



LITTLE...  
TBX (dr.)

SB.







# LITTLE FOUNDLING;

A STORY.

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Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God.

The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God.

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1823.

AT THE FOUNDING

A STORY

The first part of the story is told in the language of the  
people of the time and is full of interest and  
value. The things which are important in the  
history of the people are told in a simple and  
clear manner.

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ANDREW JACK, Printer, Edinburgh.

THE  
LITTLE FOUNDLING,

&c.

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SOME time ago I was requested by a friend to visit a poor woman who had long been in a bad state of health, and who appeared to be speedily drawing near to her latter end. I accordingly went, and found it to be one of those cases of distress which is rendered far more insupportable by the want of every comfort that tends in any degree to alleviate human suffering. Her dwelling was of the meanest description; and the light admitted by one or two panes of glass in the roof, served to show but very indistinctly the furniture of the apartment.

As I approached her bedside, a boy,

about the age of fourteen, who sat with a Bible in his hand, immediately withdrew. It was some moments before I discovered that any one was there,—her body, much wasted by disease, being completely covered with the bed-clothes; at last her sister, who performed the kindly office of nurse, came near and called her name, when, by a feeble exertion of the little strength that was left, she uncovered her face, on which the image of death had already settled. She attempted to speak, but her voice was so inaudible that I could not hear what she said. It was not long, however, till she so far recovered as to be able to converse a little. I asked if she felt alarmed at the prospect of death; to which she replied, “Oh no! Jesus hath disarmed death of its sting. He will go down with me into the dark valley, and make me fear no evil. There is nothing in this world for which I wish to remain in it. And I know that when the earthly house of this my tabernacle is dissolved, I shall have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”



She appeared to have built her hopes on that foundation which God hath laid in Zion ; and although now confined to a little uncomfortable abode, her soul longed to be put in possession of that blessedness which is within the veil, whether Christ our forerunner hath already entered.

How solemn is the hour of death ! that period which must close our eyes for ever on all worldly objects, dissolve every bond of connection with the present, and introduce us into another and endless state of existence. It is a period to which none can look forward with hope and joy, but such as have had their minds enlightened to see the evil of sin, and, anxious to be delivered from its power, are looking daily to Christ Jesus as their guide, support, and everlasting portion.

I never had another opportunity of visiting this poor woman, as she died on the morning of the day after I had seen her.

On leaving the house, I made inquiry at her sister who the boy was I had seen at my coming in ; and was informed that he did not belong to the family, but was in



the habit of coming once or twice a-day, when he had leisure, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures to this poor dying woman. I also learned from her, that he belonged to a Sabbath evening school, at a little distance, with the teacher of which I was well acquainted; and as I thought his conduct somewhat remarkable, I resolved to make some further enquiry regarding him. I soon found an opportunity of doing so. Having met my friend in the course of the week, I spoke to him of the boy, and was informed that his history was somewhat curious; and we agreed to take a walk a little way, while he related it.

“One Sabbath evening three years ago,” he said, “I had gone to my school at the usual time. It rained very heavy, and the children were so long of collecting, that I began to think I should have a very small audience. After waiting considerably past the usual hour, I proceeded to the exercises of the school. Several scholars came in during the time we were engaged in prayer, unperceived by me; but immediately upon being done, my attention was arrested by a stranger boy standing in the middle of the

room. From his dress and appearance it was easily perceived that he was a chimney sweeper's boy. He had been brought there by some of the children attending the school, who, instead of conducting him to a seat, had, immediately upon entering the apartment, taken their respective places, and left the poor little fellow to find one for himself. He had never before in his life been in a school of any kind; and seeing himself surrounded with so many children, clean and well dressed, he felt so much ashamed that he immediately began to cry. As I approached him, his little heart was like to burst, in endeavouring to suppress the emotion which he felt; but after speaking kindly to him for a little, I persuaded him to sit down in a place where he was not much exposed to the observation of the children, and there he remained while the school was assembled. Having finished the exercises and dismissed the school, I detained the little stranger, to make some inquiry as to his name and place of residence, and received from him the following information. His name was Jack Cuddie; of his parents he was entirely ignorant, having never, so far as he recollected, seen any of them, nor

received any certain information regarding them. He had been brought up with a person of the name of Andrew Cuddie, a poor labouring man, who lived at some little distance, and who, after keeping him some years, had put him apprentice to a chimney sweeper, where he had already been for nearly three years. He was quite unable to read, knowing little more than the letters of the alphabet; and for even this little knowledge he was indebted to a very strange incident which I shall afterwards relate.

“ I found he had a wish to be instructed, and therefore encouraged him to attend my own school on Sabbath evening, and at the same time called on his master, and requested that he might be allowed to attend a few hours every day at a week day school, where he might be taught to read and write. This his master readily granted; for although he was himself nearly as ignorant as his apprentice, he wished he was as young, that he might have an opportunity of learning. But, like too many people who grow up in ignorance, he was contented to remain so, while his conduct with regard to



the boy shews how readily he admitted the value of instruction.

“ I shall now for a little leave our young chimney sweep regularly attending the school, and relate what I was afterwards able to learn of his history.

“ His mother was one of those unnatural beings who, possessing no affection for their children, are altogether regardless of their fate.

“ Poor Jack was found, when an infant, close by the residence of a farmer in that part of the country where he was afterwards brought up, and in whose family he found an asylum, till he was otherwise provided for. He was well wrapt up in flannel; but having been exposed for some time to the piercing blast of a November night, his little limbs were benumbed with cold, and he seemed so much exhausted as to leave it doubtful whether he could survive. By and by, however, he began to revive, and in a short time completely got the better of his temporary illness. He looked round him, and seemed pleased with the innocent prattle of the children belonging to the family; nor were they less desirous of contributing to his amusement.

“ But alas ! poor child it was not his fate to remain under this hospitable roof ; like most children in his unhappy situation, he was thrown upon the parish, and the wife of Andrew Cuddie was employed to nurse him, and provide for him till he should be able to work for himself.

“ Andrew Cuddie was a man of industrious sober habits, careful to provide for the wants of his family, and indeed seemed to derive his chief enjoyment from seeing them happy. When his day’s work was ended, he repaired to his cottage, which stood in a glen removed to some little distance from any other human abode, where the evening was spent in amusing the children with stories of ghosts and fairies, while each of them sat staring with wonder at the memorable exploits of those fabled beings, till they were afraid to look behind them ; and should necessity call them into another apartment, or to the door, every chair in the room, and every bush in the glen seemed transmuted into fairies, while they trembled at the idea of being subjected to the influence of their fatal power.

At another time the evening was spent in



playing at cards, or some other amusement not more profitable. Andrew seldom thought of reading; and when he did, his library being composed of only a few books of a very trifling description, there was no wholesome instruction to be derived from them; and whether from the subjects of the books themselves, the style in which they were written, or the manner in which they were read, it was remarked that on no occasion did the children go so early to bed as when Andrew attempted to entertain them with a night's reading.

“ In making his selection, no book was so studiously avoided by him as the family Bible; indeed it was very seldom removed from the spot that had been for many years allotted to it on the top of the drawers.

“ Andrew was totally ignorant of the important truths revealed in the volume of inspiration; and feeling no desire to become acquainted with them, it is not strange that his children were allowed to grow up without any effort on his part to instruct them in those things which belong to their eternal peace. They knew nothing of God, having seldom heard the sacred name, ex-

cept when made use of by their father to give effect to some foolish or angry expression. Of their awful condition as sinners against God, and the love of Jesus in coming into this world to die for the salvation of such, they had never perhaps heard at all; or if the subject had at any time been mentioned in their hearing, it was treated in a manner little calculated to call their minds to the serious consideration of it. They had seldom an opportunity of going to the church, as it was at a considerable distance from where they lived; and even when they did go, the minister they heard was but ill fitted to instruct in the great matters of salvation. They attended the parish school during the week; but it too being at a distance, the most trifling circumstance was a sufficient excuse for their remaining at home. There, it is true, they were accustomed to read the Bible; but their minds having never once been called to the consideration of the awful importance of the truths therein revealed, they learnt to take it up, and peruse it, and lay it aside again, with the same indifference with which they were accustomed to regard any

other school book. Janet, Andrew Cuddie's wife, in every respect resembled her husband, with this difference, that while Andrew was of rather an easy good natured disposition, she was of a more hasty and passionate temper, which was nothing in favour of her little foundling foster.

“ Such was the family with which our little chimney sweep resided till he had attained nearly his eighth year. In such a nest of ignorance and folly, it is not to be supposed that he would learn any thing valuable or important ; and from a nurse of Janet's temper and habits, especially when it is recollected that she had several children of her own, he could not be expected to receive the most tender treatment. In short, the very reverse was the case. Her conduct to this boy was regulated entirely by the consideration of the reward she received from the parish for keeping him, without any regard whatever to humanity. He was the constant butt of Janet's displeasure. Those follies of youth which were allowed with impunity in her own children, were punished most rigorously in him. She would often beat him



and turn him out of doors, where he was forced to remain in the coldest days of winter till he was almost starving. On one of these occasions her husband, when he came home, found William lying outside of the door, and sheltering himself from the snow, which was then falling very heavy, under a bush of considerable size which was close by, so cold as to be almost unable to speak. He went into the house and took William along with him, and remonstrated with his wife on the impropriety of her conduct, which he was very far from approving: she replied, "Touts! let him tak it; what needs we fash ourselves for a' we get for him?" Indeed Janet's cruelty was excessive; and so completely had she initiated her children into her own way of thinking, that they even seemed to derive pleasure from the pain which the poor little orphan suffered.

"As soon as he was capable of doing any thing, he was made the drudge of the family, and was often put to work which he was altogether unable to perform, when his failure was immediately imputed to laziness or some such cause, which afforded Janet a

favourable opportunity of indulging her propensity for treating him ill.

“ In this way he lived till the period I have already mentioned, when Andrew procured permission to provide him with such a master as he could find, and in a short time William was bound an apprentice to a chimney sweep. The change he made was for the better, in so far as personal comfort was concerned. Indeed, from the cruelty he had formerly suffered, one could scarce suppose it to be otherwise. Still, however, no attention was paid to his education or to his morals: he was allowed to grow up as neglected as if he had no intellect to improve. His master, although an ignorant and profane man, had nevertheless a considerable share of good nature. William was never prevented from amusing himself with such companions as he could find, and but seldom exposed to the ill usage which falls so plentifully to the share of many boys in his situation.

“ He had been about four years in this new situation, when the circumstance occurred which terminated in his being brought to my school.

“ One day as he passed along the street,



his attention was attracted by several boys about his own age, playing at marbles, at which game he was himself rather expert ; and whether from the design of looking at them, or joining them in their sport, he came near the place where they were, when another object, which he seemed to consider more novel, presented itself to his view. The boys had been returning home from school ; and during the time they were engaged at play, had ranged their books in a line by the side of the wall.

Jack stood for some time in silence, gazing at the books, for he had scarcely seen a book since he left the house of Andrew Cuddie ; at least he had had no opportunity of seeing any body use one, and far less of having one in his hand ; but now he felt an anxiety about what might be the precise use of them, which he had never felt before. At length his curiosity rose to such a degree, that he ventured to lift one, and, with his black hands began to turn over its leaves, which at first procured him any thing but the good will of the boy to whom it belonged : but his favour was soon propitiated by Jack, who took from his pocket a few marbles, which he offered as a reward for being

allowed to look at the book as long as he and his school-fellows continued at their game. The bargain was soon concluded, and the boy again joined his companions. Jack proceeded to examine the contents of the book with as much apparent attention as if he could read every word of it. Their play being ended, the other boys took each the road leading to his respective home ; but the owner of the book remained with Jack, and the following conversation took place between them.

“ *Jack.* What’s this for doing ?

“ *Boy.* Its for reading on.

“ *Jack.* What’s reading ?

“ *Boy.* Its just reading, ye ken.

This answer of course made him no wiser, but induced him to ask another question ; which, as well as those he formerly put, serves to show how much his curiosity was excited, and how desirous he was of being informed. The conversation went on :—

“ *Jack.* Could I read ony ?

“ *Boy.* I dinna ken ; was ye ever at the school ?

“ *Jack.* No ; was you.

“ *Boy.* Yes.

“ *Jack.* What do you do there ?

“ *Boy.* I say my lessons to the master.

“ *Jack.* Eh man, will ye let me see the way ye say them ?

“ The boy agreed, for another marble, to read a lesson from his book for the entertainment of his new acquaintance. The following was what he fixed upon, and he read it in such a manner as to show that he was not altogether a stranger to the beautiful feeling which it describes.

“ Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
And hushed me in her arms to rest,  
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest ?  
My mother.

“ When sleep forsook my open eye,  
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,  
And rocked me that I should not cry ?  
My mother.

“ Who sat and watched my infant head  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed ?  
My mother.

“ When pain and sickness made me cry,  
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,  
And wept for fear that I should die ?  
My mother.

“ Who taught my infant lips to pray,  
And love God’s holy book and day,



And walk in wisdom's pleasant way ?  
My mother.

“ And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee,  
Who wast so very kind to me—  
My mother ?

“ Ah no ! the thought I cannot bear ;  
And if God please my life to spare,  
I hope I shall reward thy care—  
My mother.

“ When thou art feeble, old, and grey,  
My healthy arm shall be thy stay ;  
And I will soothe thy pains away—  
My mother.

“ As he read the following lines, the tears started to his eye, and seemed to indicate what would be the feelings of his heart were he deprived of the affectionate guardian of his infant years.

“ And when I see thee hang thy head,  
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed—  
My mother.

“ For God who lives above the skies,  
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,  
If I should ever dare despise  
My mother.

“But poor Jack was a stranger to the sympathies which such a composition is calculated to call forth. No kind mother had ever hushed him to sleep, and watched lest any thing should disturb his peaceful slumbers, he had never witnessed the exquisite tenderness and solicitude which mark her countenance, as, in silent sadness, she sits at the bedside of her beloved child when sick. In short, he knew little more of a mother than the name; and the little he had learnt from the cruelty of Janet Cuddie, was calculated to impress his mind with far other feelings than that of filial affection and respect.”

Let those children who have kind parents remember who gave them so great a blessing, especially let those who have religious parents—parents who are not only desirous of providing for their present comfort, but who are anxious that above all things they should be made acquainted with their state as sinful perishing creatures, and be brought to trust in that Saviour who died for the guilty, and without whose righteousness no sinners can be justified in the sight of God; let such children, I say, lift up to God the



voice of praise and thanksgiving, for having thus so highly favoured them; let them give good heed to the instructions delivered to them by their parents; let them not forget to pray that the divine blessing may accompany those instructions, and render them profitable to their souls.

How awful at last will be the condition of those children who have had the advantage of pious instruction and example, and have not profited by them! Our Saviour, when he was in the world, declared, with regard to the cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida, that it should be more tolerable in the day of judgment for the wicked inhabitants of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha, whom God consumed with fire from heaven, than for them; because to all the other sins with which they were chargeable, they added this greatest of all sins, rejection of the offers of salvation, made by the blessed Jesus himself, and that notwithstanding most of his mighty works had been performed amongst them.—So, in the day of judgment, it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrha, than for those children who have pious parents, and refuse to profit by their

admonitions ; who have had the Bible put into their hands, and have been taught to read it, and yet have refused to believe it ; for in it Jesus makes known the way of salvation, and intreats them to be reconciled to God, who hath so loved them as to give his Son to be a propitiation for their sins.—My friend proceeded :

“ The boy went on to read one or two other little stories from his book, with which Jack was much pleased, and seemed sorry when they were obliged to part. After the boys separated, Jack’s wish to be able to read increased ; and during the remaining part of the day, his mind was occupied with considering how he might be instructed. He knew none who would pay the necessary fee to a teacher ; and even could education be procured gratis, he fancied the time would interfere so much with his work, that his master would not allow him to attend the school ; so that he almost wished he were back to Andrew Cuddie’s again, because he thought that there he might have an opportunity of learning to read. Next day, however, he again cast himself in the way of the boy already spo-

ken of, as he was going home from the school. They accordingly met, and after some little conversation on what was now become his favourite topic, he ventured to ask him if *he* could not learn him to read. The boy himself could read tolerably well, and seemed to have no particular aversion at doing what he could to teach Jack, particularly as he offered to pay his teacher at what many boys would consider a very dear rate—a marble for every letter of the alphabet he learned him. The terms were immediately agreed to; and as Jack had not as great a number of marbles as were necessary to discharge the obligation he had come under, it cost him some good play to be able to gain them from some of his play-fellows. He however was so successful as to be able to pay his debt as it became due.

“The two boys were for some time faithful to their engagement, and met regularly in the bottom of a stair, where they remained together about half an hour. This continued till Jack became tolerably acquainted with the letters; and was beginning to learn words of one syllable. His anxiety kept



pace with his improvement ; but a circumstance occurred at this time which threatened him with the loss of his teacher. One afternoon, having as usual resorted to their place of meeting, he waited long, and was grieved to find that his friend did not make his appearance ; at last he thought of seeking him, and was not long before he discovered him among a group of boys, at his favourite amusement, the marbles. Jack hoped that, as soon as the game was ended, he should be ready to give him his lesson as usual : but how much was he disappointed when, after waiting some time, the boy, without ever leaving his companions, called out to him, “ Eh ! suttie laddie ; I canna learn ye ony mair. Baith my father and the master’s angry for your hands dirtying a’ my book.” This was what poor Suttie was certainly not prepared for : however, he endeavoured to persuade his preceptor to continue his instructions, by offering to double his fee, and at the same time seriously promised to wash his hands every day before he began to peruse the book ; but whether from a strict regard to the prohibitions of his father and teacher, or, what is

just as likely, the season for playing at marbles being nearly ended, he had plenty of them, and had got weary of his task, he resisted all Jack's intreaties. Such a disappointment would have offered an effectual check to a mind less eager in the pursuit of a favourite object than his. On him, however, it had only the effect of showing what difficulties he could surmount. Having found all attempts to induce his old friend to allow him the use of his book, unavailing, he suggested another plan, which certainly had the merit of completely obviating all the objections urged both by the father and teacher of the boy ; at the same time, it was a plan that would not have occurred to many minds more matured than his. Having a few days before accidentally stepped into a church-yard, and observed the inscriptions upon the tomb stones, it occurred to him at this moment that these might serve instead of a book, provided he could find an instructor. The boys, whose curiosity was now excited by the conference of Jack and his late teacher, now surrounded them ; and Jack, with artless simplicity, and yet with anxious feelings, proposed to them the

plan which had suggested itself to him: and, to his inexpressible pleasure, he saw every one more forward than another to adopt this singular method of teaching him to read. It was at last agreed by the boys that they should engage day about in the benevolent work of gratuitous teacher to this destitute stranger. Thus were poor Jack's hopes revived.

“ This system of education had not been long continued, when one of his tutors proposed to Jack that he should accompany him to the Sabbath evening school the next Sabbath; this he readily agreed to: for although he was altogether ignorant of what went on at such meetings, he felt so great a desire of being at a school of any kind, that he was glad to hear of our meeting at a time which suited him.

“ When Sabbath evening arrived, he met his companions, and was by them conducted to my school, when the incident I have formerly related took place, and that by which he was at first introduced to my notice.

“ I have already stated, that after Jack came to my school I called upon his master, and obtained permission for Jack to attend a



school during the week, where he might learn the ordinary branches of education. To these he applied himself with diligence and success; so that by the time his apprenticeship as a chimney-sweep was done, (a period of two years after he had gone to school) he was a tolerable scholar in English and writing, and he even knew a little of arithmetic.

“ During all that period, he was not, so far as I know, one Sabbath evening absent from the school; nor was he less remarkable for his attention to the tasks assigned him to learn; neither was he like too many children, contented with being able to repeat them accurately when he came before his teacher, but studied to be made acquainted with the meaning of those questions and passages from the word of God which he committed to memory, and for this purpose he was in the habit of frequently taking his Bible to the house of the old woman at whose bed side you saw him sitting the other day, and reading to her the passage or question he had to repeat at school, which she tried to explain the best way she could, and thus his mind was better prepared for the observations I had

to make upon them afterwards. Even at this time the poor woman was far from being in a good state of health, but she was able to go a little about ; but her strength gradually decayed, till she became unable to rise from her bed, to which she was confined some months before she died.

“ Jack was her daily visitor during the whole time of her confinement ; and the object of his visits was, as was stated in a former part of the narrative, to read the Bible to this dying woman, who was now become unable to read it for herself. This was indeed a grateful return for the kindness she had formerly shown to him, when there was few to care for him. But at the same time that he was discharging a duty which he owed to this aged servant of God, he was himself receiving lasting benefit ; for by her conversation he learned much of the ways of God to men, much of his sinfulness, and the need in which he stood of a Saviour ; so that with Solomon he had good cause to say “ it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth.”

“ Indeed the Lord appears to have been

performing a good work upon his heart while he was thus employed in reading the words of mercy to this dying saint; while the instructions she communicated to him in her own humble but impressive way, tended to enlarge his understanding and to rivet the truth in his mind.

“ His attention, together with the consideration of the circumstances in which he was placed, inclined me to take considerable notice of him; which I endeavoured to do in such a way as not in the least degree to excite the jealousy of the other scholars. I frequently took him to my own house, and conversed with him on various subjects, and was much pleased to observe the progress he made in religious knowledge, which was owing principally to his constant use of the word of God; for he never suffered a day to pass without reading a portion of it.

“ He had now arrived at his fourteenth year, and his apprenticeship was almost ended, when one evening he called on me, unsolicited. This was what he had never done before; for although he usually called once a-week, it was always on an



evening appointed by myself, and which was punctually observed by him. But as I had no expectation of seeing him on the night alluded to, his coming induced me to think that he must have something particular to say to me; and we were not long met before he disclosed the design of his visit.

“ His engagement with his present master being nearly ended, he said he felt a strong desire to follow some other profession; and as I had already shewn him so much kindness, he hoped I would not be offended at his asking my advice. I had actually meditated some change for him; of course I felt no desire to throw any obstacle in his way; and after asking what business he would prefer, and receiving his answer, I promised to do all in my power to procure him a master. This, however, was no very easy matter; because, whoever took him to be an apprentice, must also board him, as he had no parents or friends to provide for him during the period of his apprenticeship. After considerable trouble, I at last succeeded in finding a gentleman, a hardware merchant, who kindly agreed to take him

into his shop, and also to board him in his own house; and there Jack has remained, attending diligently to his business, and at the same time exhibiting a deportment in all things, that affords good reason to conclude that he makes the word of God the man of his counsel, and has "chosen that good part that shall never be taken away from him."

"With regard to the family of Andrew Cuddie, I can say nothing of a pleasing nature. Indeed what could we look for from children who had such an example set before them. Those of them who have arrived at maturity, instead of contributing to the comfort or happiness of their parents, who are now in the decline of life, are likely to bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; while there is little reason to hope that they themselves derive any support from the consolations of the gospel of Christ; nor can they derive any degree of satisfaction from the consideration, that they did all in their power to form their children to different habits."

Such is the story of Jack Cuddie, and the family where he was brought up, as related

to me by his kind Sabbath school teacher. And I trust it will not appear less interesting to my young readers than it did to me when I first heard it. And now I have just to request their attention for a very little, while I notice the reflections which the consideration of this interesting boy's history suggests to my own mind.

In reviewing it, the first thing that strikes me is the remarkable display of Divine providence in his preservation. He was, as we have seen in the foregoing narrative, exposed by his cruel mother, in circumstances which threatened speedily to put a period to his existence in this world;—yet, “when father and mother both forsook him, the Lord took him up.” When his little eyes seemed almost ready to be closed in death, he was delivered from his perilous situation. Although the woman vainly fancied that no one saw her when she laid down the child in the open field, and although she was really unperceived by any human eye, yet the omniscient eye of God saw her well, and marked the spot where the helpless infant was left; and even in this cold bed, with no kind friend to shelter him from the



fury of the winter blast, or warm his stiffening little limbs, even here the kind providence of God watched over him, and in due time delivered him from the very jaws of death.—The cruelty of Janet Cud-die, too, although it may seem more like a curse than a blessing to Jack, was by no means without its good results. It had the effect of keeping him at such a distance both from herself and her children, as effectually to prevent him from being rooted in the vicious practices to which they were addicted. He had no other companions, and was considered by them as little better than an outcast, and on this account was comparatively little exposed to the influence of their vitiating conduct, and more opportunity was thus afforded for his naturally amiable disposition to unfold itself.—And who could have supposed that any good would result from sending him to be a chimney-sweep; yet we have seen that it was just in this humble situation that he was taken notice of, and pitied, and taught to read the Bible, and pray to God. In short, whatever period of his history we refer to, we must confess that the eye of God was upon him

for good, and that his power was exerted to turn those things to his advantage which at first seemed to have an opposite tendency.

Now, let my young readers recollect, that the good providence of God has been equally conspicuous in their preservation. They may not, it is true, have been exposed to the same dangers that beset poor Jack's path; but oh! how many diseases which have proved fatal to other children, and, it may be, reader, to some of thy brothers or sisters, has God in his providence delivered you from. Did you never hear of any little family of three or four children all lying ill at once, of fever or measles, or some such dangerous distemper, two of whom died, while the other recovered to mourn the loss of those who were never more to be seen in this world? and did it not strike you, Surely God has preserved me, while he has taken away these my companions and relations? Yes, indeed, he has been good in preserving you; and if you trust in him, and believe in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, he will continue to preserve you, till he present you faultless before the throne of his glory with exceeding

joy ; but if you forsake him, he will cast you off for ever.

How careful ought those to be who have the children of others given them in charge, to treat them with humanity and kindness. Let them remember that the trust is committed to them of God, and if at all times it is our duty to love our neighbour as ourselves, surely it is peculiarly so, when we undertake to perform the part of parents to an orphan child ; and we ought never to forget, that one of the distinguishing features of true religion is, to “ defend the fatherless,” and to succour those who have no help of man.

How careful ought christian parents to be, to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ; for then, and then only, is there good reason to hope, that when they are old, they will not depart from the way in which they ought to go.

FINIS.

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