

the soil. This exertion being ended, he burst into tears, and silently left the garden.

His father, who had beheld the scene at a distance, though somewhat diverted at the boy's childish violence, yet began seriously to reflect on the future consequences of such a temper, if suffered to grow up without restraint. He said nothing to him at the time, but in the afternoon he took him a walk into a neighbouring parish. There was a large wild common, and at the skirts of it a neat farm-house, with fields lying round it, all well fenced, and cultivated in the best manner. The air was sweetened with the bean-flower and clover. An orchard of fine young fruit-trees lay behind the house; and before it a little garden, gay with all the flowers of the season. A stand of bee-hives was on the southern side, sheltered by a thick hedge of honeysuckle and sweetbrier. The farm-yard was stocked with pigs and poultry. A herd of cows, with full udders, was just coming home to be milked. Every thing wore the aspect of plenty and good management. The charms of the scene struck Theodore very forcibly, and he expressed his pleasure in the warmest terms. "This place," said his father, "belongs to a man who is the greatest example I know of patient fortitude bearing up against misfortune; and all that you see is the reward of his own perseverance. I am a little acquainted with him; and we will go in and beg a draught of milk, and try if we can prevail upon him to tell us his story." Theodore willingly accompanied his father. They were received by