

New England Puritans outlawed the observance of Christmas, with its accompanying "profane" merriment, and replaced it with a celebration of Thanksgiving Day. Despite the severity of their beliefs, however, Puritans were very much men of this world: they permitted themselves to strive for both salvation and material success.

Although confident in their possession of grace, Puritans could never be smug. As the finest poetic, homiletic, and allegorical writing from within the tradition testifies, life for the Puritan was a continuing spiritual contest between conversion and backsliding. The various assaults on the town of Mansoul in Bunyan's *The Holy War*, and the sloughs and mountains over which Christians must journey in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, had equivalents in the daily lives of Puritans: they were constantly doubting, then restoring, their confidence in salvation.

For all the solemn finger-wagging of the Puritans, they were among the first to write specifically for children. In addition to the lessons of hornbooks and primers, Puritan children in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were familiar with little books of religious instruction designed specially for their benefit. Two well-circulated examples were James Janeway's *A Token for Children* (1672) and John Bunyan's *A Book for Boys and Girls* (1686). With their humourless preaching, fervent moral rectitude, and withering cautionary maxims, they seem frighteningly stern to today's reader. Both Janeway and Bunyan wrote to awaken and sustain children's penitence. As Bunyan observed in his address "To the Reader":

*To shoot too high doth but make Children gaze
Tis that which hits the man, doth him amaze.*

James Janeway was an Oxford graduate and Nonconformist preacher who died before reaching the age of forty. John Bunyan was an itinerant mender, the father of six children, who gained a considerable reputation for his preaching as well as for his devotional books, notably his spiritual autobiography, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1672), and two allegories of the quest for salvation: *The Pilgrim's Progress* (1678, 1684), and *The Holy War* (1682). Both men suffered for their beliefs—Janeway lost his indulgence to preach and Bunyan

was imprisoned—and both wrote for children because they saw them as unformed diminutive adults who stood in urgent need of their soul-saving admonitions.

Like Anne Bradstreet, Janeway believed that children were "not too little to go to Hell". His *A Token for Children* is a Puritan martyrology composed of thirteen examples of the holy lives and joyful deaths of young Puritans. After catechizing the reader with eleven sorts of soul-battering questions, Janeway closes his Preface with this adjuration:

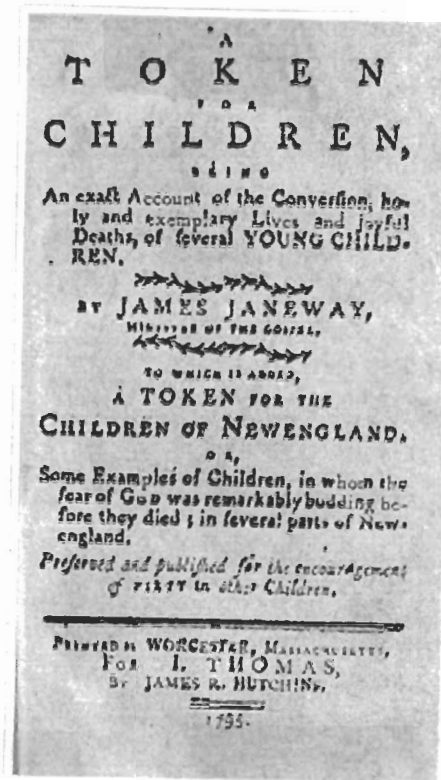
Children, if you love me, if you love your Parents, if you love your Souls, if you would scape Hell Fire, and if you would live in Heaven when you dye, do you go and do as these good children.

His virtuous children are obsessed by their faith. Their chilling life stories, which conclude with zealous, sometimes powerful sermons, were meant to frighten readers into submission: a breathless excited urgency pervades little Sarah Howley's admonitions, not only because she is aware of her approaching death but also because she is haemorrhaging; a dispirited urchin's self-abhorrence is so great that he sees himself as a toad. Janeway based his accounts, as he frequently affirms, on the testimony of real children. The epigraph to the last six states their purpose: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength" (Psalms 8.2).

While Janeway's children are spiritually strong and physically weak, Bunyan's are often healthy reprobates.

JAMES JANEWAY (1636-1674)

From *A Token For Children: Being An Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives, and Joyful Deaths of Several young Children* (1672)



EXAMPLE VII

Of a notorious wicked child, who was taken up from begging, and admirably converted; with an account of his holy Life and joyful Death, when he was nine years old.

1. A Very poor Child of the Parish of *Newington-Butts* came begging to the door of a dear Christian friend of mine, in a very lamentable case, so filthy and nasty, that he would even have turned ones stomach to have looked on him: But it pleased God to raise in the heart of my friend, a great pity and tenderness towards this poor child, so that in Charity he took him out of the streets, whose Parents were unknown, who had nothing at all in him to commend him to any ones Charity, but his misery. My friend eying the glory of God, and the good of the immortal soul of this wretched Creature, discharged the Parish of the Child, and took him as his own, designing to bring him up for the Lord Christ. A noble piece of Charity! And that which did make the kindness far the greater was, that there seemed to be very little hopes of doing any good upon this Child, for he was a very Monster of wickedness, and a thousand times more miserable and vile by his sin, than by his poverty. He was running to Hell as soon as he could go, and was old in naughtiness when he was young in years; and one shall scarce hear of one so like the Devil in his infancy, as this poor Child was. What sin was there (that his

age was capable of) that he did not commit? What by the corruption of his Nature, and the abominable example of little beggar boyes, he was arrived to a strange pitch of impiety. He would call filthy Names, take Gods Name in vain, curse and swear, and do almost all kind of mischief; and as to any thing of God, worse than an Heathen.

2. But his sin and misery was but a stronger motive to that gracious man to pity him, and to do all that possibly he could to pluck this fire-brand out of the fire; and it was not long before the Lord was pleased to let him understand that he had a design of everlasting kindness upon the Soul of this poor child: for no sooner had this good man taken this creature into his house, but he prays for him, and labours with all his might to convince him of his miserable condition by Nature, and to teach him something of God, the worth of his own Soul, and that Eternity of Glory or Misery that he was born to; and blessed by Free-grace, it was not long before the Lord was pleased to let him understand, that it was himself which put it into his heart to take in this Child, that he might bring him up for Christ. The Lord soon struck in with his godly instructions, so that an amazing change was seen in the Child, in a few weeks space he was soon convinced of the evil of his ways; no more news now of his calling of Names, Swearing, or Cursing; no more taking of the Lords Name in vain; now he is civil, and respectful, and such a strange alteration was wrought in the child, that all the Parish that rung of his villany before, was now ready to talk of his reformation, his company, his talk, his employment is now changed, and he is like another creature; so that the glory of Gods Free-grace began already to shine in him.

3. And this change was not only an eternal one, and to be discerned abroad, but he would get by himself, and weep and mourn bitterly for his horrible wicked life, as might easily be perceived by them that lived in the house with him.

4. It was the great care of his godly Master to strike in with those convictions which the Lord had made, and to improve them all he could; and he was not a little glad to see that his labour was not in vain in the Lord; he still experiences that the Lord doth carry on his own work mightily upon the heart of the Child, he is still more and more broken under a sense of his undone state by nature; he is oft in tears and bemoaning his lost and miserable condition. When his Master did speak of the things of God, he listened earnestly, and took in with much greediness and affection what he was taught. Seldom was there any discourse about Soul-matters in his hearing, but he heard it as if it were for his life, and would weep greatly.

5. He would after his Master had been speaking to him or others of the things of God, go to him, and question with him about them, and beg of him to instruct and teach him further, and to tell him those things again, that he might remember and understand them better.

6. Thus he continued seeking after the knowledge of God and Christ, and practising holy duties, till the sickness came into the house, with

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which the child was smitten; at his first sickning, the poor child was greatly amazed and afraid, and though his pains were great, and the distemper very tedious, yet the sense of his sin, and the thoughts of the miserable condition that he feared his soul was still in, made his trouble ten times greater; he was in grievous agonies of spirit, and his former sins stared him in the face, and made him tremble; the poison of Gods Arrows did even drink up his spirits; the sense of sin and wrath was so great, that he could not tell what in the world to do; the weight of Gods displeasure, and the thoughts of lying under it to all eternity, did even break him to pieces, and he did cry out very bitterly, what should he do? he was a miserable sinner, and he feared that he should go to Hell; his sins had been so great and so many that there was no hopes for him. He was not by far so much concerned for his life, as for his Soul, what would become of that for ever. Now the plague upon his body seemed nothing to that which was in his soul.

7. But in this great distress the Lord was pleased to send one to take care for his Soul, who urged to him the great and precious promises which were made to one in his condition, telling him that there was enough in Christ for the chiefest of sinners, and that he came to seek and save such a lost creature as he was. But this poor Child found it a very difficult thing for him to believe that there was any mercy for such a dreadful sinner as he had been.

8. He was made to cry out of himself, not only for his swearing and lying, and other outwardly notorious sins; but he was in great horror for the sin of his Nature, for the vileness of his heart, and original corruption; under it he was in so great anguish, that the trouble of his spirit made him in a great measure to forget the pains of his body.

9. He did very particularly confess and bewail his sins with tears; and some sins so secret that none in the world could charge him with.

10. He would condemn himself of sin, as deserving to have no mercy, thought that there was not a greater sinner in all London than himself, and he abhorred himself as the vilest creature he knew.

11. He did not only pray much with strong cries and tears himself, but he begged the prayers of Christians for him.

12. He would ask Christians, whether they thought there were any hopes for him, and would beg of them to deal plainly with him, for he was greatly afraid of being deceived.

13. Being informed how willing and ready the Lord Christ was to accept of poor sinners upon their repentance and turning, and being counselled to venture himself upon Christ for mercy and salvation, he said he would fain cast himself upon Christ, but he could not but wonder how Christ should be willing to dye for such a vile wretch as he was, and he found it one of the hardest things in the world to believe.

14. But at last it pleased the Lord to give him some small hopes that there might be mercy for him, for he had been the chiefest of sinners; and he was made to lay a little hold upon such promises, as that, *Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* But O

how did this poor boy admire and bless God for the least hopes! How highly did he advance free and rich grace that should pity and pardon him! and at last he was so full of praise, and admiring of God, so that (to speak in the words of a precious man, that was an eye and ear-witness) to the praise and glory of God be it spoken, the house at that day, for all the sickness in it, was a little lower Heaven, so full of joy and praise.

15. The Child grew exceedingly in knowledge, experiences, patience, humility, and self-abhorrency, and he thought he could never speak bad enough of himself; the Name that he would call himself by, was a Toad.

16. And though he prayed before, yet now the Lord poured out upon him the Spirit of prayer in an extraordinary manner, for one of his age, so that now he prayed more frequently, more earnestly, more spiritually than ever. O how eagerly would he beg to be washed in the Blood of Jesus; and that the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, that was over Heaven and Earth, and Sea, would pardon and forgive him all his sins, and receive his Soul into his Kingdom! and what he spoke, it was with so much life and fervour of Spirit, as that it filled the hearers with astonishment and joy.

17. He had no small sense of the use and excellency of Christ, and such longings and breathings of his Soul after him, that when mention hath been made of Christ, he hath been ready almost to leap out of his bed for joy.

18. When he was told that if he should recover, he must not live as he list; but he must give up himself to Christ, and to be his Child and Servant, to bear his Yoke, and be obedient unto his Laws, and live a holy life, and take his Cross and suffer mocking and reproach, it may be persecution for his Name sake. Now Child (said one to him) are you willing to have Christ upon such terms? He signified his willingness by the earnestness of his looks and words, and the casting up of his eyes to Heaven, saying, yes, with all my Soul, the Lord helping me, I will do this.

19. Yet he had many doubts and fears, and was ever and anon harping upon that, that though he were willing, yet Christ he feared was not willing to accept him, because of the greatness of his sin, yet his hopes were greater than his fears.

20. The *Wednesday* before he died, the Child lay as it were in a trance for about half an hour, in which time he thought he saw a Vision of Angels: When he was out of his Trance, he was in a little pett, and asked his Nurse, why she did not let him go; go, whither child, said she? why along with those brave Gentlemen (said he); but they told me they would come and fetch me away for all you, upon *Friday* next, those brave Gentlemen will come for me; and upon that day the Child dyed joyfully.

21. He was very thankful to his Master, and very sensible of his great kindness in taking him up out of the streets when he was a begging, and he admired at the goodness of God, which put it into the mind of a

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stranger to look upon, and to take such fatherly care of such a pitiful sorry creature as he was. O my dear Mother (said he) and child of God, I hope to see you in Heaven, for I am sure you will go thither. O blessed, blessed be God that made you to take pity upon me, for I might have dyed, and have gone to the Devil, and have been damned for ever, if it had not been for you.

22. The Thursday before he dyed he asked a very godly friend of mine, what he thought of his condition, and whither his soul was now going? for he said he could not still but fear least he should deceive himself with false hopes, at which my friend spoke to him thus, Child, for all that I have endeavoured to hold forth the grace of God in Christ to thy Soul, and given you a warrant from the Word of God, that Christ is as freely offered to you, as to any sinner in the world; if thou art but willing to accept of him, thou mayest have Christ and all that thou dost want, with him; and yet thou givest way to these thy doubtings and fears, as though I told thee nothing but lyes. Thou sayest thou fearest that Christ will not accept of thee; I fear thou art not heartily willing to accept of him. The Child answered, indeed I am: Why then Child, if thou art unfeignedly willing to have Christ, I tell thee he is a thousand times more willing to have thee, and wash thee, and save thee, than thou art to desire it. And now at this time Christ offers himself freely to thee again; therefore receive him humbly by Faith into thy heart, and bid him welcome, for he deserveth it: Upon which words the Lord discovered his love to the Child, and he gave a kind of a leap in his bed, and snapt his fingers and thumb together with abundance of joy, as much as to say, Well, yea all is well, the match is made, Christ is willing, and I am willing too; and now Christ is mine, and I am his for ever. And from that time forward, in full joy and assurance of Gods love, he continued earnestly praising God, with desiring to die, and be with Christ. And on *Friday* morning he sweetly went to rest, using that very expression, Into thy hands Lord I commit my Spirit. He died punctually at that time which he had spoke of, and in which he expected those Angels to come to him; he was not much above nine years old when he dyed.

This Narrative I had from a judicious holy man un-related to him, who was an eye and ear-witness to all these things.

SARAH FIELDING (1710-1768)

From *The Governess; or, Little Female Academy* (1749)

Sister and devoted admirer of the novelist Henry Fielding, Sarah published her first novel, *The Adventures of David Simple in Search of a Faithful Friend*, in 1744. Since she and her three sisters were sent to a Protestant boarding school where they acquired a gentlewoman's knowledge of reading, writing, dancing, and French conversation, she could write about a "little Female Academy" from her own experience. The *Governess* is Mrs Teachum, and the book relates how she instructed and entertained her nine girls over a period of nine days.

The first full-length original story for

children in English, *The Governess* is an educative mixture of realism and romance. On the first day the girls engage in a pitched battle over an apple; Fielding manages the battle and the reconciliation with a psychological acuteness quite unique in children's stories of the mid-eighteenth century. Incidentally, after concord is assured, Miss Jenny Peace is permitted to regale the others with an exemplary tale about the "cruel Giant Barbarico" and the "good Giant Benefico"—a story that is allowed by Mrs Teachum because of its "very good moral".

AN ACCOUNT OF A FRAY

Begun and carried on for the sake of an Apple: In which are shewn the sad Effects of Rage and Anger.

It was on a fine Summer's Evening, when the School-hours were at an End, and the young Ladies were admitted to divert themselves for some time as they thought proper, in a pleasant Garden adjoining to the House, that their Governess, who delighted in pleasing them, brought out a little Basket of Apples, which were intended to be divided equally amongst them: But Mrs Teachum being hastily called away (one of her poor Neighbours having had an Accident which wanted her Assistance), she left the Fruit in the Hands of Miss Jenny Peace, the eldest of her Scholars, with a strict Charge to see that every one had an equal Share of her Gift.

But here a perverse Accident turned good Mrs Teachum's Design of giving them Pleasure into their Sorrow, and raised in their little Hearts nothing but Strife and Anger: For, alas! there happened to be one Apple something larger than the rest, on which the whole Company immediately placed their desiring Eyes, and all at once cried out, 'Pray, Miss Jenny, give me that 'Apple.' Each gave her Reasons why she had the best Title to it: The youngest pleaded her Youth, and the eldest her Age; one insisted on her Goodness, another from her Meekness claimed a Title to Preference; and one, in confidence of her Strength, said positively, she would have it; but all speaking together, it was difficult to distinguish who said this, or who said that.

Miss Jenny begged them all to be quiet: But in vain: For she could not be heard: They had all set their Hearts on that fine Apple, looking upon those she had given them as nothing. She told them, they had better be contented with what they had, than be thus seeking what it was impossible for her to give to them all. She offered to divide it into Eight Parts,

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or to do any-thing to satisfy them: But she might as well have been silent; for they were all talking, and had no Time to hear. At last, as a Means to quiet the Disturbance, she threw this Apple, the Cause of their Contention, with her utmost Force, over a Hedge into another Garden, where they could not come at it.

At first they were all silent, as if they were struck dumb with Astonishment with the Loss of this one poor Apple, tho' at the same time they had Plenty before them.

But this did not bring to pass Miss Jenny's Design: For now they all began again to quarrel which had the most Right of it, and which ought to have had it, with as much Vehemence as they had before contended for the Possession of it: And their Anger by degrees became so high, that Words could not vent half their Rage; and they fell to pulling of Caps, tearing of Hair, and dragging the Cloaths off one another's Backs. Tho' they did not so much strike, as endeavour to scratch and pinch their Enemies.

Miss Dolly Friendly as yet was not engaged in the Battle: But on hearing her Friend Miss Nanny Spruce scream out, that she was hurt by a sly Pinch from one of the Girls, she flew on this sly Pincher, as she called her, like an enraged Lion on its Prey; and not content only to return the Harm her Friend had received, she struck with such Force, as felled her Enemy to the Ground. And now they could not distinguish between Friend and Enemy; but fought, scratch'd, and tore, like so many Cats, when they extended their Claws to fix them in their Rival's Heart.

Miss Jenny was employed in endeavouring to part them.

In the Midst of this Confusion, Mrs Teachum, who was returning in Hopes to see them happy with the Fruit she had given them, appeared: But she was some time there before either her Voice or Presence could awaken them from their Attention to the Fight; when on a sudden they all faced her, and Fear of Punishment began now a little to abate their Rage. Each of the Misses held in her Right-hand, fast clenched, some Marks of Victory; for they were beat and beaten by Turns. One of them held a little Lock of Hair, torn from the Head of her Enemy: Another grasped a Piece of a Cap, which, in aiming at her Rival's Hair, had deceived her Hand, and was all the Spoils she could gain: A third clenched a Piece of an Apron; a fourth, of a Frock. In short, every one unfortunately held in her Hand a Proof of having been engaged in the Battle. And the Ground was spread with Rags and Tatters, torn from the Backs of the little inveterate Combatants.

Miss Teachum stood for some time astonished at the Sight: But at last she required Miss Jenny Peace, who was the only Person disengaged, to tell her the Truth, and to inform her of the Cause of all this Confusion.

Miss Jenny was obliged to obey the Commands of her Governess; tho' she was so good-natured, that she did it in the mildest Terms; and endeavoured all she could to lessen, rather than increase, Mrs Teachum's Anger. The guilty Persons now began all to excuse themselves as fast as Tears and Sobs would permit them.

One said, "Indeed, Madam, it was none of my Fault; for I did not begin; for Miss Sukey Jennett, without any Cause in the World (for I did nothing to provoke her), hit me a great Slap in the Face, and made my Tooth ache; The Pain *did* make me angry; and then, indeed, I hit her a little Tap; but it was on her Back; and I am sure it was the smallest Tap in the World; and could not possibly hurt her half so much as her great Blow did me."

"Law, Miss! replied Miss Jennett, How can you say so? when you know that you struck me first, and that yours was the great Blow, and mine the little Tap; for I only went to defend myself from your monstrous Blows."

Such like Defences they would all have made for themselves, each insisting on not being in Fault, and throwing the Blame on her Companion: But Mrs Teachum silenced them by a positive Command; and told them, that she saw they were all equally guilty, and as such would treat them.

Mrs Teachum's Method of punishing I never could find out. But this is certain, the most severe Punishment she had ever inflicted on any Misses, since she had kept a School, was now laid on these wicked Girls, who had been thus fighting, and pulling one another to Pieces, for a sorry Apple.

The first thing she did, was to take away all the Apples; telling them, that before they had any more Instances of like Kindness from her, they should give her Proofs of better deserving them. And when she had punished them as much as she thought proper, she made them all embrace one another, and promise to be Friends for the future; which, in Obedience to her Commands, they were forced to comply with, tho' there remained a Grudge and Ill-will in their Bosoms; every one thinking she was punished most, altho she would have it, that she deserved to be punished least; and they contrived all the sly Tricks they could think on to vex and teaze each other.

A Dialogue between Miss Jenny Peace, and Miss Sukey Jennett; wherein the latter is at last convinced of her own Folly in being so quarrelsome; and, by her Example, all her companions are brought to see and confess their Fault.

The next Morning Miss Jenny Peace used her utmost Endeavours to bring her School-fellows to be heartily reconciled; but in vain: For they all insisted on it, that they were not to blame; but that the whole Quarrel arose from the Faults of others. At last ensued the following Dialogue between Miss Jenny Peace and Miss Sukey Jennett, which brought about Miss Jenny's Designs; and which we recommend to the Consideration of all our young Readers.

Miss Jenny. Now pray, Miss Sukey, tell me. What did you get by your Contention and Quarrel about that foolish Apple?

Miss Sukey. Indeed, Ma'am, I shall not answer you. I know that you only want to prove, that you are wiser than me, because you are older. But I don't know but some People may understand as much at Eleven

Years old, as others at Thirteen: But, because you are the oldest in the School, you always want to be tutoring and governing. I don't like to have more than one Governess; and if I obey my Mistress, I think that is enough.

Miss Jenny. Indeed, my dear, I don't want to govern you, nor to prove myself wiser than you: I only want, that, instead of quarrelling, and making yourself miserable, you should live at peace, and be happy. Therefore, pray do answer my Question. Whether you got any-thing by your Quarrel?

Miss Sukey. No! I cannot say I got anything by it: For my Mistress was angry, and punished me; and my Hair was pulled off, and my Cloaths torn in the Scuffle: Neither did I value the Apple: But yet I have too much Spirit to be imposed on. I am sure I had as good a Right to it, as any of the others: And I would not give up my Right to any one.

Miss Jenny. But don't you know, Miss Sukey, it would have shewn much more Spirit to have yielded the Apple to another, then to have fought about it? Then, indeed, you would have proved your Sense; for you would have shewn, that you had too much Understanding to fight about a Trifle. Then your Cloaths had been whole, your Hair not torn from your Head, your Mistress had not been angry, nor had your Fruit been taken away from you.

Miss Sukey. And so, Miss, you would fain prove, that it is wisest to submit to every-body that would impose upon one? But I will not believe it, say what you will.

Miss Jenny. But is not what I say true? If you had not been in the Battle, would not your Cloaths have been whole, your Hair not torn, your Mistress pleased with you, and your Apples your own?

Here Miss Sukey paused for some time: For as Miss Jenny was in the Right, and had Truth on her Side, it was difficult for Miss Sukey to know what to answer. For it is impossible, without being very silly, to contradict Truth: And yet Miss Sukey was so foolish, that she did not care to own herself in the Wrong; tho' nothing could have been so great a Sign of her Understanding.

When Miss Jenny saw her thus at a Loss for an Answer, she was in Hopes she should make her Companion happy; for, as she had as much Good-nature as Understanding, that was her Design. She therefore pursued her Discourse in the following Manner:

Miss Jenny. Pray, Miss Sukey, do, answer me one Question more. Don't you lie awake at Nights, and fret and vex yourself, because you are angry with your School-fellows? Are not you restless and uneasy because you cannot find a safe Method to be revenged on them, without being punished yourself? Do, tell me truly, Is not this your Case?

Miss Sukey. Yes, it is. For if I could but hurt my Enemies, without being hurt myself, it would be the greatest Pleasure I could have in the World.

Miss Jenny. Oh fy, Miss Sukey! What you have now said is wicked. Don't you consider what you say every Day in your Prayers? And this

Way of thinking will make you lead a very uneasy Life. If you would hearken to me, I could put you into a Method of being very happy, and making all those Misses you call your Enemies become your Friends.

Miss Sukey. You could tell me a Method, Miss! Do you think I don't know as well as you what is fit to be done? I believe I am as capable of finding the Way to be happy, as you are of teaching me.

Here Miss Sukey burst into Tears, that any-body should presume to tell her the Way to be happy.

Miss Jenny. Upon my Word, my Dear, I don't mean to vex you; but only, instead of tormenting yourself all Night in laying Plots to revenge yourself, I would have you employ this one Night in thinking of what I have said. Nothing will shew your Sense so much, as to own that you have been in the Wrong; Nor will any-thing prove a right Spirit so much, as to confess your Fault. All the Misses will be your Friends, and perhaps follow your Example. Then you will have the Pleasure of having caused the Quiet of the whole School; your Governess will love you; and you will be at Peace in your Mind, and never have any more foolish Quarrels, in which you all get nothing but Blows and Uneasiness.

Miss Sukey began now to find, that Miss Jenny was in the Right, and she herself in the Wrong; but yet she was so proud she would not own it. Nothing could be so foolish as this Pride; because it would have been both good and wise in her to confess the Truth the Moment she saw it. However, Miss Jenny was so discreet, as not to press her any farther that Night; but begged her to consider seriously on what she had said, and to let her know her Thoughts the next Morning. And then left her.

When Miss Sukey was alone, she stood some time in great Confusion. She could not help feeling how much hitherto she had been in the Wrong; and that Thought stung her to the Heart. She cried, stamped, and was in as great an Agony as if some sad Misfortune had befallen her. At last, when she had somewhat vented her Passion by Tears, she burst forth into the following Speech:

"It is very true what Miss Jenny Peace says; for I am always uneasy. I don't sleep in Quiet; because I am always thinking, either that I have not my Share of what is given us, or that I cannot be revenged on any of the Girls that offend me. And when I quarrel with them, I am scratched and bruised, or reproached. And what do I get by all this? Why, I scratch, bruise, and reproach them in my Turn. Is not that Gain enough? I warrant I hurt them as much as they hurt me. But then indeed, as Miss Jenny says, if I could make these Girls my Friends, and did not wish to hurt them, I certainly might live a quieter, and perhaps a happier Life.—But what, then, have I been always in the Wrong all my Life-time? for I always quarrelled and hated everyone who had offended me.—Oh! I cannot bear that Thought! It is enough to make me mad! when I imagined myself so wise and so sensible, to find out that I have been always a Fool. If I think a Moment longer about it, I shall die with Grief and Shame. I must think myself in the Right; and I will too.—But, as Miss Jenny says, I

"really am unhappy; for I hate all my School-fellows: And yet I dare not do them any Mischief; for my Mistress will punish me severely if I do. I should not so much mind that neither: But then those I intend to hurt will triumph over me, to see me punished for their sakes. In short, the more I reflect, the more I am afraid Miss Jenny is in the Right; and yet it breaks my Heart to think so."

Here the poor Girl wept so bitterly, and was so heartily grieved, that she could not utter one Word more; but sat herself down, reclining her Head upon her Hand, in the most melancholy Posture that could be: Nor could she close her Eyes all Night; but lay tossing and raving with the Thought how she should act, and what she should say to Miss Jenny the next Day.

When the Morning came, Miss Sukey dreaded every Moment, as the Time drew nearer when she must meet Miss Jenny. She knew it would not be possible to resist her Arguments; and yet Shame for having been in Fault overcame her.

As soon as Miss Jenny saw Miss Sukey with her Eyes cast down, and confessing, by a Look of Sorrow, that she would take her Advice, she embraced her kindly; and, without giving her the Trouble to speak, took it for granted, that she would leave off quarrelling, be reconciled to her School-fellows and make herself happy.

Miss Sukey did indeed stammer out some Words, which implied a Confession of her Fault; but they were spoke so low they could hardly be heard: Only Miss Jenny, who always chose to look at the fairest Side of her Companions Actions, by Miss Sukey's Look and Manner, guessed her Meaning.

In the same manner did this good Girl, Jenny, persuade, one by one, all her School-fellows to be reconciled to each other with Sincerity and Love.

Miss Dolly Friendly, who had too much Sense to engage in the Battle for the sake of an Apple, and who only was provoked to strike a Blow for Friendship's Cause, easily saw the Truth of what Miss Jenny said, and was therefore presently convinced that the best Part she could have acted for her Friend, would have been to have withdrawn her from the Scuffle.

THE
G O V E R N E S S ;
OR, THE
FEMALE ACADEMY.
A HISTORY of Mrs. T. WILSON,
SCHOOL
MISTRESS OF THE
MISSES GIRLS.
THEIR SINE DOME, MANAGEMENT
AND DISCIPLINE
FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF
YOUNG LADIES IN THEIR EDUCATION.
By the AUTHOR of "Dissertation on the
Education of the Female Sex."
LONDON: Printed for A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall; and for J. DODD, in St. Pauls Church-yard.
MDCCLXXIII.

Title page from the first edition of Fielding's *The Governess*

THOMAS DAY (1748-1789)

From *The History of Sandford and Merton* (1783)

Although admitted to the Middle Temple and called to the bar, Day was interested more in experimental farming than in law. A fervent promoter of Rousseau and a disciple of his primitivism, he tailored his two works for children—*The History of Sandford and Merton* (three volumes, 1783, 1786, 1789) and *The History of Little Jack* (1788)—to conform to the philosophy of his master. Harry Sandford, a farmer's son, is a sensible, informed little boy (although to the modern reader he is an insufferable, priggish know-it-all); Tommy Merton, from a wealthy family, is coddled, illiterate, and high-handed. After Harry rescues Tommy from a snake, the two boys become friends

and fellow-pupils of the sententious Mr Barlow. Harry is docile, receptive and entirely agreeable to his tutor, whereas Master Merton presents a frequently uproarious challenge to Mr Barlow's attempts to improve him. Throughout his book Day never misses an opportunity to use the contrasts between the boys to praise the industrious poor and denigrate the idle rich.

The narrative line of *Sandford and Merton* is almost non-existent, since much of the book is an array of uplifting stories recounted by each of the protagonists. In the extract that follows, Tommy tells a story that is borrowed from LaFontaine ("Education", viii. 24).

TOMMY LEARNS TO READ

From this time forward Mr Barlow and his two young pupils used constantly to work in their garden every morning; and when they were fatigued they retired to the summerhouse, where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story or other, which Tommy always listened to with the greatest pleasure. But Harry going home for a week, Tommy and Mr Barlow were left alone.

The next day, after they had done work, and had retired to the summerhouse as usual, Tommy expected Mr Barlow would read to him, but, to his great disappointment, found that he was busy, and could not. The next day the same accident was renewed, and the day after that. At this Tommy lost all patience and said to himself—"Now, if I could but read like Harry Sandford, I should not need to ask anybody to do it for me, and then I could divert myself: and why (thinks he) may not I do what another has done? To be sure little Harry is very clever; but he could not have read if he had not been taught; and if I am taught, I daresay I shall learn to read as well as he. Well, as soon as ever he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it."

The next day Harry returned; and as soon as Tommy had an opportunity of being alone with him—"Pray, Harry," said Tommy, "how came you to be able to read?"

Harry. Why, Mr Barlow taught me my letters, and then spelling; and then, by putting syllables together, I learned to read.

Tommy. And could not you show me my letters?

Harry. Yes, very willingly.

Harry then took up a book; and Tommy was so eager and attentive, that at the very first lesson he learned the whole alphabet. He was infi-

nately pleased with his first experiment, and could scarcely forbear running to Mr Barlow to let him know the improvement he had made; but he thought he should surprise him more if he said nothing about the matter till he was able to read a whole story. He therefore applied himself with such diligence, and little Harry, who spared no pains to assist his friend, was so good a master, that in about two months he determined to surprise Mr Barlow with a display of his talents. Accordingly one day, when they were all assembled in the summerhouse, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy stood and said that, if Mr Barlow pleased, he would try to read.—"Oh, very willingly," said Mr Barlow; "but I should as soon expect you to fly as to read!" Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own proficiency, and, taking up the book, read with fluency—

THE HISTORY OF THE TWO DOGS

In a part of the world, where there are many strong and fierce wild beasts, a poor man happened to bring up two puppies of that kind which is most valued for size and courage. As they appeared to possess more than common strength and agility, he thought that he should make an acceptable present to his landlord, who was a rich man living in a great city, by giving him one of them, called Jowler; while he brought up the other, named Keeper, to guard his own flocks.

From this time the manner of living was entirely altered between the brother whelps. Jowler was sent into a plentiful kitchen, where he quickly became the favourite of all the servants, who diverted themselves with his little tricks and wanton gambols, and rewarded him with great quantities of pot-liquor and broken victuals; by which means, as he was stuffing from morning till night, he increased considerably in size, and grew sleek and comely. He was, indeed, rather unwieldy, and so cowardly that he would run away from a dog only half as big as himself. He was also much addicted to gluttony, and was often beaten for the thefts he committed in the pantry; but as he had learned to fawn upon the footmen, and would stand upon his hind legs to beg when he was ordered, and besides this, would fetch and carry, he was much caressed by all the neighbourhood.

Keeper, in the meantime, who lived at a cottage in the country, neither fared so well, looked so plump, nor had learned all these pretty little tricks to recommend him: but as his master was too poor to maintain anything that was not useful, and was obliged to be always in the air, subject to all sorts of weather, and labouring hard for a livelihood. Keeper grew hardy, active, and diligent. He was also exposed to incessant danger from the wolves, from whom he had received many a severe bite while guarding the flocks. These continual combats gave him such intrepidity, that no enemy could make him turn his back. His care and assiduity so well defended the sheep of his master, that not one had ever been missing since they were placed under his protection. His hoc-

esty too was so great, that no temptation could overpower it; and though he was left alone in the kitchen while the meat was roasting, he never attempted to taste it, but received with thankfulness whatever his master chose to give him. From living always in the air he had become so hardy, that no tempest could drive him to shelter when he ought to be employed in watching the flocks; and he would plunge into the most rapid river in the coldest weather of the winter at the slightest sign from his master.

About this time it happened that the landlord of the poor man went to examine his estate in the country, and brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. On his arrival there, he could not help viewing with great contempt the rough, ragged appearance of Keeper, and his awkward look, which discovered nothing of the address he so much admired in Jowler. This opinion, however, was altered by means of an accident which happened to him. As he was one day walking in a thick wood, with no other company than the two dogs, a hungry wolf, with eyes that sparkled like fire, bristling hair, and a horrid snarl that made the gentleman tremble, rushed out of a neighbouring thicket, and seemed ready to devour him. The unfortunate man gave himself over for lost, especially when he saw that his faithful Jowler, instead of coming to his assistance, ran sneaking away, with his tail between his legs, howling with fear. But in this moment of despair the undaunted Keeper, who had followed him humbly and unobserved at a distance, flew to his assistance, and attacked the wolf with so much courage and skill, that he was compelled to exert all his strength in his own defence. The battle was long and bloody; but in the end Keeper laid the wolf dead at his feet, though not without receiving several severe wounds himself, and presenting a bloody and mangled spectacle to the eyes of his master, who came up at that instant. The gentleman was filled with joy for his escape, and gratitude to his valiant deliverer; having learned by his own experience that appearances are not always to be trusted, and that great virtues and good dispositions may sometimes be found in cottages, while they may be totally wanting among the great.

"Very well, indeed," said Mr Barlow; "I find that when young gentlemen choose to take pains, they can do things almost, perhaps quite, as well as other people. But what do you say to the story you have been reading, Tommy? Would you rather have owned the genteel dog that left his master to be devoured, or the poor, rough, ragged, meagre, neglected cur, that exposed his own life in his defence?"—"Indeed, sir," said Tommy, "I would rather have had Keeper; but then I would have fed him, and washed him, and combed him, till he had looked as well as Jowler."—"But, then, perhaps, he would have grown idle, and fat, and cowardly, like him," said Mr Barlow: "but here is some more of it; let us read to the end of the story." Tommy then went on thus:—

The gentleman was so pleased with the noble behaviour of Keeper,

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that he requested the poor man to make him a present of the dog. With this request, though with some reluctance, the farmer complied. Keeper was therefore taken to the city, where he was caressed and fed by everybody; and the disgraced Jowler was left at the cottage, with strict injunctions to the man to hang him up as a worthless, unprofitable cur.

As soon as the gentleman had departed, the poor man was going to execute his commission; but considering the noble size and comely look of the dog, and, above all, being moved with pity for the poor animal, who wagged his tail and licked his new master's feet just as he was putting the cord about his neck, he determined to spare his life, and see whether a different treatment might not produce different manners. From this day Jowler was in every respect treated as his brother Keeper had been before. He was fed but scantily; and, from this spare diet, he soon grew more active and fond of exercise. The first shower he was in he ran away, as he had been accustomed to do, and sneaked to the fire-side; but the farmer's wife soon drove him out of doors, and compelled him to bear the rigour of the weather. In consequence of this, he daily became more vigorous and hardy, and in a few months regarded cold and rain no more than though he had been brought up in the country.

Changed as he already was in many respects for the better, he still retained an insurmountable dread of wild beasts; till one day, as he was wandering through a wood alone, he was attacked by a large and fierce wolf, who, jumping out of a thicket, seized him by the neck with fury. Jowler would fain have run, but his enemy was too swift and violent to suffer him to escape. Necessity makes even cowards brave. Jowler, being thus stopped in his retreat, turned upon his enemy, and, very luckily seizing him by the throat, strangled him in an instant. His master then coming up, and having witnessed his exploit, praised him, and stroked him with a degree of fondness he had never done before. Animated by this victory, and by the approbation of his master, Jowler, from that time, became as brave as he had before been pusillanimous; and there was very soon no dog in the country who was so great a terror to beasts of prey.

In the meantime, Keeper, instead of hunting wild beasts or looking after sheep, did nothing but eat and sleep, which he was permitted to do from a remembrance of his past services. As all qualities both of mind and body are lost, if not continually exercised, he soon ceased to be that hardy, courageous animal he was before; and he acquired all the faults which are the consequences of idleness and gluttony.

About this time the gentleman went again into the country, and taking his dog with him, was willing that he should exercise his prowess once more against his ancient enemies the wolves. Accordingly, the country-people having quickly found one in a neighbouring wood, the gentleman went thither with Keeper, expecting to see him behave as he had done the year before. But how great was his surprise when, at the first onset, he saw his beloved dog run away with every mark of timidity! At this moment another dog sprang forward, and seizing the

wolf with the greatest intrepidity, after a bloody contest left him dead upon the ground. The gentleman could not help lamenting the cowardice of his favourite, and admiring the noble spirit of the other dog, whom, to his infinite surprise, he found to be the same Jowler that he had discarded the year before. "I now see," said he to the farmer, "that it is vain to expect courage in those who live a life of indolence and repose; and that constant exercise and proper discipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones."

"Indeed," said Mr Barlow, when the story was ended, "I am sincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquisition. He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to divert himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our own language will be from this time in his power; whether he may choose to read little entertaining stories such as we have heard today, or to learn the actions of great and good men in history, or to make himself acquainted with the nature of wild beasts and birds which are found in other countries, and have been described in books. In short, I hardly know of anything that from this moment will not be in his power; and I do not despair of one day seeing him a very sensible man, capable of teaching and instructing others."

"Yes," said Tommy, something elated by all this praise, "I am determined now to make myself as clever as anybody; and I don't doubt, though I am such a little fellow, that I know more already than many grown-up people; and I am sure, though there are now fewer than six blacks in our house, there is not one of them who can read a story as I can." Mr Barlow looked a little grave at this sudden display of vanity; and said rather coolly, "Pray, who has attempted to teach them anything?"—"Nobody, I believe," said Tommy. "Where is the great wonder, then, if they are ignorant?" replied Mr Barlow; "you would probably have never known anything had you not been assisted; and even now, you know very little."

In this manner did Mr Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who had naturally very good dispositions, although he had been suffered to acquire many bad habits, which sometimes prevented them from appearing.



THE
HISTORY
 OF
SANDFORD & MERTON.
 ABRIDGED
 From the Original.
 FOR
 THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION
 OF
 JUVENILE MINDS.
 Embellished with elegant Plates.
 LONDON:

MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767-1849)

"The Purple Jar" from *Early Lessons* (1801)

The dutiful daughter in a large family, the Irish novelist Maria Edgeworth knew the habits, likes, and dislikes of children at first hand. While she endorsed with enthusiasm such reading for children as Mrs. Barbold's *Lessons*, she objected strenuously to fairy and giant stories as impractical and misleading. In the Preface to an early collection of her stories, *The Parent's Assistant* (1796), she drew the line separating the fantastic and the useful in this question: "why should the mind be filled with fantastic visions instead of useful knowledge?" (p. xi). However, she was not unaware of the need to enliven moral precepts by making "the stories in which they are introduced in some measure dramatic" (p. 5). *Early Lessons*—originally published the year after Edgeworth's famous novel

Castle Rackrent—is a collection of short stories (whose number increased in later editions) that have clearly distinguished "good" and "bad" young characters and a concluding moral. A skilful raconteur, Edgeworth often revealed features of her own personality as a child in the characters of her stories; it is comforting to think that she herself might have been as impulsive as Rosamond. She pleased her young readers so much that she wrote several sequels to the "lessons" provided by her successful characters Rosamond, Harry, Lucy, and Frank.

On this general theme Maria Edgeworth also wrote *Practical Education* (1798), a collaborative effort with her father; *A Rational Primer* (1799); and *Moral Tales For Young People* (1801).

THE PURPLE JAR

Rosamond, a little girl about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of several shops, and saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them, but there was a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"O, mother; how happy I should be," she said as she passed a toy-shop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke, they came to a milliner's shop, the windows of which were decorated with ribands and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"Oh mamma, what beautiful roses! Won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little further, and came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweller's shop, and in it were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma, will you buy some of these?"

"Which of them, Rosamond?"

"Which? I don't know which; any of them will do, for they are all pretty."

"Yes; they are all pretty; but of what use would they be to me?"

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt much pleasure upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got it, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she kept in a corner of her mother's garden.

"I am afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond," said her mother to her, as she came in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say. I shall be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot."

"I hope so, my dear."

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expected; but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up to it with an exclamation of joy: "I may have it now, mamma?" "Yes, my dear, it is yours." Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.

"Oh, dear mother!" cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, "But there's something dark in it which smells very disagreeably. What is it? I didn't want this black stuff."

"Nor I, my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"It will be of no use to me, mamma."

"That I cannot help."

"But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."

"As you please, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But she experienced much surprise and disappointment on finding, when it was entirely empty, that it was no longer a purple vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

"Why should you cry, my dear?" said her mother; "it will be of as much use to you now as ever, for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much."

"But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it; and that perhaps you would be disappointed?"

"And so I am disappointed, indeed. I wish I had believed you at once. Now I had much rather have the shoes for I shall not be able to walk in this month; even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I will give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff

and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice, and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good humour."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes, and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here. Many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, or walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see anything, she was detained pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes, and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glasshouse, which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste down stairs to her brother and father, who were waiting for her at the hall door, the shoe dropped off. She put it on again in a great hurry, but as she was going across the hall, her father turned round. "Why are you walking slipshod? no one must walk slipshod with me. Why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat; go, I cannot take you with me."

Rosamond coloured and retired. "O mamma," said she, as she took off her hat, "how I wish that I had chosen the shoes! They would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure—not quite sure, but I hope I shall be wiser another time."

THE PARENTS ASSISTANT
BY
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

VOL. I.



Painted by W. Harvey—Engraved by F. Bacon.

MARY MARTHA SHERWOOD (1775-1851)
From *The History of the Fairchild Family; or, The Child's Manual* (1818)

Born in the same year as Jane Austen, and a clergyman's daughter as well, Mrs Sherwood had a methodically instructive bent that led her to write about governesses such as Caroline Mordaunt, to detail the education of young men such as Henry Milner and John Marten, and to edit a bowdlerized edition (*sans* fairy tales) of Sarah Fielding's *Little Female Academy*. Out of her experience as an officer's wife in India and her missionary zeal she wrote *The History of Little Henry and his Bearer* (1814) and *The Indian Pilgrim* (1817), two books that established her as a strong storyteller who nevertheless gave vent to proselytizing fervour in her adventure-filled narratives. The title page of *The Fairchild Family* announces that this collection

of related stories—each one of which has a prayer and an appropriate hymn—was "calculated to show the importance and effects of a religious education". (Mrs Sherwood borrowed her concluding hymns from several unacknowledged sources; the hymn in the chapter included here, naturally enough, is Dr Watts's twenty-third Divine Song, "Obedience to Parents".) The demise of the foolish and neglectful Augusta Noble underscores the author's solemn purpose—well in advance, incidentally, of the cautionary verse about Pauline who plays with matches in the *Struwwelpeter* (see pp. 299-300). Her book was so popular that in 1842 and 1847 Mrs Sherwood wrote two sunnier volumes under the same title.

FATAL EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS

When Mr and Mrs Fairchild returned from the old gardener's, they found John ready with the cart; so, wishing Mrs Goodwill a good evening, and thanking her for all her kindness, they returned home.

The next morning Mr Fairchild got up early, and went down to the village. Breakfast was ready, and Mrs Fairchild and the children waiting at the table, when he came back. "Get your breakfast, my dear," said he to Mrs Fairchild; "don't wait for me." So saying, he went into his study, and shut the door. Mrs Fairchild supposing that he had some letters to write, got her breakfast quietly: after which, she sent Lucy to ask her Papa if he would not choose any breakfast. When Mr Fairchild heard Lucy's voice at the study door, he came out, and followed her into the parlour.

When Mrs Fairchild looked at her husband's face, she saw that something had grieved him very much. She was frightened, and said, "My dear, I am sure something is the matter: what is it? Tell me the worst at once: pray do?"

"Indeed, my dear," said Mr Fairchild, "I have heard something this morning which has shocked me dreadfully. I was not willing to tell you before you had breakfast. I know what you will feel when you hear it."

"Do, do, tell it me," said Mrs Fairchild, turning quite white.

"Poor Augusta Noble!" said Mr Fairchild.

"What! Papa?" said Lucy and Emily and Henry.

"She is dead!" said Mr Fairchild.

The children turned as pale as their mother; and poor Mrs Fairchild

would have dropped off her chair, if Betty, guessing what was the matter (for she had heard the news too, though she had not chosen to tell it), had not run in, and held her in her arms.

"Oh, poor Lady Noble! poor Lady Noble!" said Mrs Fairchild, as soon as she could speak: "Poor Lady Noble!"

As soon as their mamma spoke, the children all together began to cry and sob, which affected Mr Fairchild so much that he hastened into his study again, and shut the door.

Whilst the children were crying, and Betty holding Mrs Fairchild, for she continued very faint and sick, Mrs Barker came into the parlour. Mrs Barker was a kind woman; and as she lived by herself, was always at liberty to go amongst her neighbours in times of trouble. "Ah, Mrs Fairchild!" she said, "I know what troubles you: we are all in grief, through the whole village."

When Mrs Fairchild saw Mrs Barker, she began to shed tears, which did her much good; after which she was able to ask Mrs Barker what was the cause of the poor child's death, "as," said she, "I never heard that she was ill."

"Ah Mrs Fairchild, the manner of her death is the worst part of the story, and that which must grieve her parent's hearts. You know that poor Miss Augusta was always the darling of her mother, who brought her up in great pride, without fear of God or knowledge of religion: nay, Lady Noble would even mock at religion and religious people in her presence; and she chose a governess for her who had no more of God about her than herself."

"I never thought much of that governess," said Mrs Fairchild.

"As Miss Augusta was brought up without the fear of God," continued Mrs Barker, "she had, of course, no notion of obedience to her parents, farther than just striving to please them in their presence: she lived in the constant practice of disobeying them; and the governess continually concealed her disobedience from Lady Noble. And what is the consequence? The poor child has lost her life, and the governess is turned out of doors in disgrace."

"But," said Mrs Fairchild, "how did she lose her life through disobedience to her parents? Pray tell me, Mrs Barker."

"The story is so shocking I hardly dare tell it you," answered Mrs Barker: "but you must know it.—Miss Augusta had a custom of playing with fire, and carrying candles about, though Lady Noble had often warned her of the danger of this, and had strictly charged the governess to prevent it. But it seems that the governess, being afraid of offending, had suffered her very often to be guilty of this piece of disobedience, without telling Lady Noble. And the night before last, when Lady Noble was playing cards in the drawing-room, with some visitors, Miss Augusta took a candle off the hall table, and carried it up stairs to the governess's room. The governess was not in the room. Miss Augusta went to the closet, and it is supposed was looking in the glass, with the candle in her hand: but this is not known. Lady Noble's maid, who was

in a room not far off, was frightened by dreadful screamings: she ran into the governess's room, and there found poor Augusta all in a blaze, from head to foot! The maid burnt herself very much in putting out the fire; and poor Miss Augusta was so dreadfully burnt, that she never spoke afterwards, but died in agonies last night—a warning to all children how they presume to disobey their parents! 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuses to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.' (Prov. xxx, 17)."

When Mrs Fairchild and the children heard this dreadful story, they were very much grieved. Mrs Barker staid with them all day; and it was, indeed, a day of mourning through all the house. This was Wednesday, and on Saturday poor Miss Augusta was to be buried. Mr Fairchild was invited to attend the funeral; and the children also were desired to go, as they had been sometimes the play-fellows of poor Miss Augusta. Mrs Fairchild dressed them in white; and at four o'clock in the afternoon a coach covered with black cloth came to the door of Mr Fairchild's house, to take them to Sir Charles Noble's.

When Lucy and Emily and Henry got into the coach, with their papa, they felt very sorrowful; and not one of them spoke one word all the while the coachman was driving to Sir Charles Noble's. When they came into the park, they saw a hearse, and a great many coaches and other carriages, standing at the door of the house, besides many persons on horseback in black clothes with white scarfs and hat-bands. The hearse was hung with black, and so were several of the coaches; and at the top of the hearse were plumes of white feathers.—Perhaps you may never have seen a hearse: in case you have not, I shall try to describe it to you. It is a long close coach, without windows, used for carrying the dead from their houses to their graves. Sometimes black and sometimes white plumes of feathers are fixed at the top of these hearses, according to the age of the person to be borne. Hearses are always painted or hung with black, and are in general drawn by black horses: so that they make a very dismal appearance.

When the children came near to Sir Charles's house, and saw all the people and carriages waiting to accompany their poor little playmate to her grave, they began to cry afresh, and Mr Fairchild himself looked very sad. "The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more: thine eyes are upon me, and I am not." (Job vii. 8).

When the coach came to the house-door, a footman came out, dressed in black, and took them into the hall, where white gloves and scarfs were given to them, and they were led into the dining-room. There, upon a large table covered with black cloth, was the coffin of poor Augusta, covered with white velvet, and ornamented with silver. Almost all the gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood were in the room; but Sir Charles and Lady Noble were not there. When Emily and Lucy saw the coffin, they began to cry more and more; and little Henry too cried, though he rubbed his eyes, and tried to hide his tears.

When every thing was ready, the coffin was lifted up, and put into the

hearse; the company got into the coaches; and they all moved slowly to the parish church, which was close to the village, about two miles distant. As the children passed back through the park in the mourning-coach, they saw many places where they had walked and played with poor Augusta; and this made them the more sorrowful. As for man, "all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field." (Isa. xl. 6.)—When they passed through the park gate, they could hear the church bell tolling very plainly. The carriages moved on very slowly, so that it was between five and six when the funeral reached the church. The churchyard was full of people. The coffin was taken out of the hearse and carried into the church, the clergyman going before and all the people following. The coffin was placed on a bier in the middle of the church whilst the clergyman read the first part of the Funeral Service. Lucy and Emily and Henry stood all the time close to the coffin, crying very bitterly.—Perhaps you have never read the Funeral Service with attention: if you have not, I would advise you to read it immediately, and consider it well; for there are many things in it which may make you wise unto salvation.—Poor Augusta's coffin was then lifted up, and carried, not into the church-yard, but to the door of a vault under the church, which was the burying-place of all the Nobles: and as the people were letting down the coffin into the vault, earth was cast upon it, and the clergyman repeated these words: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be like his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself." The coffin then was removed into a dark place in the vault, and Lucy and Emily and Henry saw it no more.

When the service was done, Mr Fairchild returned sorrowfully to the coach, with his children; but before the coachman drove away, the clergyman himself came to the door, and said, "Mr Fairchild, if you are going home, I will take a seat with you in the coach, and drink a dish of tea with Mrs Fairchild this evening; for I feel in want of a little Christian society." Mr Fairchild gladly made room for Mr Somers—for that was the clergyman's name—and the coach drove back to Mr Fairchild's house.

As they were going along, they talked of nothing but poor Miss Augusta and her parents; and Mr Fairchild asked Mr Somers if he knew in what state of mind the poor child died. "Ah, sir!" said Mr Somers, "you have touched upon the very worst part of the whole business. From the time of the accident till the time that the breath left her body, she was insensible: she had not one moment for thought or repentance; and it is well known that Lady Noble never taught her any thing concerning God and her Redeemer, and never would let any body else: nay, she was taught to mock at religion and pious people. She knew nothing

of the evil of her own heart, and nothing of the Redeemer, nor of the sin of disobedience to her parents."

"Oh, Mr Somers!" said Mr Fairchild, "what a dreadful story is this! Had this poor child been brought up in the fear of God, she might now have been living, a blessing to her parents and the delight of their eyes. 'Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die: thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.' (Prov. xxiii. 13, 14)."

"Poor little Augusta!" said Mr Somers: "Lady Noble would never hearken to me, when I spoke to her on the duty of bringing up her children in the fear of God. I believe she thought me very impertinent, to speak to her upon the subject."

By this time the coach was arrived at Mr Fairchild's door. Mrs Fairchild and Mrs Barker were waiting tea for them: they had both been crying, as might be seen by their eyes. After tea, Mr Somers gave out a hymn, and prayed. I shall put down both the hymn and the prayer in this place; altering only a few words, to suit any little child who wishes to use the prayer by himself.

A PRAYER AGAINST THE SIN OF DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS

O Almighty Father! thou who didst command all children to honour their parents, and didst promise to bless those who obeyed this Commandment, give me a heart to keep this law. I know that I ought to do all that my father and mother and masters bid me do, if they do not order me to do any thing wicked; and yet my heart, O Lord God, is so bad, that I do not like to obey them. Sometimes, when they give me an order, I am obstinate and passionate, and refuse to do it even in their sight, and would rather be punished than obey them; and sometimes I try to disobey them silyly, when I think that they do not see me: forgetting that thine eye, O Lord God, is always upon me; and though thou, O Lord God, mayest not punish me immediately, yet thou markest all my sins in a book: and I know that the dreadful day will come, when the dead shall be raised, and the books shall be opened; and all I have done, unless I repent and turn unto the Lord, will be read aloud before men and angels, and I shall be cast into hell fire for my sins.

O holy Father! I am sorry for my disobedience. O make me more and more sorry for it; and send thy Holy Spirit to give me a clean heart, that I may obey this thy Commandment. I know that disobedient children, unless they repent, always come to an ill end: there is no blessing on such as do not honour their parents. O then, dear Saviour, hear my prayer! Thou, that diedst for poor sinners, save a wicked child! Give me a new heart; teach me to be obedient to my parents, and to honour and respect them; that I may be blessed in this present life, and may, through the merits of my dying Redeemer, be received into everlasting glory in the world to come.

Now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever. Amen "Our Father," &c.

'I will take the children this evening to Blackwood, and shew them something there, which, I think, they will remember as long as they live: and I hope they will take warning from it, and pray more earnestly for new hearts, that they may love each other with perfect and heavenly love.' . . .

'What is there at Blackwood, Papa?' cried the children.
'Something very shocking', said Mrs Fairchild. 'There is one there', said Mr Fairchild, looking very grave, 'who hated his brother.'

'Will he hurt us, Papa?' said Henry.
'No', said Mr Fairchild; 'he cannot hurt you now.'

When the children and John were ready, Mr Fairchild set out. They went down the lane nearly as far as the village; and then, crossing over a long field, they came to the side of a very thick wood.

'This is Blackwood', said Mr Fairchild, getting over the stile: 'the pathway is almost grown up; nobody likes to come here now.'

'What is here, Papa?' added the children 'is it very shocking? We are afraid to go on.'
'There is nothing here that will hurt you, my dear children', said Mr Fairchild. 'Am not I with you? and do you think I would lead my children into danger?'

'No, Papa', said the children; 'but Mamma said there was something very dreadful in this wood.'

Then Lucy and Emily drew behind Mr Fairchild, and walked close together; and little Henry asked John to carry him. The wood was very thick and dark; and they walked on for half a mile, going down hill all the way. At last they saw, by the light through the trees, that they were come near to the end of the wood; and as they went further on, they saw an old garden wall; some parts of which being broken down, they could see beyond, a large brick house, which, from the fashion of it, seemed as if it might have stood there some hundred years, and now was fallen to ruin. The garden was overgrown with grass and weeds, the fruit-trees wanted pruning, and it was hardly to be seen where the walks

had been. One of the old chimneys had fallen down, breaking through the roof of the house in one or two places; and the glass windows were broken near the place where the garden wall had fallen. Just between that and the wood stood a gibbet, on which the body of a man hung in irons: it had not yet fallen to pieces, although it had hung there some years. The body had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress still entire: but the face of the corpse was so shocking, that the children could not look at it.

'Oh! Papa, Papa! what is that?' cried the children.
'That is a gibbet', said Mr Fairchild; 'and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer - one who first hated, and afterwards killed his brother! When people are found guilty of stealing, they are hanged upon a gallows, and taken down as soon as they are dead; but when a man commits a murder, he is hanged in irons upon a gibbet, till his body falls to pieces, that all who pass by may take warning by the example.'

Whilst Mr Fairchild was speaking, the wind blew strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung.

'Oh! let us go, Papa!' said the children, pulling Mr Fairchild's coat.
'Not yet', said Mr Fairchild: 'I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place.'

And he did, *The Fairchild Family* being 'a Collection of Stories calculated to shew the Importance and Effects of a Religious Education', which this murderer had neglected.