

# BERQUIN M. (ARNAUD)

THE LOOKING-GLASS FOR  
THE MIND; OR,  
INTELLECTUAL MIRROR

**M. (Arnaud) Berquin**  
**The Looking-Glass for the**  
**Mind; or, Intellectual Mirror**

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# Содержание

PREFACE	4
LITTLE ADOLPHUS	6
ANABELLA'S JOURNEY TO MARKET	11
THE ABSURDITY OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S WISHES EXPOSED	17
LOUISA'S TENDERNESS TO THE LITTLE BIRDS IN WINTER	20
THE STORY OF BERTRAND, A POOR LABOURER, AND HIS LITTLE FAMILY	27
NANCY AND HER CANARY BIRD, POOR CHERRY	32
THE BIRDS, THE THORN-BUSHES, AND THE SHEEP	39
POOR CRAZY SAMUEL, AND THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS	43
BELLA AND MARIAN	47
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	50

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**PREFACE**

The following pages may be considered rather as a Collection of the Beauties of M. Berquin, than as a literally abridged translation of that work, several original thoughts and observations being occasionally introduced into different parts of them.

The stories here collected are of a most interesting kind, since virtue is constantly represented as the fountain of happiness, and vice as the source of every evil. Nothing extravagant or romantic will be found in these tales: neither enchanted castles, nor supernatural agents, but such scenes are exhibited as come within the reach of the observations of young people in common life; the whole being made familiar by an innocent turn of thought and expression, and applied to describe their amusements, their pursuits, and their necessities.

As a useful and instructive *Pocket Looking-Glass*, we recommend it for the instruction of every youth, whether miss or master; it is a *mirror* that will not flatter them, nor lead them

into error; it displays the follies and improper pursuits of youthful  
breasts, points out the dangerous paths they sometimes tread, and  
clears the way to the *Temple of Honour and Fame*.

# LITTLE ADOLPHUS

In one of the villages in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, lived little Adolphus, who had the misfortune to lose his mother before he had reached his eighth year. Notwithstanding his early age, this loss made a strong impression on his mind, and evidently affected the natural gaiety of his disposition. His aunt, the good Mrs. Clarkson, soon took him home to her house, in order to remove him from the scene of his affliction, and to prevent his grief adding to the inconsolable sorrows of his father.

After the usual time, they left off their mourning; but though little Adolphus affected cheerfulness, yet his tender heart still felt for the loss of his mother. His father, whom he sometimes visited, could not avoid observing how little Adolphus endeavoured to conceal his grief; and this consideration made him feel the more for the loss of a wife, who had given birth to so promising a child. This made such an impression on his mind, that every one foresaw it would bring on his final dissolution.

Poor Adolphus had not been to see his dear father for some time; for, whenever he proposed it to his aunt, she constantly found some excuse to put it off. The reason was, that Mr. Clarkson being so ill, she feared that seeing him in that condition would increase the grief of Adolphus too much, and lay on his heart a load too heavy for him to support. In short, the loss of his wife, and his uneasiness for his son, put an end to Mr. Clarkson's

life on the day before he reached the fiftieth year of his age.

The next morning, little Adolphus thus addressed his aunt: "This is my dear father's birth-day, I will go and see him, and wish him joy." She endeavoured to persuade him from it; but, when she found that all her endeavours were in vain, she consented, and then burst into a flood of tears. The little youth was alarmed, and almost afraid to ask any questions. At last, "I fear," said he, "my dear papa is either ill or dead. Tell me, my dear aunt, for I must and will know: I will sleep no more till I see my dear father, who so tenderly loves me."

Mrs. Clarkson was unable to speak; but when Adolphus saw his aunt take out his mourning clothes, he was too well satisfied of what had happened. "My dear papa is dead!" cried he; "O my papa! my mamma! both dead! What will become of poor Adolphus!" and then fainted, when Mrs. Clarkson found it difficult to bring him to his senses.

As soon as he was a little come to himself, "Do not afflict yourself, my dear child," said his aunt, "your parents are both living in heaven, and will intercede with God to take care of you while on earth. While he yesterday was dying, his last prayer was for you, and his prayer will be heard."

"What! did my dear father die yesterday, while I was thinking of the pleasure I should this day have on seeing him? Oh! let me go and see him, since I cannot now disturb him, or make him unhappy on my account. Pray, my dear aunt, let me go."

Mrs. Clarkson could not resist his importunities, and, engaged

to go along with him, provided he would promise to keep himself composed. "You see my sorrow," said she, "and how much I am grieved for the loss of a brother, who was good, charitable, and humane, and from whose bounty I received the greater part of the means of my livelihood. Though I am now left poor and helpless, yet I trust in Providence, and you shall see me cry no more. Let me entreat you, my dear child, to do the same." Poor Adolphus promised he would do as she would wish him; when Mrs. Clarkson took him by the hand, and led him to the melancholy scene.

As soon as they were come to the house, Adolphus slipped from his aunt, and rushed into the room where his father lay in his coffin, surrounded by his weeping neighbours: he threw himself on the breathless body of his dear papa. After lying some little time in that state, without being able to speak, he at last raised his little head, and cried out, "See how your poor Adolphus cries for having lost you. When mamma died, you comforted me, though you wept yourself; but now, to whom am I to look for comfort? O my dear papa, my good papa!"

By this time his aunt got into the room, and, with the assistance of the neighbours, forced him from the coffin, and carried him to a friend's house, in order to keep him there till his father should be buried; for his aunt dreaded the thoughts of letting him follow the funeral.

The solemn scene was now preparing, and the bell began to toll, which Adolphus heard, and every stroke of it pierced his

little innocent heart. The woman to whose care he had been left, having stepped into another room, he took that opportunity to regain his liberty, got out of doors, and ran towards the churchyard. On his arrival there, he found the funeral service finished, and the grave filling up, when on a sudden, a cry was heard, "Let me be buried with my dear papa." He then jumped into the grave.

Such a scene must naturally affect every one who saw it. They pulled him out of the grave, and carried him home pale and speechless. For several days he refused almost every kind of sustenance, being at intervals subject to fainting fits. After some time, however, the consolations and advice of his good aunt appeared to have some weight with him, and the tempest in his little heart began to abate.

The affectionate conduct of Adolphus was the conversation for miles round their habitation, and at last reached the ears of a wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a little acquainted with the deceased Mr. Clarkson. He accordingly went to see the good Adolphus, and feeling for his distresses, took him home with him, and treated him as his son.

Adolphus soon gained the highest opinion of the merchant, and as he grew up, grew more and more in his favour. At the age of twenty, he conducted himself with so much ability and integrity, that the merchant took him into partnership, and married him to his only daughter.

Adolphus had always too great a soul to be ungenerous: for even during his younger days he denied himself every kind of

extravagance, in order to support his aunt; and when he came into possession of a wife and fortune, he placed her in a comfortable station for the remainder of her life. As for himself, he every year, on his father's birth-day, passed it in a retired room alone, sometimes indulging a tear, and sometimes lifting up his heart to heaven, from whence he had received so much.

My little readers, if you have the happiness still to have parents living, be thankful to God, and be sensible of the blessing you enjoy. Be cautious how you do any thing to offend them; and should you offend them undesignedly, rest neither night nor day till you have obtained their forgiveness. Reflect on, and enjoy the happiness that you are not, like poor little Adolphus, bereft of your fathers and mothers, and left in the hands, though of a good, yet poor aunt.

# ANABELLA'S JOURNEY TO MARKET

Nothing can be more natural and pleasing than to see young children fond of their parents. The birds of the air, and even the wild inhabitants of the forest, love and are beloved by their young progeny.

Little Anabella was six years old, very fond of her mamma, and delighted in following her every where. Her mother, being one day obliged to go to market, wished to leave her little daughter at home, thinking it would be too fatiguing for Anabella, and troublesome to herself; but the child's entreaties to go were so earnest and pressing, that her mother could not withstand them, and at last consented to her request.

The cloak and bonnet were soon on, and the little maid set off with her mamma, in high spirits. Such was the badness of the paths in some places, that it was impossible for them to walk hand-in-hand, so that Anabella was sometimes obliged to trudge on by herself behind her mamma; but these were such kind of hardships as her little spirit was above complaining of.

The town now appeared in sight, and the nearer they approached it, the more the paths were thronged with people. Anabella was often separated from her mamma; but this did not at present much disturb her, as by skipping over a rut, or

slipping between the people as they passed, she soon got up again to her mother. However, the nearer they approached the market, the crowd of course increased, which kept her eyes in full employment, to spy which way her mother went; but a little chaise drawn by six dogs having attracted her attention, she stopped to look at them, and by that means lost sight of her mother, which soon became the cause of much uneasiness to her.

Here, my little readers, let me pause for a moment, to give you this necessary advice. When you walk abroad with your parents or servants, never look much about you, unless you have hold of their hand, or some part of their apparel. And I hope it will not be deemed impertinent to give similar advice to parents and servants, to take care that children do not wander from them, since, from such neglect, many fatal accidents have happened. But to proceed. —

Little Anabella had not gazed on this object of novelty for more than a minute, before she recollected her mamma, and turned about to look for her; but no mamma was there, and now the afflictions of her heart began. She called aloud, "Mamma, mamma;" but no mamma answered. She then crawled up a bank, which afforded her a view all around; but no mamma was to be seen. She now burst into a flood of tears, and sat herself down at the foot of the bank, by which people were passing and repassing in great numbers.

Almost every body that passed said something or other to her, but none offered to help her to find her mother. "What is the

matter with you, my little dear," said one, "that you cry so sadly?" "I have lost my mamma;" said Anabella, as well as the grief of her heart would permit her to speak. Another told her never to mind it, she would find her again by and by. Some said, "Do not cry so, child, there is nobody that will run away with you." Some pitied her, and others laughed at her; but not one offered to give her any assistance.

Such, my little pupils, is the conduct of most people. When any misfortune brings you into trouble, you will find enough ready to pity you, but few who will give you any material assistance. They will tell you what you then know yourselves, that you should not have done so and so; they will be sorry for you, and then take their leave of you.

Little Anabella, however, was soon relieved from her present terrible anxieties. A poor old woman, with eggs and butter in a basket, happened to be that day going to the same market, whither Anabella's mother was gone before her.

Seeing Anabella in so much distress, still crying as if her little heart would break, she went up to her, and asked her what was the cause of those tears that fell from her little cheeks: She told her she had lost her mamma. "And to what place, my dear," cried the old woman, "was your mamma going when you lost her?" "She was going to the market," replied Anabella. "Well, my sweet girl," continued the old woman, "I am going to the market too, and, if you will go along with me, I make no doubt but we shall find your mother there. However, I will take care of you till you

do find her." She then took Anabella by the hand, and led her along the road.

The good old woman put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out a piece of nice plum-cake, which she gave to Anabella, who thankfully accepted of it; but her little heart was too full to permit her to think of eating at that time. She therefore put it into her pocket, saying that she would eat it by and by, when she had found her mamma, which she hoped would be soon.

As they walked along, the good old woman endeavoured to amuse Anabella by telling her pretty stories, and enquiring of her what books she read. "I very well know," said the old woman, "that you young children are too apt to be fond of histories of haunted houses, of witches, ghosts, and apparitions, which tend only to fill you with idle fears and apprehensions, and make you afraid even of your own shadows." But when Anabella told her that her books were all bought at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, she seemed perfectly satisfied.

They had hardly entered the market, when the little rambling eyes of Anabella caught sight of her mamma. She shrieked with joy, and, like an arrow out of a bow, darted from the old woman, and flew to her parent, who clasped her pretty dear in her arms, and, after tenderly embracing her, "How came you," said she, "my sweet angel, to wander from me? I have been so frightened as to be hardly able to contain myself."

Anabella threw her arms round the neck of her mamma, and fixing her lips to her cheeks, kept kissing her, till a torrent of tears

gave ease to her heart. As soon as she was able to speak, "My dear mamma," said she, "I stopped to look at a pretty little chaise drawn by six dogs, and in the mean time I lost you. I looked for you, and called for you, but I could neither see nor hear you. I sat down crying by the side of a bank; some as they passed pitied me, and others joked me; but none attempted to take care of me, till this good old woman led me by the hand, and brought me here."

Anabella's mother was very thankful to the good old woman for her tenderness and humanity to her daughter; and not only bought of her what eggs and butter she had left, but even made her a small present besides, which she a long time declined accepting of, saying she had done no more than what every good Christian ought to do.

Anabella kissed the good old woman over and over again, and all her way home talked of nothing but her kindness. Nor did she afterwards forget it, as she would frequently go and pay her a visit, when she always took with her some tea and sugar, and a loaf of bread. Anabella's mother constantly bought all the eggs and butter the good old woman had to spare, and paid her a better price for them than she could have got at market, saving her, at the same time, the trouble of going thither.

Thus you see, my young friends, what are the consequences of good nature and humanity. You must accustom yourselves early, not only to feel for the misfortunes of others, but to do every thing that lies in your power to assist them. Whatever may be your condition in life at present, and however improbable it may

be, that you may ever want, yet there are strange vicissitudes in this world, in which nothing can be said to be really certain and permanent. Should any of my readers, like Anabella, lose themselves, would they not be happy to meet with so good an old woman as she did? Though your stations in life may place you above receiving any pecuniary reward for a generous action, yet the pleasing sensations of a good heart, on relieving a distressed fellow-creature, are inexpressible.

# THE ABSURDITY OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S WISHES EXPOSED

The present moment of enjoyment is all young people think of. So long as master Tommy partook of the pleasure of sliding on the ice, and making snow up in various shapes, he wished it always to be winter, totally regardless of either spring, summer, or autumn. His father hearing him one day make that wish, desired him to write it down in the first leaf of his pocket-book; which Tommy accordingly did, though his hand shivered with cold.

The winter glided away imperceptibly, and the spring followed in due time. Tommy now walked in the garden with his father, and with admiration beheld the rising beauty of the various spring flowers. Their perfume afforded him the highest delight, and their brilliant appearance attracted all his attention. "Oh!" said master Tommy, "that it were always spring!" His father desired him to write that wish also in his pocket-book.

The trees, which lately were only budding, were now grown into full leaf, the sure sign that spring was departing, and summer hastening on apace. Tommy one day, accompanied by his parents, and two or three of his select acquaintance, went on a visit to a neighbouring village. Their walk was delightful, afforded them a prospect sometimes of corn, yet green, waving

smoothly, like a sea unruffled with the breeze, and sometimes of meadows enamelled with a profusion of various flowers. The innocent lambs skipped and danced about, and the colts and fillies pranced around their dams. But what was still more pleasing, this season produced for Tommy and his companions a delicious feast of cherries, strawberries, and a variety of other fruits. So pleasant a day afforded them the summit of delight, and their little hearts danced in their bosoms with joy.

"Do you not think, Tommy," said his father to him, "that summer has its delights as well as winter and spring?" Tommy replied, he wished it might be summer all the year; when his father desired him to enter that wish in his pocket-book also.

The autumn at length arrived, and all the family went into the country to view the harvest. It happened to be one of those days that are free from clouds, and yet a gentle westerly wind kept the air cool and refreshing. The gardens and orchards were loaded with fruits, and the fine plums, pears, and apples, which hung on the trees almost to the ground, furnished the little visitors with no small amusement and delight. There were also plenty of grapes, apricots, and peaches, which were the sweeter, as they had the pleasure of gathering them. "This season of rich abundance, Tommy," said his father to him, "will soon pass away, and stern and cold winter will succeed it." Tommy again wished that the present happy season would always continue, and that the winter would not be too hasty in its approaches, but leave him in possession of autumn.

Tommy's father desired him to write this in his book also, and, ordering him to read what he had written, soon convinced him how contradictory his wishes had been. In the winter, he wished it to be always winter; in the spring, he wished for a continuance of that season; in the summer, he wished it never to depart; and when autumn came, it afforded him too many delicious fruits to permit him to have a single wish for the approach of winter.

"My dear Tommy," said his father to him, "I am not displeased with you for enjoying the present moment, and thinking it the best that can happen to you; but you see how necessary it is that our wishes should not always be complied with. God knows how to govern this world much better than any human being can pretend to. Had you last winter been indulged in your wish, we should have had neither spring, summer, nor autumn; the earth would have been perpetually covered with snow. The beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, would either have been starved or frozen to death; and even the pleasures of sliding, or making images of snow, would have soon become tiresome to you. It is a happiness that we have it not in our power to regulate the course of nature: the wise and unerring designs of Providence, in favour of mankind, would then, most probably, be perverted to their own inevitable ruin."

# LOUISA'S TENDERNESS TO THE LITTLE BIRDS IN WINTER

However long the winter may appear, the spring will naturally succeed it. A gentle breeze began to warm the air, the snow gradually vanished, the fields put on their enamelled livery, the flowers shot forth their buds, and the birds began to send forth their harmony from every bough.

Little Louisa and her father left the city, to partake of the pleasures of the country. – Scarcely had the blackbird and the thrush begun their early whistle to welcome Louisa, than the weather changed all on a sudden; the north wind roared horribly in the grove, and the snow fell in such abundance, that every thing appeared in a silver-white mantle.

Though the little maid went to bed shivering with cold, and much disappointed in her expectations, yet she thanked God for having given her so comfortable a shelter from the inclemency of the elements.

Such a quantity of snow had fallen during the night, that the roads were almost impassable in the morning, which was a matter of great affliction to poor Louisa; but she observed, that the birds were as dull as herself upon the occasion. Every tree and hedge being so covered with snow, that the poor birds could get nothing to eat; not so much as a grain of corn or worm to be found.

The feathered inhabitants now forsook the woods and groves, and fled into the neighbourhood of inhabited towns and villages, to seek that relief from man, which nature alone would not then afford them. Incredibly numerous were the flight of sparrows, robins, and other birds, that were seen in the streets and courtyards, where their little beaks and claws were employed in turning over whatever they thought could afford them a single grain.

A large company of these feathered refugees alighted in the yard belonging to the house in which little Louisa and her father then were. The distress of the poor birds seemed to afflict the tender-hearted maid very much, which her father perceived as soon as she entered his chamber. "What is it makes you look so pensive now," said her father, "since it is but a few minutes ago when you were so remarkably cheerful?" – "O my dear papa!" said Louisa, "all those sweet birds, that sung so charmingly but a day or two ago, are now come into the yard starving with hunger. Do, pray, let me give them a little corn!"

Her papa very readily granted her so reasonable a request, and away she ran, accompanied by her governess, to the barn on the other side of the yard, which had that morning been cleanly swept. Here she got a handful or two of corn, which she immediately scattered in different parts of the yard. The poor little birds fluttered around her, and soon picked up what the bounty of her generous hand had bestowed on them.

It is impossible to describe the pleasure and satisfaction

expressed in the countenance of Louisa, on seeing herself the cause of giving so much joy to those little animals. As soon as the birds had picked up all the grains, they flew to the house-top, and seemed to look down on Louisa as if they would say, "Cannot you give us a little more?" She understood their meaning, and away she flew again to the barn, and down they all came to partake of her new bounty; while Louisa called to her papa and mamma to come and enjoy with her the pleasing sight.

In the mean time, a little boy came into the yard, whose heart was not of so tender a nature as Louisa's. He held in his hand a cage full of birds, but carried it so carelessly, that it was evident he cared very little for his poor prisoners. Louisa, who could not bear to see the pretty little creatures used so roughly, asked the boy what he was going to do with those birds. The boy replied, that he would sell them if he could; but, if he could not, his cat should have a dainty meal of them, and they would not be the first she had munched alive.

"O fie," said Louisa, "give them to your cat! What, suffer such innocent things as those to be killed by the merciless talons of a cat?" – "Even so," said the boy, and giving the cage a careless swing, that tumbled the poor birds one over another, off he was setting, when Louisa called him back, and asked him what he would have for his birds. "I will sell them," said he, "three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them." Louisa struck the bargain, and ran to beg the money of her papa, who not only cheerfully gave her the money, but allowed her an empty room

for the reception of her little captives.

The boy, having thus found so good a market for his birds, told all his companions of it; so that, in a few hours, Louisa's yard was so filled with little bird-merchants, that you would have supposed it to be a bird-market. However, the pretty maiden purchased all they brought, and had them turned into the same room, with those of her former purchase.

When night came, Louisa went to bed with more pleasure than she had felt for a long time. "What a pleasing reflection it is," said she to herself, "to be thus capable of preserving the lives of so many innocent birds, and save them from famine and merciless cats! – When summer comes, and I go into the woods and groves, these pretty birds will fly round me, and sing their sweetest notes, in gratitude for my kind attention to them." – These thoughts at last lulled her to sleep, but they accompanied her even in her dreams; for she fancied herself in one of the most delightful groves she had ever seen, where all the little birds were busied, either in feeding their young, or in singing, and in hopping from bough to bough.

The first thing Louisa did, after she had got up in the morning, was to go and feed her little family in the room, and also those that came into the yard. Though the seed to feed them cost her nothing, yet she recollected that the many purchases she had lately made of birds must have almost exhausted her purse; "and if the frost should continue," said she to herself, "what will become of those poor birds that I shall not be able to purchase!"

Those naughty boys will either give them to their cats, or suffer them to die with hunger."

While she was giving way to these sorrowful reflections, her hand was moving gently into her pocket, in order to bring out her exhausted purse; but, judge what must be her surprise and astonishment, when, instead of pulling out an empty purse, she found it brimful of money! She ran immediately to her papa, to tell him of this strange circumstance, when he snatched her up in his arms, tenderly embraced her, and shed tears of joy on her blooming cheeks.

"My dear child," said her papa to her, "you cannot conceive how happy you now make me! Let these little birds continue to be the objects of your relief, and, be assured, your purse shall never be reduced to emptiness." This pleasing news gladdened the little heart of Louisa, and she ran immediately to fill her apron with seed, and then hastened to feed her feathered guests. The birds came fluttering round her, and seemed conscious of her bounty and generosity.

After feeding these happy prisoners, she went down into the yard, and there distributed a plentiful meal to the starving wanderers without. What an important trust had she now taken on herself! – nothing less than the support of a hundred dependants within doors, and a still greater number without! No wonder that her dolls and other playthings should be now totally forgotten.

As Louisa was putting her hand into the seed-bag, to take out

of it the afternoon food for her birds, she found a paper, on which were written these words: "The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou givest them their food; thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness."

As she saw her papa behind her, she turned round and said, "I am therefore now imitating God." – "Yes, my sweet Louisa," said her father, "in every good action we imitate our Maker. When you shall be grown to maturity, you will then assist the necessitous part of the human race, as you now do the birds; and the more good you do, the nearer you will approach the perfections of God."

Louisa continued her attention to feed her hungry birds for more than a week, when the snow began to melt, and the fields by degrees recovered their former verdure. The birds who had lately been afraid to quit the warm shelter of the houses, now returned to the woods and groves. The birds in our little Louisa's aviary were confined, and therefore could not get away; but they showed their inclination to depart, by flying against the windows, and pecking the glass with their bills. These birds, perhaps, were industrious, and wished not to be troublesome to Louisa, since they could not procure their own living.

Louisa, not being able to comprehend what could make them so uneasy, asked her papa if he could tell the cause of it "I know not, my dear," said her papa; "but it is possible these little birds may have left some companions in the fields, which they now wish to see." – "You are very right, papa," replied Louisa,

"and they shall have their liberty immediately." She accordingly opened the window, and all the birds flew out of it.

These little feathered animals had no sooner obtained their liberty, than some were seen hopping on the ground, others darting into the air, or sporting in the trees, from twig to twig, and some flying about the windows, chirping, as though out of gratitude to their benefactor.

Louisa hardly ever went into the fields, but she fancied that some of her little family seemed to welcome her approach, either by hopping before her, or entertaining her with their melodious notes, which afforded her a source of inexhaustible pleasure.

# **THE STORY OF BERTRAND, A POOR LABOURER, AND HIS LITTLE FAMILY**

Think yourselves happy, my little readers, since none of you perhaps know what it is to endure hunger day after day, without being able to enjoy one plentiful meal. Confident I am, that the following relation will not fail to make an impression on your tender years.

Bertrand was a poor labourer, who had six young children, whom he maintained with the utmost difficulty. To add to his distresses, an unfavourable season much increased the price of bread. This honest labourer worked day and night to procure subsistence for his family, and though their food was composed of the coarsest kind, yet even of that he could not procure a sufficiency.

Finding himself reduced to extremity, he one day called his little family together, and with tears in his eyes, and a heart overflowing with grief, "My sweet children," said he to them, "bread is now so extravagantly dear, that I find all my efforts to support you ineffectual. My whole day's labour is barely sufficient to purchase this piece of bread which you see in my hand; it must therefore be divided among you, and you must be contented with the little my labour can procure you. Though

it will not afford each of you a plentiful meal, yet it will be sufficient to keep you from perishing with hunger." Sorrow and tears interrupted his words, and he could say no more, but lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven.

His children wept in silence, and, young as they were, their little hearts seemed to feel more for their father than for themselves. Bertrand then divided the small portion of bread into seven equal shares, one of which he kept for himself, and gave to the rest each their lot. But one of them, named Harry, refused his share, telling his father he could not eat, pretending to be sick. "What is the matter with you, my dear child?" said his father, taking him up in his arms. "I am very sick," replied Harry, "very sick indeed, and should be glad to go to sleep." Bertrand then carried him to bed, and gave him a tender kiss, wishing him a good night.

The next morning the honest labourer, overwhelmed with sorrow, went to a neighbouring physician, and begged of him, as a charity, to come and see his poor boy. Though the physician was sure of never being paid for his visit, yet such were his humanity and feelings, that he instantly went to the labourer's house.

On his arrival there, he found no particular symptoms of illness, though the boy was evidently in a very low and languishing state. The doctor told him he would send him a cordial draught; but Harry begged he would forbear sending him any thing, as he could do him no good. The doctor was a little angry at this behaviour, and insisted on knowing what his

disorder was, threatening him, if he did not tell him immediately, he would go and acquaint his father with his obstinacy.

Poor Harry begged the doctor would say nothing about it to his father, which still more increased the doctor's wish to get at the bottom of this mystery. At last poor Harry, finding the doctor resolute, desired his brothers and sisters might leave the room, and he would acquaint him with every particular.

As soon as the physician had sent the children out of the room, "Alas! Sir," said little Harry, "in this season of scarcity, my poor dear father cannot earn bread enough to feed us. What little quantity he can get, he divides equally among us, reserving to himself the smallest part. To see my dear brothers and sisters suffer hunger is more than I can bear; and, as I am the eldest, and stronger than they, I have therefore not eaten any myself, but have divided my share among them. It is on this account that I pretended to be sick and unable to eat; I beseech you, however, to keep this a secret from my father."

The physician, wiping away a tear which started involuntarily from his eye, asked poor Harry if he were not then hungry. He acknowledged indeed that he was hungry; but said that did not give him so much affliction as to see the distresses of his family. "But my good lad," said the doctor, "if you do not take some nourishment, you will die." – "I am indifferent about that," replied Harry, "since my father will have then one mouth less to feed, and I shall go to heaven, where I will pray to God to assist my dear father, and my little sisters and brothers."

What heart but must melt with pity and admiration at the relation of such facts? The generous physician, taking up Harry in his arms, and clasping him to his bosom, "No, my dear little boy," said he, "thou shalt not die. God and I will take care of thy little family; and return thanks to God for having sent me hither. I must leave you for the present, but I will soon return."

The good physician hastened home, and ordered one of his servants to load himself with refreshments of every kind. He then hastened to the relief of poor Harry and his starving brothers and sisters. He made them all sit down at the table, and eat till they were perfectly satisfied. What could be a more pleasing scene, than that which the good physician then beheld, six pretty little innocent creatures smiling over the bounty of their generous and humane friend?

The doctor, on his departure, desired Harry to be under no uneasiness, as he should take care to secure them a supply of whatever might be wanting. He faithfully performed his promise, and they had daily cause of rejoicing at his bounty and benevolence. The doctor's generosity was imitated by every good person, to whom he related the affecting scene. From some they received provisions, from some money, and from others clothes and linen. So that, in a short time, this little family, which was but lately in want of every thing, became possessed of plenty.

Bertrand's landlord, who was a gentleman of considerable fortune, was so struck with the tender generosity of little Harry that he sent for his father, and paying him many compliments

on his happiness of having such a son, he offered to take Harry under his own inspection, and bring him up in his own house. This matter being agreed on, Bertrand's landlord settled an annuity on him, promising, at the same time, to provide for his other children as they grew up. Bertrand, transported with joy, returned to his house, and falling on his knees, offered up his most grateful thanks to that good God, who had graciously condescended to bestow on him such a son!

Hence you may learn, my young readers, how much you have it in your power to prove a blessing to your parents, and a comfort to yourselves. It is not necessary, that, in order to do so, you should be reduced to the same necessity that poor Harry was: for, however exalted your station may be, you will always find opportunities enough to give proofs of your duty to your parents, your affection for your brothers and sisters, and your humanity and benevolence to the poor and needy. Happy indeed are those poor children, who have found a friend and protector when they were needful and helpless; but much happier those who, without ever feeling the griping hand of penury and want themselves, have received the inexpressible delight that never fails to arise from the pleasing reflection of having raised honest poverty to happiness and plenty.

# NANCY AND HER CANARY BIRD, POOR CHERRY

As Nancy was one day looking out of her window, a man happened to come by, crying, "Canary-birds; come, buy my Canary-birds." The man had a large cage upon his head, in which the birds hopped about from perch to perch, and made Nancy quite in love with them. "Will you buy a pretty bird or two, Miss?" said the man. "I have no objection," replied the little maid, "provided my papa will give me leave. If you will stop a little while, I will soon let you know." So away ran Nancy down stairs to her papa, while the birdman put down his cage at the door.

Nancy ran into her papa's chamber quite out of breath, crying, "O dear papa, only come here! here is a man in the street that has a large cage on his head, with, I dare say, a hundred Canary-birds in it." – "Well, and what of all that?" replied her papa; "why does that seem to rejoice you so much?" Nancy answering, that she should be happy to buy one of them; her papa reminded her, that the bird must be fed, and should it be neglected, even only for a day, it would certainly die.

Nancy promised that she would never eat her own breakfast till she had given her bird his; but her papa reminded her that she was a giddy girl, and that he feared she had promised too much.

However, there was no getting over her coaxings and wheedlings, so that her papa was at last obliged to consent that she should buy one.

He then took Nancy by the hand, and led her to the door, where the man was waiting with his birds. He chose the prettiest Canary-bird in it: it was a male, of a fine lively yellow colour, with a little black tuft upon his head. Nancy was now quite cheerful and happy, and pulling out her purse, gave it to her father to pay for the bird. But what was to be done with the bird without a cage, and Nancy had not money enough? However, upon her promising that she would take great care to feed her bird, her papa bought her a fine new cage, of which he made her a present.

As soon as Nancy had given her Canary-bird possession of his new palace, she ran about the house, calling her mamma, her brothers and sisters, and all the servants, to come and see her pretty Canary-bird, to which she gave the name of Poor Cherry. When any of her little friends came to see her, the first thing she told them was, that she had one of the prettiest Canary-birds in the world. "He is as yellow as gold," said she, "and he has a little black crest, like the plumes of my mamma's hat. Come, you must go and see him! His name is Cherry."

Cherry was as happy as any bird need wish to be, under the care of Nancy. Her first business every morning was to feed Cherry: and whenever there was any cake at table, Cherry was sure to come in for a share of it. There were always some bits of sugar in store for him, and his cage was constantly decorated

with the most lively herbage.

Her pretty bird was not ungrateful, but did all in his power to make Nancy sensible how much he was obliged to her. He soon learned to distinguish her, and the moment he heard her step into the room, he would flutter his wings, and keep up an incessant chirping. It is no wonder, therefore, if Cherry and Nancy became very fond of each other.

At the expiration of a week he began to open his little throat, and sung the most delightful songs. He would sometimes raise his notes to so great a height, that you would almost think he must kill himself with such vast exertions. Then, after stopping a little, he would begin again, with a tone so sweet and powerful, that he was heard in every part of the house.

Nancy would often sit for whole hours by his cage, listening to his melody. Sometimes so attentively would she gaze at him, that she would insensibly let her work fall out of her hands; and after he had entertained her with his melodious notes, she would regale him with a tune on her bird organ, which he would endeavour to imitate.

In length of time, however, these pleasures began to grow familiar to his friend Nancy. Her papa, one day, presented her with a book of prints, with which she was so much delighted, that Cherry began to lose at least one half of her attention. As usual, he would chirp the moment he saw her, let her be at what distance she would; but Nancy began to take no notice of him, and almost a week had passed, without his receiving either a bit of biscuit, or

a fresh supply of chick-weed. He repeated the sweetest and most harmonious notes that Nancy had taught him, but to no purpose.

It now appeared too clearly, that new objects began to attract Nancy's attention. Her birth-day arrived, and her godfather gave her a large jointed doll, which she named Columbine: and this said Columbine proved a sad rival to Cherry; for, from morning to night, the dressing and undressing of Miss Columbine engrossed the whole of her time. What with this and her carrying her doll up and down stairs, and into every room in the house, it was happy for poor Cherry if he got fed by the evening, and sometimes it happened that he went a whole day without feeding.

One day, however, when Nancy's papa was at table, accidentally casting his eyes upon the cage, he saw poor Cherry lying upon his breast, and panting, as it were, for life. The poor bird's feathers appeared all rough, and it seemed contracted into a mere lump. Nancy's papa went up close to it; but it was unable even to chirp, and the poor little creature had hardly strength enough to breathe. He called to him his little Nancy, and asked her what was the matter with her bird. Nancy blushed, saying, in a low voice, "Why, papa, I – somehow, I forgot;" and ran to fetch the seed-box.

Her papa, in the mean time, took down the cage, and found that poor Cherry had not a single seed left, nor a drop of water. "Alas! poor bird," said he, "you have got into careless hands. Had I foreseen this, I would never have bought you." All the company joined in pity for the poor bird; and Nancy ran away into her

chamber to ease her heart in tears. However, her papa, with some difficulty, brought pretty Cherry to himself again.

Her father, the next day, ordered Cherry to be made a present of to a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, he said, would take much better care of it than his little thoughtless daughter; but poor Nancy could not bear the idea of parting with her bird, and most faithfully promised never more to neglect him.

Her papa, at last, gave way to her entreaties; and permitted her to keep little Cherry, but not without a severe reprimand, and a strict injunction to be more careful for the future. "This poor little creature," said her papa, "is confined in a prison, and is therefore totally unable to provide for its own wants. Whenever you want any thing, you know how to get it; but this little bird can neither help himself, nor make his wants known to others. If ever you let him want seed or water again, look to it."

Nancy burst out into a flood of tears, took her papa by the hand, and kissed it; but her heart was so full, that she could not utter a syllable. Cherry and Nancy were now again good friends, and he for some time wanted for nothing.

About a month afterwards, her father and mother were obliged to go a little way into the country on some particular business; but, before they set out, he gave Nancy strict charge to take care of poor Cherry. No sooner were her parents gone, than she ran to the cage, and gave Cherry plenty of seed and water.

Little Nancy now finding herself alone and at liberty, sent for some of her companions to come and spend the day with her. The

former part of the day they passed in the garden, and the latter in playing at blindman's buff and four corners. She went to bed very much fatigued; but, as soon as she awoke in the morning, she began to think of new pleasures.

She went abroad that day, while poor Cherry was obliged to stay at home and fast. The second and third day passed in the same playful manner as before; but no poor Cherry was thought of. On the fourth day, her father and mother came home, and, as soon as they had kissed her, her father enquired after poor Cherry. "He is very well," said Nancy, a little confused, and then ran to fetch him some seed and water. Alas! poor little Cherry was no more; he was lying upon his back, with his wings spread, and his beak open. Nancy screamed out, and wrung her hands, when all the family ran to her, and were witnesses of the melancholy scene.

"Alas! poor bird," said her papa, "what a melancholy end thou hast come to! If I had twisted thy head off the day I went into the country, it would have caused you but a moment's pain; but now you have endured all the pangs of hunger and thirst, and expired in extreme agony. However, poor Cherry! you are happy in being out of the hands of so merciless a guardian."

Nancy was so shocked and distressed on the occasion, that she would have given all her little treasure, and even all her playthings, to have brought Cherry to life; but it was now too late. Her papa had the bird stuffed, and hung up to the ceiling, in memory of Nancy's carelessness. She dared not even to lift her

eyes up to look at it, for, whenever she did, it was sure to make her cry. At last she prevailed on her papa to have it removed, but not till after many earnest entreaties and repeated acknowledgments of the fault she had been guilty of. Whenever Nancy was guilty of inattention, or giddiness, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every one would say in her hearing, "Alas, poor Cherry! what a cruel death you suffered!"

Thus you see, my little friends, what are the sad consequences of inattention, giddiness, and too great a fondness for pleasure, which always make us forgetful of what we ought carefully to attend to.

# THE BIRDS, THE THORN-BUSHES, AND THE SHEEP

Mr. Stanhope and his son Gregory were one evening, in the month of May, sitting at the foot of a delightful hill, and surveying the beautiful works of nature that surrounded them. The declining sun, now sinking into the west, seemed to clothe every thing with a purple robe. The cheerful song of a shepherd called off their attention from their meditations on those delightful prospects. This shepherd was driving home his flocks from the adjacent fields.

Thorn-bushes grew on each side of the road, and every sheep that approached the thorns was sure to be robbed of some part of its wool, which a good deal displeased little Gregory. "Only see, papa," said he, "how the sheep are deprived of their wool by those bushes! You have often told me, that God makes nothing in vain; but these briars seem only made for mischief; people should therefore join to destroy them root and branch. Were the poor sheep to come often this way, they would be robbed of all their clothing. But that shall not be the case, for I will rise with the sun to-morrow morning, and with my little bill-hook and snip-snap, I will level all these briars with the ground. You may come with me, papa, if you please, and bring with you an axe. Before breakfast, we shall be able to destroy them all."

Mr. Stanhope replied, "We must not go about this business in too great a hurry, but take a little time to consider of it; perhaps, there may not be so much cause for being angry with these bushes, as you at present seem to imagine. Have you not seen the shepherds about Lammas, with great shears in their hands, take from the trembling sheep all their wool, not being contented with a few locks only."

Gregory allowed that was true; but they did it in order to make clothes, whereas the hedges robbed the sheep without having the least occasion for their wool, and evidently for no useful purpose. "If it be usual," said he, "for sheep to lose their clothing at a certain time of the year, then it is much better to take it for our own advantage, than to suffer the hedges to pull it off for no end whatever."

Mr. Stanhope allowed the arguments of little Gregory to be just; for Nature has given to every beast a clothing, and we are obliged from them to borrow our own, otherwise we should be forced to go naked, and exposed to the inclemency of the elements.

"Very well, papa," said Gregory, "though we want clothing, yet these bushes want none: they rob us of what we have need, and therefore down they shall all come with to-morrow morning's rising sun. And I dare say, papa, you will come along with me, and assist me."

Mr. Stanhope could not but consent; and little Gregory thought himself nothing less than Alexander, merely from the

expectation of destroying at once this formidable band of robbers. He could hardly sleep, being so much taken up with the idea of his victories, to which the next morning's sun was to be witness.

The cheerful lark had hardly begun to proclaim the approach of morning, when Gregory got up, and ran to awaken his papa. Mr. Stanhope, though he was very indifferent concerning the fate of the thorn-bushes, yet he was not displeased with having the opportunity of showing to his little Gregory the beauties of the rising sun. They both dressed themselves immediately, took the necessary instruments, and set out on this important expedition. Young Gregory marched forwards with such hasty steps, that Mr. Stanhope was obliged to exert himself, to avoid being left behind.

When they came near the bushes, they observed a multitude of little birds flying in and out of them, and fluttering their wings from branch to branch. On seeing this, Mr. Stanhope stopped his son, and desired him to suspend his vengeance a little time, that they might not disturb those innocent birds. With this view, they retired to the foot of the hill where they had sat the preceding evening, and from thence examined more particularly what had occasioned this apparent bustle among the birds. From hence they plainly saw, that they were employed in carrying away those bits of wool in their beaks, which the bushes had torn from the sheep the evening before. There came a multitude of different sorts of birds, who loaded themselves with the plunder.

Gregory was quite astonished at this sight, and asked his papa

what could be the meaning of it. "You by this plainly see," replied Mr. Stanhope, "that Providence provides for creatures of every class, and furnishes them with all things necessary for their convenience and preservation. Here, you see, the poor birds find what is necessary for their habitations, wherein they are to nurse and rear their young, and with this they make a comfortable bed for themselves and their little progeny. The innocent thorn-bush, against which you yesterday so loudly exclaimed, is of infinite service to the inhabitants of the air; it takes from those that are rich only what they can very well spare, in order to satisfy the wants of the poor. Have you now any wish to cut those bushes down, which you will perhaps no longer consider as robbers?"

Gregory shook his head, and said he would not cut the bushes down for the world. Mr. Stanhope applauded his son for so saying; and, after enjoying the sweets of the morning, they retired home to breakfast, leaving the bushes to flourish in peace, since they made so generous a use of their conquests.

My young friends will hence be convinced of the impropriety of cherishing too hastily prejudices against any persons or things, since, however forbidding or useless they may at first sight appear, a more familiar acquaintance with them may discover those accomplishments or perfections which prejudice at first obscured from their observation.

# POOR CRAZY SAMUEL, AND THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS

In the city of Bristol lived a crazy person, whose name was Samuel. Whenever he went out he always put four or five wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though he had unfortunately lost his senses, yet he was not mischievous, unless wicked boys played tricks with him, and put him in a passion.

Whenever he appeared in the streets, all the idle boys would surround him, crying, "Samuel! Samuel! how do you sell your wigs and your muffs?" Some idle boys were of such mischievous dispositions as to throw dirt and stones at him. Though the unfortunate man generally bore all this treatment very quietly, yet he would sometimes turn about in his own defence, and throw among the rabble that followed him any thing that came in his way.

A contest of this nature happened one day near the house of Mr. Denton, who, hearing a noise in the street, went to the window, and, with much regret, saw his son Joseph concerned in the fray. Displeased at the sight, he shut down the sash, and went into another room.

When they were at dinner, Mr. Denton asked his son who the man was, with whom he and other boys in the street seemed

to be so pleasingly engaged. Joseph said it was the crazy man, whom they called Samuel. On his father asking him what had occasioned that misfortune, he replied, that it was said to be in consequence of the loss of a law-suit, which deprived him of a large estate.

"Had this man been known to you," said Mr. Denton, "at the time when he was cheated of his estate; and had he told you that he had just lost a large inheritance, which he had long peaceably enjoyed; that all his property was expended in supporting the cause, and that he had now neither country nor town-house, in short, nothing upon earth left; would you then have laughed at this poor man?"

Joseph, with some confusion, replied he certainly should not be guilty of so wicked an action as to laugh at the misfortunes of any man; but should rather endeavour to comfort him.

"This man," said Mr. Denton, "is more to be pitied now than he was then, since to the loss of his fortune is added that of his senses also; and yet you have this day been throwing stones at this poor man, and otherwise insulting him, who never gave you any cause." Joseph seemed very sorry for what he had done, asked his papa's pardon, and promised not only never to do the like again, but to prevent others, as much as lay in his power, committing the same crime.

His father told him, that as to his forgiveness, he freely had it, but that there was another besides him, whose forgiveness was more necessary. Little Joseph thought that his father meant

poor Samuel; but Mr. Denton explained the matter to him. "Had Samuel retained his senses," said he, "it would be certainly just that you should ask his pardon; but as his disordered mind will not permit him to receive any apologies, it would be idle to attempt to make any. It is not Samuel, but God, whom you have offended. You have not shown compassion to poor Samuel, but, by your unmerited insults, have added to his misfortunes. Can you think that God will be pleased with such conduct?"

Joseph now plainly perceived whom he had offended, and therefore promised that night to ask pardon of God in his prayers. He kept his word, and not only forbore troubling Samuel for several weeks afterwards, but endeavoured to dissuade all his companions from doing the like.

The resolutions of young people, however, are not always to be depended on. So it happened with little Joseph, who, forgetting the promises he had made, one day happened to mix with the rabble of boys who were following and hooting, and playing many naughty tricks with the unfortunate Samuel.

The more he mixed among them, the more he forgot himself, and at last became as bad as the worst of them. Samuel's patience, however, being at length tired out by the rude behaviour of the wicked boys that pursued him, he suddenly turned about, and picking up a large stone, threw it at little Joseph with such violence, that it grazed his cheek, and almost cut off part of his ear.

Poor Joseph, on feeling the smart occasioned by the blow,

and finding the blood trickling down his cheek at a great rate, ran home roaring most terribly. Mr. Denton, however, showed him no pity, telling him it was the just judgment of God for his wickedness.

Joseph attempted to justify himself by saying, that he was not the only one who was guilty, and therefore ought not to be the only one that was punished. His father replied, that, as he knew better than the other boys, his crime was the greater. It is indeed but justice that a child, who knows the commands of God and his parents, should be doubly punished, whenever he so far forgets his duty as to run headlong into wickedness.

Remember this, my young readers; and instead of adding to the afflictions of others, do whatever you can to alleviate them, and God will then undoubtedly have compassion on you, whenever your wants and distresses shall require his assistance.

# BELLA AND MARIAN

The sun was just peeping above the eastern edge of the horizon, to enliven with his golden rays one of the most beautiful mornings of the spring, when Bella went down into the garden to taste with more pleasure, as she rambled through those enchanting walks, the delicacies of a rich cake, of which she intended to make her first meal.

Her heart swelled with delight, on surveying the beauties of the rising sun, in listening to the enlivening notes of the lark, and on breathing the pleasing fragrance which the surrounding shrubs afforded.

Bella was so charmed with this complication of delights, that her sweet eyes were bedewed with a moisture, which rested on her eyelids without dropping in tears. Her heart felt a gentle sensation, and her mind was possessed with emotions of benevolence and tenderness.

The sound of steps in the walk, however, all on a sudden interrupted these happy feelings, and a little girl came tripping towards the same walk, eating a piece of coarse brown bread with the keenest appetite. As she was also rambling about the garden for amusement, her eyes wandered here and there unfixed; so that she came up close to Bella unexpectedly.

As soon as the little girl saw it was Miss Bella, she stopped short, seemed confused, and, turning about, ran away as fast

as she could; but Bella called to her, and asked her why she ran away. This made the little girl run the faster, and Bella endeavoured to pursue her; but, not being so much used to exercise, she was soon left behind. Luckily, as it happened, the little stranger had turned up a path leading into that in which Bella was. Here they suddenly met, and Bella caught her by the arm, saying, "Come, I have you fast now; you are my prisoner, and cannot get away from me."

The poor girl was now more frightened than ever, and struggled hard for her liberty; but, after some time, the sweet accents of Bella, and her assurance that she meant only to be her friend, having rather allayed her fears, she became a little more tractable, and quietly followed her into one of the summer-houses.

Miss Bella, having made the stranger sit down by her, asked her if she had a father living, and what was his profession. The girl told her, that, thank God, her father was living, and that he did any thing for an honest livelihood. She said he was then at work in the garden, and had brought her with him that morning.

Bella then observing that the young stranger had got a piece of brown bread in her hand, desired she would let her taste it; but she said it so scratched her throat on swallowing a bit of it, that she could eat no more; and asked the little girl, why her father did not get better bread for her. "Because," replied the stranger, "he does not get so much money as your papa; and, besides that, there are four more of us, and we all eat heartily. Sometimes one wants

a frock, another a jacket, and all he can get is barely sufficient for us, without laying out hardly any thing upon himself, though he never misses a day's work while he has it to do."

Upon Bella's asking her if she ever ate any plum-cake, she said she did not even know what it was; but she had no sooner put a bit into her mouth, which Miss Bella gave her, than she said, she had never in her life tasted any thing so nice. She then asked her what was her name, when the girl, rising, and making her a low curtsy, said it was Marian.

"Well then, my good Marian," said Bella, "stop here a moment; I will go and ask my governess for something for you, and will come back directly: but be sure you do not go away." Marian replied, that she was now noways afraid of her, and that she should certainly wait her coming back.

Bella ran directly to her governess, and begged she would give her some currant jelly for a little girl, who had nothing but dry bread for breakfast. The governess, being highly pleased with the good-nature of her amiable pupil, gave her some in a cup, and a small roll also. Bella instantly ran away with it, and coming to Marian, said she hoped she had not made her wait, but begged her to put down her brown bread till another time, and eat what she had brought her.

Marian, after tasting the jelly, and smacking her lips, said it was very nice indeed; and asked Bella if she ate such every day. Miss replied, that she ate those things frequently, and if she would come now and then, she would always give her some.

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