

THE WELL-SPENT HOUR, A TALE

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The Well-Spent Hour, a Tale by S. Wood

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S. WOOD

**THE WELL-SPENT
HOUR, A TALE**

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WELL-SPENT HOUR,
A TALE.

REPRINTED FROM THE LAST AMERICAN EDITION,

AND REVISED BY

THE REV. S. WOOD, B.A.



SECOND ENGLISH EDITION.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.

1833.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS beautiful little work was first published at Boston, in the United States. It conveys such admirable lessons, and is written in so attractive a style, that the Editor has thought it well deserving of being reprinted in England. He has not scrupled, however, to correct many inaccurate expressions, and to alter several passages, where the sentiments appeared to him such as would not naturally suggest themselves to the mind of a child. He has also materially altered the description of *the eye*, as he was informed by an eminent oculist that it was not correct, as given in the original edition. He has substituted English money for American, and in Chapter XII., the names of books which he knows and approves; and he has added explanatory notes re-

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specting Washington and La Fayette. He trusts that these alterations will contribute to the utility of the work, and that it will be found to be an interesting and valuable addition to our juvenile libraries.

London, June 9, 1832.

This Second English Edition is reprinted from the Third American, a copy of which was kindly sent to the Editor by the Author herself. The new matter consists chiefly of an anecdote of La Fayette, at the end of Chapter VIII.; of several respecting Washington, in Chapter XII., and of the whole of Chapter XIII.

March 27, 1833.

THE
WELL-SPENT HOUR.

CHAPTER I.

PIETY AT HOME.

'MOTHER, I am tired of reading; can't you tell me of something to do?' said Kitty Nelson, one day, as she stretched herself out, and gaped, as if she were very weary. 'Oh yes, my dear,' said her mother, 'you may hem this handkerchief, or you may pick up these shreds.' 'Oh,' said the little girl, 'but that would be tiresome, and I want something pleasant to do: you know you told me I might do what I pleased in the vacation, if I did nothing wrong.' 'True, my dear, but I told you I did not believe you would be happy when idle, and advised you to employ yourself; yet I left you at liberty to choose for yourself.'

‘But, mother, can’t you think of any thing pleasant for me to do?’ ‘Can you tell me any thing of the sermon that we heard yesterday?’ said her mother. ‘I remember the text, I think,’ said Kitty. ‘What was it, my dear?’ ‘It was, “Let them shew their piety at home.” What is piety, mother?’ ‘Piety, my dear, is love and obedience to God; it is a desire to please him, and a continual and grateful remembrance of all his kindness to us, and a fear of offending a Being of such great goodness. Do you remember any thing that the minister said about it?’ ‘He talked a great deal about spending one hour well; I did not understand all, but I understood a great deal of what he said, and it made me think of what I could do in an hour.’ ‘Well, Kitty, what could you do in an hour?’ ‘Do you mean, mother, how many of my lessons I could learn in an hour?’ ‘No; but if you had no lessons to learn, as now, for instance, and wanted to spend an hour well, what good could you do?’ ‘I am sure, mother, I don’t know. If I were to sew an hour, I could not do much; and besides, Roxy does all your sewing; and there is some one to do all the

other work in the house; there is nothing for me to do.' 'Is there no way of doing good but in doing the work of the house, or sewing?' said her mother. 'Do I never do you good, except when I make your clothes, or give you food?' 'Oh yes, mother, you teach me, and you make me happy.' 'And cannot you make any one happy?' Here Kitty hesitated.—'Sometimes, mother, when I am good and industrious, you say I make you and my father happy.'—'Is there no one else you can make happy or unhappy, my dear?' 'Yes, mother, I can make James and Lucy happy, and sometimes I make them unhappy; and I am afraid I troubled Lucy this morning.' 'And could you not make her happy again?' 'Oh, yes, mother, I think I could.' 'Then, my dear, you have something to do. If we are really anxious to do good, we shall find opportunities enough.' 'Shall I go to Lucy now, mother?' I left her crying up stairs.'

'Stop one minute, my dear; I have something to propose to you: suppose you try this one hour, and see how much good you can do in it? It is now twelve o'clock;