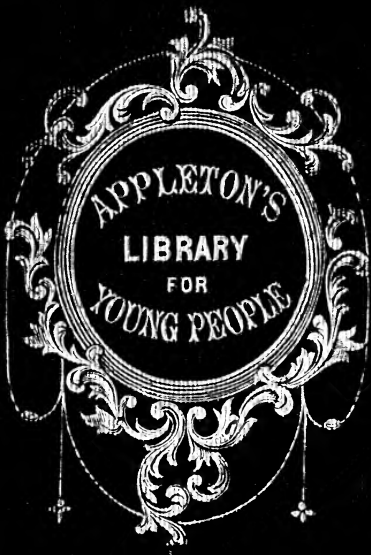
APPLETON'S
LIBRARY
FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE

Olive Percival

Los Angeles
April 1909

Walter Callender

Feb 22, 18[illegible]

[illegible]


ROBBETT - HOOPER SC.

Grace and Clara;

OR,

BE JUST AS WELL AS GENEROUS.

BY

M. J. McINTOSH,

AUTHOR OF "ELLEN LESLIE," "JESSIE GRAHAM," "BLIND ALICE," "FLORENCE ARNOTT," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.
M.DCCC.LVI.

GRACE AND CLARA.

CHAPTER I.

AUNT KITTY'S GREETING.

NEARLY a year has passed, my dear young friends, since first Aunt Kitty met you with a "Merry Christmas or Happy New-Year." The snow, which then spread a veil over all things, has long since melted away. The spring flowers which succeeded it have withered. The summer and autumn fruits have been gathered. Again winter has stripped even the leaves from the trees, and we awake each morning expecting to find that again he has clothed them in robes of spotless white. And now that the season for holidays and

merriment has returned,—now that your friends greet you not only with smiling faces and pleasant words, but with presents, as marks of their affection and approbation, Aunt Kitty, too, comes with her token of remembrance.

Before she presents it, will you permit her to ask how you have received those which she has already sent you? Have you learned from "Blind Alice" and her young friend Harriet, that to do right is the only way to be happy, and from "Jessie Graham," that it is true wisdom to speak the simple truth always, and from "Florence Arnott," that selfishness is a great evil, and will, if you indulge it, bring great sufferings on yourself and others? If you have learned these lessons and practise them, then am I sure that your Christmas will be merry and your New-Year happy,—that the good-humored tones and ringing laughter of your young companions will never be changed into wrangling and fretful cries, or the smiles of

your older friends into grave and disapproving looks. That I think of you, this little book will prove, and though I may not see you, I shall probably hear of your improvement and enjoyment, and my holidays will be the pleasanter for them.

These holidays I shall pass in the country at the house of my friend Mrs. Wilmot, to whom I have already made a very long visit. There are residing here six young girls, the eldest little over twelve, and the youngest under ten years of age. Already they have learned to regard a walk with Aunt Kitty, as a reward for a well-recited lesson, and to cluster around her by the evening fire, with wishful eyes and earnest voices asking for one story more. At any hint of my going home, their remonstrances and entreaties are so vehement, that, I think, when it becomes absolutely necessary to leave them, I shall have to steal away.

I am about to introduce these little girls to you by name, to tell you how their time is generally employed, how their holidays are passed, and thus to make you quite well acquainted with them.

CHAPTER II.

HAZEL GROVE.

Mrs. Wilmot was left a widow when her two daughters, Grace and Lucy, were very young—so young that Lucy, who is now ten years old, does not remember her father at all, and Grace, who is twelve, has only a very faint recollection of a gentleman, who, when he was lying on a couch in the parlor, used to have her brought to him, and kiss her, and give her some of the candies which he always seemed to have near him. Mrs. Wilmot found herself not very rich on the death of her husband, and as she was a very highly educated and accomplished woman, she was advised to keep a school for young ladies. She did not remove

into a city to do this, for her own pleasant house is near enough to a large town to admit of her having day scholars from it; and she took no boarders, but four girls, the children of friends who had known her long, and who were glad to have their daughters under her care, on any terms. These four girls are about the age of her own children, and have been educated with them as sisters. Indeed, as they call her "Mamma Wilmot," but for their being so much of the same age, a stranger might suppose them all her own children. Their names are Clara Devaux, Martha Williams, and Kate and Emma Ormesby. These two last-named girls are twin sisters, and so much alike that it was formerly frequent sport with them to perplex their young companions by answering to each other's names. This they can no longer do, as Kate has grown tall and thin, while Emma is still a fat, chubby little girl. Mrs. Wilmot, about two years ago, had some property left her, which would have supported herself and her daugh

ters very comfortably without the profits of her school, but she had become so much interested in her young boarders, that she was not willing to part with them. She gave up, however, all her day scholars, and then wrote to me requesting that I would visit her, as she would now, she said, have only her six little girls to teach, and would therefore have leisure enough to admit of her enjoying a friend's society. As soon as possible after I received this letter, I went to Hazel Grove, the name of Mrs. Wilmot's place, taking Harriet with me.

We arrived at noon of a bright day in October. We had already begun to enjoy the glow of a fire in the chill mornings and evenings, but, at that hour, the sun was so warm that it might almost have cheated us, as well as the little birds and insects, into believing that summer was not quite gone.

Hazel Grove is a very pretty place. It fronts a fine, bold river, to whose very edge the lawn, on

which the house stands, slopes gently down. On the opposite side of the river, the banks are steep and thickly wooded. On the left of the house, as we approached, lay a large orchard, which still looked inviting, with its yellow pears and its red or speckled apples. On the right, was a fine old wood of oak and maple and beech trees, intermingled with the smaller hazels, from which the place takes its name. Have you ever, in Autumn, when the nights became cold, watched the trees, as their green first grew deeper and more vivid, and then was changed from day to day into every varying shade of color, from russet brown to pale yellow—from deep rich crimson to bright scarlet and flaunting orange? If you have, you may know how gayly this wood was looking when first we saw it.

But pleasant as all this was, there was something in the old stone cottage, with its yard bordered with flowers and shaded with large black-walnut trees, which pleased me yet better;

and best of all was the view which I caught of the parlor through the open windows. There sat Mrs. Wilmot in a rocking-chair, with six little girls around her, to whom she was reading. These girls were all busily at work, except one bright-eyed, curly-headed little thing, seated on a low stool at Mrs. Wilmot's feet, whom I afterwards found to be her youngest daughter, Lucy. She, too, had some work in her hand, but she was so much interested in what she was hearing, that her needle stood still, while she looked up into her mother's eyes, as if she would read the story in them. I had only a single minute to see all this, for the noise of letting down the carriage steps caused Mrs. Wilmot to look out, and in an instant the book was laid aside, the work thrown down, and she hastened to meet us, followed by her children.

The rest of this day was a holiday to the children, and while Mrs. Wilmot and I sat talking over old friends and old times, they led Har-

riet to their gardens and their baby-houses, their swing, and the playground where they were accustomed to trundle their hoops and jump the rope,—showed her the calf, Martha's pet lamb, Kate's and Emma's English rabbits, Clara's dove, Lucy's kitten, and Grace's puppy, which were each the most beautiful of their kind that had ever been seen. The next morning I was introduced to all these beauties, and quite won the hearts of their owners by my evident admiration of them. When my visits were over, Mrs. Wilmot called her little girls to their lessons, in which Harriet, at her own request, joined them. Mrs. Wilmot had a good library, and while she and the girls were engaged with their studies in the morning, I was generally there, reading or writing. At dinner we met again, and the afternoon was passed together in some entertaining and pleasant way at home, or in driving, walking, or visiting some of the agreeable people with whom Mrs. Wilmot was acquainted in the town.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRIENDS.

AMONGST the children at Hazel Grove, there were, as you may suppose, varieties of disposition and character, and though they seemed all to feel kindly and affectionately to each other, each of them had some chosen companion, to whom their plans were confided, and with whom all their pleasures were shared. Kate and Emma, the twins, were almost inseparable; Lucy Wilmot and Martha Williams walked together, assisted each other in their gardens, and nursed each other's pets; while Clara Devaux and Grace Wilmot read from the same book, pursued the same studies, and sought the same amusements. Yet there could scarce have been two persons less alike than

Clara Devaux and Grace Wilmot. Clara was gay and spirited, generous and thoughtless. A quick temper often made her say unkind words, which an affectionate heart made her feel, in a short time, far more painfully than the person to whom they were addressed. Grace was, on the contrary, of a grave, serious nature, and seemed always to take time to think before she acted. She too, possessed a very affectionate heart, and the least appearance of coldness or anger from one she loved, would distress her much, but she had scarcely ever been known to speak or even to look angrily. In one thing, however, these girls were alike,—they were both remarkable for their truth. I do not mean only that they would not tell a story, for this I hope few little girls would do, but they would not in any way deceive another, and if they had done wrong, they did not wait to be questioned, but would frankly tell of themselves. Mrs. Wilmot, in speaking to me of their attachment, said she was pleased at it, for she thought they

had been of use to each other; that Clara had sometimes stimulated Grace to do right things which, without her persuasions, she would have been too timid to attempt, and that Grace had often prevented Clara from doing wrong things into which her heedlessness would have led her but for her friend's prudent advice.

Not far from Mrs. Wilmot's lived a man who was feeble in health and somewhat indolent in his habits. He had three little daughters, the eldest of whom was little more than four years old when their mother died. She was an active, industrious woman, and had always taken good care of them, but as their father was far from rich, they fared hardly after her death, and were often sadly neglected. They could not go to any school except Sunday-school, because their father could not afford to pay anything for their education, and at Sunday-school they were seldom seen, because there was no one to take care that their clothes were mended and washed in time.

"Poor children," said Grace one day, when she and Clara had passed them in walking, "how sorry I am for them! They have no kind mother to take care of them and teach them as I have."

"No, but they might go to Sunday-school, if they would," said Clara; "and they could learn a great deal there."

"Yes, Clara, but are you sure that we should ever have gone to Sunday-school, if we had had no one to see that we were ready, and send us there?"

"No," said Clara, "I do not think we should."

The girls walked silently on for a few minutes, when Clara said, "Grace, suppose we teach these poor little children?"

"We teach them, Clara—what an idea!" exclaimed Grace.

"And why not? I am sure we can teach them to read and to say hymns and verses from the Bible, and we shall be learning something more and more every day to teach them, as they grow

older. Come, let us turn back and ask them if they will come to school to us."

Clara was already retracing her steps, but Grace put her hand on her arm and stopped her. "Stay, Clara,—it seems very good, and I am sure I should like to teach them if I can,—but let us ask mamma about it first, and if she think it right, she will show us the best way to do it."

Clara readily agreed to this proposal. When they returned home, Mrs. Wilmot was consulted. She highly approved the plan, and promised to aid them in its execution, provided the time which they gave to their little pupils was taken, not from their studies or work, but from their amusements. For many months before my visit, Clara and Grace had commenced their school, devoting one hour each day to these motherless children. There was something very touching to me in seeing these young teachers' patient and persevering efforts to instruct their charge. Especially did it please me to see the gay, pleasure-loving Clara

lay aside her bonnet, when ready for a walk or ride, put up her battledoor, or jump from the just-entered swing, when she saw the little girls approaching. I said something of this kind one day to Mrs. Wilmot, and Clara, who was nearer than I thought, overheard me. She colored, looked quickly at me, as if she would speak, and then, her courage failing, looked down again.

"What would you say, Clara?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

"That if it had not been for Grace, ma'am, I should have often put off teaching them, and maybe, should have given it up altogether before this."

"And how has Grace prevented you, my dear?"

"Why, the first time I wanted to put off the lesson was once that Mr. Gilbert called to give me a drive in his new carriage, just as the children came. But when I said 'let us put them off,' Grace looked very sorry, and said, I must remem-

ber how much trouble we had had in getting them to come to us; and now, if we put them off for a drive, they would think we did not care much for the lessons, and would perhaps not come again. Grace seemed so serious and earnest, that I was ashamed of having even thought of putting them off; and so I have never said anything about it since, though I have been very tired sometimes."

Grace had entered while Clara was speaking, and now said, "Ah, Clara! but we would never have begun to teach them if it had not been for you."

My young readers may understand from this sketch what Mrs. Wilmot meant by saying that Clara stimulated Grace to do right things, and Grace prevented Clara from doing wrong ones.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

THE first Saturday after my arrival at Hazel Grove, I found, after breakfast, that Clara, instead of getting her books, as usual, produced some colored silks and a frame for embroidery, in which was an apron with a border of beautifully shaded white, pink, and crimson rose-buds, just commenced. At the same time, Grace brought out her paints and brushes and an unfinished flower-piece, which showed both great taste in its design and great care in its execution. These things were laid on the table, and then these two girls seemed to have nothing to do but to watch for the arrival of some one whom they evidently expected with impatience. At

length Clara cried out, "I see her, Grace—there she is."

I looked and saw, still at a distance from the house, the figure of a girl apparently not older than those who were so anxiously expecting her. She carried a portfolio under her arm, and walked with a quick, buoyant step, which showed that she was both well and cheerful.

"Who is that?" said I to Grace.

"Cecille L'Estrange, ma'am," she replied.

"And is she coming to take lessons with you?"

"No, ma'am," she said, smiling, "she is coming to teach us."

"To teach you!" I exclaimed, with surprise, "why, she is a child, like yourselves. What can she teach you?"

"Oh! a great deal more than we have time to learn," said Clara, while Grace added,

"She is two years older than Clara and I,—she is thirteen."

I had no time to ask farther questions, for Cecille was at the door. She entered smiling, and said, "Ah! you wait for me—but I am punctual, it is just the time," pointing to a clock on the mantelpiece, which said exactly nine o'clock. As she spoke, her eye turning towards that part of the room where I was sitting, she colored, and looked down. Grace, who always seemed thoughtful of the comfort of others, saw this little embarrassment, and introduced her to me.

Either this introduction, or something in my manner to her, set her quite at her ease; and when I asked if I should be in their way, it was with a very sweet, engaging smile that she replied, "Oh no, indeed! I should very much like to have you stay, if you please."

Before I say anything more of Cecille L'Estrange, it will, perhaps, be best to tell my young readers, that she was a French girl, and therefore, though she understood English perfectly

well, and spoke it better than most foreigners do, she sometimes expressed herself in a different manner from what an English person or an American would have done: and when she was very much excited from any cause, either pleasant or painful, she would bring in a French word here and there, without seeming to notice, or even to know it herself. These words, however, I will always translate into English for you.

I had nothing to do for some time but to watch my companions as they sat busily engaged, and their silence only broken now and then by a direction from their young instructress. Seldom have I seen any one who interested me more than this young instructress. Now that I saw her more nearly, I still thought that she did not look older than Clara or Grace; indeed, she was smaller than either of them. Her features, too, were small; and though, when quite still, there was an earnest, grave expression in her face, when she spoke or smiled it was lighted up with such animation and

gayety that she seemed like a playful child. I watched her very earnestly, for there was something about her which made me think, that young as she was, and cheerful as she now appeared, she had felt sorrow and trial. At one time, in moving some things which stood on the table out of Clara's way, she took up a small bronze figure of Napoleon Bonaparte. She did not put this down immediately, but continued to hold it and look at it, till her countenance grew very sad, and she sighed heavily. Just then, Grace, having put the finishing touch to a splendid rose, placed the piece before her eyes without speaking. In an instant all sadness was gone from her face, and, clapping her hands together, she exclaimed, in French, "What a beautiful flower!" then, laughing at her own forgetfulness, added, in English, "It is beautiful! is it not, madam?" showing it to me as she spoke.

It was beautiful, and I praised it as it deserved.

A few minutes after this, Cecille, glancing at the clock, started up, exclaiming, "I must go, it is after eleven!"

"Wait five minutes," said Clara, "and just show me how to put in that last shade, and I will soon finish this corner."

Cecille looked distressed, turned her eyes from the work to the clock, took the needle from Clara's fingers, and then dropping it, said, "I will come back this afternoon, and show you; but you must let me go now. I told my grandmamma that I would come back to her at half-past eleven. I shall just have the time now to get home before that; and if I stay longer she will be frightened for me."

She took up her portfolio, courtesied to me, bade the girls good-by, again assuring Clara that she would come back, and in less than two minutes was out of sight.

"I am sorry," said Clara, as she was putting up her work, "that I asked her to show me any

more to-day, for now she will take that long tiresome walk back again."

"Besides, Clara," said Grace, "you know she is always at work when she is at home, and she will lose so much time coming twice to-day."

"Well, I am sure, Grace," said Clara, reddening at what seemed to her a reproach, "I did not ask her to come again, and I can do no more than be sorry for it now."

"Yes, we can do something more," said Grace, "we can walk over after dinner and tell her not to come."

"So we can, and so we will," said Clara, relieved at once by seeing that she could do something to remedy the evil.

CHAPTER V.

CECILLE.

When Mrs. Wilmot joined us I told her how much I had been interested by the young Cecille, and begged her to tell me all she knew of her.

"That I will readily do," Mrs. Wilmot replied; "but the all is not much. She has been but a short time near us, for it was only late in the last winter, when the roads were full of snow and ice, that a stage full of passengers from B. was upset, not far from us. None were hurt but an old lady, who had her arm broken. It was quite impossible for her to continue her journey, yet she seemed, I was afterwards told, much distressed at being compelled to remain. The pain occasioned

by her removal from the road to a neighboring house caused her to faint; and before she recovered her consciousness the surgeon had been called, and everything was in readiness for setting the arm. A little girl, who had been travelling with her, stood weeping beside her, addressing her in French in the most plaintive and tender tones, and by the endearing title of 'mamma.' As the poor lady revived she spoke to this child in the most rapid and energetic manner, while she repulsed the proffered assistance of the surgeon. She spoke in French, which no one present understood, but it was evident from her manner that she was insisting on something which the poor child was vehemently, yet respectfully and tenderly opposing. At length the surgeon said, 'Your mamma is wrong, my dear, to leave her arm so long unattended to. It is already swelling, and every minute's delay will make the operation more painful.' As he ceased speaking, the old lady turned to the child and said something with

great energy. The little girl now, in a very hesitating and embarrassed manner, explained that the lady whom, when speaking in English, she called grandmamma, did not want anything done to her arm. 'She will die then,' said the blunt but honest and kind-hearted Dr. Willis. The little girl wrung her hands in agony, and a groan for the first time burst from the lips of the old lady, showing that though she either could not or would not speak English, she understood it well. A sentence addressed to her by the child in the most imploring tone caused the tears to spring to her eyes. As Cecille,—for she was the child,—spoke to her grandmother, she had drawn out a small embroidered purse. This action revealed to Dr. Willis the secret of the old lady's reluctance to have anything done to her arm. She was afraid to incur the expense of a surgical operation. The bluntest people become gentle when their kindly feelings are excited, and I have no doubt it was with great tenderness that Dr. Wil-

lis addressed himself to Madame L'Estrange in his endeavors to induce her to accept of assistance which, though necessary to her life, she would have rejected from the fear that she could not pay for it. How he managed it I know not; but he did at length win her consent, to the almost frantic joy of Cecille.

"A fractured limb is, you know, a very serious thing with an old person, and it was many weeks before Madame L'Estrange recovered from the fever occasioned by hers. Dr. Willis saw that she was often painfully anxious on some subject, and remembering the little purse, he was not long at a loss to conjecture the cause. Yet it was a subject on which he knew not how to speak. It was no easy matter, you know, to say to a lady, 'I see that you are very poor, and I would like to help you."

"One morning the doctor found Cecille weeping bitterly. With some soothing and some questioning he gained her confidence, and found

that the week's board paid that morning had nearly emptied the little purse—that her grandmother felt that they could not continue to live on the poor widow, to whose house she had been carried, and where they had since remained, without the means of paying her,—yet that they knew not where or how to go. 'And what did you mean to do if you had not been stopped here? Your money would not have supported you any longer in another place,' said Dr. Willis. 'Oh sir! if we could only have got to some large city, grandmamma says I could soon have made money enough for her and myself too.' 'You make money!' repeated the doctor with surprise, looking at the delicate figure and soft white hands of the child. 'What could you do?' 'I can do a great many things. I can embroider on muslin and silk—I can make pretty fancy boxes—I can paint—and grandmamma thinks, with some practice, I could take miniatures.' The doctor listened to this list of Cecille's accomplishments, and

shook his head dejectedly. Had Cecille said she could scrub and she could wash, he could have seen how money could be made by her, but these fine lady works he had been accustomed to think only so many ways of wasting time. Fortunately for our little Cecille, all persons did not consider them so unprofitable. The doctor called at our house after visiting Madame L'Estrange, and with his own mind full of Cecille's sorrows, he repeated to me, in the presence of my children, what he had just heard. Clara scarcely allowed him to finish before she expressed a determination to have a muslin cape and a silk apron embroidered, a fancy box made, a picture painted, and a miniature either of Grace or herself taken. I begged, however, that before giving her orders she would calculate her means of paying for them. These means amounted to five dollars a month, which her father had permitted her to spend as she pleased from the day she became ten years old. Clara soon found that it would be

long before this would remunerate Cecille for half the employment she was arranging for her. She looked at me in despair, and seemed half provoked when I smiled at her perplexity. 'Then I cannot help her,' she exclaimed sorrowfully. 'Stay, stay, my dear,' said I, 'do not be so hasty in your conclusions. You may help her very much, though you cannot do everything for her. How would you like to take lessons of Cecille, and learn to do these things for yourself instead of having them done for you?' 'Oh! I should like it above all things, but will papa let me, do you think?' 'I have no doubt that your papa will not only let you, but be very much pleased if you choose to devote a part of your pocket-money to your own improvement. Your allowance of five dollars a month will pay Cecille a fair price for so much of her time as will enable her to teach you some one of her accomplishments, and will leave you something for other pleasures too.' Clara was delighted with my proposal. I permitted

Grace to join her in her lessons, and for ten dollars a quarter from each of them, Cecille spends two hours in their instruction on every Wednesday and Saturday morning. But this is not all she does. She works very industriously at home, and when her work is completed she brings the article to me, and I forward it to a friend of mine in the city, who has hitherto been able to dispose of whatever she has done to great advantage. In this way this little girl has for some months supported not only herself but her feeble and aged grandmother."

"Poor things," said I, "if this is all their support, I fear they must often want."

"Indeed, I think you are mistaken. Their clothing is always neat, and they appear to live comfortably."

"Then," said I, "they must have some assistance from others; for according to your own account, the sum which Cecille receives from her pupils would amount in a year to only eighty dol-

lars. She must gain as much more from other work to be able to pay even the most moderate board for two persons; and then what becomes of their other expenses?"

"Ah! our Cecille, or rather her grandmother, is a better manager than you would be of her little funds," said Mrs. Wilmot, smiling. "They do not board, but hire from the widow Daly two rooms in her cottage. For these they pay only half of what Cecille receives from Clara and Grace. They keep no servant, but for a trifle obtain each day, from one of Mrs. Daly's daughters, an hour's assistance in putting everything around them into neat order. How they live, I know not; but I am sure Cecille could not be so cheerful as she is, if her grandmother suffered any serious want. Of one thing I am sure—they do not run in debt for anything; for Cecille, with many blushes and great timidity, begged her young pupils here to pay her by the month, as

her grandmother had engaged to pay her rent in that way, and would be very much distressed if she were obliged to be in debt, even for a single day."

CHAPTER VI.

THE VISIT.

If my readers have been only half as much interested in Mrs. Wilmot's account of Cecille as I was, they will not have thought it too long. Before it was concluded, I had determined to become better acquainted with Cecille L'Estrange; and when, immediately after an early, one o'clock dinner, Clara and Grace put on their bonnets, knowing that they were going to see her, I asked to walk with them. They were very glad to have my company, but asked if I would go with them through the wood and across the fields—there were only two fences to climb, and if they went by the road, they were afraid Cecille would have

set out before they could get to her house. This suited me well; for I had always rather go through a wood and across fields, than by a dusty road—so we were soon on the way. We walked on very quickly, not even stopping to pick the late fall flowers which we saw, though we marked their places that we might get them as we came back. The second field we crossed opened upon Mrs. Daly's orchard, from which we passed through the yard, and would have entered the house by the back door, had not Mrs. Daly met us and begged that we would go around to the front. "Not that I care about it, ma'am," said she to me in an apologizing manner: "front or back, it's all the same to me; but the good old lady in there"—pointing to the room near which we stood—"she's a clever body, but she has some queer notions. I guess she's been a lady born, and she don't like somehow that people should see them work—so she wants everybody to go to the front door, and in the parlor, where

they only do some of their light works; and as I said before, it's all the same to widow Daly—so if you please, ma'am, I'll show you the way round."

While Mrs. Daly was speaking, I had caught a view through the half open shutter of the inside of the room to which she had pointed. An old lady, dressed in a silk wrapper which even at that distance looked old and faded, was seated in one of Mrs. Daly's high-backed, straw-bottomed chairs, near a small table on which was spread a clean white towel. A plate with a slice of bread was before her. At the fireplace stood a young girl stooping over a furnace of coal, on which was a small pan. Though she had changed her dress and covered her head with a handkerchief, probably to keep her hair free from ashes or soot, I had no difficulty in recognising Cecille. She held a spoon in her hand, and occasionally used it to turn or stir what was in the pan. I was so much interested in observing her movements, that I said

to Mrs. Daly that I would let Clara and Grace go to the front door, and speak to Cecille, and I would await them where I then was. The children and Mrs. Daly had just left me, when I saw Cecille's glowing and pleased face turned towards her grandmother, while by the motion of her hand she seemed to ask for her plate. The old lady held it out, the pan was taken from the fire, and what seemed to me an omelet was laid on the plate. This, you know, is made of eggs, and it requires some skill in cookery to make it well. I judged from Cecille's looks that she thought this was well done. She was evidently more pleased with her success, more vain of her powers, in cooking, than in painting and embroidery. From her grandmother's pleased countenance, I was sure she was praising the omelet and its maker. After a while, however, the old lady looked a little sad. She kissed Cecille's cheek as she was bending over her, and taking the handkerchief from her head, smoothed the hair back from her

forehead. Then she offered Cecille her plate, and seemed to urge her to take some of her own cookery; but with a smile and shake of the head, Cecille turned to a cupboard, and taking from it a bowl of milk and another plate of bread, placed them on the table. She was just seating herself by her grandmother, when Mrs. Daly opened the door. After some words from her, Cecille rose and left the room, and but a few minutes passed before I was again joined by my young companions. We walked more leisurely home again, and did not now leave the flowers unplucked.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BLIND MAN.

As we were sitting, one afternoon during the next week, near the parlor windows, the girls and myself at work while Mrs. Wilmot read out for us, we heard the gate open, and looking up, saw an old man, whose clothes seemed to have been long worn, and whose white hairs were covered with a ragged straw hat, approaching the house. A little boy was with him, and as he came near, we saw that this little boy was leading him, by which we knew that the poor old man was blind. He seated himself on the step of the house, and taking off a bag, which was slung over his shoulder, drew a violin from it, and began to

play. The children wished to go out and speak with him, and as Mrs. Wilmot did not object, they were soon gathered round him. I followed them. They listened for a while without speaking. Then Lucy Wilmot, the youngest of the group, pressed up to his side, saying, "Cannot you see at all, sir?"

"No, my little miss. But though I cannot see you, I can hear your pleasant voice, and I know that you are sorry for the old blind man, and feel kindly to him, and I am sure that when you know he has had nothing to eat to-day, though he has come a great way, you will give him something."

In an instant all were in motion, and Mrs. Wilmot was soon busy preparing a plate of victuals, with a dozen little hands waiting to carry it to the old man, when prepared. After they had given it to him, the girls came back into the house till the first note of his violin told them that he had dined, when again they flocked

around him. Most people, and especially most old people, like to tell their sorrows. The old man was therefore quite ready to answer their questions, and they soon learned his little story. It was a very sad one. He had removed some years before with his son's family to a newly settled western state. The land on which they had made their home proved very unhealthy. His son and his son's wife were both in their graves. He had been very ill himself, and had only recovered with the entire loss of sight, and with a constitution so broken that he felt he had not long to live. "And glad shall I be," he said, "to lay this weary, sightless body down in the grave, to which so many I love have gone before me; but first I would take this poor orphan boy to those who will take care of him."

The tired travellers had yet fifty miles to go before they would reach the home of the old man's only remaining child, a daughter, who, though she had children of her own, would take care of the

boy, he said, for the love of him and of her dead brother. Poor little boy! how sad and weary he looked, and how bitterly he wept when the old man talked of his father and mother!

My little readers will easily believe that this sad story excited great pity, and they will not be surprised to hear that on Clara Devaux's proposing that they should give the old man something, each little girl brought her sixpence or her shilling and threw it into a bag which Clara herself held. As the proposal had been hers, I was very desirous to see what she would give, but this I could not do. Whatever it was, it made no noise as it fell into the bag, from which I thought it must be paper money, and consequently could not be less than one dollar.

Some of Grace Wilmot's movements on this occasion excited my surprise and curiosity very much. As soon as Clara's proposal was made, she ran into the parlor, took from her work-basket a pocket-book, and taking out all the money it

contained, counted it carefully upon the table before her. I could see that there were two bills and two silver half dollars. Grace took one of the bills, and putting the rest of the money away, turned towards the door, but before she had reached it, she seemed suddenly to have changed her mind, and going back returned the bill and took in its place one of the half dollars. As there was no one in the parlor but herself, Grace did not suppose she was seen, till raising her head, she caught my eye, as I stood at the window, looking fixedly at her. She colored very much, and running hastily to Clara dropped her half dollar into the bag.

Now you will say that this was a great deal for a young girl like Grace to give. So it was, and few little girls could have given so much. But I had seen that Grace had more money, and that she had thought of giving more and then had withdrawn it, and I could not help asking myself over and over again what could have been her

reason for doing so, whether she had kept it back for some more important purpose, or whether it had been only for some selfish gratification. On the answer to this question my opinion of Grace Wilmot would, I felt, greatly depend. Though I had to wait many weeks for this answer, you will learn, when you have read this little book, that I received an answer, and what that answer was.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIAN SUMMER.

About a fortnight after my first arrival at Hazel Grove commenced that delightful season which we call Indian Summer. I dare say you all know that by this we mean the two or three weeks of mild pleasant weather which we generally have in November, after the frosty nights and cold winds have made us suppose that Winter has come. I have no doubt that you all love better to be in the open air at this season than at any other,—that you play more merrily when out, and go in more reluctantly. But you have perhaps enjoyed the season without exactly knowing the reason of your enjoyment. Now I would have you, when next

there is an Indian Summer, notice how pure and balmy the air is, and of how deep and rich a yellow are the beams of the sun. I would have my young friends observe all the beautiful and pleasant things with which God has surrounded them, for if they do not, they will fail to give Him, in return, the tribute of loving and grateful hearts which is due to Him.

It was on one of these bright, pure, golden days in Indian Summer that I seated myself as usual after breakfast in Mrs. Wilmot's library, but I tried in vain either to read or write. Do what I would, my eyes would turn to the windows, and instead of the words on the page before me, I saw the leaves on the trees, the white clouds sailing over the bright blue sky, or the little birds hopping from branch to branch. If I had had lessons to learn that day I know not what I should have done,—but I had no lessons to learn, so I threw my book aside, put on my shawl and bonnet, and was soon walking in that beautiful

wood whose appearance on my first arrival I have described to you. Delightful indeed was my walk—full of pleasant sights and sounds,—and often did I wish for some of my young friends to partake of my enjoyments, as I saw a shower of bright-colored leaves whirling about in the air whenever the wind stirred the branches of the trees, or a shy rabbit spring away to a safer hiding-place, or a startled squirrel dart to the topmosts boughs which overhung my path, as the dry leaves rustled under my feet. So I wandered on, observing all these things, but meeting no one till I had nearly passed the wood. Then I heard a low, gentle voice singing. I listened, approaching as softly as possible. Soon I could hear the words, and found that they were French. It was a hymn describing the beauties of nature, and expressing the devotion of a gratcful loving heart to Him who made it so beautiful. I afterwards had the words of this hymn from Cecille, and have

tried to translate them into English verse for you. Here is my translation.

CECILLE'S HYMN.

I.

Thine, Father, is yon sky so bright,
And Thine the sun, whose golden light
Is shed alike on brook and sea,
On lowly flower and lofty tree.
So Thou, in equal love, hast smiled
On seraph high and humble child.

II.

No sea on which the sun doth look
Gleams brighter than yon little brook;
The loftiest tree, the lowliest flower,
Alike rejoice to feel his power;
And Thou, while seraphs hymn thy praise,
Dost bend to hear my simple lays.

When I was quite near Cecille, my steps caused her to look around. She did not seem at all startled or surprised at seeing me, but with a

pleasant smile held out her hand to me as I bade her good morning.

"I see, Cecille," said I, "that this lovely weather makes you an idler as well as me."

"Not quite an idler, ma'am," she replied, showing me a drawing she had made while sitting there, of the Widow Daly's cottage and orchard.

"For what is that pretty drawing intended, Cecille?"

"I hardly know yet, ma'am. The sun looked so bright and warm, that grandmamma knew I longed to be in it, so she made me put away my embroidery and come out, and this was the only thing I could do out here."

After looking at it a moment in silence, she added, "Do you not think it would make a pretty painting for the top of a work-box?"

"Yes, very pretty; but are you never idle, Cecille?"

"Not often, ma'am," said she, modestly.

"And do you not get weary of being always at work?"

"Weary of working for grandmamma—dear, good grandmamma!" she exclaimed, with energy. "Oh, no!—never." A minute after, speaking more quietly, she said, "Perhaps I should get tired, but when the work seems dull and hard, I always remember what Mr. Logan told me to do."

"And what was that, Cecille?"

"He said that at such times I must think of something that grandmamma wanted very much, and say to myself, this will help me to buy it when it is done, and he was sure then I would not get tired, or want to put my work down."

"Mr. Logan was a very wise man. Where did you know him?"

"In N., a little village that we went to when we first came over from France, when my dear papa was with us. He lived there with us for four years before he went back to France. My own dear papa, how I wish I could see him!"

"You remember your father then," said I.

"Remember him!" she repeated; "why it is only two years since he left us to go back to France."

"And what made him leave you, Cecille?" said I—then in an instant, feeling that my interest in Cecille had made me ask a question which it might be wrong in her to answer, I added, "Do not answer me, my child, if it was anything which you think your father would not wish you to tell."

"Oh, no!" said Cecille, smiling, "it was only because some friends wrote to him to say that if he would come to France, they thought they could get the king to give him back an estate that had been unjustly taken from him."

"And should he get it, would you return to France, Cecille?"

"Yes, for papa and grandmamma love France so well, that they will never, I think, be quite

happy anywhere else. My mamma is buried there too, on that same estate."

"Do you remember her, Cecille?"

"No—she died when I was a very little baby, and my grandmamma took care of me just as if she had been my own mamma. Papa told me all about it the night before he went away from us, and then he divided all the money that was left of what he had brought from France into two parcels, and he made me count what he took, and showed me that it was just enough to pay for his going back; and he told me how much was in the other parcel, that he was to leave with grandmamma. It seemed a great deal to me then, but papa said it was very little, and that it could not last long. Then he told me that he had taught me all he could himself, and had others teach me what he could not, in order that I might be able to work for grandmamma and myself, and I must do it when that money was gone, if I hoped for his blessing."

"And what made you leave N.?"

"Because it was such a little village that I could hardly get any work there. Mr. Logan advised us to go to New York; and we set out to go there, but the stage broke down with us here, and if it was not that poor grandmamma had suffered so much, I should be glad it did."

"You like your home here, then?"

"Oh, yes! dear Dr. Willis and Mrs. Wilmot are so kind to us. And then it is so pleasant to teach Clara and Grace, and every month to carry home some money to grandmamma."

"Then you carry to her whatever is paid you?"

"Yes; and after she has taken out what will pay Mrs. Daly our rent, and anything else we happen to owe, she gives me back the rest to do what I please with. I long for this month to be gone, that I may get my money,—for I have something very good to do with it this month."

She looked up so pleasantly in my face, that I said, "Will you not tell me what it is, Cecille?"

"Yes, if you will not tell, for I want to surprise grandmamma. I am going to get her some flannel. I have found out already how much it will cost, and I will have a plenty of money, with a little that I laid by from the last month, to get it. Then I will get some one to show me how to cut it out, and it shall be all made before grandmamma sees it. Do you not think she will be pleased?"

"Very much pleased, I doubt not," I replied, "and you must let me cut it for you, and assist you in making it."

"Will you do that? That will be very kind."

We were both silent a little while, when Cecille, suddenly looking up, asked, "Do you not speak French?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then you must come and see my grandmamma. Will you not?"

"Certainly—with pleasure; but does she not speak English?"

"A little, but it is not easy to her—and so I do not ask people to see her who cannot understand her French."

"Shall I go with you now?" I asked.

Cecille looked up to the sun and down again, without speaking. I saw she was a little embarrassed, and said, "You would rather I should not go to-day."

"Yes—for it is near grandmamma's dinner-time, and I must go to get it for her," she added, rising.

I rose too, and taking her hand, said, "Well, good-by, Cecille—remember we are not to be strangers any longer."

"No, no," she said warmly, "friends—good friends now." She held up her face to be kissed,

picked up her pencil and drawing, and hastened away. Before she had gone far I could again hear her carolling cheerfully, "Thine, Father, is yon sky so bright."

CHAPTER IX.

PREPARATION.

After this pleasant meeting, Cecille and I, as you may suppose, were very friendly. I visited her grandmother, as I had promised, and found her a very agreeable and excellent old lady. I often made my visits to her when Cecille was obliged to be away, and then she loved to sit and talk to me of her. I told her that Cecille said she had taken care of her when she was an infant, and had been to her as her own mamma. She replied to this, that she had tried to do her duty by her, and that she had been repaid tenfold for whatever she had done by Cecille's tenderness and respect.

"Ah, ma'am," she would say, "you do not know what it is to suffer want. We often did this, and I would have been sad indeed, if my little girl's cheerfulness had not made me ashamed. I could then speak little English, and Mr. Logan, who was our only friend after my son left us, could speak no French; so that all my comfort came through Cecille. One day, just before we left our last home, she came running to me, full of gladness, exclaiming, 'O, grandmamma, I have good news for you.' I thought at first that my son had come back, or at least that there was a letter from him; but it was that Cecille, in reading her Bible, had just met with a verse saying, that 'the young ravens may lack and suffer hunger, but they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing.' 'And now, grandmamma,' she said, 'I am sure you will have whatever is good for you, for you fear the Lord.' I had often read the same verse in my Bible, but I had never felt it to be so full of comfort as

I did then; and if ever I live to see my son's face again, and to go back to the home I love in France, I shall feel that I owe it to that dear child, for whom I thank God every day."

Madame L'Estrange always spoke in French, but I have translated what she said, that my readers may learn from Cecille's example that the youngest child may do good to the oldest and wisest. I would have them remark, too, how much wiser it is to cultivate cheerful feelings than to be fretful and dissatisfied. Do you not suppose that Cecille, though poor and alone in a strange country with her feeble old grandmother, was happier with her cheerful temper and her trust in the goodness of her kind heavenly Father, than those children who fret at being awoke in the morning, though they are surrounded with every comfort and have the kindest people to attend upon them,—who sit down with dissatisfied faces to a breakfast-table covered with good things because they fancy something which is not

there, and who thus go through the whole day complaining of what they have and wishing for what they cannot get ?

But interested as I was in Cecille, you must not suppose that my whole attention was given to her, or that I failed to make friends of Clara and Grace and the rest of Mrs. Wilmot's children.

November seemed to be quite a busy month with these young girls, and I was told by Mrs. Wilmot that they were preparing for an examination, which would take place early in December, when their friends came to take them home for the Christmas holidays. This explained to me their unusual attention to their studies, but I saw there was something more in their minds, of which Mrs. Wilmot knew nothing. Instead of sitting, when they were at work, with their kind mamma Wilmot and myself, as they had formerly loved to do, they now asked to sit together in the schoolroom ; and if, while they were there, either of us

entered unexpectedly, they would shuffle away their work, as if they did not wish it seen. Harriet was with them at these times, but though I could not help feeling a little curious about their movements, I would not ask her any questions, because I was sure, if not bound to secrecy, she would tell me without questioning. I was not kept many days in ignorance. Mrs. Wilmot and I were sitting at work one afternoon, when Harriet came into the parlor and said, "Aunt Kitty, the girls ask you to go into the schoolroom; they want you to show them something about their work."

"I will do it, my dear," said Mrs. Wilmot, rising before me.

"Oh no, Mrs. Wilmot," said Harriet in most earnest tones, "they do not want you to go, ma'am; that is," she continued in a confused manner, "they did not tell me to ask you."

"Oh, well, my dear child, do not look so agitated," said Mrs. Wilmot, smiling, "I will not

go. I suppose I shall hear the secret in time. I am quite sure there is nothing improper in it, or Aunt Kitty would not be chosen as their confidant."

I went with Harriet to the schoolroom, and found that my assistance was wanted in showing Kate Ormesby how to make up a work-bag which she had been embroidering in worsted.

"And why was this a secret?" I asked.

Clara undertook to explain. They were getting some presents ready for Mamma Wilmot, and they did not wish her to know anything about them till the day of the examination, when they intended to put them on her table with a note which they would all sign. Then their work was exhibited. There was a needle-book from one—a pincushion from another—a pair of slippers embroidered on canvass from a third, and the work-bag which I have already named. These were the presents prepared by Lucy, Martha, Emma, and Kate.

"And now where are your presents?" I asked, turning to Clara and Grace.

"Mine is not done yet," saidClara.

"Well, what is it to be?"

"A locket, set with Grace's hair and mine, and with our names on the back of it."

"And yours, Grace?"

She colored and looked down.

"Show it to Aunt Kitty, Grace," said Harriet; "I am sure she will think it very pretty."

"I do not wonder you are ashamed of it, Grace," said Clara, quickly, "when you might have had such a handsome one, so cheaply too."

"It would not have been cheap for me, Clara."

"Well, I should think a handsome hair bracelet cheap for anybody at two dollars and a half, but some people never think they can get enough for their money."

I saw that these words were very painful to Grace, who turned away with her eyes full of

tears; and as there is nothing more disagreeable to me than to hear little girls quarrel, I interrupted any further remarks from Clara, by urging Grace to show me her present. With a timid manner she took out of her basket a bracelet of hair, very simply woven, which she had just commenced. It was pretty, and I said so; yet I acknowledge I thought, with Clara, it would scarce be handsome enough for such a locket as she described. Again I asked myself, can Grace be selfish, that she would not spend her money on a present for her mother? That she had the money for the bracelet I could not doubt, for I knew that she had the same allowance for pocket-money that Clara had, and she was able to buy a locket, which I was sure, from the description, must cost more than two dollars and a half. Besides, if she had not the money, Clara could not have expected her to buy it, or have been angry with her, as she evidently was, for not doing so. These thoughts probably made me look grave, and,

if I might judge from her sad countenance, poor Grace was little comforted by my praise of her work. I observed, after this, that there was a little coolness between Clara and Grace. They were not so constantly together as they had been, and sometimes Clara spoke to her friend in a very tart tone, while Grace always seemed gentle, and even humble, as if she was seeking forgiveness for some wrong she had done. This did not convince me that Clara was right and Grace was wrong, for I have often seen the person who was most to blame in a quarrel, the most angry—while the least faulty was conciliating and anxious for peace.

After this the girls admitted me into all the mysteries of their little plot. I assisted them in their work where assistance was needed, and was consulted on all their arrangements. There was a very interesting debate on the question whether the presents should be placed on Mrs. Wilmot's

toilet table before she was awake in the morning, and so meet her eye when she first arose; or whether they should be laid on the library table, while she was at breakfast. I gave my opinion in favor of the last arrangement; and at length brought them all over to my way of thinging, by reminding them that we could not be quite sure Mrs. Wilmot would sleep on that morning until we were ready for her to awake.

About a week before the examination Clara's locket was sent home by the jeweller. She brought it to me, and I saw, by his mark on the paper around it, that its cost was four dollars. It was plainly but handsomely made, and the initial letters of her name and Grace's were very prettily engraved upon the back. When the bracelet was finished they were both to be sent to the jeweller, who would put them together with small gold rings. For this Grace would pay him. Clara continued to look, and even sometimes to

speak, as if she thought it would be quite a disgrace to her locket to be seen in such company. Grace bore this in silence, though she was evidently much distressed at it.

CHAPTER X.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE preparations for the examination had not interfered with Cecille's teaching. She came as regularly, stayed as long, and seemed as welcome to Clara and Grace as when they had only their usual employments. It was the last Wednesday in November, and just one week before the day fixed for the examination, that, knowing Cecille would be at Hazel Grove, I determined to walk over and spend the morning with her grandmother. On my way I met Cecille. She was walking very briskly, but stopped to shake hands with me.

"I am going to see your grandmother, Cecille," said I.

"I am very glad; I will not now have anything to make me sorry to-day. This is one of my bright days. Do you know why?"

I shook my head.

"No?—Do you not know that this is my pay-day? Grandmamma will soon have her flannel, if you help me as you promised, and she wants it in this weather."

I congratulated Cecille on her coming pleasure, promised her my help, and we parted.

I spent my morning very agreeably with Madame L'Estrange, yet I listened to Mrs. Daly's clock, which stood on the mantelpiece, and watched its hands with as much impatience as if I had been weary and longed to get away. The truth was, I was impatient for Cecille's coming, which I had determined to await, that I might have the pleasure of seeing her happy looks when her wishes were accomplished and the money was actually in her hands. Did you ever observe how slowly the hands of a clock appear to move

when they are watched? I thought this morning that the hour from ten to eleven was the longest I had ever passed. It did pass, however, and at length I saw the hour hand at eleven and the minute hand at twelve. Now I began to watch the windows, for I thought that Cecille must soon be in sight. But here again I was disappointed, and both her grandmother and myself had more than once expressed our surprise at her delay, before she appeared;—and then I could scarcely believe it was the same Cecille whom I had seen in the morning, bounding along as if her feet scarce touched the earth. She walked now slowly and pensively, and I even fancied once that I saw her wipe her eyes.

As she came near the house, however, she looked up and her step became more brisk. She entered the room where we sat. I looked at her anxiously, but she turned her face away as if she could not bear to meet my eye, and walking

straight up to her grandmother, put a parcel into her hand and stood still by her side.

"You do not speak to your friend, my dear," said Madame L'Estrange without opening the parcel, about which she seemed to feel no curiosity.

Cecille put her hand in mine without speaking —then looked again at her grandmother, who had by this time slowly unfolded the packet. She looked at its contents, and then lifting up her face with a smile to Cecille, said, "Ah, little pilferer! where is the rest?"

In a choked voice Cecille answered, "There is no more."

"There is no more!" exclaimed Madame L'Estrange; "why how is this, Cecille? This is but half of what you have always received for a month's teaching."

Cecille tried to answer, but in vain. Her throat swelled, her lip quivered, and throwing herself upon her grandmother's bosom, she burst

into tears. Madame L'Estrange was, as you may easily suppose, greatly distressed. She stroked Cecille's hair, pressed her lips to her head, calling her at the same time by every endearing name which the French language furnishes, and repeatedly asking, "What is the matter? Has any one been harsh to my child? Cecille, what have they done to you, my darling?"

"Nothing, grandmamma," sobbed out Cecille; "I was only grieved because I had no more money to bring you to-day."

"My dear child! I am ashamed of you, Cecille. You should have been more thankful for this, which will pay Mrs. Daly, and we owe no one else."

"I know it, grandmamma. Besides, Clara will pay the next week when her father comes for her, and that is a very little while to wait."

"And what made you grieve so unreasonably, Cecille?"

Cecille looked at me with a half smile as she

answered, "Because I wanted that money just to-day very much, grandmamma."

"And why just to-day, Cecille?"

"Ah, grandmamma! that is a secret," and Cecille now laughed with as much glee as if she had never cried in her life.

The old lady laughed too; but she said, "Take care, Cecille,—it is not well for little girls to have secrets from their grandmammas."

"This is a very harmless secret," said I.

Madame L'Estrange looked at me with some surprise as she said, "You know it then?"

"Yes," said I; "but you must not be jealous that Cecille chose me for her confidant, all little girls do. Mrs. Wilmot's children have just been consulting me on a very important secret."

"They told me about it to-day," said Cecille quickly, "and I asked them to let me tell grandmamma. They were quite willing I should, so you need not mind speaking of it."

The story of the examination and of the pre-

sents prepared for Mrs. Wilmot on that day, was soon told to Madame L'Estrange, who entered into the little plot of the children with great enjoyment. After we had talked of it a while, I said to Cecille that the bracelet Grace was preparing did not please Clara very much, and indeed I scarcely thought it handsome enough for the locket.

"I wish she had told me sooner," said Cecille, "I would have shown her how to weave a handsome one. I learned from a lady who came over from France with us. I have done several since I came here for Mr. Brenner the jeweller."

"Then perhaps you made the one which Clara wanted Grace to buy, and was half angry with her for not buying."

"I dare say it is one of mine; but if it is, Grace could not buy it, for it would cost two dollars and a half, and she had but little more than a dollar left after paying me to-day."

"How did you find that out, Cecille?" asked her grandmother.

"Because, grandmamma, Grace saw that I looked very sorry when Clara said she could not pay me, and she followed me out and begged me to take what she had left, and to pay her back when Clara paid me."

"You did not take it, I hope, my dear?"

"No, grandmamma, though I would have done it if I had not known that you would dislike it, and so I told Grace."

"You were right, Cecille, in not taking it. Better even weep as you have done to-day for an ungratified wish, than borrow money and perhaps be disappointed in your expectation of repaying it."

"I shall not be disappointed in that, grandmamma, for Clara says she will certainly pay me the next week."

"Clara no doubt once thought, my dear, that

she would certainly pay you to-day. She may be mistaken again."

"Clara was very sorry, grandmamma," said Cecille kindly.

"I do not doubt it, my dear. She is, I dare say, a good little girl and means well, but she is thoughtless, or she would not have spent her money even on a present for Mrs. Wilmot before she had paid her debts. What she owed to you was in truth not her own, but yours."

"Grandmamma, don't be angry with Clara. You could not help loving her if you knew her, she is so generous."

"I am not angry with her, my dear. I do love her for her kindness to you, and from many things you have told me, I believe she is generous, but, Cecille, she is not just."

"That locket cost a great deal, I dare say, grandmamma, and then Clara gives something to everybody that asks for money. She is so generous."

"Generous but not just, Cecille, when she gives what she already owes to another."

I saw that Cecille was hardly satisfied with her grandmother's views of Clara, and yet they were so true that she could not oppose them.

For my part, I had been thinking of Grace. My readers will not have forgotten that Grace's having changed the bill she at first intended giving the blind man for a half dollar, and her contenting herself with giving her mother a bracelet of her own weaving, instead of spending money on her present, as the other girls had done, had made me fear that she might be a little selfish —that her money might be saved for some gratification that should be entirely her own. I now began to hope that Grace was not less generous, but that she was more just than Clara.

"Is not Grace generous too?" said I to Cecille.

"Is not Grace generous!" she repeated, as if surprised at my question.

"Have you ever thought that she was selfish?" I asked in yet stronger language.

"Grace selfish!" exclaimed Cecille: "oh, no! I never saw her do a selfish thing."

"Do you think her as generous as Clara?"

"As generous as Clara," she again repeated, and then said doubtfully, "Clara is so generous."

"You do not think then that Grace takes as much pleasure in giving to another as Clara does?"

"Oh, yes! I think she does. Grace never seems so happy as when she happens to have what another person wants."

"In what then is she less generous than Clara?"

"Why"—Cecille stopped suddenly—thought a little, and then said, "I do not know what could have made me think so,—only that I never saw Grace give all that she had in her purse as I have seen Clara do."

"Perhaps that is because Grace remembers what Clara seems sometimes to forget, that she has no right to give away that which belongs to another."

"Clara does not give away what belongs to another."

"Does not Clara's father allow her as much money as Mrs. Wilmot allows Grace?"

"Yes—just the same."

"Then how is it that Grace could pay you and Clara could not? If Clara has given away what should have been paid to you, she has given away what did not belong to her. In her generosity she has forgotten justice, while Grace seems to have remembered 'to be just before she was generous.'"

The clock striking twelve interrupted our conversation, by reminding me that it was time to return home.

CHAPTER XI.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

THE third of December had been fixed for the day of examination, and the children at Hazel Grove were so industrious that some days before that, both the presents and the studies were completed—except the bracelet, which went on very slowly indeed—but which Grace assured Clara should be ready in time. For the last few days, when the girls were out of school, time seemed to pass as slowly with them as it did with me on the morning I sat with Madame L'Estrange expecting Cecille. Now, as then, however, it did pass.

The first of December had been a stormy

day, but the next morning was as clear and bright as if no cloud had ever been seen. But it was so cold that even the children preferred gathering around the fire to running out, and for me, I could scarcely persuade myself to look out. Poor Dr. Willis! how he shivered, and how cold even his horse looked, as he drove up to the gate at Hazel Grove, where he had been sent for, to visit a servant who was sick. He came in, rubbing his hands, and declaring it was the coldest day he had felt this year. "Ah! young ladies," said he, "you none of you know the comfort of this warm fire as I do. You must ride three miles facing this northwest wind before you can really enjoy it. But even that," he added a moment after, "is better than to sit still in the house with little or no fire, as some poor people must do. By the by," he continued, turning to Mrs. Wilmot, "I stopped to see Cecille and her grandmother on my way here, and very glad I was to see them enjoying a blazing fire."

"I have been thinking of them this morning, and fearing that they would not be prepared for this suddenly severe cold," said Mrs. Wilmot. "How do they get their fuel?"

"It was wanting to know that which made me call this morning. Poverty certainly sharpens the wit, for that little child"—Cecille was so small that everybody thought of her as a little child—"manages as well as any man could do. The widow Daly supplies them with fuel for a small additional charge to her month's rent. The old lady needs a warm fire, for her dress is not thick enough—she ought to have flannel."

"And has she not?"

"No—I asked Cecille about it and she colored up and looked as much distressed, poor child, as if it had been her fault that her grandmother was without it. She shall have it, she says, in a few days, as soon as she gets some money that she is expecting. I offered to lend her some till then,

but her grandmother had forbidden her borrowing."

"In which I think she is very wise," said Mrs. Wilmot; "but I wish whoever owes her money, knew how much she needs it just now; they might pay her, even if it be a little before the time. No one I hope would be so cruelly unjust as to keep her out of her little earnings one day after they were due."

I could not see Clara's face as I tried to do at this time, for she was looking out of the windows, but Grace colored as violently and looked as confused as if she had been guilty of what her mother thought so wrong. Her confusion attracted Mrs. Wilmot's attention. "Grace," said she, "you do not owe Cecille anything I hope?"

"No, mamma, I paid her the last week."

Mrs. Wilmot turned to speak to Clara, but she had left the room. Dr. Willis, having warmed himself, now asked to see his patient. This withdrew Mrs. Wilmot's attention from Cecille, and

she probably did not again think of what had passed,—at least she asked no more questions about it. She left the parlor with Dr. Willis, and soon after I rose to go to my room. In going there I had to pass through the library. There were heavy curtains to the windows of this room, and as I entered, I heard sobs which seemed to come from behind one of these curtains, and then Grace, who had left the parlor a little before me, saying, "Do not cry so, Clara, pray do not cry so. Let us carry Cecille what money we have—that will be some help, you know, and your father will be here this evening and give you the rest."

"How often must I tell you, Grace, that I have not any money? Did you not see me give all that I had to the jeweller?" asked Clara impatiently.

"Yes, dear Clara,—but I have some."

"But I will not take your money, I tell you, after your saving it up so carefully."

"Yes, Clara, you will take it if you love me

as you used to do; you know I did not save it up for myself, Clara,—you know I would have given it all to that poor blind man, if I had not promised you to buy a bracelet for your locket. How glad I am now that it was not enough for the bracelet, so that we can have it for Cecille."

"And if I take it for Cecille," said Clara, "I should like to know how the locket will get fastened to the bracelet."

"Oh, never mind that," said Grace, "we can sew it on now and have it fastened better by-and-by, mamma will not care how it is done. So come, Clara, I know you will feel a great deal better after you have seen Cecille and given her some money, and told her how soon you hope to have the rest for her."

I heard no more, but after I went to my room I saw the two girls, wrapped in their cloaks, set out for Cecille's; so I knew that Clara had been persuaded.

Early in the afternoon of this day the children

began to gaze from the windows which looked towards the road for the carriages of their friends, who were expected to attend the examination of the next day and to take them home on the day after. In about two hours after their watch commenced, a carriage arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Ormesby, and shortly after Mrs. Williams came, but the evening passed away—it was bedtime—and nothing had been seen or heard of Mr. Devaux. Clara became so agitated that as Mrs. Wilmot bade her good-night, she said to her in an affectionate and soothing tone, "Do not look so distressed, dear child, your father will be here perhaps before you are up in the morning."

But Clara rose the next morning to fresh disappointment. Her father had not come. Knowing the cause of her anxiety, I was much interested in her feelings and observed her closely. She ate but little breakfast, and every time the door opened she turned quickly towards it.

The other children were full of interest about

their presents. They had been placed on the library table when Mrs. Wilmot went into the breakfast parlor. With them was the following note, sealed, and placed so that it must attract her attention the moment she entered the room:

"DEAR MAMMA—

Accept these keepsakes from your affectionate and grateful children, Clara, Martha, Kate, Emma, Grace, Lucy."

Clara was so much absorbed in her anxiety about her father's delay that she seemed to have little interest in these arrangements, and Grace was occupied with her. Thus, to the younger children was left the management of an affair which had occupied all their minds so long. I had undertaken to get Mrs. Wilmot to the library, so, after breakfast, calling her out of the parlor, I led the way thither and walked directly up to the table. The children followed, and were in time

to see her glistening eyes as she read the note, and to receive her caresses as she raised her head and saw them standing near the door. After the first emotion of receiving the presents had subsided, they were examined and admired. "This," said Mrs. Wilmot, as she clasped the locket on her arm, "is a joint present, I suppose, from Grace and Clara. It is too expensive to have been from one."

"The bracelet only is mine, mamma," said Grace in a low voice, as if again she felt a little ashamed of her present, "Clara bought the locket herself."

"My dear Clara, how long you must have been saving your money, and how much self-denial you must have practised before you could pay for so costly an ornament! It is paid for?" she added inquiringly, as she saw the color mount to Clara's very temples on hearing her praise.

"Yes, ma'am," said Clara, and Mrs. Wilmot

again fastened the locket, which she had unclasped while asking her question.

"Is not this hair yours and Clara's, Grace?" asked Mrs. Wilmot, bending down her head to examine the bracelet.

"Yes, mamma."

"And who wove the bracelet for you?"

"I wove it. I know it is not handsome enough for the locket, mamma, but it was the best I could do, and I had not money enough to buy one."

"It is very neatly done, my dear, and if it were less pretty than it is, I should thank you for it far more than for a handsomer one which had cost more than you could properly give. But I thank all my children, and accept all their presents with pleasure, because I am sure they all know that they cannot be generous without first being just. You would none of you," she continued, looking tenderly round upon them, "you would none of you grieve me, by giving me that

which was not really your own, and nothing is your own till it is paid for—not even the premiums you are to have to-day, and which you must now come to the schoolroom and win by well-said lessons." This was said gayly, as Mrs. Wilmot turned towards the schoolroom, whither she was followed by all the children—all light-hearted and happy, except Clara.

Poor Clara! how painfully she felt every word Mrs. Wilmot had said. Whatever were her faults, she had always been quite sure that she had one virtue—generosity, and now she begun to feel that, in this instance at least, she had been very ungenerous, for she had gratified herself in making the most costly present to her mamma Wilmot at the expense of poor Cecille. And when she entered the schoolroom, there stood Cecille, whom the girls had invited. How she shrank from meeting her eye! How she dreaded to approach her, lest Cecille should ask if her father had come!

Some of Mrs. Wilmot's friends from the neighboring village arrived, and then the examination commenced. Examinations I doubt not you have all attended, but perhaps none conducted exactly as this was. The object here, was not to show which scholar was best, or how far one surpassed all others, but how good all were. Each little girl was encouraged to do her best, and they all rejoiced in the success of each one. After they had been examined in their various studies, some of their work was exhibited—among the rest, Clara's embroidery and Grace's painting. These were very highly extolled, and Cecille, being pointed out by Mrs. Wilmot as their teacher, received many compliments, and some persons from the village inquired her terms, and thought she might have several pupils there when the holidays were over. I was much pleased to hear this, as it promised greater gain for my little friend.

Clara had appeared well in all her studies,

her work had been admired, her young companions had evinced their affection for her in a hundred different ways, and Mrs. Wilmot had spoken to her with more than her usual tenderness, because she saw that she was distressed by her father's delay. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Clara had never been so unhappy as on this day. All coldness, however, had vanished between her and Grace, who never passed her without a pressure of the hand, or some soothing word or action. As the day passed on and the afternoon wore away without any tidings of Mr. Devaux, the color deepened on Clara's face, and she grew so nervous and agitated, that I, who watched her closely, expected every moment to see her burst into tears. All this distress must have appeared very unreasonable to those who supposed that it was caused only by anxiety about her father, whom Mrs. Wilmot had not very confidently expected. But there were three persons present—Cecille, Grace, and I—who better understood its

cause. On her father's coming would depend Clara's power of keeping her promise with Cecille. Cecille's present want of the money, of which perhaps Clara would have thought little but for the remarks of Dr. Willis on the day before, was sufficient to make her earnestly desirous of paying her: but Clara had yet another reason; she dreaded lest Mrs. Wilmot should hear of this debt.

My young readers will have learned from the remarks made by Mrs. Wilmot in the morning to her children, even at the very moment of receiving their presents, how strict was her sense of justice. No principle had she endeavored to inculcate on her pupils more earnestly than this, and Clara could not forget that she had only the day before called the person cruelly unjust, who should keep Cecille's money from her for a day. It was the first time Clara had ever desired to keep secret from Mrs. Wilmot anything she had done, and this, my dear young friends, is the

worst of all unhappiness, to have done what we are ashamed or afraid to confess. Clara had been perhaps a little vain of her locket and of her generosity, as she thought it, in making such a present, but I have no doubt she would now gladly have changed places with Grace, and have been the giver of only the humble bracelet. I do not think Grace was now at all ashamed of her bracelet—indeed she seemed to love to look upon it; and well she might, since it was a proof that not even Clara's contempt or anger, or the desire to show her regard to her mother, could make her forget the principles of justice which that dear mother had taught her. She had proved her generosity by giving all she had—all that was her own—but she had refused, for any reason, to spend that which was not her own.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DISCLOSURE.

THE day was past, the visiters from the village had left us, and we were gathered around the parlor fire to spend our last evening together, for the next morning our little party at Hazel Grove would separate. Mrs. Wilmot had promised to return home with me for the holidays. Grace had long ago promised to spend that time with Clara, and Mrs. Wilmot had been prevailed upon to consent that Lucy should accompany her friend Martha.

The sound of carriage wheels drew Clara and Grace to the window.

"Oh, Clara!" exclaimed Grace, "it is your father."

"Yes," said Clara, joyfully, "I know the white horses,—but why do they not drive to the door? What is papa going to the stables for?"

The question was soon answered. A servant entered with a note for Mrs. Wilmot; she glanced at it and then handed it to Clara, saying, "There, my dear Clara, you will find there is no further cause for anxiety. Your father has been detained by business, but he has sent the carriage for you and Grace."

Clara had seized the offered note, and was reading with such eagerness, that I do not think she heard what Mrs. Wilmot said. As she saw from the note that her father was not coming,—still more, that he would have left home before she could arrive there the next day, on business which might oblige him to be absent for some weeks,—the thought that she must either keep Cecille waiting during all that time, or make the

dreaded betrayal of her fault to Mrs. Wilmot, oppressed her so much that she burst into tears.

"Clara, my dear child, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Wilmot, drawing to her side. "This is something more than sorrow at not seeing your father." She paused, but Clara did not speak. "Is there anything you wished him to do for you, my dear? Surely, if there is, you will not hesitate to speak your wish to me." Clara was still silent. "I am grieved at this silence, Clara, I thought you loved me and confided in my affection; but perhaps you would rather speak to me alone. Come with me to the library."

Mrs. Wilmot then left us, leading Clara with her. She closed the library door after her, and we could then hear only the low murmur of her voice or Clara's heavy sobs. Grace seemed very anxious. She approached the library door at one time as if she was going in,—then went to the farthest part of the room from it. At length, her mother opened the door and called her. Grace

sprang to the door and was admitted. There was something sad in the tone of Mrs. Wilmot's voice, which made me certain that Clara had told her all; but I did not hear how she had told it, till many days after, when Mrs. Wilmot related the scene to me as I am about to describe it to you.

As soon as they entered, Mrs. Wilmot seated herself in a sofa, and placing Clara by her side, strove to win her confidence by every soothing and affectionate word and action. At last with great effort Clara said, "You will be so angry with me, mamma Wilmot, if I tell you, that you will never love me again."

"Clara, I am angry only with those who are obstinate in doing wrong—never with those who confess their faults and try to amend."

"But you will think me so cruel and unjust."

"Cruel I cannot believe you to have been, Clara, and if you have committed an act of injustice, and you may by confiding in me be assisted in making amends for it, it is a new

reason, my child, why you should speak at once. What is it, Clara?" Mrs. Wilmot's eye rested just then on the locket which she wore on her wrist, and this prompted the question—"Clara, did you speak the whole truth to-day when you told me this locket was paid for? Do you owe nothing on it?"

"No, mamma Wilmot; nothing on that, but I owe—" she stopped.

"Not Cecille, Clara," said Mrs. Wilmot; "you could not be so thoughtless—so selfish—as to keep her hard earnings from her for a single day, for any purpose of your own? Speak, my child, and tell me it is not so."

Clara spoke not—moved not—except that her head sunk lower and lower, till it almost rested on her knees. "Tell me, Clara, if you have done this wrong, that I may make amends for it at once. Do you owe Cecille?"

"Yes," faltered Clara.

Mrs. Wilmot rose, and after calling Grace, seat-

ed herself at the library table and wrote a few lines to Cecille, in which she was about to enclose the price of a month's tuition, when Grace, who had seen her counting it out, said, "Mamma, Clara does not owe Cecille so much, she paid her some."

"Clara," asked Mrs. Wilmot, "how much do you owe Cecille?"

"I do not know exactly, ma'am."

"How much did you pay her?"

"All that Grace had. I do not know how much it was."

"How much was it, Grace?"

"One dollar and fifteen cents, mamma."

The money was enclosed, Mrs. Wilmot sealed the note and handed it to Grace, bidding her give it to a servant and tell him to take it immediately to Cecille. "But stay, Grace," she added, laying her hand on her arm and looking into her face, "you owe her nothing?"

"No, mamma—nothing," said Grace, meeting her mother's eye fully.

"God bless you, my child, for saving me that pain. I can wear your bracelet, Grace, with pleasure, for it has cost no one sorrow; but this locket, Clara,—you must receive it again, for I cannot wear it."

Mrs. Wilmot, while she was speaking, had taken the bracelet from her arm, and severing with a small penknife the silk which fastened the locket, replaced the bracelet on her wrist, confining it with a pin, and approaching Clara, laid the locket on her lap.

This was the deepest humiliation, the severest punishment that could have been inflicted on poor Clara.

She started up, flinging the now unvalued locket on the floor, and falling on her knees, clasped Mrs. Wilmot's hand, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma Wilmot! forgive me, and love me again."

Mrs. Wilmot seated herself, and raising Clara, said, "I do forgive you, my child, and it is because I love you, Clara, that I am so deeply

pained by your doing wrong; but I must see some effort to amend—some proof that you have learned to regard what belongs to others, before I can again confide in you. I will give you an opportunity of recovering my confidence. You are now in my debt to the amount of one month's payment of Cecille, for I will return to Grace the money which she lent you. When, by *economy* and *self-denial*, you have paid this debt, I shall think that you have learned that you have no right to gratify even your amiable and generous feelings at the expense of another—that you have learned to be just before you are generous,—and then, Clara, I shall again confide in you as well as love you. But remember, it must be by *economy* and *self-denial*, not by any present from your father or any increase of your allowance. When this task is accomplished, give me back the locket, and I will wear it, with both pleasure and pride. Till then, you must wear it yourself, Clara. It may be useful to you by reminding

you of your task and the reward of your success."

Clara wept—but more gently. There was now hope before her, and when Mrs. Wilmot kissed her and bade her good-night, though she was sad and humbled, she was more composed than she had been since telling Cecille that she could not pay her. Her fault had now been told—there was nothing to conceal, and this would have made her feel far happier than she had done, even had her punishment been much more severe than it was.

It must have been very mortifying to Clara to wear the locket herself before those who knew for what purpose she had bought it; but so anxious was she to regain her mamma Wilmot's good opinion by compliance with her wishes, that she appeared at breakfast the next morning with it on her wrist sewed to a piece of riband. She looked very unlike the lively and high-spirited Clara, for she was silent, and if others spoke to her,

while answering them, she colored and seemed abashed.

Mrs. Wilmot had prepared a parting present for each of the children—for the four youngest, books, for Grace a very handsome paint-box, and for Clara, a work-box with many colored silks for her embroidery. After breakfast, calling them to her own room, she delivered these presents to them, commencing with the youngest. To all except Clara she said, that they were premiums or rewards for their good conduct. To Clara she said, the box was a mark of her affection and her approval of her *as a scholar*. Clara felt this distinction, and stood still without attempting to take her box.

"Why do you not take it, Clara?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

She burst into tears as she replied, "I do not want it, mamma Wilmot, till you can love me just as well as you used to do."

"I do love you, my dear Clara, just as well

as ever," said Mrs. Wilmot, kissing her; "but I will keep the box, since you wish it, until I can restore to you my full esteem and confidence, and then we will exchange gifts," touching the locket with her finger.

In an hour after this scene, we had said "good-by" to each other, and were travelling on our different roads.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REWARD.

Mrs. Wilmot was with me three weeks, and then returned home to prepare for receiving her children again. It was from a letter of hers that I learned what I am now going to tell you.

Clara returned wearing the locket. Did you ever read a fairy tale in which a young prince is said to have been presented with a ring that pricked his finger whenever he was in danger of doing wrong? Clara's locket was to her what this ring was to the young prince. Whenever she was about to spend money either on her own fancies or the fancies of others, it would remind her that till her debt was paid, the money in her

purse was not hers, and that to be truly generous, she must first be just. A month passed, and she took to Mrs. Wilmot nearly two dollars, which was all that remained of her pocket-money after paying Cecille. Mrs. Wilmot praised her for the effort she had made to do rightly, and Clara was almost happy. Another month went by.

Cecille came to give her morning lesson, and immediately after it, Clara and Grace appeared at the door of the room in which Mrs. Wilmot was seated.

"Come in, my children," she said very pleasantly, for she thought she knew their errand.

They walked up to her. Clara paid her debt even to the last penny.

"Now, mamma Wilmot," said she, when it had been received, "can you confide in me again?"

"Yes, Clara, fully, entirely, far more than before you had ever made it necessary that I should try you as I have done. Before that trial

I *hoped* that you would persevere in doing right at the expense of some pain to yourself, *I am now sure* that you will. I always knew that you had right feelings, Clara, and I loved you for them; I now know that you have right principles, and honor you for them. Why do you smile, Grace?"

"Because it seems so strange, mamma, that you should talk of honoring a little girl like Clara."

"A little girl, Grace, who resists the temptation to do wrong and steadily perseveres in doing right, is as deserving of honor as any one, and I repeat that I honor Clara."

Tears stood in Clara's eyes, and her cheeks were flushed with emotion.

"Then, mamma Wilmot, you will not be ashamed to wear the locket?"

"No, my love, I shall be proud to wear it."

Clara took something from Grace, saying, "You must let me put it on, Grace."

"But you must first sew it to my bracelet,"

said Mrs. Wilmot, taking off that which Grace had woven and which she wore tied with a piece of riband.

"No," said Clara, "here is the bracelet as well as the locket;" and she produced a very handsome hair bracelet, fastened to the locket with small gold rings, and clasped it with a most triumphant air on Mrs. Wilmot's wrist.

"You did not weave this, Grace."

"No, mamma, Cecille wove it, and I paid her for it just what the jeweller pays her, and then I got Mr. Brenner to put it on the locket, and yet I have some of the money left that I have saved up these two months."

"Why, have you been saving too?"

"Yes, mamma, Clara would not let me spend my money on her, because she said you told her she must practise self-denial, and it would not be self-denial if I gave her what she wanted."

"That was being a little extravagant in your understanding of what I meant, Clara; I only

intended that you should be self-denying in the use of your own money."

"Was I wrong to refuse Grace?" asked Clara anxiously.

"No, my dear—not wrong. It was more than I demanded of you, but with your understanding of my words, it was quite right."

"But, mamma," said Grace, a little impatiently, "I was going to tell you that Clara and I both have some money left, and now that we see how much we can save, we thought—that is, we wanted to ask you whether we could not do some good with it."

Mrs. Wilmot smiled.

"Don't laugh at us, mamma: it is not very foolish—is it?"

"Foolish, my child!—it is very wise; and if I smiled, it was with pleasure that my children should have had such a thought. This is being truly generous. Older people than you sometimes make the mistake of calling those generous who

value money so little that they throw it away without thought or care; but the truly generous value it much, because they know that it can buy clothing for the naked, and food for the starving. What they so value, they can neither keep from those to whom it is due, nor throw away on foolish trifles. So, you see, the truly generous are just and economical. But what *good* have you thought of doing first with your money?"

Clara now spoke: "We thought first we would try to get some good clothes for the Sandfords, that they may go to Sunday School."

The Sandfords were the three little girls whom Clara and Grace taught. I cannot repeat to you all that Mrs. Wilmot said in reply to this proposal, but I can tell you what she did. She went with the girls to make their purchases, showed them how to lay out their money most advantageously for their little pupils, cut out the garments for them when the cloth was brought home, and directed them how to make them. In this

work Martha and Lucy, Kate and Emma assisted —so that their kindly and generous feelings were awakened, and they too began to save from their own selfish gratifications to give to those who were in want.

Mrs. Wilmot now takes the children with her when she goes to visit the sick and the poor around her, and in these visits they often find some object of their charity. Sometimes it is an old woman who needs a flannel wrapper—sometimes, a child who is walking on snow and ice without shoes. These they would once, perhaps, have passed without notice; but now they do, what we all should do—they look out for opportunities to do good.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETURN.

In the commencement of this book, I told you that I was again at Hazel Grove. Again Harriet and I arrived in October, when the woods were bright with many colors. We were received with even more joy than on our first visit, and though some weeks have passed since I began to tell you of my young acquaintances here, they seem quite as unwilling to hear of my return home as I then told you they were.

And I have seen Cecille too, and her good grandmother. They are still at the widow Daly's cottage, but times are greatly changed with them since we parted. Cecille is no longer a teacher

for money—though she is never so well pleased as when she can gratify her companions by imparting to them some of her own accomplishments. She assists too in all their works of charity, and seems to think the poor have double claims on her because she knows what their trials are. She will leave us ere long, for Mr. L'Estrange having regained his estate, is preparing his home in France for the return of his mother and daughter, and will come for them in the Spring. Cecille will, I am sure, part with us with pain; yet she will soon forget her pain in her grandmother's pleasure—and in the midst of our sorrow, we shall none of us, I hope, be too selfish to rejoice in her prosperity.

Mrs. Wilmot's children will all spend their holidays at Hazel Grove this year. I have promised to remain with them during that time, and Madame L'Estrange and Cecille are to be with us on Christmas day. We are anticipating great enjoyment on that day. I should like to be able to

tell you how it passes; but that I must do in another book,—for if I keep this till then, it will be too late to bring you Aunt Kitty's Merry Christmas.

THE END.