This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

BJ1651
T39
1817
CUB

[illegible] Edel! [illegible]

Letter [illegible] Page [illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

A MOTHER

AND

HER DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL.

By Mrs. TAYLOR,
AUTHOR OF 'MATERNAL SOLICITUDE,' &c.

AND

JANE TAYLOR,
AUTHOR OF 'DISPLAY,' &c.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,
93, FLEET STREET.

1817.

T. Miller, Printer,
5, Noble Street, Cheapside.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the purpose of conveying instruction to young people at School, the method of letters from a Mother was adopted, as the most natural and convenient, and as the most likely to engage the attention of those for whose use the volume is designed.

It is hoped, the letters of *Laura* will not be considered as intruders in these pages. While they were intended to render the work somewhat more amusing to the young reader, it will be seen that it was not with a view to her amusement *only* that they were written.

That the best interests of their young friends—to whom the volume is affectionately dedicated—may be promoted by its perusal, is the sincere wish of the

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

spoke very kindly, and looked more agreeable than I expected. She first took me into her own parlour, and began to make many inquiries about you and papa, and so on: but I felt so stiff and strange you can't imagine! and I am sure she thought me the stupidest creature; for I could think of nothing in the world to say, but "yes, ma'am," and "no, ma'am;" and so I sat twisting my gloves: till at last she proposed introducing me to the young ladies.

Only five of them are yet come; but fifteen more are expected in a day or two. You cannot think how forlorn I felt, when I found myself shut up with these five strange girls in the school-room. It was then growing quite dusk, so that I could not discern their faces, nor they mine. I could only see that we were in a large room, without any carpet, with a long table set out in the middle, and an immense pair of globes in one corner. I sat down by myself in a window-seat, and two of the girls were sitting in the other, whispering to each other; and I observed that one of them leaned forward sometimes to peep at me. The other three were only little ones. I think I never, in my whole life, felt so uncomfortable

That the best interests of their young friends—to whom the volume is affectionately dedicated—may be promoted by its perusal, is the sincere wish of the

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

when she saw Jessy and me sitting hand in hand, I perceived a smile at the corners of her mouth, and she turned away, and began playing with the little ones. She has not spoken three sentences to me since I came. How I do dislike such cold, reserved dispositions!

Jessy Cooke and I sleep in the same room, which I am particularly glad of. Dear girl! she has told me almost all her heart.

I have risen early this morning, my dearest mamma, in order that you might hear of my safe arrival, by to-day's post. In my next, I shall be able to tell you a great deal more, as the other ladies will be come by that time, and I shall have entered upon my new employments. There are two teachers, but only one is come yet. She is in deep mourning for her father, and, they say, has never been out before. I pitied her last night, as she was sitting with us, she looked so melancholy. The only thing I like in Miss Dacre is, that she seems very attentive to her.

The bell rings, and I must conclude instantly. My kindest love to dear papa and Kitty. Pray don't forget to feed my pigeons. What a long half year before I shall see you! Pray write as soon as you can, my dear

determined to keep it all to myself, and thought I had quite dried up my tears; but just as we turned off the common on to the London road, I happened, unfortunately, to look at the mile-stone, where, you remember, our learned overseers inform us that, "Here *end* the parish of St. Gregory." So beginning to laugh (as I intended at least) at our Suffolk grammar, it turned into a fit of crying, or something between laughing and crying, I scarcely know which. After that, the country was very flat and dull for many miles, and at last I began to grow stupid and sleepy. But I cannot stay now to tell you more about the journey, especially as nothing particular happened all the rest of the way.

We did not arrive here till eight o'clock in the evening, when, after driving quite through a long dullish-looking street, we stopped at Mrs. W.'s gate. It is a red-brick house, the last in the village, and stands in a garden, a little way back from the road, with an immense row of tall poplars before it, looking like so many sentinels.

I cannot tell you what I felt, as I walked up the gravel walk to the hall door, where Mrs. W. herself stood to receive me. She

spoke very kindly, and looked more agreeable than I expected. She first took me into her own parlour, and began to make many inquiries about you and papa, and so on: but I felt so stiff and strange you can't imagine! and I am sure she thought me the stupidest creature; for I could think of nothing in the world to say, but "yes, ma'am," and "no, ma'am;" and so I sat twisting my gloves: till at last she proposed introducing me to the young ladies.

Only five of them are yet come; but fifteen more are expected in a day or two. You cannot think how forlorn I felt, when I found myself shut up with these five strange girls in the school-room. It was then growing quite dusk, so that I could not discern their faces, nor they mine. I could only see that we were in a large room, without any carpet, with a long table set out in the middle, and an immense pair of globes in one corner. I sat down by myself in a window-seat, and two of the girls were sitting in the other, whispering to each other; and I observed that one of them leaned forward sometimes to peep at me. The other three were only little ones. I think I never, in my whole life, felt so uncomfortable

as I did then. However, it did not last long; for in a few minutes, one of the girls who had been whispering in the window-seat, came and seated herself by me, and spoke in the most free, affectionate manner you can imagine. Her name is Jessy Cooke—a pretty name, isn't it? She said she remembered how miserable she was the first day she came to school, and that she always felt a great deal for *new* girls; and she added, which I thought very kind, that she had never felt so much for any one as for me. I thanked her, and said that I did, indeed, feel rather uncomfortable, as I had never left my dear father and mother before, and as I was not much accustomed to see strangers. "Strangers! that's a cold word," said she; "you must not apply it to me, indeed you must not!" and then she took my hand, and said, in the kindest manner," I hope you will allow me to be your *friend*!" How little did I expect to find one so soon! She is all heart, and so unreserved!

The other young lady, Miss Grace Dacre, is of quite a different temper. Jessy Cooke told me so: and if she had not, I should soon have found it out; for the moment the candles came in, she gave me such a scrutinizing look: and

when she saw Jessy and me sitting hand in hand, I perceived a smile at the corners of her mouth, and she turned away, and began playing with the little ones. She has not spoken three sentences to me since I came. How I do dislike such cold, reserved dispositions!

Jessy Cooke and I sleep in the same room, which I am particularly glad of. Dear girl! she has told me almost all her heart.

I have risen early this morning, my dearest mamma, in order that you might hear of my safe arrival, by to-day's post. In my next, I shall be able to tell you a great deal more, as the other ladies will be come by that time, and I shall have entered upon my new employments. There are two teachers, but only one is come yet. She is in deep mourning for her father, and, they say, has never been out before. I pitied her last night, as she was sitting with us, she looked so melancholy. The only thing I like in Miss Dacre is, that she seems very attentive to her.

The bell rings, and I must conclude instantly. My kindest love to dear papa and Kitty. Pray don't forget to feed my pigeons. What a long half year before I shall see you! Pray write as soon as you can, my dear

mamma; and believe me your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

LAURA.

P.S. 12 o'clock.—I love Jessy Cooke better every hour. She was much surprised to hear that I was only fifteen.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR LAURA,

JUST about the time that you were passing the boundaries of St. Gregory, your sister and I were visiting your deserted chamber; where poor Kitty wept aloud, and I wiped an involuntary tear from my cheek. But the pang of such a separation ought not to be very poignant, when the benefit which we expect to derive from it is considered: we may reasonably hope the effects of this absence will repay us for the sacrifice; and as our own insulated neighbourhood does not afford us the means of giving you some advantages we wish

you to possess, we doubt not but you will so industriously improve your present opportunities, that, when you return, we shall feel amply compensated for this short suspension of your kind and dutiful offices. Indeed, the pain we felt at parting is productive of pleasure, when we trace it to the mutual affection which occasioned it; and when we remember, that in some unhappy families, such a separation would be esteemed a relief rather than a privation. Although we have to dispense for a time with the society of one whom we love, we have the pleasing anticipation of enjoying it again, with all that endeared it to us (as we earnestly hope) unimpaired; and with some valuable attainments superadded. It is *but* half a year, my dear girl! when we hope to see you again. A little speck of time, indeed! Yet we might esteem such periods *long*, when we remember that a few of them will change your auburn locks to grey; and then, that a few more will lay you in the dust. If this be the case, how precious are they! You are now a child; but a little while will bring you to maturity, when you will be required to act for yourself. This will so soon be the case, that it is almost enough to alarm you. Consider what a poor

figure you would make in the world with your present stock of knowledge and experience: how little able to conduct yourself—still less to govern others. Yet, you may be encouraged by reflecting on the great progress some have made in as short a time, and often in less advantageous circumstances. Let these considerations stimulate you to exertion in your various pursuits; but ever remembering, that as your education is intended to prepare you for the duties of the present life, so the primary business of this life itself, is to qualify you for one which is to come. Amongst so many occupations that have no direct relation to this grand object, and amongst so many temptations to neglect it, it is particularly necessary, my dear child, to remind you that "*one thing is needful.*"

You say that Mrs. W. looked more agreeable than you expected. Did you expect her then to look disagreeable? Must it follow, because she has undertaken the arduous work of your education—the formation of your mind and manners, and the control of your conduct—that she should be a tyrant? She who has engaged, as far as circumstances will permit, to supply a mother's place! It would

indeed be as unreasonable to expect her to feel all the affections of a parent towards her numerous family, as to require them to cultivate *filial* affection towards her. Yet she may, and I have no doubt she does, cherish the amiable sensations of benevolence and kindness towards those under her care. In return, they are bound to repay her with every expression of gratitude and affection in their power. Should there be any towards whom, from their amiable conduct, she might be inclined to indulge a more particular attachment, her situation forbids her to discover it in any other way, than by such marks of her approbation, as even the perverse must, in their consciences, approve. She must conduct herself impartially towards all; distributing rewards and punishments with an equal hand. That fostering kindness, therefore—those little indulgences which make some children pine after home—must be dispensed with at school, from the very nature of it; and resigned for more solid advantages. Children are sent there for the purposes of instruction; and while this object, and their general health and welfare are assiduously attended to, it is all that can reasonably be expected. I would aim, my dear Laura,

to prevent you from raising your expectations too high, of what should be required in your governess; while I would excite in you that veneration for her character, to which she is justly entitled. Do not suppose a benevolent and tender disposition towards you, inconsistent with the strict discipline she is obliged to maintain: great is the charge she has undertaken; and arduous is her task. You will believe this, when you see the various dispositions she has to encounter; as it is more than probable that there will be some dull, some obstinate, some untractable, some indolent among you. May my Laura not add to the number!

In addition to these difficult duties, you must remember that she has her own private concerns, in common with other people; and is subject to the same bodily indispositions. Some young ladies act as though they forgot this, or were quite regardless of it: but my dear Laura will remember, that if her mother is occasionally depressed, under the cares and sorrows inseparable from human life, her governess may possibly have a share of them.

There will be some amiable girls among you, no doubt, who will render her work pleasant; and I hope and believe you will be one

of the first, who, by respectful conduct, and a teachable disposition, will do all in your power to lessen her cares; and prevent her the mortification of returning you to us, without the end answered for which you were placed under her superintendance.

Your pigeons would be fed, even if they were not yours. Though I must say, they flit about as blithely, and seem as forgetful of their benefactress, as some are apt to be who are *not* pigeons.

I must suspend my congratulations respecting your *new* friend, until you are better acquainted with her. That you have *old* ones you will not doubt, in your papa, your sister, and

your affectionate Mother.

P. S. I wonder that Miss Jessy Cooke should suppose you to be more than fifteen, as you were always thought small for your age.

LETTER III.

I COULD not have believed, my dear mamma, that I should so soon have become reconciled to my absence from home. But, I assure you, I have so many things to do and to think of here, and in the short intervals of employment have so much to interest me, that, though I find plenty of time for affectionate thoughts, I have none for melancholy reflections.

You must not expect, in these few weeks, to hear of my having made any particular progress. I find however, already, the great advantage, to my volatile temper, of being obliged to apply with so much regularity. And I do hope that you and papa will not have to lament, that your kindness in sending me here has been quite thrown away.

I am often reminded of your cautions on the subject of emulation. Mrs. W. I am certain, is exactly of your opinion about it. She takes great pains to check in us a spirit of competition and rivalry; while she endeavours to inspire us with the genuine love of knowledge,

and with a true taste for our acquirements; urging us to be more ambitious to excel *ourselves,* than to excel each other. Do you know, she has so much penetration, that she has found out a great many of my faults already. The other day, when speaking of emulation, she told me, that although her admonitions on that subject were not so applicable to me as to some others, she could not compliment me on my superior magnanimity. "My dear," she said, "it would gratify you, would it not, to surpass your companions? and yet, rather than submit to the toil of competition, or hazard the mortification of being out-done, you are ready to stand still and let them all get the start of you." When she said this, I knew that she could see into every corner of my heart.

I hope I shall not forget your advice with regard to my conduct to Mrs. W. She is, indeed, very kind and considerate; though I am sure she has much to try her patience, in our various dispositions.

I expected to have a great deal to tell you, when I had seen all my new companions. But really I am disappointed to find so few out of the whole number, with whom I could form any thing like a friendship. Many of them, to

be sure, are such little things that they are quite out of the question: and as to the rest, they are most of them so uninteresting! There are, however, some exceptions; and I must tell you, that there are five of us great girls who take the lead in every thing. At the top of all is Grace Dacre; and, though, as I told you before, I think I could never be very confidential with her, yet it is impossible not to admire and esteem her very much. She is uncommonly clever; but so superior to any littleness and vanity, that although she does every thing best, no one seems envious of her superiority. Next to her is a Miss Raymond: I don't believe Mrs. W. thinks she has a great deal of taste; and she is certainly not what one would call *bright*, she is too grave and solid for that; but she has such indefatigable application and industry, that there seems to be nothing but what she can accomplish. Though not at all ill-natured, she is very reserved; and perhaps a little *high*: she is obliging to us all; but not intimate with any one. Fanny Fielding, the next I shall mention, is, I think, in most things, equal to Miss Raymond; but they are completely different in their dispositions. There is not one of us who has half so much

emulation, nor that applies with so much avidity. You never saw any thing like her anxiety, when we are at our lessons together. In drawing, for instance, for which she has certainly no particular taste, (indeed she acknowledges that she never liked it much) yet the idea of being out-done in any thing is so terrible to her, that she makes the greatest exertions to excel in it. I often see her casting anxious glances at my drawing-book, and then redoubling her own efforts: and it is the same with music, Italian, and every thing she does; she seems to succeed only because she is *determined* that she will. Yet she is extremely amiable and affectionate, and most of the girls love her very much; but some, who are less good-natured, take advantage of her temper, and tease her sadly. The fourth on my list is Phillis Parker, a sharp, clever little thing, rather plain and odd-looking; who, though she is but lately come, and has had few advantages at home, seems likely soon to surpass us all. She is not vain in the least, but very droll; and often says smart witty things, which makes poor Fanny Fielding very angry; for she dreads being laughed at beyond every thing.

You see I have included myself in this dis-

tinguished *five:* but I am well aware that this must be attributed to my age, and the great advantages I have enjoyed at home, rather than to my own quickness or industry; in both which respects I am much surpassed by many who are younger than myself. You will be surprised to find that my friend Jessy is not one of the number: the reason is, that although she is so pleasant and affectionate as a friend, and has been, and indeed continues to be, particularly kind to me, she is not so anxious about the cultivation of her mind as could be wished.

I had much more to say, particularly in answer to your letter; but must now only add, with kind love to all, that I am your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR CHILD,

THAT you are so soon reconciled to your new situation affords us great pleasure; though, indeed, it is only as we expected. It

must be something more than a temporary separation, even from our dearest friends, that can render us permanently unhappy, while busily employed in any way, and especially in the important work of self-improvement.

We are also gratified to learn, that you are qualified to class with the four young ladies, of whom you have given us some description. How essentially they differ from each other! and probably you will perceive a similar variation throughout the school, as striking as the diversity of faces. These differences arise greatly from education, and early habits; and partly from constitution, influenced by those accidental circumstances which frequently give an early and a marked bias to the character. It is natural, therefore, that you should find tastes and dispositions which are not at all congenial with yours: and should such dissimilarity occasionally produce a difference from your own opinion, and even an opposition to your will, you must not be surprised nor offended; but should rather feel disposed to make every favourable allowance and concession. This must ever become us, unless we could assert our own infallibility, and maintain that our education, habits, and constitution,

have combined with every accidental circumstance, to form a character absolutely complete.

There are some lessons, besides those you receive from your masters, which you may learn better at school than at home, from the variety of characters with whom you must come in contact: few of them but must yield you some advantage, either from observation of *their* temper and conduct, or from the exercise they afford to *yours*. You have now, my dear Laura, a fair opportunity of ascertaining your natural temper, and how far you have acquired the command of it. Hitherto, all has gone smoothly with you: nurtured amid scenes of domestic peace, you are but a novice in the science of human life; and know little more of yourself than of others. Let one of your first attainments be, a feeling of kindness and benevolence to all around you, expressed by an habitual courtesy of manner: this will insure you a cordial reception into society, and enlarge your sphere of influence and usefulness, which, with the best intentions, and the strictest rectitude, you might otherwise fail to obtain. Accustom yourself to make every allowance for the imperfections of others, every reasonable

sacrifice to their feelings, every effort for their good. Each day will afford you an opportunity of making either an *effort*, a *sacrifice*, or an *allowance*. And while thus employed, your own character will progressively become more amiable, as, in promoting the happiness of others, you are laying the surest foundation for your own.

These observations recal to my recollection the pleasing image of Anna Parker, my beloved companion at school. Plain in her person, and in her dress, she had no ambition to attract notice by external blandishments: and whilst she had higher aims than most, she was one of the last in the school on whom a stranger would have bestowed observation—one of the last to make any effort to invite it.

While to perform her own task well was her primary object, she was willing, at any time, to suspend it to do a kind office for another. If any of her companions, through negligence or accident, needed assistance, she was ever ready and at hand: her work-bag was constantly open to all whose silk or crewels were mislaid or lost. Tales she would never tell of any; and none *could* tell tales of her. In school-cabals and mischief, *her* name was

never mentioned: suspicion dared not glance at her. And while divisions and contentions were continually arising among the rest, those who could unite in nothing else, cordially agreed in admiring and loving Anna Parker. It would be needless to say that she was beloved by her governess, who used continually to refer us to her, as a pattern for our imitation.

You must not, however, expect to find schools peopled with such characters; nor allow yourself to feel chagrin and disappointment that it is not so. Recollect your father's remark, when we were so annoyed by the flies during our morning's walk:—That as we must not expect them to suspend their gambols, and obediently divide to the right and left till we had passed, so much less ought we to require our fellow-creatures to give way to our opinions, to lay aside their prejudices, and to regulate their conduct in conformity to ours. The graces of meekness and forbearance are exhibited in their perfection, by our divine Teacher. He says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart:"—and in proportion as your love to Him is excited, you will be disposed to keep this, and all His commandments.

I think you mentioned two or three little ones among you. These I would particularly recommend to your attention; as, notwithstanding the well-known tenderness of their governess, they must naturally miss the fostering care of their mothers, in a much greater degree than such girls as you can, or ought to do. I trust there are no ladies in your school who would oppress them; especially as the period of that tender age is too recent, for any of them to have forgotten the feelings inseparable from it.

I must now tell you—but what do I see—the end of my paper! so I must leave the many things I had to say, unsaid; like some, who find themselves at the verge of life, with many of their plans and schemes unaccomplished: and if, above all, the grand end and design of their being has been neglected, how dismal will their case be! Should they think of crowding the business of their immortal interests into the bottom of the page, just as I do the conclusion of my epistle, they may not succeed so well, for I find I *have* room to subscribe myself,

your affectionate Mother.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

SOME parts of your last letter were as applicable and seasonable, as if you had been aequainted with my particular circumstances at the time. If I had leisure, I might write very often, to ask your advice about something that occurs amongst us, in which I am at a loss how to act: and yet, if I were carefully to apply your general advice to these particular cases, I believe I should seldom do wrong.

I find it very true that there are pains in all our pleasures, even in friendship, where I had least expected to find them. Jessy Cooke thinks I have treated her unkindly, which I am sure was the farthest from my intention; and the more I think of what has passed, the more I am inclined to believe that I have done nothing inconsistent with true friendship. I now suspect that her views of it are not quite right; though I confess they appeared, at first, very congenial with my own, and gave me a high idea of her sensibility. She will not allow it possible to have *two* friends, especially two

confidants; and she has no idea of friendship without *secrets*. She has told me a great many of hers, certainly; and was hurt because I did not return her confidence. When she complained of it, I said, what was very true, that, really, I had no secrets that I knew of: upon which she began laughing at me, and I felt very much mortified, (which was foolish, I know) and tried to recollect something to tell her, but I could think of nothing in the world except a silly little affair that once happened between Kitty and me, which I knew she would think it childish to repeat. I therefore only added, "none, at least, that I have not told mamma." "Told your mamma! well, that is curious indeed!" said she: "why, I never told mamma a secret in my life: she is the last person in the world I should think of saying any thing particular to."

We were at this time walking arm in arm, up and down the long gravel walk. Grace Dacre was there also, reading to herself. Every time we passed, Jessy made a point of whispering very low, even when we were saying nothing that it would at all have signified for her to overhear. At last, as she was passing us, she looked off her book, saying, with a good-

natured smile, "Take care, Laura! take care! or I shall hear all your secrets." I was just then feeling vexed and dissatisfied both with Jessy and myself, and could not help replying, "O, it was no secret, I assure you; I was just then saying that I have none, and Jessy thinks me a child for it."—"I am glad of that," said Grace: "do you know now, I am quite pleased to hear you say so; I am a school-girl myself, to be sure, but I do dislike school-girls' secrets: come, let us have done with them, and walk altogether;" and with that she laid hold of my arm. This was all that passed, as well as I can remember; but poor Jessy took such offence, you have no idea. She left us instantly, only saying that she had walked till she was tired; and there were Grace and I left alone together for the first time in our lives, for Jessy would never suffer me to walk with her before, because she said I was *her* friend. Grace immediately changed the conversation: I knew she was too generous to say a word to Jessy's disadvantage. It was, mamma, just such a conversation as I think you would have listened to with pleasure. Grace is almost two years older than Jessy and I; and yet she loves to talk on subjects, and is interested about

things, that Jessy thinks quite childish. I dreaded seeing her again, expecting she would reproach me with unkindness; but that is not her way; she has avoided me ever since, and has not allowed me any opportunity to explain myself; only when we meet, putting on a cool, patient look, like a person that has been injured: and if she is asked where I am, or any question about me, she answers in this way,— "I don't know, indeed; Miss Dacre can tell you, I dare say." I am very much afraid she is of a mean, jealous temper, and will never be reconciled on any other terms than my breaking completely with Grace, which I should be extremely unwilling to do, because she is just such a friend as I want. I believe, mamma, you would think her truly serious. Last Sunday evening we had a delightful walk together in the garden. She soon turned the conversation to religious subjects. O, it was so different to the foolish chats I have had there sometimes with others! When I said how difficult I found it, among so many pursuits, and so many companions, to fix my thoughts upon those things, she assured me that she felt the same; but added, that she was sure our temptations to delay, and to neglect religion, were

fewer and weaker now, than they would be by and by. "It will, I have no doubt," she said, "be far more difficult to give our hearts to God, and to give up the world when we leave school, than it is now: and if we wait till it seems quite pleasant and easy to do, it will never be done. Besides, I often think of those lines in the little hymn, which I am not ashamed of quoting even now,

> "'Twill please us to look back, and see
> That our *whole lives* were thine."

You may remember, dear mother, how suitable the conclusion of your last letter was to our conversation: I could not help reading it to Grace, who, when I had done so, thanked me, and said, with the tears in her eyes, that she had lost *her* mother. I know you will rejoice that I am likely to gain such a friend: but yet I am very sorry about poor Jessy.

Your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER VI.

It is no small gratification to me, to hold converse with you, my beloved child; especially, as I find the hints I suggest are applied to the purposes for which they are intended; and that, as occasions arise, your general conduct is likely to be regulated by a parent's care, though not immediately under her eye.

That a degree of mutual disappointment should arise between your new friend, Jessy Cooke, and yourself, is not very surprising; nor, when the lesson it conveys is duly considered, is it much to be regretted. It would be needless, at present, to expatiate on this young lady's character; for we are not yet sufficiently acquainted with it, to have any decided opinion; and till we have, we had better suspend our animadversions. When time shall have enabled you to form a more accurate estimate, she will find her proper level in your esteem. Probably, were you acquainted with the circumstances of her childhood—could you perceive whence her mistaken notions originate

—you would pity, rather than blame her. She may not have been under the care of her parents at that important season, when first the "young idea" begins "to shoot." Her mother may have been prevented from attending to the mental culture of *her* family, by—by something, which to her, at least, may have appeared of more importance. However this may be, let not the intimacy you so hastily formed, as suddenly subside,—though it is, indeed, but the common fate of these warm, first-sight friendships; nor by any thing in *your* look and manner, attempt to retaliate the unkindness of hers; which would be quite as unjustifiable as to return railing for railing. There is no species of warfare more disingenuous than this: it is annoying others, without allowing them the opportunity of defending themselves: and it is capable of inflicting as severe a smart, as more open and direct accusations. Rather endeavour, my love, to conciliate your friend by persevering kindness and good-humour. It may, perhaps, be in your power, and more especially in Miss Dacre's, who is still older, to render her an essential service, by endeavouring to improve her character. Not that I should imagine either of you equal to the task of *educat-*

ing your school-fellows—having, at present, too much to do in that way for yourselves: *your* lessons, at least, will be more suitably and effectually dispensed by example than by precept.

As Miss Jessy is so fond of secrets, she might occasionally be gratified by the perusal of certain passages in our correspondence: at least it would prevent the appearance of reserve; and might have other advantages. Perhaps, when she perceives on what terms you are with your mother, and sees what good *friends* a mother and daughter may be, she may be disposed to cultivate a more amiable frankness with hers.

Walking through the town this morning, I passed a door where crowds were pressing in to make (as they imagined) cheap purchases, of some travelling people, who profess to be selling their goods at a low price. I feared they would be disappointed in their bargains: at all events, they may be certain that nothing is *given* away; nor any thing to be obtained there, at a price, either cheap or dear, which "the moth will not corrupt," or time destroy. But are there not commodities pressed upon our notice, which will exceed expectation, and which can be injured neither by time nor

accident? And have we not seen multitudes pass on regardless, as though they heard it not? —"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come and buy, without money and without price," has little effect on those who desire only this world for their portion; although *these* offers are adapted to every want of every human creature; although they proffer food to nourish, raiment to cover, jewels to adorn, fruits and flowers to refresh, balm to heal, and cordials to revive: and these are all freely offered, though purchased not with corruptible silver and gold. What a happiness it is, my dear Laura, that this language is not unintelligible to you! From a child *you* have been taught the Holy Scriptures. Many there are, even in this christian land, who are as ignorant of the *truth*, as the poor heathens of whom we hear so much. May you, my child, who have "line upon line, and precept upon precept," grow in grace as well as in wisdom and stature; that so you may be in favour with God, as well as with your fellow-creatures.

I am pleased at the increasing intimacy between you and Miss Dacre, most especially, because she is one with whom you can converse on this most interesting subject. But is there

only *one* in your school who "Remembers her Creator in the days of her youth?" What! only *one* "inquiring the way to Zion, with her face thitherward?" Only *one* who finds Wisdom's ways to be "ways of pleasantness?" While many of your number, in their restless desires after earthly things, may be eagerly crying, "Who will shew us any good?"—I would hope that there are a few, at least, sincerely disposed to say, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon *us!*"

Let the returning light suggest this petition when you awake in the morning: and when you retire to rest at night, let it be with some similar meditation. You remember David's reason for "hiding the word of God in his heart:" it was, "that he might not *sin* against him." And be assured, my dear child, that *you* will find no antidote so effectual against the sins and follies of your age. Believe me

your affectionate Mother.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I AM afraid sometimes you will be quite tired with the relation of my school adventures; in which you cannot possibly be so much interested as I am. But when I remember the kindness with which you have always attended to my little affairs, in the midst of your own important ones, I feel assured that you will receive my rambling epistles with the same indulgence.

Since I wrote last, we have had an addition to our number: a Miss Biggins. Oh, mamma! such a curiosity! She is the only child of a very rich man, who, they say, has made his fortune suddenly. Although she is as old as I am, she has had no kind of education before; so that it would be very wrong to laugh at her; especially as she is extremely good-natured and obliging, and very desirous to improve. But really it is difficult to help it sometimes, there is something so droll in her look and manner. She is very short, fat, and rosy; and stutters a little, particularly when she is either puzzled

or angry. Phillis Parker can mimic her exactly; but, I do assure you, I have only heard her do it once, and then she was very angry with herself afterwards.

Some days ago, one of the girls was telling us of a custom at the school she has lately left, (which, I think, from her manner of expressing herself, must have been a very different one from this). They used, she said, once a week, to write *thoughts:* that is, some short sentence, "out of their own heads," as she called it, which was afterwards submitted to the governess's inspection. "But, la!" said she, "we do nothing of that sort at this school: I never saw such a school in my life!" Several of us agreed that we should like very well to try our talents at thought-making, if Mrs. W. approved of it; at which she was much pleased, and said, "Dacre, dear! do you ask her if we may!" Mrs. W. very readily consented to our making the attempt; so we all set about it, and could think of nothing but our thoughts all the week. I should have told you, that poor Miss Biggins, when it was first proposed, came up to Grace and me with such a queer puzzled face, saying, —"A thought! dear, I can't do it, I'm sure!— what sort of a thought?—what do they mean,

I wonder!" "Why, think of something, and that will be a thought, wo'nt it?" said Phillis Parker. Grace, however, kindly endeavoured to explain it to her, by an example: upon which some one cried out, "That is not fair! there's Grace Dacre helping Miss Biggins to write her thought." To which Miss Biggins replied, with more spirit than usual, "No, but she is not, though; if I can't make one myself, I wo'nt make any at all."

This was the very thing, as you may suppose, to excite Fanny Fielding's ambition. Grace and I found her one evening scribbling away upon her slate, as intently as if her welfare for life depended upon her succeeding. She looked up at us with her worried, anxious face; and said, "I heartily wish this had never been thought of: it will be nothing but vexation to me, I foresee. Mine, I know, of the whole number, will be the very worst." "That is very unlikely indeed," said Grace; "perhaps you only mean that you are afraid, that of the whole number, it will not be the very best." "Nay, that I am quite certain of," said Fanny. "Well," said Grace, "and suppose it is not?" "Suppose it is not! Really, Grace," said she, "I do admire to hear you ask that question so

coolly! You that are *sure* of writing a good one; it is easy enough to be so calm and philosophical about it." "But I am not at all sure of writing a good one," said Grace; "indeed I am pretty sure I shall not: yet, I confess, I don't feel *very* anxious about it; and perhaps that gives me some chance of succeeding." "Well, now," said Fanny, "suppose you were—(I know you will not)—but suppose you were, to write a very poor one; just tell me if you would not feel very much mortified?" "Perhaps I might," said Grace; "but then I "should be more mortified afterwards, for *being* very much mortified, than for having written a poor thought." "Well, well, *I* am no stoic, nor ever shall be," said Fanny; "so do tell me, now, what I shall write about?" "About my stoical philosophy, and welcome, if you please," said Grace, laughing; and so we left her.

For my own part, I must confess, I had no idea before how difficult it is to *think*. I could, to be sure, have written half a hundred sentences, piecemeal from books; but to invent any thing of one's own, not exactly commonplace, you know, is a very different kind of thing.

Well, mamma, this evening was the time fixed for Mrs. W. to see them. Our slips of paper were placed before her, and she read them aloud, in their turns. What diverted me most, was, to watch the girls while their own thoughts were being read. Some laughed, some coloured, some jogged their neighbours' elbows. Poor Fanny Fielding looked quite pale all the time. I am afraid it would not amuse you much, if I were to transcribe our fine thoughts for your inspection. Some were not very *original*, certainly: for instance,—"Virtue and vice are very opposite qualities."—"Time flies swiftly."—"How amiable is virtue!" &c. But what do you imagine Phillis Parker's was?—just like her! "There is no having *thoughts* without *thinking*." But I must tell you poor Miss Biggins's, because it passed off so much better than could be expected: it was this—"*Them that has'nt any patience, can never have no learning*." Oh, mamma! the moment it was read, the whole school burst out a-laughing; and she, poor girl! stood covered with confusion. There was not one who did not laugh, (for I did, I confess) except Grace Dacre. But Mrs. W. in her commanding way, put a stop to it by saying, that, in her opinion,

this, in point of sentiment, was one of the best sentences she had read: its incorrectness, she observed, was merely incidental; a few weeks' attention to *Murray*, would enable her to rectify those mistakes.

The tears overflowed poor Miss Biggins's eyes as Mrs. W. said this. To turn our attention from her, I suppose, Mrs. W. then began to look over some of our papers again; and said, smiling, "As to these thoughts of you elder ones, perhaps I might give this general opinion: that Grace Dacre's is the most *acute;* Miss Raymond's, the most *correct;* Fanny Fielding's, the most *ornamented;* Laura's, the most *simple;* Phillis's, the most *original;* and Miss Biggins's, the most *useful.*

With this sentence we were dismissed; and so it has ended very well: though I do not think Fanny is quite satisfied with hers; for she has been teasing Grace, and me, too, all the time I have been writing, to know what we supposed Mrs. W. *exactly* meant by *ornamented.*

I am sorry to see I have filled my whole letter with this silly affair. It has, however, taught me one thing; and that is, how much one may say and write without *thinking:* since

it took me more time to write a single sentence with a *thought* in it, than the longest letter I have ever sent you. Farewel, dear mamma! pray excuse all the faults and *thoughtlessness* of your

LAURA.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR LAURA,

FAR from being wearied with your school anecdotes, I feel much interested in them; as they afford me an opportunity, both of watching the unfoldings of your character, and of correcting what I may deem exceptionable in your views or your conduct, as occurrences arise. Besides, my dear, I am your *mother*.

I am disposed to congratulate you on the addition made to your number in Miss Biggins: and hope it will prove mutually advantageous. I say *mutually*, because, whatever her deficiencies may be, since she is "good-natured, obliging, and very desirous to improve," her example may be useful to the most accomplished

ɜ you. For these are sterling qualities,
ich, sometimes, the most accomplished
ficient.

is such a little time since you entered
chool-room, a stranger—since you sat
n in the window-seat, the object of your
-fellows' curiosity—that you are well
ied to sympathise with a new-comer. And
ıgh you are neither fat nor rosy, it is pro-
that even *you* might furnish matter for
le, by some unconscious peculiarity in
manner or appearance. Indeed, when
ɜ are so disposed, they will never be at
for subjects on which to exercise this
h propensity: just as a kitten sports with
thing that comes in her way, not because
ɔpropriate, but because she is playful. In
Biggins's being "short, fat, and rosy,"
is, at least, no crime: and as the impedi-
in her speech is decidedly a misfortune,
ɜ your friend Phillis will prove that she
ɜally angry with herself, by never repeat-
ıe unkindness of mimicking it.

was going to say, that had I been present
Miss Biggins's *thought* was read, I might
oined in the laugh; though it would not
ɔeen at *her* expense. I might have laugh-

ed, my dear Laura, to see a number of young ladies, in the very act of exercising their *thoughts*, affording such a proof of its being to them a novel employment, by the reception which they gave to the first efforts of an uninstructed girl, and a stranger! Yet, I rather think I should have felt as Mrs. W. did. None are just objects of ridicule, for being destitute of that which they have had no means of acquiring. A ploughman, seated at a nobleman's table, would most probably excite it; but it would be misplaced; because elegance of manners is no more to be expected in him, than awkwardness in a man of polite education. Indeed, my dear, it is difficult to select a fit object for ridicule: certainly not ignorance; for even when it arises from inattention and indolence, it is rather to be lamented than laughed at: nor is its aspect ludicrous, but rather pitiable, when it is the involuntary effect of circumstances. As the habit of *thinking* becomes more frequent, I am persuaded that you will be so seriously occupied in remedying your own deficiencies, as to feel little inclination to smile at those of others.

When I called on our poor neighbour Woodby the other day, intending to present him with a Bible, I was greatly disappointed to

find that neither husband nor wife could read! In this circumstance, however, we could discern nothing to excite a smile; although the acknowledgment, that they did not know their letters, was very incorrectly expressed. Now Miss Biggins is in somewhat a similar predicament; and so are you, and so am I, in a certain degree, while there yet remains any thing which it is desirable for us to know, but which we have not had the opportunity of learning. I rejoice that this young lady, by her change of circumstances, will now have the means of improvement: thus the superiority afforded by fortune becomes of real value. Opulence is the soil in which many a fair floweret unfolds, which could otherwise never expand and diffuse its fragrance. It is of great importance that young persons should form an accurate estimate of the value of wealth. They cannot too early learn, that its chief excellence consists in affording the means of intellectual improvement, of assisting the necessitous, and of increasing the happiness of all within their sphere. I would hope, therefore, my dear, that your attachment to your young friends may never be proportioned to the number of thousands they may inherit; but to the influence such

advantages have upon their characters. Learn to distinguish, and to respect true merit, whether in situations above or beneath you.

As the want of knowledge exposes the most amiable to ridicule, as well as to many more serious disadvantages, those on whom Providence has smiled in this respect, have great cause for thankfulness And while they are diligent in improving their own privileges, they will be equally zealous in assisting those who are destitute of them.

Those who feel *thinking* to be so very laborious, will find that, in proportion to their perseverance, the mind will attain vigour; and mental exercises will become more facile and delightful. How much does our own happiness, and that of others, depend upon the right exercise of our thinking powers! May you, my Laura, be able to say with the Psalmist, "I hate vain *thoughts*, but thy law do I love." "In the multitude of my *thoughts* within me, thy comforts delight my soul." This, above all other things, is the earnest hope of

your affectionate Mother.

LETTER IX.

DEAR MAMMA,

I WRITE rather sooner than usual, in order to request you to execute a few little commissions for me, of which I subjoin the list. But should you think the first unnecessary, I shall be quite contented to do without it; although they are very generally worn here, and certainly look very pretty; and mine is getting rather shabby. (Grace has one.)

There is, I know, some danger of paying too much attention to dress, among so many girls, some of whom think of little else. And yet, it does tend in a great degree to check the love of it, to observe, that those are generally the most dressy who have least sense; and that those who are so much engrossed by it, are vulgar in their minds, if not in their manners. Poor Miss Biggins came loaded with expensive finery; while Grace Dacre and Miss Raymond, who have the highest connexions of any in the school, are the plainest drest of any of us. It was quite diverting to see the un-

feigned astonishment of some of those dressy girls, when Mrs. W. assured them, that Grace and Miss Raymond dressed as they did, not from necessity, but choice: as they were both intrusted with such an ample allowance, as would enable them, if they pleased, to be the gayest of any in the school. That any body should dress plainly who could *afford* to be fine, seemed quite beyond their comprehension.

When I once told Mrs.W. that Grace had cured me of the love of dress, she bade me beware of deceiving myself in that way. For, she said, that if my determination arose merely from the common propensity to imitate those we love,—if my next friend happened to be fond of dress, I should soon follow her example also. To that I replied, that I was sure I never should or could choose for a friend one who was very fond of dress. At which she smiled, and said, that I did not yet know what I should or could do: and added, that strange as I might think it, and strange as it was, she had known a few young persons, (to say nothing of *old* ones) of superior sense, taste, and intelligence, and even, she believed, of sin-

cere piety, and such as I might be proud to call my friends, who yet bestowed, what she considered, a very improper share of their time and attention on dress, and betrayed an inordinate interest in it. She regarded it, indeed, as a pitiable weakness, and lamentable inconsistency in their characters; but so it was; and, therefore, she advised me to form my principles and conduct in this respect, on some more substantial foundation than the practice of an amiable friend. She then endeavoured to convince me, that true taste, no less than right principle, forbids excess of ornament, and excessive thought about it. How disagreeable it is to see a showy company, every one of which has evidently done her *utmost!* One's eyes are perfectly fatigued with wandering from one fine thing to another. And yet, I must confess, that I sometimes feel the very same propensity myself; only I hope that time, and thought, and good advice, and the example of those I most respect and admire, will cure it.

Mrs. W. allows that there may be as much pride in extreme plainness, as in excessive attention to dress,—and more affectation; and she thinks there is a proper degree of regard to our

outward appearance, in which every one must be regulated by their own circumstances, connexions, and conscience. But, she says, there ought to be no hesitation on the subject in the case of those, whose incomes will not allow both of expensive dress and liberality: and that it is generally thus with the limited allowance of young persons. There are many, at least, who have only to choose whether they will be fine or generous;—whether they will give their little overplus to the hungry and the ignorant, or to the milliner and jeweller.

O mamma! how many things there are to learn! I do not mean only such as our masters teach us; but things much more difficult to learn than those. Sometimes I almost despair of thinking and doing right; there are so many different opinions, and so many different ways of viewing things; yet, as dear Grace says, with a simple, sincere desire to do so, and an habitual reference to the eye and to the will of God, we need not fear, however weak and ignorant in ourselves, that we shall greatly mistake: but the danger is in forgetting this, and yielding to the bias of our own inclinations.

I ought to be very thankful that, while I

am so ill qualified to direct my own conduct, I have so many friends able and willing to assist me, and, above all, if I find any disposition to look to Him who has promised to be the guide of my youth. Your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER X.

I AM much pleased, my dear Laura, that you are so well prepared to acquiesce in my refusal to furnish you with the principal article, in your list of commissions. I must tell you plainly, that I do not think it at all *necessary*: besides, that I find it would be rather too costly for me, and rather too shewy for you.

It is well that your mind is so far fortified against that prevailing evil, the love of dress. I should be sorry, indeed, if in addition to those acquirements, which we hope will be permanent, one should be added which, on your return home, you will find it necessary to unlearn; (no uncommon case, I fear!) and I am glad you

are aware of the danger. I believe you will not be apprehensive of my passing to the other extreme. A becoming, subordinate attention to appearance, is, I think, forbidden neither by reason nor scripture. Even some things that are merely ornamental, furnish employment to thousands of industrious families; and, for those who can *really* afford it, to encourage them is a far more effectual method of supporting the poor, than indiscriminate alms-giving. I am decidedly of Mrs. W.'s opinion, that there are those, who while they affect great strictness in dress, foster as much pride as others who pay the most regard to it. But having conceded thus much, to which, it is probable, that in your whole number I should not find a dissentient voice, I would endeavour to confirm your views of the subject, by exposing some of the evils to which a passion for dress would lead you. An evil it is, of no small magnitude, when it tempts us to pass the bounds of our pecuniary resources; or even barely to keep within them: in which case, while we are so amply providing for the industrious poor, we may be imperceptibly descending to the same level. Thousands have thus brought themselves to participate in their necessities, with-

out the advantages of industry to cope with them. It is really painful to observe the expensive habits of some families, especially in this respect, who might support their pretensions to gentility *much better* by a plainer appearance. Intent only on the present moment, they forget to-morrow. The gratification of being among the first in a *new fashion*, is purchased at whatever price: and as, when it becomes general, it loses its charm, there can be, comparatively, but a few able to attain this distinction,—an honour for which such anxiety, study, and expense, are thought allowable. Alas! what an employment of that time and those talents, of which a solemn account will shortly be required!

This sad propensity, from the titled lady down to the kitchen maid, maintains the most destructive progression. The former, in spite of all her exertions, discovers, to her mortification, that she is presently overtaken by the class immediately beneath her; and they, in their turn, are obliged to advance by their neighbours in the rear. Thus is each urged on, till the two extremes nearly approximate.

It is obvious, that the higher classes (however averse they might be to admit the fact)

are eventually impelled by the lower: for were these to remain stationary, so rapid a progression would become unnecessary; and vanity itself might enjoy a transient repose. It is amusing to observe in what different lights *singularity* is viewed by your amateurs in dress: for while that which is singular as being *old*-fashioned, is ridiculed and discarded, to be singular in a *new* one would to some afford the highest gratification. One would imagine, that the estate, the reputation, the existence, (we will not say the soul) depended, with many, on their sporting something entirely *new*; while on those (who, from attention to higher objects, are not such adepts in the science) they look down with conscious superiority. O, that half this anxiety were manifested, that (in a different sense) "*old* things might pass away, and all things become *new*!"

Do but compare for a moment, a woman actuated by this pitiful spirit of competition and love of show, with another, who, occupied by things of *real* importance, dresses with simplicity, frugality, and propriety, according to her station, totally unmoved by the rivalry and splendour of her dressy neighbours;—and then judge which of the two is the most dignified—

(or to employ a term more intelligible to some) the most *genteel.*

I wish, my dear Laura, that those among you, with whom this mania has commenced, would but calculate how large a proportion of time, and especially of thought, it commonly engrosses; and then let reason and conscience decide how far it is injurious to mental and moral growth. Does it not seem with some, "the one thing needful," to which all that is really so, is sacrificed?

When we contemplate our various relations —what we owe to our fellow-creatures, to ourselves, and to God—is it not fearful to reflect upon the large portion of time, and the undue degree of interest, devoted to the ornament of bodies which must so soon decay, and fall into ruin! "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." To ascertain the ruling passion of the mind, and its effects, it would be useful to make a pause, and recollect how seldom such vain cogitations are interrupted by those momentous subjects, which ought to predominate in minds destined to an immortal existence. And, on the contrary, to let conscience witness, how frequently those vanities intrude into the house of God, and even into the closet!

Such an observation as this, however, would be unintelligible to thousands: it would be "speaking in an unknown tongue" to those, whose closets witness only the business of the toilet, or the perusal of a romance. But there is a time approaching, when, "the mantles, and the whimples, and the crisping pins, must be laid aside;" for "the fashion of this world passeth away!" "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to life; and *few* there be who go in thereat." But that happy few are clothed in robes of spotless whiteness, unrivalled, for glory and beauty, by the most costly manufactures of this world. Their garb and ornaments, indeed, give them the appearance of singularity in the midst of an evil generation: for they are evidently pilgrims and strangers, passing on to another country; and who partake, with self-denying moderation, of the enjoyments of this, with which they are supplied from stage to stage.

Let not your ambition, then, my Laura, be degraded to such things as "braiding the hair, and gold, and pearls, and costly array;" but rather strive to attain a meek and quiet spirit, and the rest of those christian graces, which manifest to what country we are bound: for

these are "in the sight of God, of *great price*." Let your language still be, with our revered poet,

"Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace;
These are the robes of richest dress."

Although, from my neglecting your commission, many will be before-hand with you in the new fashion, you will not be disconcerted at this, nor suffer such a trifle to be a disappointment. Let your chief ambition be, that none shall get the start of you in better things. We are solicitous, as you well know, my dear girl, to gratify all your reasonable wishes, as far as we can; but it is no part of our plan to expend all upon you now; or, by *unkind* indulgence, to cherish such dispositions as must, eventually, prove inimical to your happiness. We would lay a foundation for the welfare of our Laura, when her parents are sleeping in the dust.

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XI.

I AM really surprised, my dear mamma, to find how near Christmas is! This, I am sure, has not appeared a long half year to me: it seems but a little while since that fine summer's morning, when I took a sorrowful leave of you. And this I think I can say, that the pleasure I feel at the prospect of the approaching vacation, arises entirely from the delightful hope of seeing you, dear, dear papa, mamma, and Kitty! and not at all from the thought of being released from the restraints and employments of school. I really pity those who are going home to spend the time in idleness and indulgence; and rejoice to think that this would not be my case, even if I were ever so much disposed to it. I hope to return to school, not with reluctance, but with renewed ardour for my pursuits; it will also be a great pleasure to meet many of my school associates again,—dear Grace, especially; besides Mrs.W. whose kindness I shall never forget.

I shall say nothing about my improvement

in any respect, as you will so soon be able to judge of that for yourselves: only I must just tell you before-hand, not to expect *too* much, as you know it is *only* half a year; and I have had a great many things to attend to in that time.

I am glad, now, that you and papa decided as you did, about some things that I was, at first, very desirous to learn. And so, I think, is Mrs. W. She appears to regret it when the ladies' parents are anxious (as most of them are) for their daughters to acquire such a variety of accomplishments: since it crowds the time, so that they cannot make great proficiency in any one of them: and, especially, as it prevents their giving sufficient attention to pursuits, which she considers of far higher importance.

Even Mr. Biggins, mamma, desired that his daughter might learn every thing that money could pay for: and particularised painting on velvet, and playing on the tambourine! It is well, I think, that Mrs. W. has better ideas of education than poor Mr. Biggins; or his daughter would be rendered more ridiculous—that is, I mean, would be more exposed to ridicule from inconsiderate people, than before she came to school.

Mrs. W. is constantly urging us to take pains, and pay every attention to whatever we attempt to acquire; but she is very anxious that we should distinguish between mere accomplishments, and that sterling knowledge which furnishes and enlarges the mind. Even accomplishments, she says, are chiefly to be valued as they tend to refine the taste, and extend the views: and I have often heard her observe, that life is too short to allow us to devote much of it, to any thing that may not directly or indirectly become *useful* to ourselves or others. She once knew a young lady, who had devoted her whole life to learning to play on the harp. She succeeded, as might be expected, in her object—that of playing on the harp better than any of her friends: but what then! "What a terrible mistake," said Mrs. W. "for a being sent into the world to prepare for immortality!"

You were right, mamma, in your opinion of Miss Biggins; for I really think she is very *improveable* by education. You have no idea how patiently she applies; and how eagerly she seems to receive the new ideas, that are every day presented to her mind.

We are just now reading "Gregory's Lessons," which I remember being so much inte-

rested in four years ago; especially the astronomical parts, which made me first love to look at the stars, and to think of them, and of Him who "calls them all by their names," as I lay awake at night, and saw them twinkling through the window-panes. It is all new, as you may suppose, to Miss Biggins; and she seems quite pleased, and anxious to know more. Now this, as I heard Mrs. W. explaining to her, has opened her mind, furnished it with new ideas, and afforded her a new source of pleasure; pleasure, too, of a noble and elevating kind. While, if she had been employing the same time in scratching upon a piece of velvet, she might, indeed, have been able to produce a gay screen or work-bag; but her *mind* would have remained as uncultivated as before. How many young women one may see, as Mrs. W. says, who can display a great variety of showy acquirements, and yet, are pretty nearly as common, narrow, and vulgar-minded, as those who have received no education at all. "Not that I would infer," said she, "that all things which are called accomplishments should rank no higher in our estimation, than drawing a flower; since some of them, when properly studied, approach very

nearly, in their effects upon the mind, to more solid acquisitions. But yet, with respect to *all* of them, I would ever keep in mind, *the brevity of life,* and the grand business of it."

I was sure you would be pleased to hear how much Mrs. W.'s ideas, on this subject, accord with yours and papa's; and that, after all your anxiety, you have entrusted your poor Laura to one, who is so much more anxious to make her wise and good, than showy and brilliant. I hope her kind intentions and yours may not be wholly disappointed. I know *whose* fault it will be if they are.

We are so very busy now, that perhaps I shall not be able to write again before we meet; and I postpone all further particulars till that happy day. But I hope, dearest mother, that you will afford one more of your kind letters to your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER XII.

MY DEAR CHILD,

It was but a few evenings ago, that poor Kitty suddenly exclaimed, with great animation, "This day fortnight Laura will be here!" "If nothing happens to prevent it," said your papa. "To prevent it!" replied Kitty: "dear papa, what can happen to prevent it?" "That I cannot tell, indeed," replied he; "and I hope nothing will! but you remember how they are reproved, who speak too confidently of "going into such a city;" and how we are warned not to "boast of tomorrow, as we know not what a day may bring forth." The general propriety of this, Kitty could not dispute; though, I fear, it did not tend to check the confidence of her expectations in the present instance.

I relate this little circumstance, my dear Laura, to prepare you for a disappointment, which it gives me a great deal of pain to communicate. As the time approached for your

return, we, as well as yourself, began to indulge many agreeable anticipations: and hoping it would increase our pleasure and yours, I had written to request my young friend Charlotte to come, and make her promised visit to us during the Christmas vacation. She accepted the invitation, and has been with us a few days. But how long she may remain, or in what manner be conveyed hence, is extremely uncertain. She came safe and well, but is now confined with an acute fever, which affords little prospect of a speedy recovery. And as our medical attendant cannot yet ascertain what form her disorder may assume, nor how it may terminate, we think it best, that our dear Laura should forego the expected pleasure; provided it is convenient to Mrs. W. to allow you to remain with her, of which she will soon inform you.

It is highly probable, therefore, that we shall not meet before Midsummer: I need not say, my dear girl, that the disappointment is as much ours as yours; but as it is unavoidable, I hope we shall all acquiesce in it cheerfully. As there are few evils without their accompanying good, we hope that you will derive a valuable lesson from the present circumstance. How-

er common-place the observation, it is an tablished and important truth, and one of hich the young need to be continually re-inded, that this is a world of uncertainties d disappointments. You may, with pro-iety, my love, view the event as a sample of ur future experience. I was going to add, ell will it be, if crosses of no greater magni-de await you. But He who dispenses our rrows, is best acquainted with the kind and gree of suffering, necessary to our eventual ppiness. Our lesser trials, as well as our avier calamities, come alike under the cogni-nce of Him, who regards "a sparrow falling the ground," as well as the desolating earth-ake. It is well, however, that futurity is ncealed from *our* view: as fore-knowledge, we possessed it, could not enable us to "add ne cubit to our stature, nor to make one hair hite or black." Could we have foreseen the tent of our separation, it would have ren-red the parting still more painful: could we ve foreseen what has occasioned it, we might ve withheld our invitation to Charlotte;—hen, either for her or for us, the circumstance ay eventually prove a propitious one.

Not having seen her since the time of her

dear mother's death, when she was an infant, I was anxious to see whether she inherits those excellencies, which I so highly venerated in her parent, and by which she is still endeared to my memory. How far my hopes were fulfilled in this respect, I may tell you on a future occasion: at present, all our attention is engrossed by her alarming situation. We know not but she may be going to join her parents very soon; and if she is prepared for such a change, it is well; for she has now no ability to attend to her eternal interests. Let this affecting occurrence stimulate *you*, my dear Laura, to "remember your Creator *before* the evil day comes," which may even now be at hand, "in which you shall have no pleasure"—no power to attend even to the most trivial concerns; much less to those of everlasting importance.

"A flower may fade before 'tis noon—."

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I WILL not attempt to conceal from you ɔw ill I bore the first news of my disappoint-ıent. It was certainly the most severe one I 'er had; as I had indulged myself lately, in ıagining every circumstance of our expected ıeeting; and was making many preparations ır it, which are now of no use:—but that is l over.

I presented your letter to Mrs. W. She de-res me to say, that it is quite convenient for ıe to remain with her during the vacation; ıd is so kind as to add, that she will do all in ɜr power to make it agreeable to me. I n very sorry for poor Charlotte; and felt ıhamed of my selfishness, when I found, how ng I continued thinking of my own disap-ɔintment, before I began to recollect the oc-ısion of it, or to consider how much lighter y trial is than hers.

I have often observed, that pleasures are half spoiled to us, by some little unforeseen vexation attending them. Now I have made another discovery, which surprised me still more; and that is, that even pains and disappointments have their pleasures. You would be pleased to hear how many things have happened, to reconcile me to my fate. In the first place, there was the sympathy of my companions. I have heard, that friendship is best tried by adversity, and so I found it. There were none, indeed, who did not express some concern for me; and some from whom I least expected it, I am sure meant what they said. Fanny Fielding, who had been of late so intent upon her employments, in preparation for going home, that she has not had a word to spare for any body, surprised me by her warm, unaffected expressions of concern: while Jessy Cooke, who had just heard that she was to spend the vacation with her relations in London, was so engrossed by her own happiness, that she could scarcely take the trouble even to *say* that she was sorry. Oh, how much I was mistaken in Jessy at first! Nothing gratified me more than the sympathy of some of the little ones, who, in the midst of their de-

light at the thought of going home, came running to kiss and comfort me; wishing, as they said, "that poor Laura was going to see *her* mamma."

Grace did not say much, for she is never lavish of words; but such is the generosity of her friendship, that I could see her own pleasure was *really* lessened by my disappointment. If she could, I know she would gladly have shared it with me. She did all in her power to comfort me; and what was better, gave me excellent advice for bearing it well. What I most dreaded, was witnessing the busy preparations, in which I was to have no share; and seeing the happy parties set off. She, therefore, advised me, instead of being an idle spectator, to engage in the bustle myself, by assisting the rest. She told me to be, not only patient but cheerful; and prophesied, that the satisfaction of submitting heroically, would compensate for all the pain. And now, mamma, would you believe it?—those three days of bustle, while the school was breaking up, passed as happily as almost any I can remember. I was all the time at every body's call; packing for one, and finishing something for another. I found particular pleasure in assisting those who felt the

least for me; because, you know, my services to them were most disinterested. I packed all Jessy's things, and mounted several drawings for her, ready to take home. By these means, I scarcely felt a pang when the last chaise drove off, and I returned to the silent empty school-room. And what do you imagine I found there?—a beautiful writing-desk, very completely fitted up, and a letter directed to me. It was written in the name of the whole school, and signed by all their names; and was to beg my acceptance of the desk, as an expression of their united affection. Mrs. W. says, that as soon as they heard of my disappointment, they asked her permission to raise a subscription among themselves for this purpose. Was it not kind?—and, instead of complaining, ought I not to be contented and happy? I am now using it for the first time; and it would be shameful, I am sure, to write a murmuring word upon my pretty present.

Nothing can exceed dear Mrs. W.'s kindness to me. She leaves me entirely at liberty to dispose of my time during the vacation; only *recommending* me to continue a regular application to my studies, as the best way to prevent lassitude, and to make the time pass

pleasantly. By this means, she says, I shall also be able to ascertain the progress I have made; and see how far I can go without help; and whether I have acquired so much strength of mind, and strength of habit, as to be attentive and industrious when restraints are removed. But while she recommends this, she is kindly planning many little pleasures and recreations for us, to make it appear like holiday-time.

I forgot to tell you, that another is spending the vacation here as well as myself. A young lady who has lately lost both her parents: she came last quarter; and having no comfortable home to go to, Mrs. W. offered to retain her here. I cannot say, however, that this renders my stay so much more agreeable as you might suppose. If I could have *chosen* a companion, it would have been delightful indeed: (and you can easily guess who it would have been). But Miss Morrison—though, on account of her circumstances, I would wish to be particularly kind and attentive to her—is not the kind of girl I should have made choice of. Nor does she at all answer the idea one naturally forms of an *orphan*. Before she came, I imagined her to be a pale, interesting-

looking girl; rather tall, with light blue eyes, in deep mourning, and very melancholy. Instead of this, she is stout and healthy; fond of romping and school-jokes; and not at all intelligent. So that she rather spoils the pleasure I should otherwise enjoy in Mrs. W.'s society: as well as that while we are together, I am obliged to talk to her, when I would so much rather indulge my own reflections: for now I have you, and Grace, and a great many things to think of. Besides, she talks such nonsense, sometimes! I think Mrs. W. perceives that we are not very suitable companions. She was saying the other day, that when we are placed in the society of persons who are uncongenial and uninteresting to us, we have an opportunity of exercising unmixed benevolence; which is far from being the case when associating with those we love, whose esteem we most desire, and whose society is flattering and delightful to us. There is often, she says, more of selfishness than we suspect, in the attentions we pay to favourite friends. But to interest ourselves in the concerns of those who are comparatively indifferent to us, —to be kind and courteous, and to converse with them when we had rather be silent,—this,

she said, is genuine good-nature: and the self-denial it demands will be amply repaid by the esteem of others, as well as by the satisfaction of our own minds. She also said, that it is a great mistake, very common to young people, which time and experience would correct, to despise the good opinion of any one. And, that it not unfrequently happens, that the good-will of those whose esteem we scarcely thought worth obtaining, proves far more valuable to us than that which we have been most solicitous to win.

I find great pleasure in rising at the usual hour, though no bell calls me; and in applying assiduously when no one requires it. If I am industrious during the whole vacation, I shall get very forward; and commence again with great advantage. I assure you, I quite enjoy myself when I am hard at work in the empty school-room.

Hoping soon to hear a better account of your guest, I remain your lonely

LAURA.

LETTER XI

MY DEAR LAURA,

AFTER a period of
on behalf of our dear invalid,
the pleasure to inform you of
covery. I think I promised tc
account of her; a task more pl
it would have been when first
our roof. Perhaps my affecti
mother might operate to her d
causing me to raise my expect
Indeed, prejudice is always i
when exercised in favour of an
was a confident and unembarras
Charlotte's first introduction to
fails (in a young

addition of personal advantages, and various accomplishments. She had, therefore, every thing to elate, and (being a stranger to *herself*) nothing to humble her. How widely different is the confidence and self-sufficiency of a vain, thoughtless mind, from that holy boldness which enables the meanest *Christian* to exclaim, "Whom shall I fear?—The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall *I* be afraid?"

It was soon apparent, that Charlotte's visit to us was rather in polite compliance with our repeated invitations, than from any inclination of her own. She was aware, I believe, that our principles and habits were quite dissimilar to hers. I observed too, that Kitty, who for some time before her arrival had thought and talked of little but Charlotte, felt chilled and disappointed at the first interview. The feelings with which she was prepared to meet her new friend, were repressed by a certain manner, which is not calculated to interest the heart.

She had been with us but a few hours, before I perceived, from the alternate flushings and paleness of her cheek, that she was not well. She had a slight cough, a constant in-

clination to approach the fire, and frequent shiverings, which, however, she took especial care to conceal. When I intimated my apprehensions, she made light of them; and utterly rejected any precautionary means, which might, in this stage of the complaint, have prevented the consequences which followed.

She had, it seems, on the night preceding her journey, been to an assembly; and acknowledged that she caught a slight cold, by coming out while heated with dancing. But she said she was proof against such accidents; that she never confined or nursed herself; and on my repeatedly urging her to do so on the present occasion, she laughed, and asked Kitty if she was always served so when she had a cold. But notwithstanding these bravados, it was very evident that the disorder rapidly gained ground: especially after she had persisted, in spite of my remonstrances, in strolling about the garden, with little extra covering, although it was a damp and foggy morning. But with one so competent to judge for herself, (as doubtless every young lady of her age must be) all friendly interference was deemed superfluous.

But at length, Charlotte could brave it out no longer. Sickness had laid a powerful hand

on her, and peremptorily confined her to her bed; and death stood at the door. Nor could all the skill of the physician, nor the assiduities of friendship, afford hope for some days, that the disorder would not finally prevail. Delirium ensued:—it was the delirium of a dissipated mind, betraying its habits and propensities by every incoherent expression. Alas! it was but a remove from the vain rovings of her distempered imagination, when she thought herself well and happy. But, with the return of her recollection and reasoning powers, a conviction of the vanity and insufficiency of those things, which heretofore had constituted her supreme felicity, seemed to penetrate her mind. She, at least, perceived that, however congenial they might be to her taste and wishes, she held them by a very precarious tenure; and that something more was necessary to constitute genuine happiness, than delights of which she might be deprived at a moment's warning. Her self-complacency, too, seemed to have received a considerable shock: she now *felt* herself to be a poor, dependent creature; depressed or elated by circumstances at which, a few weeks before, she would have spurned. When she had gained sufficient strength to sit

up in her bed, she requested a glass to be brought. I complied; and watched with interest the turn of her countenance, when she beheld her altered appearance. The shock was almost too much for her feeble frame. The pallid cheek, sunk eye, and languid expression, enforced a lesson, which, I hope, will not soon be forgotten. "Surely," I said, "all flesh is grass, and the beauty thereof as the flower of the field!" She assented mournfully; and I added, "but although 'the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, the word of the Lord endureth for ever:' that word, which is not only able to raise the decayed body, even from the dust of death, but to renew the depraved soul, and make it fit for heaven." "I perceive," said she, "that either you have too much religion, or I too little." I replied, that whatever might be the case with her, I was quite sure the supposition did not apply to me. She afterwards said, she had never felt half so grateful for all the blessings with which she had been favoured, as she now did (enfeebled as she was) for the hope of recovery. She seemed, however, to shrink from the trials and difficulties which she perceived must attend a new—a religious life; and greatly to fear her

own stability. "What strength of mind, and self-command, must religious people have!" she said. "They have strength, indeed," I replied; "but it is derived strength. The apostle says, 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me;' and the weakest Christian can make the same boast. If you find, my dear Charlotte," I said, "any disposition to apply the solemn lesson you have received to your soul's advantage, regard it as the striving of the spirit of God on your heart; taking occasion, by your recent sufferings and danger, to impress divine things upon your mind. And the same powerful aid, if sought and cherished, will be afforded to finish what, I hope, is begun. May you be induced to co-operate with these gentle influences; and accept the Gospel on the terms on which it is offered!—accept a Saviour, to do all in and for you."

Thus, I would hope, that our young friend is at least inquiring the way to Zion. May she find the right road, and not be turned aside to either hand, by the temptations that await her! There are so many who, in consequence of such alarming warnings, "run well" for a

time, but are afterwards "hindered," that at present, we can but "rejoice with trembling."

I am glad to find, my dear Laura, that you have gained a little experience since you quitted home; sufficient, I would hope, to prevent your forming a very hasty judgment in future, either of persons or things. Even Mrs. W. appears to be more agreeable, than you had supposed a governess could be.—Miss Dacre, whose amiableness you were at first disposed to question, proves to be your most valued friend:—while, Jessy, who stood so high in your estimation for a few days, recedes into the back ground. You perceive also, that events are not to be judged of prematurely, any more than persons. When you left home, it would have greatly embittered the separation, could you have known that you were not to see it again till your final return. Yet, how many agreeable circumstances have sprung from your disappointments!

Well, my Laura, if trivial events like these produce such unlooked-for benefits, how much more may you expect, if you walk in "Wisdom's ways," to find, though set with many a thorn, that they will prove to be "paths of peace

and pleasantness!" and that all things, however adverse they may appear, shall work together for your ultimate good. Such observations, also, will tend to abate your surprise at the frequent difference between our views and modes of thinking and your own. If, in a few months, you have gained so much experience, our stock, in a much greater number of years, ought to have accumulated in a proportionate degree. The result of which will sometimes be, that, what appears decidedly good or evil to you, may seem otherwise to us; we may (if not compelled to form a judgment quite the reverse) at least wish to suspend our opinion respecting it. In this imperfect state, diffidence of our own judgment becomes every age; but how *unbecoming* must confidence, positiveness, and impatience of contradiction be in those, who have neither years nor experience to support it!

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

I AM rejoiced to hear of poor Charlotte's recovery; and especially of the hopeful consequences of her illness. Pray give my love to her; for I am sure I should love her *now*. I can well remember my own sensations when I was ill three years ago, and when I discovered, by your looks, that you were uneasy about me. I thought, that if I recovered, I should never forget the impressions I then felt; but, oh, when health returned, how soon they wore off! When I am quite well, and busy and happy, (as, indeed, I am very often) how difficult it is, to think religion of as much importance as it appears to be on a sick bed!

Well! the vacation is over; and we are all going on just as usual again. Considering my disappointment, the time passed as pleasantly as I could expect. I saw more of Mrs. W. in those few weeks, than during the whole previous half-year; and I assure you, I love her better than I ever did before.

I have been sitting a long time, with the pen in my hand, considering whether I should expose my vanity and folly, by confessing a little mortification I had the first week or two of the vacation: but as it did me a great deal of good, I think I must tell you. I mentioned in my last, that Miss Morrison was staying here with me; and, from what I then said, you would, perhaps, perceive that I fancied myself, in many things, very much her superior. Yes, mamma, I felt this so much,—so much more, indeed, than I was aware,—that I made no doubt Mrs. W. thought the same; and concluded, that she would value my company much the most; feel hers a kind of interruption; and address her conversation chiefly to me. But, instead of this, her attentions were so equally divided between us, that it would have been impossible for any body to guess which of us she preferred. I should not have regarded her bestowing even more *kindness* upon Miss Morrison, if she had but flattered me by engaging in conversation with me, on subjects that would not have interested her. But as she did not, I concluded it was only from delicacy to Miss Morrison's feelings; and still hoped, that she would take some opportu-

nity, when we were alone, to say as much. But, although there were many opportunities, nothing of the kind was said, or hinted at.

Mrs.W. had several little jobs to be done during the vacation, in which she requested our assistance. This we both willingly gave: and nothing would have gratified me more, than rendering myself useful to her. But, in almost every thing we undertook, Miss Morrison succeeded better than I. She did things more adroitly, and readily, notwithstanding my anxiety to do my best. Mrs.W. I saw, was pleased with her; especially as in all she did, her manner was so obliging and attentive. At last, I thought of something in which I was pretty sure she could not rival me. It was Mrs.W.'s birth-day; and I determined, foolish as I was, to write some verses on the occasion. I was nearly the whole day about it; and as soon as they were finished, I went to leave them in her closet, where she would find them in the evening. In the closet I found Miss Morrison; who shewed me a large pile of Christmas bills, which she had been employed all day in casting up for Mrs. W.

At supper time, Mrs.W. came down, with a kind smile on her face, my verses in one

hand, and these bills in the other. And first she thanked me, more than I deserved, for my address to her; and added, that "it was certainly very well for a first attempt." I cannot say this compliment quite equalled my expectations; especially as I knew it was by no means a *first attempt*. But I was still less satisfied with myself when she said, turning to Miss Morrison, "My dear, I have examined several of these bills, and I find they are quite right; and I thank you: you have been very useful to me; you have saved me a great deal of time and trouble to-day." Indeed, mamma, I felt at that moment very much humbled; and I felt (what I believe Mrs. W. wished me to feel) that, although a better education has certainly given me the advantage of Miss Morrison, in some respects, yet that in many useful qualities she quite as much surpasses me; and, that there is by no means so great a difference between us as I vainly imagined. I have since thought less of myself, and better of her; and you cannot think how much easier, and happier I have been, since I gave up all thought of pre-eminence: and Mrs. W. I think, has been better pleased with me.

I was very glad, however, when the school

re-opened, and all my companions returned. Grace was among the first who arrived; and a happy meeting it was; for you may suppose how many things we had to say after six weeks' absence. We have two new scholars this half-year. They are acquaintances that Jessy Cooke made in London, and very proud she is of them. It was in consequence of her recommendation, she says, that they are come to Mrs. W.'s. They have been at a high school in London, and are very gay, dashing girls: and they seem to look down with contempt upon every thing, and every body here. I am afraid, indeed, they cannot be much pleased with their new situation; for Mrs. W. is the last person in the world to pay any extra attention to young people, on account of fortune, or fashion, or any thing of that kind: and, although they have learnt a great many showy things, they are really not, as to information, equal to some of the youngest girls in our school. Poor Jessy pays such court to them! and at present she is quite in favour; but how long it will last, time will shew.

I hope I shall remember the advice Mrs. W. gave us on re-commencing our pursuits. "There was," she said, "as we must perceive,

a considerable difference in the degrees of progress we had severally made. And this difference," she begged us to observe, "was not always in proportion to our ages, nor to the time we had been in the school, nor even in proportion to our natural talents: since some of the younger ones had overtaken their seniors; and many of slower parts had got the start of those, who appeared most quick and promising. How, then, was this to be accounted for? It all depended," she said, "upon the degree of our personal industry; and the pains each one took with *herself*. There could not be a greater mistake than expecting masters, and school-discipline, to do every thing in education. They could do *very little indeed*, without individual energy and diligence. It was for want of this," she said, "that so many young people leave a school very little better, and in some respects much worse, than they entered it; and that so many parents are disappointed in their hopes. To expect an indolent, thoughtless, frivolous girl, to become cultivated and *intelligent*, by merely passing, for a few years, through the routine of even a well-conducted school, was as unreasonable, as to expect a machine to perform its functions,

without the moving spring. There were some," she said, " who seemed to take it for granted, that they were always to remain at the lower end of their class; and to be satisfied that it should be so. But, to be in this way contented with inferiority, she considered as one of the worst symptoms of a weak and indolent mind. She, therefore, urged each of us to make redoubled efforts; and to remember, that our welfare and respectability through life, depended very greatly upon the habits we formed, and the progress we made, *now*." Your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR LAURA,

Our friend Charlotte has but just left us; and, although we were all grieved to part, it was with no small degree of satisfaction that we reflected upon the circumstances of her visit, unpromising as they at first appeared. A

sick chamber is not the place we should have chosen, wherein to spend the cheerful season to which we had been looking forward. But I hope we have all found "the house of mourning to be *better* than the house of mirth."

Kitty seems impressed by what she has witnessed: and I would hope it is more than the transient thoughtfulness, which scenes of sickness, and fears of approaching death, can scarcely fail to produce. At first, her mind was oppressed by a superstitious belief that Charlotte would not recover; which, as I afterwards found, originated with the gossip of the servants, to which she had unfortunately been exposed during my absence above stairs. One related divers omens, and presages of death, in the house; which were confirmed by a wonderful dream of another's. And, although poor Kitty would not allow herself seriously to listen to them, they produced insensibly an effect upon her spirits, and increased her apprehensions. Had the event proved such as we had reason to fear, it would, probably, have operated still more powerfully; and might have occasioned us some trouble to convince her of the fallacy of these vulgar prognostics. How much more rational is it,—how much

voured to convince her, that without the utmost circumspection, she might rather prejudice the cause of true religion than promote it: as many well-meaning persons do, by cherishing a zeal without prudence. We reminded her of the obligations she was under to one, who had, at least, discharged her duty towards her according to her own notions of it. That even the pains she had taken in introducing her to the gay world with advantage, was, in her estimation, acquitting herself of one part of her trust. That, although too much immersed in the pleasures of the world, she still possessed many estimable qualities; and had many demands upon her niece's gratitude and affection. We represented to her the great importance of making it evident, that the new views she had received tended to render her *more* amiable and affectionate, and not *less* so. In avoiding sinful compliances, we intreated her to let it appear, that it was always for conscience' sake, never from a spirit of perverseness or caprice. By such prudent and gentle conduct, we encouraged her to hope that, with the divine blessing, the happiest consequences might follow.

All this was said, and much more, before

we could reduce Charlotte to that temper of mind in which we wished her to return home; although gratitude, and sincere affection for her aunt, aided us in pleading her cause. There is a degree of inflexibility in Charlotte's temper, which sometimes leads her into a spirit of argument and disputation not quite consistent with her years. I have witnessed a strong contest between these and other faults in her character, and those right and powerful principles by which, I trust, she is sincerely influenced. How does Christianity refine and exalt the character! It is but a few months, since all her pleasures were circumscribed within the narrow limits of twenty years; for, she said, she could not conceive of being happy after she had past her meridian: although numbers are eager in the pursuit of earthly happiness, long after that period; of which she might have seen a striking instance in her poor aunt. But now, (provided her impressions are real and permanent) every period, every condition, promises solid satisfaction. She can contemplate the time, with cheerfulness, when every outward grace shall have faded; and even when she shall stand on the brink of Jordan, and be about to quit these mortal shores. She

no longer views the short period of twenty, or forty, or seventy years, as the termination of her happiness, but as the commencement of it. Her prospects extend beyond the ken of mortal eye: they are boundless as eternity.

I have not, you will be assured, my dear Laura, detailed the circumstances of this visit, to gratify an idle curiosity, but in the hope that you also may derive some improvement from the salutary lesson. In the mean time, I am very glad to find that you are receiving *other* lessons, of great importance to the formation of your character; though like this, and like most *salutary* lessons, not unattended with pain.

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

THIS is a fine spring morning: the air is as soft, and the sky as blue, as—what shall I say?—as the sky and air on a spring

morning. It is still early; and I have been walking in the garden, which is now quite gay with snowdrops and crocuses, violets and primroses. My heart bounded with joy. I thought of home and of Midsummer, as I always do when I am particularly happy; and, after taking a turn or two, hastened in to begin a letter to you, while I am in the mood for writing. There! the bell rings! so, good-bye till evening, when I hope to be with you again.

Seven o'clock.—Now, my dear mamma, for a little chat with you! I forget what I was going to write about this morning; so must only tell you, that since you heard last, we have raised a little contribution among ourselves for the Bible Society. This, I know, will please you; but you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear, that it was first proposed by those fine ladies, Jessy Cooke's friends, of whom I told you. They informed us how it used to be conducted in the school they have left; and inquired if we had not seen in the printed list, "Young ladies at Mrs. ——— seminary, *7l. 7s.*" It was soon agreed, that we should like very much to do something of the kind, if Mrs.W. had no objection. The ladies, however, advised, not to mention it to Mrs.W.

till we had *organised* the society ourselves. We must form a committee, they said, and appoint a treasurer and a secretary; and it was determined, that we should call it "*The Juvenile Ladies' Branch Bible Association.*" This gave general satisfaction, and we were proceeding very eagerly to business, when Grace interrupted us, for a moment, by saying, "There is a pretty little girl who calls here sometimes with water-cresses: I saw her this morning, as I was crossing the hall, and asked her if she could read; she said, 'yes:' I then asked her if she could read in the Bible; and she said, 'O, yes; she was a very good scholar, but she had not got a Bible, nor her mother either.'—Shall we give her one, then?" said Grace: "Will you—(speaking to the elder of the sisters)—will you be half the expense with me?" "I'll think of it," said she: "perhaps I may; though I don't know why *I* should, in particular: indeed, at present I have very little to spare; besides, we are just now talking of something quite different." "Not quite different, is it?" said Grace. "If our object is to give poor people Bibles, it is, you know, exactly the same thing: but if we are only wishing for the fun, or the credit of hav-

ing a '*Juvenile Ladies' Branch Bible Association,*' it is, certainly, as you say, *quite different.*" Little Phillis Parker jogged my elbow, as Grace said this; but no other notice was taken, I believe. They went on talking very fast about their plan, and Grace did not press it any further. I know, however, that the little girl had a new Bible given her the next time she called; and yet Grace was accused of want of zeal about the subscription. The next thing was a droll dispute between the two sisters, concerning the offices of treasurer and secretary; they both preferring the former. Words ran pretty high; till one of the little ones ventured to come forward, and say, "She thought Miss Dacre deserved to be secretary, or treasurer, or something." Grace smiled, and said, "Thank you, my dear; I have no wish to be either." The ladies, however, thought it safest, I suppose, after that, to defer their dispute; and they said, both at once, "Well, at least, Miss Dacre, we must have you on the committee." Just at that instant Mrs. W. entered the room. She looked rather surprised, and said, "Committee! my dears, what committee?" The two London ladies, and Jessy, and one or two others, began immediately, and altogether, to

explain the affair; and to request her permission and *patronage*. Mrs. W. quite approved of our design; but she said, that as, if some one would undertake to receive the subscriptions, all the business would be done, she did not see the necessity for calling a committee, or for taking any further trouble about it. At that, although we had nothing to object, many looked disappointed; and I really believe the whole affair would have dropped then, if Mrs. W. had not taken it up herself, and fixed a time for us to pay our subscriptions.

When the time came, the ladies who first proposed it, were first applied to. They mentioned the sum they intended to subscribe, which was very handsome; and requested Mrs. W. to pay it, and their papa would settle it for them; as they could not then spare any thing from their own allowance. But Mrs. W. said, she did not approve of receiving it so: she wished such affairs to be entirely voluntary. Those who thought they could not afford to contribute, were at liberty to decline it; or to give as small a sum as they pleased. Our parents, she said, contributed, if they thought proper, for themselves; but this was *our* concern; and from our own private purses only

she would receive it. Upon this, both the sisters eagerly assured Mrs.W. that they were sure their papa would not have the smallest possible objection; for, he always particularly desired they should do every thing of the kind that was customary, but never expected them to give charity out of their allowance. And the younger said to me, in a scornful whisper, "Dear! as if such a trifle as that were any object to papa!"

Mrs.W. however, persisted in her refusal; and proceeded to receive our contributions, without applying to them again. She did not then stay to explain herself further, and took no notice of the discontent which was very evident in some quarters: but on Sunday evening, when she always spends some time in conversation with us, she introduced the subject. She was speaking of the importance of self-examination, and said, "That if this exercise was needful when we are conscious of having done *wrong*, it was doubly so when we imagine that we have done *right*: because conscience will often do the work for us in the former case, but in the latter, it sometimes leaves us to gross self-deception. In these times," she said, "when it is so much the

fashion to do good, there is so great danger of it, that we cannot be too watchful or too jealous of our motives. It was particularly on this account," she added, "that I objected, the other day, to receiving any subscriptions but from your own purses, that you might have an opportunity of ascertaining whether your zeal was genuine. If you were unwilling to deny yourselves some little gratification, for the sake of the good cause, you may be certain that it was *not* so. There are, indeed, many ways in which our sincerity may be put to the proof. Suppose, for instance, we know that a poor neighbour is without a Bible:—if that circumstance gives us no pain,—if we make no effort to furnish one, while, at the same time, we are very anxious for our names to appear in a public subscription, we can be at no uncertainty whether our motives are good or bad. Let us never take credit to ourselves for that charity which costs us nothing,—no sacrifice of our own pleasure or convenience; much less for that by which we gain credit and applause. There cannot, therefore, in my opinion," said she, "be a more injudicious indulgence, than for parents to pay their children's charities. For the same reasons, it is always desirable to

conduct concerns of this kind, with as little noise and bustle as possible. You would have found some amusement, I dare say, in calling your committee, and giving yourselves a long name; and in an affair of a different nature, I might not have thought it worth while to spoil your pleasure: but we should never trifle in serious things; and it is of great consequence that we learn to distinguish between the *trifling* and the *real* in every thing; especially when there is any danger of mistaking childish parade for christian benevolence. In simply paying your contributions to me there was little fear of mistake. If you are conscious that you made the effort with a willing mind, it was doubtless an acceptable sacrifice to Him who 'loves a cheerful giver,' however small the gift.

"The active spirit of the present times," continued Mrs. W. "is, happily, not confined to men or women. Young people, and even children, are honoured by being allowed to unite their efforts. But this, advantageous as it is, exposes them to some peculiar temptations; against which they cannot too vigilantly watch and pray."

So much, mamma, for our Bible Society!—

fectionate

LETTER XVIII.

I AM never more forcib
of my dear Laura than on a sabba
I see so many young people ente
and engage in the solemn acts o
that Being, who has promised t
young worshipper; who at the s
is listening to the devout aspirati

they can conveniently elude the eyes of others; forgetful of *that* eye from which no vigilance can conceal them—*that* presence to which they are now making a more direct approach. When you went with your parents, and the multitude, 'to keep a holy day,' it was our constant aim to impress you with the solemnity of the sacred season; that in entering these earthly courts, you might consider them as no less than "the house of God, and the gate of heaven." We hope that no change of situation, or of society, has tended to erase those impressions from your mind.

When Solomon, at the dedication of the temple, had concluded his affecting prayer, then "the glory of the Lord filled the house:" but although no visible glory now appears to dazzle our senses, yet, on those pious persons who approach His footstool in sincerity, He sheds a radiance still more benign; even by "lifting up upon them the light of His countenance." And those who do not participate in these favours, are informed of the reason of their being "sent empty away;"—"They ask and receive not, because they ask amiss."

How delightful it would be, when we hear so many soft and melodious voices uniting in

songs of praise, could we hope that their hearts were all in unison with the sweet melody! This, indeed, would be like "a little heaven below;" and would make us exclaim, "it is good for us to be here!"

There is little hope that those who are inattentive in the duties of prayer and praise, should derive any essential benefit from the word preached: indeed, there is great reason to fear, that they are proportionally remiss in their attention to it, not listening to the word of God, graciously communicated to us by a human instrument; nor regarding their minister as one devoted to their best interests: yet this is the case; and those who despise or disregard his instructions, grossly affront the majesty of heaven, who has commissioned these His servants to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to all; and it is at our own peril that we neglect the message.

Cultivate then, my dear Laura, as you have ever been taught, a high esteem and veneration for all faithful ministers, "for their works' sake." Cherish a filial regard for them, as for your spiritual fathers; as those who provide for you, "not the meat which perisheth, but that which shall endure to eternal life." I know it

is unnecessary to recommend our dear pastor to your affectionate respect; who watches over the children of his flock with paternal solicitude; and in whose remembrance, though far away, you still share a place.

I am glad Mrs. W. interfered, as she did, in your Bible subscription business. Perhaps, if that had succeeded, the next proposal would have been for one of you to make a speech on the occasion. The method she adopted was well calculated to evince in what motives the wish originated. The propagation of religion is the most important of all concerns; and in such a cause, I hope your zeal will ever be lively and effective. But remember, that in proportion to our sense of the value of the Bible, our obligations arise to live, ourselves, under its influence. Even the Apostle Paul was anxious "lest while preaching to others, he himself should become a cast-away." In estimating our religion by the number of Bibles we distribute, we should be little wiser than those who reckon their devotions by their beads. It would be very inconsistent if, while we are exerting ourselves with so much energy, to render the sacred volume intelligible to foreign nations, we should suffer it to remain

" a sealed book" to ourselves,—its divine truths unstudied, and never made the subject of prayer. There is, however, reason to fear, that it may have found access to distant climes by means of some, whose minds it has never enlightened; whose lives have not been regulated by its precepts. While we are " breaking up the fallow ground" of heathen lands, sowing the good seed, planting the lily and the rose in some wilderness, it behoves us to be earnestly solicitous that our own soil does not lie uncultivated, overgrown with briars, thorns, and noxious weeds. It will eventually avail us but little indeed, to have sent civilization among savage tribes, ourselves remaining uncivilized,—if rugged tempers, and imperious spirits are unsubdued, and if we appear destitute of that genuine refinement which adorns the christian character. Let not those who are affording others " a light to their feet, and a lamp to their paths," be content themselves to grope in darkness; or to famish, while they are distributing so plentiful a feast. Here, eminently, is an instance in which " charity should begin at home;" though, when once begun, it will, assuredly, not *end* there.

We hope to gratify you occasionally, by

taking you, by and by, to witness some of the public transactions in this great cause; as they are animating and improving occasions. And yet, perhaps, our own domestic circle is better calculated to cherish those virtues which should adorn *your* sphere, than the attendance on public assemblies, whatever be their object. A lecture from your father's arm-chair may, probably, prove more beneficial to *you*, than the most eloquent harangue from any other chair, however illustriously filled.

The opening of the spring flowers has not failed to remind *me* of Midsummer, as well you, my dear girl! But it is still distant; and at present, let us be chiefly intent upon improving the precious interval.

Your Mother.

LETTER XIX.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

If you could see how evenly our days pass, and with what order and regularity we live, notwithstanding our number and the many things to be attended to,—you would not be surprised that I should sometimes feel at a loss how to fill a letter. Do not suppose, however, that I feel this wearisome; not at all, I assure you. The less interruption there is in our employments, the more pleasant and interesting they become. Indolence, I think, brings its own punishment, sooner than almost any other fault. If I am careless and inattentive even for an hour or two, every occupation appears irksome; but all goes on pleasantly while I am taking pains and exerting myself.

Those who regard all their employments as tasks to be got over as easily as possible, with as much assistance as they can get, and who

do no more than they are absolutely compelled to, find the days and weeks pass heavily enough. They are always complaining of school, sometimes even of Mrs. W.—counting the days to the vacation, and longing for the time when they shall have done with school altogether: though I question if they will be much happier even then.

We have one tall girl here, who seems to view her pursuits in this way. Of course she has made no great proficiency in any of them. Of this she is aware, and I think it mortifies her; and in order both to amuse herself, and to avoid sinking into contempt amongst us, she sets up for a wit, and makes it her business to laugh at every body, indiscriminately; not only at her companions, but the masters, the teachers, Mrs. W. herself, and even, sometimes, at our good minister. It evidently gives her particular pleasure to be called *satirical*; although, as I have heard Grace observe, there is no real keenness in her ridicule—no true wit or humour. There is little Phillis Parker, who has certainly a great deal of wit, and can see what is really ludicrous as soon as any body, is very sparing of her remarks; and you never hear her laugh at any one merely for

the sake of it. Our poor music-master is a constant butt for this lady's jokes, which, indeed, is very unfeeling, as he is in ill health, and looks unhappy. He has a large family to provide for, and very little employment; as there is another master in the neighbourhood, who is said to teach in a more fashionable style: though Mrs. W. much prefers his, and says he has more scientific knowledge, and much more true taste. He comes from several miles distance, twice a week; and by the time he has been with us an hour or two, he looks so fatigued and ill! and has, besides, such sad fits of coughing! Those who are fond of music, and take pains with their lessons, have no time, as you may suppose, even if they had inclination, to amuse themselves so: but those who have no interest in it, and dislike the trouble, are glad of the diversion of laughing at their master. I never saw Grace very angry but once, when some of them were giggling behind his chair, so that he must have heard it. She turned, and gave them such a look, that for once, I believe, they did feel ashamed. Grace, who is his best scholar, uniformly treats him with attention and respect, of which I am sure he is sensible.

When first I came to school, I was in great danger of acquiring that silly habit of laughing at every thing, and every body, which, I believe, is almost universal among the commoner sort of school girls: but I see now, as you, I remember, told me in one of your letters, that instead of its being, as they imagine, a sign of *cleverness*, it proceeds from vacancy and idleness more than any thing else; and sometimes from envy and ill-nature. Mrs. W. too, has represented this fault as so contemptible, that I am now ashamed of it.

I received your last letter very opportunely, on a Sunday morning; and I hope it produced some good effect, at least for that day. Yes, my dear mother, there are, indeed, temptations here to levity and carelessness: and I feel them as much as any one can. It seems as though such crowds of vain thoughts never occurred to me, as when I am in a place of worship, when it appears easier to fix my mind on any trifle, than on what ought to engage it. I am sure the minister takes great pains to gain our attention, and impress our minds. His eye is frequently directed towards us; and often, I am afraid, he must be grieved by our inattentive appearance.

I hope I am in some degree aware, how important it is to acquire habits of attention and command of the thoughts, now, while habits either good or bad are so easily formed. I remember hearing Mrs. W. say, that she knew no symptom more hopeful in a young person's mind, than the habit of resolutely resisting vain and improper thoughts the moment they were presented. There was nothing good she should not expect from such a character; nor any thing bad that might not be feared, for one who was in the habit of indulging them. I was struck, at the time, with the remark; and it has often since occurred to me, just in time to save me from the danger. There is a great difference between the moment in which a foolish thought first presents itself, and the next, in which it must be either dismissed or admitted. This, Mrs. W. says, is the turning point of temptation;—the moment when strength of mind is every thing. It is quite a deception, as I have myself found, to think of indulging an idle thought only for a short time; if the effort is not made *at first*, all is over; one vain idea leads to another, and another; and so time is wasted, and the mind injured.

We are expecting, every day, the arrival of a niece of Mrs. W. a young lady whom she educated; and who lived here till within the last two years. I believe she is now coming to assist in the school. She is about a year older than Grace, who was here some time before she left; and they were then very intimate. Indeed, I believe, till I came, she was Grace's *most* intimate friend. I am very impatient to see her.

Farewel, dear mamma. Your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER XX.

MY DEAR LAURA,

As you have found it necessary to set a guard upon your thoughts, I hope you are also aware of the importance of bridling "that unruly member," which "as no man can tame," so, surely, no *woman* can be too careful to re-

strain. At a female seminary, where so many triflers, at a trifling age, are assembled, great watchfulness, in this respect, must be needful. I was once present in a young party (when I myself was young) where unrestrained license had been given to our loquacity. After a while, one of the company, more silent than the rest, drew out her pencil, and wrote down, unobserved, the heterogeneous conversation. This paper she afterwards read to us, and, certainly, each appeared ashamed of her own part. This, though only done in playfulness, might afford a useful hint to every one present; the young lady herself, and other young ladies not excepted.

Those who accustom themselves to contemplate the human character, especially with a view to their *own*, will observe and lament the frivolity of mind which characterises a large proportion of society. The levities of youth are, indeed, sometimes cured by age and experience. Yet they too frequently prove ineffectual; and the frivolous character, as she advances in life, after affording a theme for ridicule, becomes, at length, an object only of pity.

Should an intelligent creature be a trifler?

It was for no trifling purpose that we were called into existence, and placed in a scene of action and accountability;—a state on which the most momentous consequences depend.

Whether or not we contribute to the welfare and happiness of our immediate connexions, who depend upon us for both, in a thousand ways, is no *trifle*. To encounter the vicissitudes of life, to deal with the variety of characters we meet with, to engage in the important service demanded of us, to be prepared for the unexpected calamities to which human nature is subject, are no *trifles*. Above all, to be ready against that unknown hour, when Death shall demand us, is no *trifle*. Those, then, who indulge a frivolous temper, are ill prepared for their journey; and still less for their journey's end.

Know, therefore, my Laura, that your approaching entrance into life, for which we are so solicitous to prepare you, is no frivolous concern, but serious and important in every point of view. We are training you to live, not only in this world, but in another: and as the same duties as ours may one day devolve on you, we are endeavouring to prepare you for so arduous a work.

Yet, do not mistake me: I would not spread a gloom over the spring of life, or wish you to assume a gravity unsuitable to your age. The playful vivacity of youth is ever pleasing, because it is natural; and may be indulged without incurring the censure of frivolity. I say this, to caution you against extremes; as it sometimes happens, that those who are disgusted with the levity of their companions, assume an air and demeanour inconsistent with their years, and which is more calculated to excite dislike than respect. So difficult is it to observe a wise medium: so apt are the young, especially, whatever habits, or notions, or manners they adopt, to carry them to excess; and to suffer those views to be injurious, which are calculated to be beneficial to the character.

I would hope, however, that under the mistaken idea of its being only innocent vivacity, you will never allow yourself to join in any conversation which reason and conscience would tell you is improper, or tending to impropriety: but either endeavour to give it a better turn, or else withdraw from the contagion. It would have a very salutary effect upon conversation, could these two opposite,

but connected texts, be continually kept in view:—"Every idle word that men speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."—"To those who speak often one to another (on divine subjects) the Lord hearkens and hears, and a book of remembrance is written."

We hope shortly, my dear child, by taking such sweet counsel together with you, to add to the records of that book, to our own everlasting advantage and yours.

I lately observed a servant cleaning some plate with a red powder; and on inquiring what it was, was answered, "It is a coarse rouge, ma'am, something like that the ladies paint their faces with." I felt mortified at receiving this reply from such a quarter, obtained doubtless from some lady's maid. I would hope that among *respectable* society, there are, comparatively, few who indulge in such a contemptible practice; yet, are there not many in all classes of society, who, by substituting *external* appearances for *internal* worth, act as disingenuous a part, as the vain woman who attempts to conceal a faded face, or a bad complexion, under the borrowed tints of the lily and the rose? A hag-

gard figure appearing in her native deformity, who had before been admired for the symmetry of her form, and the delicacy of her complexion, would excite disgust in proportion to the degree of deceit she had practised. The most effectual way of obtaining the approbation of our fellow-creatures, and the *only* way to insure that of our own conscience and of God, is to *be* what we wish others to think us: and the reality is generally as attainable as its counterfeit. There is this essential difference between the body and the mind,—that, little can be effected by all the labours of art bestowed on the former; indeed, inordinate pains often defeat their own end, nor can the most effective efforts be crowned with permanent success; the labours of to-day will be imperceptibly undermined by the operations of time to-morrow: but our intellectual nature is so constituted, that they who labour on *that* soil shall certainly reap, some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred-fold, according to their capacities and opportunities for improvement. Time, who is hostile to all material things, and equally friendly to mental progress, accelerates and carries on his operations, in both cases, to the borders of another world.

Notwithstanding, however, all that can be argued on the subject, there will ever remain numberless votaries of the *present* moment: and to such, surely, that advice should be acceptable which promises to aid their wishes. Let them know, then, that the best method to preserve a good complexion, is to be careful of health. This care might be promoted, by such a general knowledge of the structure of the human frame, as every one should possess; and with which, by judicious reading, they ought to be furnished. They would thus be taught, that a life of indolence is totally incompatible with their object. That daily exercise is as essentially necessary, as daily food or nightly repose; and that habitual placidity of temper will produce the happiest effects on the countenance. These means will prolong beauty where it exists; and where it does not, they will afford a pleasing substitute. Nothing can be more destructive of personal graces than a life of dissipation: they are injured by it beyond all the power of rouge, all the inventions of vanity to repair. If, in the ball-room, personal charms appear in all their brilliancy, it is there also that they are undermined. Nature languishes and suffers premature decay, under

the wear and tear of a life of pleasure, and Time is accelerated in his speed. The bodily powers and mental faculties trip it down, hand in hand, till they arrive at the bottom of the dance; the music ceases; they quit the glittering scene; and sally forth into the gloom of night.

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XXI.

Do you know, my dear mother, since I last wrote to you I have been very unhappy, and, I am afraid, very unreasonable; and so, as usual, it was my own fault. I think I mentioned to you, that we were expecting Mrs. W.'s niece; and she came soon after I sent my letter. Grace and I were sitting together, when we heard the chaise stop at the door. She started up, and was hastening out to receive her; but recollecting that Mrs. W. might prefer meeting her niece alone, she returned,

looking agitated, which, for her, is very unusual. In a few moments I heard a sweet voice, saying "Where is Grace!" Immediately the door opened, and the most lovely, interesting-looking girl I ever beheld, flew into Grace's arms. I saw, in an instant, how dearly they loved each other; and how much more deserving she was of Grace's friendship than I could be. And, instead of sympathising in her pleasure (as I certainly should have done, if my friendship had been as disinterested as I imagined) I felt jealous and miserable. They exchanged but few words then, as she was soon called away by Mrs. W. but they were words of which I well understood the meaning. I left the room at the same instant; for I could not venture to stay and speak to Grace, as the tears were in my eyes: and I should have been ashamed for her to see it. I therefore ran up stairs to my own room, to recover myself; but had not been there long, before I saw them go, arm in arm, into the garden; where they walked up and down a long time, in earnest conversation: while I stood alone, watching them, and feeling so forlorn! I was mortified, too, that the other girls should see (as I was sure they soon would) Grace's preference for another

friend: by which I was justly punished, for the silly pride I had taken in their witnessing our intimacy.

The next time Grace and I met, instead of any distance or indifference in her manner, such as I had anticipated, she appeared exactly the same as ever: but she began at once to speak of her friend; and said, she wished I was going to stay another half year, that I might know and love her as well as she did. To that I was silly enough to reply, "No, Grace, it is much better that I am going—I should only be an intruder." At this, she looked at me, for a moment, with surprise; and then said, with a smile, "Is this Laura, or *Jessy?*" I felt that I deserved this; but still, to justify myself, I said, "Don't suppose, Grace, that I am so unreasonable as to complain of your loving another friend so much better than me: I only thought it would have been more candid if you had told me so before: I thought I might have deserved that confidence." "What confidence, Laura?" said she: "I have told you, many times, that Miss W. was my friend, and that I loved her sincerely: this is all I had to say about it: who told you that I loved her 'so much better' than you?"

"Nay," I said, "I needed not for any one to tell me *that*; for that I was sure it must be so, as she was so much my superior." "Really, Laura," said Grace, "you must have made good use of your opportunity of judging of Miss W.'s character, to know so much about her already! However, I confess there is one respect in which I think she *is* your superior: when we were walking in the garden just now, we were talking about you the greatest part of the time; and I was telling her how much I had enjoyed your friendship: at which, instead of appearing at all displeased, she seemed truly rejoiced; and said, how glad she was that I had found such a friend." I scarcely know whether this reproof was most kind or severe: I could only answer it by my tears; and at last, by intreating Grace to forgive my unreasonableness. Since then, she has taken care, by her unaltered manner, and constant affection, to convince me that my fears were groundless; and when she and Miss W. are together, they generally invite me to join them, which is very kind: and as for Miss W. the more I see of her, the more I must admire her. But still, I sometimes distress myself with thinking, that Grace does this more from her kind con-

sideration of my feelings, than from inclination: and there again I am punished for my jealousy; for if I had not betrayed it, there could have been no room for such a suspicion.

Mrs. W. knew nothing about it till the other day, when, happening to meet her alone, she looked at me and said, "What are you thinking about, Laura? You look uncomfortable." The thing was, that I had just happened to find Grace and Miss W. in private conversation; and observed that they changed the subject as soon as I appeared, so that I knew I had interrupted them, and therefore withdrew immediately: this was all; but I suppose I looked a little disconcerted, though I was not conscious of it. Instead of answering Mrs. W.'s question, however, I burst into tears. She inquired the cause, very kindly; and as soon as I could, I told her all—all that I had felt about Grace and Miss W. She thanked me for speaking so unreservedly to her; and said she was glad I had done so, as it afforded her an opportunity of giving me advice, which might save me a great deal of pain in future, if I attended to it. "My dear," said she, "I would fain convince you, that these little jealousies, very common in youth-

ful friendships, defeat their own purpose so entirely, that it is much wiser never to indulge them. Suppose now, that when my niece came, you had not admitted a thought of this kind; but knowing Grace's attachment to her, had cordially rejoiced in it, as you would have done if any thing else had occurred to give her equal pleasure. Suppose, that when they were inclined to converse together, you had left them to do so, with open good-nature and cheerfulness; confiding, as you have reason to do, in her friendship: would not the consequence have been, that, instead of fearing to give you uneasiness by every attention she pays to her friend, she would have admired your disinterestedness and good-nature, and have loved you just so much the more? Laura," she added, "there is no way of being loved, but by being amiable; but when we begin to complain and fret, because we are not loved well enough, we cease to appear amiable, and become troublesome. Besides, of this we may assure ourselves, that, although there may be particular cases in which our conduct is mistaken, or our characters not understood, yet, upon the whole, our friends (those I mean who *really know* us) love us as well as we *de-*

serve. Character will, in time, find its proper level in the estimation of others; and with this *just* measure of esteem, (though it may fall below what our affection or our vanity would demand) it is eminently the part of humility and of good sense to be contented."

As Mrs. W. said this, I resolved to endeavour to subdue my jealousy; and I have in a great degree succeeded. Dear Grace, certainly, has done every thing on her part to remove it. She is to remain with Mrs. W. one more half year; and I think I shall soon be able to say, that I am not only not *sorry*, but positively *glad* that she will have a friend with her when I am gone.

You see, dear mamma, that I tell you all my faults:—no, though, I don't mean *all*, but some of them. Indeed, if I were not to write about what is uppermost in my mind, mine would be such stiff, formal epistles, that you would not like them at all: besides, if I were to appear without a great many faults, I know you would never believe me to be your own daughter,

LAURA.

LETTER XXII.

Could I behold my dear daughter, surrounded by the gay group of her associates, many an interesting and anxious reflection would be excited in my mind, both on her behalf and theirs.

To contemplate a number of intelligent creatures rising into life, creates pleasing expectations. We long to see their mental faculties keep pace with their growing stature, that they may become valuable acquisitions to society, which now looks towards them with just and important claims.

Many of them, fresh and vigorous, are commencing what affords promise of a long journey: may they choose the right path, (the path of wisdom) and pursue a steady pace, without swerving to the right hand or to the left! Such are our fond hopes; but experience allays them with fears, while we see many a one making hasty advances towards maturity,

without a proportionate progress in wisdom and virtue.

On the other hand, the delicate form of some of the train would excite apprehensions that their journey will be short; that "the wind will pass over them and they will be gone." Many a tale of woe proclaims it possible, that "a flower may fade before 'tis noon." Youth then, interesting youth, inspires us, alternately, with hope and fear; and justifies the salutary admonition, to "remember their Creator" during that advantageous season.

I should perceive some amid the sprightly train, on whom nature has been lavish of her gifts: "daughters like polished stones, polished according to the similitude of a palace." Can any one behold so many fair forms without emotions of delight? How unwilling are we to suppose, that the face is not an index to the heart!—That humility, meekness, kindness, modesty,—every virtue, and every grace, has not there its abode, to increase in glory and beauty, when "the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved," and fall into ruins!

How is the eye dazzled by the gaiety of the group! All the tints of the rainbow are put in requisition, in compliance with the caprices of fancy, or the suggestions of taste. We perceive, perhaps, here and there, one who, by the simplicity of her attire, excites a hope that she is cultivating those internal graces, on which He who regards not the outward appearance looks with complacency: who like "the king's daughter," we may hope, is "all glorious *within*;—her clothing of wrought gold."

Some of your number have the gifts of fortune, are born to higher expectations than the rest, and may, therefore, become more extensive blessings to society. May such "know how to abound!" that is, how to use those talents which Providence may entrust to their disposal: not supposing that wealth is bestowed for the mere purpose of procuring the luxuries and splendors of life: nor forgetting that it cannot purchase peace of mind, or health of body; much less bribe the king of terrors, or give a ransom for the soul.

Of the individuals composing this young assemblage, we can judge no further than as external appearances may indicate. Their fu-

ture characters or destinations in life are concealed from our view. This only we know, that the human race is "born to trouble:" we, therefore, infer, that each one, however joyous now, will have a portion of what all are heirs to: that each will have to struggle, in a greater or less degree, with the vicissitudes and trials of life.

Some may be called to important services, and more conspicuous stations: how well they will acquit themselves, and what figures they may make in the society to which they belong, who can foresee? While it will be the lot of most (no unenviable one) to pass through the vale of life comparatively unobserved, exciting little notice but in their own narrow circle.

But, however diversified the circumstances of these individuals may be, in one thing they are alike. Time carries on his operations with impartiality: he maintains a steady pace, with his hours, and days, and months, and years. We can scarcely now realise the idea of such sprightly forms bending under decrepit age, and being so metamorphosed by his irresistible hand. Humanity would weep over the ruins of nature, did not a cheering voice from heaven revive our hopes, and bid us look to

another period, when "this mortal shall have put on immortality;" when this now pleasing form, however fallen to decay, shall be renovated, and rise from the dust infinitely improved, and glorious beyond our conception. But remember, "this strong consolation" belongs only to those, "who have fled for refuge, to lay hold of the hope set before them in the Gospel." If this were, happily, the case with all of you, then, as you now enter the gates of His earthly courts on the sabbath, so, one after another, you would enter the portals of His temple above; each of you, in due time, "appearing before God in Zion;" not one missing; a lovely train, clothed in the white and spotless robes of your Redeemer's righteousness. But if it be true, that "strait is the gate, and narrow the way that leadeth to life," and that "they are few who find it," there is cause for each of you to fear, lest *you* should not be among that few; lest "the cares of the world, or the deceitfulness of riches," or the thousand temptations that beset your path, should turn you aside into the broad, frequented road, that "leads to destruction."

Therefore it is, my Laura, that I so frequently recal your attention to these great

realities; in comparison with which, our most favourite and laudable pursuits are "less than nothing, and vanity." That you should become a proficient in the school where you are placed is, indeed, desirable: but it is in the school of Christ, sitting at His feet, and learning of Him, that we are most anxious to see you. You were dedicated to Him in infancy: you have been directed to Him in childhood: devote your youth to Him also. It will be "a sacrifice of a sweet savour," which He will graciously accept: and then, whatever may befal you in this world, be assured, that He will "guide you here by His counsel, and afterwards receive you to glory." That this may be the happiness of yourself, and of all your dear associates, is the earnest prayer of their sincere friend, and

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XXIII.

ONCE more, my dear mother, and, perhaps, only once more before we meet, I sit down to address you. It is with a strange variety of sensations—some pleasing, some painful, some quite indescribable—that I think of my return.

I cannot help looking back with regret, to the time when I first entered Mrs. W.'s house; comparing it with that, so fast approaching, when I expect to quit it. Then, all the advantage, all the pleasure were *to come*; now, all is *past*; this pleasant and important portion of my life gone by for ever! and it is now too late to wish that it had been better improved.

Upon looking at the past year, I find, that I have no *painful* recollections but such as arise from my *faults*. It is not the application, the confinement, the privation, that either occasioned uneasiness at the time, or upon reflec-

tion; but on the contrary, from these I have ever derived, and do still, my chief satisfaction. But that I have often been remiss and negligent in my business, and wrong in my temper and conduct, it is that gives me pain to reflect upon. If the time were to come over again, how differently, in some respects, I should act! I long to assure all those who are now going to school, from my own experience, that the only way to be happy there, and really happy when they leave it, is, *to improve their opportunities.* How far I have done so, you will soon be able to judge. But, although I hope you will not be greatly disappointed in this respect, yet I am very certain that I might have done more and better than I have.

I am obliged to refer to the pleasure of going home, whenever the thought of parting with my dear friends here occurs to me—with Grace and Mrs. W. especially, and, indeed, all my companions; for there is not one of them that it will not pain me to part with: the very idea of it makes me like them better than I thought I did. And even the house, the school-room, the pleasant garden, where I have spent so many happy hours, I dread look-

ing at for the last time. As for Grace, I cannot think what I should do, if it were not for the hope, that before a great while we shall see each other again. She has repeatedly said, that she hopes you will allow me to visit her when she leaves school; and Mrs. W. says, she thinks you will, because she believes you would wish our friendship to continue. I also venture to hope, that I shall one day have another pleasure, and it is the greatest I can think of: —I mean that of introducing Grace to you, if you should approve of my inviting her. We are to correspond, if you have no objection. I must tell you that my jealous fit is quite over.

Do you know, the two sisters from town were so good-natured as to ask me to visit them; but although I should like, exceedingly, to see London, I am not sure that you would wish me to cultivate their acquaintance: besides, I would rather go to visit Grace in the deserts of Arabia, than see all the curiosities of London and Westminster.

I'll tell you something that made me melancholy for a little while. A few days ago, a lady called on Mrs. W. as she was passing through the town, who had been one of her

scholars several years ago. She is now a grave, married woman, and had two fine, rosy, little boys with her. Mrs. W. was very much pleased to see her, and so was she to see Mrs. W. While she was here, she came into the school-room, where we all were; and stood, for some time, looking round at every object with great attention. "It seems but yesterday," she said, "since I was here, a lively, happy school-girl, such as these. Do you remember, Mrs. W. what a wild thing I used to be?—altered now, you see! Ah, they were pleasant days! though I did not then know it. Young ladies," said she (speaking to us) "this is your happy time: enjoy it and improve it. A few years ago, I was, like you, looking forward to life very sanguinely; but now, that I know a little better what it is, I can assure you, you must not expect happier days than these."

She then inquired of Mrs. W. about several of her old school-fellows; and heard of some that were dead, others who had fallen into misfortunes, and of some who were settled in distant places. There was one she seemed particularly interested about: but Mrs. W. only remembered to have heard, that she married

years ago, and went abroad. "Poor Mary!" said the lady. "Do you remember what friends we were, Mrs. W.? We used to say, you know, that nothing should ever dissolve our friendship. We corresponded for some time after we left school; but it fell off at last:—I think it dropped with her—mine, I believe, was the last letter. She was, like me, I suppose, engrossed by her own affairs. Such is life, you see!" Here Grace and I looked at each other.

She next walked round the garden and playground, and kindly invited us to accompany her. "Ah, the old poplars," said she, "waving their tops in the blue sky, the same as ever!—and yet I thought they had been taller! How this place recals old days, and old sensations! Every tree, every shrub seems familiar: I could fancy myself young again." Then she seemed lost in thought, till her two little boys came running towards her, and recalled her recollections. When she had thus visited every spot, looking even at the walls and pales, as old acquaintances, she took leave. Afterwards, Grace, and I, and Miss W. had a long, interesting conversation, about life, and hope, and friendship: you might have imagined it

was *Imlac,* and *Rasselas,* and the Princess *Nekayah.* But, although we made so many sage remarks, and came to such sober conclusions, I cannot help hoping, especially when I am in high spirits, that I shall be rather more fortunate; and in spite of philosophy, my heart will sometimes glow and leap at the fair prospect of youth and life that seems to lie before me. Some people say it is a miserable world; and so I suppose it is: but when I look round upon the woods and fields, and hills and trees,—at the blue sky and cheerful sunshine; —when I hear the birds singing, and the waters flowing, and feel my own heart bounding with youth and joy,—I must say, it seems to me a very pleasant world indeed!

Well, dear mother, I am now coming home, to see a little more of it than I have done yet. And, notwithstanding all this rambling, I am seriously convinced, that my real happiness there, as well as here, must depend upon my own conduct. I rejoice to think that my education is not to be at an end when I leave school: sad, indeed, would it be for me, if I were to make no farther improvement, especially in those things that are really important.

Mrs. W. says, it is a great pity when leaving school is considered as a release from mental exertion. It ought rather, she says, to be regarded as the time for making renewed efforts: since it must then, in a greater degree than ever, depend upon *ourselves* whether we sink into trifling, ordinary characters, or rise to respectability and usefulness. By renewed effort, and continued exertion at home, she does not mean merely sitting down to the instrument, or drawing-lesson, for an hour or two of a morning; but that we should use every means for cultivating and strengthening our minds; and for growing in wisdom and virtue—in grace and holiness; so as to become useful and happy.

I hope at least, my dear father and mother, you will not have cause to repent the trouble and expense you have bestowed upon me. Now that I am coming to be your inmate again, it is my desire to do every thing in my power to make you comfortable, and repay your kindness; *that*, though, I can never do; I mean, rather, to shew that I am sensible of it.

Mrs. W. says, and I hope to remember it, that the order, comfort, and happiness of a

has seen the declining years of parents completely embittered by the will, and inconsiderate conduct of people. She says, also, that when lady returns home, if she is no *daughter* as she was before, what tions she may have made at sch *better never have been there.*

In hope of a joyful meeting remain your dutiful and affection

LETTER XXIV.

MY DEAR CHILD,

It might scarcely seem necessary that I should send you a long epistle, just on the eve of your return home. But as it is a very important period to you, and a very interesting and anxious one to me, you will not be surprised that I should wish to improve this last opportunity of admonishing you by letter.

You are about to leave school, and to part with her who has supplied a mother's place; who has had the care both of your body and mind: and the manner in which she has acquitted herself demands your lasting gratitude. A proper expression of it will be gratifying to her feelings: let it be such as will at once do credit to hers and to yours.

You are also to part with your young companions: from some, with whom you have commenced a friendship that promises to be

not sufficient that I should be
ing the young people themselv
also, something of their conn
could either admit them her
under the roof of a stranger.
Grace, I should feel but fe
character and conduct of a yo
very dubious criterion of th
nexions. Yet, in a case so i
thing more than conjecture is
this is supplied by Mrs. W.'s r
so that you may set your hear
subject, and indulge the hop
intercourse with your excellen

While I am upon this sub
serve, that the first visit of a
her introduction into life, is
tance than some people seem

friends, which may require years of subsequent prudence and regularity to erase. Also, if great caution is not observed in the choice of her acquaintance, she is in danger, from a propensity to imitation, of imbibing false principles, and of acquiring bad habits, which cannot be unlearned again at home without much pain and difficulty. Indeed, there are so many snares besetting her in this situation, that it is well if she be not entangled in some of them. She is, perhaps, introduced to a variety of strangers; with some of whom she may form hasty intimacies, which afterwards prove undesirable. The efforts which are frequently made to amuse and entertain a visitor operate unfavourably, by dissipating the mind, and producing a disrelish for the sober occupations of home. She is more likely to be flattered for her imaginary excellencies, than to be told of her real faults: and the natural consequence of all this is, that her parents, brothers, and sisters, appear to disadvantage, as they cannot, exclusively, devote themselves to her convenience and pleasure. She forgets, that were she to become an inmate, instead of an occasional visitor, she would cease to experience those attentions by

which she is now distinguished; and that she would soon have to partake the regular avocations of the rest of the family. To see people as they are, it is necessary to live with them; and by so doing, we should frequently discover, that our first-sight favourites are not so much more excellent than our old friends, as a temporary residence with them had inclined us to suppose. This is a digression; but it may serve at once to moderate your expectations, and to afford a useful hint, whenever such a circumstance as a visit among new friends may take place.

But you are returning *home*. It is a comprehensive word, my dear Laura: upon your right estimation of its value greatly depends your future happiness. It is chiefly *there* that the lustre of the female character is discernible; because *home* is its proper sphere. *Men* have much to do with the world without; *our* field of action is circumscribed; yet, to confine ourselves within its humble bounds, and to discharge our duties there, may produce effects equally beneficial and extensive with their wider range. It is no mean art to be able to govern well; and those who have proved most

successful in the attainment, are generally such as have themselves submitted to be governed. It is the mistake of some young people returning from school, that they think themselves qualified immediately to take the command: and it is a yet greater mistake in those mothers who submit to it. As well might "a house be broken down, and without walls," as to be left to the guidance of such a manager. She might not, indeed, like her infant brothers and sisters, fall into the fire, or into the water,—throw down the china, or cut herself with knives and scissars; but she may, by her exploits, do what is quite as mischievous in its consequences, though less instantaneous in its effects. But you, my dear Laura, have been trained from your childhood in habits of proper subordination: and I should deem such observations altogether superfluous, were it not sometimes seen, that young persons at this period undergo a sudden revolution; and from the engaging, meek, and tractable child, start, all at once, into the pert, self-willed young lady. I must say, however, that the spirit in which your letters appear to be written, leave me little to fear on this subject.

You are returning home,—I was going to

say, not for the purpose of enjoying yourself, and taking your pleasure;—but, to a well-regulated mind, the daily routine of duty *is* enjoyment;—to live a life of usefulness, is a perpetual pleasure. Nor does affluence itself, where it is enjoyed, exempt from this obligation: it rather enhances it. Those who suppose otherwise, totally mistake the purpose for which it is bestowed; and deprive themselves of the principal satisfaction it is intended to produce. Besides, they are unprepared for adversity; unfit to cope with the deprivations to which they are exposed, who hold their worldly possessions, as well as the breath of life, by an uncertain tenure. No legal process can so insure our estates, or secure them from accident, as to render them certainly unalienable; or prevent our "riches from taking wings, and flying away." We may contemplate with pleasure the prospect of your establishment in the world, in the same circumstances of comfort which have attended you hitherto. But we do not forget, that it is the *world* into which we are sending you: and however well equipped you may be for your journey, we cannot foresee what may befal you in the course of it. And whatever be your future circumstances,

habits of activity and economy will prove beneficial, and will be no disparagement to any station you may fill. If such had not been *our* habits, perhaps you might have lacked many advantages which you enjoy at the present moment; and your future prospects might have been clouded in the same degree.

Through the kindness of Providence, you are returning to a comfortable home: but remember, it is not a *Paradise.* Your parents have their trials to harass their spirits, and ruffle their tempers, as well as others: and in proportion to your filial affection, you will participate in them; and by the tender sympathy of your deportment, manifest that in all our afflictions *you* are afflicted. Indeed, my dear, there can be no temporal alleviation of our sorrows, equal to that which arises from this source: the cordials administered by the tender hands of affectionate children, possess the happiest efficacy. If some young persons were aware of this, surely they would be more frequent in the application of them.

O, my dear Laura, what a blessing you may prove to us! especially to me, your *mother.* Shall I find in my beloved child, as she rises to maturity, the confidential friend, with whom I may take sweet counsel; and on whose bosom,

as she once did on mine, I may repose all my cares?—One, who will be indulgent to my infirmities, attentive to my wants, and who will plant the vale of life, into which I am gradually descending, with many a flower, such as she can gather, here and there, from the wilderness around? What a delightful sight it is, (and surely a natural one) when a mother and daughter dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment, which descended down the vestments of Aaron, and exhaled a fragrant odour all around.

Well! you are returning to your father's house: and this, in a higher sense, may, I trust, be said of us. The world is the great school wherein we are each receiving our education: and the prosperity and adversity which we experience, are the means whereby the great Governor trains us for a maturer state. When "He visits our transgressions with the rod, and our iniquities with stripes," it is for our final benefit: "for he does not willingly afflict the children of men." When He smiles upon us by His providence, when He entrusts us with various talents, it is to prove us, whether we will use them for His glory, and the good of our fellow-creatures. Otherwise, He may deprive us of them entirely; or, what

is worse, continue them without His blessing; and desist from fatherly correction, saying, "Why should they be smitten any more?—they will yet revolt."

We have a task assigned us; and the day of our dismission from it, although to us unknown, is immutably fixed by Him, who has "the keys of death." May divine grace so prepare our dear Laura, that when she is summoned *home* by her *heavenly* Father, she may obey the call without reluctance; and earnestly longing, as she now is, to return to the abode of her earthly parent, may she then feel a still greater "desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better!"

Your affectionate Mother.

THE END.

Printed by T. Miller, Noble Street, Cheapside.

May, 1817.

SUPERIOR BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE,

JUST PUBLISHED BY

TAYLOR AND HESSEY,

93, FLEET STREET.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE for a DAUGHTER'S BEST INTERESTS. By Mrs. TAYLOR, of ONGAR. Sixth Edition. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo, with a beautiful frontispiece, price 5s boards.

"The subjects of these Essays are well chosen, and ingeniously diversified: and the fair writer displays a degree of piety, with a knowledge and application of the Scriptures, which increases the value of her work." *Monthly Rev.* 1814.

PRACTICAL HINTS to YOUNG FEMALES, on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family. By Mrs. TAYLOR, of ONGAR. Sixth Edition. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo. with a beautiful frontispiece, 5s. bds.

"The duties of a wife, a mother, and a mistress of a family, are admirably pourtrayed and most successfullo urged in this little volume. It is a book that will be placed in the hands of those who are to fill those enviable situations, with the utmost advantage. The short religious portion at the conclusion is warm, affectionate, and just, but not tinged with the slightest spirit of fanaticism."
British Critic, May, 1815.

THE PRESENT of a MISTRESS to a YOUNG SERVANT: consisting of friendly Advice and real Histories. By Mrs. TAYLOR, of ONGAR. Second Edition. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo, with a frontispiece, price 3s. 6d. boards.

"We are happy to announce another publication of this judicious and useful writer, particularly as we think that the present will be found among the most valuable of Mrs. Taylor's productions. The size of the volume is attractive: and the style, though correct, is so unaffected and simple, that every word will be understood by the class of readers for which it is designed."
Monthly Review, March, 1816.

Books published by Taylor and Hessey.

ESSAYS IN RHYME, on Morals and Manners. By JANE TAYLOR, Author of '*Display*,' &c. Second Edition, price 6s. bds.

"We have seldom met with a volume of Poetry, that bore more strikingly the impress of native *thought*, or that supplied the mind more richly with materials for deep reflection." *Eclect. Rev.* 1816.

DISPLAY. A TALE. By JANE TAYLOR, Author of '*Essays in Rhyme*,' and one of the Authors of '*Original Poems for Infant Minds*.' Fifth Edition. With a beautiful frontispiece, price 6s. boards.

"We never met with any composition so completely and beautifully simple both in sentiment and style, which at the same time interested us so strongly by the *naïveté* of its descriptions, sometimes heightened by the most delicate touches of humour and pathos; by the *heart* that pervades the narrative, and the air of reality which is thrown over the characters."

Eclectic Rev. Aug. 1815.

ORIGINAL POEMS for INFANT MINDS. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR. Two vols. Price 1s. 6d. each, half bound.

HYMNS for INFANT MINDS. By the same. Price 1s. 6d. half bound.

RHYMES for the NURSERY. By the same. Price 1s. 6d. half bound.

LIMED TWIGS to CATCH YOUNG BIRDS. By the same Price 2s. half bound.

ORIGINAL HYMNS for SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By the same. Price 4d. or 3s. 6d. per dozen.

THE CHILD'S BIRTH-DAY; aiming to state the Nature and Importance of that Season. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR, of ONGAR Price 2s. 6d. neatly bound.

TWELVE ADDRESSES to a SCHOOL; with an original *Hymn to each*. By the same. Price 2s. 6d. sewed; 3s. bound.

Books published by Taylor and Hessey.

RACHEL: a TALE. With a beautiful frontispiece, Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo. price 5s. boards.

> ——————Be cured
> Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
> For 'tis most dangerous.
>
> *Shakspeare.*

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SON, a Tale;—the Four Friends, a Fable;—and a Word for the Gipsies. Dedicated to Mr. Montgomery. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo. with a beautiful frontispiece. Price 4s. 6d. boards.

*** *The profits arising from the sale of this publication will be applied in aid of the Society for the relief of Aged Females in Sheffield.*

A LETTER of ADVICE to his GRAND-CHILDREN. By Sir MATTHEW HALE. Now first published. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo. with a Portrait of the Author, price 4s. 6d. boards.

THE COUNSELS of a FATHER, in FOUR LETTERS of Sir MATTHEW HALE to his CHILDREN. To which is added, The practical Life of a true Christian, in the Account of the good Steward at the great Audit. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo. with a Memoir of the Author, and a fine Portrait, price 5s. bds.

> "These two little volumes may be safely recommended to readers of every description. They will confirm the sentiments of those who are already well-disposed; and may reclaim even the abandoned from an irregular course of life. The Judge here, at the same time, speaks as if seated on the bench, and convinces his readers with the arguments of a Divine, and the affection of a Parent." *Gent. Mag. Dec.* 1816.

AN INTRODUCTION to PRUDENCE: or, DIRECTIONS, COUNSELS, and CAUTIONS, tending to the prudent Management of Affairs in common Life. Compiled by THOMAS FULLER, M.D. A new Edition. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo. price 5s. boards.

A COURSE of PRACTICAL SERMONS, expressly adapted to be read in Families. By the Rev. HARVEY MARRIOTT, Rector of Claverton; and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord KENYON. Second Edition. In one volume 8vo. 9s. bds.

"The volume before us is one of considerable merit, and in a family, or a country parish, will be found of much practical utility. The discourses which it contains are clear, simple and persuasive.
British Critic, Feb. 1817.

A FAMILIAR and PRACTICAL EXPOSITION of the THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES of RELIGION of the United Church of England and Ireland. By the Rev. H. C. O'DONNOGHUE, A.M. of St. John's College, Cambridge. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo. price 7s. 6d. boards.

ADVICE on the STUDY and PRACTICE of the LAW; with Directions for the Choice of Books. Addressed to Attorneys' Clerks. By W. WRIGHT. Second Edition, enlarged. Dedicated, by permission, to the LORD CHANCELLOR. In 8vo, price 7s. boards.

"We are happy in finding a volume which may safely be recommended to every clerk at an attorney's desk, as a clear, concise, and useful guide to those studies and pursuits which will make him the better attorney and the better man. It will open to his mind various sources of information, from which, during the period of his clerkship, he may derive the most important advantages; and it will teach him the most apt and judicious mode of pursuing them."
British Critic, October, 1816.

VATHEK, translated from the original French, with Notes. Third Edition. Handsomely printed in small 8vo, with a frontispiece, 10s. 6d. boards.

THE MIRROR, a Periodical Paper, published at Edinburgh in the Years 1779 and 1780. By HENRY MACKENZIE, *Esq.* and others. Handsomely printed in foolscap 8vo, *with six beautiful engravings*, 18s. bds.