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OR
KINDNESS REWARDED.
AN
INTERESTING STORY.



NEW HAVEN:
S. Babcock—Church street.

1835.



GIPSY CARRYING OFF A CHILD.

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“Who was poor Bessy, mamma?” said little Annette Mowbray, as she sat one day on her little stool, beside her mamma, hemming a silk handkerchief for her papa.—“Who was poor Bessy, mamma? Was she a little girl?” “What makes you ask that question, my love?” “Because, mamma, the other day I heard you say something to papa about ‘Poor Bessy,’ and I saw your eyes filled with tears.” “Well, my child, when you see any one’s eyes filled with tears in speaking on any subject, a little girl like you should be very cautious how you ask questions on that subject—because you may unintentionally give great pain

by your inquisitiveness." "I am sorry I gave you any pain, my dear mamma; I will try to remember again, and not do the same thing," said Annette, blushing.

Her mamma bent down and kissed her little cheek.—"You gave me no pain, my dear child; but I wished to warn you, lest at any time you might do so to others, by indulging in an unamiable curiosity about what you hear said. Poor Bessy, my dear Annette, was only a dog." "A dog, mamma! and did you weep when you only named her?" "Yes, Annette, I did weep, and am not ashamed to do so—for poor Bessy saved your life—but for her I would not now have had you, my darling, seated at my side." "How, mamma, saved my life!—and how did I never hear of it?" "Because you were too young to know what poor

Bessy had done for you, or to remember it—and you have hitherto been so heedless, and so thoughtless, that I would not tell you till I saw it was likely to make a fitting impression on your mind.”

“But, dear mamma, I am trying to be more steady and more obedient now—am I not?” “Yes, my dear child, because you have been more earnest and anxious in your prayers to your heavenly Father, for His assistance in performing your little duties, and restraining your inclination to what is wrong and sinful. No one ever makes such a prayer to him in vain. Do you not feel this, my dear little Annette?” “Yes, mamma, I do feel it. I used to do things oftener from forgetfulness than from intention to be bad—and then I was sorry—but since I have prayed *in my very heart* to God for

X his blessing, I have not forgotten near so much—something, I don't know what, just puts me in mind when I am going to be careless or bad." Mrs. Mowbray clasped her little darling to her bosom with feelings which only a mother can know. Then putting her down, she said, "I will now, my love, tell you the story of poor Bessy.

About seven years ago, when you were about a year old, your papa was having an addition built to this house, and when the joiners were at work, I often went into the new part of the house to see how they came on, and to give them directions." "What are joiners, mamma?" asked Annette. "Persons who do the wood-work of houses, such as the doors, window-sashes, floors, and all that. On these occasions I often

observed, and sometimes patted the head of a large brown dog, which I



supposed belonged to some of the workmen. Once I had occasion to go in after they were gone for the night, and I found this dog nestling among some shavings in one of the rooms. I ordered it to rise and go home—it rose very reluctantly, and I spoke angrily to it, and bid it go home immediately—it walked slow-

ly out of the room, and I followed with the light, that I might see if it really went down stairs, and not into any of the other rooms. It was the middle of winter—the night was dreadful cold and stormy—the poor dog moved to the outer door, and there it stood still and looked back at me, with such an imploring look, as if it had said, ‘Oh take pity on me—don’t turn me out to the storm—I have no house to go to!’

I could not resist the look—I said to it kindly, ‘poor thing—do you so much wish to stay—perhaps you will not be made very welcome at home, and you are doing no harm here—you may stay;’ the poor animal seemed perfectly to understand me, for it looked up so gladly in my face, licked my hand, and instantly whisked away back to the shaving bed I had aroused it from. Next



Mrs. Mowbray returning thanks for Annette's escape.



day I said to the workmen that I wished they would not leave their dog when they went away at night. 'Our dog, ma'am!' they said, 'we thought it was your dog, it belongs to none of us.'" "And where had it come from, mamma?" said Annette. "That we never found out, my love; but there it was, and it would not go away—it showed no wish to come into the house, but lay near the door, and watched day and night, like an old attached servant. The only dog you had ever seen was called Bess, and when you saw the poor stranger, you said always 'Befly, Befly,' and so it got the name you gave it. About a year after the time it first came about the house, I was one day going out to walk with you, and stopped outside the door to speak to the gardener; meanwhile, you let go

my hand and trotted away down the lane, quite proud that mamma could not catch you. When I looked round, you had got eight or ten yards from me, and just at that moment I heard a great shouting and screaming of people; a very large



fierce-looking dog rushed round the corner, and made straight for you, my unconscious innocent!—and I

heard the shouts of 'a mad dog, a mad dog!' Oh, my child, my child, never till you are a mother can you conceive my feelings at that moment! I flew towards you—but oh, I was still three or four yards from you, and the infuriated animal was quite close, not as I thought a foot from you—and your destruction seemed certain, when poor Bessy, whom I had not before observed, darted between you and the destroyer, and seized him by the throat—I caught you in my arms—and I remember nothing more till I found myself and you in your papa's arms in the house." "And Bessy, mamma?" "Ah, my love, poor, poor Bessy!—she died to save your life!" "How, mamma?" "Because, my dear love, dogs bitten by one which is mad, always take the same dreadful distemper. Poor Bessy was

The Death of Poor Bessy.



sadly torn in the struggle of holding so large and strong a dog—and, do not ask any more, my love, poor Bessy died that night!” Annette sobbed on her mother’s bosom—when she could speak she said, “Oh, mamma, mamma, whenever I would be bad—remind me of poor Bessy—she was *but a dog*, and I am a human being—and yet I am not half so good as she. Oh, mamma, mamma, I will never, never forget what I owe poor Bessy—how can I be grateful enough to her!” Mrs. Mowbray pressed the little girl closely to her bosom. “Yes, my love, be grateful to poor Bessy; never, never forget what she did for you. But in remembering the gift, oh my child, forget not the giver. Never for one moment allow the dazzle of the event, in any case, to sweep out of your mind the grate-

Yful recollection of that Almighty Father who causes every event, and who so careth for us, and maketh all things work together for good unto those who love his name, and keep his commandments,—who is, ‘about our path and about our bed,’ who sees even our most secret thoughts afar off. That God, ‘in whom we live and move and have our being.’





Annette's Mother's Evening Hymn.

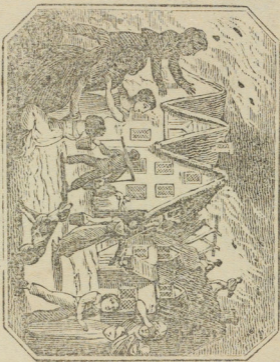
✓ Oh, holy Father! hear a mother's prayer,
 And take her darling treasure to thy care!
 Oh! great and glorious! from thy throne on high
 Look on my child with thine all-blessing eye.

Oh, Holy Savior! mercifully see
 My little child—whom I devote to thee!
 And let thy meek and heavenly Spirit fill
 Her wayward heart, and mould it to Thy will.

Oh, Holy Spirit! come from Heaven above,
 Thou last, best gift of all-redeeming love!
 Oh lighten, guide, instil each virtue mild,
 And shed thy influence on my sleeping child.

✗ Oh! Great Almighty Godhead! shelter still
 My precious innocent from ev'ry ill!
 On earth Thy little handmaid may she be,
 And live each day as for eternity!

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!





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New Haven, March, 1835.