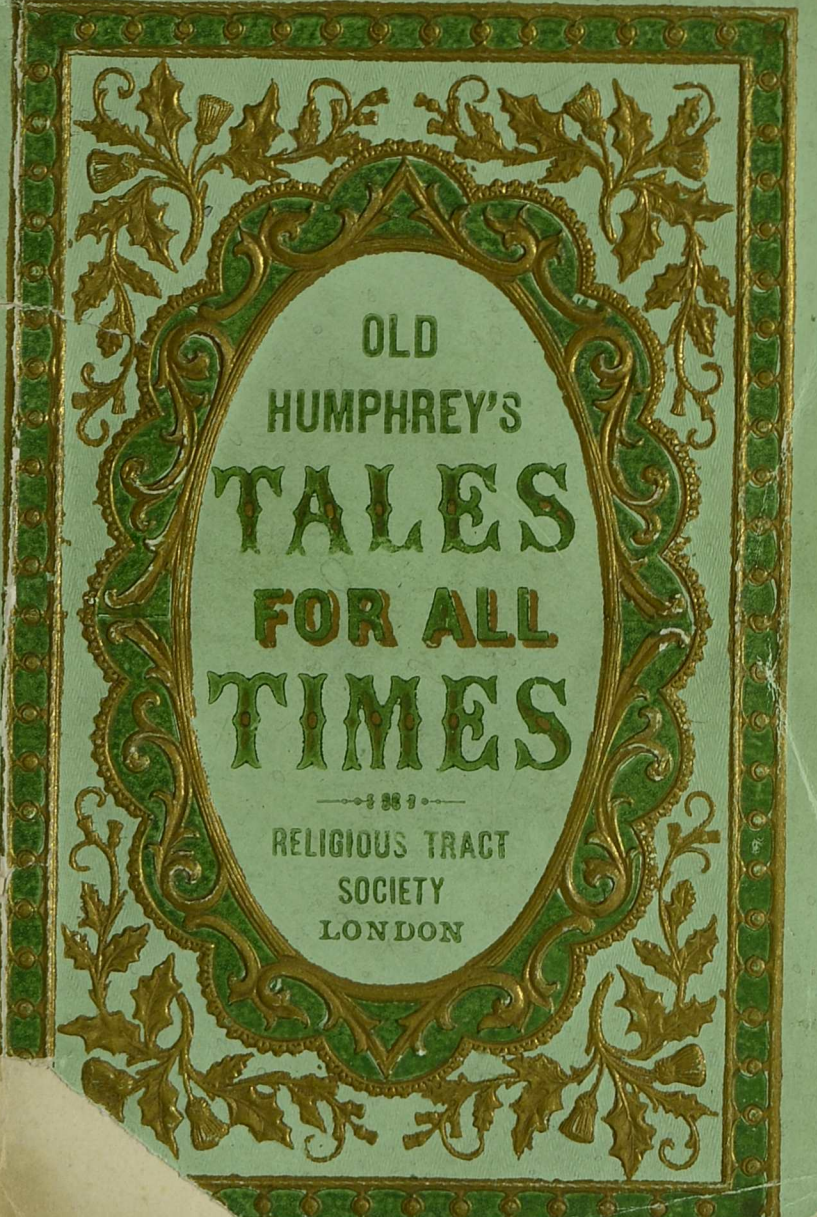
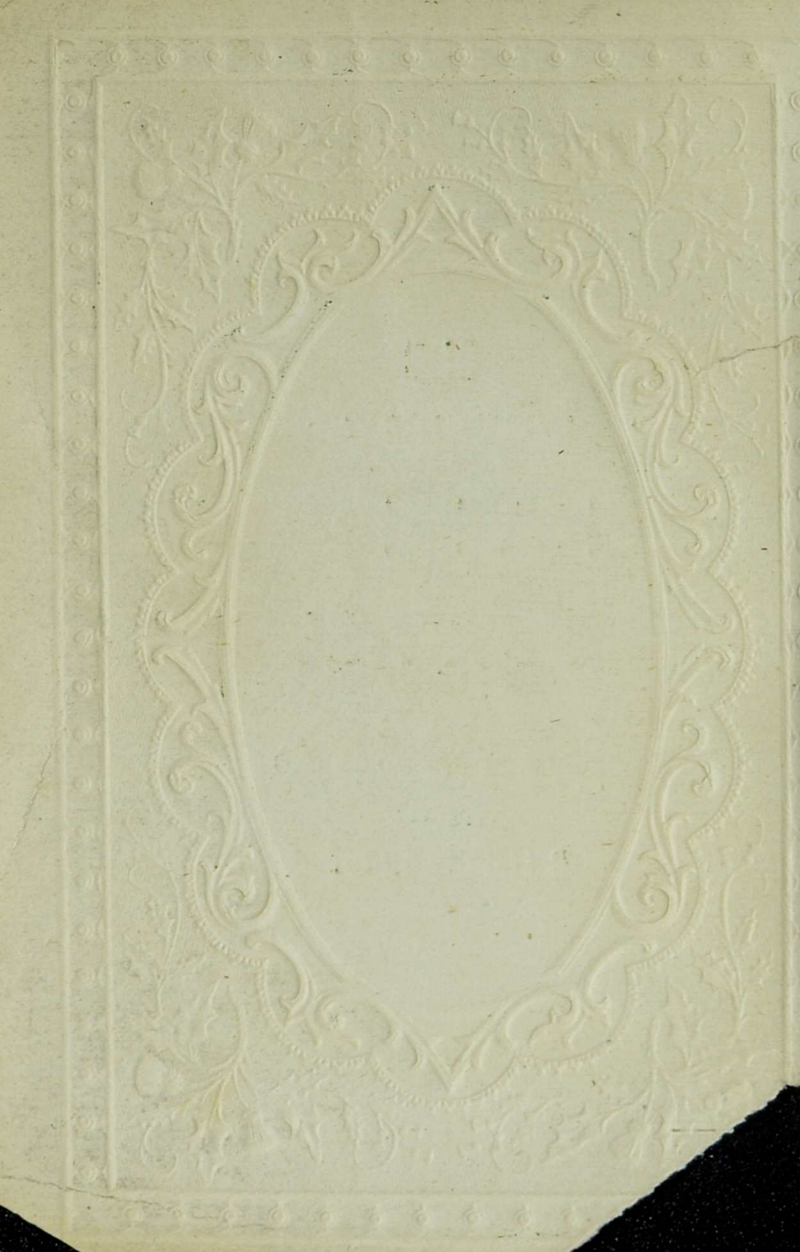


FOUR-PENCE.



OLD
HUMPHREY'S
TALES
FOR ALL
TIMES

— 1887 —
RELIGIOUS TRACT
SOCIETY
LONDON



Sally Emlin from Mother

Her mo 1870.



Kronheim & Co., London

I SAW WHO DID IT.

OLD HUMPHREY'S

TALES FOR ALL TIMES.

That ancient man, whose strength began to fail,
Before them set, in every pleasant tale,
That Life's stern battle might be fairly won,
Some good to follow, or some ill to shun.

L O N D O N :

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

Instituted 1799.

56, PATERNOSTER ROW ; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD ;
AND 164, PICCADILLY.

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Old Humphrey's
TALES FOR ALL TIMES.

I SAW WHO DID IT.

—38—

“TELL me all about it,” said young Rowland to grey-headed Edmund Jenkins, who sat in his cottage, with his Bible on the round table before him. “Tell me all about it,” said Rowland, in a coaxing way; so grey-headed Edmund took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully, and put them up in a spectacle case that was much the worse for wear.

“You want to know how it was that I lost my cottage, and then once more came

to live in it," said the old man. "You shall have the whole story, Master Rowland; bad as my memory is, there are some things that, through mercy, I hope never to forget.

"When I first came to the cottage, it looked much as it does now. The thatch was new, the floor was as red as a cherry, and the inside walls were as clean as a whitewash brush could make them. My wife was one that never let the grass grow under her feet; and as for myself, either in ploughing or sowing, reaping or mowing, the best man in the village could not go by me.

"Years rolled away, and my son James grew up to be a big lad. He was our only child. Had it been otherwise, I have often thought that it might have been better for us, and for him too; but that no one can tell but He who knoweth all things, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose

ways are not as our ways. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts!

“It was a dark day for me when the young Andrews came into the village. Scapegraces as they were, they ran into every kind of wickedness; and, alas! they led my poor lad into every kind of wickedness too. Oh! it was heart-breaking work, for we loved him as we loved our lives. ‘A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.’ Prov. xvii. 25.

“Hardly a day passed without our poor lad running into mischief. My father was living then; and as he had been brought up in the fear of the Lord, and had brought me up in the same way, it cut him to the heart to see a grandchild of his walking in the counsel of the ungodly, standing in the way of sinners, and sitting in the seat of the scornful. The poor thoughtless lad, how-

ever, heeded not his grief, but seemed, rather, determined to bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

“I talked to my misguided son, and so did his mother, but it was of no use; we coaxed him, and promised him all he wanted if he would only leave off his bad ways, but we loved him too foolishly to correct him. The wise man says, ‘Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying,’ Prov. xix. 18: but I acted weakly; nay, I ought rather to say wickedly, in not correcting him sharply. My father told me so, over and over again, and yet I went on making excuses for my poor prodigal, and foolishly hoping and trusting that he would see the error of his ways.

“You are young, Master Rowland, and are taught to remember your Creator in the days of your youth. You will never, I trust, give your father the grief that my son gave me, for he went on from bad to worse, break-

ing the Sabbath, idling by day, and drinking and revelling at the public-house by night, till he brought us down to poverty, and mocked and jeered at me when I spoke to him. There is but little hope of a son that despises the commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Exod. xx. 12.

"One night when I came home, the flickering light of the fire was flashing, every now and then, against the window panes. I crept up quietly to the window, just as a hand was turning down a leaf of my Bible. This would have put me in a rage, for I was very careful of my Bible, and at that time I had not my passions so much under control as, through God's mercy, I have now; but *I saw who did it*: it was my father.

"You may be sure that the first opportunity I had, I looked into my Bible. It

was turned down at the part where God's judgments are declared against Eli for not correcting his wicked sons. The text to which the turned-down leaf pointed was this: 'I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.' 1 Sam. iii. 13. The words frightened me; they struck me to my very heart.

"One might have thought that I should now have kept a tight rein over my son, and held him in with a high hand; but he was my only child; beside him I had none other; and I foolishly contented myself in now and then giving him a mild rebuke, when I ought rather to have ruled him with a rod. 'Jem,' said I to him one day, when he had aggravated me, 'you will be the ruin of us all;' but he only jeered me, and went away laughing.

"The very next day the young Andrews

were taken up for a robbery, and the constable came after my son, who, though not guilty, was suspected of being one of the party. In the middle of the night, I heard my poor lad come into the cottage quietly, and thought he was going to bed, but instead of that, he took the rent money that I had laid up in the cupboard, and tying his clothes in his handkerchief, set off for the sea. We should not have known that he was gone to sea, if we had not heard it afterwards from a crony of his, the ostler at the public-house.

“And now trouble came thick upon me, and everybody said that my son was guilty of the robbery, and that I had sent him off, out of the way. Farmer Brookes, for whom I worked, told me to get another place, for he had no notion of employing people of bad character. Soon after this we had an attack of fever at the cottage, and I was obliged to part with my goods, one thing

after another; and before we were half well, we were all turned out together, because I could not pay the rent. My father went into the workhouse, and my wife and I were glad to get a very poor lodging in the village.

“These were heavy troubles, Master Rowland, but I had brought them all on my own head. My father never got over the fever, for going into the workhouse preyed upon his mind, and, no doubt, shortened his days. ‘But give my blessing,’ said he, ‘to James, if he ever returns.’ Sometimes trouble hardens the heart, but it did not harden mine. It pleased God that it should humble me. I saw, plainer and plainer, my folly and sin in not correcting my son, and I received every trial as a chastisement from above for my good. Much was done to humble me, and to open my eyes, and, blessed be God, *I saw who did it.* It was done by the hand of my heavenly Father. When I followed

my aged parent to the grave, I was enabled to say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.'

"Years rolled along, and though I went into the fields to work, I had little heart at my labour, for my father was dead, my wife was ill, and my poor boy was being tossed about on the sea. Oh, how fervently did I pray that he might not only be made sensible of his sins, but be led also to seek the Saviour, who died for sinners! 'They that go down to the sea in ships,' said I, 'that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.' Who can tell but his eyes will be opened, and his heart turned unto the Lord!

"Ten years had passed, when tidings reached us that our son was on board the *Mary Anne*, merchant ship, when it foundered at sea; that only three or four of the crew were saved, and that he was not among them. This was a heavy stroke, but I mur-

mured not. It cost me a struggle to say it, but I did say it, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Job i. 21. From that time my poor wife hardly held up her head for five years.

"It was in harvest time, when the reapers were busy in the fields, that I met with an accident. Farmer Brookes had taken me into his service again years ago, but I never plucked up properly after that attack of the fever, and could do but little hard work. In driving a loaded waggon through a gate, I fell down, and one of the wheels would have gone over my neck, but just at the moment the shaft-horse suddenly backed the waggon into the ditch. I was trampled upon sadly by the horses, but my life was spared. People said it was the shaft-horse that saved me; but no, Master Rowland, it was the hand of my heavenly Father. *I saw who did it*, and praised and magnified his holy name.

“For a week I lay in bed, and then, after staying a day or two in the house, I hobbled out with a stick in my hands a little way, to get into the sun. My face was deadly pale, and hardly would my neighbours have known me, had they seen me in a strange place. I was sitting on the bank, at the side of the road, looking at the sunset, when a man came up, dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, with a bundle hanging from the stick across his shoulders. ‘Mayhap, master,’ said he, ‘you may have cruised about in this part of the world for some time: can you tell me if old Joshua Jenkins is alive?’

“At the name of my father, the blood rushed into my face, for the thought came upon me, all at once, that the sailor had come to tell us something about the death of my poor prodigal son. I stammered out, however, the reply, that for many a long year Joshua Jenkins had been lying under the yew tree in the churchyard.

“‘I thought as much,’ said he, seemingly

in a light-hearted way; 'and mayhap, too, his ——,' but here he came to a stand, as though his words had half-choked him, and he drew the sleeve of his jacket across his eyes. There was something about him, and about his manner, that went through me, and made me shake, as if I had had the ague; he, however, did not see this, for he had turned himself round, and again, and again, the sleeve of his jacket was drawn across his face.

"This went on for some time, till he seemed to be himself again, for all at once he said, hurriedly, 'The old man had a scapegrace of a grandson, who went to sea; do you know whether the young chap's father and mo——,' but here he was choked again. 'If,' said I, 'you know anything about poor Jem Jenkins, who went down in the Mary Anne at sea, tell me at once, for I am his broken-hearted father, the son of old Joshua, who lies yonder under the yew tree.'

No sooner had I spoken the words, than in one moment he was on his knees before me, and the next he was on my neck blubbering like a child.

“Oh! Master Rowland, if ever I knew what happiness was, and what a thankful heart was, it was then. All that I had suffered was as nothing; the goodness of God overwhelmed me. The poor prodigal son who was dead was alive again; and he that was lost was once more found. All that I wished for in this world was given me. It was done, and *I saw who did it*, for it was the work of my heavenly Father alone. This was the happiest moment of my life.

“Weak as I was, I felt strong at heart; and lame as I was, it seemed to me that I could have leaped for joy. If you had seen me, then, Master Rowland, you would have thought me beside myself. At one moment I was asking my son question after question,

and in the next praising God for his goodness, and wiping away the tears of thankfulness that rolled down my cheeks.

“In our walk back to the village, which was but a short one, my son told me of the hardships he had gone through, and of the deep repentance that had exercised his mind. His eyes had been opened, his heart had been humbled; so that, instead of an idle, thoughtless prodigal that despised me, I had now a God-fearing son, who was ready to honour me and his mother, and to work his fingers to the bone, rather than we should suffer want. Here was a change indeed, brought about by Him alone who hath said, ‘There is no God beside me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.’ Isa. xlv. 21, 22.

“When I went in-doors to tell my poor wife that our son was really alive, and that

he was at that moment standing outside the door, ready to run into his mother's arms, I made a sad blundering affair of it altogether. I first told her that I had met a sailor, and that from what he had said, I thought it all an idle tale about our Jem going down in the Mary Anne merchant-ship, and that I should not much wonder if he came back again, after all: indeed, I knew he would; I felt as certain of it as I did of anything in the world; but I said all this so quickly, and looked at the door so often, that she thought me out of my right senses. At last my son came in, and no sooner did she know him, than she gave a shriek that might have been heard at the other end of the lane.

“I told you, Master Rowland, that if you had seen me when I met with my son, you would have thought me beside myself; but what you would have thought had you seen my poor wife when she first met him, I do

not know. She hugged him in her arms, and sobbed, and laughed, and hugged him again, and would not trust him for one moment out of her sight. Fathers can feel, but they cannot feel like mothers. If we had had a fatted calf, we should have killed it. Oh, it was a day never to be forgotten!

“It was an odd thing, but when at night I reached out my Bible, my son, whose eyes seemed as quick as lightning, saw in a moment the leaf which had been turned down fifteen years before by his grandfather. It was the only leaf that was ever turned down in the book, and I had never turned it up again. At first I tried to keep him in the dark about it, but I found it would not do, so then I told him the truth; he bemoaned his sin of dishonouring his parents, and I bemoaned mine, in not correcting his errors. He wept over the text, and we wept with him; and it seemed to do us good to mingle our tears together.

“He then took out a little Bible from his pocket, which had belonged to a shipmate of his, who, like himself, had been a trouble to his parents, and had run away from them. This young man, before he died, gave his Bible to my son, telling him that he hoped he would make a better use of it than he had done. My son, soon after seeing his poor shipmate’s body committed to the deep ocean, with a cannon-shot at his feet, according to the custom of burying seamen, was led to look at his Bible, where, to his astonishment, he found three leaves turned down at different texts. The first that he looked at was this, ‘Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother,’ Deut. xxvii. 16; this was an arrow that struck him to the heart. The second was, ‘My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother,’ Prov. i. 8; this melted him, and he burst into tears. And the last was, ‘Honour thy father and thy mother,

that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Exod. xx. 12. Here was a blessing promised to those who honoured their parents, and this brought him on his knees.

"Whether the leaves had been turned down by the young man himself, or not, I cannot say, but when my son told me of it, I saw God's hand in it. *I saw who did it*, and that whether or not it had been of service to the young man, it had surely been a blessing to my son. That night was, indeed, a night of prayer and praise.

"The next day we all felt a little calmer, so that we could talk over the past, and make a plan for the future. I told my son that the young Andrews had been transported, and that his own character had been cleared concerning the robbery. And he told me that he had scrawled two or three letters to me and his mother, but that,

moving about from one ship to another, he should never have got any answer, if I had sent one. He told me, too, that he had not come back altogether empty-handed, for that ever since he had determined to return home, everything had prospered with him. He gave me all his money, every shilling of it; and a pretty penny it was, Master Rowland, I assure you.

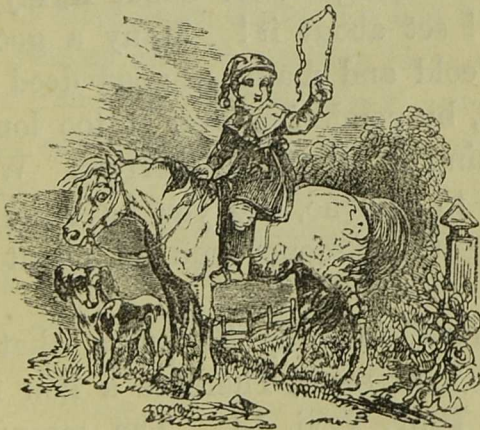
“Farmer Brookes had become the owner of our old cottage, and to him I went with my son. The farmer liked him, and took him as a tenant. My wife plucked up again in her health; indeed, both of us seemed to grow younger. And who did all this? Oh, it is a blessed thing to see God’s hand in our trials, and in our mercies! *I saw who did it.* Put your trust in the Lord, Master Rowland, whatever may happen, for, ‘The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he

also will hear their cry, and will save them.'
Ps. cxlv. 18, 19.

“For some time back my son had been bargaining with Farmer Brookes for the cottage, and last Midsummer-day he bought, and paid for it; and since then it has been thatched and whitewashed, and made what a cottage should be. Here am I, then, dwelling with my wife; and we are both as happy as old people with infirmities creeping upon them can expect to be, in a world where trouble is man's inheritance. We have a good son living with us to provide for us; we have a merciful and gracious God watching over us, and we see his hand in all things. I have told you a long story, Master Rowland; may it please God, in his goodness, to make it useful to you, by drawing you to holy things, and to the Lord of life and glory, the Lord Jesus Christ, by inclining your heart to honour your parents while you are a child, and, if you have chil-

dren of your own, to correct their errors. You are young, and I am growing old, but we have both equal need to put up the prayer—

Lord, guide us in the Christian race,
And keep our minds intent on thee;
Rejoicing when we see thy face,
And trusting when we cannot see."



SET ABOUT IT;

OR, MY COUSIN ESTHER.

— 38 —

WHEN a duty is to be done, and you have the means of doing it, set about it, my young friends! set about it! Many a good will grows cold and many a good deed is left undone, by pondering over it too long, and by putting it off till to-morrow. Where a duty is to be done, and you have the means of doing it, the sooner you set about it the better.

We read, in Holy Scripture, that "the slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way." Prov. xxvi. 13. The meaning of which is, that he is ever ready to find an

excuse for his slothfulness, or for not doing his duty. "Oh!" says he, "I must not stir out, nor attempt to go where I ought to go; for there is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets." Now, I am afraid that many are too often saying the same thing. The best way that I know of curing this bad habit is, when we have anything to do, to set about it at once. But I want to tell you of my cousin Esther.

My cousin Esther did not do half the good she might have done, through a bad habit of putting things off till another time, on account of the trouble they would give her. Had she set about them, she would have performed them; but, instead of this, she put them off, and then one-half of them were given up for ever. Take warning, my young friends! take warning! and, when you have a duty to do, set about it at once.

One morning, she was asked to go with a neighbour to visit a poor woman in great

distress, who lived at the distance of a mile and a half from her dwelling ; when, instead of putting on her bonnet and shawl, and setting off at once, she began to reason with herself in this manner : “ Let me see ! a mile and a half there, and a mile and a half back, will be three miles ; that is a great distance. There are three long lanes and four wide fields to pass through ; and, for anything I know to the contrary, there may be cattle in the fields, and a gang of gipsies in the lane. I hardly know what to think of it. Suppose it should rain, what a drag it will be ! I really cannot make up my mind.” In this manner, from day to day, the visit was put off, till the poor woman died ; and thus my cousin Esther lost an opportunity of doing a kind action, by not setting about it. Take warning, my young friends ! take warning ! and, when you have a duty to do, set about it at once.

On another occasion, my cousin Esther

had agreed, with some other ladies, to meet together at each other's houses, to make a dozen shirts for a few honest, hard-working, and deserving cottagers; when, by accident, she saw the following account, in a newspaper, of the number of stitches required to make a plain shirt:—

Stitching the collar	2,700
Sewing the ends	500
Button-holes and sewing on buttons	150
Sewing-on the collar, and gathering the neck	1,204
Stitching wristbands	1,228
Sewing the ends	68
Button-holes	148
Hemming the slits	264
Gathering the sleeves	840
Setting on wristbands	1,468
Stitching shoulder-straps, three rows each	1,880

Hemming the neck . . .	390
Sewing the sleeves . . .	2,554
Setting-in sleeves and gussets . . .	3,050
Taping the sleeves . . .	1,526
Sewing the seams . . .	848
Setting side-gussets . . .	424
Hemming the bottom . . .	1,104

Total number of stitches in a
plain shirt..... 20,346

This was enough, and more than enough, for my cousin Esther. Twenty thousand stitches in one shirt! It was terrible! She could not think of undertaking it without considering the matter over. Had she never troubled her head about the number of stitches, but set to work in good earnest, all would have been well; but this she did not do. The dozen shirts were made, and the poor cottagers had them; but not one stitch was put in them by my cousin Esther. Take

warning, my young friends! and, when you have a duty to do, set about it at once.

My cousin Esther, in one of her calls at a poor cottage, met with a thoughtless young man, a sailor who was about to return in a few days to his ship; and to this young man, after some talk with him, she promised to give a Testament. My cousin bought the Testament, and turned down the leaves at the following texts: "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," Rom. iii. 23; "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," 1 Tim. iv. 8; "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. i. 15. Thinking the Testament would be more valued if she put it herself into the young man's hand, she made up her mind to be the bearer of it. Though she regarded this as a duty, she did not set about it. At last, how-

ever, she took the book to the cottage, just in time to hear that the young sailor had left the place the day before, quite disappointed at not having received his promised Testament! Take warning, my young friends! and when you have a duty to do, set about it at once.

My cousin Esther never intended to let the sick woman die without helping her; nor to refuse doing her part in a work of Christian charity; nor to suffer the poor sailor lad to go to sea without a Testament. No; she intended, in all these cases, to do her duty; but, alas! she did not set about it. I say, take warning, my young friends! and when you have a duty to do, set about it at once.

IDLE HARPER ;

OR, THERE IS REALLY NO SERVING THE
SLOTHFUL.

— 378 —

“IDLENESS is the brother of folly and dissipation, and the father of want, crime, shame, and disgrace,” said Abel Palmer, the kind-hearted churchwarden of Aston Malloes, as he sat by his own fireside in company with two or three of his friends.

“Before I came to reside in the country,” continued he, “I lived an active life in the town. If a man is to thrive by his business he must attend to it, and I did attend to mine, for my father had brought me up in habits of industry. ‘If you mean, Maurice,’

said he, 'to go through the world ashamed to show your face, why then be idle; but if you wish to hold up your head like a man, be industrious. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." Prov. xxii. 29.'

"Oh, the wretchedness of idleness and sloth! Reason have I to cry aloud against them. I had a relation of the name of Harper, who was much reduced in his circumstances, and my heart was set on serving him. Though Harper was not my brother, he was a relation; and I thought he had a claim on my assistance. Besides, in my time, I myself had been assisted. God, too, had blessed me in my basket and my store. Strangers are they to the value of riches, who keep them to themselves. There is no way of getting so much enjoyment from riches as by helping others with them, for it is, indeed, 'more blessed to give than to receive.'

“At first, I offered Harper my best advice, pointing out a path which I hoped would lead him to prosperity. I tried to get him seriously to reflect on his position, but he was essentially idle in mind and body. In any thoughtless folly he was ever ready to indulge, but he would neither labour effectually with his head nor with his hands.

“I put him into a way of obtaining a comfortable living, and, that he might not lack the benefit of example, gave up to him as much of my time as possible, helping him in everything; but it was all in vain; the more I did for him, the less he did for himself. I was swimming against the stream, spending my strength for nought, and dissipating my time without doing him a service. There is that in idleness that robs a man of his own respect, and estranges him from his friends. Harper leaned upon me till he wearied me, nor would he stir a finger while he could get my hand to move.

“ I now bethought that it would rather be kindness than cruelty to leave him to his own resources. Surely, thought I, when he sees that he must work, he will work; but I was mistaken. I knew not the virulence of his disease: idleness was consuming him. He forsook his business, and his business forsook him. ‘By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.’ Eccles. x. 18.

“ As a last resource, I united him to a diligent partner in business, advancing him capital, and giving him to understand that he had no more to expect at my hands. It was all in vain, for neither hope nor fear produced the slightest reformation, so true it is that, ‘He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.’ Prov. xviii. 9. His partner would not endure his idleness.

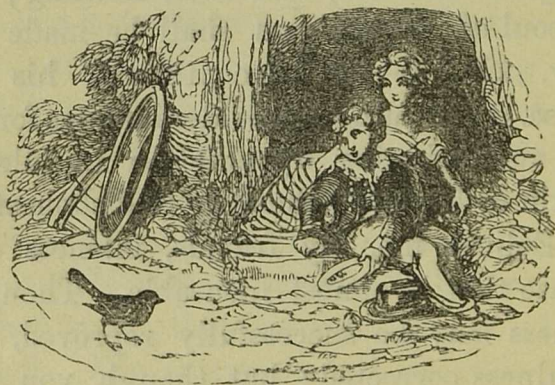
“Idleness, that brought on him ruin, speedily brought also crime and punishment. In the jail, into which his bad conduct had conducted him, he caught a malady that carried him to an untimely grave. Have I not reason, then, to exclaim in sorrow and sadness against the sin of slothfulness?”

“Advice is neglected, and warnings are despised by the slothful. In vain does the wise man cry aloud, ‘The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.’ Prov. xiii. 4—for he continueth his evil course. Slothfulness provides inmates for the jail, and bringing up children in idleness is akin to bringing them up to dishonesty.

“Believe me, my friends, idleness is a disease that is almost incurable. Thoughtlessness may be successfully reproved, and wilfulness corrected; but though you give time, advice, and money, you never can

effectually help those who will not help themselves. There is really no serving the slothful."

And here Abel Palmer, the kind-hearted churchwarden of Aston Malloes, heaved a sigh, and finished his remarks with the text, "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." Prov. xix. 15.



HE HAS HIDDEN IT FROM OUR SIGHT.

—378—

“I WISH I knew all that would happen to me,” said little Mary, as she was walking out in the country with her mamma. “It would be so nice to know it all before it came.”

“Not so nice as you suppose, Mary,” replied her mamma: “on the contrary, I believe you would find it to be a great affliction. It has pleased our heavenly Father to keep us, for the most part, in ignorance of the future. In love and in wisdom he has hidden it from our sight. He has done all things well, and his almighty will should be our will.”

Though little Mary was accustomed to believe every word which came from the lips of her mamma, yet in this instance it was not quite the case, for she could not help thinking that it would be a very nice thing to know what was to happen. Her mamma, who guessed very correctly what was passing in her mind, went on with her for some time without speaking.

How very ignorant children are, for the want of experience, and how very necessary it is that they should be guided by those who are older and wiser than themselves. Truly does God's holy word say, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child." Prov. xxii. 15.

The sun shone and the wind blew, as Mary and her mamma continued their walk. It was not long before they heard the song of the lark, and looking upwards, they saw her mounting the blue sky with fluttering wings, and warbling so loudly, that Mary said she

thought the bird must be as happy as an angel.

“No doubt the bird is happy,” said her mamma; “but the feathered race are exposed to many dangers. Suppose it could be made known to the lark that her nest was about to be robbed by some thoughtless schoolboy, and her young ones taken away? And suppose she could be told that before many days had passed, she herself would be caught, and caged, and never again be allowed to wing the air, do you not think it would stop her song?”

“Oh, yes, mamma, that it would.”

“Well, then, if these sad events are to happen, Mary, is it not a good thing that the poor bird is in happy ignorance of what will befall her?”

“Yes; and if I could, I would not tell the lark, on any account whatever.”

Not much farther had they walked when they saw in a pleasant field as many as a

dozen lambs running and racing up and down, half-wild with joy. "How happy they are!" said little Mary.

"True," replied her mamma; "but their happiness would soon be at an end if they knew that in less than three months they would fall beneath the butcher's knife."

"You are right, mamma; poor things! they would give over their play in a moment, without another run. Oh, it is a good thing that they know nothing about it."

In the very next meadow there was a fine young colt, full of spirit, with a long mane and tail that streamed in the wind. As they drew near to the stile, the colt gave a snort, threw up his heels behind him, and then set off at full speed, as frolicsome as the lambs in the adjoining field.

"Would it be kind, Mary," said her mamma, "to let the frolicsome young colt know that his master will soon send him to the horse jockey, who will lash his sides with

a whip, while he makes him run round and round him by the hour together; and that, when he is broken in, he will have to carry people on his back, and to work in harness all the days of his life?"

"It would be very unkind," said Mary, "for it would make him very unhappy. I am so glad that he knows nothing of the horse jockey."

At the corner of a shady lane stood a little cottage, where lived a poor woman, whose only son some years before had gone to sea; he had just returned, and his mother was rejoicing.

The poor woman told Mary's mamma that nobody knew what her son had gone through. He had been wounded dangerously by a pirate, who had attacked the ship in which he was: he had been sick of the yellow fever: once he almost perished through famine, and twice he had suffered shipwreck. "What a mercy it is, ma'am," said she,

“that we do not know what is to happen; God, in his wisdom and goodness, hides it from our sight. If I had known what my poor lad was suffering, I should have had no peace day or night; but now I can bear to hear of it, for he is come home again safe and sound.”

As Mary and her mamma returned from their walk by the same way they had taken to the cottage, the sun was as bright, and the wind as fresh as before. All nature seemed to rejoice; and they could not but observe that the long-tailed colt was as frolicsome as ever; the lambs were still racing along the green meadow, and the lark was, even yet, heard singing in the air.

“I hope,” said Mary’s mamma, as she took her daughter affectionately by the hand, “that my dear little girl has this day been taught a lesson that she will not forget. The colt knows nothing of the jockey; the lambs know nothing of the butcher’s knife;

the lark knows nothing of the cruel school-boy; and therefore they are happy. God's goodness, in hiding the future from their sight, has saved them from much sorrow. It was the same with regard to the poor cottager, and doubtless it is also the same with ourselves. His time to make known his purposes is the best time. He knows that a knowledge of the future would render us unhappy, and in his goodness and mercy, therefore, he has hidden it from our sight."

Little Mary threw her arms round her mother's neck, telling her she should love her more than ever for the lesson she had taught her.



THE MOST USEFUL MACHINE.

— 378 —

WERE I about merely to tell you of a useful machine, you might, perhaps, care but little about it, but when I tell you that it is the most useful machine in the world, you will be sure to read my account with attention.

Ralph Parker was a favourite little boy with most people who knew him. He was a dear, good-tempered, merry-faced little fellow. Neither his father nor his mother had any occasion to tell him to do a thing twice over, and that is saying a great deal; for some boys, many years older than Ralph, are not half so quick to obey their parents as he was.

One day, little Ralph went to the car-

penter's shop, and there he was vastly pleased, not only in seeing the carpenter saw through the logs of wood, and plane the shavings from the boards, but also in looking over his chest of tools. The carpenter explained to him the use of the hammer, the chisel, the saw, the plane, the axe, the adze, the mallet, the gauge, the gimblet, and other tools—so that when he came home, he thought himself quite a little carpenter.

Ralph's head was too full of the carpenter's tools for his tongue to remain silent about them; so he began to tell his father what he had seen, and to explain the different articles, just as if his father knew no more about them than he did. You must hear a part of the conversation that passed between them.

“I have seen you,” said little Ralph, “chop up a chump of wood with an axe, and saw a piece of wood into two with a saw, and bore a hole with a nail passer, and knock in

a nail with a hammer ; but I never saw you with half so many tools as the carpenter has."

"May be not, Ralph," replied his father ; "the carpenter has a chest full of them, of one kind or other, and ought to be thankful if God has given him health and strength to work, and understanding enough to know how to use his tools. But what was the carpenter doing?"

"He was mending a machine. Please to tell me what is the difference between a tool and a machine, will you?"

"Ay, that is right, boy. When you do not know a thing, the best way is to ask some one to tell you. A tool is generally a simple instrument, with few parts to it ; but a machine has many parts. I could tell you of what strikes me to be the most useful machine in the world."

"Could you? Then I should like to hear of it. What is it used for?"

“Very many things. The woodman uses it in felling his trees, and the sawyer in sawing the timber into boards. Farmers could not get on without it anyhow, in ploughing, sowing, reaping, and mowing; and they tell me that thousands of them are used abroad in cultivating the tea-plant and sugar-cane.”

“How big are they?”

“How big? Why they are seldom more than eight or ten inches long; but for all that, some of them will reach down to the bottom of a draw-well, or up to the top of the church spire.”

“I never heard of such a thing! It must be a strange machine indeed. Is it made of wood or iron?”

“Neither. It is formed of different materials, some hard and some soft; and it has a great many secret springs in it that require oiling.”

“How I should like to see one! What does it look like; and what colour is it?”

“It has quite a common appearance, and varies in colour. I have seen some of every colour in the rainbow, but they have been painted ; generally it is either black or white, or of a mixture between them. I will show you one some day.”

“That will be the very thing. Where do they sell them ?”

“Not in this country. You may hire them, but you cannot buy them here. A great many are bought and sold in other countries. But let me describe one of them. It is made of twenty-seven hard pieces, most of them with springs or hinges, tied together with strings in a most curious manner, and covered over with a soft substance. It often requires cleaning ; and when carried in the open air, especially in winter, it is commonly kept in a linen, worsted, or leathern bag. Most people set a high value on this machine, and a good one is worth more than a thousand pounds to its owner.”

“A thousand pounds!”

“Yes. I once knew a man who had a capital one, and he said that he would not take ten thousand pounds for it, money down.”

“What a machine! Why it must be a fortune to anybody to have one.”

“It is, when it is put to a good use. There are more people get their living by this machine than by any other means. If any great work is going on, it is sure to be employed. They could never have built St. Paul’s, in London, and the Monument without it; and they were obliged to use it in boring the Tunnel under the river Thames. Ships are made with it, and boats; and then it is quite as useful in making little things as great ones. You cannot without it make either a good knife, a corkscrew, a peg-top, or a pin. In short, Ralph, it is, as I said, the most useful machine in the world.”

“The sooner you show it me the better.

Why, the carpenter's tools must be nothing to it. He must be a rich man who can get one of them."

"That does not follow ; for I know a man in the workhouse who has one."

"Then it is a great shame, for he has no business in the workhouse with such a machine as that. I wish I had one, I know."

"Wish you had one ! Why, you have one ; and so has almost every man, woman, and child in the parish. If you were to be searched this very minute, I will be bound for it that one would be found in your pocket."

"In my pocket ! You may search me, and turn my pockets inside out ; I have nothing but my hand in my pocket, besides my knife and a piece of whipcord."

"Nothing but your hand !—why that is the very thing, for the human hand is the machine that I have been speaking of."

“The human hand! You said it was worth a thousand pounds!”

“I did; and I hardly think that you would part with a hand for twice that sum.”

“Did you not say that they bought and sold the machine abroad?”

“They sell human beings for slaves in some places abroad; and they cannot sell them without selling their hands.”

“You said it would reach up to the top of the church spire.”

“Yes; and if it would not have done so, they would have found it a very difficult matter to have put the weather-cock on the top of it.”

“But what did you mean by saying it was made of twenty-seven hard pieces, and had springs, and was often kept in a leathern bag?”

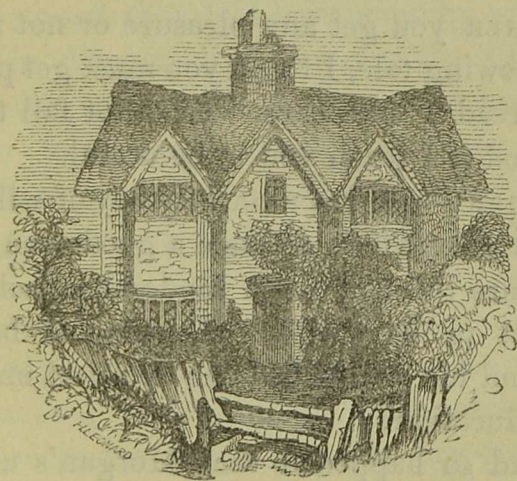
“The human hand has twenty-seven bones in it; the joints are the springs, the muscles are the strings which tie the

bones together, the flesh is the soft substance that covers the whole, and the leathern bag is a glove, which you know is worn commonly enough, especially in winter."

"I never could have believed it."

"Yes, Ralph; the human hand is the most useful machine in the world, and we cannot be too thankful to God for the gift. It ought always to be used for his glory and the good of our fellow-creatures. Without the human hand, all the tools of the carpenter, and all the machines in the world, would be useless. Without the hand, the woodman could not fell his trees, the farmer till his ground, the miller grind his corn, the weaver weave his cloth; neither could St. Paul's have been built, nor the Tunnel have been bored under the Thames. If you consider the matter, you will find, that instead of not being able to do what I have said, the human hand is equal to do ten times more. Some other day we may talk further about it; at the present time,

while we think of the human hand, let us not forget the Almighty Hand that formed it. David did not forget this when he said, 'Thy hands have made me and fashioned me : give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments.' Ps. cxix.73."



MORGAN JONES ;
OR, HOW TO BE USEFUL.

—318—

WHETHER you get any pleasure or not from the following tale, I think you must get profit if you read it with care. I cannot fail to do you good if I teach you to be useful.

Morgan Jones was a country boy of willing disposition. To do any one a good turn was a pleasure to him ; for a kinder-hearted lad was not to be found. His parents being poor, and his health bad, he received only a little education.

It had so happened that Morgan's uncle Andrew was in London in the month of May, and this afforded him an opportunity of attending several of the public meetings at

Exeter Hall. Great was Morgan Jones's delight in listening, on the return of his uncle, to the account of what he had heard and seen.

When Morgan had listened for some time to his uncle's narrative of the different languages into which the Bible had been translated; of the millions of religious tracts which had been scattered through all lands; of the good that had been done by missionaries in distant climes among the ignorant heathen; and of the means which had been taken to prevent cruelty to poor dumb animals, he felt a growing desire to do something, however little it might be, in the cause of piety and humanity. There was, however, this difficulty in the way—he had formed the mistaken notion that some amount of learning, riches, talent, books, and leisure time were necessary to enable any one to do good; and greatly was he surprised when his uncle advised him to become a friend and

promoter of all the societies he had mentioned. The following is the conversation which took place between them:—

“You have listened, Morgan, very attentively to my account of some of the societies; and I hope that you will make up your mind from this time forward to support them.”

“I wish I could, uncle. If I had riches, nobody should give more than I would; but how can I do good, when you know that I have no money?”

“Oh, you may do very well without money.”

“Can I? That appears very strange. I thought that everybody who helped the societies gave them money. And then I have no learning.”

“Oh, you may do much without learning.”

“If I could do anything I would. Only tell me how to begin: I have no talent.”

“Oh, you may do much without talent.”

“Why, you seem to think that I can help

them without anything. I cannot give them books."

"Oh, you may do much without books."

"You do surprise me. Those that help the societies must bestir themselves, and go about for them; and I have no spare time."

"Oh, you may do much without a good deal of spare time."

"I never heard of such a thing! Why, uncle, do you know what you have said? You make it out that I can do good to the societies without having much money, learning, talent, books, or spare time: what can you mean?"

"I will tell you. There is no doubt that those who have spare time, books, talent, learning, and money, may do more good than others; but that is no reason at all why you should not do as much good as you can. Listen to me, while I try to make it plain to you, that it is in your power to support all the societies that I have mentioned."

“Do, please, tell me; and I will begin directly.”

“Though you are not rich enough to subscribe to the Bible Society, and have no Bible to give away; though you are not learned enough to translate it into a foreign language; eloquent enough to plead for it at a public meeting; nor have time at your disposal to go about in its service: yet this you may do—you may, seeking help from above, so recommend the Bible, by reading it, loving it, obeying it, and living a life in agreement with it, that others may be led to follow your example. Do this, and you will be a good friend and supporter of the Bible Society.”

“Thank you, uncle. I do really see, now, that the poorest person in the world may do good.”

“Religious tracts are now very cheap; but, if you had neither tracts, nor money to buy them, the best way will be to look upon

yourself as a tract—praying for Divine grace that no one may see, or find in you, from day to day, any other than Christian qualities; such as uprightness, diligence, kindness, love, peace, faith, hope, and charity. Do this, and you will be doing what tracts are intended to do. You will be setting forth the beauty of piety, and will thus become a real friend and promoter of the Religious Tract Society.”

“You make it quite plain to me, uncle. I never saw things in this light before.”

“Again, with regard to cruelty to animals, only make up your mind never to be cruel yourself to any creature, great or small, and never to see another act cruelly without endeavouring to convince him of his error, and you will both act kindly to the brute creation, and also prove yourself to be a true friend to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.”

“I will try my very best to do all that you

say. But tell me how I can help missionary societies."

"By becoming a missionary yourself, though in a very humble way. If you cannot go abroad, you may be useful at home. If you cannot go through all England, be content to remain where you are in your own neighbourhood. Whenever you meet with any one less informed than yourself, try to render him wiser by telling him something useful that he does not know. And, should you fall in with one who appears to be ignorant that all have sinned, and that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour—young as you are, you may venture to make it known to him in a very humble, kind-hearted way; and then you will, in reality, be lending a helping hand to missionary societies."

"Thank you, uncle. You have shown me how to be useful in a way that I shall not forget."

"We are all of us too apt, Morgan, to

think of the great things we would do, if we occupied the station of others, instead of doing the best we can in our own. Every one, who has a willing mind, and who looks up to his heavenly Father for a blessing on his endeavours, may do good in a hundred ways, and be a helper in the cause of benevolence and piety. Surely you can pray for these societies, and thus help all their operations. Look out for opportunities of being useful, and you will be sure to find them. Be humble ; but be also active and in earnest, bearing in mind the words of the poet,

Though thou hast neither talent, skill,
Nor learning's golden store ;
Yet do thy best with right good will :
The wisest does no more."

A MYSTERIOUS PACKET.

— 318 —

I LIKE to see young people happy! Folly is bad, mischief is worse, and vice worse than all; but young people may be happy, and very happy too, without being either foolish, mischievous, or wicked.

Perhaps you will not dislike to hear of a merry party that met together one evening in the winter. I happened to call at the time; and being in too cheerful a mood to refuse the invitation which was given me, I sat down among the light-hearted and laughing group. Every eye sparkled, and every face beamed with pleasure.

It is not my business to tell of the nice things prepared for the young people, nor of

the various enjoyments of the evening; all that I can undertake, is to tell you of a mysterious packet which excited so much wonder, and furnished us all with so much amusement.

Though there were a few grown persons present, the party was formed for the amusement of the young people. After tea, various pleasant and innocent gambols had been enjoyed; but these were all over, and they were seated round a table well supplied with cheesecakes, tarts, and confectionery, in front of a cheerful fire, when a sharp rap was heard at the door. Soon after this the servant appeared with a packet directed to one of the company.

Every eye was turned to the packet, for the young person to whom it was addressed thought it very odd that a parcel should be sent from home to her, and who else but those at her own house could tell where she was? One thought perhaps she might have

forgotten something; and another supposed it might have reference to the whole party; but she herself was evidently more surprised than any of them.

When the cover was removed from the parcel, on an under cover the packet was addressed to another person. In this way cover after cover was removed, and direction after direction read, till the packet had found its way into the hands of every one of the party. All began to laugh heartily, for every one wondered what the packet could contain.

On opening it a little farther they came to a label, on which was written, "Mind not to break the bottle." Here the greatest care was taken in unwrapping the next cover, when another label was found, "Take care of your clothes." And now every one kept at a distance, lest a bottle of aqua-fortis, or something of the kind, might be contained in the packet; though this was by no means

likely. Again it went round from one to another, according to the different directions given on the covers, and the party had nearly recovered their fright about the aquafortis, when another alarm spread among them, for they came to the inscription, "Keep at a distance from the candle." "Oh!" cried one, half in jest and half in earnest, "perhaps it is gunpowder!" You may be sure there was a general scuffle. The candle was put away, and the packet was laid by itself on the table, no one venturing at the moment to proceed farther into its contents.

By this time so many covers had been removed, that the packet had become considerably less. The wonder, however, what would be found at the inside of it had considerably increased. Those who have never been present at the opening of so mysterious a packet will hardly be able to judge of the interest called forth.

After a while all were as busy as before in unsealing the different covers, which were inscribed with some kind-hearted wish or cheerful message to every one of the mirthful circle. Good humour and laughter prevailed among them, until they came to the very last cover. The packet at first was of a tolerable size, but it had gradually dwindled away till it was no larger than a sixpence. This being addressed to the oldest and the gravest of the party, he stood up, and taking out of it a small piece of paper, read very distinctly the following lines:—

And now from this husk-like
And useless external,
Let us see, my good friends,
If we can't get a kernel.

This packet so huge,
As blown up by the blast,
Has turned out, as you see,
But a cipher at last.

Yet if it should teach us,
Both early and late,

Disappointments to bear,
Whether little or great,
We shall never regret
Our mirth, laughter, and racket,
Nor the pains it has cost us
To open the packet.

This impressive and unexpected ending had a salutary influence, for it gave a value to what would otherwise have been mere amusement. Every one seemed to feel that the whole had been turned to a useful purpose, and I do think that every one on that very account felt the better satisfied.

The narrative thus given by me, when printed in a book, though it will yield the same useful lesson, will not be so cheerful and pleasant as the reality it describes; but sure I am, that had you been present with us, sitting by the bright fire, with so many sparkling eyes and happy hearts around you, and witnessed the whole proceedings, you would never have forgotten the opening of the mysterious packet.

DONALD GUY, THE HUNTER.



IF what I am going to tell you had been told me when I was a boy, I feel sure that I should have been greatly pleased—but listen.

“What a long way you must have travelled, Donald!”

“True, boys. Taking sea and land together, I have travelled as far as most people; but what have I got by my wanderings? I was doing well at home in my youth, but I went farther and fared worse. Never take to roaming, boys; ‘A rolling stone gathers no moss.’”

“And what a great many things you must have seen!”

“Had I seen less and profited more, it would have been much more to my credit. I was undutiful to my parents, and went abroad without their consent; and bitterly, indeed, did I repent it.”

“You must have gone through a great deal, and been in very great dangers?”

“I have, boys; but I have always deserved more than I suffered. Hunger has pinched me; my head has been scorched with heat; and my tongue dried with thirst. I have been frozen among the icebergs of the north; I have hid my face on the ground while the hot sand winds of the desert have swept over me; and I have been wrecked on the mighty ocean.”

“Did you ever see a shark and a whale?”

“Yes, boys, and been at the catching of many. The shark is taken with a large hook, baited with a piece of flesh; but the whale is harpooned. Where whales are caught in the north, you see nothing but whale-ships,

and boats, cold water, ice and snow, seals, walruses and sharks, with birds of prey, floating islands of ice, and white bears."

"Frightful! The whale must make a fine splashing before he is taken."

"He does, for he is the largest and strongest of God's creatures. When struck with the barbed harpoon, he dives directly towards the bottom of the sea, taking with him a rope 200 yards long, and sometimes pulling the boat down after him. At other times, by a stroke of his tail, he tosses the boat into the air. No sooner does he again make his appearance, than another harpoon is struck into him. God has given man power over the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea; no wonder, then, that the whale cannot withstand him. After being harpooned many times, the huge monster turns on his side, and this is the sign that he is conquered. The sea and the land are full of wonders,

and both the one and the other show forth the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Lord. 'The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.' Psa. xcv. 4, 5."

"Can you tell us anything about tigers and elephants?"

"I could tell you a great deal, boys, if I had nothing else to do. In my time I have hunted the elephant and the tiger too. I have forced my way through the thick tangled jungle on the broad back of an elephant, when the royal striped tiger of Bengal has crept stealthily among the sedge and brushwood, crouching down low on his fore paws preparing for the spring. I was young then, and reckless, and thought more of the day's pleasure than the morrow's profit. I felt strong, and the shout of the hunters, the snorting of the elephants, and

the loud roar of the tiger raised my spirit ;
for I loved scenes of adventure and danger.

I loved the hunter's hardy toils to share,
The boundless forest and the tiger's lair.

Those days are all gone by now, and I have
no more to do with jungles and tigers."

"But please to tell us how they catch
elephants."

"Hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of
people form a circle in the forest, with move-
able fires carried on upright sticks. By
degrees they advance nearer one another,
lessening the circle ; and in this manner the
elephants are frightened into an enclosure
formed with stakes and beams. This en-
closure has a narrow passage, only broad
enough for one elephant to pass along ; and
when an elephant enters it, they shut him up
till they have tied his legs, and made him
fast to two tame elephants trained for the
purpose, and they lead him away. In this

way the whole herd of elephants are taken, one by one, unless they succeed in making a rush at the barrier and breaking it down; but, if they do that, the hunters have quite enough to do to take care of themselves, for they crash the branches of the trees as they rush along, and trample down all who oppose them. You will get much more good from your books than you could ever obtain by hunting elephants. I wish I had hunted elephants a little less than I have, and read my Bible a great deal more."

"You have seen alligators in your time, Donald, no doubt?"

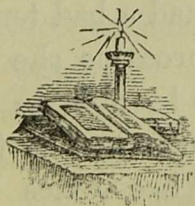
"Yes. In India I was once present at an alligator hunt. Hindoos and others, armed with pikes, stretched themselves across a canal of stagnant water that swarmed with alligators, in a close line two or three deep. Farther on, another line was formed in the same manner, and these two armed lines approached each other, shouting and stirring

up with their pikes the thick black water and the oozy slime, till the alligators were so crowded, that they began to quit the canal and creep up the slippery banks with their flabby feet. Armed men stood ready to despatch them, so that, what with their enemies in and out of the water, very few of the creatures escaped. It was a cruel scene. Practise kindness and mercy, boys, for we have all great need of them ourselves."

"What strange sights you have seen in different countries, and how many wonderful things you can tell about!"

"True, boys, true! I have been a rover and a wanderer in the world; but when a man who went abroad in his youth comes home with years on his brow to his native land empty-handed, and finds those that loved him lying in the grave-yard, it is but a poor consolation to him that he has travelled a long way, seen a great deal of the world, and can talk about sharks and shipwrecks,

whales and walruses, snakes, alligators, elephants, and Bengal tigers. Take a word of advice, boys, from one who has sinned and sorrowed. Fear God, honour your parents, and make yourselves useful in your own country till duty calls you to another. You will get ten times more profit, peace, and joy, in doing your duty at home, than you will in neglecting it abroad. Again I say, Fear God, honour your parents, and make yourselves useful to those around you; for, when grey hairs are on your heads, you will look back on acts of usefulness and kindness with more satisfaction than on all the sights that you have ever seen in the world."



AMY GEE AND ALICE JONES;
OR, HATING AND LOVING.



While hatred darkly spreads a gloom profound,
Love lightly flings its sunbeams all around.

AMY GEE and Alice Jones were born in the same village, they lived in the same row of cottages, went to the same school, and learned the same lessons, and yet never were two children more unlike one another. The cross-looking face of Amy told everybody at a glance that she had a bad temper, and then she was quite as cross as she looked to be. Nobody seemed to be able to win her over, and so she went on from day to day, hating all around her. Alice Jones had always a smile on her face, and a kind thought in her

heart. Go where she would she was welcome; for she had a loving spirit. Indeed, every one said that she loved everybody.

Though churls lament, repine, and fret, and scold,
A loving heart turns everything to gold.

In their way to and from the school, Amy and Alice had to pass a house where a dog of a snappish kind was kept. Now this dog was good-tempered, and even playful towards Alice; while at the sight of Amy he always began to growl, and set up the hairs of his neck and back, as if he was quite ready to spring upon her. The reason of this must be made known. The very first time Alice passed by this dog, he barked at her; but having a little basket on her arm containing her dinner, she gave him a bone, and he never barked at her after. She has even been noticed sitting at the cottage door, making the dog stand begging on his hind legs, while she has dropped into his mouth a

piece of a cake. The very first time Amy saw the dog he barked at her too, when she directly threw a stone at him, and picked up a stick to strike him with. Never after then did he let her pass without frightening her by his barking and growling. Amy hated that dog, but Alice loved him. Whether we are at home or abroad,

Our disposition still around us clings,
And shows itself in great and little things.

It ought not to have been so, yet so it was, that Amy hated her schoolfellows. Not a day passed without her doing them some spiteful trick or other; but very little good did she get by it. When in school, no one would help her when she was at fault; and when out of school, no one would join in her play. How very different it was with Alice. She had not a single schoolmate who would not have gladly done for her anything in her power; and as to playing with her, why, the

first question was, "What is Alice Jones going to play at, that we may join her?" If Alice had only whispered among them, "Who will play with me?" a dozen voices would have said, "I will;" but if Amy had called out the same words loud enough to be heard at the toll-gate, no one would have replied. Little girls know very well who love them and who hate them, and they seek the one and avoid the other.

Love, like a loadstone, plays its pleasant part,
And draws us hand to hand, and heart to heart.

And not only did Amy dislike her school-fellows, but she said she hated her school-mistress also. In this she stood sadly in her own light. Mrs. Blake bore with her, reproved her with great kindness, and gave her the best advice, to no purpose. Amy would have her way, and that way was a bad one. Alice was a favourite with her school-mistress; and no wonder, for she was the

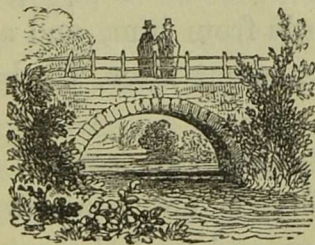
best scholar, and set the very best example in the school. Whether at her book, her needle, or her pen, she was diligent and clever. Faults she had, but it was her heart's desire to mend them. Oh, that there were fewer Amy Gees and more Alice Joneses in the world! for then would there be among us more joy, and a great deal less sorrow.

As plants are freshen'd by the sun and dew,
One cheerful heart makes others cheerful too.

Amy's rule was, never to forgive those who offended her, but to make them smart for it in every way she could; and as she was offended with most of those around her, she had quite enough to do. As the viper in the fable injured her teeth by gnawing the hard file, so spiteful Amy was always doing herself a mischief by contending with those more capable and clever than herself. Alice's loving disposition not only won the

good opinion of her friends, but it would, if she had any enemies, have enabled her to put in practise the merciful words of the Saviour, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and persecute you." Matt. v. 44. But enough has now been said of Amy and Alice to show that little is to be got by hatred, and much by love; for wherever we are, and however we may be occupied,

Hatred will frown like winter's darkest hours,
And love come smiling like our summer flowers.



HERBERT ECCLES ;

OR, ONLY A TRADESMAN'S SON.

— 878 —

“INDEED !” said Herbert Eccles, with a toss of the head, when speaking to a young friend of his, “I shall have nothing to do with Evan Harris ; he is only a tradesman’s son.”

Now, when Herbert spoke thus, his uncle was on the other side of the hedge, not more than three yards from him, and as they met at the stile a moment after, Herbert had his reproof.

“Only a tradesman’s son !” said uncle Henry. “Why, is not your own father a tradesman’s son, and are not most of the best friends you have in the world the sons of tradesmen ?”

Herbert, who little expected that his uncle Henry was within hearing, held down his head, as well he might, on receiving this well-timed rebuke. His uncle, as he wished to make an impression on Herbert's mind, went on thus:—

“Only a tradesman's son! Why, do you not know that all classes of mankind are dependent one upon another, and that the lower classes can do as well without those above them as the higher can without those below them? Could we eat a single mouthful of bread if it were not for the farmer, the miller, and the baker?”

Herbert began to be very fidgetty and uncomfortable; but his uncle, well knowing that pride and vanity were not soon destroyed, thus went on with his remarks:—

“Only a tradesman's son! Why, would you have a jacket to wear, if there were no dyers, weavers, button-makers, and tailors in the world? Would you have a shoe to your foot, or a cap on your head, were it

not for the tanner, the shoemaker, and the hatter?"

Herbert seemed as if he wished either himself or his uncle a long way off, for he felt heartily ashamed of himself. On, however, his uncle went with his reproof.

"Only a tradesman's son! Why, would you have had a house to put your head in, and a roof to cover you, if it had not been for the brickmaker, the builder, the mason, the carpenter, the tiler, and the glazier? Or, could you have your victuals cooked, or even warm your hands at the fire, if the woodman and the miner had not been at work for you? Believe me, Herbert, you are dependent on tradespeople for all you have; for house, clothes, food, and firing; therefore, never again undervalue any one for being a tradesman's son.

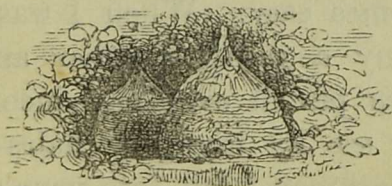
You gaze on the cathedral,
Whose turrets meet the sky;
Remember the foundations
That in earth and darkness lie—

For were not those foundations
So darkly resting there,
Yon towers could never soar up
So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded
That the palace may be bright :
If the ploughman did not plough,
Then the poet could not write.

Let every toil be valued,
That man performs for man ;
And have its share of honour,
As part of one great plan."

This rebuke was of great use to Herbert, and never since he received it has he been heard to speak lightly of a tradesman's son.



PULL OFF YOUR COAT;

OR, BE IN RIGHT EARNEST.



“PULL off your coat,” said Andrew Fowler to a Scotchman who was at work in his garden with his coat on. “Pull off your coat, Donald, and be in right earnest, for you look now as if you were pretending to labour. It seldom, or never answers to do a thing by halves. Set about it in a right spirit, and throw your heart into it, and then a hard task becomes easy. When I was a young man—many a sunny summer and cloudy winter has passed over me since then, as you may see by my grey hairs—when I was a young man I fell into your error, and thought it mattered but little how I did this.

and that, and the other; but I know better now. A willing mind works wonders. Off with your coat, Donald, that people may see that you are not playing at gardening."

Andrew Fowler, having said this, went forward, without waiting to see whether Donald took his advice, or went on working as before.

"Pull off your coat," said Andrew Fowler to an Irishman, who was mixing up mortar and carrying bricks for some men who were building a wall. "Pull off your coat, Murphy, that your arms may be at liberty; for a man is not likely to do a day's work buttoned up as you are. There is a right way and a wrong way of doing things; you have chosen the latter; and it makes me think that you are not in a humour for labour. Off with your coat, Murphy; be in earnest, and it will lighten your labour."

Without waiting for Murphy to reply Andrew Fowler walked up the hill, thinking

within himself that if both young and old were more in earnest in the discharge of their duty, how much it would add to their own comfort, and the good of all around them.

There are in the world hundreds besides Donald and Murphy who go through the day in an idle, dreamy sort of a way, as though it hardly mattered whether their duties were done or not. Now he that sets to work with a hearty good will never finds time hanging heavy on him; his spirit is light, his difficulties disappear, and he makes rapid progress. Whether it be in gardening, carrying bricks, or in working hard in any other way, a labouring man that means to do his duty, and to do it well, should pull off his coat, and be in right earnest.

Who has not seen a blacksmith at work, preparing to shoe a horse, for which he knew he should be paid? How heartily has he pulled at his bellows, how lustily has he

hammered away at his anvil, with what dispatch has he fastened on the shoe, and rasped off the rugged ends of the nails! The man was in earnest, his heart was in his work, and his labour was light to him.

It is a great mistake in any one to be slothful and sluggish, when he ought to be wakeful and active, or to be but half in earnest when his undertaking requires all his energy. The slow walker lengthens the time of his journey; the half-worker gets but half-wages; and the archer who draws his arrow only half-way to its head is not at all likely to hit his mark.

How can a boy expect to learn his book, or to instruct another in any branch of knowledge, without diligent study? How can an apprentice hope to acquire his business, or to make his way when out of his time, or to thrive as a master, if he only half attends to his business? In these things there should be no heavy heels, idle

hands, sleepy heads, or backward hearts. Attention, life, soul, and energy are necessary. As the labourer should pull off his coat, and be in earnest, so should every one be alive and attentive to his pursuits.

When Andrew Fowler came back from his walk he was pleased to see Murphy in his shirt sleeves, carrying his bricks, and mixing up his mortar in a much freer way than he did before. It was the same, too, with Donald, who with his coat off appeared to have doubled his diligence in working at his garden. Andrew failed not to give them a word of encouragement, and to tell them again, as labouring men, that "Pull off your coat, and be in right earnest," was one of the best pieces of advice he could give them.

But though Andrew Fowler applied his remark only to hard labour, he might have applied it to almost everything that is worth having in the world. What is there beneath

the stars which men value that they can hope to possess without being in earnest in its pursuit? Wealth, wisdom, and reputation are not easily attained.

And is there no earnestness required in holy things? Is it so light an affair to get to the mansions of eternal glory that we need not trouble ourselves about the matter?" To suppose so would be to fall into a dreadful error. We must watch and pray; we must strive to enter in at the strait gate; we must ask earnestly, that we may receive; seek diligently, that we may find; and knock urgently, that the gate of heaven may be opened to us. Every faculty we possess should be set on the object before us. If it be true, as it is, that we are lost sinners, it behoves us to lose not an hour in seeking for mercy; if it be true, as it is, that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, we should apply to Him with all our hearts and souls. "To the Lord our God belong mercies and for-

givenesses, though we have rebelled against Him." Dan. ix. 9. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15.

When Andrew Fowler was seated at night in his old arm-chair he pondered, according to his custom, on the events of the day, and wrote down this remark in his diary: "As this day I have been a means of making Donald and Murphy more 'diligent in business' let me try, with Divine aid, if I cannot render them more 'fervent in spirit.' As I have hastened them onwards in things temporal, let me try to quicken them also in things that are eternal."



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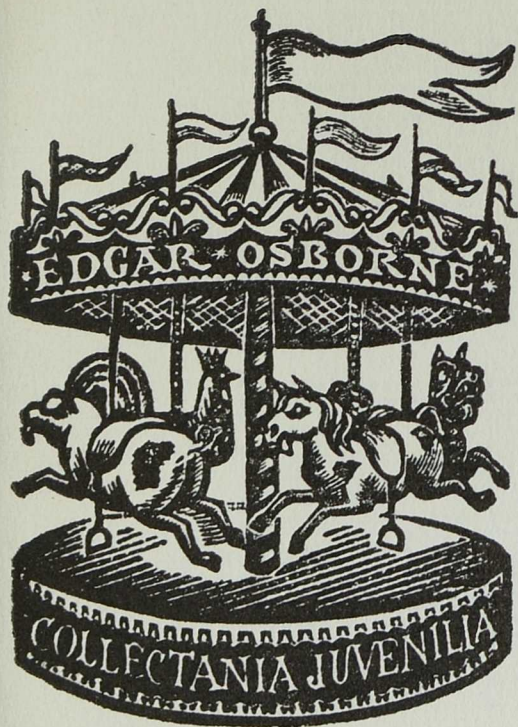
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