



**JULIA
AND
THE PET-LAMB**

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FRONTISPIECE



It cried as if it was in pain.

vide page 8

JULIA
AND
THE PET-LAMB;
OR,
GOOD TEMPER AND COMPASSION

REWARDED.

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JULIA

AND

THE PET-LAMB.

“Now, mamma, I have finished my work: is it well done?” said little Julia, as she showed the pocket-handkerchief she had just hemmed to her mother. Her mother replied, “Yes, my love, very well done: fold it neatly up, put it into my work-bag, and then go to play.”

JULIA. May I go into the garden? The sun is in the west, but he is not set. Look, mamma, how beautiful the sky is! The clouds are like gold! And see, the fields and trees, a great way off, are of a beautiful purple colour; while the elm trees here, on this side of the garden, look almost yellow, because the sun shines on them. Mamma, may I go to the bottom of the lane, behind the elm trees? I shall have time to go there before the sun is quite gone.

MRS. VINCENT. Why, Julia, do you wish to go there?

JULIA. Because the bank, near the end of the lane, is covered with primroses, and violets, and cowslips. You know, mamma, Mary, my dear Mary, will come home to-morrow. Now I should like to pick a great many flowers, and put them into her room, to look pretty and to smell sweet. Mary is fond of primroses, violets, and cowslips. May I go, mamma? I will not be gone long: I will run very fast all the way there, and all the way back. May I go, mamma?

MRS. V. Yes, my dear, you may: you may stay out half an hour—not longer.

JULIA. Oh, thank you, mamma! Half an hour is very long: I shall come in sooner than that. I am sure I shall not stay out so long, so very long, as half an hour.

MRS. V. I do not desire you to come in sooner; but if you do not take care, you will, perhaps, stay beyond the time I have mentioned. Half an hour will

pass very quickly, whilst you are busy gathering your nosegay.

JULIA. I believe you are right, mamma; for I never know when it is an hour, or when it is half an hour. When I am doing any thing that is disagreeable, the time seems so long; but when I am talking with you, or doing any thing that is very agreeable, an hour seems like a minute. How shall I know when to come in? Can you tell me, mamma?

MRS. V. It is now half past six o'clock; when the church clock strikes seven, come in.

JULIA. Oh, yes! thank you, mamma. I can hear the church clock strike very well, from the place where the primroses grow; and I can listen all the time I am gathering the flowers.

MRS. V. Well, put on your hat; make haste. If you go on chattering here, the half hour will be over before you get to the bank.

Julia put on her hat, her tippet and her gloves, and ran as fast as she could down the lane. When she reached the spot where the flowers grew, she was tired and out of breath. She sat on the bank, for a few minutes, to recover her breath: she was soon rested. Then she jumped up, and began to look about her. She looked round for the largest and freshest flowers, as she wished to have a beautiful bow-pot. She had only gathered three primroses, a few violets, and had her hand on a fine wild hyacinth, to pluck it, when she heard a rustling noise behind her: she looked to see what occasioned it. As she turned her head, something large, white, and heavy, fell over the hedge, from the field on the other side, rolled down the bank, and lay quite still. Julia wondered what it could be. At first she thought it was a large stone; but she did not see or hear any person who could have rolled it over the hedge; and stones cannot move by themselves. She stood looking towards the place where the white thing lay, unable to decide what it was. In a few moments she heard the faint bleat of a lamb. Now she guessed it was a poor lamb, which had been frightened. She supposed that, in its haste to get away from the cause of its terror, it had fallen down the high bank into the lane. She feared it was much hurt; for it cried, as if it was in pain, and did not attempt to move. She went up close to it: it lay quite still: she patted its back—it bleated piteously—it tried to lick her hand. She was surprised to find it so gentle, till she observed a blue ribbon about its neck: then she thought it was Miss Beauchamp's pet-lamb. She had been told that Miss Beauchamp had a favourite lamb, which was so tame that it fed out of her hand. She recollected, likewise, that the field next the lane belonged to

Sir Henry Beauchamp; that his house was very near, a few yards to the right. She therefore felt quite sure it was Miss Beauchamp's lamb. Julia was sorry the poor animal was hurt: she wished somebody would come and take it home; but she feared, that if she ran to tell the people at Sir Harry Beauchamp's to fetch it, the church-clock would strike seven before she had finished gathering her bow-pot. She turned to go back to the flowers. The poor lamb bleated again, very piteously, and seemed, to implore her to have compassion for its sufferings. Julia stopped: she said, "Mary is kind and humane: she would not leave any animal in distress, without trying to assist it. Besides, when I read, to-day, how God made the world and all things in it, mamma told me he was good and merciful; that he loved all the creatures he had made: she said too, we ought to endeavour to imitate him, that he may love us.—No; God will not love me, if I am cruel to this poor little lamb. Well, I will go and tell somebody at the house where it is. Perhaps, after all, I shall have time to get a small bow-pot."

Away Julia ran; but in a moment she heard the barking of a dog: she saw the lamb make an effort to rise and run away; but it could not stand, it fell down directly.

"Poor little lamb!" said Julia, "how terrified it is: no doubt that is the dog which hunted it. If I go away, the cruel dog may find it, and worry it to death, before any person can come to its assistance. Oh! I see the dog running across the field yonder. What can I do? I will try to carry the lamb home: it is only a little way to Sir Henry Beauchamp's house."

Julia returned to the lamb, and after two or three endeavours, succeeded in getting it up into her little arms. It was very heavy: it was as much as she could carry. When it bleated, she said, "Do not cry, pretty little lamb: I try not to hurt you; but you are very heavy, and if I do not hold you tight, you will fall to the ground. I am carrying you home, where you will be taken care of. I will make haste: I will walk as fast as I can—but you are very heavy."



*“I will walk as fast as I can
—but
you are very heavy.”*

The lamb could not understand what the little girl said; however, it was accustomed to be petted and caressed, therefore her kindness and fondling soothed and pleased the poor animal. It lay quietly in her arms: it neither kicked nor struggled to get away.

Julia walked as fast as she could; yet she got on very slowly, for she was soon tired; so tired, that she would have sat down to have rested, had she not feared the dog might jump from the field into the lane, and follow her. Besides, if she did not make haste, there was no chance of her having time to gather the primroses before seven o’clock. She went on, therefore, only stopping a moment, now and then, to recover breath. At length she reached the end of the lane. She turned to the right; but before she had gone as far as the gate that opened into Sir Henry Beauchamp’s park, she saw several people come through it, and come towards her. A little girl ran on before the rest of the group: when she was near Julia, she exclaimed, “It is my lamb! The moment I saw you, I knew you! Dear, naughty lamb, why did you run

away from me?—Thank you for bringing him to me. You look very tired. Give him to me now, if you please: I will carry him to his own house.”—“Take care,” replied Julia, “how you hold it; for it is badly hurt, I fear. It is not a naughty lamb, I believe. I think it has been hunted by a dog. I was gathering flowers in the lane, when it fell over the hedge: its leg is cut so badly, that it cannot stand. See, how it bleeds! I was coming to tell you or somebody to fetch it; only I saw a dog at a distance, and I feared he would bite it, if I came away, so I have brought it with me. I made haste, lest the dog should overtake us, if he got into the lane. See, he has found us out! Look, he is running towards us!—I am glad the lamb is safe. No, no, dog; you cannot get the lamb now.”

By the time Julia had finished speaking, Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, with two servants, who were all in search of the lamb, came up to her. “See, mamma,” said Miss Beauchamp, “this kind little girl has brought my lamb home. He is very much hurt. Poor Bello! you are very heavy: I can hardly hold you. Mamma, there is the dog which frightened Bello!”

Lady Beauchamp desired one of the servants to carry the lamb into the house, and the other to find out to whom the dog belonged, and to tell his master to keep him at home, that he might not do any more mischief.

Sir Henry Beauchamp returned to the house, to examine the poor lamb’s leg, and to see what could be done for it. Miss Beauchamp went likewise, to assist in nursing her favourite.

Lady Beauchamp took Julia by the hand, and said, “I am much obliged to you, my dear, for all the trouble you have taken. Come with me, and eat some strawberries and milk, to cool and refresh yourself: you appear fatigued and heated.”

JULIA. Thank you, ma’am; I should like to rest myself, for I am tired; but I do not think mamma would be pleased, if I went with you without her permission; and she only gave me leave to go into the lane to pick flowers. Besides, I am to go into the house again at seven o’clock; and I wish very much indeed to get some primroses and violets, to ornament Mary’s room against to-morrow.

LADY B. You are right, my dear, not to do any thing your mamma would disapprove. What is your name, my love? Where does your mamma live? I should like so good a child to come and play with my little girl. If I ask your mamma, perhaps she will allow you to come, some evening, and drink

tea with us. I do not think you would dislike strawberries and milk for supper, if your mamma approved it. Should you?

JULIA, smiling, answered, "Oh, no, ma'am! I like strawberries very much. I used to eat them, last summer; but I did not know there were any ripe now: we have none in our garden. The strawberry-plants are only in blossom."

LADY B. I have none ripe in the garden. Those I shall give you will come out of a hot-house. Where do you live, my dear? What is your name?

JULIA. My name is Julia Vincent, ma'am: mamma lives at the top of the lane.

LADY B. At the pretty white cottage, which stands in a garden? I recollect it. Mrs. Vincent has not lived there long, I think?

JULIA. No, ma'am; only a little while. We lived in London before. I do not like London. Mary will come down to-morrow, for the first time. I forget, I shall not be able to gather the flowers for her, if I do not make haste. Good bye, ma'am.

LADY B. Who is Mary?

JULIA. My sister. She is very good. I try to be like her. I hope I may be as good and as wise as Mary, when I am as old. Mamma came here because London made her ill. She brought me with her, but Mary staid with my aunt. To-morrow they will both come here. Then I shall be happy; for I love Mary, she is so kind to me. Mary likes primroses, cowslips, and violets. She will be pleased to see her room so pretty: she will not expect to find so many flowers blown, for there are none in London.

As Julia ended her speech, the church-clock began to strike: she added, in a melancholy tone, "So, it is seven! I must go in: Mary will have no flowers."

LADY B. I am sorry, my love, your kindness to Bello has been the cause of this disappointment to you.

Julia added, more cheerfully—"Perhaps I shall have time to-morrow to get some, before she comes. It is my own fault: if I had gone back directly, I should have been able to have gathered a few. I have lost the time chattering. If I chatter any more, mamma will wonder where I am. Good evening. I hope the lamb will soon be well."

Julia ran home. Her mother was surprised to see her return empty-handed. "Where are your flowers, Julia?" asked Mrs. Vincent: "I expected to have seen a bow-pot almost as big as yourself."

JULIA. Oh, mamma! just as I was beginning to gather it, a poor lamb fell over the hedge. It was so badly hurt, that it could not walk—it could not stand. It was very tame, and had a collar of blue ribbon round its neck. So I guessed it belonged to the young lady who lives at the large house in the park. You know, mamma, Mrs. Thomson, who called to see you yesterday, talked a great deal about Miss Beauchamp, and her pet-lamb, which fed out of her hand.

MRS. V. Yes, I remember she did. Now tell me what became of the lamb.

JULIA. Mamma, I carried it home:—no, not quite home; because I met Miss Beauchamp, and her papa and mamma, before I reached the gate. The lamb was very heavy: I could not walk fast whilst I had it in my arms. By the time the servant took it from me, and that I had talked a little, the church-clock struck seven, and I was obliged to come in without the flowers. I am very sorry—very sorry, indeed; because Mary will come home to-morrow.

MRS. V. Very sorry, for what, Julia? because the lamb is hurt? because you have no flowers? or because Mary will come home to-morrow?

JULIA. Oh, no, mamma, not that. I am glad my dear Mary will come home to-morrow. I am sorry I have no flowers to put into her room. I wished, so very much, to ornament her room with flowers, to surprise her, that though I was sorry to see the lamb in pain, and bleeding, do you know, mamma, I was near leaving it where it was, and gathering the bow-pot, instead of carrying it to Miss Beauchamp.

MRS. V. What determined you, my dear, to assist the lamb?

JULIA. Why first, mamma, I thought it was not like Mary, to leave it in its distress. Then I remembered, she would know nothing about the matter, so I fixed to gather the primroses; but just as I settled so to do, I recollected that you told me, this morning, that God was merciful and kind to all things, and that we ought to endeavour to resemble Him: I mean, to resemble Him as much as we can. You know, mamma, if we try and try for ever, we shall never be as good as God is. I was afraid God would be displeased if I were cruel to the poor lamb. Now, though Mary would not know I had been naughty, I was sure God would, as he sees and knows all that is done in the world. Did I think rightly, mamma?

MRS. V. You did, my dear.

JULIA. Are you glad, mamma?

MRS. V. I am; I am always glad when you are good. I am pleased you remember what you read, and what you are taught. I rejoice too, to find that you make a proper use of the knowledge you possess. It is of no use to know that God sees and hears us at all times, if we do not take care to act in a manner that is pleasing to him.

Mrs. Vincent then kissed her little daughter, and patted her rosy cheek, Julia stood by her mother's side a few minutes, without speaking, and then said,

“After all, my being good was of no use, mamma?”

MRS. V. How so? I do not understand you, Julia.

JULIA. Do not you recollect, mamma, I told you, Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, and two servants, as well as Miss Beauchamp, were all come out to look for the lamb. They would have turned up the lane where the lamb was; so that if I had gathered my bow-pot, Bello (that is the name of the lamb) would have been taken care of, just the same. It would have been the same thing—no, not the same thing, for I should have had the flowers for Mary.

MRS. V. Stop, Julia; let us consider a little before you proceed. Perhaps it would not have been the same thing to the lamb; certainly it would not have been so to you. First, it is possible Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp might not have turned up the lane where the lamb was; they might have walked straight on. Supposing, after they had looked in other places, they had, at last, found the poor animal, the length of time it might have lain without assistance, would have added greatly to its sufferings. The other day, when you fell off the stile, cut your hand, and beat the gravel into the wound, I fancy it would not have been the same thing to you, whether I had attended to it or not? If, instead of returning directly to the house, soaking your hand in warm water, cleaning it from the stones and dirt, and putting sticking plaster over it to keep the air from it, I had first finished my walk and had left your hand bleeding, with the gravel sticking in it, for an hour or two, you would have suffered a great deal more pain.

JULIA. Yes, mamma, indeed I should. My hand smarted sadly, and hurt me extremely at first; but after you had dressed it, and tied it up so neatly, it was soon easy. We had a charming walk afterwards. I am sure I should not have enjoyed the walk, or any thing else, whilst the pain continued. Pain is very disagreeable. Well, if I saved the lamb some misery, I am glad; though by doing so, I have lost the flowers. I do not think Mary would have

admired them when she found out that I had left Bello in order to gather them. Every time she looked at them, she would have thought more of the poor animal, than of their pretty colours or sweet smell. Every time she spoke to me, I should have feared she had discovered the truth. When she said, "thank you, dear Julia, for these flowers, I like them very much," I should have thought, You would not love me, if you knew all. I should not be your dear Julia, if you knew I had been cruel and unkind to a dumb animal, on purpose to get this bow-pot. So, after all, mamma, it is well I did not gather the flowers: they would not have made me happy. Mamma, you said, just now, that certainly it would not have been the same thing to me, if I had left the lamb. Why not, mamma?

MRS. V. Goose-cap! why ask that silly question? Reflect on what you have yourself said, and find out the reason if you can.

JULIA. Oh, now I guess, mamma! Because, though the lamb might have been taken care of, I should not have had any merit: I should have been cruel all the same, though chance might have brought some one else to its assistance.

MRS. V. True, my dear; you would have been conscious of having acted improperly.

JULIA. Mamma, if I get up early to-morrow morning, may I go and gather the primroses, violets, and cowslips, before breakfast?

MRS. V. You may; I am glad this idea has occurred to you. I hope you will still enjoy the pleasure of ornamenting Mary's room.

JULIA. Why do you say *hope*, mamma? I am now sure of the flowers, as you have given me permission to gather them.

MRS. V. You considered yourself sure of them, this evening, when you left me; yet, Julia, you were disappointed. No one is sure of the future. It is possible, something we do not at present foresee may again disappoint you.

JULIA. I do not think so: Miss Beauchamp has no more pet-lambs to fall over the hedge.

MRS. V. Are Miss Beauchamp's pet-lambs the only things in the world? Suppose it should rain to-morrow morning, I should not then allow you to go out in the wet: I should fear you would catch cold, and be ill, as you were in the winter.

JULIA. Do you think it will rain, mamma?

MRS. V. No, Julia; I do not expect a rainy day to-morrow. The appearance of the evening promises a fine morning. I do not think you will be again

disappointed: I hope not. I only said, it was possible you might not be able to accomplish your wishes.

JULIA. Oh dear! If I am disappointed again, what shall I do, mamma?

MRS. V. Bear the trial well, my love. If you should not have all you wish for, you will still have a great deal to make you happy. Do not look sorrowfully, Julia. You are not disappointed yet. It will be time enough for that dismal face, when the evil is come. It is wise to resolve to behave well when we are tried: it is silly to fret about misfortunes which may never happen. You told me you talked a little—to whom?

JULIA. To Lady Beauchamp.

MRS. V. What did she say to you? What did you say to her?

JULIA. She thanked me for carrying the lamb home: she asked me to go with her, to eat strawberries and milk.

MRS. V. Did you go?

JULIA. No, mamma. Might I have gone? I thought you would not approve of my going, without your knowing where I was.

MRS. V. You judged correctly. I should not have confidence in you, if, when I permitted you to go to one place, you went to another, without my knowledge. I should not then trust you out of my sight.

JULIA. I am glad you have confidence in me: but, mamma, do you know, Lady Beauchamp said she would ask you to give me leave to spend an evening with her little girl. Shall you permit me to go, mamma?

MRS. V. I cannot decide now, my dear: when Lady Beauchamp fixes a time for your visit, I shall be able to judge whether it will be convenient and proper for you to accept the invitation or not.

JULIA. I hope it will be convenient and proper. I dare say I should be very happy, and spend the evening very agreeably. Do not you think so, mamma?

MRS. V. Yes, most probably you would.

JULIA. Mamma, did you know strawberries were ripe?

MRS. V. It is too early for them in the open air. Those that are ripe at this season of the year, must be forced.

JULIA. Yes, Lady Beauchamp said they grew in—in some house.

MRS. V. In a hot-house.

JULIA. Yes, yes, in a hot-house; that is what she said. What is meant by a hot-house, mamma?

MRS. V. A house built on purpose to hold plants. The top and sides are made of glass, in frames, something like windows, which shut tight to keep

out the cold air. At one end there is a stove for a fire, to heat the air within the house. Round the walls are flues, to let the heat from the fire reach every part. Flues are passages left in the inside of the walls: they are somewhat like pipes. When the frames are shut, no cold air can get into the house from the outside, so the gardener can keep the plants as warm as he chooses. The flowers and fruit blow and ripen in a hot-house, as they do in the gardens in summer. This is called forcing them; that is, making them more forward than they would naturally be at this season. When you go to see Lady Beauchamp, perhaps she will allow you to look at her hot-house; then you will understand better what I have said.

JULIA. Thank you, mamma; I believe I understand you. But why is so much glass used? If it be necessary to keep a hot-house very warm, I think brick walls would answer better than glass: bricks are thicker than glass.

MRS. V. True, they are so; yet glass excludes the air as perfectly as a brick wall does. The frames are made to open and shut like windows; and this circumstance enables the gardener to let in fresh air when proper. Brick walls could not be moved about at his pleasure. Besides, glass admits the light: it is transparent. Flowers and trees require light, in order to make them grow, as well as air. They would never come to perfection if they were shut up in darkness.

JULIA. How strange, mamma! They could grow as well in the dark, I think: they do not want light to show them how to grow. Why will they not grow in the dark?

MRS. V. I cannot tell why, Julia; but that plants require light to make them thrive, is a fact which has been proved by many experiments. When you are old enough to read natural history, you will find many other curious things. The world is full of wonders. The works of God are extremely curious and wonderful. The more you see and hear of them, my dear, the more cause you will discover to love the Almighty for his mercy and goodness, and to adore and admire his infinite wisdom and power.—Now, my dear little girl, kiss me, and go to bed: it is past eight o'clock.

JULIA. Good night, my dear mamma. I shall get up very early to-morrow morning. If it be fine, I may gather the flowers before breakfast, without waiting to ask you: may I not, mamma?

MRS. V. You may. Good night, my love!

As soon as Julia awoke, the next morning, she recollected the bow-pot. She jumped up and washed and dressed herself. Though Julia was a little

girl, not quite seven years old, she could dress herself. Her mother did not wish her to be helpless, and had therefore taught her to do many things for herself, that some children, of her age, are obliged to have done for them. The little gown she wore in the morning fastened in the front, therefore she could button it without assistance. She was glad her clothes were made in a way that enabled her to put them on without help. If she could not have dressed herself, she would have been forced to have staid in bed till the servant had been at leisure to attend to her. She made haste to get ready, said her prayers attentively and devoutly, and then ran off merrily. Her mother had taught her that it was right to pray to God repeatedly; and she was too good ever to forget this important duty. She never allowed her pleasure, or her business, to make her forget her prayers. Every night, before she lay down, she entreated God to forgive all her faults, and thanked him for the blessings she had enjoyed. Every morning, before she left her room, she returned him thanks for the refreshing sleep she had had, and prayed him to watch over her, and enable her to do what was pleasing in his sight.

When she reached the bank, she was sadly disappointed: all the finest flowers were gone: only a few faded ones were left, which were hardly worth the trouble of gathering.—“Oh dear, what a pity!” said poor Julia, “I wonder who has been here! I wish I had got up earlier. However, perhaps it was last night that they were plucked. I saw some boys and girls at a distance, as I went home: probably they came this way and took the primroses. I wish they had not touched them. I dare say they did not want them as much as I do: but I will pick some of these, and ask mamma if she thinks Mary will like them. I fear she will not, for they look half dead!”—The disconsolate Julia walked slowly back, with the faded nosegay in her hand. She met her mother, who was coming down to breakfast, in the passage.

JULIA. Oh, mamma! you were right in saying we could not be sure of the future. I have lost my bow-pot, notwithstanding it is a fine morning: all the good flowers are gone! See, mamma, only these shabby things were left. Did you think, last night, somebody would take them before I went to gather them?

MRS. V. No, Julia, I did not: I am very sorry for this second disappointment; particularly as you bear it with good humour, and do not indulge in fretful repinings. These flowers, in their present faded state,

would be no ornament to your sister's room. But I believe I can assist you in your distress. On Monday, when we walked through the lane on the other side of the church-yard, I observed a profusion of wild flowers in the hedges; and in the fields adjoining there are primroses and cowslips. It is too far for you to go alone; but after breakfast I will accompany you there. I hope that, after all, you will have the bow-pot you are so desirous of. You have conducted yourself very well, my love, both last night and this morning. Yesterday you gave up your own pleasure to assist the poor lamb; and now you support the loss of the flowers with good temper. I am glad it is in my power to make you some amends.

Whilst at breakfast, Julia expressed her fears that Mary might arrive before she returned from her walk. "At what o'clock, mamma, will my aunt and Mary be here?" said she. "I cannot tell exactly," replied Mrs Vincent. "Not so early, however, as you seem to expect. London is more than twenty miles from this village. Your aunt will, I believe, set off soon after her breakfast; but we can walk to the church-lane, and back again, in a shorter time than she can travel twenty miles. I expect you will be able to do a great deal of business before they arrive. I think you will have time to ornament Mary's room, say your lessons, and work, all before they come. I do not suppose they will be here till nearly three o'clock." "Not till three o'clock!" exclaimed the little girl: "that is a long time."—"It will not appear long, if you employ yourself."

When breakfast was finished, Mrs. Vincent put on her hat and cloak, to walk with her little daughter. Julia fetched her clogs, and just as she was tying them on her mother's feet, she heard some one knock at the hall-door. "Oh, mamma, I do believe they are come! I am so glad!" She was so delighted at the thoughts of seeing her sister, that she did not, even at that moment, recollect the bow-pot. "May I open the door to let them in, mamma?" said Julia.

MRS. V. You may open the door, Julia, though I do not imagine it will be to let Mary in: it is much too early.

Julia opened the door, but instead of Mary, she saw Miss Beauchamp, holding a large bow-pot, and a servant, who was with her, carrying a beautiful rose-tree, in full bloom, in her arms. Julia exclaimed, in raptures, "What lovely flowers!"

Miss B. I am glad you admire them. They are yours. Mamma sends them to you, with her love. All these hot-house flowers mamma sends you; but

these primroses, violets, cowslips, and blue-bells, I give you. Mamma gave me permission to get up very early this morning, to gather them for you. I did not know the gardener had been desired to bring in a nosegay, so I arose very, very early, and gathered all these. I do not mean I picked them every one myself: no, Charlotte, who went with me, helped me. Do you know, whilst I was at breakfast, this bow-pot was brought into the room. Mamma put it into my hands, and said, “Emily, you may carry these flowers, with my love, to your little friend, who kindly took care of Bello last night.”



The Bow-pot & Rose Tree.

Julia was lost in admiration: she nearly forgot to thank Miss Beauchamp. She took the flowers to her mother, and asked if she had ever before seen any so extremely beautiful: “Pray smell them; they are very fragrant.” Then she turned to Miss Beauchamp, and said, “I thank you, very much: pray tell your mamma, I am very much obliged to her. I am sure Mary will be surprised: she will never expect to see such beauties? Is the lamb well, to-day? How is its poor leg? Does it bleed still?”

Miss B. No, it does not bleed now. Papa dressed it last night, and he thinks it will soon heal: it is getting well; but it is still sore. Poor Bello cannot skip about the lawn, as he used to do. I nurse him, and bring him fresh grass and flowers to eat, as he cannot go in search of them himself. I hope he will soon be strong again. Will you come and see him? Mamma told me she should be happy to see you, whenever it is convenient to Mrs. Vincent to spare you. Bello will soon know you, if you play with him. He will eat out of your hand. I dare say he will be fond of you:—he ought to be so, you were so kind to him last night.

JULIA. I shall like, very much, to feed him and play with him.

Miss B. Will you, ma'am, allow Miss Vincent to come and spend this evening with me, or to-morrow evening? Mamma said, any evening that was agreeable to you. I hope it will be convenient to you to permit her to come soon.

MRS. V. Julia, my dear, what are your own wishes?

JULIA. Thank you, mamma; not this evening, I shall have so many, many things to tell Mary, and to hear from her.—If you will give me leave to go to-morrow, I shall be very happy.

MRS. V. I will trouble you then, my dear, to return Lady Beauchamp my thanks for her kindness to my little girl, who will be happy to accept her ladyship's invitation for to-morrow evening.

Miss B. Good morning, ma'am. Mamma told me not to stay long, lest I should be troublesome. Good bye. Pray come early to-morrow evening: I have a great many pretty things to show you, that I think you will like very much.

On turning to go out she saw the rose-tree, and returning, added, "I had forgotten the rose-tree. I brought it to help ornament your sister's room. See, there are several buds on it, besides the full-blown roses. If you take care to water it, and give it fresh air, it will continue blowing a long time. It is my own tree, so I may give it to you."

Julia was delighted with her presents. She knew not how to express sufficiently her thanks. She repeated, "thank you, thank you," many times. She smelled the nosegay again and again.—She jumped and danced in ecstasy.—She exclaimed, "Mary will be quite astonished! I wonder what she will say! My dear Miss Beauchamp, I am greatly obliged to you. I will take care of the rose-tree, after all the roses are gone. I shall always love it, because you have given it to me. I never thought, last night, when I went to

gather some primroses, that I should enjoy all this pleasure.—Pray do not forget to tell your mamma, I thank her very, very much indeed. How good she is!—Kiss the lamb for me, and give him my love: I hope he will be very well by to-morrow evening.—I dare say we shall be very happy.”

As soon as Miss Beauchamp was gone, Julia begged she might put the flowers into water immediately, before they began to droop. Her mother was kind enough to lend her a large flower-pot and two small ones, and to offer her assistance in arranging her treasure, that the various colours might appear to the greatest advantage.—“Dear mamma, that water is still warm, I am sure!” exclaimed Julia, in amazement, on observing her fill the large flower-pot out of the urn which was standing on the table: “though it is a long time since the urn was brought up for breakfast, I do not think the water can be quite cold yet.”

MRS. V. Neither do I wish that it should be quite cold, Julia.

JULIA. You are not going to put the flowers into warm water, mamma! I always put mine in cold water. I never remember your putting any into warm water before!

MRS. V. Probably not, my dear: you never have been accustomed to flowers out of a hot-house. Hot-house flowers live longer after they are gathered, if they are put into water with the chill off. They have been reared in the warmth, and the sudden change from heat to cold is not good for them.

JULIA. How shall we manage, mamma, to keep the water warm? I shall forget, perhaps, to add a little now and then; and what you have put in, will become cold soon. How shall we keep it warm?

MRS. V. It is not necessary it should continue warm: it will cool gradually, and the flowers will, by degrees, be familiarized to the temperature of the water, as well as of the room—that is, familiarized to the heat of the air which is in the room. The degree of heat or cold of any thing, is called its temperature.

Julia carefully untied the bass, which was wound round the stalks in order to hold them together. She displayed the whole of her treasure on the table, and consulted with her mother, to determine what flowers would go best together, and how to form the prettiest groups.—“Only smell this rose!—Look at this sprig of myrtle! See how delicate this lilac is! These lilies of the valley are quite lovely!—Did you ever see a brighter yellow, mamma, than this jonquil! Look at this hyacinth—and this—and this! I do not know

which is the finest. Which do you admire most? the white, the pink, or the blue? I will place your favourite in the centre—here, just in front. That does very well. But, mamma, do not you think it will be better to have a little more green? Shall I put these geranium leaves here, at the back?—Oh, thank you! that does beautifully!—There, that flower-pot is full.—I wish I could draw. I dare say Mary will copy some of these beauties: I will ask Mary to teach me how to copy flowers.—Well, now we may begin to fill another flower-pot.”

In this manner did little Julia chatter on, as busy as a bee, till this important affair was finished. Then she assisted in carrying the flower-pots and rose-tree into the small parlour, which was set apart for Mary’s room. It was a pretty, cheerful room: the window opened into the garden. The prospect of the country beyond was rich and fertile. The inside was fitted up with shelves, on which Julia had ranged all her sister’s books. There were likewise drawers for work, &c. and convenient places for writing and drawing implements, as well as maps of different kinds. It was in this room that Julia expected to spend many delightful hours. She could amuse herself quietly, without disturbing her sister when she was engaged; and therefore she was often allowed to remain the greatest part of the morning with her. She was very attentive, and desirous of learning; and therefore her sister willingly instructed her, and, when at leisure, was in the habit of reading and conversing a great deal with her; teaching her geography and other useful things, which afforded her much amusement. The two small flower-pots were placed on the chimney-piece, by Julia’s direction: the large one stood on a high green basket. The rose-tree was placed on a small table, opposite the door, that Mary might see it the moment she entered the apartment.—Julia went out and came in again, that she might judge of the effect on first opening the door.—“Do, mamma, be so good as to come here. Will not Mary be delighted?—will she not be astonished?” she repeatedly asked.

MRS. V. Yes, Julia; I expect this grand display will surprise her. You will wish to enjoy the pleasure of showing her the house, particularly this room, yourself; therefore I advise you to begin your lessons, that you may be at leisure when she arrives.

JULIA. It is early yet, mamma. There is no hurry. I need not walk to the church lane now, you know, mamma.

MRS. V. Very true; yet, admiring these flowers, and settling them and the room to your satisfaction, has taken up more time than the walk would have done. It is now past twelve.

JULIA. Past twelve!—I should think you are mistaken, mamma.

Mrs. Vincent showed her watch.

JULIA. So it is—five minutes past twelve!—I could not have believed I had been more than two hours with the flowers. Well, mamma, I will run and fetch my books: they shall be ready by the time you get back into the breakfast-room. You shall see I will be very good and attentive.“

Julia was very attentive: she did all her lessons well; she wrote a copy; cast up two sums in addition, without a single error; read a little French, and did some grammar.—When the grammar was finished, she sat down to work. She asked her mother if she might talk to her while she was hemming her handkerchief. Her mother said she might.

JULIA. Pray, mamma, why do you not have a hot-house, as well as Lady Beauchamp? It would be very agreeable to have flowers and fruits at this season of the year, when there are none in the open air. Do not you think so, mamma?

MRS. V. Yes, certainly, it would be agreeable.

JULIA. Then why do not you have one?

MRS. V. Because I am too poor.

JULIA. Oh! now, mamma, you seem to be joking: you are not poor—not very poor.

MRS. V. I did not say I was very poor; but still, I am too poor to have a hot-house, with propriety. Hot-houses are extremely expensive: the glass costs a great deal of money to keep it in repair; for it is so brittle that it is frequently broken. Coals are likewise very expensive; and the constant fires which are necessary to bring the fruits and flowers forward, during winter, consume a great quantity. Then the wages of the gardeners would be very high. All these things would be more than I could afford.

JULIA. But still, mamma, I do not think you poor. I call Mrs. Jones, who lives in the cottage at the end of the lane, poor.

MRS. V. No, certainly, I am not as poor as Mrs. Jones is: she and her husband are obliged to work hard, to earn enough to buy coarse food and clothes for themselves and children. When the poor man was ill, in the winter, and could not labour, the family were almost starved. Do not you recollect, Mrs. Jones told me her husband would have died, and herself and

children would have perished through want, if Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp had not sent medicines to Jones, when he was so ill with the rheumatic fever, good warm flannel to clothe him, meat to make him broth, and plenty of potatoes and rice, for the children to eat, till he was well enough to earn his wages again? Sir Henry Beauchamp and his lady are also kind to a great many other poor people, and assist them when they are ill and unable to work. They are very rich, and are therefore able to do all this good, and at the same time have hot-houses and other expensive things.—I could not.—If I were to attempt to have a hot-house, I should have no money to pay the butcher and the baker for bread and meat. Besides, it is not right to spend all we have on ourselves: we should always take care to save some of our money, to give to those who are in distress, and who are still poorer than ourselves.

JULIA. I am sorry you are not very rich, mamma!

MRS. V. Why, Julia?

JULIA. It would be so pleasant to have money enough for every thing.

MRS. V. My dear little girl, if we do not learn to be contented with what we have, we shall never be happy. Even Sir Henry and Lady Beauchamp, whom at present you consider the richest people in the world, would not be happy if they encouraged a discontented disposition. No one, my dear Julia, has every wish gratified; but each person has reason to be grateful to God for many blessings. Jones and his family, though poor and miserable, have great reason to be thankful that their rich neighbours are so kind and attentive to them. Reflect, my dear child, how many blessings *you* enjoy. You have all that is necessary, and even much more—you have many pleasures that thousands of others cannot obtain.

JULIA. Yes, mamma; yet, do not you think I should be a little happier if I had flowers all the year round? I am sure the flowers this morning, have made me very happy.

MRS. V. These flowers are a novelty to you; that is the reason you admire them so extremely. Hot-house flowers do not afford Miss Beauchamp, who is accustomed to them, more pleasure than common roses give you, in the midst of summer: and, last summer, how often you passed a rose-tree without bestowing a thought on it. To-morrow night it will be the same—you will be delighted with many things which she disregards. But is all the happiness you feel on the present occasion, produced by the beauty of the nosegay? Try and discover, if you can, some other source of delight.

JULIA. I believe one reason that I am so gay and merry, is, because I expect Mary will be pleased and surprised.

MRS. V. Yes, my dear, I am sure the thought of giving Mary pleasure makes you happy. But reflect again. Perhaps the cause of Lady Beauchamp's kindness has some share in your happiness.

JULIA. Oh, mamma! I guess what you mean—about the lamb.

MRS. V. True, Julia. The consciousness of having done a humane action, is always pleasing. If you had lost your bow-pot entirely, you would still have had the comfort of reflecting that you had acted properly. Recollect, we settled last night, that you were happier without the flowers than you would have been with them.

JULIA. So we did, mamma; but I am glad I have this beautiful nosegay, as I did not get it by cruelty.

MRS. V. So am I, my love: I rejoice that your compassion has been rewarded. You must not, however, expect it will always be the case. Many humane and benevolent actions are not recompensed in this world. We must endeavour to do our duty, without thinking whether the immediate consequences will be agreeable or not. Though we may sometimes lose a pleasure, we shall enjoy the happiness of possessing the approbation of God, and of our own conscience.

Little Julia thanked her mother for having talked so much to her, and said she hoped she should always be good, that God might love her. She had now finished her work, and her mother desired her to fetch her book to read. She did as she was bid to do, immediately, sat down, and read the following story.

THE RED-POLE.

A little girl, whose name was Emma, was anxious to have a bird; but her mamma refused to give her one, as she disapproved of confining the pretty little creatures in cages.—“Mamma,” said Emma, one morning, “I know a great many little girls who have birds.” “Very probably,” replied her mother: “it is not uncommon to keep them in cages; but that circumstance does not make it less wrong. When you are older, if you do what other people do, without considering, you will often do wrong. You must think for yourself. If you were to catch one of those happy little birds, which are flying about from tree to tree, and hopping from branch to branch, chirping so gaily and singing so sweetly, you would render it miserable.” “Indeed, mamma,” interrupted Emma; “I have seen canary birds, goldfinches, and many other kinds, which are very cheerful, and seem to enjoy themselves very contentedly.” “But,” said her mother, “they do not pass their lives in the same degree of enjoyment, as if they were flying about.”

A few days after this conversation, Emma’s cousin came to spend a few days with his aunt, before he returned to school. He had a very pretty bird called a Red-pole: he had reared it from the nest. It was very tame. He had taught it many tricks: it would eat out of his hand, and stand perched on his finger whilst he walked about the house. Emma was extremely fond of it, and wished, more than ever, that her mamma did not think it improper for her to have a bird. She spent much time, every day, with her favourite: it grew fond of her quickly, and appeared to know her as well as it did its master. The day before her cousin went to school, Emma entered her mother’s dressing-room with the red-pole on her finger. “Mamma,” said Emma, fixing her eyes anxiously on her mother’s face, “Cousin Edward says, he must not take red-pole back to school with him. Dr. Barton desired him not. He said it took up too much of his time and thoughts. So he told me, just now, that he was glad red-pole loved me, and that he would give it to me. Poor red-pole, it is of no use your loving me, I fear! I may not keep you.—I suppose you must fly away!”—“No, Emma,” answered her mother; “we must do the best that we can for it now. The poor creature has been rendered so helpless, that it would perish from want: you may therefore

keep it. Remember, however, you undertake a great charge. Children are little to be trusted: they frequently neglect their pets. Many unfortunate favourites perish, from the carelessness of their thoughtless masters and mistresses. Let me see that, in this instance, you will act wisely and humanely.” “Oh!” cried Emma, eagerly, “I never shall forget my dear little red-pole! Thank you, mamma.”

Emma did, indeed, pay attention to her bird for the first week. At length she grew tired of seeing the same tricks over and over, without the smallest variety. She was constantly trying to teach it something new. Unfortunately, one day it occurred to her, that it would be entertaining to see how it would behave in the water. Emma forgot it was winter, and that the weather was very cold. She determined to try the experiment. She chirped, and held put her finger. Poor red-pole, as usual, hopped on it. She carried him to a pitcher of water, which unluckily was in the room, and plunged him, head foremost, into it. The bird struggled violently. Emma took him out. How great was her horror to see blood gushing from his beak and eyes. He writhed, kicked in agony, and in a few moments expired.

Emma burst into tears. “Oh, mamma,” exclaimed she to her mother, who at that instant entered the chamber, “I have killed my bird! You are right—children are not to be trusted! I never will have another bird! Oh my poor red-pole! my dear red-pole, which I loved so tenderly!”

Julia talked with her mother some time about the tale she had just read. When she had finished her observations on Emma’s conduct, she put the book on the proper shelf in Mary’s room. She returned to her mother, and as she passed the window she saw a carriage drive to the door of the house. “They are come! they are come!” cried the happy Julia, jumping and clapping her hands, in ecstasy: “how fortunate, mamma, I have finished all my business!”—As soon as the joy and bustle of the meeting were a little over, Mrs. Vincent smiled and said, “Now, Julia, you may show your sister the different apartments of the house. Your aunt and I will follow. Lead the way.”

Julia took her sister by the hand, and led her, in silence, through the passage.

“Mary, this is to be your sitting-room,” cried the little girl, as she threw open the door of the important room.

“My room!” exclaimed Mary: “how beautiful!—it is full of flowers! Dear mamma, how good of you to ornament my room with these lovely flowers.—A rose-tree too, in full bloom.—These are hot-house flowers. Have you a hot-house, mamma.” “No, my dear, I have not,” replied Mrs. Vincent; “nor are you indebted to me for these rare and lovely flowers: they were all given, this morning, to Julia.”—“They are yours now, my dear Mary,” interrupted Julia; “I give them to you.”—Mary kissed her sister, and added, “I thank you very much, my love, for so beautiful a present. But I am curious to learn whence you had them.” Julia coloured, threw her arms round Mary’s neck, and whispered, “Lady Beauchamp gave them to me.” Mrs. Vincent smiled and said, “I permitted Julia the pleasure of introducing you to your apartment—she merited that gratification; but I shall not allow any one to rob me of the happiness of relating to you the story attached to these flowers. You, my dear Mary, who have assisted me in instructing our little Julia, have a right to share the delight her behaviour has afforded me.”—Mary’s curiosity was strongly excited, and her mother immediately related to her the whole transaction about the lamb.

THE END.

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Transcriber's Note

Punctuation has been normalized. Variations in hyphenation have been retained as they were in the original publication. The following changes have been made:

<i>Page</i>	<i>Original</i>	<i>As Corrected</i>
18	pleasad	pleased
25	cut your head	cut your hand
39	if she think	if she thinks
56	sat down so work	sat down to work
57	necessaay	necessary

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