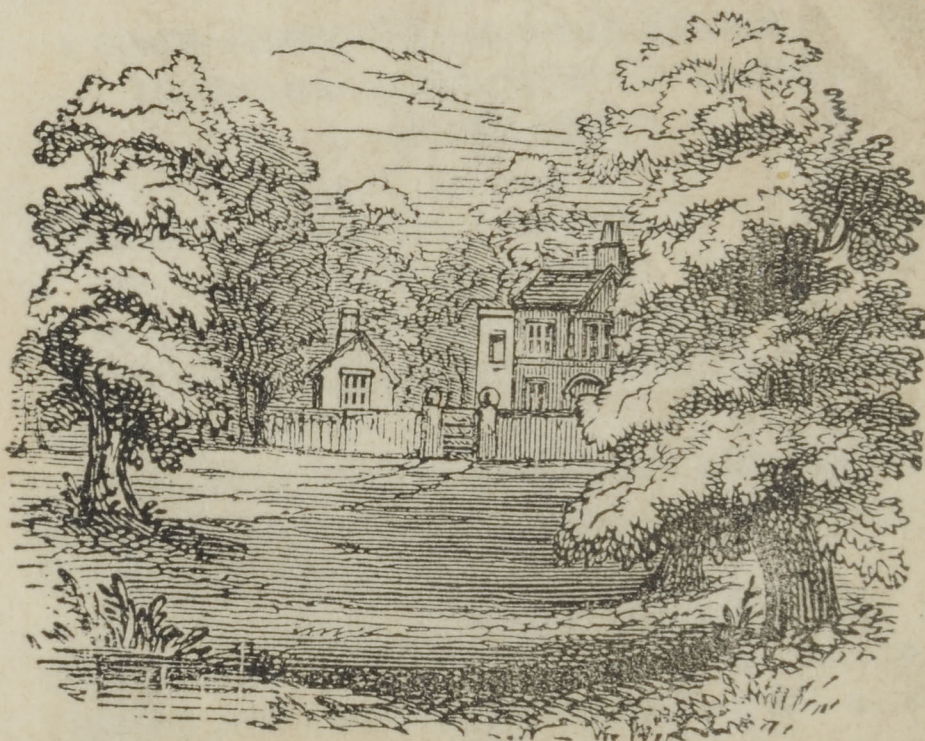




Tea in the Summer House.

ELM VILLA.

BY ANNE MARIA SARGEANT.



Elm Villa.

LONDON:

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS PATERNOSTER ROW.

ELM VILLA

1850

BY JOHN B. WATSON

A NEW NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES
BY JOHN B. WATSON
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THE FIRST VOLUME

CHAPTER I

It was a fine morning in the month of May, and the sun shone brightly on the green hills of Elm Villa. The birds were singing their sweet songs, and the flowers were beginning to bloom. In the distance, the sea could be seen, and the wind was fresh and cool.

At the Elm Villa, a young man named John was sitting on the lawn, reading a book. He was a handsome youth, with dark hair and eyes, and a noble bearing. He was dressed in a simple, but elegant, suit of grey cloth. He had a thoughtful expression on his face, and his eyes were fixed on the page he was reading.

As he read, he was struck by the beauty of the scene around him. The hills were so green, and the sky was so blue. He felt as if he had never before appreciated the beauty of nature so much. He closed his book and looked up at the sky, with a sigh of contentment.

At that moment, a young woman named Elizabeth came running towards him. She was dressed in a simple, but elegant, dress of white muslin. She had a joyful expression on her face, and her eyes were sparkling with happiness.

"John, John!" she cried, "come, come, the garden is so beautiful today. Let us go and walk in it."

John looked up at her, and a smile came over his face. "Very well, Elizabeth," he said, "let us go."

They walked together through the garden, which was so beautiful that it was like a paradise. The flowers were in full bloom, and the trees were so green that they seemed to be alive. Elizabeth was so happy, and John was so content, that they did not notice the time passing.

As they walked, Elizabeth told John of her plans for the future. She wanted to marry a young man named William, who was a very good man, and who she loved very much. John listened to her with interest, and he felt that she was a very sensible and worthy girl.

John then told Elizabeth of his own plans. He wanted to go to sea, and to see the world. Elizabeth listened to him with interest, and she felt that he was a very brave and noble man.

As they walked, they saw a young man named Robert, who was a friend of John's. Robert was a very good man, and who was also a friend of Elizabeth's. They all went together to the garden, and they spent the day in the most pleasant manner.

As the day drew to a close, the sun was setting, and the hills were so beautiful that it was like a picture. John and Elizabeth walked together to the house, and they went to bed, feeling as if they had never before enjoyed life so much.

Elm Villa.

CHAPTER I.

A VISIT PROPOSED—A RIDE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE—ANECDOTE OF PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

‘WHAT say you, Jessy my dear, to spending a few weeks with your Aunt Weldon?’ said Mrs. Crawford, as she entered the room where her little daughter was sitting learning her morning lesson.

‘Oh that will be delightful, mamma,’ cried the little girl, dropping her book and clapping her hands with joy.

‘Your papa,’ the lady added, ‘has just heard something which makes it necessary that he and I should go up to London as soon as possible, and we have been thinking of leaving you by the way under the care of your aunt and uncle.’

This speech put to flight all Jessy’s smiles: ‘What, am I to be there without you, mamma?’ she asked. ‘Oh I thought you meant to go on a long visit to aunt Weldon’s yourself.’

‘I cannot do that, my dear; but you will be very happy with your aunt and cousins. I’m

sure they will do everything they can to make you so.'

'Yes, I should like to go very much, mamma; but then not to see you and dear papa for such a long while'—

'It wont be such a very long while, my love—at least, I hope not; for papa and I shall be as anxious to see our little Jessy as she will be to see us—don't you think we shall?'

The little girl answered by throwing her arms fondly around her mother's neck.

Mrs. Crawford was not displeased when Jessy raised her rosy face to kiss her, to find that her eyes were brim full of tears. Jessy tried to hide them, however, and did her best to laugh; so she made an odd sort of a noise—something between a laugh and a sob.

'How many weeks will it be?' she asked.

'I cannot tell you, my love; it will depend upon how soon the business is settled. I assure you we shall not stay longer than we are obliged. Then only think, Jessy, of the joy of meeting again—and how pleasant home will seem after we have been away from it for a time. Come, let us think of all the cheerful things we can—not about the parting.'

Jessy now looked up and smiled.

'You know you have often wished that you had brothers and sisters to play with you and learn with you; and now you will have—let me see—six cousins. Yes: there are George, and Charles, and Emma, and Sophy, and—Oh, I forget some of their names; but it will be like going to a party every day. Wont that

be pleasant? We must start to-morrow, in one of the railway carriages,' Mrs. Crawford continued, 'and that will be a treat for you, will it not? You have never been a long journey in your life. Then we shall reach Elm Villa in the evening, and I and papa must go off very early the next morning for London.'

'Elm Villa, mamma? Is that the name of uncle Weldon's house?'

'Yes, and a very pretty place it is. You will be delighted with the garden and the fish-pond, and the orchard, and all the beautiful walks around. Oh, you don't know how many pleasures you have to come.'

But Jessy thought that nothing could make amends for the pain of parting with her dear papa and mamma: however, like a wise little girl, she thought she would make the best of it, and try to be happy.

Now I dare say, my young readers, you like Jessy Crawford very much. I wish you to like her. You think her a very affectionate little girl—and so she was. But I have only told you the best side of her character. She had faults; and as I wish you to copy her virtues and avoid her bad qualities, it is my duty to tell you what they were. But this I shall do as we go on.

It is right to speak of people's faults when it will answer any good purpose, but not otherwise.

Now we will fancy Jessy in the railway carriage, seated between papa and mamma, whirling along at such a rate. As she looked out

at the window, she could scarcely believe that the trees, and the hedges, and the houses were not gliding by. She was very much delighted at the sight; but when they came into the dark tunnels, she was almost frightened, till her father assured her there was no cause for fear. Then he amused her by telling how the tunnels were made, and how many miles they had travelled in an hour, and what places they passed through, and for what they were noted, and so on. At last Jessy asked her mamma to give her a description of her cousins.

Mrs. Crawford said she must put on her considering cap—for, to own the truth, she did not remember much about them, as she had spent only a day or two there during the last six or seven years. ‘One fact I well remember, however,’ she remarked, ‘and that is, that the eldest girl—Emma I think her name is—was one of the sweetest children I ever met with; and I wished that my little Jessy might grow up just like her.’

‘Oh, she’s a *none such*, I suppose,’ thought Jessy, but she did not say so, for she well knew that if she had her mamma would have been displeased with her.

Now I dare say my young readers will have found out, by this speech, that Jessy was a little envious and jealous. I am sorry to say it was so.

‘I thought her so well behaved,’ Mrs. Crawford added, ‘and so kind and gentle to her brothers and sisters.’

‘That was, perhaps, because you were present,’ thought Jessy; but she took care not to think aloud.

‘What sort of a girl is Sophy, mamma?’ she enquired.

‘Oh, she’s a little noisy romp; that’s all I remember about her,’ answered Mrs. Crawford, laughing.

‘How old is she?’

‘About as old as you are, I think.’

‘That’s ten next June,’

‘Then you have arrived at the great age of nine years and one month. You ought to know a great deal.’

‘I do know a great many things,’ answered Jessy, ‘and I hope when I am as old as you and papa are I shall know as much as you do. You seem to know *everything*.’

‘No, my love; neither your papa nor I know everything: there never was a person yet who knew everything. But there are some things which everybody ought to know, and other things which are very useful for some people to know, but which would be of no use to others; for instance, it would be of no use for you to know how to make one of these carriages.’

‘No mamma, to be sure not, because I should not make a carriage if I knew how.’

‘Then if the men who made the carriage were to spend their time in learning how to knit, as you did last winter, that would be of no use to them.’

Jessy laughed heartily at the idea.

‘Well, then, you see, my love, that we ought to spend our time in learning those things which will make us useful to each other. We are now enjoying the comfort and

convenience of a ride arising out of other people's knowledge; and we ought not to despise those who are doing something for the general good, let their station be ever so humble. I have often told you this, Jessy, but I can scarcely tell you too often, for little folk are apt to believe they are better than poor people, if their parents have more money; whereas, the poor man or woman who can do something useful is really of more service to the world than they are.'

'Yes mamma,' answered Jessy.

'Our servant Betsy is very useful, because she cooks our dinners; and Jane is useful because she cleans the house; and the gardener is useful, because he digs the ground, and plants the vegetables we eat, and takes care of them and of the flowers; therefore, these useful people ought to be treated with respect and kindness.'

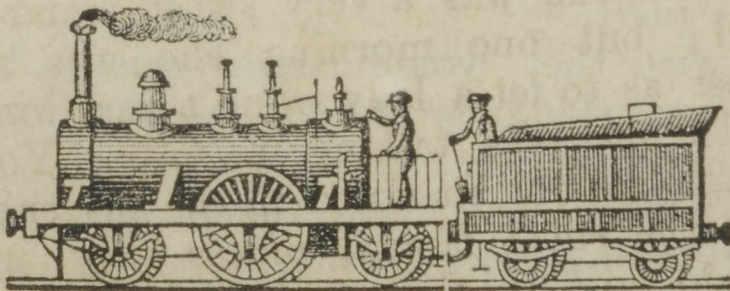
'I read some years ago,' said Mr. Crawford, 'how a little princess was taught a lesson of politeness to her inferiors in rank. You have heard of the Princess Charlotte, Jessy: she was the cousin of our queen, and she would have been queen, if she had lived till after the death of her father, George the Third. Well, she was a very sweet, amiable little girl; but one morning she was so thoughtless as to let a lady stand a very long time whilst she was talking to her. You know people do not sit down in the presence of any of the royal family, unless they are asked to do so. In the evening of the same day the queen called the princess to come and

read to her; the young lady was going to take a seat as usual, when her mamma said, 'No my love, I shall keep you standing as long as you kept that lady standing this morning.' The little princess never forgot this lesson: she was afterwards remarked for her kind and considerate conduct.'

'If you spend a few weeks at Elm Villa, my dear Jessy,' said Mrs. Crawford, 'I should like you to observe the pretty behaviour of your cousin Emma, and try to be as thoughtful.'

'Cousin Emma again,' thought Jessy, 'mamma will never have done talking about cousin Emma, and I don't at all fancy I shall like her.' Still, all these thoughts were kept shut up in her own mind.

I do not doubt that my young readers are impatient for our party to reach Elm Villa, that they themselves may also be introduced to cousin Emma. Fast as the railway carriages fly along, they do not fly along quite fast enough for them. Well, if they will go on to the next chapter, they shall get there *before* the carriages, and have a peep at the Weldon family as they sat in the drawing-room waiting the arrival of the expected guests.



CHAPTER II.

A PEEP AT THE FAMILY AT ELM VILLA—AN ARRIVAL—A STROLL IN THE GARDEN.

A LETTER received in the morning had led the Weldon family to expect Mr. and Mrs. Crawford and their little daughter in the evening, and I assure you, they looked forward to the visit as a very happy event. Elm Villa was two or three miles distant from any town, and there were no houses near it excepting a few cottages. It was seldom that strangers came; the family, however, was so numerous, that they scarcely needed visitors. Mr. Weldon was what is called an independent gentleman—that is, he had enough to live upon without following any business or profession—but he was not idle. Then Mrs. Weldon, instead of having a governess, taught her little girls herself, and the little boys too, when they were very young. But the children had leave to put away their lessons for this one night; and there they were, little folk and big folk, all, as I said, waiting (and some not waiting very patiently) the arrival of the guests.

‘I wish they would come,’ cried Charles, who was standing at one of the windows watching the gate.

‘Wishing wont bring them,’ was the sage remark of his elder brother.

No; if it would, they would have been

here long ago, I fancy,' said papa, who held the youngest little girl on his knee.

'I do so long to see Jessy,' cried Sophy; 'I dare say we shall soon be good friends.'

'I hope you will, my dear,' said Mrs. Weldon. 'I hope you will all try to make her very happy while she is here; but I have a caution to give you, Sophy,' she added, in a low tone meant for her daughter's ear only: 'Don't be too loving at first, and fall out afterwards.'

'Oh, mamma,' she replied, looking down and blushing, 'you don't think I should quarrel with a visitor?'

'That would be very unpolite, certainly; but little people who have hasty tempers, and are very fond of having their own way, don't always think of what is polite; and perhaps your cousin wont always be disposed to do just what you like.'

'Oh, if she should be cross and ill-tempered, I don't promise not to fall out with her then,' returned the little girl.

'She may not be cross and ill-tempered, and yet, being a visitor, she may expect to have her choice in the games you play at together, and such like; and I know you are fond of having everything *your* way, Sophy.'

'Well, mamma, I think Dora and Harry ought to give up to me, because they are younger; and Charles and George ought to let me have my own way, because I'm a girl and they are boys: but I know very well how to be polite to a visitor.'

'Your notions of politeness are not very

good, Sophy, if you think politeness ought to be shewn only to visitors,' said her mother.

'Why, there is no need to be polite to brothers and sisters, mamma?'

'Yes, my love, there is great need. Now just tell me what you mean by the word polite?'

The little girl considered for a few moments, then answered, 'I think politeness means to try to oblige people, and speak properly to them.'

'That is not a bad answer for a little girl: it includes politeness both in speaking and action. But, now, what do you mean by trying to oblige?'

'Being attentive to people, and trying to do what you think will please them.'

'That is very good. Now tell me what you mean by speaking properly to them?'

'Oh, taking care not to say anything that is rude.'

'No, my love; that is only not being *un-polite*. Politeness in speech is something more than that.'

'Yes, mamma, it is saying what is civil, and—'

'And *kind*, Sophy. Yes, we cannot be really polite without being kind. Well, is it not as necessary that you should be attentive and civil, and do what you can to please your brothers and sisters, as that you should do all this to a visitor?'

Sophy hung her head and did not answer, for she well knew that if she did she must condemn herself.

'It is really *more* necessary,' Mrs. Weldon

continued, 'because you are with them so much, whereas you receive visitors only now and then; and I am sure those people who are polite to everybody are the happiest, because—'

'Here they are—here they are,' shouted both George and Charles, on seeing a carriage stop at the gate.

'Oh, I'm so glad,' cried Harry, running to the window to look out.

'And I'm so glad too,' added little Dora, jumping down from her papa's knee, and trotting after him.

This piece of news, of course, cut short Mrs. Weldon's remarks; and I cannot say that our friend Sophy was very sorry, for she did not quite like to listen to them, though she knew very well they were quite true.

Mr. Weldon went to the hall to receive and welcome the guests. Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Weldon were brother and sister, and to them the meeting was particularly delightful. When the party entered the drawing-room, there was another hearty greeting between Mr. and Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Weldon; and then the young folks came up one by one to kiss their uncle and aunt, and to be introduced to their cousin.

There was very little ceremony about this meeting, yet no one could be said to be exactly unpolite excepting little Dora,—as she was not three years old, perhaps she did not know any better. But she did a very wrong thing—what do you think it was? why she peeped into a fancy basket in which Mrs. Crawford had put sandwiches and tarts to eat on the

journey,—indeed she went so far as to poke her little nose into it, to get a smell of the fruit; for as no one but Jessy had been hungry, there were several of the tarts left.

But I need not have told my young readers that this was rude—of course they know that.

Sophy, like most little noisy romps, was shy of strangers, and her aunt and uncle had some difficulty in getting replies to two or three questions they put to her.

When the greetings were over, George, Charles, and Harry sat quietly down. They knew very well that it would have been very far from polite to make a noise then, however pleased they might be, and that it was proper for them to speak only when spoken to.

But where was Emma all this time, and what did *she* do? Well, my dear little friends, I must say I have tried your patience by not telling you anything more about her all this while. But the fact is, Emma was often seen and not heard, or you found out that she was in the room only by some act of kindness she had done you. She had not spoken all the while they were expecting the visitors, but she might have been seen sitting at a window as busy as a bee, lining a netted work-bag with a piece of blue silk. It was meant to be a present to her cousin Jessy, and she wanted to finish it before she arrived. When her aunt and uncle came in she went up to them very affectionately, and said a few kind words, in a low tone, to her cousin. She helped to take off her aunt's cloak and bonnet, and placed a footstool under her feet,

for she looked tired. Emma then began to wait on Jessy: but all was done so quietly, that no one observed her but the person she was obliging. And this was just what she wanted, for she did not do kind things that people might say what a nice little girl; if she had, there would have been no kindness in it. But she did so because she liked to be useful and to make other people happy.

You must always bear in mind, my dear children, that if you do good actions from *wrong motives*, they are not really good, however much you may be praised by your fellow-creatures for them; and God, who knows every thought of your hearts, as well as everything you do, will not be pleased with you nor bless you.

‘Well, cousin Emma does seem very kind,’ thought Jessy.

The evening passed very pleasantly. The children were allowed to sit up an hour later than usual, and the eldest four were told they might take one turn round the garden, just to shew it to their little visitor. Emma took Jessy by the hand, and Sophy slid round to the other side, but she had not courage to say much to her yet; and the two boys walked behind. They shewed her their own gardens—for their kind papa had given each of them a little portion of land to cultivate as they pleased: and when Jessy said she should like to have a garden too, and that she should ask her papa to give her one when they went home again, Emma said she should feel pleasure in teaching her all she knew about gardening, that she might be better able to manage it.



Jessy thanked her, then turning quickly round, she exclaimed: 'Whose is this? Dear me, how full of weeds it is!'

The colour which rose to Sophy's cheeks answered the question as plainly as if she had said '*it is mine.*' Jessy had spoken thoughtlessly: she did not mean to wound any one's feelings, but she saw when it was too late that she had done so. It was certainly a rude speech, and Sophy said to herself, 'Well, mamma has been giving *me* a lesson about politeness, I think she should have kept it for cousin Jessy.'

'Oh, that's Sophy's,' said Charles, laughing: 'she likes playing at ball, or running after butterflies, or having a race with Rover, better than gardening.'

Emma gave her brother a look which said 'It is not kind of you, Charles, to say so; but gently drawing her cousin away, she only remarked, 'Sophy is not so fond of gardening as we are.'

Poor Jessy went to bed a little sorrowful that night, for she could not help thinking of the parting which was to take place early in the morning. However, she was very tired with her long journey, and in spite of her grief she soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE GIRL'S GRIEF—HOW SHE FORGOT IT
—A WALK IN THE FIELDS—A PEEP
THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

It was a great grief to poor Jessy to bid her dear papa and mamma good-bye; and when they were gone, she sat down at a window from which the gate could be seen, and cried bitterly. The rest of the children were going to have their morning run, before school began, but she could not be persuaded to join them.

‘What’s the use of crying?—that wont bring your papa and mamma back again: come and have a game with us, and forget it.’ This was master Charles’s reasoning; and there was some wisdom in it, if poor Jessy had not been in too sad a mood to put it to the proof.

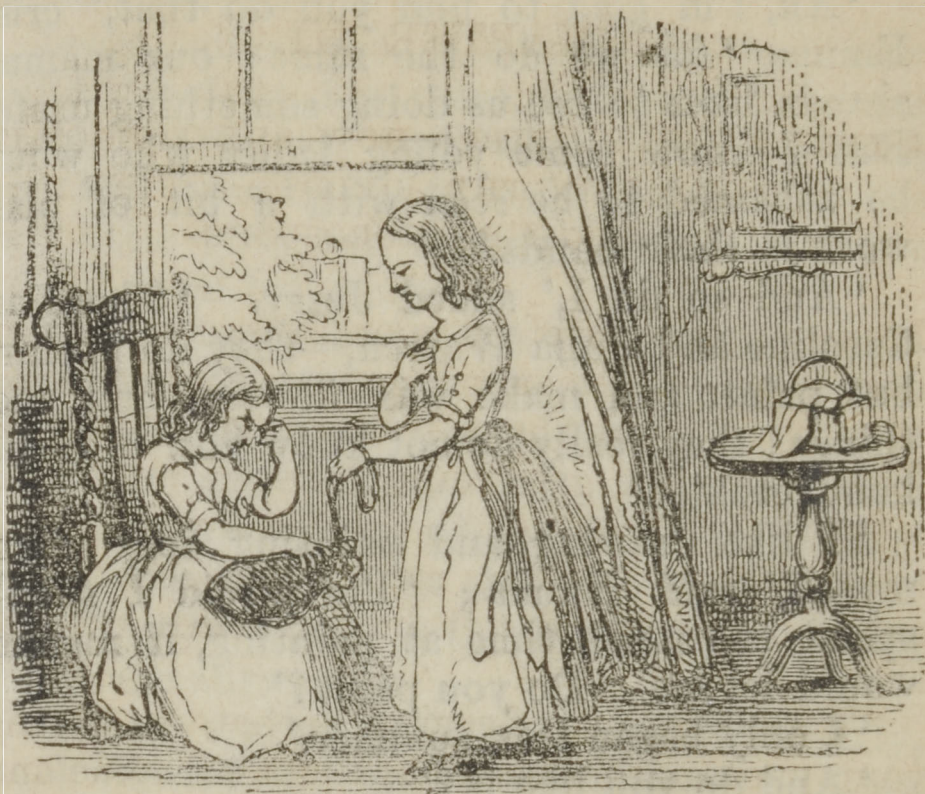
‘Oh, the time will soon be over,’ cried Sophy.

‘And then, perhaps, you’ll wish you had it back again,’ added George.

‘Well, if she wont come, don’t let us lose our fun,’ said Harry, as he bounded out of the room.

Emma, who had been very busy at the other end of the room, now came up: ‘Will you accept of this, dear Jessy?’ she said, producing a bag, ‘mamma has been kind enough to let me furnish it with everything

you are likely to want while you are here; so it will do instead of your work-box,"



Jessy thought it would be ungracious if she did not look at her cousin's present, so she dried her eyes and thanked her.

'Do you like working?' asked Emma.

'Yes, I like some kinds of work very much.'

'Fancy work, I suppose you mean?'

'Yes: mamma taught me to knit last winter, and I was very much pleased with that: I knitted a good many things. Then I like wool-work, and making bead purses, and all those kind of things.'

'But does not your mamma let you make clothes for poor people sometimes?'

'Oh yes: I knitted some warm socks for Jane Brown's little baby, and sometimes I

make pinafores for the little girls in the school.'

'Ah, I'm glad to find you do that,' cried Emma, 'for we do the same: our mamma always likes to see us doing something useful. But I know some young ladies who would be ashamed to be seen with a bit of plain work in their hands.'

'And so do I,' added Jessy. 'There are Caroline and Julia Warren,—they do nothing but paint, and make wax flowers, and such things: they really do not know how to hem a handkerchief.'

'I like drawing and painting very much myself,' said Emma; 'I'm afraid I should spend too much time at painting, if mamma would let me. Do you paint?'

'I only began this summer.'

'And do you like it?'

'I think I shall, when I can do it nicely, but mine are such daubs! Mamma paints beautifully.'

'Well, if you like to draw or paint while you are here, you shall use my paints and pencils. Papa brought me a large box from London the last time he went there.'

'Thank you; but I am afraid you would all laugh at my doings.'

'Oh no, indeed we should not be so unkind and rude. Every body must make a beginning, and I'm sure papa will teach you as well as me and George. Papa teaches us.'

'Do not Charles and Sophy draw, then?'

'No: Charles has not begun yet, and Sophy—well, to own the truth,' she added,

laughing, 'Sophy does not like anything that she must sit still to do.'

Jessy smiled too. Indeed, she had now quite dried up her tears, and looked herself again. This was just what Emma wanted and had been trying to make her do, and the two little girls sat talking together till the school-room bell rang.

When Emma had come up with her work-bag, Mrs. Weldon left the room with little Dora, but she came in again as the bell rang.

'What will you do with yourself while your cousins are in school, Jessy my love?' asked Mrs. Weldon, as she entered the room.

'I'll go to school with them, if you please, aunt,' she answered.

'That's a good little girl,' replied the lady, much pleased at Jessy's cheerful looks; 'I am sure that is just what your papa and mamma would like you to do.'

'We are going to have a new scholar,' she added, as Charles and Sophy ran in.

'What, is Jessy going to be a scholar?' cried Charles.

'I would not if I were out on a visit,' said Sophy.

'Then that shews that you are a foolish girl, and Jessy is a wise one,' said her mother. 'You ought to be very glad to learn.'

Now Sophy thought that as their visitor would of course be allowed to do as she pleased, she would choose to play, and she hoped that, being nearer her age than any of the other children, she would be her companion, and play with her. She was, there-

fore, very much disappointed, and a little angry with her cousin. However, they all went together in the school-room.

Mrs. Weldon had a very pleasant way of teaching, and all the children liked to learn excepting Sophy. She liked it very well sometimes, but she did not like it when she was in the humour for play—and that was very often.

Even Dora was pleased to learn. Her mamma had the letters of the alphabet pasted on little blocks of wood, and she put them together to make little words, such as CAT—DOG—FLY;—and the little lass was so happy when mamma said, ‘that is quite right, Dora.’

Mrs. Weldon gave them lessons in grammar, history, and French; and then Mr. Weldon took her place. He taught them writing and summing, geography and drawing. He then gave the two elder boys and Emma a latin lesson. What will the little girls who read this book think of that? It was Emma’s own choice; for, though her papa was very willing to teach her, and thought it quite right she should learn, he would not have forced her. Then Mrs. Weldon came in again, and gave Emma and Sophy music lessons. But the children were not kept in the school all these hours, learning one thing after another, without taking a run between whiles. Their parents thought a little exercise in the midst of study good for their health, besides which, it made learning much more pleasant.

After dinner, Mr. Weldon took the elder children out for a walk. They turned out of

the high road up a beautiful shady lane, which brought them into a field of corn, nearly ripe. And then they got over a stile into a narrow winding path, by the side of a pretty little rivulet. The rivulet made such a sweet noise, rippling over the white stones at the bottom, and the birds were singing in the hedges and trees, and everything seemed so happy, that our little friend forgot her sorrow, and was as merry as any of her cousins. Sometimes they ran here and there, and gathered different sorts of flowers, and leaves, and grasses; and then they all collected round Mr. Weldon, and he asked them questions about the things and told them what they did not know. They compared the grasses they had picked with one of the stalks of corn, and found they were nearly alike, only that the corn was larger and stronger.

And he did not fail to remind them that God was the Creator of all: that he made the corn grow to give us bread, and took care of the trees and flowers, and fed the birds, and taught them to sing so sweetly. Then he talked to them about the glorious sun, which was shining so brightly, and making every object look beautiful. And told them how the pretty rivulet took its rise in a spring, and went on watering the meadows, and turning two or three mills, till at length it reached another stream, and how the two went on together, mingling their waters, until they reached the sea. Jessy's own dear papa used to talk to her in the same manner as she walked with him in the fields, and she could almost fancy it was he who was speaking.

When they returned home, there was a treat prepared for them by their kind mamma. It was tea in the summer-house. Dora and Harry ran to meet the party, at the garden-gate, that they might be the first to tell the good news. The summer-house was built of logs of wood, and was thatched with straw as a cottage. It was almost covered with beautiful creeping flowers, and faced the fish-pond, where the little gold-fishes were sporting about in the sunshine. It was a very pretty place; and somehow the children thought tea and bread and butter always tasted nicer there than anywhere else.

After tea, Mr. Weldon said, 'You have had exercise enough for one day; so, instead of a run in the garden, we will have the microscope, and look through it at the things you gathered in your walk.'

The children were delighted with the proposal, for it was one of their favourite amusements. I suppose most of my young readers know what a microscope is. It is a tube fitted with glasses which make the things put under them look a great deal larger than they really are, and shows very small objects which could not be seen at all without them. All the works of God appear more beautiful the closer they are looked into, and with these glasses people have made many wonderful discoveries. When a little daisy was put under the microscope, it looked almost as large as a great sunflower, and Jessy found that what she at first thought was only a speck of green on one of the white petals, was really a beautiful insect. She

saw all its tiny feet, and it seemed to be enjoying itself, sucking something from the flower. She was so highly amused with watching it, that she forgot her cousins were waiting for their turn, till Charles, who was sitting next to her, was thoughtless enough to pull it away from under her eye. 'That is very unpolite conduct, master Charles,' said his father, 'I wonder that a young gentleman should behave in that manner to a young lady.'

Charles was a little ashamed of himself, as well he might be.

I must say, however, that ~~it~~ was not polite for Jessy to keep it so long, when her cousins wanted to look at it. Mr. Weldon gave her the first peep because she was a visitor; but visitors ought to study politeness as well as their entertainers. Politeness consists in *kindness in little things*. People who are always thinking of what will please themselves, and who care nothing about what will please other people, cannot be polite.



CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING PLEASANT—A TRIAL OF TEMPER—
A BIT OF MISCHIEF AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

JESSY spent her first day at Elm Villa so pleasantly, that she began to think the time would not seem so very long after all. The next morning she did not need inviting into the garden; and she jumped, and skipped and ran, and laughed as loud as any of them. She and Sophy now became better acquainted; indeed, in less than a week after Jessy's arrival, they were 'good friends,' as Sophy said she thought they would be.

But before the week had quite passed, something happened which made Jessy very happy. This was the receipt of a letter from her dear mamma. It was a long letter, full of affection and good advice, and she sat reading it over and over again, instead of going out to play that morning.

In the midst of her joy, however, something occurred which tried her temper very much. I will tell you what it was, and you shall judge whether it would have tried yours.

While she sat quietly reading her letter, Harry crept stealthily into the room, and putting his hand over her shoulder, snatched it from her, and darted out again. She started up, with a face red with anger, and ran after him. He ran into the garden—up one walk

and down another, sometimes stopping a little to take breath, and holding the letter up in triumph, as much as to say, 'here it is, if you can get it.' Poor Jessy was at last quite tired of the chase, and sat down and cried.



Mrs. Weldon, who had seen what was going on from one of the windows, now came out and bade Harry give up the letter instantly. She was much displeased with him, and sent him into the house, for a punishment. Jessy thus got back her letter, but it was so crumpled and dirty, it did not look like the same. Then the beautiful forget-me-not which was in the corner was spoiled! It was very annoying we must allow; but the cross looks and hard words which Jessy gave her cousin the rest of the day did not make the paper look clean and nice again, nor did they prevent master Harry playing off the same tricks

again as you will find when you hear what happened again on the very next evening.

The rain was coming down very fast, so the children could not go out into the garden as usual, after tea. They were, therefore, allowed to amuse themselves as they pleased within doors. The two elder boys played games together on their slates; Jessy and Sophy sat down to make doll's clothes; Dora had a romp with her kitten; Emma took out her painting, and Harry strolled from one to another, taking a very unkind pleasure in doing something that was disagreeable to each. It was not because he had no one to play with, for Charles had asked him if he would have a game before he asked George; and George would rather have been reading, for he had left off in the middle of a pleasant story because he saw his brother wanted to play. That was true politeness. The truth was this: master Harry was just inclined for what he called a '*bit of fun*,' which was, in fact, nothing more nor less than a *bit of mischief*. Little boys, and big ones too, are apt to think that a love of mischief is a proof of spirit; but it must be a *bad* spirit which can take pleasure in making another person unhappy. Master Harry had, however, this notion, and he generally played off his tricks upon his sisters. He would hang Sophy's dolls up by the heels, or hide Dora's toys, or run away with Emma's books; and then he seemed to enjoy the joke, as he called it, as much as if he had done something very clever. I need not say such conduct was not polite; and I hope

if any of the little boys who read this tale are given to do such things, they will take the hint, and mend their manners for the future.

Harry now darted across the room, and snatched away a beautiful moss-rose which his eldest sister was busily engaged in copying. Jessy saw what he was going to do, but not in time to prevent it. 'Now,' thought she, 'Emma's temper will be tried as mine was yesterday. I know she wanted to finish painting that flower this evening, and she can't get another because of the rain.'

'Harry dear, put my rose back in its place, if you please,' Emma gently said, as she raised her head and looked at her brother.

'How very politely she speaks to him,' thought Jessy; 'well, I'm sure I should not have patience for that.'

'It will be very unkind of you, if you don't, 'for you know I cannot get another rose this evening,—besides another would not do so well.'

'Why don't you make him give it to you,' cried Jessy, who now became too angry to be any longer silent. 'That is just as he served *me* yesterday: a rude, tiresome little fellow!'

It is a question whether Emma's gentleness would not have had the desired effect, if Jessy had held her tongue; but her words put every good resolve to flight, Harry, who had hitherto kept the flower dangling by the stalk in his hand, now thrust it into his pocket and laughed, as much as to say, 'I dare you to take it from me.'

Emma said no more; but after giving a few

touches to her painting, quietly put away her drawing-box.

'Well, I would not let him have his own way, he's just pleased now,' said Sophy.

But Sophy was mistaken: Harry was not pleased. His sister's meekness made him ashamed of himself, and he was really sorry that he had been so unkind to her, though he was too proud to confess it. Had she threatened or tried to punish him, he would have thought it all fair play to annoy her.

'Here it is, Emmy,' he at length said, putting his hand again into his pocket. But the words were scarcely uttered, when he gave a loud cry, and pulled it quickly out again. A thorn from the stalk of the rose had pierced the fleshy part of his thumb.

'That just serves you right now,' cried Sophy. 'So it does,' added Jessy. But Emma ran to him in great concern, exclaiming 'Dear Harry, what is the matter?'

'Oh, my hand,—my hand!' was Harry's only reply; for though he had a fine spirit for mischief, he was not very valiant in bearing pain.

'Don't cry, dear—don't cry,' said his sister soothingly. 'I'll take you to mamma, and she will get it out with a fine needle.'

'Mamma will be angry with me,' sobbed the boy.

'No she wont: I'll not tell her how you got the rose—unless she asks me,' she quickly added, for she remembered that it would be right to tell the truth, even though it should bring her brother into trouble.

Mrs. Weldon was in the drawing-room alone. On seeing what was the matter, she did not stop to inquire how the thorn came into Harry's hand, but set about trying to get it out. He did not much like the sight of the needle, especially when it laid open his flesh and brought the blood. His mother tried to rouse his courage, by telling him that Rover had a thorn in his foot the week before, and that she had taken it out in the same manner. 'You can't think how patiently the poor fellow stood while I did it,' she said; 'well, I would not be outdone in courage by a dog.'

When the operation was over, Mrs. Weldon asked the dreaded question, and Emma would have said all she could to soften the matter, but Harry now plucked up courage to tell the truth himself. It needed some courage, I assure you—yes, more than to bear the pain of the thorn. But he loved Emma so much for her kind behaviour, that he wanted to tell his mamma all about it.

Mrs. Weldon only said she hoped he would take a lesson by it. She thought he was already punished enough. But she smiled very sweetly on Emma, which made the little girl feel very happy,—much happier than if she had been cross about the matter. Then she and Harry went into a quiet corner, and there she read an amusing book to him to make him forget his pain.

CHAPTER V.

A SICK CHAMBER—A CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED THERE BETWEEN TWO LITTLE GIRLS—GOOD RESOLVES.

Jessy had spent nearly three weeks at Elm Villa when a very sad event occurred—at least she thought it very sad—though when we come to the end of our tale, I think my young readers will see that it was all for the best.

The event I speak of was this: Jessy was taken ill. She took a cold one day by sitting down in a draught when she was heated with running about the garden. She did not think much of it at first. Young people are apt to make light of taking a cold, but colds will often lead to very bad consequences, and such was the case with poor Jessy's.

She was, at last, too ill to leave her bed, and then she began to wish she were at home, and above all, that she had her dear mamma to nurse her. But Mrs. Crawford was obliged to stay in London. The business she and Mr. Crawford were gone upon required that they should both be there; and though it was a great trouble to her to be away from her dear little girl, when she was sick, it could not be avoided.

Jessy did not remember ever having been so ill before. She was feverish and restless, and

her head ached so sadly, she could scarcely raise it from her pillow. Then she could not eat any of the nice things which were brought to her, and she had to take what she called 'nasty physic' every three or four hours. Oh what a treat she would have thought it to be able to run in the garden, and relish her meals. We do not think much about such blessings till we cannot enjoy them any longer. The window of her bed-room looked out upon the garden, and when it was open to admit the air, she could hear her cousins at play: but their merry voices and laughter only seemed to make her more sad.

Her aunt was very kind and attentive to her—as kind as her own dear mamma could have been—still Jessy felt very unhappy, and cried a great deal, which made her worse. She was sometimes a little peevish too, and made a great fuss at having to take the medicine, though she knew it was given to do her good. I am sorry to say, this is not uncommon with children, but it is very foolish and very wrong. It is our duty to be patient when our Heavenly Father sees fit to afflict us; and we cannot be too grateful to those who wait on us, and do all they can to restore us to health.

I must now tell you that Jessy's chief companion and nurse was her cousin Emma. I dare say, after all you have heard about her kindness, you are not surprised at this. Sophy was the friend for her play hours, but Emma was the friend for sickness and trouble. Sophy would sometimes come into the bed-

room and say how very sorry she was that her cousin was not able to run about with them; but she never thought of giving up her own pleasures that she might amuse the poor sick little girl. Her sympathy and affection ended in *words*.

But Emma spent every moment she possibly could in her cousin's sick-room, and always found means to *do* as well as *say* what was kind. Sometimes she would shake up the pillow, to make it soft and easy for her head; then she would stand over her with a large fan, and try to cool the fever which seemed to be burning her cheeks and forehead. At other times she brought her sweet nosegays from her own garden; and was at all times ready to sit by her side and read to her. Jessy was pleased with all this, for she was not ungrateful, and now she began to love Emma very much.

Poor Jessy had been confined to her bed for nearly a week, and during all that time had very little rest, when one evening she fell into a refreshing sleep. On awaking and opening her eyes, she saw Emma sitting by her side. 'Oh, my dear cousin, I feel so much better,' she exclaimed: 'that nice sleep has done me so much good.'

'Has it? Oh, I am so glad,' cried Emma, jumping up. 'I'll run and tell mamma and all the rest, for I'm sure they'll all be pleased.'

'No, dear cousin, don't go just now,' said Jessy; 'we are alone, I think, and I should like to talk to you.'

'Yes, dear, we are alone,' Emma answered,

‘Poor Sarah was very tired and sleepy, so I asked mamma to let me sit by you and watch you, whilst she went to lie down a little.’

‘Ah, that is like you: always thinking of other people,’ said Jessy. ‘I wish I were as good—sit down, will you—that’s what I want to talk to you about.’

‘Oh, I’m not good, dear cousin; I wish I were.’

‘Yes, you are very good: mamma told me you were before I saw you, but I did not quite believe her. She told me to copy you; but I didn’t like her to think anybody better than I, so I was not pleased, and did not want to love you. But I do love you now; indeed I do, dearly.’ As Jessy spoke she threw her arms affectionately round her cousin’s neck.

‘And I love you dearly too,’ replied Emma, warmly returning the embrace.

‘I wish,’ said Jessy, as she laid her head again on the pillow, ‘I wish you would tell me how it is you are always so good and kind,—it seems so easy to you to be good.’

‘I’m not always good and kind, dear Jessy, though I very much wish to be so,’ Emma answered, ‘and it is not so easy to me as you think it is.’

‘It seems to me as if it were easy to you, because I never see you even look cross,’ said Jessy.

‘Well, dear, as we are quite alone, I will tell you something that I never told to any one else.’

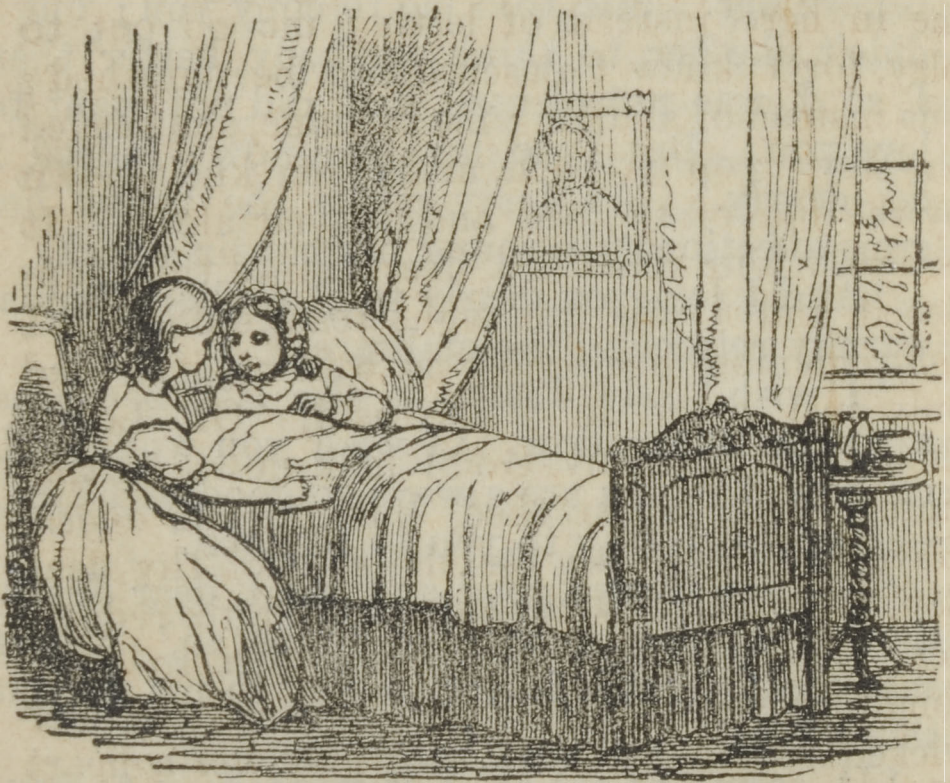
‘What: how you came to be so good?’

‘No,’ Emma replied, blushing, ‘but how I tried to overcome a bad temper.’

‘You surely never were bad-tempered, Emma?’

‘Yes I was. When I was a very little girl, I used to fly into dreadful passions, and strike my brothers and sister, if they offended me, and say very unkind things to them.’

‘Well, if you hadn’t told me that yourself, I wouldn’t have believed it,’ said Jessy, ‘but go on, I long to know how you got the better of it.’



‘Mamma used to tell me a great deal about it, and how very wicked it was. She used to tell me God would not love me or take me to heaven if I did such things, and then I used to be very sorry, and promise not to do so again; but somehow, when any one

displeased me, I forgot all my good resolutions, and said and did the same wicked things as before. One day I was in a great passion with my brother George; I was saying something very naughty and unkind to him because he would not do what I wished when mamma happened to come into the room. I was frightened when I saw her; but she did not speak, she only took my hand and led me up stairs into her bed room. I thought to myself mamma is going to shut me in here, instead of letting me go out to play, for I knew I deserved to be punished; but instead of shutting me in alone, she turned the key upon us both, and then knelt down by the side of the bed and prayed aloud. It is nearly four years ago, Jessy, since this happened, and I was but eight years old; still I can remember her prayer as well as if I had only just heard it. She said, 'Oh Lord! thou great and holy God! look down on this sinful child before thee, but not in *anger*. Have *pity* upon her, for the sake of thy dear Son, who shed his precious blood to redeem her. Help her by thy Holy Spirit to overcome her sinful passions. Take away her wicked rebellious heart, and give her a heart which will delight in loving and serving thee, and in doing thy holy will.' She stopped here, and looked at me, for I was crying bitterly and said, 'Will you kneel down and pray with me, my dear child?' 'Oh yes, mamma,' I answered, and I dropped on my knees by her side. She then went on and prayed the same prayer over again, only in the words which

she thought a little child would use. I said the words after her; yes, dear Jessy, I said them with my *whole heart*. I had said prayers before—every night and morning, as long I could remember; but I am sure I never *really* prayed till then. When we got up, mamma put her arms round my neck and kissed me, and wiped away my tears. Then she said to me, ‘Emmy, my love, you have promised me a great many times that you would try to behave better, and I believe you meant it when you said so, still you have been guilty of the same faults over and over again. I will tell you how it is you have never been able to correct them. You have trusted to your own resolves, and have not prayed to God to help you. Every child has by nature a wicked heart, and it is only the grace of God which can keep it from doing wicked things. You must pray, then, for that grace every day, as you have done to-day.’

‘Ah, *my* dear mamma has talked to me like that, sometimes,’ said Jessy, ‘but go on, dear cousin.’

‘I did as she told me, and—’

‘And you found it easy to be good then?’ Jessy answered.

‘No, dear, not quite easy, but I found it possible when I tried very hard. Whenever I was tempted to be cross and passionate, I used to think of my prayers, and say to myself ‘it is of no use praying if I don’t try.’ Then mamma was so pleased when I had done what was right, and said all she could to encourage me. She used to tell me, too, that she

was sure God was pleased with me, and that made me very happy.'

'I'm glad you have told me all this, dear Emma,' said Jessy, 'for I should like to try to do the same. I have no brothers and sisters to quarrel with, but I know I am sometimes angry and cross, and I should wish to be as thoughtful as you.'

'You are not bad-tempered, dear Jessy,' said Emma; 'but if we have the grace of God in our hearts, mamma says it will help us to overcome *every* bad quality. It will not only make good what we *do*, but even what we *think*.'

'Oh yes, I know that,' said Jessy, 'and I've been thinking, as I lay here, that if I were to die, I should have a great many sins to answer for, though I am only a child.'

'True, my dear cousin; but if you love and obey God, he will forgive all your sins, for the sake of his dear Son, our Saviour, and then you need not be afraid to die.'

In this manner the two little girls talked together, for more than an hour, when Jessy, being very weak, began to be exhausted. Emma gave her a few spoonful of some jelly which stood on a table by her side, and begged her to remain quiet. 'I will just leave you for a few minutes, dear,' she affectionately said, 'while I run and tell mamma how you are. She is busy this evening, or she would have been in to see you.' As she spoke, she glided from the room, leaving Jessy to muse upon what had passed.

CHAPTER VI.

A HAPPY EVENT—A FAVOUR ASKED AND
GRANTED—A RETURN HOME.

JESSY was a great deal better the next day, and a very happy day it was to her. I dare say my young readers can guess what made it so. They think it was because her dear papa and mamma came back: and they are right. Jessy could scarcely keep in bed, when she heard the carriage stop at the gate; for Mr. Weldon had a letter in the morning to tell him about what time Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were likely to arrive. When Jessy first saw them, she was too much overjoyed to speak, but she found the use of her tongue before long. Yes, and it ran pretty fast too, I assure you: she had so much to tell them. And when she was talking about her illness, she did not forget to say how very kind her cousin Emma had been to her.

‘Ah, didn’t I tell you she was a very sweet little girl?’ said Mrs. Crawford.

‘Yes, mamma, you did,’ Jessy answered, blushing; for she remembered what she had thought at the time. ‘That was a wicked thought,’ she now said to herself, ‘but I’ll tell dear mamma all about it when we are quite alone.’

That was a wise resolution of Jessy’s. If every little girl and boy were to tell a kind

mother or father the foolish and wicked thoughts they have, and ask their advice, they would find such thoughts would not come so often.

‘And you said,’ Jessy whispered, ‘that you wished I might grow up just like her. What will you say, mamma, if I tell you I mean to try?’

‘What will I say, my love? why, that you will make me and your dear papa very happy.’

‘I should like to make you and papa happy,’ said Jessy, and tears of delight started into her eyes as she spoke, ‘yes I should very much; and I think I should be happy myself too, for cousin Emma seems always happy.’

‘People are always happy, my dear, when they are doing what is kind and good,’ said Mrs. Crawford.

‘Now, mamma, I’ve a favour to ask, said the little girl, ‘will you grant it?’

‘What is it, my love? I cannot promise to grant it before I know what it is.’

‘Oh, cannot you guess what it is?’

‘That’s a puzzle, Jessy. However, I have a suspicion that you wish us to take your cousin Emma home with us. Is that it?’

‘Well, mamma, you are a good guesser,’ cried Jessy, laughing; ‘that is it. I thought I should so like her to spend a month with us, as I have done here.’

‘Very well; your favour shall be granted, so far as we are concerned. I will venture to answer for papa,’ said the lady, smiling; ‘but I cannot say whether your aunt and uncle will

be willing to part with your cousin, or whether she will like to go with us.'

'Oh I will answer for all that,' answered Jessy, joyfully. 'Thank you, thank you, mamma.' And she was not wrong in her conclusion: Mr. and Mrs. Weldon were quite willing, and so was cousin Emma herself; so, as Jessy got rapidly better, they started in a few days for home.

Home! what a sweet sound it had; yes, though our little friend had spent her time pleasantly at Elm Villa, she loved her home, and was rejoiced to see it again. There were some young ladies she liked very much living in the neighbourhood, and she wanted to see them; then there was Jane Brown, who had been her nurse, and the baby, a great favourite of Jessy's. Then she loved the birds she had been in the habit of feeding: even the walks and the flowers were dear to her, and there was something pleasant in the very rooms. Then she was so pleased to shew Emma anything that she thought would please her, and she said to herself, 'Now I'll try to be as polite—that is as kind—to my cousin while she is here as she was to me when I was there.'

'Oh, I'm so glad you had to go up to London, mamma, and that you left me with aunt and uncle Weldon; for if you had not, I should not have known any of my cousins, and above all, I should not have known Emma, and she would not have been here; and then—Oh, I believe, mamma, I shall be better all life, for having known cousin Emma.'

This was what Jessy said to her mamma when she had been at home nearly a fortnight.

‘I am very glad to hear you say so, my dear,’ said Mrs. Crawford, ‘you know you were very sad when I first told you that we must go.’

‘Yes, mamma; but that was because I did not know what was going to happen. Now I think it was even a happy thing that I was ill while you were away, for if I had not been ill, I should not have loved cousin Emma quite so much, and I should not have—,’ Jessy stopped.

‘Should not have what, my love?’

‘Oh, I’ve something to tell you, mamma—I don’t know how it is I have not told you before; but you’ve been so busy, and I—well I’ll tell you all about it now.’

And then followed Jessy’s confessions,—about her jealousy and envy, and how she felt obliged to love her cousin, in spite of all; and what Emma told her about herself, and the good resolutions she had made on her sick-bed. When she had finished, she looked up in her mother’s face and saw she was weeping. They were not tears of sorrow, however: no, they were tears of joy and gratitude. Mrs. Crawford drew the little girl to her side, kissed her, and said she hoped she would keep her resolutions, and follow her cousin’s good example. ‘I will give you a text from the Bible, my love,’ she said, ‘one that you can make a rule for your conduct towards your fellow-creatures, be they young or old, rich or poor.’

‘Oh, what is it, mamma?’ asked Jessy eagerly.

Mrs. Crawford took a card from her pocket-book, and wrote on the back of it in large letters, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.'

'Do you not think that a nice text for a little girl?'

'Yes, mamma, it is a very beautiful text; but you must tell me, if you please, how I am to make it a rule for *my* conduct. I have no brothers and sisters to love, you know.'

'True, my dear, but the verse does not refer to brothers and sisters only. 'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love' means that we are to be kind to *everybody*, and to try to please them, instead of thinking what will be most agreeable to ourselves. Then the finish of the verse, 'In honour preferring one another,' applies more especially to the respect due to people who are *older* or *wiser* than we are ourselves. You see, my dear Jessy, that text is really a lesson on *politeness*, for *true* politeness is being kind and considerate towards our equals and inferiors, and paying proper respect to our elders and superiors. Do you understand me, my love?'

'Oh, yes mamma, I quite understand you now, and will try to do what is right.'

And Jessy *did* try and succeeded, but I must tell you, my little friends, that she did not succeed all *at once*. Sometimes she had a great deal of trouble to overcome her natural desire to be naughty; and bad temper got the better of her. Yes, she found it sometimes *very hard work to be good*. But she did as

her cousin Emma recommended, and had done herself—she prayed to God to help her—and in time it became more and more easy.

Now, do you, my dear young readers, wish to do the same? If so, you must try in the same way as she did—you must *go on* trying; not be disheartened because you find it hard. The reason why people do not succeed in most things is because they don't try long enough. Will you make the attempt? If you will, I promise you that it will make you happier than riches or any good thing you may possess. I have told you all about these little girls, not only to amuse you, but to induce you to follow their example; and if you do follow it, we will all rejoice together: I, in having written this little story; and you, in having read it.



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