

**INFLUENCE: A MORAL
TALE FOR YOUNG
PEOPLE. IN TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Influence: A Moral Tale for Young People. In Two Volumes, Vol. II by Charlotte Anley

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CHARLOTTE ANLEY

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A
Moral Tale
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
BY A LADY.

He who acts from principle shall be exposed to no wounds but
what religion can cure.—*Blair.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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INFLUENCE.

CHAP. I.

“**T**HIS day,” said Herbert as he joined the cheerful party assembled round the breakfast table at Llanvair, “bails with its brightest smiles, the first return of an autumnal sun. September thus opens to us a scene fraught with new glories—new anticipations. Yet it is man, for whom these varied pleasures are ordained, who alone sighs over the remembrance of past pleasures, and would murmur at their close, as if joy were confined to one fleeting season, or as if winter could close that source of happiness which is opened to the christian in every season, age and country.”

“Why, Herbert,” said Louis, looking at the serious countenance of his friend, “I thought

you went to bed last night a very harlequin, but the 'spirit of your dream' seems changed, and morning finds you turned moralist."

"And I think," replied Herbert, "that your heart will catch the spirit of my philosophy, for I guess this letter," added he, taking one directed to Louis from a packet which he held in his hand, "will somewhat sadden that bright smile of yours." "An official one, in all due submission to its red imperials," exclaimed Louis, "and a summons in good earnest! Well," added he, sighing, "I expected it, but it comes as a sad antidote to a merry breakfast."

"Surely," said Lady Warton, addressing Herbert and Louis alternately, "you are not yet called away from us?"

"I am sorry to say," replied Herbert, "that this day fortnight is fixed for our return to Lymington. That letter to Louis came enclosed in a packet from my mother, who tells me that my commission has been granted, and my passage to India already secured in one of the ships going out in the October fleet. Louis must also join his regiment in about a fortnight, and my mother wishes us to return with him, that I may remain with her the few last weeks of my being in England: our summons therefore of course admits of no further reprieve."

"This is indeed a sad spirit come over the face of things," said Lady Warton; "I hope however that we shall all meet again"—

"I fear," replied Herbert gravely, "that many a summer's sun must bronze my face before I can again behold the country that will always be the dearest to my heart."

Lady Warton looked at Herbert with an expression of almost maternal affection, and caught the sadness of his forebodings, as she too truly believed the prophecy; "and yet," thought she, "why should I mourn; his is the path of duty, and he will probably return in a few years, in the full manhood of his life, and crowned with all the honors of a christian career. I indeed cannot expect to be here to hail his return; but still we shall meet again in that happier world, where parting will not be known."

A general silence of some minutes ensued, for the question, "When shall we all meet again?" had fallen heavily on the heart of each.

Ellen had not spoken, but the tears rolled down her cheek as she heard the sad intelligence of their summons; but, at last, as she thought of the anticipation of so long a separation from her brother, she leaned her head upon Miss Aubrey's shoulder, and gave free

vent to her feelings : " Oh ! what will become of me when my dear, dear Herbert is gone ?" exclaimed she ; " I shall never see him again."

Herbert went to her, and affectionately endeavoured to offer consolation, by reminding her that they would still be many weeks together. " Let us not then, Ellen," said he, " make duty a painful task ; in a few years we may meet again, and in the meanwhile think of the pleasure we may bestow and share in doing our best while separated, to ensure, if it be the will of God, a happy meeting even here, and an eternal one hereafter."

Thus with the united efforts of Miss Aubrey, Ellen became more reconciled. She smiled through her tears, as Miss Aubrey said, " Let me be a sister to you, and then shall I not do almost as well as a brother, till Herbert comes back again ?"

" Oh," replied Ellen mournfully, " but you are not going with me. I shall have nobody left to love or care for me, obliged to live in that vile place Lyminster, where I shall care for nobody but mamma."

" But you will have many duties, dear Ellen, to care for," replied Miss Aubrey, " and that must sweeten every situation—enliven every place ; and then as you are not going to India,

you can come here again next summer, when we shall increase your little district, and make you the busiest of the busy! Think, Ellen, of the pleasure we shall enjoy in resuming all our village cares, and I shall write to you very often: but come," added she, wiping the remaining tears from Ellen's cheeks, "as Herbert says, we must not be the only beings of nature's creation to sorrow at the close of past blessings, when so bright a sun meets us as an earnest of continued mercies. We have a long fortnight yet to be together, so we must make the most of our time, for we shall find many things to do, and much to say. To begin then, let us now go and visit your young invalid, and then to the school, where I dare say we shall find Fanny busily employed in distributing her weekly rewards." So saying, both left the room, and Ellen soon appeared with a brighter countenance, ready for her errand.

- It would be needless to describe the feelings of regret excited at the Priory by the anticipation of Herbert's departure; they were all that affection could express, but were still subservient to those of resignation to the will of God, who for the same wise end ordains bereavement, or continued possession of bless-

ings. The ensuing ten days were therefore passed in cheerful enjoyment of each other's society, but the Sunday now approached which would probably be the last shared together for many years, and before the return of such another—ah! who could say over whom might pass the messenger of death, whose mandate must be obeyed alike by young and old, and whose touch no human agency can avert!

The sacrament was administered on that day at the little chapel at St. Llenard's, and all but Ellen remained to partake the privileges of the sacred ordinance, once more to unite together in that holy baptism, which renews the tie between the Creator and the creature when received in steadfast faith on the promises of the Redeemer.

On their return home, each retired to their separate rooms, and Louis to the library, where he was surprised to find Ellen sitting mournfully, with her arm resting on a large Bible, opened at the description of our Lord's supper, over which she appeared so intently engaged, that Louis remained some moments in the room before she knew that he was near her. She had evidently retired there on her return from church, as her pelisse was merely loosened, and her bonnet thrown down care-