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SIXPENCE.

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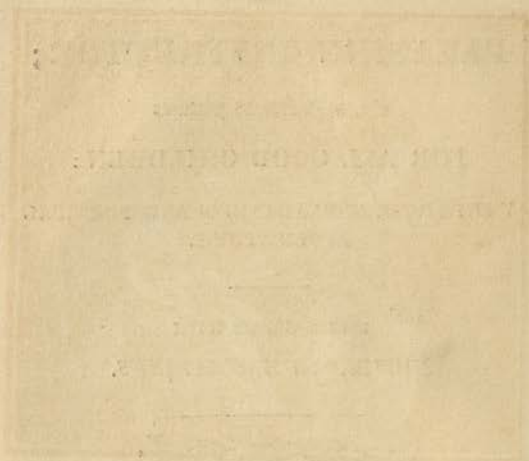
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SIXPENCE.



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1851



This man pretends to be a wise man, come from the East, to foretel the fortunes of those who are weak enough to pay him, or wicked enough to wish to pry into futurity; but this lady has read too much, and knows her duty too well, to be either frightened at his threats, or pleased with his promises. Had she not improved her mind by reading, and her heart by religion, she might have been cheated of both her money and her happiness.

God hides, and very wisely too,
Futurity from human view.



Here is a little girl, weeping at the grave of a companion. Her brother is thus endeavouring to comfort her: "My dear sister, it is true Mary now lies dead in this cold grave; but as God Almighty has made nothing in vain, your friend will one day be restored to life: for He who caused her to live, and then suffered her to die, can, with equal ease, call her again into being; and the Bible says He will do so at the last day."

When we are borne down by grief,
Religion comes to our relief.



This young man is receiving instruction from his father, previously to his beginning the world on his own account. The old gentleman is telling him what he has to expect in regard to money ; and is also giving him good advice. I wish he may attend to it ; for, as old persons have seen much of the world, their knowledge and experience must have taught them how to profit by its examples, and avoid its evils.

How foolish and ungrateful to despise
The counsels of the aged and the wise !



This young man had very greatly grieved his amiable sister, by some harsh expressions he had used to her. His father spoke to him on the subject; but, instead of running to his weeping sister, and trying to soothe her by asking her pardon, he began a long speech in his defence; and all the time his father was trying to convince him of his fault, he continued to talk, and his arms about, and make a noise.

If you at any time should give offence,
Make not your crime the worse by your defence



THE TWO GOOD CHILDREN.—

“Whose children are you?” said a lady who met a boy and girl walking together in the street. “We have neither father nor mother,” was the answer; “but we have a very good uncle, who takes care of us, and sends us to a charity-school, because he is very poor. “And what do you learn there?”—“We try to learn to read and work, and pray to God; and we are very happy.”

If those who read, and work, and pray,
Are very happy, well they may.



There was a man whom the country persons called the Philosopher, because he lived by himself, and ate very plain diet. One day a hunter called upon him, and asked him how he could bear to spend his time at home, whilst there was so much pleasure in hunting. "Go," said he, "to your cruel sport—enjoy it, if you can. I am perfectly happy in my retirement, and enjoy whatever fare I can procure with a quiet conscience."

'Tis not in meat, or drink, or dress,
That we must look for happiness.



GOING ON A VISIT.—This little boy could scarcely eat, he was so anxious to be setting out on a visit which his mother had promised he should make to a neighbour. As they went, he ran along with such impatience, that, by the time he arrived, he was so much tired, that he fell asleep, and slept till it was time to return : thus he lost the pleasure of the visit by his very eagerness to enjoy it.

Pleasure, when taken in excess,
Is not increased, but made much less.



A poor little boy refused to take his food : a doctor was sent for, who could not account for the lad's loss of appetite. He did not say he could not eat ; but, when questioned, he at length confessed that he could not bear to see his poor brothers and sisters want ; and as his parents could not get sufficient for them all, he feigned sickness, that they might eat what it was supposed he could not. This was really kindly meant ; but

God forbids that we should do
Evil, that goodness may ensue.



THE BROTHER'S GRAVE.---A Gentleman walking through a church-yard, saw a little girl standing near a grave. He asked her whose grave it was. "It is my brother's," she replied. "He died because he would eat unripe fruit, unknown to father and mother; but he was very sorry for what he had done; and we are all sorry he is dead." "It is a sad thing," said the gentleman, "to do wrong, and then to add to it by concealing it."

If once a little child offends,
How seldom there its error ends!



A little girl had a present made her of a watch, with which she was much pleased, and was very grateful. Her curiosity induced her hastily to open it, to see what made it tick, and the hands move. Not knowing how to do this properly, she broke or displaced some of the works, and the watch ceased to go. She then ran to her mother to put it to rights; but she could not; so the watch was lost through the child's impatience and curiosity.

'Tis not so much through curiosity
We err, as from impetuosity.



CRYING TO SCHOOL.—This little girl never went to school without crying; yet, when she was there, she was as happy as the rest of her school-fellows, and knew very well that her parents had more sense and love for her than to keep her at home, merely lest she should cry, and spoil her face. What a silly girl she was! to weep to no purpose, and then to be happy in that which had been the cause of her weeping!

To cry for what we never can obtain,
Is both a foolish and an useless pain.



This is an old worn-out officer, who had faithfully served his country ; at least, as far as the common notion of serving one's country goes : by killing our fellow-men of another country, and calling them our enemies. Honestly and truly, however, had this poor officer done his duty ; and he was sitting on a bench in a park, reflecting on his then deserted state, when an officer overheard his complaints, and relieved him.

Our duty teaches us to serve each other,
Tho' we not always meet a grateful brother.



GOOD NEWS FROM THE ARMY.—
This soldier had been in the army several years, and had behaved very well. Going to visit his friends, he accidentally met the mother of a fellow-soldier, to whom he gave a very good account of her son's health and conduct. The poor woman was greatly pleased; but she could not help saying to herself, "Ah! if Tom had been good at home I should have been much happier!"

A child from its parents no comforts would steal,
If it could but feel as a parent does feel.



There are boys and girls who think it a task to become wise; but those are very foolish children indeed! Now, if such boys and girls should be told, that to learn to read is a great favour, and to play a great task, they would cry to be compelled to play, and desire to be instructed. Yet do not you think these children appear happy: one learning to read, and the other to play on the piano-forte?

Learning not only is a treasure,
But really yields substantial pleasure.



MUSIC AND THE BIRD.—A little tame bird came and perched on the top of a piano-forte, on which a gentleman was playing a merry tune. The vibration, that is, the shaking, of the strings, made the boards of the piano tremble, and thereby tickled its feet very much. It was frightened, yet had not sense enough to hop off, and thereby enjoy the pleasure of the music without the pain of being too near it.

How pleasing soever things look in the face,
Still nothing is right that's not in its right place.



If thieves could but see how foolish they look when detected, they would be ashamed to commit so wicked and so degrading a crime as theft. See what a pitiful appearance this man makes, having been found in the act of stealing! But, in fact, all sorts of crime lead to shame and disgrace, and, sooner or later, to severe punishment. The very dog appears to look upon the wretch with scorn; but how must his conscience be now reproaching him!

That man, tho' poor, must not expect relief,
Who shows the slightest marks that he's a thief.



THE DEATH OF THE FOX.—The Hunters had enjoyed a good day's sport ; but their pleasure was greatly lessened, when, on coming up to the poor slain Fox, they found a boy standing near it, who very innocently asked them, whether it had done any harm, or of what use it would be to them now it was dead. Being told not any, " How, then," said he, could you take pleasure in being so long in killing it ?"

God never meant his creatures should obtain
Pleasure, by giving to each other pain.



One of these little boys, who did not appear to have any objection to go to school, always expressed an unwillingness to allow his mother to wash him, and put his dress in order, before he set out. Had he been left to his own choice, he would always have appeared slovenly, if not even dirty. The poor fellow could not be persuaded that any thing was really a crime that was not expressly forbidden; but in this he was greatly mistaken.

That man's not good who just escapes the gibbet,
And barely does not what the laws prohibit.



BEGGING PARDON.---Jane Sensible was permitted to play with her brother in the garden, but was told not to eat any of the fruit, even though it should have fallen from the tree of itself. She promised to obey ; but a large plum in the walk tempted her, and she took and bit it. A wasp having got into it, she was stung ; upon which she and her brother ran to their mother, and, falling on her knees, she confessed the whole truth.

Oh! what a double sting has sin !

It wounds without, and shames within.



The Arabs believe, that if they taste salt with any one it becomes impossible to do them an injury. A man had nearly filled his bag with the plunder of a neighbour's house, and was about to steal a golden candlestick, which lay concealed in a vault, when he struck his hand against some hard substance; and, suddenly putting it to his mouth, he found it was salt he had touched; and he ran away in great fear!

E'en superstition has its use,
When it prevents a worse abuse.



A DEATH SCENE.—“Oh! my dear sister! and this is the coffin in which you will shortly be conveyed to the grave! My dear sister! I shall never, never see you again!” Such were the complaints of a very good little boy, on seeing his sister’s coffin placed on a chair in the parlour. “O, yes,” said one of the servants, “you may see your sister again: she is gone to heaven, and if you be as good as she was, you will, in God’s time, follow her: For as in this world wicked men combine, God to the good, in Heaven, the good will join.



These gentlemen were once school-fellows. They had not seen each other for many years, when one evening, one of them called upon the other, who was glad to see his old friend. He had been residing abroad, and having gained much useful information, he is here represented as communicating it to his friend : doubtless it was very instructive, for he was a man who travelled, not for idle curiosity, but to acquire useful knowledge.

Still we should have, in all we say or do,
Some pleasing and some useful end in view.



TOM WARD'S VISIT OF CHARITY.

---James Smith, a poor man, lay sick in bed ; his old mother sat shivering near the fire-place ; near her sat his little boy, weeping. Mrs. Smith was much distressed, for their money was all done. Still they trusted that God would not forsake them, when in came good Tom Ward, and gave them some money, which not only relieved the family, but made Tom happy.

Who seeks to give another ease,
Is sure, at length, himself to please.



There was once a gentleman so passionately attached to his horse, as to be in constant fear lest some one should steal it. This ridiculous fear increased to such a degree, that he resolved to cut off its tail and mane, and thus, by disfiguring it, to lessen the temptation to steal it. In doing this, he cut the tail so close as to cause a wound, which quickly turned to mortification; and his horse died in a very little time!

How oft have our suspicions made
Those very ills we would evade!



VISITING THE BALL-ROOM.—Master Webb was, one evening, permitted to attend a dancing party. As he entered the ball-room, every one was surprised at the grace and elegance with which he bowed; and, when the Ball was over, his behaviour had pleased his parents so much that they made him a present of a copy of “*Hodgson’s Children’s Guide to Good Breeding.*”

Never think you’ve learnt enough,
Whilst your conduct’s coarse and rough.



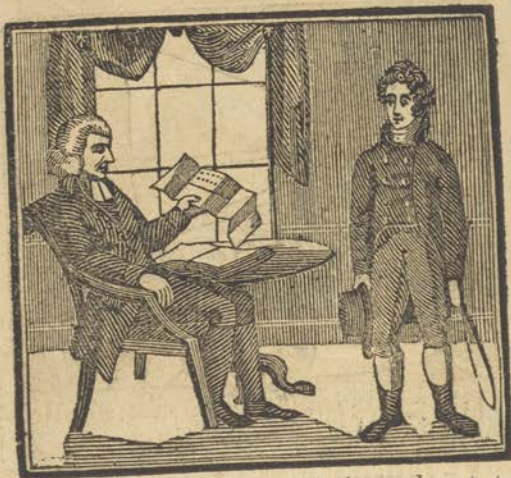
A fox had killed a poor lamb, and was about to carry it away, when two dogs, belonging to a neighbouring shepherd, having heard it bleat in distress, ran to the spot, instantly fell upon the mischievous fox, and soon revenged the death of the lamb. At the same time the shepherd's boy came up, and with a stick assisted the dogs in their attack. Doubtless, sly Reynard thought he should not be found out in his cruelty.

Mind, little boy, what you're about,—
If you do wrong, you'll be found out.



LEARNING AND INDUSTRY REWARDED.—The gentleman and lady in this chaise were once two poor little children, who could neither read nor write; but they were very attentive, and very diligent; and in time grew up to become both wise and rich. They went to the same school when infants, and now they are married. They have been riding out, and are rewarding the post-boy.

Those boys and girls too fond of play,
Will through this world make wretched way.



A Clergyman's son being about to leave his father's house to reside in a country town, he previously sent to his tailor for patterns, that he might choose what colour of a coat he would have; but as he was a dutiful son, he took the pattern-book to his father, who selected such a colour and quality of cloth as a proper sense of economy and his station in life pointed out. This was doing precisely as he ought: for

Who takes a parent's kind advice,
But seldom falls a prey to vice.



This man, from a very fine gentleman was reduced to a plain cottager, partly through his extravagance and folly. He had been much addicted to the sports of hunting and shooting; and he still retained a strong desire to be constantly out, after his pleasures, instead of attending to his little garden, and making his afflicted wife as comfortable as possible. She often begged of him to return early; and, he as often promised that he would; but did not keep his word.

How hard it is with vice to part,
When once 'tis cherish'd in the heart!



There was once a Brahmin Priest, who was not content with performing the duties of his office; but, being rich, he became a sort of judge over the poor persons in his neighbourhood. A widow and her daughter, having been ill-treated by one of this Priest's rich tenants, went to him to seek redress; and they got one of his principal officers to present their petition; but he refused to listen to them, and dismissed them without relief!

Religion, when it is abused,
Is worse than if 'twere never used.

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