permission was given.

"My sister is here, Joe, you have often heard me mention her, would you like to see her?"

"Oh, I don't know, my back is so bad. Oh dear me, and your father tells me I am to lie flat in this way, months. What am I to do all through the Christmas holidays too? Oh! dear, dear me. Well, yes, she may come up."

With this not very gracious invitation little Edith stepped upstairs, and being of a very tender nature, no sooner did she see poor Joe's suffering state than she began to cry. They were tears of such genuine sympathy, such exquisite tenderness, that they touched Joe. He did not withdraw the hand she held, and felt even sorry when she herself took hers away. "How sorry I am for you!" said Edith, when she could speak, "but may I come and read to you sometimes, and wait upon you when there is no one else? I think I could amuse you a little, and it might pass the time away. I only mean when you have no one better, you know."

Joe's permission was not very cordial, he was so afraid of girls' *flummery*, as he called it "She plays backgammon and chess, Joe, and I can promise you she reads beautifully."

"Well, I will come on Monday," said Edith, gaily, "and send me away if you don't want me; but dear me, do you like this light on your eyes? I'll ask mamma for a piece of green baize to pin up. Good bye."

As she was going out of the room Joe called her back. "I have such a favour to ask of you, Miss Parker. Don't bring that preaching German lady here of whom I have heard Fred speak; I don't mind you, but I cannot bear so much preaching. Mrs. Barton and her together would craze me." Edith promised, but she felt disappointed. She had hoped that Emilie might have gained an entrance, and she knew that Emilie would have found out the way to his heart, if she could once have got into his presence; but she concealed her disappointment having made the required promise, and ran after her brother.

"I don't like going where I am so plainly not wanted, Fred," said she on their way home, "Oh, what a sad thing poor White's temper is for himself and every one about him."



“Yes Edith, but we are not always sweet-tempered, and you must remember that poor White has no mother and no father, no one in short to love.” Edith found at first that it required more judgment than she possessed to make her visit to Joe White either pleasant or useful. Illness had increased his irritability, and so far from submitting patiently to the confinement and restriction imposed, he was quite fuming with impatience to be allowed to sit up and amuse himself at least.



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How ingenious is affection in contriving alleviations! Here Joe sadly wanted some one whose wits were quickened by love. Mrs. Barton nursed him admirably; he was kept very neat and nice, and his room always had a clean tidy appearance; but it lacked the little tokens of love which oft-times turn the sick chamber into a kind of paradise. No flowers, no little contrivances for amusement, no delicate article of food to tempt his sickly appetite. Poor Joe! Edith soon saw this, and yet it needs experience in illness to adapt one's self to sick nursing. Besides she was afraid, she did not like to offer books and flowers, and these visits were quite dreaded by her.

"Will you not go and see Joe, Emilie?" asked Edith, one day of her friend, as she was recounting the difficulties in her way. "You get at people's hearts much better than ever I could do."

"My dear child," said Emilie, "did not Joe say that he begged you never would bring the preaching German to see him? oh no, dear, I cannot force my company on him. Besides you have not tried long enough, kindness does not work miracles; try a little longer Edith, and be patient with Joe as God is with us. How often we turn away from Him when He offers to be reconciled to us. Think of that, dear."

"Fred is very patient and persevering; I often wonder, Miss Schomberg, that John, who really did cause the accident, seems to think less about Joe than Fred, who had not any thing to do with it."

"It is not at all astonishing, Edith. It requires that our actions should be brought to the light of God's Word to see them in their true condition. An impenitent murderer thinks less of his crime than a true penitent, who has been moral all his life, thinks of his great sin of ingratitude and ungodliness."

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

JOE'S CHRISTMAS.

Christmas was at hand; Christmas with its holidays, its greetings, its festive meetings, its gifts, its bells, and its rejoicings. That season when mothers prepare for the return of their children from school, and are wont to listen amidst storms of wind and snow for the carriage wheels; when little brothers and sisters strain their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the dear ones' approach along the snowy track; when the fire blazes within, and lamps are lit up to welcome them home; and hope and expectation and glad heart beatings are the lot of so many—of many, not of all. Christmas was come, but it brought no hope, no gladness, no mirth to poor White, either present or in prospect. The music and the bells of Christmas, the skating, the pony riding, the racing, the brisk walk, the home endearments were not for Joe—poor Joe. No mother longed for his return, no brother or little sister pressed to the hall door to get the first look or the first

word; no father welcomed Joe back to the hearth-warmth of home sweet home. Poor orphan boy!

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Joe's uncle and aunt wrote him a kind letter, quite agreed in Mr. Parker's opinion that a journey into Lincolnshire was, in the state of his back and general health, out of the question, were fully satisfied that he was under the best care, both medical and magisterial, (they had never seen either doctor or master, and had only known of Mr. Barton through an advertisement,) and sent him a handsome present of pocket money, with the information that they were going to the South of France for the winter. Joe bore the news of their departure very coolly, and carelessly pocketed the money, knowing as he did that he had a handsome property in his uncle's hands, and no one would have supposed from any exhibition of feeling that he manifested, that he had any feeling or any care about the matter. Once, indeed, when a fly came to the door to convey Harcourt to the railway, and he saw from the window of his room the happy school-boy jumping with glee into the vehicle, and heard him say to Mr. Barton, "Oh yes, Sir, I shall be met!" he turned to Fred who sat by him and said, "No one is expecting *me*, no one in the whole world is thinking of me now, Parker."

Fred told his mother of this speech, a speech so full of bitter truth that it made Mrs. Parker, kind creature as she was, shed tears, and she asked her husband if young White could not be removed to pass the Christmas holidays with them. The distance was not great, and they could borrow Mr. Darford's carriage, and perhaps it might do him good. Mr. Parker agreed, and the removal was effected.

For some days it seemed doubtful whether the change would be either for poor White's mental happiness or bodily improvement. The exertion, and the motion and excitement together, wrought powerfully on his nervous frame, and he was more distressed, and irritable than ever. He could not sleep, he ate scarcely any thing, he rarely spoke, and more than once Mrs. Parker regretted that the proposal had been made. In vain Edith brought him plants from the little greenhouse, fine camellias, pots of snow-drops, and lovely anemones. They seemed rather to awaken painful than pleasing remembrances and associations, and once even when he had lain long looking at a white camellia he burst into tears. It is a great trial of temper, a great test of the sincerity of our purpose, when the means we use to please and gratify seem to have just the contrary effect. In the sick room especially, where kind acts, and gentle words, and patient forbearance are so constantly demanded, it is difficult to refrain from expressions of disappointment when all our endeavours fail; when those we wish to please and comfort, obstinately refuse to be pleased and comforted. Often did Fred and Edith hold counsel as to what would give Joe pleasure, but he was as reserved and gloomy as ever, and his heart seemed inaccessible to kindness and affection. Besides, there were continual subjects of annoyance which they could scarcely prevent, with all the forethought and care in the world.



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The boys were very thoughtful, for boys; Mrs. Parker had it is true warned them not to talk of their out-of-door pleasures and amusements to or before Joe, and they were generally careful; but sometimes they would, in the gladness of their young hearts, break out into praises of the fine walk they had just had on the cliff, or the glorious skating on the pond, of the beauty of the pony, and of undiscovered walks and rides in the neighbourhood. Once, in particular, Emilie, who was spending the afternoon with the Parkers, was struck with the expression of agony that arose to Joe's face from a very trifling circumstance. They were all talking with some young companion of what they would be when they grew up, and one of them appealing to Joe, he quickly said, "oh, a sailor—I care for nobody at home and nobody cares for me, so I shall go to sea."

"To sea!" the boy repeated in wonder.

"And why not?" said Joe, petulantly, "where's the great wonder of that?"

There was a silence all through the little party; no one seemed willing to remind the poor lad of that which he, for a moment, seemed to forget—his helpless crippled state. It was only Emilie who noticed his look of hopelessness; she sat near him and heard his stifled sigh, and oh, how her heart ached for the poor lad!

This conversation and some remarks that the boy made, led Mr. and Mrs. Parker seriously to think that he entertained hopes of recovery, and they were of opinion that it would be kinder to undeceive him, than to allow him to hope for that which could never be. Mr. Parker began to talk to him about it one day, very kindly, after an examination of his back, when White said, abruptly, "I don't doubt you are very skilful. Sir, and all that, but I should like to see some other doctor. I have money enough to pay his fee, and uncle said I was to have no expense spared in getting me the best advice. Sir J. ——— comes here at Christmas, I know, to see his father, and I should like to see him and consult him, Sir, may I?" Mr. Parker of course could make no objection, and a day was fixed for the consultation. It was a very unsatisfactory one and at once crushed all Joe's hopes. The result was communicated to him as gently and kindly as possible.

Mrs. Parker was a mother, and her sympathy for poor Joe was more lasting than that of the younger branches of the family. She went to him on the Sunday evening following the physician's visit to tell him the whole truth, and she often said afterwards how she dreaded the task. Joe lay on the sofa before the dining room window, watching the blue sea sit a distance, and thinking with all the ardour of youthful longing of the time when his back should be well, and he should be a voyager in one of those beautiful ships. He should have no regrets, and no friends to regret him; then he groaned at the pain and inconvenience and privation of his present state, and panted for restoration. Mrs. Parker entered and eat down by him.



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"Is Sir J. C—— gone, Ma'am?"

"Yes, he has been gone some minutes."

"What does he say?" asked the lad earnestly. "He said very little to me, nothing indeed, only all that fudge I am always hearing—'rest, patience,' and so on."

"He thinks it a very serious case, my dear; he says that the recumbent posture is very important."

"But for how long, Ma'am? I would lie twelve months patiently enough if I hoped then to be allowed to walk about, and to be able to do as other boys do."

"Sir J. C—— thinks, Joe, that you never will recover. I am grieved to tell you so, but it is the truth, and we think it best you should know it. Your spine is so injured that it is impossible you should ever recover; but you may have many enjoyments, though not able to be active like other boys. You must keep up your spirits; it is the will of God and you must submit."

Poor Mrs. Parker having disburdened her mind of a great load, and performed her dreaded task, left the room, telling her husband that the boy bore it very well, indeed, he did not seem to feel it much. The bell being already out for church, she called the young people to accompany her thither, leaving one maid-servant and the errand boy at home, and poor Joe to meditate on his newly-acquired information that he would be a cripple for life. Edith looked in and asked softly, "shall I stay?" but the "No" was so very decided, and so very stern that she did not repeat the question, so they all went off together, a cheerful family party.

The errand boy betook himself to a chair in the kitchen, where he was soon sound asleep, and the maid-servant to the back gate to gossip with a sailor; so Joe was left alone with a hand-bell on the table, plenty of books if he liked to read them, and as far as outward comforts went with nothing to complain of. "And here I am a cripple for life," ejaculated the poor fellow, when the sound of their voices died away and the bell ceased; "and, oh, may that life be a short one! I wish, oh, I wish, I were dead! who would care to hear this? no one—I wish from my heart I were dead;" and here the boy sobbed till his poor weak frame was convulsed with agony, and he felt as if his heart (for he had a heart) would break.

In his wretchedness he longed for affection, he longed for some one who would really care for him, "but *no one* cares for me," groaned the lad, "no one, and I wish I might die to night." Ah, Joe, may God change you *very* much before he grants that wish! After he had sobbed a while, he began to think more calmly, but his thoughts were thoughts of revenge and hatred. "*John* has been the cause of it all." Then he thought again, "they may well make all this fuss over me, when their son caused all my misery; let them do



what they will they will never make it up to me, but they only tolerate me I can see, I know I am in the way; they don't ask me here because they care for me, not they, it's only out of pity;" and here, rolling his head from side to side, sobbed and cried afresh. "What would I give for some one to love me, for some one to wait on me because they loved me! but here I am to lie all my life, a helpless, hopeless, cripple; oh dear! oh dear! my heart *will* break. Those horrid bells! will they never have done?"



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At the very moment when poor Joe was thinking that no one on earth cared for him, that not a heart was the sadder for his sorrow, a kind heart not far off was feeling very much for him. "I shall not go to church to-night, aunt Agnes," said Emilie Schomberg, "I shall go and hear what Sir J.C.'s opinion of poor Joe White is. I cannot get that poor fellow out of my mind."

"No, poor boy, it is a sad case," said aunt Agnes, "but why it should keep you from church, my dear, I don't see. I shall go."

So they trotted off, Emilie promising to leave aunt Agnes safe at the church door, where she met the Parkers just about to enter. "Oh Emilie," said little Edith, "poor Joe! we have had Sir J.C.'s opinion, and it is quite as had if not worse than papa's, there is so much disease and such great injury done. He is all alone, Emilie, do go and sit with him."

"It is just what I wish to do, dear, but do you think he will let me?"

"Yes, oh yes, try at least," said Edith, and they parted.

When Emilie rang at the bell Joe was in the midst of his sorrow, but thinking it might only be a summons for Mr. Parker, he did not take much notice of it until the door opened and the preaching German lady, as he called Emilie, entered the room. When she saw his swollen eyes and flushed face, she wished that she had not intruded, but she went frankly up to him, and began talking as indifferently as possible, to give him time to recover himself, said how very cold it was, stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, and then relapsed into silence. The silence was broken at times by heavy sighs, however—they were from poor Joe. Emilie now went to the piano, and in her clear voice sang softly that beautiful anthem, "I will arise and go to my Father." It was not the first time that Joe had shown something like emotion at the sound of music; now it softened and composed him. "I should like to hear that again," he said, in a voice so unlike his own that Emilie was surprised.

She sang it and some others that she thought he would like, and then said, "I hope I have not tired you, but I am afraid you are in pain."

"I am," said Joe, in his old gruff uncivil voice, "in great pain."

"Can I do any thing for you?" asked Emilie, modestly.

"No *nothing*, nothing can be done! I shall have to lie on my back as long as I live, and never walk or stand or do any thing like other boys—but I hope I shan't live long, that's all."



Emilie did not attempt to persuade him that it would not be as bad as he thought—that he would adapt himself to his situation, and in time grow reconciled to it. She knew that his mind was in no state to receive such consolation, that it rather needed full and entire sympathy, and this she could and did most sincerely offer. “I am *very* sorry for you,” she said quietly, “*very* sorry,” and she approached a little nearer to his couch, and looked at him so compassionately that Joe believed her.

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“Don’t you think that fellow John ought to be ashamed of himself, and I don’t believe he ever thinks of it,” said Joe, recurring to his old feeling of revenge and hatred.

“Perhaps he thinks of it more than you imagine,” said Emilie, “but don’t fancy that no one cares about you, that is the way to be very unhappy.”

“It is *true*,” said Joe, sadly.

“God cares for you,” however, replied Emily softly.

“Oh, if I could think that, it would be a comfort,” Miss Schomberg, “and I do need comfort; I do, I do indeed, groaned the boy.”

Emilie’s tears fell fast. No words of sympathy however touching, no advice however wise and good, no act however kind could have melted Joe as the tears of that true-hearted girl. He felt confidence in their sincerity, but that any one should feel for *him*, should shed tears for him, was so new, so softening an idea, that he was subdued. Not another word passed on the subject. Emilie returned to the piano, and soon had the joy of seeing Joe in a tranquil sleep; she shaded the lamp that it might not awake him, covered his poor cold feet with her warm tartan, and with a soft touch lifted the thick hair from his burning forehead, and stood looking at him with such intense interest, such earnest prayerful benevolence, that it might have been an angel visit to that poor sufferer’s pillow, so soothing was it in its influence. He half opened his eyes, saw that look, felt that touch, and tears stole down his cheeks; tears not of anger, nor discontent, but of something like gratitude that after all *one* person in the world cared for him. His sleep was short, and when he awoke, he said abruptly to Emilie, “I want to feel less angry against John,” Miss Schomberg, “but I don’t know how. It was such a cruel trick, such a cowardly trick, and I cannot forgive him.”

“I don’t want to preach,” said Emily, smiling, “but perhaps if you would read a little in this book you would find help in the very difficult duty of forgiving men their trespasses.”

“Ah, the Bible, but I find that dull reading; it always makes me low spirited, I always associate it with lectures from uncle and Mr. Barton. When I did wrong I was plied up with texts.”

Emilie did not know what answer to make to this speech. At last she said, “Do you remember the account of the Saviour’s crucifixion, how, when in agony worse than yours, he said, ‘Father forgive them.’ May I read it to you?”

He did not object, and Emilie read that history which has softened many hearts as hard as Joe’s. He made but little remark as Emilie closed the book, nor did she add to that which she had been reading by any comment, but; bidding him a kind good night, went to meet Aunt Agnes at the church door, and conduct her safely home.

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There is a turning point in most persons' lives, either for good or evil. Joe White was able long afterwards to recall that miserable Sunday evening, with its storm of agitation and revenge, and then its lull of peace and love. He who said, "Peace, be still," to the tempestuous ocean, spoke those words to Joe's troubled spirit, and the boy was willing to listen and to learn. Would a long lecture on the sinfulness and impropriety of his revengeful and hardened state have had the same effect on Joe, as Emilie's hopeful, gentle, almost silent sympathy? We think not. "I would try and make him lovable," so said and so acted Emilie Schomberg, and for that effort had the orphan cause to thank her through time and eternity.

Joe was not of an open communicative turn, he was accustomed to keep his feelings and thoughts very much to himself, and he therefore did not tell either Fred or Edith of his conversation with Emilie, but when they came to bid him good night, he spoke softly to them, and when John came to his couch he did not offer one finger and turn away his face, as he had been in the habit of doing, but said, "Good night," freely, almost kindly.

The work went on slowly but surely, still he held back forgiveness to John, and while he did this, he could not be happy, he could not himself feel that he was forgiven. "I do forgive him, at least I wish him no ill, Miss Schomberg," he said in one of his conversations with Emilie. "I don't suppose I need be very fond of him. Am I required to be that?"

"What does the Bible say, Joe? 'If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink.' 'I say unto you,' Christ says, 'Love your enemies.' He does not say don't hate them, he means *Love* them. Do you think you have more to forgive John than Jesus had to forgive those who hung him on the cross?"

"It seems to me, Miss Schomberg, so different that example is far above me. I cannot be like Him you know."

"Yet Joe there have been instances of persons who have followed his example in their way and degree, and who have been taught by Him, and helped by Him to forgive their fellow-creatures."

"But it is not in human nature to do it, I know, at least is not in mine."

"But try and settle it in your mind, Joe, that John did not mean to injure you, that had he had the least idea that you would fall he would never have tempted you to climb. If you look upon it as accidental on your part, and thoughtlessness on his, it will feel easier to forgive him perhaps, and I am sure you may. You are quite wrong in supposing that John does not think of it. He told Edith only yesterday that he never could forgive himself for tempting you to climb, and that he did not wonder at your cold and distant way to him. Poor fellow! it would make him much happier if you would treat him as though you forgave him, which you cannot do unless you *from your heart* forgive him."



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CHAPTER TWELFTH.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The conversation last recorded, between Emilie and Joe, took place a few days before Christmas. Every one noticed that Joe was more silent and thoughtful than usual, but he was not so morose; he received the little attentions of his friend more gratefully, and was especially fond of having Emilie talk to him, sing to him, or read to him. Emilie and her aunt were spending a few days at the Parkers' house, and it seemed to add very much to Joe's comfort. This Emilie was like a spirit of peace pervading the whole family. She was so sure to win Edith to obey her mamma, to stop John if he went a little too far in his jokes with his sister, to do sundry little services for Mrs. Parker, and to make herself such an agreeable companion to Emma, and Caroline, that they all agreed they wished that they had her always with them. Edith confessed to Emilie one day that she thought Emma and Caroline wonderfully improved, and as to her mamma, how very seldom she was cross now.

"We are very apt to think other persons in fault when we ourselves are cross and irritable, this may have been the case here, Edith, may it not?"

"Well! perhaps so, but I am sure I am much happier than I was, Emilie."

"*Great peace have they that love God's law,*' my dear, 'and nothing shall offend them.' What a gospel of peace it is Edith, is it not?"

The great work in hand, just now, was the Christmas tree. These Christmas trees are becoming very common in our English homes, and the idea, like many more beautiful, bright, domestic thoughts, is borrowed from the Germans. You may be sure that Emilie and aunt Agnes were quite up to the preparations for this Christmas tree, and so much the more welcome were they as Christmas guests.

"I have plenty of money," said Joe, "but I don't know, somehow, what sort of present to make, Miss Schomberg, yet I think I might pay for all the wax lights and ornaments, and the filagree work you talk of."

"A capital thought," said Emilie, and she took his purse, promising to lay out what was needful to the best advantage. Joe helped Emilie and the Miss Parkers very efficiently as he lay "useless," he said, but they thought otherwise, and gave him many little jobs of pasting, gumming, *etc.* It was a beautiful tree, I assure you; but Joe had a great deal of mysterious talk with Emilie, apart from the rest, which, however, we must not divulge until Christmas eve. A little box came from London on the morning of the day, directed to Joe. Edith was very curious to know its contents; so was Fred, so was John; Emilie only smiled.



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“Joe, won’t you unpack that box now, to gratify us all?” said Mr. Parker, as Joe put the box on one side, nodded to Emilie, and began his breakfast. No, Joe could not oblige him. Evening came at last, and the Christmas tree was found to bear rich fruit. From many a little sparkling pendant branch hung offerings for Joe; poor Joe, who thought no one in the world cared for him. He lay on his reclining chair looking happier and brighter than usual, but as the gifts poured into his lap, gifts so evidently the offspring of tenderness and affection, so numerous, and so adapted to his condition, his countenance assumed a more serious and thoughtful cast. Every cue gave him something. There is no recounting the useful and pretty, if not costly, articles that Joe became possessor of. A beautiful tartan wrapper for his feet, from Mrs. Parker; a reading desk and book from Mr. Parker; a microscope from John and Fred; a telescope from Emilie and Edith; some beautiful knitted socks from aunt Agnes; a pair of Edith and Fred’s very best canaries.

When his gifts were arranged on his new table, a beautifully made table, ordered for him by Mr. Parker, and exactly adapted to his prostrate condition, and Joe saw every one’s looks directed towards him lovingly, and finally received a lovely white camellia blossom from Edith’s hand, he turned his face aside upon the sofa pillow and buried it in his hands. What could be the matter with him? asked Mrs. Parker, tenderly. Had any one said any thing to wound or vex him? “Oh no! no! no!” What was it then? was he overcome with the heat of the room? “No, oh no!” but might he be wheeled into the dining room, he asked? Mr. Parker consented, of course, but aunt Agnes was sure he was ill. “Take him some salvolatile, Emilie, at once.”

“No aunt,” said Emilie, “he will be better without that, he is only overcome.”

“And is not that just the very thing I was saying, Emilie, child, give him some camphor julep then; camphor julep is a very reviving thing doctor! Mr. Parker, won’t you give him something to revive him.”

“I think,” said Emilie, who understood his emotion and guessed its cause, “I think he will be better alone. His spirits are weak, owing to illness, I would not disturb him.”

“Come,” said Mrs. Parker, “let us look at the tree, its treasures are not half exhausted.” Wonderful to say, although Joe had given his purse to Emilie for the adornment of the tree, there still were presents for every one from him; and what was yet more surprising to those who knew that Joe had not naturally much delicacy of feeling or much consideration for others, each present was exactly the thing that each person liked and wished for. But John was the most astonished with his share; it was a beautiful case of mathematical instruments, such a case as all L—— and all the county of Hampshire together could not produce; a case which Joe had bought for himself in London, and on which he greatly prided himself. John had seen and admired it, and Joe gave this prized, cherished case to John—his enemy John. “It must be intended for you Fred,” said John, after a minute’s consideration; “but no, here is my name on it.”



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Margaret, at this moment, brought in a little note from Joe for John, who, when he had read it, coloured and said, "Papa, perhaps you will read it aloud, I cannot."

It was as follows:—

DEAR JOHN,

I have been, as you must have seen, very unhappy and very cross since my accident; I have had my heart filled with thoughts of malice and revenge, and to *you*. I have not felt as though I could forgive you, and I have often told Emilie and Edith this; but they have not known how wickedly I have felt to you, nor how much I now need to ask your forgiveness for thoughts which, in my helpless state, were as bad as actions. Often, as I saw you run out in the snow to slide or skate, I have wished (don't hate me for it) that you might fall and break your leg or your arm, that you might know a little of what I suffered. Thank God, all that is passed away, and I now do not write so much to say I forgive you, for I believe from my heart you only meant to tease me a little, not to hurt me, but to ask you to pardon me for thoughts far worse and more evil than your thoughtless mischief to me. Will you all believe me, too, when I say that I would not take my past, lonely, miserable feelings back again, to be the healthiest, most active boy on earth. Emilie has been a good friend to me, may God bless her, and bless you all for your patience and kindness to.

JOS. WHITE.

Pray do not ask me to come back to you to night, I cannot indeed. I am not unhappy, but since my illness my spirits are weak, and I can bear very little; your kindness has been too much.

J.W.

The contents of the little box were now displayed. It was the only costly present on that Christmas tree, full as it was, and rich in love. The present was a little silver inkstand, with a dove in the centre, bearing not an olive branch, but a little scroll in its beak, with these words, which Emilie had suggested, and being a favourite German proverb of hers. I will give it in her own language, in which by the bye it was engraved. She had written the letter containing the order for the plate to a fellow-countryman of hers, in London, and had forgotten to specify that the motto must be in English; but never mind, she translated it for them, and I will translate it for you. "Friede ernaehrt, unfriede verzehrt." "In peace we bloom, in discord we consume." The inkstand was for Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and the slip of paper said it was from their grateful friend, Joe White. That was the secret. Emilie had kept it well; they rather laughed at her for not translating the motto, but no matter, she had taught them all a German phrase by the mistake.



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Where was she gone? she had slipped away from the merry party, and was by Joe's couch. Joe's heart was very full, full with the newly-awakened sense that he loved and that he was loved; full of earnest resolves to become less selfish, less thankless, less irritable. He knew his lot now, knew all that lay before him, the privations, the restrictions, the weakness, and the sufferings. He knew that he could never hope again to share in the many joys of boyhood and youth; that he must lay aside his cricket ball, his hoop, his kite, in short all his active amusements, and consign himself to the couch through the winter, spring, summer, autumn, and winter again. He felt this very bitterly; and when all the gifts were lavished upon him, he thought, "Oh, for my health and strength again, and I would gladly give up *all* these gifts, nay, I would joyfully be a beggar." But when he was alone, in the view of all I have written and more, he felt that he could forgive John, that in short he must ask John to forgive him, and this conviction came not suddenly and by chance, but as the result of honest sober consideration, of his own sincere communings with conscience.

Still he felt very desolate, still he could scarcely believe in Emilie's assurance, "You may have God for your friend," and something of this he told Miss Schomberg, when she came to sit by him for awhile. She had but little faith in her own eloquence, we have said, and she felt now more than ever how dangerous it would be to deceive him, so she did not lull him into false peace, but she soothed him with the promise of Him who loves us not because of our worthiness, but who has compassion on us out of his free mercy. Herein is love indeed, thought poor Joe, and he meditated long upon it, so long that his heart began to feel something of its power, and he sank to sleep that night happier and calmer than he had ever slept before, wondering in his last conscious moments that God should love *him*.

Poor Joel he had much to struggle with; for if indulgence and over-weening affection ruin their thousands, neglect and heartlessness ruin tens of thousands. The heart not used to exercise the affection, becomes as it were paralyzed, and so he found it. He could not love as he ought, he could not be grateful as he knew he ought to be, and he found himself continually receiving acts of kindness, as matters of course, and without suitable feeling of kindness and gratitude in return; but the more he knew of himself the more he felt of his own unworthiness, the more gratefully he acknowledged and appreciated the love of others to him. The ungrateful are always proud. The humble, those who know how undeserving they are, are always grateful.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

THE NEW HOME.



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Let us pass by twelve months, and see how the law of kindness is working then. Mrs. Parker is certainly happier, less troubled than she was two years ago; Edith is a better and more dutiful child, and the sisters are far more sociable with her than formerly. The dove of peace has taken up its abode in the Parker family. How is it in High Street? Emilie and aunt Agnes are not there, but Miss Webster is still going on with her straw bonnet trade and her lodging letting, and she is really as good tempered as we can expect of a person whose temper has been bad so very long, and who has for so many years been accustomed to view her fellow creatures suspiciously and unkindly.

But Emilie is gone, and are you not curious to know where? I will tell you; she is gone back to Germany—she and her aunt Agnes are both gone to Frankfort to live. The fact is, that Emilie is married. She was engaged to a young Professor of languages, at the very time when the Christmas tree was raised last year in Mr. Parker's drawing room. He formed one of the party, indeed, and, but that I am such a very bad hand at describing love affairs, I might have mentioned it then; besides, this is not a *love story* exactly, though there is a great deal about *love* in it.

Lewes Franks had come over to England with letters of recommendation from one or two respectable English families at Frankfort, and was anxious to return with two or three English pupils, and commence a school in that town. His name was well known to Mr. Parker, who gladly promised to consign his two sons, John and Fred to his care, but recommended young Franks to get married. This Franks was not loth to do when he saw Emilie Schomberg, and after rather a short courtship, and quite a matter of fact one, they married and went over to Germany, accompanied by John, Fred, and Joe White. Mr. Barton, after the sad accident in the plantation, had so little relish for school keeping, that he very gladly resigned his pupils to young Franks, who, if he had little experience in tuition, was admirably qualified to train the young by a natural gentleness and kindness of disposition, and sincere and stedfast christian principle.

Edith longed to accompany them, but that was not to be thought of, and so she consoled herself by writing long letters to Emilie, which contained plenty of L—— news. I will transcribe one for you.

The following was dated a few months after the departure of the party, not the first though, you may be sure.

L——, Dec, 18—
DEAREST EMILIE,

I am thinking so much of you to-night that I must write to tell you so. I wish letters only cost one penny to Frankfort, and I would write to you every day. I want so to know how you are spending your Christmas at Frankfort. We shall have no Christmas tree this year. We all agreed that it would be a melancholy attempt at mirth now you are gone, and dear Fred and John



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and poor Joe. I fancy you will have one though, and oh, I wish I was with you to see it, but mamma is often very poorly now, and likes me to be with her, and I know I am in the right place, so I won't wish to be elsewhere. Papa is very much from home now, he has so many patients at a distance, and sometimes he takes me long rides with him, which is a great pleasure. One of his patients is just dead, you will be sorry to hear who I mean—Poor old Joe Murray! He took cold in November, going out with his Life Boat, one very stormy night, to a ship in distress off L—— sands, the wind and rain were very violent, and he was too long in his wet clothes, but he saved with his own arm two of the crew; two boys about the age of his own poor Bob. Every one says it was a noble act; they were just ready to sink, and the boat in another moment would have gone off without them. His own life was in great danger, but he said he remembered your, or rather the Saviour's, "Golden Rule," and could not hesitate. Think of remembering that in a November storm in the raging sea! He plunged in and dragged first one and then another into the boat. These boys were brothers, and it was their first voyage. They told Joe that they had gone to sea out of opposition to their father, who contradicted their desires in every thing, but that now they had had quite enough of it, and should return; but I must not tell you all their story, or my letter will be too long. Joe, as I told you, caught cold, and though he was kindly nursed and Sarah waited on him beautifully, he got worse and worse. I often went to see him, and he was very fond of my reading in the Bible to him; but one day last week he was taken with inflammation of the chest, and died in a few hours. Papa says he might have lived years, but for that cold, he was such a healthy man. I feel very sorry he is gone. I can't help crying when I think of it, for I remember he was very useful to me that May evening when we were primrose gathering. Do you recollect that evening, Emilie? Ah, I have much to thank you for. What a selfish, wilful, irritable girl I was! So I am now at times, my evil thoughts and feelings cling so close to me, and I have no longer you, dear Emilie, to warn and to encourage me, but I have Jesus still. He is a good Friend to me, a better even than you have been. I owe you a great deal Emilie; you taught me to love, you showed me the sin of temper, and the beauty of peace and love. I go and see Miss Webster sometimes, as you wish; she is getting very much more sociable than she was, and does not give quite such short answers. She often speaks of you, and says you were a good friend to her; that is a great deal for her to say, is it not? How happy you must be to have every one love you! I am glad to say that Fred's canaries are well, but they don't *agree* at all times. There is no teaching canaries to love one another, so all I can do is to separate the fighters; but I love those birds, I love them for Fred's sake, and I love them for the remembrances they awaken of our first days of peace and union.

My love to Joe, poor Joe! Do write and tell me how he goes on, does he walk at all? Ever dear Emilie,



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Your affectionate

EDITH.

There were letters to John and Fred in the same packet, and I think you will like to hear one of Fred's to his sister, giving an account of the Christmas festivities at Frankfort.

DEAR EDITH,

I am very busy to-day, but I must give you a few lines to tell you how delighted your letters made us. We are very happy here, but *home* is the place after all, and it is one of our good Master's most constant themes. He is always talking to us about home, and encouraging us to talk of and think of it. Emilie seems like a sister to us, and she enters into all our feelings as well as you could do yourself. Well, you will want to know something about our Christmas doings at school. They have been glorious I can tell you—such a Christmas tree! Such a lot of presents in our *shoes* on Christmas morning; such dinings and supplings, and musical parties! You must know every one sings here, the servants go singing about the house like nightingales, or sweeter than nightingales to my mind, like our dear “Kanarien Vogel.” You ask for Joe, he is very patient, and kind and good to us all, he and John are capital friends; and oh, Edith, it would do your heart good to see how John devotes himself to the poor fellow. He waits upon him like a servant, but it is all *love* service. Joe can scarcely bear him out of his sight. Herr Franks was asked the other day, by a gentleman who came to sup with us, if they were brothers. John watches all Joe's looks, and is so careful that nothing may be said to wound him, or to remind him of his great affliction more than needs be. It was a beautiful sight on New Year's Eve to see Joe's boxes that he has carved. He has become very clever at that work, and there was an article of his carving for every one, but the best was for Emilie, and she *deserted* it. Oh, how he loves Emilie! If he is beginning to feel in one of his old cross moods, he says that Emilie's face, or Emilie's voice disperses it all, and well it may; Emilie has sweetened sourer tempers than Joe White's. But now comes a sorrowful part of my letter. Joe is very unwell, he has a cough, (he was never strong you know,) and the doctor says he is very much afraid his lungs are diseased. He certainly gets thinner and weaker, and he said to me to-day what I must tell you. He spoke of his longings to travel (to go to Australia was always his fancy.) “And now, Fred,” he said, “I never think of going *there*, I am thinking of a longer journey *still*.” “A longer journey, Joe!” I said, “Well, you have got the travelling mania on you yet, I see.” He looked so sad, that I said, “What do you mean Joe?” He replied, “Fred, I think nothing of journeys and voyages in this world now. I am thinking of a pilgrimage to the land where all our wandering's will have an end. I longed, oh Fred, you know how I longed to go to foreign



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lands, but I long now as I never longed before to go to *Heaven*." I begged him not to talk of dying, but he said it did not make him low spirited. Emilie and he talked of it often. Ah Edith! that boy is more fit for heaven than any of us who a year or two ago thought him scarcely fit to be our companion, but as Emilie said the other day, God often causes the very afflictions that he sends to become his choicest mercies. So it has been with poor White, I am sure. I find I have nearly filled my letter about Joe, but we all think a great deal of him. Don't you remember Emilie's saying, "I would try to make him lovable." He is lovable now, I assure you. I am sorry our canaries quarrel, but that is no fault of yours. We have only two school-fellows at present, but Herr Franks does not wish for a large school; he says he likes to be always with us, and to be our companion, which if there were more of us he could not so well manage. We have one trouble, and that is in the temper of this newly arrived German boy, but we are going to try and make him lovable. He is a good way off it *yet*. I must leave John to tell you about the many things I have forgotten, and I will write soon. We have a cat here whom we call *Muff*, after your old pet. Her name often reminds me of your sacrifice for me. Ah! my dear little sister, you heaped coals of fire on my head that day. Truly you were not overcome of evil, you overcame evil with good. Dear love to all at home. Your ever affectionate brother,

FRED PARKER.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THE LAST.

"Hush, dears! hush!" said a gentle voice, pointing to a shaded window. "He is asleep now, and we must have the window open for air this sultry evening. I would not rake that bed to-night, John, I think."

"It is *his* garden, Emilie."

"Yes, I know"—and she sighed.—

"It *is* his garden, and his eye always sees the least weed and the least untidiness. He will be sure to notice it when he is drawn out to-morrow."

"John there may be no to-morrow for Joe, he is altered very much to-day, and it is evident to me he is sinking fast. He won't come down again, I think."

"May I go and sit by him, Emilie?" said the boy, quietly gathering up his tools and preparing to leave his employment.

"Yes, but be very still."



It was a striking contrast; that fine, florid, healthy boy, whose frame was gaining vigour and manliness daily, whose blight eye had scarcely ever been dimmed by illness or pain, and that pale, deformed, weary sleeper. So Emilie thought as she took her seat by the open window and watched them both. The roses and the carnations that John had brought to his friend were quietly laid on the table as he caught the first glimpse of the dying boy. There was

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that in the action which convinced Emilie that John was aware of his friend's state and they quietly sat down to watch him. The stars came out one by one, the dew was falling, the birds were all hurrying home, children were asleep in their happy beds; many glad voices mingled by open casements and social supper tables, some few lingered out of doors to enjoy the beauties of that quiet August night, the last on earth of one, at least, of God's creatures. They watched on.

"I have been asleep, Emilie, a beautiful sleep, I was dreaming of my mother; I awoke, and it was you. John, *you* there too! Good, patient, watchful John. Leave me a moment, quite alone with John, will you, Emilie? Moments are a great deal to me now."

The friends were left alone, their talk was of death and eternity, on the solemn realities of which one of them was about to enter, and carefully as John had shielded Joe, tenderly as he had watched over him hitherto, he must now leave him to pass the stream alone—yet not alone.

Emilie soon returned; it was to see him die. It was not much that he could say, and much was not needed. The agony of breathing those last breaths was very great. He had lived long near to God, and in the dark valley his Saviour was still near to him. He was at peace—at peace in the dying conflict; it was only death now with whom he had to contend. Being justified by faith, he had peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ. His last words were whispered in the ear of that good elder sister, our true-hearted, loving Emilie. "Bless you, dear Emilie, God *will* bless you, for 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'"

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