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CHILDREN'S BOOK  
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*Frontispiece.*



*The Little Lamb.*

*See page 61*

MAY DAY;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF

LYDIA LIVELY.

INTENDED TO

*IMPROVE AND AMUSE*

THE RISING GENERATION.

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*By the Author of "La Bagatelle."*

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# MAY DAY, &c.

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**CHAPTER I.**  
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## THE STORY.

**M**ISS *Lydia Lively* was sitting one day in the parlour, upon a little stool, reading the *History of Little Ann and Little James*, when her mamma, who had been out some hours on a visit, came in. The little girl ran to her with great joy, and told her, that her aunt had called, and had given her one of the prettiest little books she ever read.

*Lydia.*

It is about a little girl, mamma, just my age; and it tells you every thing that she did; and how well she behaved; and there are some nice pictures in it—I wish I had a great many such little books.

*Mamma.*

Then you like to read stories about good girls, do you, *Lydia*?

*Lydia.*

Yes, I do; do not you, mamma?

*Mamma.*

Yes; and to see them too. I think there is nothing so delightful as the company of children who are gentle and good humoured; and who are cheerful and ready to oblige, without being troublesome or noisy.

*Lydia.*

I wish I had some more stories about good girls and boys.

*Mamma.*

Should you like to have a story written about you, *Lydia*? Do you think it would be a pretty one?

*Lydia.*

I am afraid I am not good enough, mamma.

*Mamma.*

Indeed I doubt there would be some things in the story not quite so pretty. I suspect we should sometimes hear something about whining for a cup of tea; asking ten times for the same thing; or, what is still worse, being cross and impatient with poor little *Edwin*, if he meddles with any of your things.

*Lydia.*

Oh! mamma! but I am good sometimes; and I am sure I always wish to

be good, and am uncomfortable whenever I am not; but I do not know how it is,—I think I cannot help being naughty sometimes.

*Mamma.*

Pray do not fancy so, my dear; you certainly might help it; but I will tell you the real case—you just follow your present inclination; instead of resolving always to do what is right, you sit down, perhaps, with an inclination to be very good at your lessons, and to read very well, and translate your French very well. As long as that inclination lasts you do nicely; but you happen to meet with something in your books not quite so entertaining as you expected, or a little difficult, and then you have an inclination to fret, or to look off your book, and complain of being tired; or it may

be, you come into the room very good-humoured and cheerful, and find somebody has taken your seat, or that you cannot have the book you wished for, and then you have an inclination directly to whine, grumble, and draw your lip on one side; and, I am sorry to say, *Lydia*, you are too apt to give way to such inclinations.

*Lydia.*

What must I do then, mamma?

*Mamma.*

I will tell you, my dear, you must, in the first place, very heartily wish to be good; and that I hope you do. In the next place, you must, when you say your prayers, very earnestly beg of God to make you good; and then, instead of doing just what you feel that you have a mind to do, you must resolve with

yourself, and try upon all occasions, not to do any thing you know is wrong, and which I have told you not to do.

*Lydia.*

Do you think, if I were to try then, I could always be good, mamma?

*Mamma.*

Certainly! if you tried you might avoid doing a great many wrong things. Suppose now, when you sat down to breakfast, and felt impatient for your tea or your roll, do you think, if you considered a minute, that it is greedy and impatient to say any thing about it, that you could not help asking for your tea before any body was helped, or whining if the rolls did not come in directly; and that you could not try to amuse yourself by thinking of something else for a little while?

*Lydia.*

Yes; I think I could.

*Mamma.*

To be sure you could, my dear; and so in every other instance. If you do not feel disposed to get your lessons, and do your work at the proper times; yet if you did but reflect how fit it is that you should learn and improve yourself, and what a fault idleness is, you may help fretting, and saying, I do not like to do this; and you may resolve to keep on and do as well as you can, without making any complaints.

*Lydia.*

I am not very often naughty about reading, mamma?

*Mamma.*

Not very often; but that is because you love reading; now I want you to

do every thing, because you think it is right and fit you should do it; and then you will do those duties you do not feel any great pleasure in, as well as those you delight in. And above all things, I wish you to watch constantly over your temper, to be ever ready to oblige, and do all innocent things because you are desired; and keep yourself always in a good humour.

*Lydia.*

But sometimes things happen to tease me, and make me fret.

*Mamma.*

Then is the time to try to get the better of yourself; things may not always go as you like; but nothing can make you fret unless you will: for example, if little Edwin comes in and catches up your book, or your doll, we suppose



you would rather he let them alone, but you need not make a great noise, and whine, and call him a naughty boy, and run and snatch them roughly from him; you may speak in a good-humoured tone of voice, and say, Pray, Edwin, give me my book, or any thing else he has got; and if he did not attend to that, as he is but a little boy, you could wait quietly a little while, till he laid it down, though you might know you would have liked better to have it then; and that would not be half so uncomfortable to you as putting yourself in a passion, worrying your spirits, and making yourself disagreeable to every body in the room? do you think it would?

*Lydia.*

No; I do not know that it would;

for I am never happy when I fret and scold, nor when I have vexed you. I will try, mamma, if you will love me dearly.

*Mamma.*

Little *Lydia*, as she spoke these last words, threw her arms round her mamma's neck; her mamma gave her a very affectionate kiss, and then said, That I will, my love; and in order to assist you in your endeavours, I will, every evening, after you are gone to-bed, write a story about you, to tell how you have behaved all day; and the next morning, when we all meet in the parlour, I shall read it aloud; and I think you will be much better pleased with the story when you have been a good girl, than when you have been naughty.

*Lydia.*

O! dear, mamma! when I have been naughty I shall not like at all to have the story read before every body.

*Mamma.*

Then you must take a great deal of care how you behave. You must recollect yourself to-morrow morning when you rise: in the evening I shall begin my story.

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*CHAPTER II.*  
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## THE SUCCESSFUL ENDEAVOUR.

**T**HÈ next morning, *Lydia*, as soon as she waked, recollected the conversation that had passed the day before, between her mamma and her, and determined to be very good all day; accordingly she jumped out of bed as soon as the maid called her, stood very still to be dressed; and when she was dressed, said, Thank you, *Mary*, in a very pretty tone of voice, and then kneeled down and said her prayers, in a very decent,

composed manner; and prayed very heartily that she might be good all day. When she met her papa and mamma, and brothers and sisters, in the parlour, after she had bidden them all good morning, she sat herself down very quietly at the bottom of the table, and did not ask for any thing, nor reach across the table to pull the bread and butter about, but sat still and looked very good-humoured, till her mamma gave her a piece of bread with some very nice honey upon it, and a cup of tea, and then she ate her breakfast very genteelly.

After breakfast, *Lydia* went into her mamma's dressing-room, unlocked a little red trunk, which her mamma had given her a few days before, to keep her work and her books in, and took out the book she read in to her mamma, which

at that time was, *Scriptural Stories for Young Children*; and sitting down on a little stool at a distance from the fire, began to read very slowly, and in a very easy, natural tone of voice; she minded her stops, and paid great attention to the sense, that she might read with propriety.

After she had done reading English, she carried her book away, and put it into the trunk again, and brought her French book, which was the second volume of *La Bagatelle*, and translated her lesson very nicely and readily; her next business was to learn the Indicative mood of the verb *Aimer*; this she found rather troublesome, and was once or twice just going to fret and whine; but she recollected that her mamma was to write an account of her, and therefore she put on a cheerful

countenance, and took pains to learn her verb, and said it very perfectly to her mamma.

After this she took out her work, which was a small cover for a stool she was doing in single cross-stitch, and worked very diligently for an hour; her mamma then gave her leave to go and play in the garden.

In the garden she played very quietly and prettily, and did not run into any dirt, but amused herself with seeing her brother at work in his garden. She behaved at dinner quite as well as she had done at breakfast; and after dinner, asked her mamma to give her leave to put the map of *Europe* together, which was her usual amusement in an afternoon. Just as she had put all the pieces nicely toge-

ther, and was beginning to tell her mamma the names of all the capital cities, her little brother came running into the room, full of play, and throwing his hat across the table, entirely disuniting all her kingdoms. She was on the point of crying out pretty violently, but the thought of to-morrow's story came into her mind, and she only took Edwin's hat gently off the table, and said, Pray, brother, do not throw your hat any more: see what mischief you have done! But the little fellow thought there was something very diverting in seeing all the pieces fly about, and, therefore, as soon as she began to put them in order again, he again skimmed his hat across the table. Three times she attempted to settle the affairs of *Europe*, and Edwin as often deranged them. The little girl then, with great



good-humour, put the pieces into the box, and said to her mamma, Edwin is in such a wild humour, that I think I had better put the box away till he is gone. No, my dear, said her mamma; he shall not tease you any more. I had a mind to give you an opportunity of showing how good you could be; and now he shall not interfere with you again: so calling the little boy, his mamma told him, if he did not let his sister's things alone, he must be sent out of the room; then gave him a box of ivory letters to amuse him.

*Lydia* continued to behave quite well till she went to-bed. Not being in the least troublesome, by making a noise, or worrying for books or play-things which were not at hand; but employing herself with such things as she met with, with-

out being in any body's way. You may be sure that she went to-bed very happy at night; and that her papa and mamma took a very affectionate leave of her.

  
**CHAPTER III.**  
**THE RELAPSE.**

**T**HE following day, at breakfast, *Lydia* had the pleasure of hearing her mamma read this account of her very pretty behaviour, and saying, that she had been quite good all day; which of course made her extremely happy. For several days *Lydia* went on in the same charming manner: never was idle at her tasks, impatient at her meals, nor peevish at her play; and her mamma began to hope, that she had quite corrected all her faults.

Sorry, however, am I to say, that she did not persevere in being so regularly good. After a short time she began to grow a little tired of taking pains with herself. The first time she forgot herself was when she was doing her French lesson. Having finished *La Bagatelle*, her mamma gave her *Perrin's French Fables*, shewed her the dictionary at the end, and instructed her how to find out any word she wanted. This was rather difficult at first, but in a few days would have grown easy to her; however, she wanted resolution to take a little pains, and began fretting and grumbling sadly. Her mamma said, Recollect yourself, *Lydia*; this will not make a pretty story: and, taking the book, would very kindly have assisted her to look for the word *pierre*; which was what she happened to want;

but *Lydia* turned her head on one side, and made up a sad dismal face. Her mamma then laid the book on the table, and took no further notice, but went out of the room. She staid some little time, and when she came in again, found little *Lydia* sitting very sorrowfully in the corner of the room. She was ashamed to look at her mamma or to speak a word: the thoughts of having disgraced herself, after having set out with so much credit, and been so good for almost a week, grieved her very much; and she would have given any thing in the world, to have had the last half hour to spend over again.

After a silence of near a quarter of an hour, her mamma said to her, What are you thinking of, *Lydia*.

*Lydia.*

I am thinking, mamma, how foolish I shall look, and how ashamed I shall be to-morrow morning, when you read this naughty story of me.

*Mamma.*

Really, my dear, I shall not feel less ashamed nor concerned than you; and I was in great hope, after you had experienced the comfort of being good, that you would not have again relapsed into your old faults.

*Lydia.*

I am sure, mamma, this morning I did not think I should ever have been naughty again. What must I do?

*Mamma.*

I hope the feeling so foolish and ashamed as you say you shall do, on hearing this account read, will prevent

your behaving so again. Endeavour now to make amends for your fault, by taking great pains with your lesson. There is the book, now find *pierre*.

*Lydia* did as she was bidden; and got her lesson very well, and behaved pretty well the rest of the day, though not quite so pleasingly as she had done some days before: for the thought of her misbehaviour had hurt her spirits, and inclined her to be a little fretful and whining.

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*CHAPTER IV.*  
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## THE GENEROUS CONFESSION.

**T**HE meeting at breakfast, you may suppose, was not a very pleasant one to *Lydia*. Her mamma, however, after reading the account of her fault, added, that she had acknowledged herself truly sorry and ashamed of it, and had learned her lesson very diligently; and then embracing her, said, she dared say she should never be obliged to put her to the blush again.

*Lydia* now began the day with again



trying to be very good; but not with half the spirit and cheerfulness that she had done before her fault; and in the course of the three or four next weeks, she was very frequently off her guard. However, she persevered in striving to be good, and often, when she had begun to speak cross, or be idle, or argue with her mamma, she would recollect herself, and stop short at once, and running to her mamma, say, My dear mamma do kiss me, and then I will be good. Acting thus, she became less and less apt to offend, and many days passed without one unpleasant story to tell.

It happened, however, one day, when she and her little brother were in the garden, that he took off the bench a nosegay she had just been tying up, with an intention of presenting it to her mamma.

She ran with some eagerness to take it from him; but the little fellow was tenacious of it; upon which she grew angry, and a contest ensued: at last, in a passion, she took hold of the tops of the flowers, and pulled them all to pieces, and threw her brother down by her violence. Edwin began crying; and she, who loved him dearly, forgot all her anger immediately, begged his pardon for having thrown him down, and asked, whether he was hurt. A few kisses and another flower soon made it up with little Edwin, and this quarrel passed over without being observed by any body, and had really been forgotten by *Lydia* till she went to-bed.

*Lydia*, though she was not always free from faults, was a child of remarkable honour; and could not bear the thoughts,

of deceiving any one in any way. She could not, therefore, suffer her mamma to say she had been good all day, when she felt so conscious of the contrary; and went, as soon as she was dressed, to confess the whole truth. As she passed the window, she saw a lady, for whom she had particular respect, coming in, and, as she well knew, to breakfast with her mamma. This was a sad mortification to her: however, she went on into her mamma's room, and upon being asked, what the dog barked at, told her mamma, Miss Hipkins was come to breakfast with her. She then stood by the window, considering how she should begin to speak to her mamma. Her affectionate mother, having watched her countenance, said, You look grave and

perplexed, *Lydia*; I suppose you are thinking of the journal; but do not be alarmed, my love, I have not one fault to mention, and Miss Hipkins will rejoice to hear you are grown so good a girl. Oh! mamma! said the dear girl, I cannot deceive you, nor receive praises I do not deserve. She then told all that passed between her and *Edwin* in the garden.

I have been very naughty, mamma, said *Lydia*, and I shall be very much ashamed to hear it told; but I should be still more ashamed to be fondled and commended, while I thought, that if you knew as much of me as I do of myself, you would behave in a very different manner to me. Her mamma caught her in her arms in a transport of affection, and said, May God for ever bless you,

my dear child; and preserve to you that sincerity and singleness of heart which are so precious in his sight! Look up, my love; I shall relate your fault; but the story of your voluntary confession will reflect more honour upon you, than if no fault had been committed: and every thing may be hoped of a young person with so noble a disposition.— Come, let us go down.

A few days after this amiable behaviour of *Lydia's*, her mamma received a letter to appoint a day for the arrival of some company, who were to stay a fortnight, and whom *Lydia* had never seen.

On the evening on which they were to come, *Lydia* joined her mamma as she was walking alone in the garden, and, after some hesitation, said, she had a favour to beg of her, which was, that no

stories might be read about her while the company staid.

*Mamma.*

Why not, my dear?

*Lydia.*

If I should happen to be naughty, I shall be so ashamed to hear it told before strangers!

*Mamma.*

Then you will have an additional motive to be attentive to your conduct; and surely you would submit to any method that is likely to make you good.

*Lydia.*

But to have every body know how naughty one is——

*Mamma.*

You seldom do wrong without being observed by somebody, and generally by more persons than you are aware of.—I

speak after the common manner of speaking.—But to be more serious, there is a constant witness, *Lydia*—

*Lydia.*

I know, mamma—God always sees me.

*Mamma.*

And is He not more to be feared than all the world put together? both because He is more able to punish you, and because, as He is the greatest of beings, it is more disgrace to appear dishonourable in His sight than in that of all the creatures He has made. But that is not all; you seem to dread that “every body should know how naughty you are.”—Be careful then. There will come a day when all the men that ever were in the world, and all the angels that are in heaven, will be assembled together: and all

those who have been wicked will have their sins proclaimed before this assembled multitude, and be disgraced before them all. Beware then, my child, of real offences, and watch now so continually over your behaviour, that, by correcting, while you are so young, all your little faults, you may be happily preserved from falling into such serious ones as will cover you with shame and confusion at that awful day.

Here they were interrupted by the arrival of all the company; but her mother's words sunk deeply into *Lydia's* mind, and from that time she was doubly careful of all her behaviour. During the whole fortnight that the company staid, she had no cause to regret the journal's being produced. From that time, it was



very seldom that any error of consequence was mentioned in it.

After having gotten the better of some bad habits she had contracted, she daily, by an attention to her mamma's advice, improved in every grace and accomplishment. The good will with which she applied to her different tasks, occasioned her making a great progress in them: and her constant good-humour and composedness of temper made her look always pretty and engaging. Her mamma was so charmed with the sweetness of her behaviour, which was free from all noise, rudeness, or turbulence, that she studied every way in her power to indulge and gratify her; and if ever she was refused any thing, she knew it was because it was not fit for her; and, therefore, never asked nor wished about it again.

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*CHAPTER V.*  
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## BENEVOLENCE ENCOURAGED.

**A**BOUT a month or two after *Lydia's* mamma had begun to write an account of her behaviour, the little girl was playing with a few companions at a bench close by the garden-gate. Her papa had made her a present of a small basket of cherries out of the hot-house, and the little girls were amusing themselves with tying them on sticks, as the fruiterers do when they first bring them to market.

While they were thus employed, a little girl very tidily dressed walked by

leading her brother by the hand, who appeared between two and three years old. The girl's attention was taken by the sight of the fruit at so early a season, and the little boy, who thought they looked nice, though he did not know what they were, said, Look, Sally!—gapes! The girl did not speak nor give offence to any body; but one of the young ladies, whose pride predominated over her good-nature, asked her in a haughty tone of voice, What she wanted? and bade her not be so impertinent as to stand staring at them. The little girl moved on directly; but the poor little boy pulled from her, and said, in a crying tone of voice, Gapes! I want gapes! This produced a second huffing from the same little girl; who said, Get you gone, you little

monkey. His sister then immediately took him away.

*Lydia*, who was much hurt at her friend's behaviour, said, How could you speak so crossly to the poor little things? why should not they love fruit as well as we; and more too, as it must appear a greater rarity? She then went out at the gate, and stepping after the little children, put into the little boy's hand a stick of cherries which she had just tied up. There, little boy, said she, these are not grapes; they are cherries: when you have played with them a little while, you must give your sister half. Yes; said he, I always give sister half.—Look, Sally!

But you should say, Thank you, Miss, said Sally, making a pretty courtesy; and do not pull them off till you have

shown them to my mammy: they are so pretty!

Little *Lydia* felt pleased and very comfortable after she had done this good-natured action; and she could not help being conscious that her mamma would have approved of her for it; but she knew too well what was right and becoming to tell of it herself, or even to give a hint of it: for though nothing gave her so much pleasure as her mother's commendations, yet she knew that a good action loses all its beauty when it is done for the sake of any reward whatever. Her behaviour, however, did not pass unobserved, for the maid, who was walking in the garden with a baby in her arms, saw the whole transaction, and was so delighted with it, that when she went to dress her mistress, she told her how sweetly *Lydia* had

behaved. *Lydia's* mamma, however, took no notice at all to her of it. Think what was the dear girl's surprise, in the morning, when she heard the whole story read aloud in her mamma's journal; and think what pleasure she received from praises so well deserved as those which were bestowed upon her. Her mamma enquired of her whether she knew the little girl's name, or where she lived? she answered, No, mamma: she looked very clean and neat; but I observed that she had no tippet, nor any thing to keep her neck from the sun; and the little boy's toes came through his shoes. If you please, I will give her the garden shawl I have just left off; and I think those red shoes, which are too little for Edwin, will fit the little boy. Then you shall have the pleasure of giving those things to them, said her

mamma; you may ask Mary for them, and I have a bit of check by me, which I will cut into an apron, and you shall make it for the little girl; Mary says she is about your height.—*Lydia* did not forget the permission she had. The shawls and shoes were laid carefully by, and with them a paper of almonds and raisins, which she had bought with her own money.

*Lydia*, with great pleasure, set about the task proposed to her, and worked with great neatness and expedition upon the apron. Miss Stark happening to come in when she was at work, expressed great surprise at her employment, and said, she wondered her mamma should let her wear the skin off her pretty little fingers with such coarse, nasty work,

which was much fitter for the maid than for her; and that she thought it much below her to be making checked aprons for a poor girl.

When Miss Stark was gone, *Lydia* told her mamma what she had said to her. I must not, said her mamma, suffer Miss Stark to visit you, if she puts such notions into your head. Can it possibly be below you to be useful to any person living? Your pretty little fingers, as she calls them, were given you to be of use; and though she employs hers only at the harpsicord, yet I think they should often be exercised in plain and profitable works.

*Lydia.*

I like to work sometimes, mamma.

*Mamma.*

It is very proper you should. Never,



especially, my dear girl, be above working for the poor, and doing them every service in your power: little girls have seldom much money, their very clothes are given them; the only thing they have of their own is their time: if they give up some of their play-hours to work for a poor neighbour, they strengthen good dispositions and habits in themselves, and do, perhaps, the only act of charity in their power. You had no apron to give the little girl, so I let you work at this, that you might have the pleasure of making it, by that means, your own present; and I hope, that during the whole of your life, you will find it one of your greatest pleasures to do good and kind actions. Miss Stark would, I think, be ashamed of talking so, if she ever read

her bible, or considered who has laboured so much for the poor.

*Lydia.*

Miss Stark's mamma gives her a great deal of money, and I believe she often gives some of it away.

*Mamma.*

I do not know that she wants good nature; but she puts herself to no inconvenience by giving away money, when she can go and get more of her mamma the first time she wants a toy; and she would show much more real charity, if she wore less finery, or spent a little less time in diversion, for the sake of being serviceable to the poor sometimes. Charity, my dear, means love to our neighbour; and we are most sure that love is sincere, when we part with something we

like, or give ourselves some trouble to serve them.

*Lydia.*

Then, mamma, instead of going into the garden this afternoon, I will finish the apron; at present I am very tired, and must go and take a run.

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*CHAPTER VI.*  
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THE MAY GARLAND.

**T**HOUGH *Lydia* watched very anxiously, a day or two passed before she saw the little folk again; one day, however, as she was sitting at the window, she saw them coming, she flew down stairs, and met them just as they were going by the gate; in her haste to catch them she had run down without the presents; she, therefore, desired them to stop a minute, and going up stairs again, soon returned with the shawl, the shoes, the apron, and

the almonds and raisins. She made the two children very happy by her gifts, particularly the boy, who said, Thank you, and cried, Shoes! shoes! twenty times over.

*Lydia* made him sit down on the bench while his sister put them on, and observing he had but one shoe-string, ran in to ask for a bit of ribbon. Mary gave her a very nice bit of black ribbon, long enough to tie both shoes, and sent the young folk away much delighted; though the dressing them took up her attention so much, that she forgot to ask their names, or where they lived. Many days had passed, and *Lydia* had almost forgotten the little girl and boy, when one morning she arose early, very cheerful with the consciousness of having behaved well the preceding day; and as the sun

shone, and it was very pleasant, she put on her hat, handkerchief, and gloves, and walked into the garden before breakfast: she had not walked long before she saw something held up at the gate that looked very pretty; she went that way to see what it was, and soon knew the little girl and boy to whom she had been so kind. They held between them a garland made of all sorts of pretty flowers, tied with bits of ribbon. What have you got there? said *Lydia*; I never saw such a pretty thing before! It is a present for you, Miss, said Sally, if you will please to accept of it: to-day is MAY DAY, and my mother and I got up at four o'clock this morning to make the garland. My mother had several good friends who gave her leave to gather flowers in their gardens, and some ladies gave her bits of

ribbon; we have taken a great deal of pains to make it, and I hope you will like it.

The delight of *Lydia* is not to be expressed; she thanked the little girl in a very civil, pretty manner, and then ran, half wild with pleasure, into her mamma's room, to show her prize. It is very handsome, indeed, my dear, said her mamma, the child's mother has shown a very grateful and pretty attention. But you should make the little girl some present; for though I dare say that was not her mother's view in sending the garland, yet it is usual on May Day.—Run down with this shilling.

Away flew little *Lydia*; but she was too late. The children had been strictly charged not to stay at all, for fear it

should seem as if they expected any thing; and if any money were offered them, to refuse it very civilly, and say, their mother would be very angry if they took it.

The joy of the garland had still prevented any enquiry about their name or place of abode; but *Lydia's* mamma was so pleased with this instance of delicate civility in their mother, that she took pains to learn who she was, and found that her name was Brush; that she was a very worthy and industrious woman, who kept a little school, and took in needle-work. *Lydia*, after showing her garland with great delight in the parlour, hung it up in the nursery: and at every interval of leisure, during the day, came to admire it, and to play with it.

In the morning, as soon as *Lydia*



arose, she went to look at her garland; but, to her great mortification, saw that all its beauty was gone; that the tulips hung their heads, that the other flowers were withered, and their colours faded; with some concern she went to her mamma, to show her the change in her garland. My dear moppet, said she, had you forgotten that flowers would wither; they draw all their nourishment from the earth, and, therefore, when they are separated from it they must die.

*Lydia.*

How can the earth nourish them, mamma?

*Mamma.*

My dear, as the food you take nourishes you, so the plant draws the moisture out of the earth, and that moisture runs through all the parts of it, and supports

it; and according to the different channels it runs through, takes all kinds of beautiful colours, or sometimes only a fine green; and in some flowers takes no colour at all, but leaves the plant a pure white. The earth is called the parent of plants and vegetables; and it supports them as a mother does her child: if the flower be taken out of the ground, it withers as these have done; and what would little Joseph, or even you do, *Lydia*, if you were taken from me?

*Lydia.*

You told me once, that God took care of me.

*Mamma.*

Certainly; and without the help of God neither could the earth nourish its plants, nor the mother protect her child; but in general, he is pleased to convey

support and blessings to the child, through the means of the parents; and as they delight in being made the instruments of his goodness to their child, it ought to inspire the child with tender affection and gratitude towards them, and incline it to obey the commands of God:

“Honour thy father and thy mother.”

*Lydia.*

I am sure, mamma, I love you; and you are very good to me.

*Mamma.*

And I have the pleasure of telling you, you were very good yesterday; for when I called you to your lesson, though you were deeply engaged in examining your garland, you asked Mary to hang it up, and came directly. I design, as a re-

ward, to take you, after business is done, to see Mrs. Brush and her young family; and, if you can find any little books to carry, I dare say they will be a very welcome present. I shall take some of the *Instructive Hints*, and *Original Poems*. This promise gave much delight to *Lydia*, and encouraged her to get her lessons with great diligence.

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*CHAPTER VII.*  
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THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

**T**HE morning business being finished, *Lydia* and her mamma set out, accompanied by little Edwin. They found the good woman in an exceedingly neat, comfortable room, surrounded by a number of little forms, on which sat about twenty very orderly children, among whom were her own little boy and girl. The little girl was marking a sampler, and the little boy looking at the alphabet in a spelling-book. At the sight of the

lady and her children, they all rose up, and Mrs. Brush would have sent them away, as school was almost done; but *Lydia* and her mamma both begged they might sit down again. They looked at their works, examined their books, and *Lydia's* mamma asked Mrs. Brush many questions about her own children, and her scholars, while the little girl was very busy looking over Sally, and seeing her make words upon her sampler. Edwin employed himself in admiring a parrot which hung in the corner of the room, and which repeated b, a, ba, c, a, ca, d, a, da, and so on, as he had learnt by hearing the children; and was indeed an apter scholar than some of them. Upon a hint from her mamma, *Lydia* presented to Mrs. Brush the books she had brought, which were *The Parents' and Teachers'*

*Catechism, Rhymes for the Nursery,* and *The Strangers' Offering*, together with the books before mentioned, which her mamma had brought.

For the little girl *Lydia* reserved *An Epitome of Scripture History*, a book which her mamma esteemed very highly indeed. There are some other books of the same kind, which she did not put into her hands till she had altered some few passages; for though written with the best intention in the world, they appeared to her to speak of the Deity in words too free to be put even into the mouth of an ignorant child. *Lydia* had not forgotten the little boy, to whom she gave the *Universal Primer*. You may be sure these presents were received with many thanks; and Mrs. Brush afterwards asked her visitors to walk in her garden,

showed them a nice brood of chickens, and gave *Lydia* some cabbage, to feed two rabbits that were in a hutch: she then took them to her bee-hives, where the little bees were all in a cluster at the door, or buzzing about and sipping sweetness out of the flowers, to make honey for their winter provision.

I have heard my sister, said *Lydia*, repeat some verses about killing the poor bees and taking their honey.

I do not kill them, my dear, said Mrs. Brush, I have been taught to use some fumes which will stupify them for a time, and then I take their honey, only leaving them a little to live upon, and they soon revive; and if, in the winter, when there are no flowers, I cannot spare them honey enough, I feed them with sugar and water. The greatest part of my honey I



have sold; but when we go in, if you please, you shall taste the remainder.

The young people were permitted to take a little of the offered honey, which was nicely spread on a thin bit of home-baked bread. The lady made a present of some money to the good woman, and they then took their leave of Mrs. Brush and the children.

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*CHAPTER VIII.*  
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THE LITTLE LAMB.

**A**BOUT a week after the visit to the school, *Lydia*, from her window, saw Sally lugging something under her arm, which seemed more than she could manage. When the little girl came to the gate, she stopped and looked in, but modesty prevented her from ringing. *Lydia* went down to see what she wanted; but how surprised was she to see that Sally's load was a little lamb, not many days old. It had been given to Sally by

a farmer, whose little boy and girl went to school to her mother, because the dam was dead; and she had adorned its neck with a wreath of field flowers, and brought it as a present to *Lydia*; accordingly, when *Lydia* came to the gate, she, in a very pretty manner, begged her acceptance of it, and told her it must be fed two or three times a-day with warm milk. Nobody can express the delight of *Lydia*, upon finding herself mistress of the lamb. Her joy, however, did not make her forget to thank Sally with great good-nature and civility for the gift; nor did it prevent her recollecting that her mother had thought it proper to offer her a present for the May Garland, she, therefore, begged her to stay till she showed the lamb to her mamma; and taking it

up, tottered into the house. She soon returned with half a crown, which she took great pains to persuade Sally to accept, but to no purpose: she said, her mother would be very angry with her if she took any thing; that the lamb had cost her nothing, and she had been strictly charged to take nothing for it.

Then, said *Lydia*, at least let me give you some fruit and some cake; and taking the little girl by the hand, seated her upon a bench, and ran to fetch her a piece of cake; then, with her mamma's leave, she gathered for her some strawberries and cherries. Sally thanked her very prettily, and begged leave to carry them home to divide with her brother. Thus, having given the little lamb a kiss, and again told *Lydia* it must be fed with

warm milk, and be taken into the house at night, she went away.

You may believe that the greatest part of *Lydia's* employment was to feed and tend the little lamb, whose baaing would indeed have excited tenderness even in a heart of less sensibility than *Lydia's*.

The pleasure she had in the lamb, naturally led her to think and talk of the little giver. *Lydia* observed to her mamma, that although Sally was a poor girl, and had never gone into company, yet she always behaved in a very pretty manner, and spoke gently and civilly, and made nice courtesies.

My dear, said her mamma, when people have a modest opinion of themselves, and wish to behave with respect and civility, they seldom do any thing that is improper.

A fear of offending will make them gentle and reserved in their behaviour; and a person who tries to speak in an obliging manner, is not often at a loss for language. It is conceit and forwardness that makes people disgusting; and conceit and forwardness are as disagreeable in a little girl or boy, if their parents are rich, as if they were poor. Nothing can make children agreeable but being humble and tractable, and behaving in an obliging, respectful manner to every body; for as children, whoever their parents may be, can know very little, and are unable to say any thing worth hearing, they should, therefore, think every body of more consequence than themselves, and be very much obliged to any body who takes notice of them. I am sure, said *Lydia*, I think myself so. You

always appear to think so, my dear, said her mamma; our friends are very kind to you, and will continue so while you behave as properly as you do; but whenever children begin to argue with grown people, speak pertly to them, like Miss Smart, or pretend to know better than they do, what is right and proper, they become very ridiculous and very disagreeable. What pleases you in Sally, and what will equally please in yourself, is, that she seems to have no wish nor will but to oblige you, and to do what she thinks may please you, and show her respect to you.

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*CHAPTER IX.*  
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## THE WORK-BAGS.

**DURING** the course of the summer, *Lydia's* aunt found it necessary to take a long journey, and desired the favour to leave her little daughter in her sister's family, during her absence, as it was not convenient to take her. This little girl, whose name was Fanny, was about *Lydia's* age; and, therefore, though *Lydia's* elder sisters were very obliging and good-natured to her, yet she was her chief companion, and was very much delighted with her society. One



day, a lady, who was very intimate in the family, came to make a visit, and brought a present to each of the little girls of a silk work-bag trimmed with broad lace. In the bag were a needle-book furnished with thread and needles, a silver thimble, a pair of scissors with silver tops, in a nice red sheath; and besides, a piece of drawn lawn neatly tacked upon a bit of oil-skin, and just begun for them, that they might each of them work for themselves a tucker.

Fanny, though very good-natured, was exceedingly giddy and careless, leaving her dolls, books, and every thing she had, scattered all over the house; the consequence of which was, that they were frequently lost or spoiled. This lady, therefore, knowing her failing, gave her a particular caution to take care of her

work-bag, and desired, when the young ladies came to see her, they would each bring their bag with them.

For some little time Fanny continued very mindful of the advice which had been given her. One day they had been working in a little summer-house in the garden, and Fanny had been particularly guarded, by one of the elder young ladies, against leaving her work-bag, when she came in.

*Lydia*, when she had done work, collected all her things into her bag, and hung it upon her arm, Fanny did the same, and they both came down out of the summer-house; but Fanny said, she must gather a nosegay before she came in, out of a little garden that had been given her, and away she ran to the place; but finding the work-bag inconvenient

upon her arm, when she stooped to gather flowers, she laid it down on a clean grass-plat. The nosegay being made, she was preparing to go in, when she saw *Lydia's* little lamb, who was in the adjoining field, put his nose over the pales very near her; she ran to him, stroked his head, fetched him some cabbage to eat out of her hand, and played with him, till recollecting she should scarcely have time to be dressed before dinner, she ran in, in great haste, leaving the work-bag upon the grass. Fanny did not once think of her work-bag till she was going to sit down to work after dinner; she then recollected that she had left it upon the grass, and ran in great haste to fetch it; but when she came she found all her things in a very dismal condition; the work-bag was torn to pieces, and all wet

and dirty; the needle-book and work were tossed out, and entirely spoiled; the thimble had rolled quite away; in short, nothing had escaped but the scissors, and, as for the sheath, that was bent, and the colour quite changed. Any of you, who ever have had a present you were pleased with, and seen it destroyed by your own carelessness, will be able to judge what this little girl felt, when she cast her eyes upon all this mischief. She stood at first quite stupified, then began to examine the things, one by one, and when she found them entirely spoiled, she could not refrain from tears and lamentation. The gardener, hearing her cry, came from the other end of the garden, to know what was the matter? she told him her misfortunes, and asked, who could have put her things into that

state? The gardener said, it was a great pity, but he did not doubt that it was the puppy, for he had just before seen him running about the garden, and had turned him out.

Poor Fanny could do nothing but pick up the tattered bits, and carry them sorrowfully into the house; even those who blamed her negligence could not help pitying her; and she found *Lydia*, in particular, ready to cry with her, and to share in her trouble.

The next morning, as *Lydia* and her little friend were talking over this accident, Fanny said, her greatest concern was, that Mrs. Grant would know she had taken so little care of her present; and that she could not bear the thought of seeing her. But, says she, one of the maids told me, she had got a piece of

blue silk, just the colour of mine, and she had a cousin who was a milliner, and would give her a bit of blond lace and ribbon, and she would make me a bag and needle-book, just like the others; and that I might buy a sheath with my own money; and if we could but find the thimble, Mrs. Grant need never know it; for, as your mamma was out all day yesterday, and does not come home till tomorrow, she need know nothing of the matter; and who else will tell? It may be very good-natured in Sarah, said *Lydia*; but I hope, my dear Fanny, you are too good to do such a mean, deceitful trick. If you say, you could not bear to see Mrs. Grant now, I think it must distress you a great deal more to see her when you knew you were trying to deceive her; and how dreadful it would

be to hear her commend you for taking such care of your bag, when you were conscious how you had behaved. I am sure, if no creature were to find me out, I should be very miserable; and if you should be found out, what would become of you then?

You are a great deal better than I am, said Fanny; and now I consider about it, I dare say my mamma would be very sorry I should do so; and so I must tell Mrs. Grant the whole truth, I think—but I shall look so foolish!

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CHAPTER X.  
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## THE VISIT.

SOME time after the loss of the work-bag, the family received an invitation to dine at Mrs. Grant's. On the day they were to go, *Lydia* took an opportunity of seeing her mamma alone, and asking her advice. I do not like, mamma, said she, to take my work-bag with me, because I think it will mortify poor Fanny so, and look as if I wanted to show I was more careful than she; and yet I am afraid of appearing uncivil to Mrs. Grant, who desired me to bring it.



*Lydia* received her mamma's tenderest caresses, and commendations, for her sentiment and generosity. You judge with great propriety and delicacy, my dear, as to not taking the work-bag; and Mrs. Grant, who must know the history of poor Fanny's, will easily guess your reason for leaving yours at home, and will honour you for it: and Fanny, when she knows how kind and considerate you are, must love you dearly. The coach was soon after at the door, and *Lydia*, her mamma, one of her sisters, and Fanny got in.

Poor Fanny was that day an instance how one giddy or thoughtless thing may entirely destroy a person's pleasure. She had been expecting the day they were to go to Mrs. Grant's with great impatience and delight; but her unfortunate care-

lessness had so altered her feelings, that she dreaded the thought of going, and would very gladly have been left behind. She was very grave all the way, though *Lydia* tried all she could to amuse her, by pointing out to her the flowers in the hedges, the birds in the trees, and the carriages as they passed. Mrs. Grant was very happy to see them all, and especially the two young ones. She observed them, however, a little, to see if they had brought their work-bags.

The young ladies, as they were seating themselves, observed upon a table, at the further end of the room, two very little cradles with dolls in them: they thought it probable they were intended as a present for them; and this thought increased poor Fanny's distress and confusion. To receive another present when

she had been so careless of the former, hurt every generous principle within her. After some little time, Mrs. Grant asked *Lydia* if she had done her tucker? *Lydia* answered very modestly and prettily, Yes madam.

And why did you not then bring it to show me? I dare say it is very nicely done; and I had pleased myself much with the thoughts of seeing both your works: is yours finished too, Fanny? Poor Fanny could hold out no longer, but burst into tears. Her aunt was so good as to explain to Mrs. Grant the cause of her grief, and tell how very sorry she had been: she likewise informed her of *Lydia's* delicacy in not choosing to make a parade of her work-bag, which was, however, very safe at home.

You are a sweet girl, said Mrs. Grant, and will, I dare say, make an excellent nurse; she then fetched the two cradles; they were both of white satin, the one had fine worked muslin curtains tied with blue, and a muslin dimity quilt fringe; and in it lay a little doll, dressed like a little boy in a muslin robe, with a laced rose to his cap, and a blue sash. The other cradle had pink Persian curtains tied with white ribbon, and a white satin quilt bound with pink ribbon; this contained a little girl, in a muslin robe likewise, with a pink ribbon round her cap, and a pink sash round her waist. The goodness of your behaviour, said Mrs. Grant, I think, entitles you to the privilege of choosing first; take which you like: Fanny will accept the other; and I

dare say she will not let the puppy come into her nursery.

*Lydia* begged leave to let Fanny choose first, and pressed her much to say which she liked best; but she constantly refused; till, after this friendly contest had lasted some little time, *Lydia's* mamma told her, it would be better for her to make a choice, as Fanny could not be persuaded to determine.

The dear girl had pitied Fanny, and wished that she should be pleased about the doll; and, as she knew that she very much preferred the little boy herself, she naturally thought that Fanny would do so too, and, therefore, left it for her, and took the little girl. Fanny then took the boy, and promised to guard it from puppies, and all other mischances.

I thought, said the elder Miss *Lively*,

you were wishing, but the other day, for a little boy doll. I expected you would have chosen that?

*Lydia* said nothing. But Mrs. Grant, who guessed her reason, asked Fanny which she really thought the prettiest? Fanny, thus called upon, said, they were both pretty; but she thought the little girl the prettiest. Then pray take it, said *Lydia*; for indeed I left the boy, because I thought you would like it best. And I, said Fanny, did not like to say any thing, because I thought my cousin liked the little girl best.

You are both charming girls, said Mrs. Grant; but I suppose, if you change, each will have exactly what she wishes. The exchange was made, and afterwards the young ladies spent their time till dinner in nursing their children, and

putting them in and taking them out of the cradle.

*Lydia* had now quite left off whining and frowning, and was grown a very agreeable play-fellow and companion; and, as she and Fanny amused themselves without any noise or bustle, it was a pleasure to see them in the room. During the whole time they staid, they behaved in the most pleasing manner; and Mrs. Grant did every thing in her power to make the visit agreeable to them. After passing a very cheerful day, they returned home, and *Lydia* had the pleasure of seeing her little friend in much better spirits than when she set out.

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**CHAPTER XI.**  
~~~~~**THE BASKET OVERTURNED.**

**O**NE day, as *Lydia* was walking in the fields, with her mamma, her sisters, and Fanny, she saw a little girl standing near the hedge, and crying very sadly. The voice of distress was never heard without attention by *Lydia*; she ran up to the girl, followed by Fanny, and asked her what was the matter?

*Girl.*

Oh! dear, what shall I do! my eggs are almost all broken! and my mother



will be so angry, I am afraid to go home!

*Lydia.*

Do not cry. I dare say your mother will not be very angry: my mamma would not, I am sure.

*Girl (still sobbing.)*

Yes, Miss; but my mother will, and beat me severely too. I was to have sold them for a shilling, and carried back some butter and a loaf.

*Lydia.*

I dare say you did not break them on purpose: how did it happen?

*Girl.*

My mother put a dozen of eggs into this little basket, and wrapped them nicely up in straw, and bade me go directly to town with them, and not stop at all. She told me I must sell them for

a shilling, and bring back a loaf and some butter. I walked straight on till I came to this field, and then the blackberries looked so nice in the hedge, that I longed to get some; and I thought there could be no harm in stepping to the hedge and gathering a few. I set my basket down, because I wanted to reach a very fine bough that grew in the back part of the hedge; but while I was plucking the fruit, a great over-grown dog came and ran his nose into my basket, overturned all the eggs, and broke eight of them; and now I cannot buy the bread and the butter. My mother wants them for her tea, and I do not know what she will do to me.

*Lydia's* mamma, and her elder sisters, had now walked up to them, and Mrs. Lively having overheard the girl's dis-

course, said, I am sorry to see you in such trouble; but you now find the consequence of not minding your mother. Little girls are apt to think they know as well as their parents; but they generally find themselves mistaken, and sometimes get into a great deal of distress by fancying so; as you have done. Your mother bade you go directly to town and stop no where, because she knew, if you got to play, or gave your attention to any thing but your eggs, a great many accidents might happen to break them; and if you had done as she bade you, it is probable your eggs would have been safe. Your mother, therefore, will have great reason to be angry, when she knows how the accident happened.

*Girl.*

Yes, madam, that is what will make

her so angry; she would have forgiven me a great deal sooner, if it had happened any other way. A boy, who came by just now, advised me to say I was getting over a stile, and the bar gave way, and that I tumbled down, and so my eggs got broken; but I never did tell her a lie in my life, and I should be very unwilling to begin now.

*Lady.*

Your mother has at least been very kind to you, in instilling such good principles into you.

*Girl.*

Yes, madam, she always taught me to be honest, and never to tell a lie upon any account whatever; and if she were to find out that I deceived her, she would punish me ten times more than she will now.

*Lady.*

Be assured, you can never escape trouble and sorrow by being wicked; you have already done one fault, and you feel how unhappy it has made you; but, if you were to tell a lie, you would become a great deal more naughty, and consequently be a great deal more unhappy. And though you were not found out, I dare say your mother has taught you that God always sees you; and if you try to save yourself by wicked means, you put yourself quite out of the way of his blessing and protection. Now, you are so good a girl, I dare say you will find your mother kinder to you than you expect. Dry up your tears, and take this shilling; give me the eggs that remain, go and buy your butter and bread, and then your mother will not be

disappointed; and as you are so good a girl, whenever your mother has any eggs or chickens, you may bring them to me, and I will give you your price for them; only remember to call at the first white house as you come into town.

The poor girl received the shilling with equal joy and gratitude; and when she was gone, *Lydia's* mamma observed to her, that persons often find a present reward in doing their duty: If this little girl, said she, had taken the boy's advice, and determined to tell her mother a falsity, she would probably have turned back directly, and been in another field when we came here, so that we should have known nothing of her distress, and her story would, perhaps, not have been so well told as to escape detection. I hope now the amends I have made for

her loss will abate the severity of her mother's anger; and when the whole of her conduct is known, she must, I think, receive her praises.

Just as she had done speaking, a beautiful insect flew by *Lydia*. Look, mamma, said she; that fly is just like the picture in my book; is it not? We will look, my dear, said her mamma: and taking out of her pocket Mrs. *Wakefield's* "*Introduction to the Classification of Insects,*" she found the little creature, under the title of Dragon Fly; and *Lydia* read the description of it, and had afterwards a full opportunity of admiring it, as it rested upon a leaf.

I am sure, said *Lydia*, I am much obliged to Mrs. *Wakefield* for writing so nice a book; it has taught me a great

many things. And me, likewise, said her mamma; we will never walk out without it; nor without the "*Introduction to Botany*," by the same lady; for the best use we can make of our walks, is to acquaint ourselves with the works of God; which in the fields and lanes are continually before us; for I again say, you cannot be too well acquainted with the works of God, who made you, and made the little insects, and the slender flower which your eye almost overlooks. God, my child, has spread before you two volumes, which are each his work, and demand and deserve your most attentive consideration, and most curious study; the book of Revelation—I mean the Bible, wherein you learn the way to eternal life; and the book of nature, which is every where spread open before you, and



which instructs you every where in the wisdom and goodness of God. Let no opportunity slip, then, of acquainting yourself with those wonders; and the more you learn of "what great things God has done for you;" may your heart feel more grateful to Him, and more ready to obey Him, and to do every thing He commands.

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*CHAPTER XII.*  
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## THE BIRTH-DAY.

**M**ISS *Lydia* had several brothers as well as sisters, a good deal older than herself; among the rest was Gilbert, a boy, who, from the goodness of his disposition, seemed formed to make his parents happy. Obliging to all, he was particularly indulgent and kind to little *Lydia*. One day, in the autumn, he joined a family party in the garden, and seeing some fine alpine strawberries, in a little garden which the elder ones had

given to *Lydia*, he asked her if he might gather some? No, pray brother, do not gather them now, said *Lydia*; for I keep them to treat you all with to-morrow, upon my birth-day. Is to-morrow your birth-day, little girl? replied he; then, as to-day is a half-holiday, I will go a fishing, and try if I cannot get you a dish of fish for your dinner. I shall set off directly; and pray, mamma, do not mind whether I return to dinner, for I do not care about that. Go then, said mamma; and I will contribute some tarts and a cake, as my share of the entertainment.

Gilbert took his rod and his implements, and away he went. At dinner he was not much expected; but in the evening his mamma began to grow uneasy, and was going to send a servant after him. However, just as she was speak-

ing to the servant, Gilbert came in much tired, but without any fish.

I am sorry, *Lydia*, said he, not to have any fish to offer you; but I think, when you know how it happened, you will not be displeas'd with me. I had, said he, no success at all till evening; the fish then began to bite, and I caught two very fine trout. I was coming home, mightily delighted with my prize; but before I had walk'd a quarter of a mile, I heard the sound of somebody crying on the other side of the hedge, and heard a voice say, Now your brothers and sisters must go to bed without their suppers; and, poor things, I left them only a halfpenny roll in the morning; and we had nothing, you know, but a few turnips yesterday.

The hedge was so thick, I could not see who was speaking, till we came to a stile,

and then I saw the poor boy (who comes to the door sometimes with fish) and his mother get over into the lane. I asked her what was the matter? and she told me, she had been about five miles to buy fish; that she had almost starved herself and her children, to save up two shillings for the purpose, in hope of getting a little profit by it; she had staid all day, and could not get any; and she and her son were returning home. She had a hole in her pocket, and, therefore, had given the shillings to the boy; and as they were going through a close lane, she unguardedly said to her son, Bob, are your two shillings safe? Just at that moment a great, big man jumped over the hedge, and catching hold of the boy, said, Are you quite sure they are safe? let me take care of them for you; and

then put his hand into his pocket, and took away the two shillings: and now, said she, I have nothing to give to the children! I intended to have bought a six-penny loaf, when I got home, for this boy; and I have tasted nothing to-day; and I should have tried to get some fish to-morrow with the remaining eighteen pence. She cried so, added Gilbert, that I was ready to cry too. I had no money to give her. I had nothing but my fish; and I asked her, how much she could sell them for? Oh! dear Sir! said she, they are very fine fish! I dare say they would fetch a shilling or eighteen pence a piece. And do you think you could sell them to-night, if you had them? said I. She said, she did not doubt that she could sell them; but should not think of taking my fish: however, I begged her

to take them; and if it had not been so late, I would have gone back and tried to get you some more, *Lydia*; but I will get up very early in the morning and go. Indeed, brother, said *Lydia*, I beg you will not think of it; for if there are such bad men about, they may rob you too.

Gilbert, I believe, said mamma, does not read *Horace* yet, or he might tell you, that,

“ Blythe sings the traveller with empty purse,  
 “ And in the robber’s sight pursues his course.”

But though it is certain, that if he has nothing he cannot be robbed, he may be uncivilly used, and, therefore, I would advise him not to go; we can, I dare say, procure fish without giving him any

further trouble; but I thought you had a shilling this morning, Gilbert; what have you done with it?

*Gilbert.*

Pray, mamma, do not ask me; it is a secret at present.

*Mamma.*

Then I never desire to know secrets; and you, I am persuaded, will do nothing wrong; and as I have no anxiety upon that account, I should be ashamed, if mere curiosity made me desirous to know what you wish to conceal. Nothing, I think, is so contemptible as that sort of curiosity, which makes people want to know what every one says and does, and which grows more impatient in proportion as we think the person wishes us not to know.



*Gilbert.*

Nay, mamma, I have no real secrets from you, only I wish nobody to know just now—

*Mamma.*

I am quite satisfied, my dear boy.

*Lydia.*

I have a little secret, mamma; my sister told me you would not be angry, and nobody knows but her:—do not tell yet, Kitty.

*Mamma.*

I dare say she will not, my love; and if she were going I would not let her. You heard me say, I never desire to know secrets. I think no wise person would; but I should be very sorry anybody belonging to me should not be able to keep a secret, if they were intrusted with one. But I will tell you something

that is no secret; which is, that your long walk has tired you; and that you look very sleepy; therefore, I advise you to go to-bed.

Gilbert waked soon in the morning; and as the sun shone very bright, and it was a delightful morning, he longed to take his fishing-rod once more; but his mamma having desired him not, he did not attempt it; but before he went to school he went with his violin to *Lydia's* door, and waked her with a very cheerful tune, wished her many happy birthdays, and then went away. *Lydia* arose as soon as the maid came into her room, and went to receive a kiss from her mamma; she then walked down stairs, and the first thing she saw at the hall-door was her little lamb, with a new blue ribbon round his neck, and shaking some

little round bells that were fastened to it. Away she flew, first to her mamma, then to her sisters, to ask who had made her lamb so fine? but they could not give her any information: every body in the house was asked to no purpose. After a little while, I think, said mamma, I guess!—I guess too, cried out little *Lydia*, it must be Gilbert; you know he said he had a secret; that is it, depend upon it: how kind it was of him! how dearly I do love Gilbert! Every body must love him dearly, said his mamma. I wish, said *Lydia*, I knew how to make him some return. I wish I could do any thing to please him.—Your wish is natural and amiable; but be satisfied, that Gilbert finds, in the performance of such acts of good-nature and kindness, a

higher reward than any we could give him; believe me, there is a delight in being kind, and affectionate, and generous, that is beyond any pleasure that relates merely to a person's own self: and if the most ill-tempered and selfish person in the world would but determine for one month to say nothing but what was kind; and to be always doing obliging and liberal things, he would find himself so much more comfortable, so much better, not only in mind but in health; and so much more easy and satisfied with himself, that mere self-love would make him continue such a conduct.

*Lydia.*

I am delighted even with seeing my little lamb happy, when I feed and caress him. I think it is a great plea-

sure to have the power of making any thing happy.

*Mamma.*

Cherish, my dearest child, this disposition, and these feelings; and if you should ever meet with unkindness from others, do not let that incline you to be less kind and good. Bear always in your mind the text I once taught you, "Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good." And if you see persons, by their ill-temper, offend God, and vex every body they are connected with, instead of making their bad behaviour an excuse for your own, think what a sad thing it would be if you, seeing the disagreeableness of their behaviour, were to become like them; and on the contrary, think what an honour it will be to you, if, by your example, by seeing you

always patient and kind, and disinterested, others leave off disputes and selfishness, and grow good.

*Lydia.*

Here comes the dear Gilbert.

*Mamma.*

Here he comes; and I am sure you both feel far more joy than the mere spending of a shilling could have given you; and the older you grow, the more, I trust, you will know and understand of that kind of joy.

~~~~~  
*CHAPTER XIII.*  
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THE SECRET EXPLAINED.

**W**HILE *Lydia* was at work with her mamma, a servant came in, and said, a little girl and boy at the gate asked for *Lydia*. *Lydia* coloured; and upon her mamma's asking who they were, said, with great eagerness, It is little Sally and her brother, mamma: may I go down to them? Pray let me go by myself? You shall see the little girl before she goes home.

Mamma's consent was soon obtained,

and *Lydia*, having first stepped into her room, and hastily taken a little bundle out of the drawer, flew down stairs.

When she got to the gate, she saw Sally holding a pretty little basket made of rushes, with little tufts of silk at the four corners, and covered at top with green leaves.

As soon as Sally saw *Lydia*, she presented the basket to her, and told her, that the maid, who had bidden her to come to the house this morning, told her it was *Lydia's* birth-day; and she had made that basket, and taken the liberty to bring it to her.

It is a very pretty basket, indeed, said *Lydia*; and lifting up the leaves on the top, she saw the basket was almost full of little cakes and lozenges, and on



them Sally had put some bunches of services.

*Lydia.*

Where did you get all these things, Sally? I will not take them from you.

*Sally.*

Yes, pray do, Miss, I brought them on purpose for you. My mother makes the cakes and the lozenges herself, and sells them; and my brother and I were out all yesterday afternoon, to look for services on the hedges; and then I made the basket and put them into it; and I shall be very sorry if you will not accept of it.

*Lydia.*

You made that pretty basket, Sally! I wish you would teach me to make such nice baskets.

*Sally.*

That I will with great pleasure, Miss, if your mamma likes it.

*Lydia.*

I am much obliged to you for your nice present. I have something for you, Sally; and that is the reason why I sent for you to come to-day. So saying, *Lydia* opened the band-box, and took out a new straw hat, with a nice green ribbon round the crown, and one small neat bow behind, and green strings to tie it. *Lydia* desired the little girl to pull off her own hat, and then sit down and let her put this on: nor had Sally more delight in being thus dressed, than *Lydia* had in dressing her.

*Lydia* then went again to her box, and took out a very pretty cotton frock, which she put on the little boy, with more pleasure than she had ever dressed a doll; though the little fellow was not quite so quiet as a doll, but was moving

and twisting about, to see as much as possible of the flowers upon his frock.

When their things were adjusted, *Lydia* led them to the door, and desired her mamma to step down.

Mamma, said she, I told you I had a secret; this is it. I read in the *Children's Friend*, that people should do some good action on their birth-day. Do you like Sally's hat, mamma?

*Mamma.*

Yes, my dear, it is very neat indeed: but where did you get these things? you could not buy them yourself.

*Lydia.*

No, mamma; my sister was so good as to get the hat and the ribbon for me when she went to school, and to put the ribbon on for me. I have been saving

up my money a great while. Do not you remember I would not buy a basket when the others did? and look now what a pretty basket Sally has brought me! a great deal prettier than that at the door. Still I should not have had money enough, if my aunt had not happened to give me a shilling the other day.

*Mamma.*

But where did you get the frock?

*Lydia.*

Do not you remember the piece of cotton Miss Friend gave me to make my great doll a gown? My sister said, there was enough to make the little boy a frock, and she was so good as to cut it out and fit it for me, and I made it up myself.

*Mamma.*

It is very nicely made, I am sure; and

you, my love, are a proof of what I was saying just now, of the pleasure there is in doing kind actions; you appear so cheerful and satisfied. I am sure you never had half so much enjoyment of a new hat for yourself, or a fine doll.

*Lydia.*

Because the little boy and girl look so happy; and there is so much pleasure in seeing people happy.

*Mamma.*

Blessed indeed are those whose countenances, like a mirror, reflect the brightness which shines in the face of their neighbour: or, to speak more plainly, my little dear, blessed both of God and man, are those who are cheerful and happy, because they see another person glad; "who rejoice with them that do rejoice." But, my dear, your little

friends, I dare say, are impatient to show their mother their presents: you had better dismiss them.

*Lydia*, who had now learnt to mind her mamma the moment she spoke, thanked Sally for her pretty basket, and told her she must come one day and teach her to make such; and then desired them to go home.

Sally made a dozen courtesies, and the little boy as many bows; and thanked her again and again as they went away.

*Lydia* then put away her basket with cakes, saying, that should make part of the feast in the afternoon.

A half holiday had been procured for Gilbert, so that he joined the cheerful circle at dinner; and in the afternoon some young folk were expected to tea.

*Lydia*, therefore, was abundantly busy

in setting out cakes, fruit, &c. amidst which Sally's little basket was introduced, and was to *Lydia* the most agreeable part of the entertainment, as it was connected with the remembrance of a benevolent action. As she was not big enough to cut the large cake which her mamma had provided, one of her brothers, very obligingly, cut some slices for her, which she offered to the company with great politeness and propriety.

Just before tea, a servant brought in a little box, and delivered it to *Lydia*; she looked, and saw it was directed to her, and very eagerly set about opening it; this was very easily effected, as the nails were not driven very tight; and on lifting up the lid, the first thing she saw was hay, that being removed, she found

a complete set of doll's tea-china, a tea-board, an urn, a tea-chest, a waiter, a pair of tea-tongs, and half a dozen spoons; with a little note to tell her, that these were the joint presents of her elder brothers and sisters.

Here was a fresh scene of pleasure to the sweet girl: her presents were shown to every body; were admired; and her delight expressed in the warmest manner, yet not so as to importune or disturb any body by her joy.

The tea-chest was then filled with tea, the sugar-basin with sugar, the urn with water; and *Lydia* made tea in a very composed and becoming manner. The evening was passed in cheerful and inoffensive amusement, where the chief contest was, which should please and oblige the other most.



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*CHAPTER XIV.*  
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THE AGREEABLE TOUR.

**W**HEN Fanny had been two months with her aunt, her mamma returned from her journey, and came to fetch her.

Not only Fanny, but the rest of the family, were rejoiced to see her: the young persons asked her many questions; where she had been? and what she had seen?

She was ready to answer all their inquiries with great good-humour; and taking out a book of pocket-maps, said,

I will show you the route I have been. We set out, you know, from Berkshire. We went through Oxfordshire, stopped at Oxford, and there, *Lydia*, saw your brother, who showed us the university, and entertained us with great politeness.

We likewise passed through Woodstock; and I have brought each of you a pair of gloves, a manufacture for which, you know, Woodstock is famous.

We then proceeded through Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Westmorland, Cumberland, and Northumberland, where, *Fanny*, your father's business was.

As we returned, we came by Durham, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, and Hertfordshire.

I have brought my little niece and *Fanny* a set of doll's plates and dishes,

from Staffordshire, and a piece of muslin dimity, for gowns for my elder cousins, from Manchester, in Lancashire; where we stopped a whole day, to see the very great manufacture that is carrying on there, of cottons, dimities, muslins, &c.

While we were in Lancashire, we went to Ancliff, near Wigan, to see the famous burning well.

The water of this well is cold, and has no smell, yet there is so strong a vapour of sulphur issuing out with the stream, that, upon applying a light to it, the top of the water is covered with a flame, like that of burning spirits, which lasts several hours, and emits so fierce a heat, that meat may be boiled over it. The fluid itself will not burn, when taken out of the well.

In Cumberland we saw the black-lead

mine, from whence your pencils, young gentlemen, are furnished, which have assisted you in adorning my dressing-room with such handsome drawings.

While we staid in Northumberland, we went to see the coal-pits, from whence we who live in the southern countries are supplied: the cargoes are shipped from Newcastle upon Tyne, which is also famous for its fishery of salmon.

The young gentlemen, I hope, will accept of a pair of shoe-buckles from Birmingham, in Warwickshire, and the ladies, of scissors from Sheffield, in Yorkshire; both places are famous for the manufacture of hard-ware.

While we were in Derbyshire, we went to see the dropping-well near Buxton; which gives the appearance of stone to every thing that is put into it; and I

have brought you some petrifications from thence.

One day we spent at Buxton, and saw the company who go to drink the medicinal waters there.

We likewise went to see Poole's Hole, by Buxton; but of that you will find a better account than I can give you, in Mrs. Wakefield's Family Tour.

I have brought your mamma, *Lydia*, some ornaments for her mantle-piece, made of Derbyshire spar; and an egg of that substance for your sister Caroline's netting: the spar is said to be the sediment of water petrified as it drops through rocks, and to take the variety of its colours from the different metals or minerals it passes through.

I have likewise brought a carpet for your papa's study, from Kidderminster,

in Worcestershire, which, I think, he will not esteem inferior to the Turkey carpets, which we fetch from so far.

From Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, I have brought a set of little tea-things, some work-baskets, and some toys for the young folk, all made of straw, like your hat, *Lydia*. And now, perhaps, I have tired you by talking, and you will be better pleased with seeing all my collection.

The young people listened with great attention to the lady. Soon after she produced her treasures, and desired them to recollect the place from whence each came.

They acquitted themselves very well, and were not deficient in proper thanks to their aunt, for her kind attention to them.

A day or two afterwards, Fanny and her mamma took their leave; not without mutual regret on the part of *Lydia* and Fanny, who were most affectionately attached to each other.

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CHAPTER XV.  
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## GENEROSITY AND GRATITUDE.

SOME time after *Lydia's* cousin Fanny had left her, little *Lydia*, on her return from a walk with the maid, ran, all in tears, into her mamma's room; and told her, that little Sally's mother was in very great distress.

*Lydia.*

She owes, mamma, four guineas to Mr. Flint, for living in his house; and because she has not money to pay him, he is going to take every thing she



has, and turn her into the street. The poor woman and children were crying so sadly, when I went by the door, that it made me quite uncomfortable, as Miss Seymour says, to see them.

The poor woman said, she and her children must go into the work-house. The little girl was crying to see her mother cry; and the boy said, they would take away his rabbit, and his little chair, in which he used to sit by the fire-side. Do, pray, mamma, do something for the poor woman. Perhaps, if you speak to Mr. Flint, he will not take her things.

*Mamma.*

My dear love, I know Mr. Flint better than you do: it is not possible to persuade him to forego his money; and as to assisting her with four guineas,

it is more than I can well spare; besides, you know there are many people in distress as well as she.

*Lydia.*

Perhaps so: but I have seen this poor woman and the children cry so! and the little ones have been so civil to me!

*Mamma.*

I am sincerely sorry for them.—Why do you look so earnestly at me, *Lydia*?—Have you any money at all?

*Lydia.*

No, mamma; I have no money; but you know, mamma, you were going to buy me a pink silk slip, to wear under my muslin frock. What would that have cost?—I can do very well with my dimity ones.

*Mamma.*

My dearest girl! come to my arms, and enjoy a pleasure you so richly deserve! that of making these poor people happy. Your slip would not have cost two guineas, so that sacrifice alone would not do; but you have set me a noble example; and I will also give up a carpet which I intended to buy for my dressing-room; and the price of that, added to the other, will be sufficient to redeem Mrs. Brush's goods, and set her mind at ease.

*Lydia.*

My dear mamma! I am so glad! Then I may go directly with the money?

*Mamma.*

We will go together. You would

be at a loss by yourself. Go, pray, and ask for my pelisse and my gloves.

*Lydia* flew like lightning: and her mamma being soon equipped, they hastened to Mrs. Brush.

The first thing they saw, was all her little scholars turned out of the room, and in a heap before the door crying.

When they went in, they found every thing pulled out of its place: a rough-looking man had dragged her bedstead down stairs; and the little boy stood with his eyes fixed upon him, and sobbing said, What must mammy and I do for a bed? I am sure Mr. Flint does not want this: he has a great many fine beds.

Upon being asked, where his mammy was? he said, in the garden. As they were passing through to go to her, they

saw another man just going to pull her little copper down. *Lydia's* mamma begged he would desist a little while, and he should not be a loser by it. She then went on; at the further end of the garden they saw the little girl and her mother in an arbour, which they had taken great pains to adorn with roses and honeysuckles; and in which they were now sitting, as they supposed, for the last time: they were weeping bitterly. The little girl's eyes were fixed on the parrot, which hung on a tree near them, and which seemed to take part with them, by crying every minute, Poor Poll! What's the matter?

The lady and her daughter went on towards them; but, as they were walking, a young woman entered the garden hastily, and rushing by them, ran up to

the woman, and catching hold of her arm, with great affection said, I am thankful, cousin, I am come just in time! As soon as ever I heard you were in trouble, I left my place; and what with my wages, and the money I have raised upon my clothes, I have been able to bring you enough to pay your rent. Take the four guineas, and let us get these frightful people out of the house.

The good woman looked very much amazed, and was silent for a moment; then again bursting into tears; it is impossible, my dear Jenny! said she, that I should strip you. No, I can bear my own troubles; but I could never support the thought, that I had taken your bread out of your mouth. How could you think of leaving your place?

so good a one as you had: and what have you done with your clothes? I never thought I should be the occasion of doing you so much harm.

While these two friends were talking thus, the lady and her daughter came up to them. The unfortunate woman, in the midst of her trouble, did not neglect to pay them proper respect: the young person stopped to make them a courtesy, and then earnestly went on. Never think about me, I am young, and can get my living; and after all you have done for me, I should be the most ungrateful creature in the world did I not assist you. If it had not been for you, I should not have been alive now; or, if I had, I should have been in a workhouse. When I was ill with that fever, you nursed me, laid me in your

own bed, and sat up with me yourself, to tend me; and then paid my doctor's bill, that I might not be obliged to sell my clothes: and have not you the best right to them?

I a right! no, indeed, said her cousin.

Surely, you have, returned she: the money you spent upon me, would have paid almost two years' rent; and now, you who lived so neatly, and so comfortably, are going to be pulled all to pieces. You will break my heart if you do not take the money: but why should I stand arguing with you, when I can go and pay the money myself. So saying, she was hastening out of the garden; when *Lydia's* mamma catching hold of her, said, I was unwilling to interrupt so generous a dispute, and I waited a little to see what would be the



end of it: but as to the rent, my daughter and I came on purpose to discharge it. Receive from my daughter (Mrs. Brush) four guineas, which we were going to spend otherwise, but upon nothing that would have given us half the pleasure which we feel in putting you in possession of your house again. As to you, young woman, your conduct is above all reward from man; and yet I wish—

It was impossible for the lady to go on; the joy and gratitude of these worthy people quite overpowered her; and the only way she could get rid of their thanks, was by hurrying them into the house, to secure all their goods.

When the rent was discharged, and the men sent away, Mrs. Brush and her cousin were able to converse more com-

posedly with their benefactors. The former, in the midst of her joy, expressed great concern, that her cousin had thrown herself out of place; and asked, with great anxiety, what she had done with her clothes?

The young woman said, she could not rest a moment, after she heard from an acquaintance, who called upon her, that her landlord was very cruel to her; and that she expected every day to have her goods seized for rent. That she, therefore, went directly to her mistress, and told her, that a relation in the country wanted her very much; and begged to be discharged.

She would not tell her the whole story, for fear she should oppose her intentions; and as to asking leave to go out for a time, she could not expect to

return to her place, when she had disposed of all her clothes.

Her mistress appeared displeas'd; but paid her her wages, which were about a guinea: that she then sold some of her clothes, and pawned the rest, to raise the remainder, and as much as would pay her passage from London; however, as to her clothes, she said, she had not a doubt but she could get them again; for the woman who took them was a very good sort of a woman, and, indeed, could hardly be persuaded to receive them of her.

And do you think, Mrs. Jenny, said the lady, your mistress could not be prevailed on to take you again? Surely, if she knew the whole truth, she would think herself happy in such a servant.

It is not probable she would have got another in so short a time. You shall return as soon as you can: and I will send a letter by you to the lady you have left, to inform her from what generous motives you left her so abruptly. I will take my leave of you both now; and in an hour's time the letter shall be ready.

The young woman called at the time mentioned for the letter; and after many expressions of gratitude, for the kindness shown to her cousin and herself, returned to London, carried it to her late mistress, and in a few days, *Lydia* had the pleasure of knowing, that her mamma had received a letter from the lady, to thank her for restoring so valuable a servant to her, and to inform her,

that as her own maid was going to be married, she meant to take her to wait upon herself; and should ever esteem a person capable of such noble conduct, rather as a friend than a servant.

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*CONCLUSION.*  
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**MISS** *Lydia*, when her mamma first began to write down an account of her behaviour throughout the day, was so much alarmed, lest the story should not be to her credit, that she never went to sleep, without endeavouring to recollect how she had passed the day, and whether she had been good or not. When her conscience told her of any fault, her concern for it naturally led her to consider how she might have avoided that fault, and how she ought to have behaved. In the morning, likewise, when she

awoke, the journal was the first thing that came into her mind; and she used to think what business she had to do that day, and what faults she was in most danger of committing; particularly if she had done any thing wrong the day before, she always considered how she should conduct herself, so as not to have the same sad story told of her again.

Her mamma, when she found those faults thoroughly corrected, which were her first motive for writing an account of her daughter's conduct, discontinued her journal; but *Lydia* had so accustomed herself to the abovementioned inquiry, that she still continued so excellent a practice; and nothing so much assisted her, in her wish to be good, as this habit; for, by such a frequent re-

view of her behaviour, she discovered many little faults, which she would not otherwise have noticed; and by correcting them in the beginning, she escaped falling into many vices and bad habits, which, though very easily checked at first, become, after they are long indulged, very difficult to break. I very affectionately recommend this practice to any young persons who desire in earnest to be good: and if the little anecdotes I have written shall persuade any little boy or girl to correct their faults, and become more happy in themselves, and a greater comfort to their parents, I shall be abundantly recompenced for my trouble.

THE END.



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