

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.

"Come, children, mama is ready to give us our story now," said Willy Panton, as his mother, laying aside the book she had been reading, took her seat in the arm chair, around which were clustered the chairs, footstools, and ottomans of a group of little folks, and which were soon filled by an attentive group, while little Emma sprang into her usual seat in Mrs. P's lap, and asked "Mama, will the story be true?"

"Yes, love, it is about something that happened to me when I was seventeen years old."

"Just as old as sister Julia," said George—"I wonder if Julia has any stories happen to her."

"Julia is at home, dear. You know both my parents died when I was ten years old, and I was left to the care of a friend of my father, and sometimes resided with him. At other times I was at a boarding school, and a part of my time was passed with my aunt, your cousin Sarah's mother. The circumstance I am about to narrate occurred while staying with my guardian, Mr. Willsgrove.

"I went to his office one day, and asked him if he would give me some money to buy some shoes. How much do you want Julia?" said he.

"Why, guardian, I have one note of five shillings, but my slippers will cost seven and six."

"Well, dear, you may take a £1 5 note, and then you will require no more for at least a week. And now, where are you going this afternoon, for I see there is some needle work in your reticule?"

"I am going to Mrs. Denny's, sir, but will be home quite early so as not to disturb Mrs. Willsgrove, as I did last night." And I drank tea at Mrs. Denny's, enjoying myself as I always did with dear Mary Denny, the gentlest, purest, and most cheerful of human beings, who would not leave her sick father to marry even the one she loved, and whose reward has been reaped in the warm affection of all who know her and in the approving smile of her heavenly Father.

"Is she dead, mother?" said Willy.

"Why, Willy," interrupted George it is Aunt Mary."

"No, George, Aunt Mary is our own Aunt," lisped Emma.

"No, she is not Emma, is she mama?"

"I told you, you might call her Aunt, for she is to me as a sister, and I hope you will always love and reverence her as if she were alive in reality. But to proceed with my story.

"Edward Denny, a boy of thirteen, had that afternoon to tea with him his cousin Charles Battelle, and I amused myself by inventing plays for the boys in the dining room, before I joined

the party in the parlor. As I had promised to return early, I did so, and the next morning proceeded to the shoe store and made my purchase, but on opening my purse, found the larger note gone and the five shillings note alone remaining. Puzzled beyond measure I went immediately to Mr. Willsgrove's office and asked him if he had seen me put it in my purse? Yes; he distinctly recollected the circumstance and had noticed the delicacy of the pearl ring as it slid over the deposit.

"Mrs. Willsgrove was the daughter of Mr. Denny, and to the house of the latter we repaired.

They had not seen the note. I said the bag had not been out of my sight since I received the money, but at last I remembered that it was left on a chair in the dining room through the evening.

"I do not think Eddy would take it," said Mrs. Denny.

"My dear madam, I never dreamed of such a thing," I replied.

"I shall inquire," said she, quietly.

"The matter rested there and I heard no more of it for three or four days, when my guardian entered the parlor and placed in my hand a bank-note of the same amount as the last one—"Where did you find it, guardy?" I exclaimed, but on seeing his solemn face I stopped.

"Charles Battelle took it and had spent it on fire crackers, &c., his mother begged me to give this to you." How sad we all grew when Mr. W. detailed to us the course of evil which the boy had begun. Mrs. Battelle, being in very delicate health, and her husband being from home, the whole affair was left with Mr. Willsgrove, who dealt with the offender as the case required—severely. He stated to us that on asking Charley, what was his first step in stealing, he said:

"A penny from mama's work-basket—and nobody found me out—so the next time I took two and then I stole a silver threepence."

"Mama, was Charley sorry?" said Emma.

"He professed to be so, dear; but I do not know whether his reformation was permanent or not, for I soon after left my kind friends in P. and have never heard again of Charles. But how can you infer any moral from this story?"

"Not to leave bags on chairs," said Emma.

"Yes, my child? you may be warned against carelessness with regard to money, a carelessness wrong, not only because it is the means of loss to ourselves, but because it places temptation in the way of others. Many a servant has been trained to dishonesty by the negligence of the family she serves, and I doubt not had Charles Battelle been called to account for the missing penny he