

THE PICKERING MASTERS

The Works of Mary Wollstonecraft

Edited by
Janet Todd & Marilyn Butler

Assistant Editor Emma Rees-Mogg



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THE WORKS OF
MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

Volume 2. *Elements of Morality*
Young Grandison



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VOLUME
2

ELEMENTS OF MORALITY
YOUNG GRANDISON

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*Elements
of Morality*

PREFATORY NOTE

Elements of Morality for the use of children . . . Translated from the German. 2 vols (London, Joseph Johnson, 1790).

This translation of Christian Gotthilf Salzmann, *Moralisches elementarbuch* (Leipzig, 1782) appeared in a further edition in her lifetime (3 vols, 1791) which was reprinted in 1792; the first edition, which was not illustrated, was reprinted in 1793. This text is the second edition, with substantive variants from the first recorded, including a 'sketch of the subjects treated of in this book', which appeared after the introductory address in the first edition, and is printed here as an appendix to the text.

According to Godwin, *Memoirs of the Author of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1798), ch. 5, Wollstonecraft corresponded with Salzmann, and he later translated both *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* and Godwin's *Memoirs* into German.

E L E M E N T S
O F
M O R A L I T Y,
FOR THE
USE OF CHILDREN,
WITH AN
INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

Translated from the GERMAN of the
Rev. C. G. S A L Z M A N N.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY COPPER PLATES.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. I

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY J. CROWDER,

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This little Work^a ¹[fell accidentally] into my hands, when I began to learn German, and, merely as an exercise in that language, I attempted to translate it; but, as I proceeded, I was pleased to find that chance had thrown in my way a very rational book, and that the writer coincided with me in opinion respecting the method which ought to be pursued to form the heart and temper, or, in other words, to inculcate the / first principles of morality. I do not, however, mean to ²[] usher these volumes in by introductory eulogiums, for I have always despised those prefatory *puff's direct*;^b yet, as I ³[equally despise false humility,] shall simply say, that if I had not thought it a very useful production, I should not have gone on with the translation.

I term it a translation, though I do not pretend to assert that it is a literal one; on the contrary, beside making it an English story, I have made ⁴[some additions, and] altered many parts of it, not only to give it the spirit of an original, but to avoid introducing any German customs or local opinions. My reason for naturalizing it must be obvious ⁵[] – I / did not wish to puzzle children by pointing out modifications of manners, when the grand principles of morality were to be fixed on a broad basis.

Though I have not copied, I have endeavoured to imitate the simplicity of style and manners which I admired in the original. If it had been a French work, I should, probably, have had to curtail many smooth compliments, that I might not have led my little readers to the very verge of falsehood; but it did not appear to me necessary to retrench the artless dictates of affection, when I wished to insinuate a taste for domestic pleasures into the hearts of both parents and children. /

^a Christian Gotthilf Salzmann, *Moralisches elementarbuch* (1782).

^b Richard Brinsley Sheridan, *The Critic* (1781), I i.

¹[accidentally fell] ²[condescend to]

³[as cordially despise false humility, I] ⁴[additions to, or]

⁵[from this]

All the pictures are drawn from real life, and that I highly approve of this method, my having written ⁶[a book on the same plan,¹] is the strongest proof. I have here also inserted a little tale to lead children to consider the Indians as their brothers, because the omission of this subject appeared to be a chasm in a well-digested system.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT /

¹ Entitled, *Original Stories from Real Life*.^c

^a Reprinted in *Works of Wollstonecraft*, Vol. 4.

⁶[some similar ones,¹]

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS TO PARENTS

The design of this Book is to give birth to what we call a GOOD DISPOSITION in children: generally as the word is used, it appears to me necessary to ascertain its real meaning. A good disposition is, in my opinion, a superior degree of knowledge: knowledge consists in being acquainted with the characteristics of things; but a good disposition is not confined to a bare acquaintance with their distinguishing characters, it extends to their intrinsic / value, and the effects produced by them, to which affection or aversion is, at all times, necessarily attached.

For example, give a child, of five years old, two round yellow pieces marked with some impression, the one a guinea, the other a brass counter; shew him the difference between them; tell him that the former is of a clear, the latter of a deep yellow; that one has a fine head, the other a wild uninformed countenance stamped on it; that one is lighter than the other: the child has then acquired a knowledge of both pieces, which may be termed just. But afterwards only make him comprehend the value of the guinea – tell him how many raisins and toys he can purchase with it; you have determined his disposition; he not only knows the guinea, but he loves it. /

Teach him that envy is the vexation which is felt at seeing the happiness of others, you will have given him a just idea of it; but shew him its dreadful effects, in the example of Hannah, ¹[in chap. 29.] Vol. II. who was so tormented by this corroding passion, at her sister's wedding, that she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and was so far carried away by it, as to embitter her innocent sister's pleasure: this representation has determined the child's disposition – he will hate envy.

An objection now naturally occurs to me; how happens it then that children remain indifferent, when the characteristics of envy are pointed out to them; and feel a degree of abhorrence, when they see a picture of its ²[effect]. The answer to this objection is very simple: we love what affords us / pleasure, and hate what gives us uneasiness.

¹[p. 34,] ²[effects]

As long therefore as I only know a thing by certain distinct characters, I remain indifferent to it; but as soon as I am persuaded that it will afford me pleasure or pain, I desire or hate it. Suppose, for instance, that my son had never seen any grapes or winter cherries; I wish to make them known to him, and describe in what respect they differ from each other so clearly, that he can determine the species of plant to which they belong; I might then, indeed, say, that he had a just conception of both; but would it make him love one better than the other? however, bring him some winter cherries and green grapes; and which do you think his inclination would lead him to at the sight of them? certainly to the cherries, attracted by the / red colour; but let him taste both, and he will, probably, soon alter his tone, and ask for the grapes.

To carry the supposition still further, and taking it for granted that he had the next day a violent tooth ache, when the grapes and cherries are again brought to him, and he is assured that the former will cool his tooth and occasion a very disagreeable sensation, and that the latter, as they are often prepared, may, perhaps, soften the pain. – Which will he now prefer? ³[doubtless] the cherries. By this method it appears, that we may direct the inclination of a child which way we wish, if we only know how to make him rightly comprehend the pleasure or pain which certain things will procure him.

What has been said of grapes and cherries, may also be applied to vice and / folly, to the love due to God, our fellow creatures, and ourselves. If the love of God is represented as a desire to do his will, and vice as a departure from his law, they may understand the meaning of both; but if an idea ⁴[be] not given them of the vexation which is inseparable from the latter, and the pleasure which results from the former, they will remain as indifferent as the child was to the fruit, which he only knew by description. This is the reason, I believe, why many children, who have a number of fine maxims by rote, still neglect to practice the virtues they can so well describe; but when experience has taught them, they will continue to prefer that manner of acting from which they expect the most agreeable sensations.

Besides, if I have rightly observed, pleasure and uneasiness are feelings, and / I conclude from this, that desire or aversion increases, in proportion as the uneasiness or pleasure attached to a thing is forcibly felt.

If, for example, to make a child have an aversion for idleness, I say to him, idleness, my dear child, is a vice: it makes a man discontented, injures his health, and ruins his circumstances. This discourse, I believe, would not have much effect; for the child cannot form a right idea of discontent, health, or circumstances: but if I say to him, there was once a farmer, named Brown,

³[undoubtedly] ⁴[is]

who was a very idle man, and describe him, as he is ⁵[drawn in chap. 16. Vol. II.] I shall certainly give birth to a wish, at least, not to be idle; for his imagination representing idleness in so lively a manner, in the picture of Brown, he will feel the uneasiness inseparable from it, but, should / I go still further, and shew him Brown in the print, saying, now view yourself this poor wretch, see how he sits there, half asleep, as if he were sick – how miserable in his whole appearance! what a shabby coat he has on, and what an object of compassion is the horse! Seeing thus the wretchedness which springs from idleness with his own eyes, his whole heart must rise against it.

After this explanation, I hope my design will be understood, when I say, that I am at giving birth to a good disposition; I have therefore, in little tales, equally marked the ⁶[value] and effects of things, the knowledge of which is the most necessary for children; and endeavoured so to address them to their senses, that whilst they strike the imagination, they may be felt by reason. Besides, I have placed pictures to illustrate them, / that through the eyes, particularly, a more lively impression may be made, and children led by their first sensations, to have for every thing the affection, or aversion, which, according to its nature, it deserves.

Some people may imagine that I have overlooked a few subjects. The omission did not arise from forgetfulness. I had a sufficient reason for omitting them. I have not, for example, inserted any tale to represent the usefulness of magistrates, because children are not in any immediate connexion with them, and during their infancy ought to consider their parents and schoolmasters in that light. In the course of the book, I have, however, I hope, treated all the moral subjects with which children ought to be acquainted, excepting one. /

I would willingly have said something of chastity and impurity; for impurity is now spread so far, that even children are infected; and by it the ⁷[seeds] of every virtue, as well as the germe of their posterity, which the Creator has implanted in them ⁸[for wise purposes, are weakened or] destroyed. I am thoroughly persuaded that the most efficacious method to root out this dreadful evil, which poisons the source of human happiness, would be to speak to children of the organs of generation as freely as we speak of the other parts of the body, and explain to them the noble use which they were designed for, and how they may be injured.

I have conversed with the most sensible schoolmasters on this subject, and they have confirmed me in my opinion; but I also know that my conviction will / not have sufficient weight with the public to conquer long-fostered prejudices, and that many people would have been shocked at tales, which might early in life have accustomed their children to see the dreadful

⁵[described in p. 114, Vol. I.] ⁶[worth] ⁷[germe] ⁸[, is]

consequences of incontinence; I have therefore been induced to leave them out, lest my book should be entirely useless to many parents and teachers.

Parents and teachers, I now present this book to you, earnestly wishing that it may have a proper effect on your children, and that the perusal of it may make them more obedient, complaisant, industrious, patient, etc. But I must say a few words to you concerning the right use of it. I do not think that it will have much effect, if you give it to them to read just as they please, for they will naturally be so eager to come to the / end of the tales, that the truths which they contain would be passed slightly over; they will suck off the sugar, and leave the medicine which it concealed behind. The hasty reading of so many good lessons must have much the same effect as those dry precepts, which many parents have a custom of continually repeating – none at all. When so much advice is given in a breath, and men are told at once, what they should, and what they should not do, they, in general, do nothing.

I would therefore advise you to relate them yourselves, but not for an hour together, in the cold tone of instruction, or your trouble and mine will be lost. Rather take advantage of an unexpected moment, after dinner, during a walk, or when the children themselves beg you to tell them something; nay, after you / have begun the tale, sometimes break off suddenly; they will entreat you to go on, but you must not be prevailed on; and merely to try their patience, tell them that if they behave well, the following day you will continue the relation.

In this manner their desire to hear the tales will be kept alive, and the relations will appear to them to be a reward, which is always more pleasing to children than instruction. The tales must be told with warmth and interest, or they will have little effect; try to make them have the vivacity of plays, by assuming the voice and manner of the different persons who are mentioned; and, in the recital, do not forget the prints which represent them, for they will more deeply impress the truths they give life to on the children's minds, than mere words; / and the questions which they produce will afford you a happy opportunity ⁹[of discovering whether they comprehended your instructions; and of adding] many illustrations.

It would be useful when children have committed some fault, to shew them the history, which represents the bad consequences of it, or the excellence of the contrary virtue. But this must be done with great caution, for if the stories ¹⁰[be] told in a tone of anger, they will soon become disagreeable, and produce a very bad effect. Wait then till the first emotion of anger is over, and when you are sufficiently calm to speak with coolness of the fault which the child has committed, point out the tale most applicable, laying particular

⁹[to discover whether they have comprehended your instructions; and to add] ¹⁰[are]

emphasis on the bad effects which naturally follow, not as a punishment, but as a consequence. /

However, though I am persuaded that the recital of these tales in the manner I have recommended would be the most useful, yet I am afraid that many people, who have not the talent of telling a story well, would find the attempt very irksome, and I advise them to pursue another method.

Let the children read the tales aloud, and after every two or three periods, ask them some pertinent questions. If, for instance, a child is reading the tale, in which it is said, that the poor are necessary to the rich, it may then be pointed out that health and every other blessing of life only arises from good conduct, and that all men are equal ¹¹[, till they distinguish themselves by superior virtues or attainments]: dwelling on this circumstance is particularly useful, because children are apt to consider themselves / of too much consequence. – This method of making them read is also an excellent exercise to sharpen their attention, and make them reflect.

But where shall I find, asks the affectionate mother, a person who possesses sufficient abilities to instruct my children in this manner? – Respectable woman, since thou hast sufficient tenderness and sense to be anxious about the person to whom thou wishest to instruct the weighty charge of educating thy children, I approach thee with respect, and with pleasure offer thee my advice. The properest person to form the character of thy children, is thyself.

Your sex has undeniably more tenderness than ours; the female voice is, in general, more persuasive and soft, and more easily insinuates itself into the hearts of / children. They have a greater affection for ¹²[their mother, if she do not resign the office,] than for any other person in the world, and your vivacity and tenderness will enable you to give a degree of interest and familiarity to the tales, which a man who enters into the busy scenes of life will seldom be able to equal.

To you does the pleasing task belong of forming their tempers, and giving them habits of virtue; for as the sight of your breast is a hint to you that you were destined to suckle your children, so is the consciousness of your abilities, and the domestic ties, which so firmly attach your children to you, hints from God, that the first formation of their character ¹³[belongs to] you.

If you have sufficient resolution to persevere, you will be amply recompensed / for the trouble this employment gives you, and it will become, after you have acquired a taste for your duty, your most agreeable relaxation. The society of your children, which was, perhaps, sometimes a little troublesome to you, will soon, when you are anxious to improve them, become your dearest enjoyment. You will drink deeply of that inexpressibly

¹¹[] ¹²[you] ¹³[devolves on]

sweet pleasure, maternal intimacy, a cordial of which so many mothers only taste a drop.

Your blooming, obedient, active daughters; your robust sons, full of honesty and goodness of heart, will procure you more respect than the most costly ornaments; and when you walk in their company in the meadows, you will see them free from the prejudices, faults, and cares, which in the houses of your neighbours feed pale discontent and / marrow-consuming grief; you will find in every word the expression of innocence, good sense, and contentment – then recollect that you have laid the foundation of all this.

¹⁴[What a thought! would you give it up for all the pleasures] in the world?

But if through particular circumstances you are prevented from instructing your children yourself, I will give you some further advice: search for a young man of sound understanding and irreproachable morals, who has presence of mind, who on observing a fine moon-light scene, is pleased without extasy; who takes a part in the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, but at the sight of their misery does not instantly burst into tears; who will not wrinkle his brow when the children play, but good-humouredly take a part in all their diversions, and make their very toys instruct them. /

When you have found this man, confide in him, and be not very anxious to know whether he is acquainted with Latin or Greek, but let him relate every day to your children some little tale, and you will be astonished at the effect it will produce.

¹⁵[But it is from the nature of things, and not because I have written this book, that I expect it will do good;] for I cannot help thinking that it has advantages which the generality of books destined for children have not. If I do not deceive myself, it is calculated to catch their attention, and fix sound principles in their hearts. A tone of command, which always gives to anything good ¹⁶[] a disagreeable form, and to mischievous tricks a certain charm, is here avoided, because ¹⁷[] even a good action, which would, perhaps, be done with pleasure, becomes irksome as soon as it is commanded. /

Buy a boy a top, shew him how he may use it, and you will see with what pleasure he will whip it. But command him to do it; tell him he must whip it an hour every day, and he will find an hundred pretences to avoid the employment.

Place in a room a bottle of wine and another of water, and tell the boy that water is very wholesome, and wine very hurtful to children. If he ¹⁸[have] not already been accustomed to wine, if the praises of some grown up people have

¹⁴[Ah! what a thought: would you give it up for all the jewels]

¹⁵[It is not because I have written this book that I expect it will do much good, but from the nature of things,]

¹⁶[which we wish to inculcate] ¹⁷[that] ¹⁸[has]

not excited a desire to drink it, he will not have any inclination to taste the wine; but if in a tone of command he is told that he must not drink it, he will instantly long for it, and as soon as he is alone begin to sip it.

Laws may indeed engage men to do good and to avoid evil, with respect to exterior acts, but they will never make / them love virtue or hate vice. On that account, in this little book, I tried to avoid every thing which appears like laws or commands. It does not say to children you ¹⁹[must] not be extravagant; love your parents, etc. but it makes them forcibly feel the bad consequences of extravagance, the happiness of having parents; and this conviction will lead them to hate prodigality, and love their parents.

Though this book does not speak of Jesus Christ, it nevertheless contains the holy doctrines which he came to promulgate; and one of his principal employments, when amongst us, seems to have been to redeem us from the law. By the precepts which he has given to men, he wished to lead them to virtue, and to avoid vice, not because he has commanded the former, and forbidden the latter; but / because they are persuaded that there is an essential difference between them, one being conducive, and the other injurious to our happiness: consequently that the one ought to be loved, and the other hated.

For this reason, in many passages of the holy scriptures, I suppose the word faith only to mean a conviction that one action is good, and another hurtful; and, when the apostle says, that whatever does not proceed from faith is sinful;^a he says nothing more, in my opinion, than simply this, that whatever is not done through conviction is sinful: again, when it is asserted that faith only gives merit to our actions before God,^b this is merely saying, as it appears to me, that our actions only please God, when we do not do them because they were commanded, but thro' a conviction that they are good and conformable to his wise designs. /

When children have been sufficiently instructed in the principles contained in this book, you may speak to them of Jesus Christ, of his person, his doctrines, and his death. You have now prepared the way to their hearts – the vallies are exalted – the mountains laid low – and that which was crooked made straight; that is to say, those prejudices and bad habits, which create a repugnance against the doctrines of the gospel, have been prevented from taking root.

I ought not, however, to forget a very important remark, – this book can only lead children to love good and hate evil; but they are still far from

^a Romans 14:23: 'And he that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith: for whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'

^b Hebrews 11:6: 'But without faith it is impossible to please him'.

¹⁹[should]

practising virtue, and avoiding vice. When, for instance, I make children comprehend how excellent early rising is, I can make them love it; but if I do nothing more, they will certainly sleep in the morning till the Sun shines on their beds. /

To practice good and avoid evil, the mind must be strengthened, and good habits acquired, for without them affection or aversion will not be sufficient to produce active virtue. A whole volume might be written on this subject, but I will restrain my pen, and only give the two following rules: when I have leisure I shall probably treat the subject more at large.

First, constantly procure for your children opportunities to gratify the good inclinations which your narrations have excited. You have, for example, excited in your children a desire to obey you; you must, therefore, in order to lead them daily to practise obedience, sometimes command them to do a thing without telling them why, and sometimes to give up what is dear to them, making them always forcibly feel that they act / wisely when they obey; for every virtue is a habit, and habits can only be acquired by exercise.

Secondly, always judge and act as you would wish your children to do, for children have more faith in your actions than in your words.²⁰ [Should one contradict the other, they will, instead of crediting your words,] imitate your actions. You may have shewn them the deformity of anger; but if on every trifling occasion you suffer yourself to be carried away by passion, and in your heat use improper expressions to your friends and servants, children will not²¹ [readily] believe that anger is so very hateful, when their parents are subject to it. Experience has convinced me that children catch their faults from their parents and servants; and in education a good foundation is laid when they are not taught to do ill. /

Receive now, respectable parents, this Book, with my sincere wish that it may produce much comfort in your families. Great, inexpressibly great would be my reward, if it²² [prove] half as useful as I intended it to be – If it²³ [prevent, or root] out of our little posterity the number of prejudices, which prey, like poisonous insects, on human happiness, – if it²⁴ [excite] in them a love of virtue, and a detestation for every thing mean and vicious, – if it²⁵ [twist] the relaxed band between parents and children, and²⁶ [give] the former a taste for the sweetest of all enjoyments which God has sent us – a taste for domestic pleasures. Those which are sought for [far] from home are²⁷ [in general, costly, producing] trouble and weariness of mind, and weakness and pain of body; on the contrary, the felicity which is enjoyed in

²⁰[If one contradicts the other, they will no longer believe your words, but]

²¹[] ²²[proves] ²³[prevents, or roots] ²⁴[excites] ²⁵[twists] ²⁶[gives]

²⁷[mostly costly, and produce]

the bosom of our families is always within our reach, and healthful both to the / mind and body. Without domestic happiness, no other joys are able to procure us lasting satisfaction, or tranquillity, but when this is secure, all others please. /^a

^a See appendix to this volume, pp. 207–10 for the contents list of the 1790 edition.



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ELEMENTS OF MORALITY

CHAPTER I

In the city of Bristol lived once a merchant, whose name was Jones. He was an honest ¹[] man, and had been so attentive to business, that in the course of ten or twelve years he acquired a ²[large] fortune; sufficient to procure ³[more than the necessaries of life]. He had a flower-garden, and his house was ⁴[hung round] with various beautiful pictures; besides, he could afford, when he wished, to ride in a coach, to drink wine, and enjoy many / pleasures which men may live very contentedly without; therefore he was called a rich man.

But amongst the various beautiful things which he possessed, none were so dear to him as his wife and two children, Charles and Mary. After the fatigue of business, he always ⁵[rested] himself in their society; and a cheerful look from his wife, a kiss from his children, afforded him more delight than all his ⁶[fine furniture and] pictures. He seldom relished any pleasure without them, but was constantly endeavouring to contrive such amusements as ⁷[would both instruct and please them]. When he walked in his garden, or in the fields, before breakfast, to taste the sweet morning air, and hear the birds sing, or sought the cool shade in the evening, they ⁸[in general went with him, unless the children had been naughty, but this / seldom happened, for they really were good; and though they probably had many of the faults common to children, yet they always] sincerely desired to please their parents, and every body. One day Mr Jones was sitting with his wife and children by the side of a ⁹[river], eating cherries with them; he pointed to the fish as they sported in the water, and related many wonderful things of the animals, which ¹⁰[our gracious Creator had given life to] in the water. – He was interrupted by the sound of wheels.

¹[industrious] ²[considerable]

³[not only the necessaries, but even the superfluities] ⁴[decorated]

⁵[relaxed] ⁶[] ⁷[were at the same time instructive]

⁸[they generally accompanied him; unless the children had misbehaved; but this seldom happened, for they really were good, and though they had some of the faults common to children, yet they]

⁹[rivulet] ¹⁰[a gracious God had created to live]

The children eagerly listened, and looked ¹¹[earnestly] up at their father's face, as it were to ask leave to run to the road side to see the sight. He smiled, waved his hand, and away they both ran, and saw a beautiful coach drawn by four black prancing horses. Make haste, make haste, cried the children, come and see this fine / carriage! Mr Jones was willing to indulge them; but when the gentleman in the coach saw him ¹²[], he stopped it, and jumping out caught Mr Jones by the hand, and shook it ¹³[in the most friendly manner, saying how glad I am that I chanced] to meet you, for I am now returning disappointed from your house, where I hoped to have found you. Mr Jones invited Sir William, for he was a baronet, to sit down and partake of their little feast; but he excused himself, because his stomach was weak, and he was afraid of the evening air. I came, added he, to request your company at my country seat to-morrow, ¹⁴[because it is] my birthday, and I shall be happy to see Mrs Jones and the children: I know she is ¹⁵[never willing] to leave the little ones at home. They began to smile, and made signs to each other, as much as to say, yes, we shall go; our father will go and / take us with him. Mr Jones, reading in the ¹⁶[face of his wife, and the eager looks of the children, that they wished him to go, readily gave his consent]; and the children jumped for joy, as they attended Sir William to the carriage.

They then returned, and seated themselves again round the basket of cherries, and could talk of nothing but the pleasure they expected the next day.

Going home they were full of little ¹⁷[plans], and asked so many questions, that they stopped at their own door before they were aware of it. A servant was ¹⁸[directly] sent to hire a coach, which she was to order exactly at five o'clock in the morning. The children were then sent to bed, and were desired by their parents, when they kissed them, and bade them good night, to remember and rise early / to dress themselves in time, that they might not have to wait for them.

Mary was up before four; she roused the whole house, and ran from room to room, singing and dancing; and when she saw her mother ready to go down stairs, she returned to her own room to look for her bonnet. – Suddenly she dropped her song, and remained silent near her closet door, on the floor of which her bonnet lay: she had tossed it carelessly there when she returned from paying a visit with her mother. Her brother ¹⁹[, who had followed her,] saw her eyes full of tears, and enquired what was the matter that she would not come and play with him.

¹¹[wistfully] ¹²[advancing]

¹³[cordially, saying, how glad I am thus accidentally] ¹⁴[to celebrate] ¹⁵[ever unwilling]

¹⁶[countenance of his wife, and the restrained laugh of the children, that they wished him to go, readily assented]

¹⁷[projects] ¹⁸[immediately] ¹⁹[]

Let me alone, said she, I do not know what I shall do. He ran, half crying, to his mother, to know the cause. – What have you done to Mary? said he, in a / sorrowful tone; we were laughing and playing together just now, and indeed I have not vexed her, yet she turns her back on me, and will not speak to me.

The maid brought in the breakfast, whilst they were speaking. – Go and call your sister, answered the mother, and I shall soon hear what is the matter with her. He went, but quickly returned, saying his sister could not eat any breakfast this morning. – Not eat any breakfast! repeated the tender mother; go again, and desire her to come to me directly.

Mary came trembling, her eyes were red with weeping; she hung down her head, and held in her hand, behind her, the muslin bonnet her mother had made her when she went last time to see her cousins: it was covered with dirt, and unfit to wear. How has this happened? / asked Mrs Jones. Pray my dear mother forgive me, sobbed out the weeping girl, and indeed I will never in my life again neglect to do as you bid me, and put my bonnet in the box. The father entered and saw her in tears, and his wife, whom he had left a moment before very cheerful, now looked ²⁰[vexed and angry]. She pointed to the dirty rumpled bonnet; and Mary caught her father's hand, ²¹[still crying, but unable to speak:] poor girl, said he, you have deprived yourself of the pleasure we wished to procure you. Dear father, dear mother, cried Mary, turning from one to the other, surely you will not leave me at home. – Oh! you will not leave me! My child, answered her mother, do you not ²²[know] that you have not another bonnet fit to go in; and that this is the second time that you have neglected to put it by in the box I gave you, that you might keep it clean / till you wanted to wear it again; I cannot help you: I must leave you at home, because I should be ashamed to let you appear in company such a dirty figure. I shall not enjoy half the pleasure I expected, now I am obliged to leave you at home; but remember, that the disappointment entirely arises from your own thoughtlessness, and your not paying proper attention to my example, who always keep my clothes in order.

Mary would have said more, but they saw the coach drive up to the door, and finished their breakfast in a hurry, not to keep the horses waiting. Mr Jones took hold of Charles's hand; and after desiring Mary to remember to be more careful for the future, they drove off, leaving her weeping on the steps. Her longing eyes followed the carriage till it turned the corner of the street; then she / ²³[stole] sobbing to her own room, undressed herself, and wept ²⁴[till her eyes were sore]. *What a hateful thing is slovenliness*, said she; it has deprived me of all my promised pleasure. The other day, when my little

²⁰[grave and displeased] ²¹[repeating her lamentations;] ²²[recollect] ²³[sneaked]

²⁴[most piteously]

cousins came to our house, I was ashamed to go into the parlour, because I had thrown ink on my frock, after my mother desired me to be careful. Another day, an old gentleman came into the room, when they were playing with me; he kissed them all, and gave them some fruit – yes, all of them – yet he left me standing as if he did not see me: my mother told me afterwards, that he was ²⁵[angry] with me because my face was dirty, and my hair tangled; now I am left at home, and I have vexed my father and mother; I know that they love me, and wished to take me with them, when they went in a coach such a pleasant journey. – How the sun shines, and here / I am alone, crying, instead of going with them to see a fine house and garden – foolish girl that I am!

She sat silent some time; then dried her eyes, and began to fold up her clothes, and put her drawers and closet in order; and she gave the house-maid a shilling, she had saved, to wash the bonnet, over which she had ²⁶[shed so many tears]. This employment amused her a little while; but she began to ²⁷[cry] again, when she had no more to do. My shilling is thrown away, thought she, as much as if I had tossed it out of the window; had I been more careful, I might have bought a new book full of stories, or have given it to the poor girl my mother sent my old shoes to, whom I yesterday saw trembling with cold; it is all my own fault: *Oh! this slovenliness is a nasty thing.*

Mean while, the coach drove quickly over hill and dale. /

²⁵[disgusted] ²⁶[wept plentifully] ²⁷[lament]

CHAPTER II

About eleven o'clock they reached Sir William's ¹[fine] house; a servant received them, and made an ²[excuse] for his master, who was still in bed: he informed them that he had caught cold by being out so late the evening before, in the air; and had taken something warm when he went to rest, ³[which obliged him to stay longer in bed than usual]. He then offered to shew them the way to the breakfast parlour; but Mr Jones, who saw the garden thro' the hall look very inviting, proposed a walk, and his wife and son readily consented.

It was a beautiful garden, or rather pleasure ground; and every sweet path offered something new to their view, whilst they breathed the air perfumed by / violets, pinks, roses, and various other flowers: they came to a ⁴[grass-plat]^a which surpassed all, and commanded a fine extensive view of the country; a little stream, artfully conducted from a neighbouring river, bubbled thro' it, and ⁵[pretty] seats made of roots and plaited osiers^b were placed under shady trees. They stopped to feast their eyes with the smiling prospect, and sat down on one of the inviting seats; for some time they remained quite silent, 'till, pressing each other's hands, they ⁶[said, all at once], well, this is beautiful! this is charming! After they had gazed some time, Mr Jones observed that man was a noble creature; that he made all nature bend to his power, and by his industry turned a barren waste into a fruitful garden, planting therein a number of wholesome vegetables and sweet flowers, collected from different parts of the world; forcing the wild trees to produce / delicious apples and pears, and making the water run over dry ground.

While he was speaking, they heard a little noise behind the hedge: Charles started up to look from whence it came, and saw a poor labourer eating his dinner; a crust of brown bread, and a morsel of cheese. This was his whole meal, and he washed it down with a draught of pure water from the brook. Look, said Charles, there sits a very poor man, who has nothing to eat but bread and cheese, and only water to drink. Poor man! I pity him. And yet he

^a Small piece of ground. ^b Twigs from the willow used for basketry.

¹[mansion] ²[apology] ³[to carry it off by perspiration] ⁴[lawn] ⁵[rustic]
⁶[exclaimed]

may, perhaps, be a contented man, answered his father. Come, we will try to make an acquaintance with him, and hear what he has to say ⁷[for himself]. They turned down another walk, and found the man under a ⁸[shady tree. In his countenance they saw, when they approached nearer, a look] of / honesty; and contentment smiled in every rough feature.

God give a blessing to your meal, said Mr Jones: thank you master, replied the countryman. And do you contrive to live contented, my good man, asked Mr Jones; for this little boy thinks you must be very unhappy with such a scanty meal? The world goes very well with me, master, replied he, I wish it went as well with every body as with me: *I am well, thank God, and health is dearer to me than a whole sack-full of gold:* as long as I have health, I can work hard, and laugh at the foolish fancies rich people vex themselves about. After I have dug from five in the morning almost till noon, bless my heart, how good I find my meal; with what an appetite I eat my bread and cheese; believe me, my noble master, though he be lord of the manor, finds / not his dainties half as good; and when I go to bed, my sleep is so sound, I do not want a soft bed, I assure you; nay, I could sleep on the ground, if it was to come to that. I have worked in this garden ten years, and maintained my wife and children by the sweat of my own brow; have had a decent coat to go to church in, and a bit of meat of a Sunday, if times were not very hard; and no one ever heard John complain, I will be bold to say: but, thank God, I have never been sick; sickness throws a man sadly back in the world, and sends many a poor child to the workhouse. – John was going on, but a servant came to tell them that Sir William was up, and waited for them; ⁹[so] they were obliged to wish John a good morning.

They hastened to the house. What a grand house! The hall was supported by / pillars of fine marble, with beautiful statues in the niches; and a number of servants were busy preparing ¹⁰[for dinner]. They ¹¹[mounted] a noble flight of stairs, and were conducted through some large rooms, elegantly furnished and hung with pictures and glasses richly gilt: at last they were ushered into the drawing-room, and saw Sir William reclining on a sofa, leaning his head on his hand; his face was pale, and his languid eyes, sunk in their red sockets, were scarcely opened. When they entered, he rose with some difficulty to receive them. Excuse my staying in bed, said he, for I have had a wretched night; towards the morning I slumbered an hour or so, but I am not at all the better for it. My head, my head is very heavy, and my stomach turns at the very sight of food; I have an oppression at my breath, a stitch in my side, Oh! Oh! – Mr Jones expressed his compassion, / and he went on for an hour, giving them a history of his various complaints: he

⁷[of his own situation]

⁸[spreading tree, in his countenance they saw, when they approached nearer, an expression]

⁹[and] ¹⁰[a splendid repast] ¹¹[ascended]

mentioned a number of physicians, to whom he had applied; described the disagreeable operations he had undergone, and the nauseous medicines he had taken. Before he had finished the dismal recital more company entered,¹²[who wished him joy, as is usual on birth-days]; but he could only complain of his¹³[disorders], which rendered life a burthen, and would not allow him one day to rejoice with his visitors. His lowness of spirits spread a gloom over the conversation, 'till they were relieved by a servant who came to tell them that dinner was served up, and all the company gladly repaired to the dining parlour.

They passed thro' a range of servants, who stood in the hall, dressed in rich liveries; and, on entering the room, it / was a superb sight to see the table covered with silver dishes, and plate and glass glittering on noble sideboards. They were soon seated, and one course¹⁴[followed] another, consisting of the greatest dainties the season afforded, dressed in such various ways, that it would require the knowledge of a French cook to describe them: sweetmeats, fruit, and many different sorts of wine,¹⁵[were last placed before them]. A fine band of music struck up, and played the most lively airs; and the company seemed to enjoy the feast, all but Sir William: he was helped to many things, which he sent away after he had¹⁶[tried] to eat a bit or two, to shew his respect for the company.

When they returned to the drawing-room, to drink coffee, Mr Jones and his son stood with Sir William at a bow-window, to view the grand prospect it / commanded. A fine tract of ground extended itself on every side, but it was only a part of Sir William's great estate. I am glad to see you so happy, said Mr Jones, addressing his friend: you have all that the heart of man could wish for; your garden, your house, your table and servants are princely. Happy! exclaimed Sir William,¹⁷[I]! wretched man! I believe there crawls not under the Sun a more miserable creature than I am. *Of what use are all these things*¹⁸[], *when I have not health?* Did you not remark, that I scarcely tasted¹⁹[of any of the dishes;] and all my costly furniture is lost on me. I am so continually in pain, that when I lie down I turn from side to side, unable to sleep; or should I slumber, frightful dreams, the consequence of a slow fever, fatigue me as much as watchfulness. You tell me that my garden is pleasant: I seldom walk in it, lest I should catch / cold; and my children were all so weak, they died in their infancy. I have no one to nurse me, and sickness makes all my acquaintance fly from me. – It is true, many of my relations visit me; but I think they only come to calculate how long I shall thus gradually be sinking into the grave. Believe me, my dear friend, I often wish to be in the place of one of my day

¹²[who congratulated him on account of its being his birth-day]

¹³[indisposition] ¹⁴[succeeded] ¹⁵[followed] ¹⁶[laboured] ¹⁷[me]

¹⁸[you have enumerated] ¹⁹[the various dishes,]

labourers; to be able to eat, drink, sleep, and laugh; and to have children to take care of me in my old age. I see them dancing round my sturdy plowman; while I, wretched man, am a burthen to myself.

He raised his eyes towards Heaven, and a tear stole down his pale cheeks. /

CHAPTER III

After dinner, Charles went to play in the garden, and was so delighted with the variety of new objects which caught his eye wherever it ¹[turned], that he thought he could never see enough. At last he observed, through the garden gate, that there was still much more to be seen. A river ran through the meadows, and willows grew on its banks. He followed its winding course, 'till a wood diverted his attention; now, thought he, I must see where that pretty path leads. He ran to it, and trembled with pleasure when he entered the cool shade; but he had scarcely advanced twenty steps before he lost sight of the meadows. Thick bushes surrounded him; above which oaks and beeches ²[raised their proud heads]; on whose ³[top] he only saw a little blue sky. / All was still, as in an uninhabited ⁴[country]; unless the croaking of a raven, or the cooing of a wood-pigeon, resounded through the trees. This gloom, ⁵[] the profound silence, and the hoarse croaking, which sometimes interrupted it, made Charles feel an indistinct sensation of fear. He advanced cautiously, and looked round with timidity at every step. Sometimes it came into his head to turn back, but still he loitered, attracted by the sight of many wild flowers he had never seen before, and other pretty things.

One moment he pursued a butterfly; then stopped to gather blackberries, and here and there he found some wood strawberries; sometimes he gathered them for his mother, then for himself. In short, when he had his pockets and hands full of blackberries and flowers, he resolved to turn back and seek for the garden / gate. He turned, quickened his pace, and walked a long time looking forward, expecting every moment to see the end of the wood; but he looked in vain; he walked 'till he was tired, yet no meadows could he see. Then it came into his head that he had lost himself, and was wandering still further out of his way. At this thought, he felt a cold shivering run over his body, and he could hardly draw his breath, his heart was so full. *What will become of me, thought he*, if I am obliged to remain in the wood with nothing to eat or drink! must I – oh, must I lie in the dark; perhaps, a serpent, or some bad man, may come and kill me ⁶[whilst I am asleep]. I have heard my mother talk of gypsies, who strip little children, and leave them naked or carry them away, and they never see their dear parents any more. O my mother,

¹[glanced] ²[elevated themselves majestically] ³[summit] ⁴[island]

⁵[this solitude,] ⁶[while I slumber]

dear mother, I shall never see you again! He / was so disturbed by these sad apprehensions, that he knew not what to do, or which way to turn. But he might easily have found his way out, if he had had sense enough to remark the position of the sun, and directed his steps accordingly; or if he had pursued a beaten path, it would have led him to a village, or at least to a farmhouse; but fear made him incapable of reflection. He never thought of looking at the sun; and after pursuing one path a little while, he turned without any reason into another, which for a moment he believed to be the right one. Once he was indeed in the right path, because he found a branch of blackberries which he had left there, intending to take them home with him when he turned back. Had he been a man he would probably have continued in this road; but the reason of a little child is as weak as its body. He could not reason justly on account of his / youth; and wanted his father's advice to teach him how to think, as much as his strong arm to support a poor tired boy, whose legs tottered under him.

More and more confused, he scrambled through thorns and briars at the glimpse of a new path. In this state of anxiety, the night came on. It grew darker and darker, and as the day shut in, he began to weep aloud. However, the moon soon was up; it was at the full, and enlightened the whole wood; but it only increased poor ⁷[Charles's terror. Whilst] it was dark the wood appeared all black, and he could not distinguish any particular thing to be afraid of; but the confined light of the moon gave to the objects ⁸[around him the strangest appearance]. At a little distance he fancied that he saw a little black man sitting, waving his head backwards and forwards, that then a great white thing / came out of a bush; nay, that a death's head peeped ⁹[] through an oak, and not far from it something with horns and a long tail. In fact there were none of these things; he only saw bushes, broken branches, and a white horse; yet fear rendered his mind so weak, that he could not consider tranquilly how foolish his conjectures were, nor had he sufficient courage to approach to see the objects distinctly.

At last he recollected his father's advice, and fell on his knees and prayed to God to have pity on him. Oh, my father, who art in Heaven, he sobbed out, forsake not a poor lost child! Tears almost choaked him; but he was soon roused by a rustling among the bushes, and now indeed he really saw a tall black figure approach him, with a white cap on its head, and a milk white pigeon flying before it. He started up, but was so weak / that his legs sunk under him, and he fell again on the ground; however, as he plainly saw it advance nearer and nearer, fear gave him strength, and screaming out he sprang forward. – The thing followed him, crying *stop, stop*; but he ran heedlessly on, and running against the root of a tree he fell and was caught.

⁷[lost Charles's terror. While] ⁸[which surrounded him the most fantastic figures]

⁹[on]

The terror which seized him is not to be described; he neither heard nor saw any thing, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth when he attempted to utter a few ¹⁰[half formed] words.

Notwithstanding all this terror, the black man was not such a wicked thing as Charles supposed; his hand, far from being as cold as ice, was warm, and pressed him gently. Poor child, said he, what aileth thee? how cometh thou here? and why art thou afraid of me? /

The black man was obliged to repeat these questions several times before Charles had power to answer him. At last, gathering a little courage, he asked, with a trembling voice, who are you? I am, replied the black man, neither a spirit nor a thief, but the curate of a village not far off. Now the half dead Charles began to breathe again; and observing the figure his imagination had made so hideous, he saw in reality a clergyman with a white wig.

The joy he felt may easily be conceived, ¹¹[for] he now hoped to find his way out of the wood, conducted by this friendly man; but, recollecting himself, he asked, where is the white pigeon which flew before you? A white pigeon, answered he, I did not see one; where should it come from ¹²[at such a late hour, when most birds are at roost]? Fear has / undoubtedly clouded your sight. While he was speaking, Charles saw him rub a white handkerchief across his forehead, for he had been walking fast to hasten home, and had taken off his hat to wipe his temples when Charles took his wig for a huge cap. Now he was more ¹³[at his ease] he could reflect, and sensibly concluded that fear had transformed that very white handkerchief into a pigeon.

Glad to hear the sound of his own voice, and to hold a man's hand, he began to relate how he came into the wood, lost himself, and what terrible things he had seen, adding, when I saw you coming I thought – I know not what I thought, I was so terrified. And did you not tell your parents, asked the clergyman, that you were going to walk in the wood? No, replied Charles. The clergyman drew back a step or two, astonished, and / let fall his hand, saying, thy father know nothing of it! – what an imprudent child thou art. Such a young boy, who can have learned so little, should never have ventured out of the house without leave. God put it into the hearts of men to keep their children longer at home with them, than dogs keep their puppies, or hens their chickens, because a child is still more helpless, has more to learn, and could not so readily find its own food, or act properly, if not directed by a man who had lived a long time in the world. As you grow taller, if you are a good boy, you will grow wiser, and learn from the example of your parents, and other men, how to take care of yourself. But now your parents know that

¹⁰[inarticulate] ¹¹[] ¹²[so late] ¹³[tranquil]

you are so ignorant and helpless they will be very uneasy. Charles had forgotten every thing when he was terrified almost out of his wits; but he began to ¹⁴[cry] again, as soon as he / thought of his father and mother. Be easy, said Mr Benson, for that was the name of the clergyman, I will send a message to them as soon as I reach home. Charles again recovered his ¹⁵[spirits], and encouraged by the kind treatment he had met with, ventured to ask more questions.

Charles. Dear Sir, ¹⁶[where are all the things I saw just now]? the little man in black – the death's head – the horns?

Curate. I will explain ¹⁷[the matter] to you. Did you not perceive that as soon as you imagined you had lost yourself, you thought of all the accidents which could happen to a ¹⁸[lost child]; you trembled, and could scarcely breathe; – was it not so?

Charles. Yes, just so.

Curate. What you felt was fear. Fear / is a sad thing, it makes people ¹⁹[very] foolish. They can neither see clearly, nor hear distinctly, when it becomes violent; and it seems as if all the accidents they thought of were just at hand²⁰: and they often, indeed, have cause to be sorry] for thinking they have not strength to avoid the real danger, they make no effort, or run directly into the evils they should shun.

This happened to a man who now lives in my parish, who was a soldier in America last war.^a He was an idle boy, and never learned to think or do any thing in a regular manner. Very late in the evening of a winter's day, his captain had occasion to send him in a hurry, with some orders to a detached troop, and he was obliged to cross the skirts of one of the vast wastes in America. He had often heard that the natives lurked in thickets, and rode trembling along, expecting / to see them rush out of every bush. At last he actually thought he saw a body of the copper coloured men, who inhabit those trackless woods, coming towards him with menacing gestures, loud shouts, and horrid yells, as he had heard described. Though all was still, save the rustling of the leaves, which a strong wind whistled through, he imagined that they were close at his heels, and spurring his horse, it set off full speed, till he let fall the reins; endeavouring to catch them again, he fell over the horse's head, and broke his leg by the fall. On the ground he remained a long^b time groaning, till his groans reached the ears of one of those men whom we Europeans with white complexions call savages; his heart, however, was humane; the same blood warmed it which mounts to beautify a

^a The American War of Independence (1775–83).

^b 'a long' in the 1790 edition but 'along' in that of 1791.

¹⁴[weep] ¹⁵[vivacity] ¹⁶[what were all the things I saw in the wood]

¹⁷[all] ¹⁸[child in such a situation] ¹⁹[so]

²⁰[. They soon really have cause to be sorrowful]

fair face. He held the soldier's head against his bosom till he recovered his senses, then took him / on his shoulders, and carried him to his cabin; for the terrified man had actually approached one. He soon gathered some sticks together, lighted a fire, and brought him all the refreshment the cabin afforded; afterwards he made him a bed, covering a mat with the skins of all the wild animals he had killed. Nor was this all; he ran fearlessly to the same common to seek for some ²¹[] herbs, which he applied to his wound and bound up his leg. Every day did he hunt for food, and dress it for the enemy ²²[of his country]; and when he could limp along carried him within sight of the camp, and pressing his sick brother's hand against his forehead, he prayed the Great Spirit to take care of him, and conduct him safe to his own country.

It was ²³[just] the same in your case; you thought so long of the accidents you had heard of, that you created them. Believe / me, the little black man, the death's head, and the rest of the things you have mentioned, were only branches of trees, which your ²⁴[terrified mind], like the soldier's, gave forms to, though in fact no such things were ²⁵[nigh]. If you had not been terrified, and had always followed the same beaten path, you would certainly have found your way out of the wood, for it is not very extensive: but fear made you wander foolishly from one path to another, without considering what you ought to have done ²⁶[the moment you discovered] that you had lost your way. If I had not met you, some unlucky accident might, thro' this unreasonable fear, have befallen you²⁷[, for you looked like a fool when I caught you]. Charles now held the clergyman's hand still faster: and when you saw me, continued he, how did you feel?

Charles. I can scarcely tell you, I / trembled in every ²⁸[joint]; tried to scream out for help, but my tongue would not move, and when I attempted to run, my legs bent under me.

Curate. What you felt was ²⁹[the passion of] fear, which is very useful to make men careful, when directed by reason; but very hurtful to weak men and children, who have not sufficient strength of mind to moderate it, and keep it within due bounds. I have heard of men who have suddenly dropped down dead with terror, or been seized with dreadful fits: and sometimes it renders them so foolish that they lose all their senses for a moment, and fly into the very ³⁰[danger] they wished to avoid.

My own experience taught me this. When I was at the university, the house in which I lived took fire. You may / suppose that we were all terrified, to see the flames bursting out at midnight; but my presence of mind soon returned; I hastened to pack up my books and clothes, and carried them to a

²¹[salutary] ²²[] ²³[] ²⁴[heated imagination]
²⁵[near] ²⁶[immediately upon discovering] ²⁷[] ²⁸[limb]
²⁹[] ³⁰[evil]

place of safety, and returned to assist the rest of the family. But the student who lodged in the next chamber to me was so disturbed by fear that he knew not what to do – lost time in enquiring how the fire began, and complaining of the carelessness of the servants: in short, he brought nothing out of his chamber but an old draught board; and if I had not exerted myself, all his books would have been lost, as well as his clothes, which I had not time to carry away. If then, my child, you wish to live contented, and have such a degree of presence of mind as will enable you to be useful to your fellow creatures, guard against vain fears. /

Charles. But how am I to do it? Now the terror is over – I wonder at my fear; it is quite gone.

Curate. It is not possible to guard against all fear, or entirely banish the sudden ³¹[sensations] which, in a certain degree, are useful, or God would not have planted them in our mind, but try to moderate them by reflection, that they may not disturb your reason and senses; and only fear the dangers you really see, and not those your ³²[fancy] creates. You will soon succeed, if you think often that many things have not happened as you feared they would, and that those you could not avoid were not half so dreadful as you had represented to yourself in the first moment of fear. You should try to think of the best method to avoid real danger, instead of giving way to fear, which creates imaginary difficulties. If you are good, and / learn to think as you grow up, your mind will grow strong, and you will acquire true courage, which in the hour of danger keeps the head clear, and enables the mind to see the proper step which it should resolutely take, undisturbed by unnecessary terror. – When you can trust in God, however, as you now trust in me, you will have nothing to fear. – A child looks up to a man for protection – a man to God. /

³¹[sensation] ³²[imagination]