

# MORAL EDUCATION

“MY PEOPLE ARE DESTROYED FOR LACK OF KNOWLEDGE.”—

*The Prophet Hosea.*

THIS IS AMONG THE MOST CERTAIN OF ALL THE LAWS OF  
MAN'S NATURE—THAT HIS CONDUCT WILL IN THE MAIN BE  
GUIDED BY HIS MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CONVICTIONS.—

*“The Reign of Law,” by the Duke of Argyll.*

# MORAL EDUCATION:

An Elementary Manual

FOR THE USE OF

*SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND FAMILIES.*

WITH A PRELIMINARY ESSAY.

BY THE REV.

PETER PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "CENTENARY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS."

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**Dedicated,**

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.,

*MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,*

A SOCIETY WHICH HAS EVER BEEN DISTINGUISHED

BY ITS ADHERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY ;

BY ITS INCULCATION OF THOSE PRINCIPLES

IN THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG ;

AND BY ITS EFFORTS

AS THE FOE OF WAR, AND THE FRIEND OF THE

OPPRESSED.



## PREFACE.

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THE courteous reader is requested to bear in mind the maxim expressed by Pope, one of the greatest masters of the English tongue :

“ In every work regard the writer's END,  
Since none can compass more than they intend.”

The end or design of the present work is to furnish a Manual for use in Schools and Colleges, and the style and execution should be in accordance with that design. The chief excellence of every work ought to consist in Adaptation. The style, therefore, of such a work as the present should be studiously simple, for without simplicity perspicuity is impossible. Further, the style should not be abstract, but concrete. Abundant use has accordingly been made of the principle of Illustration. Facts and incidents, biographical and historical, have been drawn from various quarters. To these have been added other extracts, chiefly descriptive and poetical. The sources of the extracts are acknowledged as far as possible. Specific acknowledgment is due to the

kindness of MR. RUSKIN in giving permission to make use of his works to a certain extent; and also to THE DELEGATES OF THE CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD, to whom that distinguished author had presented the copyright of his "Lectures on Art." Grateful mention may also be made of the valuable assistance rendered to the author by the REV. C. Y. POTTS, of Ledbury, in assisting to pass the work through the press, and in making various useful suggestions.

The Preliminary Essay is intended to answer the questions *What?* and *Why?* What is this book? and *Why* is it sent forth? The substance of the Essay was given to the public in a series of articles which appeared some time ago in THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH. The interest excited on the subject of Moral Education by the appearance of those articles caused a correspondence to spring up between the writer and certain readers of that paper. One of these is a gentleman who has held the post of Lecturer in one of the Normal Colleges; and a sentence which occurs in one of his letters may fitly close this Preface: "Everything seems to point to a rapidly approaching conflict of a more open kind between a pronounced Christian education and that which is merely intellectual; the latter, whether in our elementary schools or in the higher walks of education, must more and more become practically agnostic."



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# Moral Education the Great Defiant of the Age.

*ADDRESSED TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.*

## SECTION I.

### MORAL EDUCATION—ITS NECESSITY.

JOHN LOCKE, in his "Treatise on Education" published two hundred years ago, sets forth his sense of the importance of education in these memorable words: "I think we may safely assert that in a hundred men there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received; it is on education that depends the great difference observable among men."

Leaving out of view physical education, it may be said that education has two departments, mental and moral. The advancement which has been made in mental or intellectual education, during the past thirty or forty years, is confessedly very great; even the education of infants has been reduced to system with valuable results. But mental educa-

tion has been pursued so exclusively that it has monopolised the name of education, as though the culture of the heart were not as important as the culture of the head. Strange and startling is the fact that this monopoly has become established, if we consider it aright. If we speak of the culture of the heart and conscience, the regulation of the affections, the implanting of right principles, the training to virtuous habits, we are compelled to prefix the term "moral," and speak of moral education: just as when, in mentioning the training of the body, we use the prefix "physical," and speak of physical education. But when we speak of *education*, it is understood at once that we mean the culture of the intellect. This simple fact, that in the current speech of the English nation, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, education means the culture of the intellect, as though man were a creature with a head and without a heart, is surely a fact fraught with most momentous consequences. No intelligent man, accustomed to weigh the meaning of words, can fail to see this at a glance; and the more deeply the fact is pondered, the more fully convinced will he become that practical results *must* flow from it, permeating the entire life of the nation. The logic of theory will prepare him for the logic of facts; he will be, in some measure, prepared for the consideration of the solemn question: Why is it that,

notwithstanding the evangelistic and philanthropic efforts so energetically made, the nation is in its present condition ?

Let us revert to our chosen "guide, philosopher, and friend," John Locke. This philosopher wrote two treatises, besides others which it is not necessary here to mention. These are the "Essay on the Understanding," and "Some Thoughts concerning Education." By the former treatise he is almost exclusively known ; on that great work his fame is founded. The profound work on Education has fallen into undeserved neglect. Yet this was not so always. The testimony of Leitch, as given in his work on "Practical Educationists," is to this effect : "Though the book"—that is, the "Thoughts on Education"—"may seem to modern readers to shine with the borrowed lustre of the author's fame as a writer on philosophy, it was by no means viewed in the same light by his contemporaries. On the contrary, *Leibnitz* speaks of it as a work of still greater merit than the "Essay on the Understanding"; and its success was so marked that it ran through several editions in English, and was translated into French, Dutch, and German, and had much influence on education." *Leibnitz*, whose opinion is here quoted, is said to have been "the most extraordinary example of universal scholarship on record." (See *Chambers's Cyclopædia*.)

The sentiments of Locke on the subject of moral education are sufficiently set forth in the following words, in which he is speaking of the education of the sons of gentlemen, though his words apply to education in general, so far as the point under consideration is concerned: "That which every gentleman who takes any care of his son's education desires for him, besides the estate he leaves him, is contained, I suppose, in these four things—virtue, wisdom, breeding, and learning." Here we find that virtue is placed *first*, and learning *last*; whereas the English nation at present places learning first, and virtue nowhere; that is to say, virtue has no recognized place in the curriculum of studies, though entitled to occupy the foremost position.

It is fitting that at this stage of our discussion the voice of a lady should be heard, for the cooperation of ladies is essential to the success of any enterprise in which the education of the young is concerned. Lady Hervey writes thus: "A father inquires whether his boy can construe Homer, if he understands Horace, and can parse Virgil; but how seldom does he ask, or examine, or think whether his son can restrain his passions, whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just, and benevolent?" In these words we discern Lady Hervey's estimate of the

value of moral education; and when all mothers regard the subject in the same light, a brighter day will dawn on "England's happy homes" than they have ever witnessed.

Napoleon was a man of great sagacity, and was accustomed to say, "What France wants is good mothers!" The saying was not his own in its origin. It was uttered in his presence by a lady, in the course of a conversation respecting the condition and prospects of that country. He instantly discerned the immense value of the sentiment, endorsed it, and gave it the stamp of his influential name. And though England has the best mothers in the world, still it is true that what England wants is good mothers.

We have ascended the centuries to the days of Locke; let us ascend still higher to the days of William of Wykeham. Five hundred years ago he founded Winchester School, and chose for it this motto: "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN." But what did William of Wykeham mean by manners? In modern English the word means civility, courtesy, politeness. But in the days of our ancestors the word had a nobler and richer meaning; and this deeper signification it retained to a period so recent as that of James I., for in the Authorised Version of the Bible we read, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." By the expression "good manners" is

meant good morals; or rather, good morals as producing good manners: whereas the modern meaning of the word virtually amounts to this,—good manners as a substitute for good morals. The sentiment of William of Wykeham is therefore nothing short of this: moral education lies at the foundation of character; good manners springing from good morals are the making of a man. And in order to reduce this sentiment to practice, Winchester School was established as long ago as half a millennium. And this motto ought to be the motto of every school and college in England; that is, in Great Britain and Ireland and throughout the British Empire.

It is manifest, therefore, that education, to be worthy of the name, must appeal to the whole nature of man, to the heart as well as the head. And a collateral advantage would be secured, an advantage which in itself is beyond all price,—education would become more pleasant and attractive both to teacher and taught. For happiness is the first condition of successful education; happiness is as indispensable to the full and harmonious development of the powers of human nature, as sunshine to the flowers. As the flower will never spread its petals aright in the absence of the quickening influences of the sunbeam, so the powers of human nature will never unfold like the unfolding of the rose, except in the midst'

of an atmosphere of genuine happiness and enjoyment. And happiness is a sheer impossibility when one-half of the faculties are cultivated to the neglect of the other half. Make a youth happy during his scholastic years, and the very recollection of that season of gladness will contribute to make him both happy and strong in the season of manhood, and when engaged in the battle of life. Moral training, instead of being a hindrance to the exercise of the intellect, will be found to be a direct and valuable assistance: the cerebral powers are calm and under control, and able to put forth all their strength, only when the moral feelings are duly disciplined, and preserved in a state of tranquillity and peace.

## SECTION II.

### MORAL EDUCATION—ITS NATURE.

Moral education must not be confounded with religious education, for this would be virtually to confound morality with religion. Morality may exist without religion,—or, at least, with very imperfect systems of religion,—although religion cannot exist without morality.

Moral education was given by Pagans to their children before the light of Christianity shone into

the world: though given in a form which that light shows to have been defective. The "Cyropædia" of Xenophon, though regarded as a philosophical romance, is one of the best specimens of the views held by enlightened Pagans on the subject of morality.

To come nearer our own times. In the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic Sovereigns of Spain, the Moors, who were Mahometans, inhabited the south of Spain until their expulsion, and this proverb was current among the Spaniards: "The Catholic faith and Moorish morality make a Christian." Thus, on the confession of the Catholics themselves, the followers of the False Prophet were their superiors in morality.

Moral education, as we have seen, stands in most intimate relation to the successful cultivation of the intellectual powers, but it sustains a yet more important relation to religious decision and the spiritual life. In its absence the intellect suffers, but the Christian character suffers still more. It may be regarded as the connecting link between mental education and religion.

The nature of moral education, and the relation it sustains to religion, are set forth, in a parabolical manner, in that inexhaustible treasury of wisdom, the Word of God. In the parable of the Sower we are taught that religion requires, for its production,



two things—good seed and good soil. In vain is it that the seed be good, abundant in quantity, and excellent in quality, unless the soil be good. And yet, as we shall hereafter see, the Christian Church directs its attention almost exclusively to the sowing of the seed, while it neglects the preparing of the soil.

British agriculture has made great advancement during the past thirty or forty years; but how has that improvement been effected? Not by improving the seed, but by improving the soil. The wondrous science of chemistry, which during the same period has received great development, has taught the agriculturist that certain chemical substances are required by certain kinds of soil, and that when these substances are supplied the fruitfulness of the soil is increased. And the relation which moral education bears to religion is this: as those substances, skilfully applied, enrich the soil and cause it to bring forth abundantly, so moral education, conducted on system, prepares the human heart to receive the precious seed of Divine truth, and causes it to bring forth thirtyfold, sixtyfold, or a hundredfold.

Let us listen, therefore, to the Great Teacher, as He speaks to us in the Gospel according to St. Luke, in the 8th chapter, at the 15th verse: *“Those on the good ground are they, which in an*

*HONEST and GOOD heart, having heard the Word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with PATIENCE.*" These three qualities,—Honesty, Goodness, and Patience,—together with the Golden Rule, will be seen, when we come to investigate them, to be the three qualities, the cultivation of which constitutes moral education, as applied to those who are yet in the days of their youth. This enumeration, or classification, is given to us by Him who understands human nature. He "knows what is in man," for this very sufficient reason—He has created man. For the present purpose, therefore, it is not only admirably clear and concise, but it is likewise comprehensive and complete.

"For the present purpose," we say, because the purpose of this work is not to furnish a code of Christian ethics for mature Christians, but to do what is quite as important, though not so glittering, to lay deep in youthful minds the foundations of morality, on which the edifice may in after years be erected.

John Locke has expressed the opinion that it is possible to place morality on a "scientific basis." This, however, is what he has not achieved; although, from that expression of opinion, we may very well suppose that an attempt was made. The scientific basis, for which he made search in the realm of philosophy, is to be found not there, but in a

different region. In the region of inspired truth it is set forth to us with Divine simplicity, from the lips of Him Who "spake as never man spake." Nor can philosophy refuse its concurrence as to the correctness of the basis laid down in Holy Scripture. What can be more plain and convincing than that the two main principles of morality are Honesty and Kindness? And what is more certain than that Honesty and Kindness are enabled, by means of Patience, to bring forth "fruit to perfection"? And what is the Golden Rule but the beauty and glory of honesty and kindness in their conjunction with each other; what is it but their consummation and crown?

This is a statement which, very possibly, may fail to carry immediate conviction to the mind of the reader. In that case, let us call to our aid the fundamental rule of logic, which directs us to suspend our judgment, in any given case, till the whole of the case is before us; and to have the whole of the case before us will be impossible until our investigation of the qualities specified has been actually made, and the results compared with the facts of human life. This, of course, is the business of the manual itself. Still, it may be useful, at this preliminary stage, to take what may be termed "a bird's eye view," which will prepare us for the more detailed view to be taken in the text-book.

HONESTY: what is that? Honesty in thought is sincerity; honesty in speech is truthfulness; honesty in action is justice or equity. Sincerity, "truth in the inward parts," is the root. Truthfulness is essential to mutual trust, and mutual trust is essential to friendship. If you cannot believe a man you cannot trust him; and if you cannot trust him, what is friendship but an empty name? And honesty in action is not less important than honesty in speech. Truthfulness and justice will, in fact, be found to go together. The following incident will serve to show the need of spreading right views on this point throughout certain portions, at least, of the community. A short time ago I was in conversation with a respectable tradesman on the subject of moral education, who said that he could not see that it was at all necessary. His idea was that if parents told their children that they ought to be honest, that was all the moral education that was needed. Nor did anything that was said appear to produce any effect, until the following appeal was made: "Are you not aware that commercial operations are, to a great extent, honeycombed with dishonesty?" This touched a chord that vibrated instantly and powerfully. "Yes," said he, "I *do* know it. This week I have a bad debt of £160. A man owes

me £200, and offers a composition of four shillings in the pound; and this man is a professor of religion, and it is not the first time that he has compounded with his creditors." On conversing further with the tradesman, it became manifest that the horizon of his ideas on the subject of morality was very limited. With him morality meant nothing more than that a man ought to pay his debts. This may serve as a specimen to show how little moral education on broad principles is understood, and how greatly it is needed. It may serve to indicate also the nature of the obstacles with which its general introduction into the schools and colleges of the country must contend.

GOODNESS: what is that? It is that disposition which causes the mind to find its happiness in promoting the happiness of others. As Bishop Porteus says: "The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us is the purest and sublimest that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. Next to the consolations of Divine grace, it is the most sovereign balm to the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it and in him who exercises it; and it will not only soothe and tranquillize a troubled spirit, but inspire a constant flow of good humour,

content, and gaiety of heart." Let us select one of the most important manifestations of goodness or kindness—gratitude to parents. Gratitude arises from true affection. This exists in the heart of every child, and may be trained and cultivated, or it may be neglected and suffered to wither. Training consists of more than mere instruction, but without instruction training is impossible. Children are not expected to understand the multiplication table without instruction, yet vast multitudes of children are expected to be grateful to their parents, although no pains are taken to show them *why* they ought to be grateful. If the same pains were taken to train the affection of gratitude, which in many cases is bestowed on the training of a rose or a tulip, many parents whose old age is rendered joyless and comfortless by the ingratitude of their children, would be placed amidst very different surroundings, and experience very different feelings.

PATIENCE: what is that? Every Englishman, of course, supposes that he knows very well what it is; for is it not an English word in common use? But the English word, in its common use, expresses only one-half of the meaning of the Greek word which is used by St. Luke, and only one-half of the meaning assigned to it in the

dictionary compiled by Dr. Johnson. In its ordinary use it simply denotes endurance; but its full signification has two branches,—it is active as well as passive. Taken actively, it denotes perseverance, patient continuance in well-doing, the power that conquers difficulties. Taken passively, it denotes endurance, the power to wait and to suffer. These two branches are vitally connected; they spring from one trunk; they afford each other strength, and neither of them can live without the other. The full meaning of the word patience is seen only in this twofold signification. Again, patience develops honesty and kindness; and these, in their full development, are seen in the Golden Rule, which is their consummation and crown.

### SECTION III.

#### MORAL EDUCATION—THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

We have endeavoured to show the nature and necessity of moral education, and shall now proceed to show that it is the great want of the age, and that the urgent need of it may be traced through the entire range of the secular and religious life of society. We begin with the age in its Secular aspect.

*First*, let us consider the subject in relation to our Public Day Schools. The question has been much agitated: Shall religion be taught in our day schools? Now, the first rule of controversy is this—Define your terms. And if this rule were adhered to, many a long-drawn controversy would be brought to a speedy end. When we inquire what is meant by religious teaching, we find that, in the vast majority of cases, it means on the lips of those who object to it, denominational teaching. There is not one man in ten thousand who would deliberately take up the position of the Atheist or Deist and object to the Bible as such. Without discussing the question whether the Bible has not, at least, as good a right as any other book to be introduced into our schools, we would take the infidel himself on his own ground. We would ask him whether he objects to those moral subjects being taught, the teaching of which was felt to be necessary even by intelligent Pagans. Those subjects were taught before the Holy Scriptures were accessible to the Gentile world, and they may be taught, at the present time, apart from the Bible; but to teach them now, ignoring the additional light which is thrown upon them by the Scriptures, would be an absurdity, if it were not an impossibility. There are infidels who reject the Bible in all other respects, but value it, for its moral teaching. The



story of Diderot, one of the champions of infidelity, is well known, but it deserves to be also well considered. A member of the French Academy found him one day diligently employed in explaining to his daughter a portion of the moral teaching of the New Testament. His visitor expressed his surprise. "I understand you," said Diderot; "but, in truth, what better lesson could I give her?"

Here, then, is common ground, on which the Christian and the infidel may meet—meeting not as adversaries, but as men and brothers. The infidel tells us that what he desires for his children is sound and thorough moral teaching. Then by all means let him have it. And if there be a Christian man who desires to train up his children in the way in which they should go, and fails to see that moral instruction is the very best teaching that he can desire for his children in the day-school, that Christian man must surely be standing in his own light. For moral education, as we have shown already from the Parable of the Sower, is the preparation of the *soil* to receive the *seed* of Divine truth. The province of the day-school is to prepare children to become good citizens of this world; according to the saying of an ancient Greek, "a boy ought to learn what he will need to practise when he becomes a man." The province of the family, the Sunday School, and the Church is to prepare children for

citizenship in the heavenly world. Let the day-school do its duty, and do it thoroughly, and the Church of Christ will reap an abundant benefit, and find that its labours are greatly assisted. Moral education, we repeat, cannot bestow religion, as arithmetic cannot teach algebra; and yet arithmetic is the necessary preparation for algebra. What we ask is, that the rising youth of the land, the hope of the nation, should receive the instruction which enlightened Pagans gave to their children, and that that instruction be given as enlarged and purified by the Christian revelation. They would teach them that there is a God, and also a future life, that in every human breast there is a conscience, and that that conscience ought to be enlightened to know what is right and what is wrong; and as Christians we add,—enlightened to understand in all their bearings the three cardinal subjects of honesty, goodness, and patience.

*Secondly*, let us look at the subject in relation to the Homes of England. Domestic bliss is “a fragment of Paradise that has survived the Fall.” In order that the reign of domestic happiness may become established in English homes, three things are requisite—Moral Wisdom, Temper, and Character.

The first requisite is Moral Wisdom. This phrase is pleonastic, for wisdom is essentially of a moral

character. There is a wisdom which is intellectual, and which consists in the wise adaptation of means to ends. But its proper name is prudence, the handmaid of wisdom. "I, prudence, dwell with wisdom, and find out knowledge of witty inventions."

What, then, is moral wisdom? It is moral truth seated not only in the understanding and in the affections, but in the will—that master faculty which governs the whole man. Compare the soul of man to a mansion, and it may be said to consist of three stories. The lowest story is the intellect. Truth seated in the intellect is truth understood and known, and we call it knowledge. The second story is the affections. Truth seated in the affections is truth admired and loved. Truth known we call knowledge, but for truth loved we have no distinctive name. The loftiest portion of the edifice is the will. Truth seated in the will, and controlling the thoughts, desires, and actions, alone deserves the superb name of Wisdom. No human action can be performed, to which praise or blame belongs, except by command or consent of the will. The difference between knowledge and wisdom, therefore, is this: knowledge dwells in the intellect; wisdom dwells not only in the intellect and in the affections, but also in the will. Hence it comes to pass that men who are very depraved are some-

times able to give very excellent advice to others. They speak out of their intellect, and to their own condemnation; they know their duty, but they do it not. And what is the moral truth which, seated in the will, constitutes wisdom? It is the truth or the truths which have respect to honesty, goodness, and patience.

The second constituent of domestic happiness is Temper—that is, good temper. Temper is a compound: it is made up, not of one single quality, but of the three qualities already named. That this analysis is correct will be evident to any one, who considers that when a breakdown of temper takes place, it must of necessity take place in respect of one or other of the qualities specified. Sometimes Honesty breaks down. Fair play, which is included in honesty, teaches us not to be unreasonable in the views we form as to what we have a right to expect from others. But, in many instances, men talk about fair play, without having formed, or attempted to form, a clear and correct idea of what fair play means. And though mere meditation is not enough to counteract the workings of selfishness in the human heart, yet selfishness will never be effectually counteracted without the assistance of meditation; for meditation will teach him that fair play means even-handed justice, whether for or against himself. And in cases in which a man's own interests are

concerned, if he has never even made the effort to understand the true nature of fair play, he is very likely to become the victim of a most woful breakdown of temper. Or, it may be that a man's temper breaks down in respect of Goodness or Kindness. He suffers himself to become peevish and fretful, for he has little or no regard for the happiness of those who are around him; he never studies their happiness; a little thing "puts him out"; he forgets that men are human, himself included. Or, it may be that a man's temper gives way in respect of Patience. He is fickle and capricious, like an April day. In one of these respects, or in two of them, or perhaps in all three together, temper gives way, and the consequences are sometimes most deplorable. On such occasions, people are apt to exclaim, "Temper is everything." And though it is not everything, yet the proverb, despite its exaggeration, bears witness to the high estimation in which it is deservedly held.

A certain proverb says, "Good temper is a jewel," and so it is; a jewel worth more than the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, the finest diamond in the British crown. It is said that the marvellous science of chemistry is addressing itself to the solution of the practical problem: How to manufacture the diamond out of charcoal. The constituent elements of charcoal and the diamond being the same, as

Sir Isaac Newton sagaciously conjectured centuries ago, chemistry is able to reduce the diamond to charcoal, though such experiments, from the nature of the case, are of a costly character; but the reverse process, by which the diamond is manufactured out of charcoal, presents greater difficulties; and as yet the chemists have succeeded in producing the diamond only on a very minute scale. But, courteous reader, we have in hand a process which far surpasses in importance that to which the chemists are devoting their energies; it is this—to manufacture the diamond of good temper. Let him who aspires to accomplish this know that it must consist of these three qualities:—Honesty, a sense of fair play firmly fixed in the mind; Kindness, a delight in promoting the happiness of others; Patience, the power to work and wait, the power to conquer difficulties, and to endure both small things and great. Mingle these three qualities in equal quantities, give them time to crystallise, and lo! the diamond of good temper is yours.

The third constituent of domestic happiness is Character, which, for our present purpose, may be said to include reputation. Character is the man; reputation is the halo that surrounds him, sometimes bright and beautiful, at other times the reverse. The character of a household and its consequent reputation, depend on the character of

all its members, and therefore is largely influenced by the qualities possessed and exercised by the female members. And the conduct of the children also has power to exalt or to depress the household in public estimation. But in the case of every member of the household, character may be defined as being "a bundle of habits." And what are the habits which, when duly cherished and cultivated, constitute true excellence—the excellence from which reputation springs and spreads, like a pleasant and refreshing perfume? They are none other than the habits which result from the possession and exercise of the three qualities already specified: honesty, goodness, and patience. And in proportion as English homes in general become enriched and adorned with moral wisdom, good temper, and excellence of character, they will deserve to be styled, in an ascending degree, "the happy homes of England."

*Thirdly*, in making inquiry whether moral education is needed in our schools and families, let us contemplate the legislature of the land. The British Parliament is "the mother of Parliaments," and the British Houses of Parliament may be said to be the noblest in the world. But if, instead of being first and best, they were last and worst, what could be said concerning them more deplorable than that which truth compels us to

say? The opium trade with China is the foulest blot that ever rested on the fair fame of any government, Christian or heathen. This traffic brings in seven millions of pounds sterling to our Indian government; but to the people of China it costs an untold and unimaginable amount of evil and misery. This traffic was FORCED on the Chinese government by British cannon against the earnest and pathetic remonstrances of the emperor. It was of this war that Mr. Gladstone said: "A war more unjust in its origin, a war more calculated to cover this country with disgrace, I do not know and have not read of." And yet, since that time, and without intermission, we have continued the trade in opium as before, with the full knowledge of the East India Company and the Home Government. The Bishop of Victoria (Hong-Kong) uses this language: "I have been again and again stopped, while preaching, with the question, 'Are you an Englishman? Is not that the country that opium comes from? Go back and stop it, and then we will talk about Christianity.'" A few years ago a missionary was driven out of a large city in Honan by a mob, led on by the gentry, who shouted after him as he left the city: "You burnt our palace, you killed our emperor, you sell poison to our people, and now you come to teach us virtue." The following is an extract from an



address proceeding from an "Association of the Literati and Elders of Canton for the Promotion of Abstinence from Opium," in reply to an address sent to them by the English Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade:—"Suppose the case reversed, and that some other nation had a poisonous article which was injurious to Great Britain. We know well Great Britain would not suffer it to be brought to her own detriment; and if you would object to its being brought, you ought equally to object to its being sent to hurt others. The New Testament says: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' Is it possible that the instruction of the Saviour has never yet reached the ears of your honoured country?" Here we find a number of heathen men instructing us with regard to the Golden Rule. And the questions which I would most respectfully address to any member of the legislature whose eye may rest on these pages are these: Since the great majority of our legislators receive their education at the large public schools, if, in those schools, they had received sound and thorough instruction in the everlasting principles of morality, would the opium traffic ever have been suffered to come into existence? And is not the Golden Rule as worthy to be taught, and as necessary, as the Rule of Three? Why is the

teaching of it banished, or omitted, from our schools? Woe to them who "frame iniquity by a law"!

England stands at the head of the nations; the Parliament stands at the head of England; the action of the British Parliament in moral questions affects all classes throughout our land for good or for evil, and sends an influence throughout our vast colonial empire to its farthest bounds. As the "mother of Parliaments," the powerful influence of its example is felt wherever parliaments exist, affecting both themselves and the nations they represent and govern, the nations which lead the van in the world's progress. And yet in the instance adduced of the opium traffic, the most obvious principles of morality are violated in the most flagrant manner, and the foremost Christian nation stands rebuked by a nation of heathens, who point us to the Golden Rule, and ask us if we have ever heard of it. Will any one say, after this, that moral education is not needed?

Whether, therefore, we look at the Day-schools of the land, or at the Homes of England, or at the Houses of Parliament,—Lords and Commons,—the conclusion cannot be resisted that moral education is the great want of the age.

## SECTION IV.

## MORAL EDUCATION—THE NEED OF THE CHURCH.

We have looked at this subject in its Secular aspect, let us now regard it in its Religious aspect—that is, in its bearing on the welfare of the Christian Church, through its ministers and its members.

The *first* consideration relates to the Ministers of the Gospel. Collectively, they wield, or may wield, a power nothing short of immense. If the ministers of the Gospel in these lands were united hand and heart on any question,—such as the opium question,—what could stand before them? It is a fact worthy of our best attention, that the mightiest apostle the world ever saw had been trained in the principles of the strictest morality: “As touching the righteousness of the law,” he was “blameless.” Paul was a man of most sensitive conscience, strongly, but not morbidly, sensitive. It was only the tenth commandment, which says “Thou shalt not covet,” that could convict him of sin. How much of his power as an apostle was due to that early training, who can estimate! The moral training which ministers receive in our own day is simply the training received by the general community, and it is defective, because the training of the community

is defective. The mere absence of immorality from a minister's life is far from being enough to enable him to act aright upon the church and the world. What is needed is the possession of strong and high-principled morality, such as can only be gained by a systematic training of the intelligence, the conscience, and the will, in the principles of morality.

The *second* consideration has respect to the Members of the Christian Church. In the eighteenth century morality was preached in the greater number of the pulpits in this country—morality as a substitute for Christianity, and a morality that was Pagan rather than Christian. "Apes of Epictetus," such ministers were deservedly styled. In the nineteenth century the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel are proclaimed with great power and success. But in both the last century and the present, the influences of Antinomianism may be discerned. During the last century this evil system, in various parts of the country, was not ashamed to hold up its head and display its hideous absurdity and wickedness. The father of the late Isaac Taylor was pastor of a church in the eastern counties, and resigned his charge on the ground that when he rebuked the evil lives of some of his people, they retorted that unless God gave them grace they could not lead better lives, and that if

God withheld the grace that was no fault of theirs. In the present century theoretical Antinomianism may be said not to exist, but the leaven of practical Antinomianism is still working in the Church. If ministers inculcate the principles of morality, there are not a few who are ready to tell them that their business is to preach the Gospel; and the Sermon on the Mount seems to be regarded by some as if it were almost out of place in the New Testament.

The holiness of the Christian Church in its first and purest days, as described in the Acts of the Apostles, was such that the awful lustre of its holiness kept at a distance all formalists and hypocrites: "Of the rest durst no man join himself to them, but the people magnified them." Can we suppose that such holiness as this existed apart from a high-toned morality? If the thought could enter our minds that this was possible in the nature of things, the delusion would be instantly dispelled by the inspired declaration that the churches were "walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." They were walking in that "fear" which produces genuine morality, and in that "comfort" which produces genuine holiness. "The fear of the Lord" may exist without "the comfort of the Holy Ghost," but "the comfort of the Holy Ghost" cannot exist without "the fear

of the Lord." And if the fear of the Lord is to be established aright in the hearts of youthful disciples, the foundation should be laid in a sound and thorough moral education.

Whether, therefore, we consider the Need of the Church or the Need of the World, it is abundantly clear that Moral Education is the Great Want of the Age.

MORAL EDUCATION.





## PART I.—HONESTY.

**H**ONESTY has three branches—honesty in thought, in word, and in deed. Honesty in thought or purpose we style Sincerity; honesty in speech is Truthfulness; and honesty in action is Justice or Equity.

### 1. HONESTY IN THOUGHT, OR SINCERITY.

In order to speak the truth with the lips, it is necessary to think the truth in the heart; or, as the Psalmist says, to “speak the truth in the heart.” This we call Sincerity. The Psalmist, when he describes those who are destitute of Sincerity, says, “They speak with a double heart.” Sincerity creates within us the purpose and the effort to know the truth; to know facts with accuracy; and to make examination fearlessly and fully; and, as far as possible, without the bias of interest, prejudice, or passion. And from sincerity there springs a scorn of what is false, and base, and mean. Archbishop Tillotson says: “Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend

and profess, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, and saves the labour of many inquiries. It is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves."

## 2. HONESTY IN SPEECH, OR TRUTHFULNESS.

### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FALSEHOOD AND A MISTAKE.

In order to understand what it is to speak the truth, it is necessary to know what a falsehood is, and to know the difference between a falsehood and a mistake. If, when you are conversing with a person, he makes a statement, and you reply, "I don't think so;" or, in politer language, "I must beg to differ from you;" he may possibly take umbrage at what you say, and answer, "Do you think I am telling a lie?" You do not think anything of the sort; what you think is that he has made a mistake, or that you hold a different opinion from himself. A falsehood springs from an intention to deceive, and to "say the thing that is not": a mistake arises either from a want of

sufficient knowledge, or from a want of care in giving expression to what we know. And here it is proper to say, that one of the surest marks of a true gentleman or lady, in any rank of life, is this:—Never to suppose that a person intends to affront you; and especially never to suppose that he intends to charge you with uttering a falsehood, unless there be clear proof of his intention. On the contrary, it is desirable always to take for granted, as far as possible, that every one intends to behave exactly as he ought to behave. You will thus avoid much unpleasantness to yourself and to others. When a person's intention is doubtful, it is better to endeavour gently to set him right by saying, "Of course, you do not mean to charge me with falsehood," than to say bluntly, "Do you think I am telling a lie?"

#### TWO KINDS OF FALSEHOOD.

If a person says what he knows or believes is not true, that is falsehood; but if he says what he does *not* know or believe to be true, that also is falsehood. Let us look at these two kinds of falsehood, that we may see them very clearly. If a person says that an event took place, which he knows or believes never did take place, he is guilty of speaking falsely. But if he says it took place, when he really does not know whether it took

place or not, he is guilty of departing from truth. Even if it should turn out on examination that the event *did* take place, that will not clear him at the tribunal of conscience; for all persons who speak ought to be able to say, "We speak what we know." Of course, if a person thinks that it is probable that the event took place, and says that and no more, he keeps within the lines of truth. It is easy to speak falsely; it is not so easy to speak the truth. The rifleman requires a trained eye and a steady hand, as well as a serious purpose, in order to send the ball to the mark. In like manner, truth or veracity requires more than the intention to speak the truth; it requires such love of the truth as will enable a person to become an expert marksman. And we should, with great care, avoid that very uncertain and unsteady manner of talking into which some persons suffer themselves to slide and sink, which makes it difficult for other persons to know what they mean, and what they do not mean; and sometimes makes it difficult for themselves to know the meaning of their own words.

#### TWO VIRTUES THAT ACCOMPANY TRUTH.

Truth is like a knight fully armed with sword and shield. The sword is Courage. The shield is Prudence. And whoever wishes to become a

truthful man must learn to use aright both sword and shield.

*First : Truth requires Courage.*

There are two sorts of courage, and they may be broadly distinguished as physical courage and moral courage. Here is a youth who possesses health and strength. He is not afraid of a dog, nor of a horse, nor even of an elephant; to ride an elephant would be his delight. And yet he is afraid of a sneer; he cannot stand a laugh; and he will tell a lie to avoid being laughed at. Now this youth possesses physical courage. Perhaps his sister is a tender and delicate maiden; you could not induce her to ride an elephant, neither could you induce her to utter a falsehood; and this is moral courage. Physical courage resides chiefly in your flesh and blood, and its proper name is bravery. Moral courage resides in the soul, which lives when the body dies, and its proper name is resolution. Bravery is a good thing; resolution is very much better; but it is best of all when bravery and resolution are united together.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

When George Washington was a little boy he became possessed of a hatchet. Boy-like he wished to use it. He went into his father's garden and saw a fine cherry tree, and began to try his hatchet upon it, and hacked the tree till he had ruined it. His father came into the garden, and saw the tree, and cried sternly, "George, who did this?" He looked

at his father, and when he tried to speak his lip quivered, and he said, "Father, I can't tell a lie : I did it." "Alas!" said the father, "my beautiful tree is ruined, but I would rather lose all the trees I have, than have a liar for my son." Now the boy who feared a lie more than he feared his father's displeasure became a hero,—the first President of the United States of America, and the father of his country.

#### CHARLEY MANN.

A boy whose name was Charley Mann, broke a large pane of glass in a druggist's shop. He ran away at first, for he was sadly frightened. But he quickly began to think, "What am I running away for? It was an accident. I'll go back and tell the truth." This was no sooner thought than done. He went back and told the whole truth : how the ball he was playing with slipped out of his hand ; how frightened he was, and how sorry, too, at the mischief he had done ; and how willing he was to pay, if he had the money. Charley had no money, but he offered to go to work at once in the shop, and earn money enough to pay for the glass. It took him a long time to do this, for the pane of glass was large and expensive ; but when it was done, the master of the shop admired his fidelity and truthfulness so much, that he would not hear of his going away, and Charley became his clerk. One day he said to his mother, "What a lucky day it was when I broke the window !" "No, Charley," said his mother, "what a lucky day it was when you were not afraid to speak the truth !"

#### THE SON OF DECEBALUS.

Decebalus, King of Dacia, had often deceived the Roman Emperor Trajan ; the emperor finally took him prisoner, and subdued his kingdom. After the death of Decebalus, Trajan educated his son, with the intention of restoring him to his father's throne in Dacia ; but seeing him break into an

orchard, he asked him at night where he had been. The boy replied, "In school." Trajan was so offended with this falsehood, that neither the Dacians nor the Romans could induce him to fulfil his intention; "for," said he, "one who begins thus early to be a liar, can never deserve to be a king."

*Truth requires Prudence.*

We have seen that if we are to speak the truth and avoid falsehood, courage is necessary; but prudence is also necessary. Courage says, Speak the truth; never tell a lie. But listen also to what Solomon says, "There is a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;" and this is Prudence. One of the times for keeping silence is when a person asks you a question which he has no right to ask, and which you have no wish to answer.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Shortly after the battle of Assaye, in India, one morning the Prime Minister of the Court of Hyderabad waited upon the Duke of Wellington, in order to ascertain what territory, and what advantages, had been reserved for his master in the treaty of peace between the Mahratta princes and the Nizam. To obtain this information, the minister offered the general a very large sum, considerably above a hundred thousand pounds. The general, whose name at that time was Sir Arthur Wellesley, looked at him quietly for a few seconds, and said, "It appears, then, that you are capable of keeping a secret?" "Yes, certainly," replied the minister. "*Thou so art I,*" said the English general smiling, and bowed the minister out.

TRUTHFULNESS REQUIRES SEVEN THINGS  
TO BE AVOIDED.

All who desire to speak the truth should be careful to avoid all the paths which lead to falsehood; and among these paths are the following:— Mistakes, Jestings, Boasting, False Politeness, Excuses, Exaggeration, and Hasty Promises.

*First: Avoid making Mistakes.*

More falsehood springs from carelessness than from intentional lying. And there is a very close connection between mental truth and moral truth. Mental truth may be called accuracy; Moral truth is veracity. When we make a mistake we violate mental truth; when we tell a lie we violate moral truth. If we are careless about speaking correctly, we shall become careless about speaking the truth. The habit of accuracy and the habit of veracity are very closely connected together. We should never talk at random. We should think before we speak. If we cultivate the habit of being careful and of avoiding mistakes, we shall find, when once the habit has been formed, that it is as easy to be careful as to be careless, and that it is very much more pleasant and profitable. If people hear us talk in a thoughtless manner, and see that we care very little about being accurate in our statements, they will naturally



suppose that our word is not to be depended on, and we may thus lose the esteem of the very persons whose good opinion would be of the greatest service to us. When a young man goes in quest of a situation or appointment, one of the first questions most likely to be asked concerning him is this: "Can this young man's word be trusted?" and if the answer should be "No," or if it should be "It is doubtful," his prospects are, in many cases, blighted at once, and perhaps blighted beyond recovery. A young man's word should be above suspicion; and, in order to keep his word above suspicion, he should be very careful to protect his reputation for truthfulness from everything by which it might become tarnished. For instance, he should be on his guard against taking up gossip and repeating it, for he thus makes himself responsible for what other people say; and gossip is one of the most fruitful causes of scandal.

A very common cause of mistakes is to be found in the habit of mixing up the inferences we draw from facts, with our knowledge of the facts themselves. Our knowledge may be correct, and our inference incorrect. For instance, your cousin William tells you that when he next goes up to London he intends to visit the British Museum. It comes to your knowledge some time afterwards

that your cousin has been to London with his father, and you infer that when he was there he visited the British Museum. This inference is probable, but it is not certain. Now suppose you say to your brother John that your cousin has visited London and seen the wonders of the British Museum. Your brother says, "Are you sure he went to the Museum?" and you reply, "Oh, I feel quite sure he went, for he said he should go." At the first opportunity you ask your cousin what he saw at the Museum, and he tells you that his father was too busy to take him there. Now you begin to feel rather ashamed that you spoke in so confident a manner. Still you think that no harm has been done. But it always does harm to yourself to speak in a careless and confident manner, for it tends to create a habit which may be productive of very evil results. We will suppose that your little brother Thomas is sick, and at the point of death. Your father asks you whether the servant-man has gone for the doctor. You reply that he has. You do not know that he has gone; all that you know is that, acting according to your father's direction, you told him to go. But, from some cause or other, he failed to go; and thus time is lost that might have been saved if you had spoken the exact truth; and when the doctor comes he

arrives too late to save that precious life. Be careful, therefore, always to separate in your mind between what you know, and what you do not know. Always distinguish between a fact, and the inference which you draw from it.

## DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to practise a strict attention to truth, even in the minutest particulars. One morning, at breakfast with his friends, he spoke as follows:—"Accustom your children constantly to a strict attention to truth. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them. You do not know where deviation from the truth will end. It is more from carelessness about the truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world."

## THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,  
 One took the other briskly by the hand :  
 "Hark ye!" said he; "'tis an odd story, this,  
 About the crows." "I don't know what it is,"  
 Replies his friend. "No! I'm surprised at that;  
 Where I come from it is the common chat.  
 But you shall hear. An odd affair indeed,  
 And that it happened they are all agreed.  
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,—  
 A gentleman who lives not far from 'Change,  
 Taking last week (as all the Alley knows)  
 A strong emetic, threw up three black crows."  
 "Impossible!" "Nay, but it's really true;  
 I have it from good hands, and so may you."  
 "From whose, I pray?" The other named the man:  
 Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.

"Sir, did you tell?"—repeating the affair.

"Yes, sir, I did; and, if it's worth your care,  
Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me.

But, by-the-bye, 'twas two black crows, not three."

Resolved to trace so curious an event,  
Straight to the third the virtuoso went.

"Sir," and so forth. "Why, yes, the thing is fact,  
Though, in regard to numbers, not exact.

It was not two black crows, 'twas only one;  
The truth of that you may depend upon,—  
The gentleman himself told me the case."

"Where may I find him?" "Why, in such a place."

Away he went, and having found him out,—

"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."

Then to his last informant he referr'd,  
And begg'd to know if true what he had heard.

"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"

"Why, see how people propagate a lie!

Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,  
And here I find all comes at last to none.

Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"

"Crow—crow,—perhaps I might, now I recall

The matter o'er." "And pray, good sir, what was't?"

"Why, I was very sick, and at the last

I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,

Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

#### A RUSSIAN GAME.

A child when he sees an artist painting a picture imagines that painting is very easy work; but when the child tries to paint a picture himself, he finds out his mistake. Lord Byron says, "It takes a clever man to tell a thing as it is"; that is, to describe it aright, with all its circumstances of time, place, and persons. There is {a certain Russian game, which is not unknown in some parts of England, and which casts an instructive light on the difficulty of telling a thing as it is.

A circle of twelve persons, or of some other number, is formed. The first repeats a narrative privately to the second, the second to the third, and so on, to the twelfth. The twelfth repeats it aloud, and the version he gives is compared with the original narrative; and then, the variations, the additions, the omissions, the exaggerations, are usually found to be so numerous that the original narrative can with difficulty be recognised.

*Secondly: Avoid Jesting.*

Jesting must be distinguished from Pleasantry. Pleasantry, or the saying of pleasant things in a lively and agreeable manner, is an art that should not be neglected: but jesting amounts, very frequently, to nothing better than trifling with truth. To trifle with edged tools is bad enough, for you may cut your fingers; but, by trifling with truth, you may inflict on yourself and others injuries of a much more serious nature.

THE FABLE OF THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

A certain shepherd's boy kept his sheep on a common. In sport he would cry out, "The wolf! the wolf!" By this means he several times drew the husbandmen in an adjoining field from their work. Finding themselves deluded, they resolved that if he cried out again that the wolf was coming, they would pay no attention to his cries. Soon after, the wolf came indeed. The boy cried out in earnest with all his might. But it was of no use. The husbandmen would not come, and the wolf devoured the sheep. This fable shows us how true are the words of Aristotle, an ancient Greek philosopher: when he was asked what a man would gain by falsehood, he replied: "Never to be believed when he speaks the truth."

*Thirdly: Avoid Boasting.*

Boasting springs from vanity, the love of display, or the desire of seeming to be what we are not. Sometimes it takes the form of Affectation. A plain, unaffected manner of speaking has a great charm, but it is difficult of acquirement. The proverb says, concerning persons who are given to boasting, "All their geese are swans."

## AMELIA BURFORD.

Mr. James Burford, a Bristol merchant, became bankrupt through unforeseen misfortunes. While his affairs were being arranged he retired into Wales, and there lived for some time on the small income arising from his wife's fortune. He practised the strictest economy, and was hopeful that he should be taken into partnership by Sir James Auberry, a London merchant, as soon as he could obtain a discharge from his creditors. His daughter Amelia, who was sixteen years of age, had been brought up indulgently by her grandmother, and could not bear to think that her parents and other relations were now poor people. Travelling in a stage-coach to her father's cottage, in company with three gentlemen, she spoke of herself as one who lived in affluence,—talked of her maid, her little carriage, and the fine house in which her father lived. It happened that two of the gentlemen were creditors of her father, the very two who had all along refused to sign his discharge, because they suspected that he was dishonestly retaining some of the property which he ought to have given up to his creditors. When they heard his daughter talk thus, their suspicions were confirmed; but to make sure they inquired if her father was Mr. Burford, and if he really lived in the fine style she spoke of. She would now have denied what she had said, if she could have

done it without confessing herself to be a boastful and lying girl; but not having the candour to make this confession, she repeated all she had said, and the two gentlemen became completely persuaded of her father's dishonesty. In consequence of this, they not only refused to sign her father's discharge, but told what they had heard to Sir James Auberry. This gentleman wrote to her father, stating what he had heard, and saying that he declined to take him into partnership, and that he preferred another, whom he believed to be a more honest man. Thus had this conceited girl blighted all her father's prospects by her vanity and falsehood. Mr. Burford, though unwell, immediately set out to go to London in order to clear his character. Being unable to afford a seat in the coach, he was obliged to walk. The fatigue increased his illness, and he was laid up at an inn on the wayside in a raging fever. Meanwhile, Sir James Auberry and his lady, who were travelling to Wales, put up at the same inn. Learning that a poor traveller was lying very ill there, they were charitable enough to go and see him. Sir James was surprised to find that the sick man was the unfortunate Burford; and was still more surprised when he heard him, in his delirium, raving about the mischief which his daughter had brought upon him by her talk in the stage-coach. In short, an explanation was thus brought about. Sir James Auberry became convinced of his innocence, and spared no expense to bring about his recovery. Mr. Burford was soon returned to his family, with health restored; but the opportunity for resuming business as a merchant had been lost through his daughter's conduct, and he was afterwards obliged to content himself with a less lucrative employment.

*Fourthly. Avoid False Politeness.*

True politeness is politeness in accordance with truth; false politeness has in it a mixture of falsehood. It is false politeness on the part of masters

and mistresses to direct their servants to say to a visitor that they are "not at home," when the correct message would be that they are "engaged." Some of these servants were trained, in their cottage homes, to speak the truth, and to abhor falsehood. When they find themselves required to say what appears to them to be a violation of truth, their moral principles suffer a painful shock. By degrees the pain passes away, and with it passes away also their abhorrence of falsehood. Having been constrained to utter a falsehood for the convenience of their masters, they quickly learn to utter falsehoods for their own convenience. The love of truth is the guard and defence of all our virtues. When that defence is destroyed, other evils quickly follow its destruction; for lying, stealing, and sins of impurity are very closely connected.

True politeness gives a charm to social intercourse; but when politeness becomes infected with falsehood in any one direction, that infection quickly spreads in other directions, and thus the charm of social life undergoes decay and dissolution.

*Fifthly: Avoid Excuses.*

The Duke of Wellington was accustomed to say that "a man who is good at excuses is seldom good for anything else." Some persons seem to



have acquired a surprising skill in the manufacture of excuses. If they would only employ the same ingenuity in mending their faults, which they employ in the endeavour to conceal them, they would become most estimable persons. Let us look at this, for it is very important. When you have made a mistake, or committed a fault, what do you intend to do? Your first impulse, of course, is to throw a cloak over it in the shape of an excuse; but this impulse should be resisted. If you make an excuse at one time, you will be very likely to make an excuse the second time and the third; and thus you will form the Habit of making excuses. Your excuses may have the effect of concealing your faults for a season, but those faults will be growing larger and larger, until they become so large and manifest as to defy all attempts at concealment. But suppose you adopt the opposite plan, and, instead of concealing a fault which you have committed, you resolve frankly to confess it: what will the result be? You will find that this is the readiest way to get rid of your faults. Therefore, when you have done wrong, instead of trying to find or to frame an excuse, look up to God for humility enough to say: "I have done wrong, and I will do so no more." But we must not forget that an excuse differs from an explanation. An explanation is

a true and honourable statement, sometimes very necessary to be made.

#### THE DUKE OF OSSUNA.

The Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, passing through Barcelona, went on board the galley in which the convicts are. Passing through them, he asked several of them what their offences were. They all excused themselves on various pretences. One said he was put in out of malice; another that he was put in by bribery of the judge; but all of them unjustly. The Duke came at last to a sturdy little black man, and asked him what had brought him there. "My lord," said he, "I cannot deny that I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse near Tarragona to keep me from starving." The Duke, on hearing this, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder with his stick, saying, "You rogue! what are you doing among so many honest, innocent men? Get you out of their company." The poor fellow was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to tug at the oars.

#### WHO IS LIKE A TURKEY?

The turkey is a silly bird. It is an American, not a Turkish fowl. The French call a person a *dindon*—that is, a turkey, whom we, with less propriety, call a goose, that being very far from a silly bird. In America they are said to entrap the wild turkeys through their silliness. On a slight slope, a kind of pen is made with sticks and covered over. At the lowest part an opening is left, sufficient to admit a turkey, and corn is strewn within and without the pen to entice them in. When they have entered, they might escape by simply descending to the entrance and walking out the same way they walked in; but, instead of this, they vainly beat against the sides of the pen, till the trapper comes and despatches them.

Many featherless bipeds are like these turkeys. When it is plainly proved that you have formed a rash judgment, or taken an unwise step, the right course, manifestly, is to confess this, and retract your judgment, and retrace your steps. But most men are too much of turkeys to do this. Usually, when a man finds himself in a pen, and that there is no thoroughfare, rather than descend so far as to own a mistake, and walk out of the error the same way he walked in, he will resort to every kind of shuffle. He will insist on it that he was quite right all along, but that there has been a change in some of the people, or in the circumstances. Or perhaps he will flatly deny that he ever said so and so, or maintain that he was misunderstood. Anything rather than retract and acknowledge an error. And yet a man who does this frankly will usually obtain great applause for his candour and good sense; even more, perhaps, than he would have had if he had avoided the error from the first. Yet even this will not tempt most men to take this ingenuous and wise course. They are too much of turkeys.

*Sixthly: Avoid Exaggerations.*

An instructive lecture on the evils which attend the use of exaggerated expressions is given to us by a lady, Mrs. Barbauld. It is in the form of

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER.

*Daughter.*—My dear mamma! who worked you this scarf? It is excessively pretty.

*Mother.*—I am sorry for it, my dear.

*D.*—Sorry, mamma! are you sorry it is pretty?

*M.*—No, but I am sorry if it is excessively pretty.

*D.*—Why so? A thing cannot be too pretty, can it?

*M.*—If so, it cannot be excessively pretty. Pray, what do you mean by excessively pretty?

*D.*—Why, excessively pretty means—it means very pretty.

*M.*—What does the word excessively come from? What part of speech is it? You know your grammar.

*D.*—It is an adverb: the words that end in *ly* are adverbs.

*M.*—Adverbs are derived from adjectives by adding *ly* you should have said: excessive, excessively. And what is the noun from which they are both derived?

*D.*—Excess.

*M.*—And what does excess mean?

*D.*—It means too much of anything.

*M.*—You see, then, that it implies a fault, and therefore cannot be employed as a commendation. We say, a man is excessively greedy, excessively liberal, a woman excessively fine; but not that a man is excessively wise, a woman excessively faithful to her husband, because in this there is no excess: nor is there in beauty, that being the true and just proportion which gives pleasure.

*D.*—But we say excessively kind.

*M.*—We do, because kindness has its limits. A person may be too kind to us, who exposes himself to a great and serious inconvenience to give us a slight pleasure: we also mean by it, exceeding that kindness which we have a claim to expect. But when people use it, as they often do on the slightest occasion, it is certainly as wrong as excessively pretty.

*D.*—But, mamma, must we always consider so much the exact meaning of words? Everybody says excessively pretty, and excessively tall, and infinitely obliged to you. What harm can it do?

*M.*—That everybody does it, I deny: that the generality do it is very true: but it is likewise true that the generality are not to be taken as a pattern in anything. As to the harm it does, in the first place, it hurts our sincerity.

*D.*—Why, surely, it is not telling a lie?

*M.*—Certainly I do not mean to say it is, but it tends to sap and undermine the foundations of our integrity, by

making us careless, if not in the facts we assert, yet in the measure and degree in which we assert them. If we do not pretend to love those we have no affection for, or to admire those we despise, at least we lead them to think we admire them more, and love them better, than we really do; and this prepares the way for more serious deviations from truth. So much for its concern with morality. But it has likewise a very bad effect on our taste. What, think you, is the reason that young people especially, run into these vague and exaggerated expressions?

*D.*—What is vague, mamma?

*M.* It means what has no precise, definite signification. Young people run into these, sometimes indeed from having more feeling than judgment, but, more commonly, from not knowing how to separate their ideas and tell what it is they are pleased with. They either do not know, or will not give themselves the trouble to mark the qualities, or describe the scenes, which disgust or please them, and hope to cover their deficiency by these overwhelming expressions; as if your dressmaker, not knowing your shape, should make a large, loose frock, that would cover you over were you twice as tall as you are. Now you would have shown your taste, if, in commending my scarf, you had said that the pattern was light, or that it was rich, or that the work was neat and true; but by saying it was excessively pretty you showed you had not considered what it was you had admired in it. Did you never hear of the countryman who said, "There will be monstrous few apples this year, and those few will be huge little"? Poets run into this fault when they give unmeaning epithets instead of appropriate description: young ladies, when in their letters they run into exaggerated expressions of friendship. You have often admired in this painting the variety of tints shaded into one another. Well! what would you think of a painter who should spread one deep blue over all the sky, and one deep green over the grass

and trees? Would you not say that he was a dauber, and made near objects, and distant objects, and objects in the sun, and objects in the shade, all alike? I think I have some of your early performances in which you have coloured prints pretty much in this style, but you would not paint so now.

*D.*—No, indeed.

*M.*—Then do not talk so : do not paint so with words.

*Seventhly: Avoid making Hasty Promises.*

To make promises, to enter into engagements, is very proper and necessary; the business of life could not be carried on without them. And they are not only useful in business but in friendship. But promises should never be made rashly, and without due consideration. Think before you speak; and think twice, at least, before you make a promise. And when you make it, be resolved to keep it. As you pass through life, you will find that the best men are the most careful both in making promises and in keeping them.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

One day Sir William Napier met a poor child, who was crying bitterly because she had broken a bowl. Having no money with him, he promised to meet her at the same hour, in the same place, the next day. When he reached home he found an invitation to dine with a gentleman whom he particularly wished to see. But he declined the invitation, because he had promised to meet the child. "I could not disappoint her," he said, "because she trusted me so implicitly."

## IS NOVEL READING A GOOD THING?

This question must be answered by asking another: Does the reading of novels increase or diminish our relish for truth? If it increases our love for truth it is a good thing; but if it diminishes our love for truth, and especially if it so deadens our love of truth, that we come to live in an unreal world, and are fond of "building castles in the air," and thus become unfitted for the sober duties of life, it is a bad thing. Let us never forget that it is much easier to build a very magnificent castle in the air, than to build even a hut on the ground; and that persons who have spent their time, and consumed their strength in building castles in the air, have sometimes sunk into such a condition of poverty, that they have not had even a hut to live in.

A singular anecdote is related in the early edition of *Hume's Essays*, and preserved in the French translation. A lady asked David Hume to lend her some novels. He lent her *Plutarch's Lives*, which she thought to be very amusing, till she found out that they were true. As soon as she came to the names of Alexander and Caesar she returned the books.

Novel reading exercises a baneful influence upon the mind, similar to that which is exercised upon the body by the excessive eating of sweetmeats in

early youth. As sweetmeats, when too freely indulged in, take away the relish for wholesome food, and undermine the constitution, producing life-long weakness, so novels have a tendency to destroy mental vigour, by taking away the relish for truth, thus creating an aversion to steady thought, and rendering the mind the sport and prey of illusions. Therefore novels, like sweetmeats, should be dealt with as luxuries; if partaken of at all, they should be partaken of sparingly; and all, except the very best of their kind, should be utterly rejected.

#### TRUTH AND TRUST; OR, THE ADVANTAGES OF TRUTHFULNESS.

Truth and Trust are vitally connected: a truthful man is a trustful man, and also trustworthy. An untruthful man is a suspicious man, suspicious in both senses of the word: in its *objective* meaning a suspicious man is one who is suspected; in its *subjective* meaning a suspicious man is one who suspects other people. Falsehood destroys confidence.

Suppose you were about to cultivate a plot of ground as a garden. You would begin by enclosing the garden with a fence or wall; and in proportion to the importance of the garden, you would make the wall strong and high. Thus you would protect the delicious fruits and fragrant flowers



against the depredations of thieves and the ravages of animals. Now, the heart of man is a garden, and the wall which surrounds it is Truthfulness. Tell a lie, and you make a gap in the wall; go on telling lies, and the wall will become completely overthrown; and the garden, instead of being filled with fruits and flowers, will become like the garden of the sluggard described by Solomon—overgrown with thistles and nettles.

In the garden there is planted a noble vine, and its name is Trustfulness; and on its boughs and branches are clusters of rich, luxuriant grapes. These clusters of grapes may be said to resemble the proofs of affection and esteem which friend presents to friend. Outside the garden wall are a number of little foxes, always striving to get within. Their names are Jesting, Boasting, and the rest. They are sharp and cunning, and very fond of grapes; and what is worse, they spoil the vines, and prevent them from bearing grapes in future. Therefore, let the garden wall be kept so strong and high, that the efforts of the little foxes to climb over will be in vain.

Truthfulness and Trustfulness go together; they cannot be separated. And let it never be forgotten, that it is possible for earth to become to us the porch of heaven. Suppose you felt certain on any given day that every person you met spoke the

truth; and that, without the slightest misgiving, you could repose confidence in what every person said; how pleasant and delightful would such a day be! It would be like a warm spring day in the midst of winter. In Scotland heaven is called by a very beautiful name, "the Land o' the Leal"; which means, that in heaven every person is loyal and true to his word. And when that is the case in this world, earth will resemble a province of heaven.

### 3. HONESTY IN ACTION, OR JUSTICE.

Justice is honesty in action, as, Truth is honesty in speech. These five names—Honesty, Justice, Equity, Integrity, Fair-play—mean substantially the same thing, with various shades of meaning.

#### RIGHT IS MIGHT.

In order to understand Justice, let us look at the difference between these two expressions, Might is right, and Right is might. Charles Waterton, the naturalist, reminds us that among birds, beasts, and fishes Might is right; the strong oppress the weak, and devour them. They know no other law, and are not capable of understanding any other. If brutes act like brutes, they act according to their natures, and are not to blame. When a hawk pursues a dove, or a lion devours a lamb, or a shark swallows a shoal of small fishes, these are not

examples for man to imitate, but to avoid. It was never meant that he should behave like the hawk, or the lion, or the shark. If he imitates these examples, he sinks his nature towards the level of the brute; if he avoids them, he elevates his nature towards the level of the angel. The law of the brute is this: Might is right; but the law of man is this: Right is might. In proportion as reason prevails among mankind, and the sentiments of justice obtain sway, it will be seen and felt that to be in the right is to be strong and powerful, for he that is in the right is on the side of the Almighty Ruler of the universe; and that to be in the wrong is to be weak and feeble. Aristotle, the ancient Pagan philosopher, when asked, "What is Justice?" replied: "To give every man his own."

#### EARL FITZWILLIAM AND THE FARMER.

A farmer, who was one of the tenants of Earl Fitzwilliam, called on him to inform him that his crop of wheat in a certain field had been destroyed by his hounds. The Earl inquired what his loss would amount to. The farmer said that fifty pounds would not more than repay it. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached the farmer found that that part of the field which had been trampled by the hunting was not injured, and that the wheat was most luxuriant. He went again to the Earl, and wished to return him the money. "Ah!" exclaimed the Earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man." Then he wrote a cheque for one hundred pounds, and presented it to the farmer, saying, "Take care

of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion on which it was given to you."

#### THREE BOYS AT PLAY.

Three little boys were playing at horses in the street. With a dash and a flourish they came prancing round the corner, just by a greengrocer's cart, that was waiting there whilst the driver had gone into a house. Quick as thought, one little fellow climbed up and picked off a red apple, which he began to put into his pocket. "Hold on!" said one of the other boys, "put that back." "Why must I put it back?" "Because it does not belong to you." "But I am going to keep it," said the little thief. "Well, then, you shall not play with us," was the brave response; and at once he began taking off the bridle. This bold treatment produced the desired effect; the little offender tossed the apple back, and they all scampered off as gay as larks. This was standing up for the right bravely.

#### THE RAGGED BOY.

A nobleman, travelling in Scotland, was asked for alms in the High Street of Edinburgh, by a ragged boy. He said he had no change, on which the boy offered to procure it. His lordship, in order to get rid of his importunity, gave him a piece of silver. The boy thought he was to get this changed, and ran off for the purpose. When he returned the nobleman had gone, and the boy watched for several days in the place where he had received the money. At length, the nobleman happened again to pass that way. The boy accosted him, and put the change into his hand, counting it with great exactness. His lordship was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he placed him at school, and told him that he should provide for him.

#### THE DISHONEST CLERK.

A young aspirant for office in Iowa, in the United States of America, drove up to an hotel, and alighted and engaged

a room. He wished the porter to take his trunk to the room. Seeing a man passing whom he took to be the porter, he ordered him, in an imperious manner, to take it up. The porter charged him twenty-five cents, about a shilling of our money. The young man paid him with a quarter of a dollar, but the quarter was marked, and instead of being worth twenty-five cents, was worth about twenty cents. He then said, "You know Governor Grimes?" "Oh yes, sir." "Well, take my card, and tell him that I wish for an interview at his earliest convenience." "I am Governor Grimes, at your service, sir." "You—I—that is, my dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons." "None needed at all, sir," replied the Governor; "I was rather favourably impressed with your letter, and thought that you were well suited for the office specified; but, sir, any man who would swindle a working-man out of a paltry five cents, would defraud the public treasury if he had an opportunity. Good evening, sir."

#### THE SCHOOLBOY AND THE ORCHARD.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,  
 Had once his integrity put to the test :  
 His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
 And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd and annoyed, and answered, "Oh no !  
 What, rob our poor neighbour ! I pray you, don't go :  
 Besides, the man's poor ; his orchard's his bread ;  
 Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
 But apples we want, and apples we'll have :  
 If you will go with us we'll give you a share,  
 If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered,—“I see they will go ;  
 Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !

Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,  
But staying behind will do him no good.

If the matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree.  
But since they *will* take them, I think I'll go too ;  
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;  
He blam'd and protested, but join'd in the plan ;  
He shar'd in the plunder, but pitied the man.

### HONOUR IS THE FLOWER OF HONESTY.

What is honour ? Ask the ganiester, and he will tell you that it is a point of honour with him to pay his gambling debts ; and yet he suffers his tradesmen's bills to remain unpaid. And thus he makes honour a miserable substitute for honesty. This is false honour. Honour, in the true sense of the term, is the flower of honesty. Honesty is the stem, and honour is the beautiful flower which springs out of it. Honesty—bare honesty—may exist without honour, as the stem may exist without the flower ; but honour cannot exist without honesty.

#### PRINCE ALBERT'S HATRED OF DUELLING.

In July 1843, the Prince had his attention specially called to the evils attendant on the barbarous practice of duelling by the shocking catastrophe of Colonel Fawcett's death at the hands of his brother-in-law, Lieutenant *Monro*, in an "affair of honour."

The fact that such an absurd arrangement for settling disputes and preserving or clearing reputations had survived nearly to the middle of the nineteenth century, does not say much for the rapidity of our progress, as a nation, in Christianity and civilization. By much effort and persistence, Prince Albert, after trying in vain to get Courts of Honour established, at last had the satisfaction of seeing his purpose effected, and the pretext for duelling destroyed, by an amendment in the Articles of War, which affirmed the old Christian principle that it is "suitable to the character of honourable men to apologise, and offer redress for wrong or insult committed; and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially explanation and apologies for the same."

#### MOSES ROTHSCHILD.

At the time of the French Revolution there lived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in Germany, a Jewish banker, of limited means, but of good reputation, named Moses Rothschild. When the French army invaded Germany, the Prince of Hesse Cassel was obliged to fly from his dominions. As he passed through Frankfort, he requested Moses Rothschild to take charge of a large sum of money and some valuable jewels, which he feared might otherwise fall into the hands of the enemy. The Jew would have declined so great a charge; but the Prince was so much at a loss for the means of saving his property, that Moses at length consented. He declined, however, to give a receipt for it, as in such dangerous circumstances he could not be answerable for its being safely returned.

The money and the jewels, to the value of several hundred thousand pounds, were conveyed to Frankfort; and just as the French entered the town, M. Rothschild had succeeded in burying it in a corner of the garden. He made no attempt to conceal his own property, which amounted only to six thousand pounds. The French accordingly took that, without

suspecting that he had any larger sum in his possession. Had he, on the contrary, pretended to have no money, they would have certainly searched, as they did in many other cases, and might have found and taken the whole. When they left the town M. Rothschild dug up the Prince's money, and began to make use of a small portion of it. He now thrived in his business, and soon gained much wealth of his own.

A few years after, when peace came, the Prince of Hesse Cassel returned to his dominions. He was almost afraid to call on the Frankfort banker, for he reflected that if the French had not got the money and jewels, Moses might pretend that they had, and thus keep it all to himself. To his great astonishment, M. Rothschild informed him that the whole of the property was safe, and now ready to be returned, together with 5 per cent. interest on the money. The banker at the same time related by what means he had saved it, and apologised for using part of the money, by representing that, to save it, he had had to sacrifice all his own.

The Prince was so impressed by the fidelity of M. Rothschild under his great trust, that he allowed the money to remain in his hands at a small rate of interest. To mark also his gratitude, he recommended the honest Jew to various European sovereigns as a money-lender. Moses was consequently employed in several great transactions for raising loans, by which he realised a vast profit. In time he became immensely rich, and put his three sons into the same kind of business in the three chief capitals of Europe—London, Paris, and Vienna. All of them prospered. They became the wealthiest private men whom the world has ever known. The son who lived in London left at his death seven millions sterling: the other two are perhaps not less wealthy, and have been created barons. Thus, a family whose wealth has enabled sovereigns to maintain war, and for lack of which they have been compelled to make peace, owes the foundation of its greatness to one act of extraordinary honesty under trust.



## AN ENGLISH PEASANT.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,  
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.  
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,  
 His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene ;  
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,  
 At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd ;  
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;  
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face :  
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approv'd,  
 Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd ;  
 To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,  
 And with the firmest, had the fondest mind.

I mark'd his action when his infant died,  
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried :  
 The still tears trickling down that furrow'd cheek,  
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.

If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride  
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;  
 Nor pride in learning—though my clerk agreed,  
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;  
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew  
 None his superior, and his equals few.  
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;  
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd ;  
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd ;  
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,  
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;  
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied --  
 In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd pride.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,  
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there.  
 I see no more those white locks, thinly spread  
 Round the bald polish of that honour'd head ;

No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,  
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there.  
But he is bless'd, and I lament no more,  
A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

#### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JUSTICE AND LAW.

British law, as administered by upright judges, is probably the best law in the world. But human law, at the best, is imperfect. Its imperfections arise mainly from the fact, that in the making of laws it is necessary for the legislature to lay down broad, general principles, which embrace large numbers of cases. But exceptions occur, which are not included within the range of those general principles, and for which the law does not provide; and these cases sometimes involve great injustice and hardship to individuals. In proportion, however, as the law undergoes improvement, through the labours of the legislature, these exceptional cases are provided for; and yet it is impossible for human foresight to gain a view of all the facts which may arise in the course of time. Hence it comes to pass, that morality sometimes prohibits what the law permits. Let no one, therefore, satisfy himself with doing merely what the law commands, unless he is able, at the same time, to satisfy that sentiment of justice and equity which has been implanted by the Creator in every human heart.

## A MOTHER AND HER TWO SONS.

A man, who has a wife and two sons, dies without having made a will. The widow possesses no separate property, but the sons have received from another quarter ten thousand pounds apiece. Now, of the fifteen hundred pounds which the intestate has left, the law assigns five hundred to the mother, and five hundred to each of the sons. Are these sons morally permitted to take each his five hundred pounds, and to leave their parent with only five hundred for her support? Every man, I hope, will answer No. And the reason is, that the moral law, which is superior to the law of the land, forbids them to avail themselves of their legal rights. The moral law requires justice, and a due consideration for the wants and necessities of others. In this case, whether the case be real or supposed, it is not the law that is in fault, but the man who had not made his will. The law, very properly, expects every man to pay reasonable attention to his own affairs. No man who lays claim to prudence ought to allow a day to pass without making his will: for we know not what a day may bring forth. No man will die the sooner for making his will, whatever may be said to the contrary by superstition and folly.

## TWO BROTHERS.

A man who possesses five thousand pounds has two sons: John is well provided for, Thomas is not. He makes a will, leaving four thousand pounds to Thomas, and one thousand to John, explaining to both the reason of this division. A fire happens in the house, and the will is burnt: and the father, before he has the opportunity of making another, is carried off by a fever. Now, the English law would assign one-half of the money to each brother. If John demands [the whole of] his half, is he a just man? Every one, I think, will perceive that he is not: the law is not his sufficient rule.

## PARDON GRANTED TO THE INNOCENT.

I know a case (in the United States of America) in which a man was sent to prison for the crime of forgery; after remaining seven months in confinement, he was liberated *because he was innocent*. I know another case, in which a man and his wife, who were foreigners, were sent to prison for receiving stolen goods. They remained more than a year in confinement, and then received their freedom, *because they, too, were innocent*. Did these persons receive even what they had earned by their labours as convicts? No! Did they receive a document from executive authority, which would prove to any persons to whom they might show it, that they were guiltless? They did not! They received pardons for crimes which they never committed—pardons which availed them nothing in regaining their former standing in society, inasmuch as real criminals, who are pardoned, have the same. And thus society suffers the infamy to rest upon them. Does not the law, both in Great Britain and in the United States, need alteration in reference to such cases as these?

## LAW AND JUSTICE IN HAPPY UNION.

In the reign of Frederick, King of Prussia, there was a mill near Potsdam which interfered with a view from the windows of Sans Souci. Annoyed by this inconvenience to his favourite residence, the king sent to inquire the price for which the mill would be sold by its owner. "For no price," was the reply of the sturdy Prussian; and in a moment of anger, Frederick gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. "The king may do this," said the miller, quietly folding his arms, "but there are laws in Prussia;" and forthwith he commenced proceedings against the monarch, the result of which was, the Court sentenced Frederick to rebuild the mill, and to pay besides a large sum of money as compensation for the injury which he had done. The king was mortified, but had the magnanimity to say, addressing himself to his courtiers, "I am glad to find that just laws and

upright judges exist in my kingdom." A few years ago, the head of the honest miller's family, who had in due course of time succeeded to the hereditary possession of the little estate, found himself, after a long struggle with losses occasioned by the war, involved in pecuniary difficulties. He wrote to the then king of Prussia, and offered to sell the mill. The king immediately wrote with his own hand the following reply:—

"MY DEAR NEIGHBOUR.—I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must remain in your possession as long as one member of the family exists, for it is part of the history of Prussia. I lament, however, to hear that you are in circumstances of embarrassment, and therefore send you 6,000 dollars (about £1,000 sterling) to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this will be sufficient for the purpose. Consider me always your affectionate neighbour,

FREDERICK WILLIAM."

### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ACTIVE AND PASSIVE HONESTY.

Passive honesty is possessed by him who has no wish to act the part of a dishonest man; active honesty is possessed by him who is not only willing but determined to be an honest man, whatever it may cost him. There are men who possess neither active nor passive honesty; they are thorough scoundrels; they deliberately plan schemes of iniquity, and when their schemes are successful they exult in the success of their schemes, and exult even in the ruin of their victims. Such men are the sharks of the commercial world. They have no pity for the widow and the orphan, brought to poverty and destitution by their wickedness. With such men

the man of passive honesty has no sympathy; he regards them and their schemes with detestation; but his detestation is not strong enough to make him actively honest. He knows how to swim down the stream, but he does not know how to breast the current, and swim against the stream. And it is among the ranks of men who possess mere passive honesty that a vast number of bankruptcies occur. The man who sets out in life with the determination to maintain a character for integrity and uprightness, is careful to avoid the risks of undue speculation, and to avoid doing business with men of doubtful reputation. And when a rage for riches descends like an epidemic upon the commercial world, his principles of integrity constitute his protection, and he is kept in safety from its ravages.

#### THE BRISTOL MERCHANT.

Mr. Denham had formerly been in business in Bristol. He had failed, and was in debt to a number of people. He compounded with his creditors and went to America. There, by close application to business, he acquired an ample fortune in a few years. Returning to England in the ship with me (Dr. Franklin), he invited his old creditors to an entertainment, at which he thanked them for the easy composition with which they had favoured him: and although they expected nothing but the treat, every man, at the first remove, found under his plate an order on a banker for the full amount of the arrears with interest.

#### THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

The Earl of Mornington, father of the Marquis Wellesley and of the Duke of Wellington, died several thousand pounds

in debt. By virtue of a peculiar law, his property was inherited by his eldest son, the Marquis Wellesley, without his being liable for the payment of these debts. The Marquis resolved, however, to discharge all these debts before he would allow himself fully to enjoy the family property. He lived for a few years with rigid economy, and thus saved money enough to pay every farthing which his father had owed.

### ACTIVE HONESTY REQUIRES ECONOMY.

Economy has two main branches—economy of money and economy of time. And the connection between the two branches is indicated in the proverb, “Time is Money.”

#### *First Branch.—Economy of Money.*

This word economy signifies management; and the economy of money is the wise and skilful management of money. Parsimony must not be mistaken for economy. Parsimony is the first and lowest degree of avarice; but economy enables a liberal man to devise liberal things, and to execute them also. And “by liberal things,” says Solomon, “he shall stand”; that is to say, his liberality, instead of making him fall, will preserve him from falling, and cause him to stand.

Now, it is very certain that if a man is to manage his affairs with discretion, he must not be in the dark respecting them; that is, he must keep accounts, and keep them correctly. Not a few men have become bankrupts, to their own great astonishment: they kept no accounts. Such a man is like

the Indian, who was asleep in his canoe when it was drifting down the river towards the Falls of Niagara, and who awoke just in time to see that all efforts were useless to save himself from going over the falls and perishing.

“When I am a man, I will keep an account of my expenses.” If you mean to do it when you are a man, begin while you are a youth. If it is too much trouble now, it will be too much trouble then. One of the best things that a parent can do, instead of giving to his son irregular sums of money at uncertain intervals, is to give him stated sums at fixed times, and to require of him an account in writing of how he has expended each sum, however small, that has been entrusted to him. This is an important part of education. What is begun in youth becomes easy and natural; and what is not begun in youth is in danger of never being begun at all.

#### HENRY TAYLOR'S FOUR RULES.

Sir Henry Taylor, in his *Notes from Life*, lays down the following excellent rules, which are chiefly applicable to persons in affluent circumstances:—

1. The art of living easily is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means.

2. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it.

3. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision.

4. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man



is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time.

#### FOUR ADDITIONAL RULES.

The following rules are suitable both for cottage and mansion :—

1. Pay as you go, and keep from small score.
2. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.
3. Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.
4. When you are in doubt whether you ought to purchase a certain article or not, the proper question is not, Can I afford it? but, Can I do without it? And bear in mind the proverb: He that buys what he does not need, will need what he cannot buy.

### *Second Branch of Economy.—Economy of Time.*

#### IMPORTANCE OF ECONOMISING TIME.

Nobody yet ever had too much time, and the rich need all they can save of it as much as the poorest; and the methods by which time is to be made the most of are universally the same. This seems to be everywhere felt, except among the ignorant. The most remarkable care as to punctuality is actually found in our country among the highest classes. It has been said that "punctuality is the politeness of the great," and so it is. It shows their consideration for other people's time and convenience; but there is more in it than that. The Queen, who is extraordinarily punctual, and statesmen and landed proprietors, and all who bear a burden of very important duty, are more sensible than those who have less responsibility, of the mischief of wasting minutes, which are all wanted for business, and yet more sensible of the waste of energy and freedom of thought, and of composure and serenity, which are caused by failures in punctuality. And to me one of the charms of intercourse with enlightened

and high-bred people is their reliableness in regard to all engagements, and their exact economy of time. To go from a disorderly household, where no one seems to have any time, and where one has to try hard all day long to keep one's temper, to a great man's house, where half-a-hundred persons move about their business as if they were one--where all is quiet and freedom and leisure, as if the business of life went on of itself, leaving minds at liberty for other work, is one of the most striking contrasts I have met with in society. And I have seen the same order and punctuality prevail with much the same effect in very humble households, where, instead of a score or two of servants, there were a few well-trained children to do the work. It is a thing which does not depend on wealth, but on intelligence.

#### MRS. ELLIS'S TWO RULES.

There are two general rules which cannot be too clearly nor too deeply impressed upon the mind--rules which the rich and the poor would be equally benefited by adopting.

The first of these rules is to accustom yourself every morning to say what you are intending to do during the day; and every night, with equal faithfulness, to say what you have actually done. If you find any material difference between what you have intended and what you have achieved, try to proportion them better; and the next day, either lay out for yourself less, or, which is far better, endeavour to accomplish more.

The other rule is, if possible, of more importance than the first. It is this: that you should always be able to say what you are doing, and not what you are going to do. "I am going to be so busy; I am going to get to my work; I am going to prepare for my journey; I am going to learn Latin; I am going to visit a poor neighbour." These, and ten thousand other "goings," with the frequent addition of the word "just" before them,—"I am just going to do so and so,"—are words which form a network of delusion, by which hundreds

of really well-intentioned young persons are completely entangled. "I am just going to do this or that good work," sounds so much like I am really doing it, that the conscience is satisfied for the moment; yet how vast is the difference between these two expressions, when habit has fixed them on the character! Solomon, the greatest of moral philosophers, has said, "There is a time for everything"; but he never said, "There is a time for doing nothing."

#### THE ARTIST WHO WAS TOO LATE FOR THE QUEEN.

An artist solicited permission to paint a portrait of the Queen. The favour was granted; and the favour was great, for it would make the fortune of the man. A place was fixed and a time. At the appointed time and place the Queen appeared, but the artist was not there: he was not ready yet. When he did arrive, a message was communicated to him, that Her Majesty had departed, and would not return.

#### THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOY.

A poor Sunday-School boy was an apprentice, and for several years passed a certain store or shop every morning, as the neighbouring church clock struck six. At the same hour an old merchant took down the shutters of his shop. Each bowed as Joseph passed: each giving the salutation, "Good morning, sir." Beyond this they never spoke to each other. The old gentleman died suddenly, and what was Joseph's surprise to learn that he had left him his whole business and stock. By his punctuality and diligence, he suddenly came into possession of property, and ultimately grew to be rich. It is pleasant to add that with his riches he did a vast amount of good.

#### GENERAL WASHINGTON'S REGARD FOR PUNCTUALITY.

When General Washington was President of the United States, he had a secretary, who was directed to come to him

at a certain hour each day for the transaction of business. More than once he was five minutes too late, and excused himself by laying the blame on his watch, as unpunctual people are apt to do. "Then," said the President, "if your watch is to blame, either you must get another watch, or I must get another secretary."

### ON MAKING BUSINESS CONTRACTS.

If a house is to be built, or a steam-engine to be fitted up, a specification, or a minute description of the object wanted, is drawn up; copies are presented to a number of tradesmen; they make offers to execute it for a certain sum, and the lowest offer is (usually) preferred. The difference in these offers is sometimes enormous. I was one of several public commissioners who received offers for building a bridge, the highest of which amounted to £24,036, and the lowest to £13,749. Of six offers which I received for building a house, the highest was £1,975, and the lowest £1,500. Differences equally great have been met with in tenders for furnishing machinery and works of various kinds. I have made inquiries to ascertain whence these differences arose, and found them accounted for by the following causes. Sometimes an offer is made by a tradesman who knows himself to be insolvent, who, therefore, has nothing to lose; but who is aware that the state of his affairs is not publicly known, so that his credit is still good. As long as

he can proceed in trade, he obtains the means of supporting and educating his family, and every year passed in accomplishing this object is so much gained. He can preserve his trade only by obtaining a regular succession of employment, *and he secures this by underbidding every man who has a shilling of capital to lose.* Bankruptcy is the inevitable end of this career, and in the long run the men who possess property sustain the loss arising from this unjust and pernicious course of action; but it serves the purpose for a time, and this is all that is regarded by the individual who pursues it. Another and a more legitimate cause of low bidding, is the reverse of this. A trader has accumulated capital, and buys every article at the cheapest rate with ready money. He is frugal, and spends little money in domestic purposes. He is active and sharp in his habits and temper, and exacts a great deal of labour from his workmen in return for their wages. By these three circumstances combined, he is enabled to underbid every rival, who is inferior to him in any one of them. I am informed that the cost of production to a master-tradesman thus qualified, compared to that of one in other circumstances, and of more expensive habits and lax disposition, differs to the extent of from 15 to 20 per cent.

## AMBITION; ITS EVIL FRUITS.

Integrity, intelligence, and industry will enable a man to rise to his proper place in the world, as certainly as oil rises and floats upon water. Every man's desire should be to occupy the exact place which is assigned to him by the Creator and Governor of the world—"to do his duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call him." If all the parts of a machine, all the wheels, large and small, are in their right places, and each does its work aright, then the machine works smoothly, and the results are valuable; but if one of the wheels should become ambitious enough to desire to occupy some position more prominent than that which is appointed by the maker of the machine, that ambitious wheel would cause the entire machine to become deranged. So is it with an ambitious, discontented man; he makes himself miserable and all around him. Without contentment with the lot in life assigned to us by Divine Providence, earthly happiness is impossible. Ambition fosters pride and passion, blinds us to the claims of justice and equity, and makes us insensible to the miseries which we cause to others. But contentment destroys ambition, produces serenity of mind, and prepares us to meet the storms of life.

"Life is a sea where storms must rise;  
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies;  
He that contracts his swelling sail  
Eludes the fury of the gale;

For disappointment's not the thing,  
'Tis pride and passion point the sting."

## CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries : but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention  
Of me must more be heard, say then, I taught thee ;  
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways to glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in—  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me :  
*Cromwell, I charge thee, FLING AWAY AMBITION !*  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?  
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's. Then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.  
There, take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny : 'tis the king's. My robes  
And my integrity to Heaven are all  
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell ! Cromwell !  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

## TRUE SATISFACTION.

The most helpful and sacred work which can at present be

done for humanity is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how "to better themselves," but how "to satisfy themselves." It is the curse of every evil nature, and evil creature, to eat and *not* be satisfied. The words of blessing are that they shall eat and be satisfied; and as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger—the bread of justice or righteousness; which, hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of heaven; but, hungering after the bread or wages of unrighteousness, shall not be filled, that being the bread of Sodom. And in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art of joy and humble life; this, at present, of all arts and sciences, being the one most needing study. Humble life, that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance, not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days; so, also, not excluding the idea of providence or provision, but wholly of accumulation; the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure; therefore chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world. And we shall find that the love of nature, wherever it has existed, has been a faithful and sacred element of feeling; that is to say, supposing all the circumstances otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will always be found to have more capacity for *faith* in God than the other.

## THE RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE OF GOD.

### THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
 The ship was as still as she could be;  
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
 Her keel was steady on the ocean.



Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
The waves flow'd over the Incheape Rock ;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Incheape Bell.

It was the Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Incheape Rock.  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day :  
The sea birds scream'd as they wheeled round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Incheape Bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green.  
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,  
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Incheape float ;  
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Incheape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,  
And to the Incheape rock they go,  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the bell from the Incheape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,  
 The bubbles rose and burst around ;  
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock,  
 Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
 He scour'd the seas for many a day ;  
 And now grown rich with plunder'd store,  
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,  
 They cannot see the sun on high ;  
 The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
 So dark it is, they see no land.  
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,  
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Can'st hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?  
 For methinks we should be near the shore :  
 Now where we are I cannot tell,  
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;  
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,  
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—  
 " Mercy ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
 And beat his breast in his despair ;  
 The waves rush in on every side,  
 And the ship sinks down beneath the tide.

## PART II.—GOODNESS OR KINDNESS.

### GOODNESS: WHAT IT IS.

GOODNESS is that disposition or quality of heart which finds happiness in promoting the happiness of others. Hence Lord Bacon says, "Goodness is the character of Deity, and without it man is a busy, mischievous, and wretched being." As honesty constitutes strength of character, goodness constitutes its beauty; the two in conjunction are like the elm supporting the vine that surrounds it, and clasps it by its tendrils. Goodness is not mere kindness; it is kindness under the direction of wisdom or good sense. Without good sense, a person may do some very foolish things, and excuse himself on the ground that he does them out of kindness. Such kindness is false kindness, and in its results will be seen to be unkindness. To utter a falsehood in order to hide a fault committed by another person ought not to be called kindness; for kindness cannot justify falsehood, which is both foolish and sinful.

**KINDNESS REQUIRES THE EXERCISE OF OBSERVATION.**

Kindness is usually estimated, not by the good it desires to accomplish, but by the good which it actually produces. Persons may be kind in feeling, but not in effect. In order to be truly kind, it is necessary to do the right thing at the right time, and in the right manner. To do the right thing at the wrong time, or to do the wrong thing at the right time, or to do the right thing in a wrong manner, shows a lack of kindness. This want of kindness may spring not from a want of willingness to oblige, but from a want of observation. The power to observe—that is, the power to see the right moment for doing what is needed, and the right means and manner of doing it, is a power that needs to be exercised and developed. Kindness is a vine that must be trained and pruned, in order that the branches may become laden in due time with rich clusters of ripe grapes. Goodness is not that weak and foolish thing which some mistaken persons suppose it to be. This is finely expressed by Milton in the following lines from the *Paradise Lost*, in which the poet delineates virtue in its aspect of goodness :—

“ So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible. Abashed the devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is.”

**TEN FORMS OR MANIFESTATIONS OF GOODNESS.**

Goodness is a tree with many branches. Of these branches let us select the ten which follow :— Kindness to Parents, Kindness to Brothers and Sisters, Friendship, Generosity, Civility, Social Conversation, Benevolence, Kindness to the Poor, Kindness to the Blind, the Deaf, and the Dumb, and Kindness to Animals.

**FIRST FORM OF GOODNESS : KINDNESS TO PARENTS.**

Goodness, we have seen, is a tree with many branches. But gratitude to parents may rather be styled the stock or stem of the tree than one of the branches. A tree will live if you strike off one of the branches, or many, or all of them; but if you destroy the trunk, the tree perishes. And how can it be said that goodness or kindness exists in any young person who is not grateful to his parents, and does not strive to show his gratitude by his words and actions? But when the trunk of a tree is strong and flourishing, the boughs and branches will partake of the vigour of the trunk; and young persons who are grateful to their parents will show kindness to brothers and sisters, to relations and friends and acquaintances.

DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, in writing to his mother says :—“ You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the

world. I thank you for your indulgence to me : and I beg forgiveness of all I have done ill, and all which I have omitted to do well." In a prayer which he composed at the time when he wrote that letter, he uses these words : " Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and whatever I have omitted to do kindly."

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman. Everything was in readiness. His trunk had been taken on board the boat, and he went to bid his mother farewell, when he saw tears filling her eyes. Seeing her distress, he turned to the servant, and said, " Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back ; I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother, struck with his decision, said to him, " George, God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe He will bless you."

#### THE UNGRATEFUL SONS.

In Birmingham once lived a family in humble circumstances. Some of the younger children and their father died, leaving the aged mother with two sons grown up, and able to assist her. This, however, they refused to do, and she was obliged to apply to the parish for relief. For some years two shillings a week were allowed her by the overseers ; and this, with a small sum added by some Christian friends, was all she had to subsist upon.

During this time her youngest son died. The eldest son was clever in his business, got forward in the world, and became possessed of considerable property. But he still refused to assist his mother, and even while holding offices of considerable importance, left her to subsist on her allowance from the parish. This conduct was noticed, and he was repeatedly spoken to on the subject. At length he ordered her name to be taken off the parish books, and allowed her

the two shillings a week himself, at a time when he possessed thousands of pounds, and was without a family.

One day, some friends were assembled : and her case being mentioned, they proposed to remonstrate with the ungrateful son. "No," said an aged minister, "let him alone. If he dies possessed of the property he is now worth, I shall be deceived ; God will never suffer such base ingratitude to prosper."

In a short time afterwards the mother was removed to another world. The circumstances of the son at length began to change ; repeated losses ensued, and finally he became bankrupt, and was reduced to abject poverty.

#### CASABIANCA.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the *Orient*, a French ship of war, remained at his post in the battle of the Nile after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned. The flames reached the powder, the vessel blew up, and this young boy perished in the explosion.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but he had fled :  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm ;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A firm, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud,—“ Say, father, say,  
“ If yet my task is done ? ”  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father ! ” once again he cried,  
“ If I may yet be gone !  
And ”— but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And look'd from that lone post of death  
In still yet brave despair.

He shouted but once more aloud,  
“ My father, must I stay ? ”  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And stream'd above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound,—  
The boy—oh ! where was he ?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strow'd the sea !

With mast and helm and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part !—  
But the noblest thing that perish'd there,  
Was that young and faithful heart !



## SECOND FORM OF GOODNESS: KINDNESS TO BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

“Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” A Spanish proverb says, “Three helping each other are as good as six.” And an Italian proverb says, “Three brothers, three castles.” When brothers and sisters become men and women, they have it in their power to render each other great assistance, by mutual sympathy and succour. While they are young, therefore, they should avoid all quarrelling and discord, and cultivate mutual respect and kindness. And when they separate to go out into the world, and fight the battle of life, the remembrance of those acts of kindness will exert an influence, causing them to take an interest in each other's welfare, and to render help in every possible form. A fable comes down to us from ancient times, which probably is not so much a fable as a fact, showing how important it is for brothers to cherish and manifest a brotherly spirit.

### THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

An old man had many sons, who were often falling out with one another. The father exerted his authority, and used other means to reconcile them, but all to no purpose. At last, he had recourse to this expedient. He ordered his sons to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought. He then commanded them, one by one, to try if, with all their strength, they could any of them break it.

They all tried, but in vain ; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was beyond the force of man to do it. After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his sons, at the same time bidding them try to break it. This they did with all imaginable ease. Then the father addressed them to this effect : " Oh, my sons, behold the power of unity ! for, if you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly united in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you. But, when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon do you fall to pieces, and become liable to be injured by every one that assaults you."

#### FRATERNAL AFFECTION A DUTY.

After duty towards parent, follows that between brothers and sisters. I say *duty*, for it is important here to maintain this fundamental notion. It is far oftener feeling that is spoken of. There is hardly a sweeter feeling than this ; there is hardly any that can do us more good or procure us more joy. I would not depreciate this affection, far from it : but I both believe that affection is a duty, and also that duty without affection would hardly be duty.

For what would become of affection without duty ? If it retained its power, it would lose its sanctity. We certainly do not love a father less because we know we *ought* to love him, but we love him better ; and it will be the same with brothers and sisters. We shall love them better, and we shall escape the dangers which threaten this affection when it stands alone.

Whence comes it that we meet with so many brothers disunited, or almost strangers to one another ? The explanation is very simple : if the relations between brothers repose only upon inclination, it naturally occurs that when this inclination is weakened, the relations between them are weakened also. Now, there is an endless variety of circumstances in life, which may endanger inclination when it is

not armed with duty. Differences of opinion, contrasts of character, conflicting interests, misunderstandings, trifles smaller still, even the very accidents of distance, difficulty of meeting or corresponding, and the influence of family entered on marriage; and, besides this, the action of time, age, and habits,—any, or all of these, may serve to transform, little by little, the lively affection of childhood into a cool friendship, which hardly holds a real place in the heart. This is melancholy, and yet it is a thing of very common occurrence. If but few brothers are positive enemies, still the number of indifferent brothers is very great. They see each other more and more seldom, till the time comes when they lose sight of each other altogether. A certain attachment subsists: either would be sorry to hear of the other being ill, and would sincerely weep for him if dead; but is this enough? Let us realise that nothing good can be kept without an effort; we must take the trouble to defend our best possessions. We are sentimentally inclined to trust to our good instincts, and the impulses of our heart: we imagine that we should wrong it, if we believed that it required the support of duty, and it ends in our heart betraying us, in its affections becoming impoverished and withered.

In those houses where children are made to understand their duty, and where the old Bible is daily opened with respect, brothers and sisters grow up, whose mutual affection has a singular nobility of character, and would be capable of any heroism. All this will be very necessary to them by-and-by. The hour of dispersion has come; the young birds fly right and left: each will soon have his own nest. This is the first ordeal their affection has to undergo. Once married, and forming so many new families, they will be tempted to allow the old ties to slacken. This temptation will come unsought; and the only way to conquer it will be to consider fraternal affection as a duty.

## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The **STATELY** Homes of England,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
 O'er all the pleasant land ;  
 The deer across their greensward bound,  
 Through shade and sunny gleam,  
 And the swan glides past them with the sound  
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The **MERRY** Homes of England !  
 Around their hearths by night,  
 What gladsome looks of household love  
 Meet in the ruddy light ;  
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
 Or childish tale is told,  
 Or lips move tunefully along  
 Some glorious page of old.

The **BLESSED** Homes of England !  
 How softly on their bowers  
 Is laid the holy quietness  
 That breathes from Sabbath hours !  
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
 Floats through their words at morn ;  
 All other sounds, in that still time,  
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The **COTTAGE** Homes of England !  
 By thousands on her plains,  
 They are smiling on her silvery brooks,  
 And round the hamlet-fanes.  
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
 Each from its nook of leaves,  
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
 As a bird beneath their caves.

The FREE, fair Homes of England !  
 Long, long in hut and hall,  
 May hearts of native proof be reared,  
 To guard each hallowed wall.  
 And green for ever be the groves,  
 And bright the flowery sod.  
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
 Its country and its God.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home.  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which, go through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 There's no place like Home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,  
 Ah ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again—  
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call ;  
 Oh ! give me that peace of mind, dearer than all !  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 There's no place like Home.

## HOME SICKNESS.

In the Swiss valleys, at nightfall, a simple melody may be heard, echoing from hill to hill. It is the melody which is played by the mountaineers on their Alp-horns as they call home the herds of cows from their pastures. It bears the name of the "Ranz des Vaches." If this melody be heard by a native of Switzerland when he is in some other country, it acts upon him most powerfully. It brings to his mind the scenes of his youth and childhood, and he is seized with a longing to return home. Many of the Swiss soldiers in Napoleon's army, in one of his campaigns, were so affected

when this air was played, that they fell sick, and had to go into the hospital ; and in consequence Napoleon forbade the air to be played.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

- “ Oh, call my brother back to me !  
 I cannot play alone ;  
 The summer comes with flower and bee,  
 Where is my brother gone ?
- “ The butterfly is gleaming bright  
 Across the sunbeam's track ;  
 I care not now to chase its flight—  
 Oh, call my brother back !
- “ The flowers grow wild - the flowers we sowed  
 Around our garden tree ;  
 Our vine is drooping with its load—  
 Oh, call him back to me !”
- “ He would not hear my voice, my fair child !  
 He may not come to thee ;  
 The face that once like spring-time smil'd,  
 On earth no more thou'lt see.
- “ A rose's brief, bright life of joy,  
 Such unto him was given ;  
 Go, thou must play alone, my boy,  
 Thy brother is in heaven.”
- “ And has he left his birds and flowers ?  
 And must I call in vain ?  
 And through the long, long summer hours  
 Will he not come again ?
- “ And by the brook and in the glade  
 Are all our wanderings o'er ?  
 Oh, while my brother with me played,  
 Would I had loved him more !”

## FAMILY PLEASURES.

Wherever there are families there are pleasures : and who can fathom the pleasure of giving pleasure,—the happiness of preparing and keeping secret those little schemes which are seldom really a secret to any one concerned? I pity families that have not the habit of making presents : that do not cultivate the art of giving and receiving : families which prefer spending every day like every other day. There are some worthy people who dread an effort above everything.

Among family pleasures family events are a fruitful source of joy. The success of one member of the family may be a source of joy and gratitude to all. Some hope fulfilled may bring serenity, after long and anxious care, into the hearts of all. Recovery from sickness will see all kneeling to render thanks to the Restorer of Health. Family life greatly multiplies and intensifies joys. We rejoice for ourselves and for others—even more for others than for our selves. A marriage in a family is not only an occasion for festivities, but a cause of heartfelt joys which become deeper by being shared. And even independently of events, are there not anniversaries? Anniversaries are the poetry of life : and nations which possess the genuine instinct of family life preserve them sedulously. On these occasions hearts and arms alike are opened, and the crust of uniformity is broken. Heaven smiles upon days like these—days which diffuse their light both before and behind.

## THE CHILD'S DREAM.

“ O Mother ! Mother ! such a dream as I have had to-night !  
Such fields, such flowers, such bright array, and such a  
heavenly light !

Methought, as slumbering on my bed, a mighty angel came,  
His eyes were stars, his vest was gold, his wings were tipped  
with flame.

He hung above me, Mother—yes, as erst my Father did,  
Before they bore him far away, beneath the coffin-lid :—

And tender were the words he spoke, and beauteous every  
flower

He bound around my burning brow, in that enraptured hour.  
O Mother! once methought his face looked like my father  
dear ;

But then the tears crept to my eyes, that were before so  
clear.

'Up, Lillias, up,' he softly said, and far away we flew.

By clouds, and stars, and rosy bowers, all silver'd o'er with  
dew.

And up, and up we went, and still the stars were every-  
where ;

And mild and murmuring music roll'd along the balmy air ;

And O! I wist not of the change so sudden and so bright,

But, Mother, dear! I stood before a THRONE of burning  
light!

And angel forms, in thousands, stood in robes of brilliant  
sheen,—

Sweet hymns and songs of joy they sung, and struck their  
harps between ;

And then, methought, that angel bright did beckon me away  
To where there sat a little child, as lovely as the day!

And, Mother! 'twas our little babe for whom you wept so  
much ;

I ran to clasp him in my arms, but could not feel his touch ;  
His cheeks were like the blooming rose, his hair was silver  
bright.

His lips were rubies set in pearl magnificently white.

He said, 'Why does my mother stay so long away from me?  
Here is my sire, and thou art here : but where, oh, where is  
she ?'

I turn'd to see my father's face, but he had soar'd away ;

My brother, too, was gone, and I—upon my pillow lay.

Now, mother, ponder well my dream, the meaning tell to me,  
And I will be a loving child, and tender unto thee."



“Alas!” the weeping mother said, “thy dream I well  
 may know,—  
 All, all are gone, save thee alone, and now thou too must  
 go!”  
 And so it was! That gentle child pin'd, sicken'd, droop'd,  
 and died;  
 They laid her in her brother's grave, her lonely mother's  
 pride;  
 And oft the matron's waking hours renew the solemn theme;  
 And prayers are sigh'd, and tears are shed, upon her Infant's  
 Dream.

## THE ORPHAN BOY.

Alas! I am an Orphan Boy,  
 With nought on earth to cheer my heart;  
 No father's love, no mother's joy,  
 Nor kin, nor kind to take my part.  
 My lodging is the cold, cold ground;  
 I eat the bread of charity;  
 And when the kiss of love goes round,  
 There is no kiss, alas! for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,  
 A mother, too, I once did prize,  
 With ready hand to wipe the tear,  
 If chanced a childish tear to rise,  
 But cause of tears was rarely found,  
 For all my heart was youthful glee;  
 And when the kiss of love went round,  
 How sweet a kiss there was for me.

But ah! there came a war, they say;—  
 What is a war I cannot tell;  
 But drums and fife did sweetly play,  
 And loudly rang our village bell.

In truth, it was a pretty sound  
 I thought, nor could I thence foresee  
 That, when the kiss of love went round,  
 There soon should be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,  
 And sword, as bright as bright could be,  
 And feathers that so gaily look,  
 All in a shining cap had he.  
 Then how my little heart did bound !  
 Alas ! I thought it fine to see,  
 Nor dreamt that when the kiss went round,  
 There soon should be no kiss for me.

My mother sigh'd, my mother wept ;  
 My father talk'd of wealth and fame ;—  
 But still she wept, and sigh'd, and wept,  
 Till I, to see her, did the same.  
 But soon the horsemen throng around ;  
 My father mounts with shout and glee ;  
 Then gives a kiss to all around,  
 And ah ! how sweet a kiss for me !

But when I found he rode so far,  
 And came not home as heretofore,  
 I said it was a naughty war,  
 And loved the fife and drum no more.  
 My mother oft in tears was drow'd,  
 Nor merry tale nor song had she ;  
 And when the hour of night came round,  
 Sad was the kiss she gave to me.

At length the bell again did ring ;  
 There was a victory, they said ;  
 'Twas what my father said he'd bring ;  
 But ah ! it brought my father—dead.

My mother shriek'd—her heart was woe—  
 She clasp'd me to her trembling knee;  
 And oh! that you may never know  
 How wild a kiss she gave to me!

But once again—but once again—  
 These lips a mother's kisses felt:  
 That once again—that once again—  
 The tale a heart of stone would melt.  
 'Twas when upon her death-bed laid  
 (Oh, what a sight was that to see!)—  
 "My child! my child!" she feebly said,  
 And gave a parting kiss to me.

So now I am an orphan boy,  
 With nought below my heart to cheer;  
 No mother's love, no father's joy;  
 Nor kin nor kind to wipe the tear.  
 My lodging is the cold, cold ground;  
 I eat the bread of charity;  
 And when the kiss of love goes round,  
 There is no kiss of love for me.

#### GOD'S FAMILY.

See where stands the cottage of the labourer, covered with warm thatch; the mother is spinning at the door; the young children sport before her on the grass; the elder ones learn to labour, and are obedient; the father works to provide them with food. Either he tills the ground, or he gathers in the corn, and shakes the ripe apples from the tree. His children run to meet him when he returns home, and his wife prepares the wholesome meal.

The father, the mother, and the children make a *family*—the father is the master of it. If the family be numerous, and the grounds large, there are servants to help to do the work. All these dwell in one house; they sleep beneath one

roof ; they eat of the same bread ; they kneel down together and praise God, every night and every morning, with one voice. They are very closely united, and are dearer to each other than any strangers. If one is sick, they mourn together ; and if one is happy, they rejoice together.

Many houses are built in the same place ; many families live near one another. They meet upon the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of justice ; and the sound of the bell calls them to the house of God in company. If one is poor, his neighbour helps him ; if he is sad, he comforts him.

This is a *village*. See where it stands enclosed in a green shade, the tall spire peeping above the trees ! If there be very many houses, it is a *town* ; and is governed by a magistrate.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a *kingdom*. It is enclosed by mountains, it is divided by rivers, it is washed by seas. The inhabitants of it are countrymen ; they speak the same language ; they are governed by the same laws ; a King is the ruler of them.

Many kingdoms and countries full of people, and islands, and large continents, and different climates, make up the *world*. God governs the whole. The people swarm upon the face of it, like ants upon a hillock. Some are black with the hot sun ; some cover themselves with furs against the sharp cold ; some drink of the fruit of the vine ; some of the pleasant milk of the cocoa-nut ; and others quench their thirst with the running stream.

All are GOD'S FAMILY. He knows every one of them, as a shepherd knows his flock. They pray to Him in different languages, but He understands them all ; He hears them all ; He takes care of all. None are so great that He cannot punish them ; none are so mean that He will not protect them.

*Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity, and weepest*

over thy sick child, though no man sees thee, God sees thee ; though no man pities thee, God pities thee. Raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one ; call upon Him from amidst thy bonds, for assuredly He will hear thee.

*Monarch*, that rulest over a hundred states ; whose frown is terrible as death, and whose armies cover the land ; boast not thyself, as though there were none above thee. God is above thee. His powerful arm is always over thee ; and if thou doest ill, assuredly He will punish thee.

Nations of the earth, fear the Lord ; families of men, call upon the name of your God. Is there any one whom God has not made ? Let him not worship Him. Is there any one whom He has not blessed ? Let him not praise Him.

### THIRD FORM OF GOODNESS: FRIENDSHIP.

A man who is without friends is poor indeed. The poet Young in the *Night Thoughts* says: "Poor is the friendless master of a world." But true friends are not only precious, but rare ; rare as precious stones, and much more valuable. Therefore Solomon advises us, when we have friends to keep them, and he instructs us how to keep them : "He that hath friends must show himself friendly." He must not only *be* friendly, but by word and deed must *show himself* friendly.

"THE WISE MAN'S EYES ARE IN HIS HEAD."

These are the words of Solomon ; but, when we read them, we may be ready to ask, Are not every man's eyes in his head ? Solomon says, No ; "the eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth." The fool always imagines that what is at a great distance is better than what is close at hand, and

within his reach. But a man, whose eyes are in his head, can see what is close at hand, and can see what it is worth. Now, if your eyes are in your head, when you are looking for friends, what will you see? You will see that the very best friends you can have are your parents, your brothers, and sisters. Therefore, show yourself friendly to *them*. Treat them with, at least, as much respect and kindness as you show to others. And then you will find that, whatever the proverb may say to the contrary, familiarity does *not* breed contempt. Too often it comes to pass that while they are with us, we fail to see their worth and excellences, and we lavish on strangers the attentions to which our relatives are more justly entitled; and when they are removed from us, and we behold them through the softening shades of the tomb, and think of our treatment of *them*, we are filled with surprise and sorrow.

“BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.”

You will need other friends besides those of your own household; and where are you to find them? Among your companions and acquaintance. Therefore avoid bad companions, and not only companions that are positively bad, but those who will do you no good. Remember the proverb, “Tell me your company, and I will tell you your character.” Solomon says, “He that walketh with wise men will be wise;” and we may add, he that walketh with foolish men will be foolish; he that walketh with industrious men will be industrious; he that walketh with idle men will be idle; he that walketh with sober men will be sober; he that walketh with drunken men will be drunken. But all that we can possibly say is summed up by Solomon, in his own short way: “He that walketh with wise men will be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.” Therefore, choose good companions: choose, as far as you can, “the excellent of the earth.”

## A SUNKEN ROCK TO BE AVOIDED.

Friendship has its duties, but it also has its dangers. Friendship is like a bay which is beautiful as the Bay of Naples, but with a sunken rock in the midst of it: that sunken rock is Suretyship. A friend, or an acquaintance, asks you to become his surety for a sum of money. All that he wants, he says, is your name; it will be a great convenience to him, and a great kindness on your part: it will cost you nothing, but the trouble of writing your name: and when the appointed day arrives, he will be sure to have the money ready and to pay it. Perhaps the bill is for a hundred pounds. Now, can you afford to lose that sum? If you cannot, you ought not to give your name; for when the bill becomes due, if *he* cannot pay the money, *you* must; and the consequences may be most disastrous, bringing ruin to yourself and your household. Therefore, help your friend, as far as you can, honestly and safely; but never forget the words of Solomon, "He that hateth suretyship is sure."

## DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Damon was sentenced to die on a certain day, and sought permission of Dionysius, the king or tyrant of Syracuse, to visit his family in the interval. It was granted, on condition that he should secure a hostage for himself. Pythias heard of it, and volunteered to stand in his friend's place. The king visited Pythias in prison, and conversed with him about the motive of his conduct: affirming his disbelief in the influence of friendship. Pythias prayed the gods to delay the return of Damon till after his own execution in his stead. The fatal day arrived. Dionysius sat on a moving throne, drawn by six white horses. Pythias mounted the scaffold, and calmly addressed the spectators: "My prayer is heard; the gods are propitious, for the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day will have ransomed the life

of my friend. Oh, could I erase from your bosoms every mean suspicion of the honour of Damon, I should go to my death as I should to my bridal! My friend will be found noble, his truth unimpeachable; he will speedily prove it; he is now on his way, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods; but I haste to prevent his speed. Executioner, do your office." As he closed, a voice in the distance cried, "Stop the execution!" which was repeated by the whole assembly. A man rode up at full speed, mounted the scaffold, and embraced Pythias, crying, "You are safe, my beloved friend! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from reproaches for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pythias replied, "Fatal haste, cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour? But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save you, I will not survive you." The king heard, and was moved to tears. Ascending the scaffold, he cried, "Live, live, ye incomparable pair! Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned, and oh! form me by your precepts as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship." If Paganism had such friendships, what may be expected of Christianity?

#### THE CORNISH MINER.

Some years ago, says a living author, I knew a man in Cornwall: at the time I knew him he sold tea, going from place to place with a pack on his back, but before that he had been a miner. One day when he was working far down in the mine, by the light of the candle that each miner had stuck in his hat, they were going to blast a rock. He and his companion had bored the hole for the powder. Then they laid the fuse which was to light it, and cut that with a stone. It lighted at once, and each ran to the bucket that



was waiting, and called to the man above to pull them up. He could not turn the handle with the two men in it, and called to them that it must be one at a time. They heard the fuse slowly hissing. They knew that in a moment more the explosion would come. They looked at each other--which should go up? Then, stepping back, the one said, "You have little ones, I have none. Go on, and in another second I shall be in heaven." The man whom I knew stepped in, and was drawn up the shaft. Directly there came the thunder of the explosion, and the great mass of rock was hurled in a hundred pieces; one little piece flew up the shaft and struck my friend upon the forehead, and when he told the story, he would lift his hat and point to the place where it had struck him. Then, as the smoke cleared, they came down the shaft, to look for the mangled remains of this man. "You can't tell, sir, what I felt when I came down again," the miner would say with tears. "Why, he had laid down his life for me and my little ones. How could I love him enough? Well, we began to search with axe and crowbar, heaving back the stones; when, as we lifted one great mass of rock, there we found him, covered by a piece that had been shot out against the wall of the shaft, and that had roofed him over, so that he was not hurt a bit. Do you think that I could thank him enough, and be glad enough to see that he was not hurt?"

## INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
    And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
    Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline!

Each spoke words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother :  
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining :—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
 A dreary sea now flows between ;  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

## FRIENDS DEPART.

Friend after friend departs ;  
 Who hath not lost a friend ?  
 There is no union here of hearts,  
 That finds not here an end ;  
 Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown,  
 A whole eternity of love,  
 Form'd for the good alone ;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are pass'd away.

As morning high and higher shines,  
 To pure and perfect day ;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night ;  
 They hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

*The Difference between Friendship and Civility.*

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,  
 Unless to few you stint the flame.  
 The child whom many fathers share,  
 Has seldom known a father's care.  
 'Tis thus in friendship ; who depend  
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,  
 Complied with everything like Gay,  
 Was known by all the bestial train  
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain ;  
 Her care was never to offend,  
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
 To taste the dew besprinkled lawn,  
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies,  
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;  
 She hears the near advance of death ;  
 She doubles to mislead the hound,  
 And measures back her mazy ground ;  
 Till, fainting in the public way,  
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.  
 What transport in her bosom grew,  
 When first the horse appear'd in view !

" Let me," says she, " your back ascend,  
 And owe my safety to a friend ;  
 You know my feet betray my flight :  
 To friendship every burden's light."

The horse replied, "Poor honest puss,  
It grieves my heart to see thee thus :  
Be comforted, relief is near.  
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implor'd,  
And thus replied the mighty lord :  
"Since every beast alive can tell  
That I sincerely wish you well,  
I may without offence pretend  
To take the freedom of a friend ;  
Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow  
Expects me near you barley mow ;  
And, where a lady's in the case,  
You know, all other things give place.  
To leave you thus would seem unkind ;  
But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,  
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;  
"My back," says he, "may do you harm,  
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd,  
"His sides a load of wool sustain'd :"  
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;  
"For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting calf address'd,  
To save from death a friend distress'd,  
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,  
In this important case engage ?  
Older and abler pass'd you by ;  
How strong are those ! how weak am I !  
Should I presume to bear you hence,  
Those friends of mine may take offence.  
Excuse me, then ; you know my heart ;  
But dearest friends, alas ! must part !  
How shall we all lament ! Adieu !  
For see, the bounds are just in view."

*The Difference between Friendship and Flattery.*

Flattery may be called the hypocrisy of friendship. Solomon says, "Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." And why not? Because the man that flatters you means to take advantage of you in one way or another. Flattery is like a sweet and subtle poison. It swells a man's imagination, feeds his vanity, and throws dust in his eyes. It is sometimes hard to know flatterers from friends; they are so obsequious and full of protestations that what they say and do is out of respect for yourself, and regard for your welfare. As a fox resembles a dog, so does a flatterer resemble a friend.

## THE FOX AND THE CROW.

In a dairy a Crow  
 Having ventured to go,  
 Some food for her young ones to seek,  
 Flew up to the trees  
 With a fine piece of cheese,  
 Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A Fox, who liv'd by,  
 To the tree saw her fly.  
 And to share in the prize made a vow ;  
 For having just dined,  
 He for cheese felt inclined.  
 So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew  
 But so was he too,  
 And with flattery adapted his plan

For he knew, if she'd speak,  
It must fall from her beak,  
So, bowing politely, began :

“ 'Tis a very fine day.”

(Not a word did she say.)

“ The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south ;  
A fine harvest for peas.”

He then looked at the cheese,  
But the Crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,

Her plumage admired ;

“ How charming, how brilliant its hue !

The voice must be fine

Of a bird so divine ;

Ah ! let me just hear it ; pray do.

“ Believe me, I long

To hear a sweet song.”

The silly Crow foolishly tries ;

She'd scarce given one squall,

When the cheese she let fall,

And the Fox ran away with the prize.

Ye simple, beware

Of the flatterer's snare,

To his speeches incline not your ear ;

Try well each pretence,

Keep close to plain sense,

And then you have little to fear.

#### FOURTH FORM OF GOODNESS : GENEROSITY.

Generosity is derived from the Latin word  
“ *generosus*,” which signifies a man of noble or

gentle birth; and generosity denotes the noble spirit and conduct befitting men of elevated rank. But noble conduct is confined to no rank in life. Generosity, therefore, denotes nobility of spirit in whomsoever it is found.

## ABRAM AND LOT.

“Abram was very rich in cattle, and in silver, and in gold. And Lot also, who went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents: and the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together. And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle; and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land. And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: *if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right: or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.* And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; and Lot journeyed east; and they separated themselves the one from the other.”

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sir Philip Sidney, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was a gallant soldier, a poet, and the most accomplished gentleman of his time. At the battle of Zutphen, in the Netherlands, after having two horses killed under him, he received a wound while in the act of mounting the third, and was carried bleeding and faint to the camp. Men wounded in battle usually suffer from extreme thirst, and water at such a time is difficult to be found. A small quantity was

brought to allay the thirst of Sir Philip ; but as he was raising it to his lips, he observed that a poor wounded soldier, who was carried past at that moment, looked at the cup with wishful eyes. The generous Sidney instantly withdrew it untasted from his mouth, and gave it to the soldier, saying, " Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." He died of his wound, aged only thirty-three ; but his kindness to the poor soldier has caused his name to be remembered ever since with admiration ; and it will probably never be forgotten while generous actions are appreciated by mankind.

#### THE STAFFORDSHIRE IRONWORKER.

On Friday afternoon, October 15th, 1875, eleven men were seated underneath the furnace of the iron works at Burchill, near Walsall, and another man on the top was feeding the fires, when an explosion took place. Those below were covered with molten metal, which poured forth in a cataract, and streamed all over them. In their terror and agony they jumped into the neighbouring canal, from which they were with difficulty rescued. They were placed in cabs, and driven to the hospital. When they were in the hospital, both sight and smell were terrible ; and even the medical men of the town were incessantly sick, and could hardly stay in the ward. Ladies in Birmingham and in the neighbourhood, who heard of the accident, offered their assistance, and a few actually came, but scarcely one could get beyond the door of the ward. One poor man, named Phillips, seeing how " Sister Dora " was distracted by the cries for help by which she was surrounded, said, " Sister Dora, I want to be dressed very bad, but if there's any wants you worse, go and do them first." He was in intense agony, and able to lie only on his face, and died during the night.

#### FIFTH FORM OF GOODNESS: COURTESY.

Courtesy, civility, and politeness are three terms united to each other in meaning. Courtesy denotes



especially the cordiality and graciousness of feeling from which they all take their rise. It may be called benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little occurrences of life; and a perpetual attention to their wants, by which we either prevent or remove them. By habit, this attention becomes easy and natural to us.

Kingsley writes thus concerning Sir Philip Sidney: "The love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man won from every one, rich or poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to me to have arisen from the one fact, that, without, perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen, his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately; so leaving a blessing, and reaping a blessing, wherever he went."

#### THE WORLD IS A MIRROR.

The world around us may be said to be, in some sense, a mirror in which a man may behold the reflection of himself. If he smiles, it smiles: if he frowns, it frowns: if he behaves in a rude manner, he need not be surprised if the world behaves rudely in return: if he behaves with civility, civility will be his usual recompense.

#### DR. CALDWELL AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

Dr. Caldwell, an American physician, was in London in 1821, when some young American friends of his complained,

of the rudeness and neglect which they received from persons to whom they spoke in the streets. He told them that the fault was probably in the bluntness of their own manners; and proposed that they should try the experiment of walking about for some hours, while he asked questions of any persons whom they should designate. He says: "I put questions to more than twenty persons of every rank, from the high-bred gentleman to the servant in livery; and received, in every instance, a courteous answer, and, in most cases, a satisfactory reply. What seemed most to surprise my friends was, that the individual accosted by me almost uniformly imitated my own manner. If I uncovered, as I usually did to a gentleman, or even to a man of ordinary appearance, he did the same; and when I touched my hat to a liveried coachman or footman, his hat was immediately under his arm. So much may be done, and such advantages gained, by simply avoiding coarseness and vulgarity, and being civil and agreeable."

#### THE COURTEOUS QUAKER.

When Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he had contrived to realise so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was, "Friend, by one article alone, in which thou mayst deal too, if thou pleasest—civility."

#### THE ENGLISHMAN AT TURIN.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, when few Englishmen travelled abroad, and were, on that account, objects of greater attention than they are now, one of them, who was making the tour of Europe, arrived at Turin. Sauntering out to see the place, he happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade. While he gazed at the passing troops, a young officer was evidently desirous of making a display before the stranger; in crossing one of the water-courses, with which the city is intersected, he missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his

hat. The populace laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advancing to where the hat had rolled, he took it up, and presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hastened to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though it was the transaction of a moment, and not a word was spoken, it touched every heart; it was an act of that genuine politeness which springs from kind and gentle feelings. On the regiment being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of rank, related the circumstance in glowing terms to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command: and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an aide-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at head-quarters. In the evening he was carried to court, at that time the most brilliant in Europe, and was received with particular attention. During his subsequent stay at Turin he was invited to the houses of all persons of importance, and at his departure he received letters of introduction to the different states of Italy. Thus a private gentleman, of moderate means, by a graceful act of kindness was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, with more real distinction and advantage than can be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid.

#### SIXTH FORM OF GOODNESS: SOCIAL CONVERSATION.

Social conversation is one of the principal charms of life: such conversation may not be learned, nor scientific, nor brilliant, but simply the outflow of good nature and good sense. Good nature excludes from conversation all unkind remarks concerning

persons either present or absent, all scandal and tale-bearing. Good sense excludes all empty talk, and whatever is not either useful or agreeable to persons of intelligence. The importance of social conversation renders it worthy of assiduous cultivation; more worthy of cultivation than the fruits and flowers of the garden.

Dr. Johnson says: "No style of conversation is more acceptable than the narrative, because this does not carry an air of superiority over the rest of the company, and therefore is most likely to please them: for this purpose we should store our memory with short anecdotes and entertaining pieces of history."

Lord Bacon says: "He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much, but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a proser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak." A proser is a man who has no poetry in his soul, and therefore his talk is prose of a flat and tedious sort.

#### LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

Louis the Fourteenth, King of France, though in many respects not to be admired as a monarch, displayed on many occasions the genuine politeness which springs from benevolence. In a gay party, at his palace of Versailles, an

opportunity offered for his producing what he thought a droll story, but which, in telling, proved rather insipid. One of the company soon after left the room, and the king then said: "I am sure you must all have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was." The persons who were present agreed that it was not exactly what they had been led to expect. "I did not recollect," said the king, "till I had commenced my narrative, that the turn of it reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the Prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it is far better to spoil a good story than to distress a worthy man."

## THE DUTIES OF CONVERSATION.

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,  
 And make colloquial happiness your care,  
 Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,  
 A duel in the form of a *debate*.  
 The clash of arguments, and jar of words,  
 Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,  
 Decide no question with their tedious length  
 (For opposition gives opinion strength);  
 Divert the champions, prodigal of breath,  
 And put the peaceably-disposed to death.  
 Oh, thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,  
 Nor carp at every flaw you may discern:  
 Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,  
 I am not surely always in the wrong;  
 'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,  
 A fool must now and then be right by chance.  
 Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;  
 No; there I grant the privilege I claim.  
 A disputable point is no man's ground;  
 Rove where you please, 'tis common all around.  
 Discourse may want an animated No,  
 To brush the surface, and to make it flow;

But still remember, if you mean to please,  
 To press your point with modesty and ease.  
 The mark, at which my juster aim I take,  
 Is contradiction for its own dear sake.  
 Set your opinion, at whatever pitch,  
 Knots and impediments make something hitch ;  
 Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,  
 Your thread of argument is snapp'd again ;  
 The wrangler, rather than accord with you,  
 Will judge himself deceived, and prove it, too.  
 Vociferated logic kills me quite ;  
 A noisy man is always in the right :  
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,  
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,  
 And when I hope his blunders are all out,  
 Reply discreetly—" To be sure ; no doubt ! "

*Dubius* is such a scrupulous good man,—  
 Yes.—you may catch him tripping if you can.  
 He would not, with a peremptory tone,  
 Assert the nose upon his face his own ;  
 With hesitation, admirably slow.  
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.  
 His evidence, if he were called by law,  
 To swear to some enormity he saw,  
 For want of prominence and just relief,  
 Would hang an honest man, and save the thief.  
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,  
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense :  
 Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not,  
 What he remembers, seems to have forgot ;  
 His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,  
 Centring at last in having *none at all*.

A *story*, in which native humour reigns  
 Is often useful, always entertains ;  
 A graver fact, enlisted on your side,  
 May furnish illustration, well applied ;

But sedentary weavers of long tales  
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.  
 'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,  
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth ;  
 And echo conversations dull and dry,  
 Embellished with, " He said," and " so said I."  
 At every interview their route the same,  
 The repetition makes attention lame ;  
 We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,  
 And in the saddest part cry—" Droll, indeed !"  
 Of all ambitions man may entertain,  
 The worst that can invade a sickly brain  
 Is that which angles hourly for surprise,  
 And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.  
 A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct ;  
 The language plain, and incidents well linked ;  
 Tell not as new what everybody knows ;  
 And, new or old, still hasten to a close ;  
 There, centring in a focus round and neat  
 Let all your rays of information meet.  
 What neither yields us profit nor delight  
 Is like a nurse's lullaby at night :  
 Guy Earl of Warwick, and fair Eleonore,  
 Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

#### SEVENTH FORM OF GOODNESS : KINDNESS TO PRISONERS.

" I was in prison, and ye visited Me." These are the words of Christ our Saviour. For the alleviation of suffering, the Creator has implanted within us the godlike sentiment of sympathy. But sympathy ought to be not sentimental, but practical. Wherefore Christ says, in effect, concern-

ing the truly merciful: "When I was in prison, ye not only pitied Me, but ye visited Me."

JOHN HOWARD.

John Howard, an English gentleman of fortune, is famous for his exertions to lessen human suffering. On a voyage to Lisbon when a young man, he was taken by the French, and thrown into a wretched prison at Brest, where he and his companions had to lie for several nights on a stone floor, and were nearly starved. The hardships which he suffered, and saw others suffering, on this occasion, made a great impression on his mind; and when he returned to his country, he exerted himself so much with the British government that a complaint was made, and the French were induced to treat English prisoners with more humanity.

About the year 1773, his attention was called to the state of the jails in his native county—Bedfordshire. He found them to be—as jails then were everywhere—dens of misery, where health was lost, and vice rather increased than diminished. By great exertions, he was able to effect some improvement in the prisons near his own residence. Then he was led to inquire into the condition of more distant jails. In time he visited every large prison in England, and many of those in Scotland and Ireland. Being able to describe their condition to persons in authority, he proved the means of causing two Acts of Parliament to be passed—one for lessening the fees to such prisoners as were acquitted, and the other for preserving the health of prisoners. Having thus done some good in his own country, he resolved to carry his benevolent intentions abroad. In 1775 he commenced a series of tours on the Continent, which were only concluded by his death sixteen years afterwards. He visited the prisons of every country in Europe, ascertaining their condition, and exerting himself with the various governments to get them improved. Everywhere he lived frugally, and devoted



his superfluous fortune to the relief of the miserable. From time to time, in the course of his travels, he published his observations, with suggestions for a better system of prison discipline; and, by these means, as well as by the interest felt in his own singular benevolence, he so effectually fixed public attention on the subject, that much improvement was the consequence. In 1784, he found that he had travelled no less than forty-two thousand miles, or nearly as much as twice the circumference of the globe, for the purpose of alleviating the hardships suffered in prisons.

The Emperor of Germany so much admired his heroic benevolence, that, when Mr. Howard passed through Vienna, he requested an interview with him, and commenced a subscription in order to erect a statue of him in a public part of the city. The design to honour him in this way was afterwards abandoned, at the express request of the philanthropist, who was as modest as he was brave and benevolent.

## EIGHTH FORM OF GOODNESS: KINDNESS TO THE POOR.

### A MOTHER'S ADVICE ON VISITING THE SICK.

"And will you tell me, whilst I am working," said Amy Herbert to her mamma, "what you had not time to speak about yesterday? I mean why it never does people any good to go and see others suffer merely from curiosity."

"It not only does them no good, but it does them harm," replied Mrs. Herbert, "and for this reason: God gives to almost every one, and especially to young people, many kind, amiable feelings, as a sort of treasure, which they are carefully to keep. Now, these kind feelings, as people grow older, gradually die away, as they get accustomed to the sight of suffering, and so, at last, they are likely to become cold and hard-hearted; and there is only one sure way of preventing this,—*by doing kind actions whenever we are*

*blessed with kind feelings.* Perhaps you would rather I would explain myself more clearly," added Mrs. Herbert, as Amy laid down her work, and looked thoughtfully in her mother's face. "When you saw Susan Reynolds yesterday, you had compassion for her, and a great wish to help her; this was the good feeling given you by God: but, supposing you had thought that, after all, it was too much trouble to work for her, you would soon have forgotten her; and the next time you saw her, you would probably have pitied her less; and the next, less still; and, if you had gone on so, you might have ended in becoming perfectly cold and selfish; but by determining TO DO SOMETHING, you have kept up your interest; and you will find that your kind feeling will continue and increase, not only for her, but for other persons you may see in distress."

"But then, I have heard you say, mamma, that we ought not to follow our feelings entirely."

"No," replied Mrs. Herbert. "because very often our feelings are wrong, and therefore we must have some other rule to go by, or we shall continually mistake our duties; but when they are right, they are given us by God, to make those duties easy and pleasant; and, if we do not encourage them, we shall find, when we grow old, that it will be very difficult, if not almost impossible, to do right, however we may wish it."

"Then, mamma, if we had always good feelings, there would be no occasion to do anything but just what we felt inclined to do: how very nice that would be!"

"There is but one way of getting these good feelings," said Mrs. Herbert, "and that is by doing what we know we ought, whether we like it or not; and only one way of keeping them when we have got them, and that is, by taking care always to act upon them; and if we begin when we are young, it is astonishing how easy it will soon become."

[This is excellent philosophy; and what is philosophy but good sense looking beneath the surface of things?]

NINTH FORM OF GOODNESS; KINDNESS TO THE  
BLIND, THE DEAF, AND THE DUMB.

“There are many who care little for the poor, the lame, the blind, the deaf, and the dumb; and some are heartless enough to scoff at their misfortunes, and mock at their condition, causing them pain and fear and sorrow by such unfeeling conduct. Whether this arises from ignorance, from thoughtlessness, or from wickedness, it is sure to have a reckoning, and may bring a day of bitter repentance when it is too late.” These are the words of John Ashworth, whose works, entitled *Strange Tales*, and *Simple Records*, have been circulated by millions, and deserve their large circulation. He was a man of strict veracity, as well as great benevolence, and he relates the following facts.

## THE BLIND FIDDLER.

In one of the villages near Rochdale, in Lancashire, there lived a man of the name of Platt, who was in the habit of tormenting the blind in various ways. He would get quietly behind them and set up a loud scream, or stand before them and give a sudden shout, and when he saw their terror, he would clap his hands, laugh with delight, and call it a spree. One poor creature, called Blind Mary, was so afraid of him, that when out of doors, she would timidly ask if Platt was anywhere about. One day a blind fiddler entered the village, and was cautiously groping his way, singing and fiddling for bread. He had a small dog in a string, that assisted him a little to find his way on his journeys. The moment Platt

saw the blind fiddler, he said, " Now, I will have a spree ! " He stepped quickly before the blind man, bent down on his hands and knees, causing the poor fiddler to tumble over him and fall, and break his precious instrument in many places. Platt ran away laughing, shouting, and saying, " I told you I would have a spree."

Several persons who saw the cruel deed went to help the poor trembling man up ; his face was marked by the fall, and he seemed greatly frightened and much hurt. The broken pieces of the fiddle were put into his old green bag. He requested them to turn the dog's head towards the town of Rochdale where he lived, and as he walked away, he said, " God will reckon with yonder bad man for this."

The heartless conduct of Platt towards the blind man might probably have been forgotten, had not an event taken place which brought it back to memory. He was a married man, and several months afterwards his wife gave birth to a child, but the child was born blind. We do not say that the child was born blind because of the father's sin, as it would be presumptuous to pretend to enter into the counsels of the Almighty, but we cannot doubt that God saw Platt's cruel action, and we know that He says in His Word, " Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block before the blind. Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of his way. Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy land." These words show that, in the sight of Heaven, to mock the blind is a fearful thing. When Platt's second child was born, that child was also born blind. The report of another sightless child appearing at the house of Platt created considerable surprise and conversation among the villagers. All thought it strange ; but it was to be stranger still, for when a third child came into the world, that child was likewise born blind. All were now greatly astonished ; and even the most charitable could not avoid regarding these events as having, at least, the appearance of a judgment from Heaven.

## TENTH FORM OF GOODNESS : KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

We are accustomed to speak of animals as "dumb animals." Let us remember, therefore, that however great their sufferings may be, they are unable to speak to us, and to tell us what they suffer. Domestic animals, such as the horse, the ass, the dog, are very useful, and we are indebted to them for the services they render. The more kind and considerate we are in our treatment of them, the more obedient and useful they become. The Arab never strikes his horse; and the Arabian horses are the fleetest in the world, and the most gentle and intelligent. God gave to man dominion over all the lower creatures, over the beasts of the earth, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, not that he might tyrannize over them, but that he might exercise over them a wise and beneficent rule. We all know that in England the poor despised donkey is proverbial for its stupidity, which is due, in many instances, to the treatment it receives. When it is treated with harshness, it becomes obstinate and vicious; but under the magic influence of kindness, its better qualities become developed. Let us look at it, therefore, as it appears in other lands.

## THE ASS IN SPAIN.

With the peasantry of Spain the ass is a petted favourite—almost an inmate of the house. The children bid him

welcome home, and the wife feeds him from her hands. He knows them all, and he loves them all, for he feels that they all love him. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a dog; and he delights to take the baby on his back and walk him round gently on the greensward. His intellect expands, too, in the sunshine of affection, and he that is called the stupidest of animals becomes sagacious. A Spanish peasant had, for many years, carried milk into Madrid to supply a set of customers. Every morning he and his donkey, with loaded panniers, trudged the well-known ground. At last the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market. His wife proposed to send the faithful old animal by himself. The panniers were accordingly filled with canisters of milk; and an inscription, written by the priest, requested the customers to measure their own milk and return the vessels. The donkey was told to set off with his load. He went, and returned in due time with empty canisters, and this he continued to do for several days. The house bells in Madrid are usually so constructed that you pull downwards to make them ring. The peasant afterwards learned that his sagacious animal stopped before the door of every customer, and after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, pulled the bell with his mouth. If affectionate treatment will thus improve the ass, assuredly there is scarcely any limit to the power of kindness.

#### THE TRAVELLER'S DOG.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,  
 A cry as of a dog or fox;  
 He halts, and searches, with his eyes,  
 Among the scattered rocks,  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern,  
 And instantly a Dog is seen  
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy,  
With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry.  
Nor is there any one in sight,  
All round, in hollow or on height ;  
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps till June, December's snow ;  
A lofty precipice in front.  
A silent tarn below,  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land ;  
From trace of human foot or hand.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way  
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
As quickly as he may :  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground.  
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,  
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The man had fall'n—that place of fear !  
At length upon the shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear.  
He instantly recall'd the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came :  
Remember'd, too, the very day  
On which the traveller pass'd this way.

But now a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable tale I tell :  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well.  
 The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry,—  
 This dog had been, through three months' space,  
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
 When this ill-fated traveller died,  
 The dog had watch'd about the spot,  
 Or by his master's side.  
 How nourish'd here through such long time,  
 He knows Who gave that love sublime,  
 And gave that strength of feeling, great  
 Above all human estimate.

#### AGAINST CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
 For human fellowship, as being void  
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
 To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd  
 With sight of animals enjoying life,  
 Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

I would not enter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
 That crawls at evening in the public path ;  
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,  
 Will tread aside and let the reptile live.  
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
 To love it too. The spring-time of our years  
 Is soon dishonour'd, and defiled in most



By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand  
 To check them. But, alas ! none sooner shoots.  
 If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth  
 Than Cruelty, most devilish of them all.  
 Mercy to him that shows it is the rule  
 And righteous limitation of its act,  
 By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man ;  
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
 Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.

**SEVEN PROOFS OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS TO  
 BENEFIT AND BLESS THE WORLD.**

Kindness, in its highest form, is seen in the great love with which God has loved us; and in the power of that love to conquer and to change human hearts. "We love Him because He first loved us." "God is love": He is the source and fountain of kindness. It flows from Him into the hearts of men; that it may flow from heart to heart, uniting all hearts, each to each, and all unto Himself. That love will one day fill the earth, overspreading it with moral beauty, causing "the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

**FIRST PROOF: KINDNESS PRODUCES KINDNESS.**

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DAUGHTER.

Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little daughter how it was that everybody loved her. "I don't know," said she, "unless it be that I love everybody."

AARON BURR.

When Aaron Burr was in the height of his prosperity, he

was, on a certain occasion, travelling in Western New York, and saw in a tavern what appeared to be an excellent line engraving. The landlord informed him that it was executed with a pen by a stupid boy who was in his service. Burr, discovering the native talent of the boy, endeavoured to obtain him; but his master, suspecting that he had some secret valuable power about him, refused to part with him. When Burr left, he whispered to the boy to come to New York, and inquire for Aaron Burr, and he would be taken care of. Soon after, when Burr had forgotten the circumstance, the boy presented himself, and was assisted by his benefactor. He then went abroad, and became the celebrated Vanderlyn, who, in Paris, acquired honour and a good portion of this world's goods. After Burr had fallen from his greatness, and was expelled from the country, he was met in France and in poverty by Vanderlyn, who received him with deep gratitude, took him to his dwelling, and for a long time cherished and sustained him with the utmost attention and kindness. By his benevolence to that poor boy, Burr had laid up a treasure, which, in after days of want and sorrow, returned to him with great increase—a treasure which was the more prized, because it came unexpectedly in time of need, when almost every one had forsaken him.

## SECOND PROOF OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS: KINDNESS REFORMS YOUNG MEN.

### THE CLERK IN PERIL.

A certain benevolent merchant made the discovery that one of his clerks had wronged him to a great amount. Without appearing to have discovered the circumstance, he desired the young man to come to his dwelling-house in the afternoon. He watched for his arrival, opened the door himself, and after leading him up into a chamber and locking the door, informed him that all his misconduct had been made known. Pale and trembling, the offender dropped on his

knees. The master bade him not to be terrified at his punishment, but think of the guilt of the deed which he had done; and after saying as much as he thought would be profitable, he left him, carrying the key from the outside of the door. Before night he took him refreshments, talking to him again, and desired him to go to bed and reflect. When the succeeding day drew to a close, he visited him for the last time, saying, "I now come to release you; here is a letter to a friend of mine in London, who knows nothing of your crime, and will give you immediate employment. And here is money," added he, putting a purse into his hand, "to support you till your quarter's salary becomes due." He then conducted him out of the house, unseen by any one. This benevolent treatment awakened the gratitude of the young man, and effected his reformation; and he is now a person of highly respectable character. Such was the result of kindness in this case. Had harshness, however, been substituted for kindness, it would not have been surprising if the clerk, instead of becoming a person of highly respectable character, had gone deeper into crime, and ended his days either in Botany Bay, or on the gallows.

### THIRD PROOF OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS: KINDNESS GOVERNS CONVICTS.

JOSEPH HOLT.

During the Irish Rebellion, in 1798, Joseph Holt, one of the rebel generals, was taken by the government authority. In consequence of the goodness of his character, he was saved from capital punishment, and transported to New South Wales. After his arrival, he was employed as overseer on the estate of a Mr. Cox, and had forty-five convicts and twenty-five freemen under his guidance. These convicts received at his hands nothing but kindness and confidence, and the result is given in his Memoirs.

"As to convicts, there was a certain quantity of work,

which, by the government regulations, they must do in a given time; and this might be given to them by the day, week, or month, as you pleased: and they must be paid a certain price for all the work they did beyond a certain quantity. If they were idle, and did not do the regulated quantity of work, it was only necessary to take them before a magistrate, and he would order them twenty-five lashes of the cat on their backs for the first offence, fifty for the second, and so on; and if that would not do, they were at last put into a jail-gang, and made to work in irons from morning till night.

"In order to keep them honest, I paid them fully and freely for everything they did beyond their stipulated task at the same time I paid the freemen. And if I thought the rations not sufficient for their comfortable support, I issued to each man six pounds of wheat, fourteen of potatoes, and one of pork, in addition. By these means the men were well fed; for the old saying is true, 'Hunger will break through stone walls.' When any article was stolen from me, I instantly paraded all hands, and told them that if it was not restored in a given time, I would stop all extra allowances and indulgences. 'The thief,' said I, 'is a disgrace to the establishment, and to all employed in it; let the honest men find him out, and punish him among yourselves. Do not let it be said that the flogger ever polluted this place by his presence. You all know the advantages you enjoy above gangs on any other estate in the colony: do not, then, throw them away. Do not let me know who the thief is, but punish him by your own verdict.' I then dismissed them.

"The transports would say among themselves, that *what I had told them was all right*. 'We won't be punished because there happens to be an ungrateful thief among us.' They then called a jury, and entered into an investigation, and on all occasions succeeded in detecting and punishing the offender. I was, by this line of conduct, secure from plunder

and the disgusting operation of flaying a man alive with a cat-o'-nine tails did not disgrace the farms under my superintendence. Mr. Cox said to me one day, 'Pray, Joseph, how is it that you never have to bring your men to punishment. You have more under you, I believe, than any other man in the colony, and, to the surprise of all, you have never had one flogged, or indeed have made a complaint against one; they look well, and appear contented, and even happy.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I have studied human nature more than books. I had the management of many more men in my own country, and I was always rigidly just to them. I never oppressed them, nor suffered them to cheat their employers or each other. They knew, if they did their duty, they would be well treated; and if not, sent to the right-about. I follow the same course with the men here. I should think myself very ill qualified to act as your overseer, were I to have a man or two flogged every week. Besides the horrible inhumanity of the practice, the loss of a man's work for a week or a fortnight, will not be a trifle in a year, at twelve and sixpence per week; for a man who gets the cat is incapable of work till his back is well. So, in prudence, as well as in Christian charity, it is best to treat our fellow-creatures like men, although they may be degraded to the state of convict slaves.'

#### FOURTH PROOF OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS: KINDNESS CONTROLS LUNATICS.

DR. ELLIS.

At Hanwell there is a lunatic asylum for paupers. This asylum was formerly conducted on the old principle of violence, confinement, chains, strait-jackets, whips, and threats, until Dr. Ellis and his wife took charge of it. They went into it with the broadest benevolence; their only governing principle was "good sense and kindness." They determined to treat every lunatic with leniency and liberty; treating them as much as possible as if they were sane.

After the pursuance of such a course for twenty years no accident has happened from it. Miss Martineau says: "I have lately been backwards and forwards at the Hanwell Asylum, in the county of Middlesex. On entering the gates I met a patient going to his garden work, with his tools in his hands, and passed three others breaking clods with their forks, and keeping near each other for the sake of being sociable. Further on, were three women rolling the grass in company; one of whom, a merry creature, who clapped her hands at the sight of visitors, *had been chained to her bed for seven years* before she was brought hither, but is likely to give little further trouble henceforth, except the trouble of finding her enough to do. Further on is another, in a quieter state of content, always calling to mind the strawberries and cream Mrs. Ellis set before the inmates on the lawn last year, and persuading herself that the strawberries could not grow, nor the garden get on without her, and fiddle-faddling in the sunshine to her own satisfaction and that of her guardians. This woman *had been in a strait waistcoat for ten years* before she was sent to Hanwell. There is another place where the greater number of them go with equal alacrity—to the chapel, where they may be seen on a Sunday evening, decked out in what they consider their best, and equalling any other congregation whatever in the decorum of their deportment. Where are the chains, the straw, and the darkness? Where are the howls and the yells, without which the place cannot be supposed to be a madhouse? There is not a chain in the house, nor any intention that there ever shall be: and those who might, in a moment, be provoked to howl and yell, are lying quietly in bed, talking to themselves, for there is nobody else to talk to."

FIFTH PROOF OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS:  
KINDNESS DISARMS ADVERSARIES.

THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS.

In the popular work entitled *Nicholas Nickleby*, Dickens

has depicted a firm of merchants, the Cheeryble Brothers, in a most delightful manner. Though described in a fictitious work, they are said to be the representatives of a firm of merchants living in England. The following noble fact respecting them is related in a paper published in Manchester :—

“The elder brother of this house of merchant princes amply revenged himself upon a libeller, who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man had published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers was designated as ‘Billy Button,’ and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who visited Chowbent, Bullock Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some ‘kind friend’ had told William of the pamphlet, and William said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was kindly conveyed to the libeller, who said that he would take care never to be in their debt. But a man in business does not always know who will be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been endorsed by the drawer, who also had become bankrupt. The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without his certificate he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt laws except one.

“It seemed folly to hope that the firm of ‘Brothers’ would supply the deficiency. What! would they, who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong and favour the wrong-doer? He despaired; but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at their counting-room. William was there alone, and his first words, sternly uttered, were, ‘Shut the door, sir!’ The

door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling in the presence of the man he had libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant.

“‘You wrote a pamphlet against us once,’ exclaimed William. The suppliant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire, but this was not its destination. William took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor man, expected to see inscribed upon it, ‘rogue, swindler, libeller’; but instead there was, in fair, round characters, the signature of the firm. ‘We make it a rule,’ said William, ‘never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else.’ A tear started into the poor man’s eyes.

“‘Ah!’ said William, ‘my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent that you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.’ ‘I do, I do,’ said the grateful man. ‘Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?’ The poor man stated that he had friends who would assist him when his certificate was obtained. ‘But how are you off in the meantime?’ And the answer was, that, having given up everything to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessaries, that he might be enabled to defray the cost of his certificate. ‘My dear fellow,’ said he, ‘this will never do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow: nay, don’t cry, it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head again.’ The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks: the swelling in his throat forbade words: he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.”



## FORBEARANCE MORE DIFFICULT THAN FORGIVENESS.

We are not to suppose that Forbearance and Forgiveness are identical; some will forgive those whom they will not bear with. The latter is the more difficult. The act of pardon has in it something which may be gratifying to our pride: we ascend a tribunal, we wipe out a fault which we have pronounced sentence upon. Now, forbearance has none of these heroics: no crime has been committed, no magnanimity is called for; it is simply a question of not getting irritated at the contact with disagreeable characters, with inequalities of tempers, with the asperities of daily life. And we are bound to observe this: for where forbearance is lacking, peace will not long subsist. We are always apt to imagine that ours is an exceptional situation; that our peculiar difficulties are not met with elsewhere; that our circle is composed of insupportable natures and aggravating circumstances, such as can hardly exist elsewhere. It is in reality nothing of the kind; and if we could but see into the secret experience of most of our neighbours, we should find that they, like ourselves, have need of patience.

Let us go further and consider *ourselves*, and we shall realise that those who love us have much to put up with. Are we never out of humour? Are we never unreasonable? Are all our ways and habits agreeable? Are we not borne with in a thousand little ways unperceived? Are all our errors exposed? Are they not repeatedly passed over, instead of being commented upon?

## SIXTH PROOF OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS:

## KINDNESS OVERCOMES COVETOUSNESS.

## NABEE THE ARAB.

In the tribe of Nejedee there was a mare of great reputation for beauty and swiftness. This mare, the member of another tribe, named Daher, vehemently desired to possess. Having failed to obtain her, by offering all he

possessed, he proceeded to effect his object by stratagem. He disguised himself as a lame beggar, and waited by the side of a road, knowing that Nabee, the owner of the mare, would soon appear. As soon as Nabee appeared, Daher cried, in a feeble voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to stir from this place to get food; help me, and God will reward you." Nabee offered to carry him home; but Daher said, "I am not able to rise; I have not strength to mount." Nabee then generously dismounted, brought his mare near, and helped the beggar to mount her. The moment he was mounted, Daher touched her with his heel, and started, saying, "It is I, Daher, who have got her, and am carrying her off." Nabee called upon him to stop, which Daher did. Nabee then said, "Thou hast my mare; since it pleases God, I wish thee success. But I conjure thee, tell no one how thou hast obtained her." "Why not?" said Daher. "*Because some one really ill might remain without aid; you would be the cause why no one would perform an act of charity more, for fear of being duped as I have been.*" This discriminating kindness sublued Daher. He immediately dismounted, and returned the mare to Nabee; and when they parted, they parted sworn friends.

#### SEVENTH PROOF OF THE POWER OF KINDNESS: KINDNESS CURES ENNUI.

*Ennui* is the wretchedness that springs from having nothing to do. That such wretchedness can exist never enters into the imagination of the hard-working poor; they would deem its existence to be impossible. They little dream that the rich man, who is without an object in life calculated to call forth his energies, endures a wretchedness which far surpasses the hardships which pertain

to the lot of the labouring man. Man was made for action; and not for aimless action, but for action with an object in view. His nature demands this; and if he fails to satisfy its demands, his own nature becomes his torment and punishment. This *ennui* is most strongly felt by the finest spirits—the most energetic natures. And what is its cure? Its cure is Kindness—not kindness Received, but kindness Bestowed.

#### THE PIEDMONTESE NOBLEMAN.

I was weary of life, and after a day such as few have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river to commit suicide, when I felt a sudden check. I turned, and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the piteous tale he told: "There are six of us, and we are dying for want of food." Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not detain me many minutes. But what if it does? The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes; it went as a cordial to my heart. I will call again to-morrow, I cried. Fool that I was to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply.

#### AIDS TO THE CULTIVATION OF KINDNESS.

##### FIRST AID TO KINDNESS: THE LOVE OF MUSIC.

Music in the household is capable of rendering great service, both in the way of enjoyment and

of benefit. It is exercise and recreation for body and mind at the same time, even without any other instrument than the voice, which, in fact, is the most perfect of musical instruments. It delights the ear, composes the thoughts, and soothes the weary or troubled breast. Harmony makes the mind itself more harmonious, and averse to discord; it elevates and strengthens the affections, and is "most loved when love is by." "Music," says Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascinations of evil thoughts. It is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding."

#### THE HOLY HYMN.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;  
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise;  
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;  
 Or noble *Kilgin* feeds the heavenward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
 Compared with these Italian trills are tame;  
 The tickled ears nae heart-felt raptures raise;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

#### THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim :  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls !  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  
 Do but observe a wild and wanton herd,  
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud ;  
 Which is the hot condition of their blood :  
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand :  
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze  
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change its nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils :  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.

#### NAPOLEON.

Napoleon's army came to a pass in the Alps, where the rocks could not be surmounted by the ammunition waggons. He went to the leader of the band, and asked for his portfolio. Then, turning over till he came to an inspiring march, he said, "Play that." The whole band struck up the air with their instruments, and over the rocks went the ammunition waggons.

### SECOND AID TO KINDNESS : THE LOVE OF NATURE.

#### THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Man, at his creation, woke up to conscious existence in the

midst of a garden ; and it would seem as if he had not entirely forgotten the wonderful vision on which his eyes then opened. At least, there is no passion more general than the admiration of beautiful flowers. They kindle the rapture of infancy ; and it is touching to see how, over the first king-cups or daisies, its tiny hand closes more eagerly than hereafter it will grasp silver coins or golden. In the poor man's chamber the solitary blossom lights a lamp of quiet gladness ; and in the palace of the prince, the marble of Canova, and the canvas of Raffaele are dimmed by the lordly exotic with its calyx of flame or its petals of snow.

#### THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

The cultivation of flowers is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but probably more goodwill has arisen, and more friendships have been founded, by the intercourse and communication with this pursuit than from any other whatsoever. The pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturist are harmless and pure ; a streak, a tint, a shade becomes his triumph ; which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days. It is an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent ; and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an increasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.

#### THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

Whence is this delicate scent in the rose and in the violet ? It is not from the root—that smells of nothing ; not from the stalk—that is as scentless as the root ; not from the earth whence it grows, and which contributes no more to these flowers than to the grass that grows beside them ; it cannot be but that it was potentially in that root and stem from which the flowers proceed. It was there placed, and thence drawn by that Almighty Power which hath given those admirable virtues to several plants, and brings them in His due season, to these excellent perfections.

## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth  
 Enough for great and small,  
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough  
 For every want of ours,  
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
 And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,  
 The nightly dews might fall,  
 And the herb that keepeth life in man,  
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
 And dyed with rainbow light ;  
 All fashioned with supremest grace,  
 Upspringing day and night ?

Springing in valleys green and low,  
 And on the mountains high ;  
 And in the silent wilderness,  
 Where no man passeth by ?

Our outward life requires them not,  
 Then, wherefore had they birth ?  
 To minister delight to man ;  
 To beautify the earth ;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,  
 Whene'er his faith is dim ;  
 For Who so careth for the flowers  
 Will much more care for him.

## FLOWERS IN THE COTTAGE.

I have before me one of Van MUYDEN'S pictures, representing the wife of a young peasant seated at work in the

very simplest of interiors. Sunshine streams through the open window, a vase of flowers is beside her, her infant is asleep in its cradle, the cat lies at her feet. We seem to realise the rapidity of her needle, and to predict the speedy arrival of her husband, whose home seems already to smile a welcome. There is happiness in every detail of the picture, and we do not even need to see the face of the wife to be sure that happiness is there also.

#### THE ROSE.

Perhaps few people have ever asked themselves why they admire a rose so much more than all other flowers. If they consider, they will find, first, that red is, in a delicately gradated state, the loveliest of all pure colours ; and secondly, that in the rose there is *no shadow*, except what is composed of colour. All its shadows are fuller in colour than its light, owing to the translucency and reflective power of the leaves.

#### THE DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,  
 With silver crest and golden eye,  
 That welcomes every changing hour,  
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
 In gay, but quick succession shine ;  
 Race after race, their honours yield—  
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
 While moons and stars their courses run,  
 Wreathes the whole circle of the year  
 Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
 To sultry August spreads its charms,  
 Meets pale October on its way,  
 And twines December's arms.



The purple heath and golden broom,  
 On moory mountains catch the gale :  
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
 The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
 Plays on the margin of the rill,  
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round  
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;  
 It blooms on consecrated ground,  
 In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem :  
 The wild bee murmurs on its breast ;  
 The blue fly bends its pensile stem  
 Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :--in every place,  
 In every season fresh and fair,  
 It opens with perennial grace,  
 And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and glen,  
 Its humble buds unheeded rise :  
 The rose has but a summer reign,  
 The *Daisy* never dies.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL FOLIAGE OF TREES.

There is a beauty produced by a number of differently formed trees standing on the same lawn, and each showing its separate mould and features. For as one star differeth from another star in glory, so one tree differeth from another tree in glory. There is one glory of the Oak, which looks as if it had faced a hundred storms, and having stood them all, were ready to face as many more; another glory of the

Sycamore, that "spreads in gentle pomp its honeyed shade"; another glory of the Birch, so graceful in the midst of its maiden tresses; another glory of the Elm, throwing out its wide arms, as if rejoicing in its strength; and another glory of the Lime, with its sheltered shade inviting us to enter and to linger.

#### THE OAK.

Look at that spreading Oak, the pride of the village green! Its trunk is massy, its branches are strong. Its roots, like crooked fangs, strike deep into the soil, and support its huge bulk; the birds build amongst the boughs; the cattle repose beneath its shade; the neighbours form groups beneath the shelter of its green canopy. The old men point it out to their children, but they themselves remember not its growth; generations of men, one after another, have been born and have died, while this son of the forest has remained the same, defying the storms of two hundred winters.

Yet this large tree was once a little *acorn*, small in size, insignificant in appearance. Such an acorn, whose cup can only contain a drop or two of dew, contained the whole oak. All its massy trunk, all its knotted branches, all its multitude of leaves were in that acorn. It grew, it spread, it unfolded itself by degrees; it received nourishment from the rain, and the dews, and the well-adapted soil; but it was all there.

The *mind of a child* is like the acorn. Its powers are folded up; they do not yet appear; but they are all there. The memory, the judgment, the invention, the feeling of right and wrong are all in the mind of a child--of an infant just born—but they are not expanded; we cannot perceive them.

If you had only seen an acorn you could never guess at the form and size of an oak. So, if you never had conversed with a wise man, you could form no idea of him from the mute and helpless infant.

Instruction is the *food* of the mind ; it is like the dew and the rain and the rich soil. As these cause the tree to swell and put forth its tender shoots, so do books and study and discourses feed the mind, and cause it to unfold its hidden powers.

Cherish, then, this precious mind ; feed it with truth, nourish it with knowledge. It comes from God ; it is made in His image. The oak will last for centuries of years, but the mind of man is made for immortality.

Respect in the infant the future *man* ; destroy not in the man the rudiments of an *angel*.

#### THE INNOCENT THIEF.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,

Nor the spot that we till for our pleasure,  
From the largest to least, but it yields .

The Bee, never wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplor'd,

With a diligence truly exact ;  
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,  
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,

And pilfers with so much address,  
That none of their odour they lose,  
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys

The canker-worm, indwelling foe !  
His voracity not thus allays  
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,

The pride of the garden devours ;  
And birds peck the seed from the bud,  
Still less to be spar'd than the flowers.

But she, with such delicate skill,  
 Her pillage so fits for our use,  
 That the chemist in vain, with his still  
 Would labour the like to produce.  
 Then grudge not her temperate meals,  
 Nor a benefit blame as a theft :  
 Since, stole she not all that she steals,  
 Neither honey nor wax would be left.

## THE PARROT.

The deep affections of the breast  
 That Heaven to living things imparts,  
 Are not exclusively possessed  
 By human hearts.  
 A Parrot from the Spanish main,  
 Full young, and early caged, came o'er,  
 With bright wings, to the bleak domain  
 Of Mulla's shore.  
 To spicy groves, where he had won  
 His plumage of resplendent hue,  
 His native fruits and skies and sun  
 He bade adieu.  
 Instead, he watched the smoke of turf,  
 A heathery land and misty sky ;  
 And turned on rocks and raging surf  
 His golden eye.  
 But, petted, in our climate cold  
 He lived and chatted many a day ;  
 Until, with age, from green and gold  
 His wings grew grey.  
 At last, when blind and seeming dumb,  
 He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more.  
 A Spanish stranger chanced to come  
 To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,  
 The bird in Spanish speech replied,  
 Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,  
 Dropt down, and died.

## THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !  
 Attendant on the spring ;  
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.  
 Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear :  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year ?  
 Delightful visitant ! with thee  
 I hail the time of flowers,  
 And hear the sound of music sweet  
 From birds among the bowers.  
 The schoolboy, wandering in the wood  
 To pull the primrose gay,  
 Starts thy curious voice to hear,  
 And imitates thy lay.  
 Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,  
 Thou fliest the vocal vale ;  
 An annual guest in other lands,  
 Another spring to hail.  
 Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear ;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year.  
 Oh ! could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;  
 We'd make, with social wing,  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the spring.

## MORN, EVENING, AND NIGHT.

The morning is breaking,  
 The day is awaking,  
 And beauty and glory are beaming around ;  
 Bright flowerets are blowing,  
 Cool streamlets are flowing,  
 And meadows and woodlands with music resound.

The lark upward winging,  
 His matin is singing,  
 As joyful the homage of nature to pay ;  
 And thus *man's* devotion,  
 With hallow'd emotion,  
 Should rise to his God with the dawning of day.

The day is declining,  
 Yet cloudlessly shining,  
 The bright sun in glory is taking his leave ;  
 The flowerets are closing,  
 And nature, reposing,  
 Is bathed in the dews and the stillness of eve.

Like dew on the blossom,  
 This hour on the bosom,  
 With wings dropping healing, should softly descend ;  
 Its silence appealing  
 To thought and to feeling,—  
 Our souls with the depth of its stillness should blend.

The stars in their courses  
 Now marshal their forces ;  
 The moon in pale splendour walks up the blue sky ;  
 While Philomel's numbers,  
 'Mid earth's placid slumbers,  
 Seem lauds of thanksgiving ascending on high.

Oh ! thus, when stars glisten,  
With none near to listen,  
Should *spirits*, awaking, their melodies raise  
To Him who sleeps never,  
But merits for ever  
Glad songs of thanksgiving and honour and praise.

## THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him --than in any other of her works ; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization ; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning or evening mist for dew ; and, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And yet we never attend to it, or never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of ? One says, It has been wet ; and another, It has been windy ; and another, It has been warm. For instance, we habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and grey ; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazz-

ling, of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft, level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue ; or, when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader clouds above ; and all these bathed throughout in one unspeakable light of pure rose-colour, and purple, and amber, and blue ; not shining, but misty-soft ; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss-silk ; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain.

THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud philosophy  
 To teach me what thou art.

When o'er the green undeluged earth  
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
 How came the world's grey fathers forth  
 To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
 O'er mountains yet untrod,  
 Each mother held aloft her child,  
 To bless the bow of God.

The earth to thee its incense yields,  
 The lark thy welcome sings,  
 When glittering in the freshened fields,  
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
 Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
 A thousand fathoms down.



As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
 As young thy beauties seem,  
 As when the eagle from the ark  
 First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
 That first spoke peace to man.

#### THE FIELDS.

The fields! Follow forth but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognise in these words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the light of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust. Pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down, overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices,—all these are summed up in these simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land, though still as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open upon us more and more; yet we have it but in part. Go out in the spring-time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians, and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free: and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs, all veiled with blossom—paths that for ever droop and rise over

the green banks and mounds, sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, “He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

#### THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

How wonderful is the advent of spring!—the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron’s rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches!—the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees—gentle and yet irresistible—which no force can stay, no violence can restrain. If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or if it burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men it is only the *cessation* of the miracles that would be miraculous; and to them the perpetual exercise of God’s power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.

#### A MORNING IN SPRING.

What man is there over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence, carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently-waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since; where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now in all his ramblings; where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly; where the air blew more fresh over greener grass and sweeter-smelling flowers; where everything wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now? Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such

are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come !  
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
 While music wakes around, veild in a shower  
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

We have the country within reach, even supposing we are inhabitants of a large town. Have we the passion for going out into the country together, on a fine day, with its pure air and green fields, to take in a stock of serenity, of radiant impressions, and splendid scenes ? There is no country that is not beautiful in the sunshine, none that is not cheerful and cheering. We all need this brightening and rejuvenating influence. Dwellers in towns, let us seek it in the country ; inhabitants of the country, let us seek it in the country still ; for we may live in the country and not enjoy country pleasures. We must lay ourselves out for enjoying them socially. It may seem paradoxical, but I do not hesitate to say that even *this* demands an effort. There are always obstacles to be surmounted, as in everything else. One will be tired, another busy, a third, perhaps, is not fond of walking, or thinks the roads will be muddy. A little energy will be wanted, and we shall not repent it ; these walks will infuse into our lives an element of pleasure which nothing could replace ; the sight of trees, fields, hills, and hedges, the song of birds and the pleasant flow of conversation will act as a sovereign remedy for certain morbid moods.

MORNING HYMN OF ADAM IN PARADISE.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !

Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power Divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels ! for ye behold Him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night  
 Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven :—  
 On earth join all ye creatures, to extol  
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end !

Fairest of stars ! last in the train of night,  
 (If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day), that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou Sun ! of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge Him thy greater : sound His praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move  
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

Air, and ye elements ! the eldest births  
 Of nature's womb, that in the quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix  
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,—  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance His praise.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud : and wave your tops, ye pines,—  
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls !—ye birds,  
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
Witness if I be silent, morn or eve,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.  
Hail ! universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
To give us only good : and, if the night  
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark

**PART III.—PATIENCE.****PATIENCE HAS TWO BRANCHES.**

**I**N order to become patient, we must, first of all, understand what patience is. And the first thing to be understood concerning it is this—that it is both active and passive. Taken actively, it signifies perseverance, or patient continuance in well-doing. Taken passively, it signifies endurance, the power to bear suffering of either mind or body. The word patience, on the lips of English people, generally means endurance, and nothing more. When they speak of a patient man, they mean simply one who bears affliction with resignation, and without murmuring or complaining. But this is only one-half of the meaning of the English word, according to Dr. Johnson. And the Greek word, used in St. Luke, undoubtedly signifies both perseverance and endurance. These two halves of patience make up patience as a whole, and neither of the halves would be of very much use without the other. When we speak of a patient man, therefore, we mean one who can both work and wait; one who possesses the power to conquer

difficulties, and also to bear sufferings. Let us now consider them separately, always remembering that though we may separate them in thought, and speak first of the one and then of the other, they are never found separate in fact. Some men are more remarkable for perseverance, and others for endurance, but in the nature of things they must exist together if they exist at all—the nature of the human soul demands it. A man with perseverance and without endurance would not long persevere; and a man with endurance, but unwilling to cope with difficulties, would not long deserve the name of a patient man; for if “the joys of conquest are the joys of man,” he is destitute of the qualities which constitute true manhood.

#### FIRST BRANCH OF PATIENCE: PERSEVERANCE.

All the great works which have been performed in the world, have been performed not so much by strength as by perseverance. Perseverance honours God, and therefore God honours perseverance. It honours God by honouring the wisdom of God, and bringing a man's spirit and life into harmony with His providential government of the world. Man, in his folly, loves to reach his object by short cuts; he would ascend to the mountain top by a single leap, rather than pursue the long and fatiguing upward journey, step by step. But God's method

is that man shall attain all good by steady perseverance. Ignorance and sloth disdaining labour, expect the rewards of perseverance, but expect in vain; and the secret of the beggary which abounds in the world—the beggary which ruins both body and soul—is to be found in the pride and indolence which lead men to “build castles in the air,” instead of building houses on the ground.

SIR FOWELL BUXTON.

This distinguished man was of opinion that what chiefly makes the difference between one man and another, is not so much talent or cleverness as energy, force of will, the selection of a worthy object, and then the determination to “do or die.” A striking instance of the value of perseverance is to be found in the record of his career; in fact, his whole career is an eminent proof of its value. At the time when he was working on behalf of the abolition of slavery, he stood in need of a certain witness. This witness, he was convinced, was to be found in one of the ports of the kingdom, but in what port or in what vessel he did not know. He searched every port, and every vessel in every port, and examined every man in every vessel, and it was not till he reached the last port, and the last vessel in that port, and the last man in that vessel, that he found the man he wanted. Had his perseverance failed him when he had examined every port but one, or every vessel but one, or every man but one, his object would not have been attained, and all his previous labour would have been thrown away.

SECOND BRANCH OF PATIENCE: ENDURANCE.

“He that knows how to suffer, knows how to conquer,” says the proverb. Patience, in the form



of endurance, is like a well-built arch; the heavier the weight is that is laid upon it, the stronger the arch becomes.

RABBI MEIR, OR THE MAN OF RESIGNATION.

Rabbi Meir sat during the whole of the Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. He was learned, wise, and just, and was much beloved. During his absence from his house his two sons died. They were youths of great promise, and the father's heart was set on them. Their mother, full of sorrow, bore the dead bodies of her sons to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the bed, spread a white covering over them, and fell down at their feet to pray. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my two sons?" he said. "They are not far off," replied the mother: "but come, sit down, and give God thanks for His goodness." She reached him a goblet. Rabbi Meir praised God at the going out of the Sabbath. He drank of the cup, and asked again, "Where are my sons, that they also may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They are not far off," said the mother; and she then placed food before him, and he ate and drank, and was merry. When the wife saw her husband's heart was gladsome, she said, "Rabbi, I have a question for thee, wilt thou hear?" "Wife of my bosom, ask on, I will answer thee." "A few days ago," said the wife, "a traveller entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again. Should I return them?" "Woman, what askest thou? What! would'st thou not return to every one his own? Art thou slow to do what is right?" "No," she replied: "come with me, and I will show thee where the jewels are." She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white cloth from the dead bodies. "Here are the jewels." "Ah! my sons, my sons!" said the father, and he lifted up his voice and wept. The mother also turned away her head and wept. At last she took her husband's hand, and said,

“Rabbi, didst thou not say that we must be ready to restore what is given to our keeping? The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away.” “Blessed be the name of the Lord,” said the Rabbi; “and blessed be His name for my sake also, for it is written, ‘Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness.’”

#### AIDS TO PATIENCE.

Patience is not born with us; it must be acquired. And in order to acquire it, we must make use of the aids which will render us powerful assistance. The chief of these aids are four: the first is Forethought; the second is Self-conquest; the third is Self-reliance; the fourth is Obedience to Law.

#### FIRST AID: FORETHOUGHT.

God has given to man the power to look before and behind. Memory enables us to survey the past, Prudence or forethought to contemplate the future. We contemplate the future, so far as we are able to do so, by weighing probabilities with as much correctness as possible. Bishop Butler says in *The Analogy*, “Probability is the very guide of life.” To estimate probabilities aright is the essence of prudence. “The prudent man,” says Solomon, “foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself;” he foreseeth the evil because he is on the look-out; “but the simple pass on and are punished.” And again he says, “Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all

thy ways be established." As memory enables us to survey the past, memory should assist prudence in contemplating the future; that is, the remembrance of our past successes and failures, and their causes, should render us assistance in forming a judgment with regard to the future. This remembrance of the past is called Experience. Dr. Franklin says, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true that we may give advice, but cannot give conduct. Remember this: they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you do not hear Reason, she will rap your knuckles." Forethought anticipates difficulties, is not taken by surprise when they occur, nor turned from the right course by them. Solomon says, "The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself." The prudent man is the man that looks ahead and can see dangers that otherwise he would not see. Every man can see a pit when he has fallen into it, but the prudent man can see it and keep out of it.

#### THE PRUDENT COACHMAN.

A gentleman who wished to test the character of some men who had offered themselves for the situation of coachman, took them to a narrow road, which bordered on a deep precipice, and inquired of them how near to the dangerous verge they could drive without fear. One named a few inches; another still fewer. The gentleman shook his head, and dismissed them; they might tempt danger instead of seeking

safety. He could not risk his life with them. A third was taken to the precipice, and was asked the question, "How near this edge can you drive in safety?" He drew back, and said, "I should drive as far from it as possible; the place is dangerous. I should avoid it altogether if I could." The gentleman said, "You are the man I want;" and took him into his employ. He could be trusted, for he was too wise to encounter needless peril.

#### THE RECKLESSNESS OF YOUNG MEN.

If you have marked a party of young men every one of whom is unacquainted with the currents, sandbanks, and rocks, visible and invisible, with which the Frith of Forth is studded, proceeding in a boat on a pleasure-sail, you may have seen them all alert, and full of fun and frolic; and if the day was calm and the sea smooth, you may have observed them return in the evening well and happy, and altogether unconscious of the dangers to which their ignorance had exposed them. They may repeat the experiment and succeed, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, again and again: but how different would be the feelings of a prudent and experienced pilot, who knew every part of the channel, and who saw that on one day they had passed within three inches of a sunken rock, on which, if they had struck, their boat would have been smashed to pieces; on another, they had escaped by a few yards a dangerous sandbank; and on a third, they had with great difficulty been able to extricate themselves from a current which was rapidly carrying them towards a precipitous and rocky shore! The pilot's anxiety would probably be fully justified at length by the occurrence of one or other of these mischances, or by the upsetting of the boat in a squall, its destruction in a mist, or its driving out to sea when the wind aided an ebbing tide.

This is not an imaginary picture. In my own youth I happened to form one of such an inconsiderate party. The wind rose on us, and all our strength applied to the oars

scarcely sufficed to enable us to pull round a point of rock, on which the sea was beating with so much force that had we struck on it, our frail bark would never have withstood a second shock. Scarcely had we escaped this danger when we ran right in the way of a heavy man-of-war's boat, scudding at the rate of ten miles an hour before the wind, and which would have run us down but for the amazing promptitude of her crew, who in an instant extended twenty brawny arms over the side of their own boat, seized ours, and held it above water by main force, till they were able to clear away by our stern. The adventure was terminated by our being picked up by a revenue cutter, and brought safely into Leith harbour at a late hour in the evening. I have reflected since on the folly and presumptuous confidence of that excursion; but I never was aware of the full extent of the danger until many years subsequently, when I saw a regular chart of the Frith, in which the shoals, sunken rocks, and currents were conspicuously laid down for the direction of pilots who navigate those waters.

### SECOND AID TO PATIENCE: SELF-CONQUEST.

Without self-conquest, self-control is impossible. He who wishes to conquer difficulties must begin by conquering himself. And especially he whose duty will be to govern others must learn the art of governing himself. In self-control a man is master of himself; all the powers of his nature, his thoughts and feelings, are in subjection to his will; and his will obeys his conscience and reason. Solomon says, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." And a

modern writer says, "When a dog makes too free with you, jumps and bounds over you, you say, 'Down, Nero; down, sir!' This is what you must say when passion rises, 'Down, sir!'"

#### THE TWO BEES.

One fine morning in June, two young bees set out in quest of honey, the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant.

They presently arrived at an extensive garden, abounding with delicious fruits, and the most fragrant flowers. Here they regaled themselves with the various dainties that were spread before them; the one loaded her thighs, at intervals, with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelled in the sweets around her, making present gratification her only concern.

At length they found a phial, that hung beneath a peach-tree, filled with honey, ready tempered, and presenting the most alluring temptation to their taste. The thoughtless epicure, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friend, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge herself in all the pleasures of sensuality. Her philosophical companion sipped a little, indeed, with caution; but, suspicious of danger, she soon flew off again to fruits and flowers, where, by the moderation of her meals, she improved her relish for the true enjoyment of them.

Towards evening, however, she called upon her friend to inquire whether she would return with her to the hive; but she found her surfeited with sweets, which she could neither leave nor enjoy. Clogged in her wings, enfeebled in her feet, and her whole frame enervated, she was but just able to bid her friend adieu; and to lament, with her expiring breath, that *though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.*

## THE YOUNG LION.

An Indian once brought up a young lion; and, finding him weak and harmless, never attempted to control him. Every day the lion gained in strength, and became more unmanageable, until at last, when excited by rage, he fell upon the Indian, and tore him to pieces. Evil passion is like that lion. Men play and trifle with it in its first beginnings; and suddenly they discover to their consternation that its strength is beyond their control, and that they have become the victims of their own lawless passions.

## THE CHINESE GRANDFATHER.

It is recorded that an emperor of China, once making a progress through his dominions, was accidentally entertained in a house in which the master, with his wives, children, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, and servants, all lived together in perfect peace and harmony. The Emperor was struck with admiration at the spectacle, and requested the head of the family to inform him what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number and variety of persons. The old man, taking out a pencil, wrote down, "Patience—patience—patience."

## THIRD AID TO PATIENCE: SELF-RELIANCE.

Modesty is a very excellent thing. Like the dew upon herbage, it contributes both to its freshness and its growth. But false modesty, which prevents a man from knowing his strength and doing his duty, is a very bad thing. False modesty springs from indolence, from timidity, and even from pride; for these evil qualities not seldom appear in the garb of modesty, wearing thus a borrowed cloak. If a youth, that can very well walk half-a-dozen

miles, were to imagine that he is not strong enough to walk that distance, such a youth might think himself to be very modest, but would be very much mistaken. The great Duke of Wellington cultivated self-reliance, and was accustomed to say, "I never ask any one to do anything for me that I can do for myself."

#### THE FATHER WHO TAUGHT HIS SON SELF-RELIANCE.

Krummacher tells us of a countryman, the owner of great estates, noted for his wisdom and prudence, who was obliged to go on a journey for several months. He called his son, and gave him charge of all his property till his return. The youth was dismayed at the task; but his father bade him farewell, and departed. The youth, *Josef* by name, undertook the work with much fear; but took courage, and said, "My father has confided it to me; therefore I must fulfil my work." So he worked vigorously, and improved greatly. After many months the father returned, and found the estates, the flocks, and herds all in good order; and that the fame of his son was spread through all the country. Then the father praised the good management of his son. The son said, "But, my father, what if I had had ill success?" The father smiled, and said, "I knew your abilities, but you did not know them. I wished to give you self-reliance; therefore I demanded a great thing of you. You were a youth, but now you are become a man."

#### THE LARK AND HER YOUNG.

A lark having young ones, in a field of corn nearly ripe, began to fear lest the reapers might come to cut down the crop before her young brood should be fledged, and could thus be removed with safety. So, having occasion to fly abroad, in order to provide for their sustenance, she charged them, if



they should hear any discourse on the subject of the reaping, to listen attentively, and report it on her return.

She had not been long absent when the farmer entered the field with his son. "This corn," said he, "is ripe, I think. Go, George, and ask some of our neighbours to come in good time to-morrow to assist us with the reaping." On the return of the old lark, the young ones began quivering and chirping around her, telling her what had passed, and entreating her to remove them as quickly as possible. The mother assured them that there was no danger of their being speedily disturbed. "If the old farmer," said she, "depends upon his neighbours, the corn will not be reaped to-morrow."

The next morning, being again obliged to relinquish her charge, and go in quest of food, she left the same injunction as before. The farmer soon entered the field again; and being joined by his son, they waited till nearly noon, expecting the reapers, who had been requested to come and lend their assistance; but they waited in vain—not one appeared. At length, the old man turned to his son, and said, "I perceive, George, that these neighbours of ours are not to be depended upon. You must go to your cousins, and some of our friends, and desire them to be here betimes on the morrow to help us to reap." The younglings, on their mother's return, anxiously related the distressing news. "Oh!" says she, "if that be all, we need not yet be much alarmed; for *friends* and *relations* are seldom very forward to serve one another. But notice particularly what you hear the next time, and be sure you let me know."

She went abroad the next day as usual, and had scarcely left the field when the attention of the young brood was again arrested by the voice of the farmer, who, it appeared, had found his friends and relations as little to be depended upon as his neighbours. "Hark ye, George!" said he, "mind you get a couple of good sickles ready by to-morrow morning, and we will soon reap the corn ourselves." This peremptory order was likewise duly reported by the affrighted young

larks. "Now," said the mother, "we must indeed prepare to be gone. When a man undertakes to do his business *himself*, he runs no risk of disappointment." She removed her brood immediately; and the reaping was commenced by the farmer and his son the very next day.

#### THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

An old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. "What a fool is this fellow," says a man upon the road, "to be trudging it on foot with his son that his ass may go light!" The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him.

"Why, sirrah!" cries a second man to the boy, "is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot?" The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself.

"Do you see," says a third, "how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking?" The old man no sooner heard this than he took up his son behind him.

"Pray, honest friend," says a fourth, "is that ass your own?" "Yes," says the man. "One would not have thought so," replied the other, "by your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son are better able to carry the ass, than he you." "Anything to please," says the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together; and, by the help of a pole, endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town.

This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it, till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river.

The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed

and vexed that, by endeavouring to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

## ON DECISION OF CHARACTER

The great importance of this bold quality is generally acknowledged. Without it a human being, with powers at best but feeble, and surrounded by innumerable things tending to perplex, to divert, or to oppress their operations, is indeed a pitiable atom—the sport of diverse and casual impulses.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself, since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause (about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider) may capture the hapless boaster the very next moment, and triumphantly show the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and his will.

This man's opinions and determinations always depend very much on other human beings; and what chance for consistency and stability is there while the persons with whom he may converse, or transact, are so various? This very evening he may talk with a man whose sentiments will melt away the present form and outline of his purpose, however firm and defined he may have fancied them to be. An infirm character practically confesses itself made for subjection; and passes, like a slave, from owner to owner.

It is inevitable that the regulation of every man's plans must greatly depend on the course of events, which come in an order not to be foreseen or prevented. But even in accommodating the plans of conduct to the train of events, the difference between two men may be no less than that, in the one instance, the man is subservient to the events, and in the other, the events are made subservient to the man. It is wonderful how even the apparent casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them, and yield to assist a design after having in vain attempted to frustrate it.

In this distinction no man ever exceeded the illustrious

Howard. His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, like the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness, as if it had been nigh; and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it.

The last decisive energy of a rational courage, which confides in the Supreme Power, is very sublime. It makes a man who intrepidly dares everything that can oppose or attack him within the whole sphere of mortality--who would retain his purpose unshaken amid the ruins of the world--who will still press toward his object, while death is impending over him. It was in the true elevation of this character that *Daniel* braved in calm devotion the decree which consigned him to the den of lions.

#### FOURTH AID TO PATIENCE: OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

If a man lived, like Robinson Crusoe, on a desolate island, there would still be laws for him to observe and keep--the laws of nature. And what is nature? "Nature is the name for an effect, whose cause is GOD." The laws of nature are the laws of God, the laws which He has impressed on the works of His hands, on the earth we inhabit, on the sun, moon, and stars, and on ourselves, on the make or constitution of our body and soul. These laws are fixed and immutable. One of them is thus expressed by the Psalmist: "The sun knoweth his going down"; as though the sun were a personage endued with intelligence and will, he knows the exact time appointed for his setting--the hour, the minute,

the second. And so punctually does the glorious sun in the heavens obey his Creator's behest, that astronomers are able to tell us beforehand, in our almanacks, the exact instant when the sun will sink beneath the horizon on any given day. What we all need to learn with regard to the laws of nature, after learning what they are, is this: That we can no more alter them than we can cause the sun to set one instant sooner or later than the time appointed by Heaven. Instead of neglecting those laws, or attempting to run counter to them, our wisdom is to make ourselves acquainted with them, and to bring ourselves into harmony with them by obeying them. For instance, it is a natural law that flame will burn. With this law a young child is not acquainted. It has to be learned by every one of us. A little child looking at flame, instead of being terrified, is delighted at the spectacle; for, as a certain poet says, "How beautiful is flame!" The child has to learn, and perhaps by painful experience, that fire will burn and destroy. Now, let us mark it well, the child's ignorance is no protection against the painful and destructive effects of flame. Fire burns whether we are aware of the fact or not. This is one of the laws of nature. There are other laws of nature, which, for the sake of distinction, are called Moral laws, and which are just as certain in their operation. And to these

laws we must also direct our attention ; for we, none of us, live like Robinson Crusoe on a desolate island, but on an island inhabited by tens of millions of people. And, as one of the natural laws is that fire will burn, so one of the moral laws is that falsehood will burn ; it will burn up and destroy confidence between man and man. " If a man cheats you once, that is his fault ; if he cheats you twice, that is your fault for trusting him." This is a sentiment not seldom expressed, and it shows that dishonesty, though it may wrap itself up in a cloak of cunning, brings upon the dishonest man its own sure penalty, for it destroys confidence. But in addition to the laws of nature, there are other Divine laws needful to be known and obeyed—the laws of Providence as expressed in the government of individuals and nations. To bring ourselves into harmony with all the laws of God, both the laws of nature and of providence, is of prime importance to our peace of mind, and therefore to the promotion of a patient spirit. (At present we speak not of those higher laws, the laws of Divine grace ; they belong to the department, not of morality, but of religion.) In order to understand the laws of Divine providence, this paradox we must learn, that what it is wrong on the part of men to do, it may be perfectly right for God to permit them to do. This truth shines out most clearly in the history of Joseph and his

brethren. When Joseph was sold as a slave by his brothers, on their part this was great wickedness ; but so far as the providence of God was concerned, they were opening the way for Joseph to become the governor of the land of Egypt, and—mark it well!—all the sufferings he underwent as a slave and as a prisoner served to prepare him for the discharge of his exalted duties. Our wisdom, therefore, is, whatever we may think of men and their behaviour to us, to imitate the patience and faith of Joseph, and, like him, to bring ourselves into harmony with every *event* which the providence of God permits to take place ; in other words, to “make the best of it” : and *in this sense* to say, Whatever is is right. “So shalt thou find favour and good understanding”—or good success—“in the sight of God and man.”

## THE YOUNG MAN WHO NEGLECTED THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

A young man, newly entered into business, caught cold one evening on going home from the theatre. If he had lain in bed next day and taken a little medicine, the ailment would probably have left him : but, being anxious to attend to his business, which required his utmost care, he could not submit to even one day's confinement. He went to his desk, and, that evening, as might have been expected, was a little worse. Being of a sanguine disposition, and resolute to attend to the duties of business, he still persisted in going out, the consequence of which was that his throat became more inflamed ; but, feeling no great pain, he did not conceive that he was in any danger. He even took a journey on the top of a coach

by night, in order to despatch some piece of business about which he was anxious. His voice then sank to a whisper, yet he still attended to his mercantile duties. At length, a medical man, who chanced to be in his warehouse, one day, observing his condition, told him that he was risking his life by being out of bed, and recommended him immediately to go home and call on his ordinary surgeon.

The young man complied with reluctance. Every effort was made to cure him, but in vain. The top of his windpipe, and the tubes leading down to the lungs, had become ulcerated beyond cure; and he died in the course of a few weeks, lamented by all his family and friends. Thus was a young man, of amiable character and full of promise, cut off in the beginning of his days through neglecting the laws of health.

#### ADVANTAGES OF PATIENCE.

##### FIRST ADVANTAGE: SELF-POSSESSION.

Presence of mind in the midst of difficulty or danger is of great value. He who is accustomed to exercise patience has habitual possession of his powers of body and of mind; he is not liable to be taken by surprise and thrown off his guard, at those critical moments when safety depends on presence of mind and promptitude of action.

##### OPP. SITE CONDUCT OF TWO LADIES IN A BURNING HOUSE.

The mistress of a family was awakened during the night by flames bursting through the wainscot into her chamber. She flew to the staircase, and in her confusion, instead of going upstairs to call her children, who slept together in the nursery overhead, and who might all have escaped by the top of the house, she ran down, and with much danger made her way through the fire into the street. When she got there



the thought of her poor children rushed into her mind, but it was too late. The stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burned in their beds.

Another lady was awakened one night by the crackling of fire, and saw it shining under her chamber floor. Her husband would immediately have opened the door, but she prevented him, since the smoke and flames would then have burst in upon them. The children, with a maid, slept in a room opening out of theirs. She went and awakened them; and, tying together the sheets and the blankets, she let down the maid from the window first, and then let down the children one by one to her. Last of all she descended herself. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

#### REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.

In a solitary house on Wandsworth Common, about the beginning of the present century, lived a gentleman and his niece; their only domestics consisting of a butler and two female servants. This gentleman possessed a great deal of valuable family plate, and having occasion to go from home for several days, he gave his niece the key of the strong closet in which it was kept, requesting that she would herself take charge of it.

A day or two afterwards, the butler came to his mistress, saying that he thought it would be a good opportunity for him to clean the plate, as he knew his master was particular about its being nicely kept, and requesting that he might have the key of the closet for that purpose. She was on the point of giving it to him, when something in the expression of the man's eyes made her hesitate, and, replacing the key in her pocket, she merely said that her uncle had left no orders to that effect, and that she should prefer its being left till his return. Surprised to find that the butler still persisted in his request, the young lady spoke still more decidedly,

saying she never interfered with her uncle's arrangements ; and the discomfited butler went downstairs, leaving his young mistress not a little astonished at his strange behaviour.

That night, after locking her bedroom door as usual, she was walking towards the dressing-table with the candlestick in her hand, and was not a little startled to observe this man crouching down behind the easy chair which stood near the wall. In an instant his conduct in the morning flashed across her mind, and she was no longer at a loss to account for his motive in wishing to possess himself of the key. Determined not to betray by look or gesture that she was aware of his presence, she quietly put down the candlestick, and setting herself in a chair beside the dressing-table, took up her Bible and endeavoured to read, praying most earnestly that she might be enabled to do whatever was right. Human help she had no means of obtaining, for even were he to allow her to leave the room—which was not at all probable—she wisely judged that to call two terrified maids to her assistance would be worse than having no help at all. Therefore, commending herself to the protection of the all-powerful Saviour, she remained with her eyes for some time fixed upon her Bible, now and then turning over its sacred pages, and gradually becoming calm and self-possessed.

At length she resolved what to do, and rising from her seat, proceeded to undress as usual, first taking the key of the plate-closet from her pocket and putting it down with some little noise that the man might know where to find it. She then knelt by her bedside, and, after silently imploring the protection and the wisdom she so sorely needed, lit the rushlight on the hearth and extinguished the candle. As this extraordinary girl laid her head upon her pillow, it was in the firm assurance that nothing could happen to her without her heavenly Father's knowledge and permission.

After a while she heard the chair gently pushed, and through her closed eyelashes could see the man cross the room, and take up the key and the candlestick. He then

lit the candle and came to the bedside. She had just time to see some kind of instrument in his hand, but lay perfectly still, breathing as regularly as a little child. She felt the bed-clothes drawn down from her face, and knew that he was watching her countenance most intently. He then went to the foot of the bed and stood for some minutes so as to throw the full light of the candle on her face. At last, to her intense relief, he appeared to be satisfied that she was asleep, and left the room, leaving the chamber door partly open. She then heard him unlock the strong closet at the end of the gallery,—into which her own room and the other principal bedrooms opened,—and begin to move the plate about as though he were proceeding to pack it up. Believing that he would have left the key in the door, she instantly resolved, if possible, to save her uncle's plate and to secure the thief. Throwing something around her, she stole along the gallery, and finding the key where she expected, she suddenly closed the door and locked him in. In vain did the man alternately call and threaten, and promise what he would do if she would only let him out. With the key in her hand, she ran upstairs to arouse the women-servants, who were not a little amazed to see their young lady standing beside them with such a story to tell. Neither of them wished for any more sleep that night; and as soon as they were dressed they all sat up together, watching and waiting for the daylight.

When morning came, the thief was soon removed to prison by the proper officers. When tried for the offence, he admitted that had he believed it possible for any young lady to behave as his mistress had done, he would certainly have taken her life; but she had completely thrown him off his guard; and when he saw her, as he supposed, so soundly asleep, he did not like to hurt her, for she had always been kind to him.

The presence of mind displayed by this young lady was most exemplary. Absence of fear on occasions of sudden and peculiar danger is a rare quality, and of inestimable value; and is the result of moral training as well as of

constitutional courage. But we see also that this young person was accustomed to read the Bible and to pray to God; this was the main cause of the strength of mind displayed by her in the time of need.

## SECOND ADVANTAGE OF PATIENCE: ATTENTION, OR POWER OF THOUGHT.

Attention is nothing else but patient thinking. And yet it was to this that Sir Isaac Newton attributed his success in making the discoveries which have immortalised his name; nor is it too much to say concerning it that it lies at the root of all mental and moral excellence. But how is the power of patient thinking to be acquired? We see the pains that are taken to break in a colt, so as to make it perfectly obedient, without depriving it of one particle of its strength and spirit; and similar pains we ought to take in order to acquire the control of our minds, and become able to keep our thought steadily fixed on a subject until we have mastered it. We should carefully avoid the mistake which is made by some young men, whose minds are like an unruly colt, and who mistake unruliness for genius. Wildness is weakness: it is only a mind thoroughly disciplined in all its powers that is capable of putting forth all its strength. This excellent discipline is especially afforded by the study of the mathematics, which trains us in the habit of consecutive and patient thinking. When

we have acquired the command of our thoughts we shall discover that the chief difficulty in acquiring the knowledge of languages or of sciences, is not in the languages or the sciences, but in ourselves; that he who can master his mind has gained the power to master any subject that is within the range of his abilities; and that many subjects are within that range which he previously thought were altogether beyond it.

In proof and illustration of the importance of cultivating the power of attention, take the case of the Memory. In learning any language or science much depends on the memory rendering faithful service. If the memory be like an unfaithful servant, who forgets what he has been repeatedly told, and whose word cannot be relied on, the progress made in study will be slow, uncertain, and disheartening. But, in truth, if a person's memory serves him badly, the fault is not in the servant, but in the master; in this case a bad master makes a bad servant, and a good master will make a good servant. The way to make a right use of the memory is this: Fix your undivided attention on the word or the object which you wish to remember, and you will find that a deep and enduring impression has been made on your mind, like that made by a seal on molten wax. But if, when you are thinking on one thing, you suffer your thoughts to fly off to some other

thing, then the impression made on your mind will be a mixed impression, confused and indistinct, neither one thing nor another. People who complain of having a bad memory should complain of themselves for trying to think of two things at the same time. The secret of a good memory is this: Think of one thing at once.

#### SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

One day, when Sir Isaac Newton was sitting alone in his garden, he saw an apple falling from a tree to the ground. Tens of thousands of people, in all ages, had seen apples falling to the ground, and had thought no more of it. But Sir Isaac said to himself: Is there not a cause? Is the cause to be found in the apple or in the earth? Is there some power or force in the apple which causes it to fall, or does the power reside in the earth which draws the apple down? He came to the conclusion that the power resides in the earth, and that universal gravitation is the law of the universe. This was not a mere thought of his, but a thought which he proved to be correct, by a wonderful series of mathematical demonstrations. Thus the moon, though a large globe, is subject to the attraction of the earth; and the planets are subject to the attraction of the sun. These discoveries are among the most important ever made; they show that the force of gravity, which draws an apple to the earth, binds together the whole universe, suns, and worlds, and systems.

#### THE INDIAN AND THE STOLEN VENISON.

When attention is applied to the objects of the world around us, we call it Observation. And this faculty or power is the same both in savage and in sage. A North American Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry,

was stolen. After making his observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Meeting with some persons, he inquired if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They answered in the affirmative; and when the Indian assured them that the man had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a man whom he had never seen.

The Indian replied:—"The thief, I know, is a *little* man by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it while standing on the ground. That he is an *old* man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods. That he is a *white* man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short* from the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark off the tree against which it leaned. That his dog is *small*, I know by his track: and that he has a *bob-tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust, where he was sitting, while his master was busied about my meat."

### THIRD ADVANTAGE OF PATIENCE: ELOQUENCE, OR POWER OF SPEECH.

Speech is the glory of man, for it is the efflux of reason. That speech is the outflow of reason is seen in the fact that when the reasoning powers are imperfect, speech is imperfect, as in the jabbering of the idiot. True eloquence consists in speaking to the point, and in speaking so as to carry your point; that is, in speaking so as to convince the

judgment and persuade the will. In speaking to the point, all that we say should converge to one focus, like the rays of light in a burning glass. In order to carry your point, it is necessary to understand not only the subject on which you are speaking, but the audience you are addressing; for the arguments which will prevail with one person may not prevail with another. In addressing a mixed multitude, therefore, it is necessary to employ arguments of various sorts. The power of speech, like the power of thought and the power of action, may receive cultivation; and by means of patient and intelligent labour, may undergo great improvement.

#### DEMOSTHENES.

• Demosthenes is usually considered the greatest orator of ancient times. The difficulties which he encountered in developing his oratorical power are thus described by Plutarch : "In his first address to the people, he was laughed at, and interrupted by their clamours; for the violence of his manner threw his sentences into confusion, and caused his arguments to become distorted. Besides, he had a weakness, a stammering in his voice, and a want of breath, which caused such a distraction in his discourse that it was difficult to understand him. The hesitation and the stammering of his tongue he corrected by practising to speak with pebbles in his mouth; and he strengthened his voice by running or walking uphill, and pronouncing some passages in an oration or poem during the difficulty of breathing which that caused."



#### FOURTH ADVANTAGE OF PATIENCE: INDUSTRY, OR POWER OF ACTION.

“Employment is nature’s medicine,” said Galen, the ancient physician. And as a general rule, if we use nature’s medicine aright, taking neither too little nor too much of it, we shall find that no other medicine is necessary. Diligence is a means of health to both body and mind. Diligence is derived from the Latin word *diligo*, “I love,” and teaches us that true diligence depends on our loving the work in which we are engaged; when, as sailors say, we “work with a will.” It is by means of diligence that a man’s powers, both physical and mental, attain to their due and full development. When any one does a piece of work, therefore, he should not only do it for the sake of the work, but so do it that by doing it he may become a better and still better workman. If he does the work simply for the sake of doing it, he will be content with doing it well; but if he has in view the development of his powers, he will not be content without doing it as well as he possibly can. These two methods of working conduce to very different results. They are like two lines of railway, which for some distance run very close to each other and then separate, one running to the east and the other to the west. In the one case the powers of the workman would be in a state of stagnation,

if that were possible, but as that is not possible, instead of improvement there is decline; in the other case the powers of the workman are in a process of continual enlargement and growth. In the former case there will be in the work the absence of what is called finish; in the latter case its presence will not only give value to the work, but be the token of the true workman.

#### THE TWO APPRENTICES.

Two boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read, and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading; the other liked fun best, and often went with other boys to have a good time. "Come," he would say to his shopmate, "leave your old books. Come with us. What's the use of all this reading?" The other answered: "If I waste these golden moments, I shall lose what I shall never make up." While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of two thousand dollars—about four hundred pounds—appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State House, to be erected in one of the eastern states of America. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and was determined to try for the prize. Perhaps he did not really expect to gain it, but still he thought, "There is nothing like trying." After a careful study, he drew out his plans and sent them to the committee. In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect, of the name of Washington Wilberforce, lived there. "No," said the carpenter, "no architect, but I have got an apprentice of that name." "Let me see him," said the gentleman. The young man was summoned and informed that his plans were accepted, and that the two

thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building, and his employer was so pleased with his success, that he willingly gave him his time and let him go. The studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in the United States. He made a fortune, and rose high in public estimation, while his fellow-apprentice could hardly earn food for himself and family by daily labour.

#### MICHAEL ANGELO.

A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?" "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out that muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

#### SUCCESS IN POLITICS.

Success in politics is achieved less by talent than by temper, less by genius than by character. If a man have not self-control, he will lack patience, be wanting in tact, and have neither the power of governing himself nor of managing others. When the quality most needed in a prime minister was the subject of conversation in the presence of Mr. Pitt, one of the speakers said it was eloquence, another said it was knowledge, and a third said it was toil. "No," said Pitt; "it is patience!" And patience means self-control, a quality in which he himself was superb. His friend George Rose has said of him, that he never once saw Pitt out of temper. Yet, although patience is usually regarded as a "slow" virtue, Pitt combined with it the most extraordinary readiness,

vigour, and rapidity of thought, as well as action. Pitt became prime minister in 1783, when only in his twenty-fifth year. His political opponents scoffed at the prime minister's youth :—

“ A sight to make surrounding nations stare,  
A kingdom trusted to a school-boy's care.”

#### SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

The following extract from a letter of M. Boyd, Esq., is given by Earl Stanhope in his *Miscellanies* :—“ There was a circumstance told me by the late Mr. Christmas, who for many years held an important official situation in the Bank of England. He was, I believe, in early life a clerk in the Treasury, or one of the Government offices, and for some time acted for Mr. Pitt as his confidential clerk, or temporary private secretary. Christmas was one of the most obliging men I ever knew, and from the position he occupied was constantly exposed to interruptions, yet I never saw his temper in the least ruffled. One day I found him more than usually engaged, having a mass of accounts to prepare for one of the law courts ; there was still the same equanimity, and I could not resist the opportunity of asking the old gentleman the secret. ‘ Well, Mr. Boyd, you shall know it. Mr. Pitt gave it to me :—not to lose my temper, if possible, at any time, and never during the hours of business. My labours here, in the Bank of England, commence at nine and end at three, and acting on the advice of the illustrious statesman, I never lose my temper during those hours.’ ”

#### PRINCE ALBERT'S INDUSTRY AND CHARACTER.

The year 1848 was to him a year of thorough hard work, but as to that he felt no regret. Fitted by natural endowments and by liberal education to shine in the drawing-room, and in any gathering of talent and refinement, he found himself providentially placed in a position to fulfil the duties

of which, according to his own estimate of them, required him not only to give that intelligent attention to European politics which is a pleasure to most men of any mark, but also to labour at the desk with a drudgery which a banker's clerk would have felt to be very hard ; but this was lightened to him by the reflection that it saved a vast amount of trouble to the Queen, and so was both his duty and his privilege.

In 1847, he had begun the practice of making a *précis* of all despatches and State documents that went through the Queen's hands, arranging and indexing them for reference ; and when we find that in 1848 alone, twenty-eight thousand despatches were received at the Foreign Office, or sent out therefrom, all of which came before Her Majesty, we may form some slight idea of his ordinary every day's work.

The Prince's character and career cannot be summed up in better words than those of the poet laureate, in his *Dedication to The Idylls of the King* :

“ We have lost him ; he is gone ;  
 We know him now ; all narrow jealousies  
 Are silent ; and we see him as he moved,  
 How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,  
 With what sublime repression of himself,  
 And in what limits, and how tenderly :  
 Not swaying to this faction, or to that ;  
 Not making his high place the lawless perch  
 Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground  
 For pleasure, but through all this tract of years  
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

“ Sweet nature, gilded by the gracious gleam  
 Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,  
 Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,  
 Beyond all titles, and a household name,  
 Hereafter, through all times, ALBERT THE GOOD.”

## THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

In days of yore, when Time was young,  
 When birds conversed as well as sung,  
 When power of speech was not confined  
 To animals of human kind,—  
 A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,  
 The genius of the neighbouring plain,  
 Would oft deride the trudging crowd ;  
 For geniuses are ever proud.  
 He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,  
 For dog and horse, he'd beat them hollow ;  
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,  
 Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,  
 And vented thus his indignation :  
 " O Puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace  
 When *I* defy thee to the race.  
 Come, 'tis a match ; nay, no denial ;  
 I lay my shell upon the trial."  
 'Twas done and done—all fair—a bet—  
 Judges prepared, and distance set.  
 The scampering hare outstripp'd the wind ;  
 The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind ;  
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole,  
 When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.

" Friend Tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,  
 " Your burden's more than you can bear ;  
 To help your speed, it were as well  
 That I should ease you of your shell ;  
 Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee ;  
 I'll take a *nap*, and then be with thee."  
 The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,  
 But still resolved to persevere ;  
 Still drawl'd along, as one might say,  
 Winning, like Fabius, by delay

On to the goal securely crept,  
While Puss, unknowing, soundly slept.

The bets were won ; the hare awoke,  
And thus the victor tortoise spoke :—  
“ Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,  
Things are not always done by starts ;  
You may deride my awkward pace,  
But *slow and steady* wins the race.”

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;  
His face is like the tan :  
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;  
He earns whate'er he can ;  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat, and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among the boys ;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach ;  
 He hears his daughter's voice  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
 Singing in Paradise !  
 He needs must think of her once more  
 How in the grave she lies ;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begun,  
 Each evening sees its close :  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shap'd  
 Each burning deed and thought.

#### THE LABOUR REQUISITE TO FORM AN ARTIST.

*(From an Address of Mr. Ruskin to Students at Oxford.)*

You will, I doubt not, willingly permit me to begin your lessons on real practice of art in words of higher authority than mine, the words of the greatest of English painters, one also than whom there is indeed no greater among those of any nation, or any time,—our own gentle Reynolds.

He says in his first discourse : " The directors"—of the Academy—" ought more particularly to watch over the genius of those students who, being more advanced, are



arrived at that critical period of study on the nice management of which their future turn of taste depends. At that age it is natural for them to be more captivated with what is brilliant than with what is solid, and to prefer splendid negligence to painful and humiliating exactness.

“A facility in composing, a lively, and what is called a masterly handling of the chalk or pencil, are, it must be confessed, captivating qualities to young minds, and become, of course, the objects of their ambition. They endeavour to imitate these dazzling excellences, which they will find no great labour in attaining. After much time spent in these frivolous pursuits, the difficulty will be to retreat; but it will then be too late; and there is scarcely an instance of return to scrupulous labour after the mind has been debauched and deceived by this fallacious mastery.”

I read you these words chiefly that Sir Joshua, who founded, as first President, the Academical School of English Painting, in these well-known discourses, may also begin, as he has truest right to do, our system of instruction in this university. But secondly, I read them that I may press on your attention these singular words, “painful and humiliating exactness”: singular, as expressing the first conditions of the study required from his pupils by the master, who, of all men except Velasquez, seems to have painted with the greatest ease. It is true that he asks this pain, this humiliation, only from youths who intend to follow the profession of artists. But if you wish yourselves to know anything of the practice of art, you must not suppose that because your study will be more desultory than that of Academy students, it may therefore be less accurate. The shorter the time you have to give, the more careful you should be to spend it profitably; and I would not wish you to devote one hour to the practice of drawing unless you are resolved to be informed in it of all that in an hour can be taught.

## PART IV.

**HONESTY, GOODNESS, AND PATIENCE,  
IN THEIR COMBINATION.**

**T**HE results of the combination of these three qualities may be thus described:—first, the Formation of Temper; secondly, the Enlightenment of Conscience; and thirdly, the Development of Character.

**FIRST RESULT: THE FORMATION OF TEMPER.**

Good temper does not depend on patience alone; it depends on patience combined with honesty and goodness. Honesty teaches us not to be unreasonable in our expectations as to what others ought to do; goodness teaches us not to be selfish nor unkind; patience teaches us not to be fickle and capricious; and in their combination they remove the causes of bad temper. If you wish to build a house, you must begin by clearing away the stones and rubbish that cover the selected site, but still the house remains to be built; and when the causes of bad temper have been removed, the edifice of good temper has yet to be erected. It should be built on a firm foundation, that it may

stand a storm; and while other houses are overthrown or unroofed, that it may pass through the storm without the loss of a single tile.

Good temper, as we have seen, does not consist in patience alone; it springs, in fact, from the state of the soul. If the soul is in a healthy state, good temper is easy and natural, as well as pleasant and delightful to ourselves and others. If the soul is in a diseased condition, bad temper is the inevitable result. On this point, let us listen to the following judicious advice, given to us by a lady from whose excellent writings we have already had occasion to quote, Mrs. Ellis.

“Ill-temper should always be regarded as a disease, both in ourselves and in others, and as such, instead of our either irritating or increasing it, we should rather endeavour to subdue the symptoms of the disease by the most careful and unremitting efforts. A bad temper, although the most pitiable of infirmities, from the misery it entails on its possessor, is almost invariably opposed by harshness, severity, or contempt. It is true that all symptoms of disease exhibited by bad temper in others have a strong tendency to call forth the same in ourselves; but this arises in great measure from not considering the case as it really is. If a friend or a relative, for instance, is afflicted with the gout, how carefully do we

walk past his footstool, how tenderly do we remove everything which can increase his pain, how softly do we touch the affected part! And why should we not exercise the same kind feeling towards a person afflicted with a bad temper, which of all human maladies is unquestionably the greatest?

“The next point we have to take into account is this, that habitual cheerfulness is a duty we owe to ourselves and to society. We all have our little troubles, if we choose to brood over them, and even youth is not exempt; but the habit may be acquired of setting them aside for the sake of others, of evincing a willingness to join in general conversation, to smile at what is generally entertaining, and to seek out subjects for remark which are likely to interest and please. . . . A cheerful temper—not occasionally, but habitually cheerful—is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial in its influence, and always approached with a confidence that it will comfort us and do us good.”

PICTURE OF A FRETFUL MAN.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,  
 You always do too little or too much ;  
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,—  
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;  
 You fall at once into a lower key,—  
 That's worse ! the drone-pipe of an humble-bee.  
 The southern sash admits too strong a light,—  
 You rise and drop the curtain,—now, 'tis night !

He shakes with cold,—you stir the fire and strive  
 To make a blaze,—that's roasting him alive.  
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish :  
 With sole,—that's just the sort he would not wish.  
 He takes what he, at first, professed to loathe,  
 And in due time feeds heartily on both :  
 Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,  
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.  
 Your hope to please him vain on every plan,  
 Himself should work that wonder, if he can.  
 Alas ! his efforts double his distress,  
 He likes yours little, and his own still less.  
 Thus always teasing others, always teased,  
 His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

## JOHN WESLEY.

John Wesley preached on an average fifteen sermons a week. Instead of breaking down under it, when seventy-three years of age he writes that he is far abler to preach than when he was three-and-twenty. His brow was smooth, his complexion ruddy, and his voice strong and clear, so that a very large audience could hear him without difficulty. This vigour he ascribes to continual travelling, early rising, good sleep, and an even temper. “ *I feel and grieve*, but, by the grace of God, *I fret* at nothing.”

## THE LONDON QUAKER.

A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant became so enraged that he was determined, notwithstanding the persuasions of the Quaker, to institute a lawsuit. The Quaker, being desirous of settling the matter in a friendly manner, called at the house of the merchant, and inquired of the servant for his master. The merchant heard the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs, “ Tell that rascal I am not at home.” The

Quaker, looking up at him, calmly said, "Well, friend, may God put thee in a better mind." The merchant was subdued by the kindness of the reply, and after careful consideration, became convinced that he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you: How were you able to bear my abuse with so much patience?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spoke very loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should keep down my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key: and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

#### GOOD TEMPER AND COMFORT.

Only the nation which invented "comfort" was capable of conceiving "good temper"; for good temper is to the moral what comfort is to the physical man. It is the most contented, the most *comfortable* state of the soul, the greatest happiness both for those who possess it and for those who feel its influence. With gentleness in his own character, comfort in his house, and good temper in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete.

#### GOOD TEMPER BOTH CHEAP AND DEAR.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,  
 Nor yet one half so dear;  
 'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,  
 Or thousands gain'd a year.  
 It lends the day a new delight,  
 'Tis virtue's firmest shield,  
 And adds more beauty to the night  
 Than all the stars may yield.

A charm to banish grief away,  
 To snatch the brow from care ;  
 Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay,  
 Spread gladness everywhere.  
 And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew  
 That gems the lily's breast ;  
 A talisman for love, as true  
 As ever man possess'd.

What may this wondrous spirit be,  
 With power unheard before,—  
 This charm, this bright divinity ?  
 GOOD TEMPER !—nothing more.  
 Good temper ! 'tis the choicest gift  
 That woman homeward brings,  
 And can the poorest peasant lift  
 To bliss unknown to kings.

## ADMIRATION, THE FLOWER OF GOOD TEMPER.

It is in the season of youth, while the character is forming, that the impulse to admire is the greatest. As we advance in life, we crystallise into habit, and "*Nil admirari*" too often becomes our motto. It is well to encourage the admiration of great characters while the nature is plastic and open to impressions, for if the good are not admired—as most men will have their heroes of some sort—most probably the great bad may be taken by them for models. Hence it always rejoiced Dr. Arnold to hear his pupils expressing admiration of great deeds, or full of enthusiasm for persons or even for scenery. "I believe," said he, "that '*Nil admirari*' is the devil's favourite text, and he could not choose a better to introduce his pupils into the more esoteric parts of his doctrine. And, therefore, I have always looked upon a man infected with the disorder of anti-romance as one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish."

It was a fine trait in the character of Prince Albert that he was always so ready to express generous admiration of the good deeds of others. "He had the greatest delight," says the ablest delineator of his character, "in anybody else saying a fine saying, or doing a great deed. He would rejoice over it, and talk about it for days; and whether it was a thing nobly said or done by a little child or by a veteran statesman, it gave him equal pleasure. He delighted in humanity doing well on any occasion, or in any manner."

"No quality," said Dr. Johnson, "will get a man more friends than a sincere admiration of the qualities of others. It indicates generosity of nature, frankness, cordiality, and cordial recognition of merit." It was to the sincere—it might almost be said the reverential—admiration of Johnson by Boswell that we owe one of the best biographies ever written. "Boswell wrote a good book," says Carlyle, "because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent; and above all, because of his love and child-like openmindedness."

### **SECOND RESULT: THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF CONSCIENCE.**

Conscience has been placed by God in the soul of man as His vicegerent, to rule in His name and by His authority. Conscience is not an independent ruler. If it sets up to be such, it becomes thereby a rebel against the sovereign and absolute authority of God. Every man should remember that God has created both him and his conscience. Therefore no man ought ever to say concerning anything that God has commanded that his conscience will not



permit him to do it. Conscience needs to be both instructed and trained for the discharge of its solemn duties. If a man is ignorant, his conscience will be ignorant; therefore instruction is necessary. But mere instruction is not enough; the conscience must be not only taught, but trained. This training takes place when the soul is duly exercised in the virtues of honesty, goodness, and patience. The practical knowledge thus acquired is as much superior to theoretical knowledge as doing our duty is superior to merely knowing it. When the soul has been duly trained in habits of honesty, the conscience acquires correct perceptions on all things relating to honesty. When it has been exercised in habits of kindness, the conscience acquires delicate perceptions in relation to kindness. And when courage and fortitude have been exercised, courage and clear sight are found to be one and the same. There is then no danger of "calling evil good, and good evil; of putting darkness for light and light for darkness; of putting bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter."

When conscience is duly obeyed, "the bird in the bosom" sings sweetly. But when conscience is disobeyed, let us hear how it speaks. "Here is a boy who, to escape blame, tells a falsehood: 'Liar!' cries out conscience. Here is a boy who is ashamed to do right, lest others should laugh at him:

‘Coward!’ cries conscience. Here is a boy who has taken what is not his own: ‘Thief!’ cries conscience.”

Conscience must be obeyed. The way to know what conscience requires is this. Before you undertake to do anything, always ask the question, Is it right? Both ask the question and answer it. Three answers are possible: Yes, No, and I don't know.

If the answer is “Yes,” that is, if you feel sure that the thing is right, and proper to be done by you at that time, in that case do it. It must not only be right in itself, but proper to be done by you at that time, for there are some things that are quite right that are not proper to be done there and then. For instance, it may be quite right for you to take a walk, because walking is a very useful exercise, and conducive to health; but it is not right for you to take a walk when you ought to be attending to study or to business. And this introduces us to the word *Expedient*, a word that ought to be very clearly understood. For want of understanding this word, some good men have made some great mistakes. There are some things which are right, but are not expedient; but there is nothing truly expedient unless it be also right. Compare Right to a circle: there is nothing expedient that is outside the circumference of that

circle. Before you can raise a question, therefore, concerning a given action, or course of action, as to whether it is expedient or not, the question must first be asked, Is it right? For if it is not right, it cannot possibly be expedient. If it is right, and if it is also expedient, this is true expediency. But there is a false expediency, against which we cannot be too carefully on our guard. A person sees, or thinks he sees, that certain advantages would flow from a certain action. He comes to the conclusion that, in order to secure those advantages, it is expedient that he should do that thing. He has no intention of doing wrong, but his intention to do right, and to avoid doing wrong, is not so strong as it ought to be. His only intention is to secure certain advantages. He looks at securing those advantages, and at nothing else. He asks the question, Is it expedient? and quite forgets to ask the question which ought to be asked first of all, Is it right? And, in this way, many persons have been led to "do evil that good may come." Thus, not very long ago, there were Englishmen who thought it was quite right to reduce negroes to a state of slavery. They thought it was *expedient* to do so, because of the advantages that would flow to themselves from the possession of negro slaves. But this was *false* expediency. And when at length the conscience of English people awoke on this

subject, the question was asked, IS IT RIGHT? In tones of thunder Conscience answered, No. And then the British nation resolved to pay down twenty millions out of the national exchequer, in order to ransom the slaves in the West Indies, and to set them free. And the page on which this act is recorded is the brightest page in British history.

We have said that three answers may be given, in different cases, to the question, Is it right? We have dealt with the first answer, which is "Yes," and now proceed to deal with the second answer, which is "No." You ask conscience the question, Is it right? and you receive this answer: No, it is wrong. Now what are you going to do? Are you going to ask the question over again, in the hope that conscience will be induced to give a different answer, and say, Well, perhaps it is not very wrong? This is called paltering with conscience; and you cannot slide into a worse habit than that of trifling with conscience. It is an evil habit which is the parent of all other evil habits. It is very easy to get into this habit, and very difficult to get out of it. It is like the pit into which Joseph was cast by his brothers. They knew that if they cast him in, he could not get out again without their help, for all such pits in the East are wide at the bottom and narrow at the top. That you may not get into such a pit, pray to God that

you may never be guilty of the sin and folly of paltering with conscience. When conscience has once said No, remember the Warwickshire proverb, "Once is as good as a hundred times." Take your stand, and resolve that, with the help of God, no power on earth shall compel you to do what you know is wrong; and care not for the sneers of your companions, for worldly loss, or aught else.

We now come to the third answer which conscience may sometimes honestly give—"I don't know." Let us step aside for a moment from matters of conscience to matters of prudence, and listen to the great Duke of Wellington, who was a man of strong common-sense. When a person had done some foolish thing, and tried to excuse himself by saying, "Well, I really did not know what to do," the Duke would reply, "When I don't know what to do, I do *nothing*." Now this is a wise rule in matters of prudence, but in matters of conscience it is absolutely necessary. If you are in doubt, wait for light, and seek it from the Father of lights, who has promised to give wisdom, and to give it liberally to every man that asketh in faith. But as long as doubt remains, it is your wisdom and your duty to do *nothing*.

The uniform and authoritative voice of conscience is this: DO YOUR DUTY! And Carlyle gives excellent advice when he says, "Let him who gropes

painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this principle well to heart, which to me has been of invaluable service: *Do the duty which lies nearest thee*, which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer."

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,  
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;  
 To increase a stranger's treasures,  
 O'er the raging billows borne,  
 Men from England bought and sold me,  
 Paid my price in paltry gold ;  
 But, though slave they have enrolled me,  
 Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,  
 What are England's rights, I ask,  
 Me from my delights to sever,  
 Me to torture, me to task ?  
 Fleecy locks and black complexion  
 Cannot alter nature's claim ;  
 Skins may differ, but affection  
 Dwells in white and black the same

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,  
 Is there One who reigns on high ?  
 Hath He bid you buy and sell us,  
 Speaking from His throne the sky ?  
 Ask Him if your knotted scourges,  
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
 Are the means that duty urges  
 Agents of His will to use ?

Hark! He answers—wild tornadoes,  
 Strowing yonder sea with wrecks,  
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
 Are the voice with which He speaks.  
 He, foreseeing what vexations  
 Afric's sons should undergo,  
 Fixed their tyrants' habitations  
 Where His whirlwinds answer—NO.

#### THE UNSEEN WITNESS.

There is a little machine, made rather like a clock, which can be fastened on a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable-keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting; and by this means he could tell exactly how many miles any one went who hired it. Two young men once hired it to go to a town about ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town about five miles further, thus making the distance they travelled thirty miles instead of twenty. When they returned, the owner of the carriage, without being observed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them.

"Where we said we were going," was the answer.

"Have you not been further than that?"

"Oh no!" they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

"Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened, and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were recorded. The young men were astonished at this testimony of an unerring witness, that they had carried with them all the

way. Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go, we carry it with us. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, our words, and our thoughts. The day is coming when God will touch the spring, and all that is written there will then be seen. The name of that witness is Conscience.

### THIRD RESULT: THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

Character and Reputation are like the substance and its shadow. Character is what you are in yourself; Reputation is what people think of you. The shadow may be sometimes a little longer, and at other times a little shorter; but, in the main, among unprejudiced people, the substance and the shadow will answer to each other. Reputation is important. Solomon says, "A good name is better than precious ointment." Precious ointment is good, for it diffuses a pleasant and refreshing perfume; but a good name is better, for it diffuses a perfume still more pleasant and refreshing. Therefore those persons who say, "I don't care what people say about me," are neither to be commended nor imitated. But however valuable Reputation may be, Character is still more valuable.

What is Character? It is made up of Habits, and habits spring from Acts. When you have done a thing once, it is easier to do it a second time, and easier still to do it a third time; and so



on, until use becomes a kind of second nature. Therefore, in whatever affects your moral character, if it is not right to do a thing, beware how you suffer yourself to do it once. The Italians have a proverb, which is of a most dangerous character: "Once is never." That proverb is foolish and false; and, most probably, has led many persons into evil paths. Beware of bad proverbs; they are worse than bad money. There is a French proverb which contains much wisdom and warning: "It is the first step that costs." The first step in virtue, the first step in vice, in either case, it is the first step which is difficult and costly. The first step in Virtue generally costs the pain of self-denial; but the cost of self-denial brings an ample recompense. The first step in Vice often costs the pain of sacrificing the most precious possession in the world—a clear conscience.

Since habits are made up of Acts, as a chain is composed of links, every action we perform has an influence on our character. A good action is not only good in itself, but has a tendency to make you a better person; for it will be easier for you to perform that good action a second time. A bad action is not only bad in itself, but it has an evil influence on yourself. This influence, for good or evil, upon ourselves, is called the reflex influence of our actions.

The habits we should cultivate in early youth belong to these three classes, as described in this volume : habits of Honesty, habits of Kindness, and habits of Patience. These habits constitute Moral Character.

Garibaldi, the Italian hero, speaking of the British nation, says that it stands foremost among the nations of earth, and that the cause is this—it possesses the invaluable quality of Steadiness; and that this is the quality which caused the Romans to occupy the foremost position in the ancient world. But Steadiness is a quality which many young people do not see the value of; there are many qualities which they feel inclined to admire very much more—qualities which make a showy and brilliant appearance. What then is Steadiness? When right acts have produced right habits, and right habits have hardened into character, then Character possesses that diamond quality so highly prized by the Italian hero, and which bears the name of Steadiness.

#### THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

He who wishes to study the quality of Steadiness as portrayed in the record of an actual human life should read the history of Joseph in the Holy Scriptures. In vain should we search the entire uninspired literature of the human race to find an example worthy to be compared with that of the Hebrew youth, who at the age of seventeen was sold by his brothers for a slave, and at the age of thirty

became the governor of the mightiest empire then existing upon the earth. It is a history which unites all the charms of the most thrilling romance with a still higher charm which no romance can possibly possess --that of absolute fidelity to truth. As a model for young men, it is beyond all price. Let every one, who is yet in life's golden morning, read it, until meditation produces admiration, even as the apple tree in spring becomes crowned with beautiful blossoms ; and then let him continue to read and meditate, until admiration is succeeded by imitation, as the blossoms fall when the fruit is set.

## PART V.—THE CROWN OF MORALITY: THE GOLDEN RULE.

THE crown of morality is the Golden Rule. Without it morality is like a king without his crown. It comprises within itself all the utility and beauty of the precepts of morality, and comprehends within one brief sentence the duties of man to man.

### WAS PAGANISM ACQUAINTED WITH THIS RULE ?

Amidst the darkness of Paganism, or, to speak more correctly, beneath the starlight of Paganism, there lived men who were "feeling after God if haply they might find Him"; and some of them caught a glimpse of one half of the rule: they saw it in its *negative* form, according to Gibbon, the historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. In its negative form it reads thus: Do not to others what you would not wish them to do to you. In its negative form, therefore, it may be said to belong to Natural Religion, but in its positive form it belongs to Christianity. Accordingly it may be said to constitute the connecting link between Natural and Revealed Religion. Its

language is, **WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO UNTO THEM.**

**THE GOLDEN RULE HAS FOUR EXCELLENCES.**

Compare it with human laws, and it will be seen to possess four distinguishing qualities, in virtue of which it as far excels all human laws, as the heavens are exalted above the loftiest mountains that are upon the earth. \*The four qualities are these: it is Clear, it is Convincing, it is Concise, and it is Comprehensive.

**FIRST EXCELLENCE: THE GOLDEN RULE IS  
CLEAR.**

It is so clear that no person can mistake its meaning who has an honest desire to know what it means. It is clear even to the apprehension of a child. No effort is needed in order to understand it; its light surrounds us, like the light of day, wherever we turn. The technicalities and the verbosity of legal documents are well known, and how liable they are to be misunderstood; but the Golden Rule is the model of clearness.

**SECOND EXCELLENCE: THE GOLDEN RULE IS  
CONVINCING.**

No sooner is it heard, than it carries conviction to the heart and conscience of every man who hears it, that it is fair and just and equitable.

Of human laws some are distinguished for their excellence, they breathe the spirit of justice and humanity; but other laws there are which are the embodiment of iniquity, as it is written, "Woe to them who frame iniquity by a law." But in the Golden Rule justice and kindness are combined without alloy, and benevolence is built on the basis of equity. It is not mere justice, nor is it mere kindness. Justice can stand alone, but it is hard and unyielding, and takes no account of the sorrows and infirmities of mankind; kindness is soft and tender, but it cannot stand alone, for it cannot endure the wear and tear of human life. With inimitable wisdom the two are conjoined: the granite strength of justice is adorned by the softness and beauty of kindness.

### THIRD EXCELLENCE: THE GOLDEN RULE IS CONCISE.

British Statute Law occupies a large number of folio volumes, and the Common Law occupies a large number of additional volumes. And yet British law takes for granted that every British subject is acquainted with all his country's laws; nor is any one, when placed at his country's bar, permitted to plead ignorance of the law, however honest and unavoidable that ignorance may be. Contrast this short sentence with that immense

number of volumes in which British Law in its two departments is contained; the whole law of heaven regulating the intercourse between man and man is summed up in these wonderful words. As Luther says, "In these words Christ gathers up the law in a little bundle, which every man may take and carry in his bosom."

#### FOURTH EXCELLENCE: THE GOLDEN RULE IS COMPREHENSIVE.

It applies to the whole man, his thoughts and feelings, as well as his words and actions. Human laws take no account of men's thoughts and feelings, except in so far as they are expressed in their words and actions. That is to say, so long as a man keeps his thoughts and feelings to himself, however bad they may be, human law cannot touch him; but this Divine law searches the soul, and condemns him. It requires that the thoughts and feelings of every man towards all around him should be thoughts and feelings full of justice and kindness. And again, the Golden Rule applies to each man in his relations to all other men. The ancient Greek, if he had known of this rule, and had been willing to apply it to his friends, would not have thought of applying it to his enemies; the Roman might have applied it to his equals, but not to his slaves; the Jew to his fellow-country-

men, but not to Gentiles. But this law embraces friend and foe, master and slave, fellow-countryman and foreigner; and like a golden chain of love, encompassing the whole earth, unites the men of all nations, each to each and all to the throne of GOD. For this reason it is that wherever this rule has become known, men have been struck with a sense of its beauty and value, and with one consent have bestowed upon it the name of the Golden Rule.

#### *How to Learn to Apply the Rule.*

The rule is simple, easily understood, and easily applied; but it will be of no practical value, if we merely admire it and do not use it. It is our duty and privilege to acquire the habit of applying it, until use becomes second nature; and the more we use it, the more shall we admire and love it. We may take a useful hint from the carpenter. He carries about with him an instrument which he calls a "two-foot rule." When a question is raised as to the dimensions of any object, he quickly takes out his rule, and tells us its length, breadth, and depth. Without his rule, he would be a very useless, helpless workman. In like manner, we should each of us carry with us the Golden Rule, so that when a question arises as to how we ought to act towards others in any given case, we may



be prepared at once to apply the rule and to act in accordance with its decision. For instance, before we open our lips to speak about another person, let us ask ourselves the question, Should I like him to speak about me as I am going to speak about him? If we should, let us speak; if not, let us keep silence, except in those cases in which duty requires us to speak for the prevention of evil. By acting in this manner, many heart-burnings will be prevented; and, to use the language of Solomon, we shall "leave off contention before it be meddled with."

#### *An Important Question.*

Since it is our duty to apply the Golden Rule to cases which occur in the course of our daily life, an important question arises: Are we able to apply it of ourselves? We are able to do many things of ourselves, that is, by the exercise of the natural powers which we have received from God; we are able to build a house, to construct a ship, and to do many other things: but can we rightly apply the Golden Rule without the assistance of a higher power? On this point, let us listen to the opinion expressed by one of the untutored sons of the forest.

#### AN INDIAN'S OPINION OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

The Delaware Indians of North America, about 1780, had a celebrated chief. Among these Indians the efforts of the

Christian missionaries had been the means of diffusing much scriptural knowledge, and their doctrines were frequently the subject of conversation among them. One evening, the chief was sitting by the fireside of his friend the missionary, who mentioned the Golden Rule to him as very excellent, "For one man to do to another as he would the other should do to him!" "It is impossible! it cannot be done!" said the Indian chief. - After smoking his pipe, and musing about a quarter of an hour, the chief again gave his opinion and said, "Brother, I have been thoughtful on what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else."

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S REGARD FOR THE RIGHTS OF  
OTHERS.

General Washington, while engaged in the arduous duties of the Revolution, was called to leave Cambridge, where he was then located, to go to Malden on some business of importance. Accompanied by an aide-de-camp, he mounted his steed and started for Malden, while the sun poured down its scorching rays with more than common intensity. Having arrived at Malden, and being somewhat thirsty and fatigued by their journey, they called at a neat-looking house, and inquired of the landlady if she could furnish them with some beer. Being answered in the affirmative, they dismounted from their horses, and, securing them, proceeded to the house. After they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, they again were ready to proceed on their journey. But the aide-de-camp, while unloosing his horse, accidentally knocked a stone from the wall. The General, seeing that he was not inclined to pick it up, kindly asked him to replace it. He replied that he would leave that for the next man to do, and then mounted his horse. The General, with looks of disapprobation pictured on his countenance, again dismounted from his steed, and replaced the stone himself, at the same time saying that it was *his rule* always to leave a fence as

good as he found it. This incident may, by some, be thought hardly worth preserving, but it goes to show the character of Washington. It shows that although he was well qualified to lead an army to battle and victory, and although he ruled with unerring hand a great nation, still he was not forgetful of minor duties and individual rights. Let every one take this motto of Washington's as his own, and be as careful about the rights of others as he was, and it will save many harsh words and wrong feelings (to say nothing of petty lawsuits) which are daily existing among neighbours.

**THE OFFSPRING OF THE GOLDEN RULE ARE LIBERTY  
AND PEACE.**

**THE ELDER-BORN IS LIBERTY.**

*The Difference between Natural Liberty and Civil  
Liberty.*

To do what we will is natural liberty; to do what we will consistently with the interests of the community to which we belong is civil liberty; that is to say, the only liberty to be desired in a state of civil society. I should wish to act, no doubt, in every instance as I pleased; but I reflect that the rest of mankind would then do the same, in which state of universal independence and self-direction I should meet with so many checks and obstacles to my own will, from the opposition and interference of other men's, that not only my happiness, but my liberty, would be less than whilst the whole community were subject to the domination of equal laws. The boasted liberty of a state of nature

exists only in a state of solitude. In every kind and degree of union and intercourse with his species, it is possible that the liberty of the individual may be augmented by the very laws which restrain it, because he may gain more from the limitation of other men's freedom than he may suffer from the diminution of his own. Natural liberty is the right of common upon a waste ; civil liberty is the safe, exclusive, unmolested enjoyment of a cultivated enclosure.

JOHN MILTON.

John Milton held the post of Latin secretary under Cromwell. At the Restoration he was dismissed from his office. He was now poor and blind, and to these afflictions Charles II. added political persecutions : he fined him and doomed his writings on liberty to be publicly burned. Nothing daunted by these fierce and multiplied trials, the great poet retired into private life, evoked his mighty genius, and produced *Paradise Lost*. But, after he had endured the ills of poverty for some years, Charles, feeling the need of his matchless talents, invited him to resume his former post with all its great advantages. Milton loved liberty so well, that he spurned the splendid bribe, choosing rather neglect, poverty, and a good conscience.

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Three hundred years ago, in Holland, about one million of people stood for Protestantism and freedom, in opposition to the mightiest empire of that age, whose banners the Pope had blessed, the empire of Spain. William, Prince of Orange, a man who feared God, was the champion of the righteous cause. In the heat of the struggle, when the young republic seemed about to be overwhelmed, William received

a missive from one of his generals, then in command of an important post, inquiring among other things whether he had succeeded in effecting a treaty for aid with any foreign power—viz., France or England, such as would secure aid. His reply was, “ You ask me if I have made a treaty for aid with any great foreign power, and I answer that before I undertook the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I made a close alliance with the King of kings ; and I doubt not that He will give us the victory.” And so it proved.

*The Difference between Liberty and License.*

None can love freedom heartily but good men ; the rest love not Liberty, but License, which never hath more scope or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is that tyrants are not often offended by bad men, nor stand much in doubt of them, since bad men are all naturally servile. But those in whom virtue and true worth are most eminent, they fear in earnest, since they regard such men as being by right their masters : against them lies all their hatred and corruption.

THE LICENTIOUS YOUNG MAN.

“ Why did you not take the arm of my brother last night ? ” said one young lady to another.

“ Because I know him to be a licentious young man,” was the answer.

“ Nonsense ! ” said the sister ; “ if you refuse the attentions of all licentious men, you will have none, I can assure you.”

“ Very well,” was the reply : “ then I can dispense with them altogether : my resolution on this point is unalterably fixed.”

## THE FREE MAN.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free !  
 And all are slaves besides. There's not a chain  
 That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,  
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off,  
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
 He looks abroad into the varied field  
 Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compar'd  
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
 And the resplendent rivers : his to enjoy  
 With a propriety that none can feel  
 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,  
 Can lift to heaven an unpretentious eye,  
 And smiling say, " My Father made them all ! "

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste  
 His works. Admitted once to His embrace,  
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :  
 Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,  
 Made pure, shall relish with Divine delight,  
 Till then unfelt, what hands Divine have wrought.

*Virtue, the Soul of Liberty.*

## LIBERTY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, in his magnificent poem on *Liberty*, represents the poet as holding a conversation with the Goddess of Liberty.

(*The poet addresses the goddess.*)

" But how shall this thy mighty Kingdom stand ?  
 On what unyielding base ? how finish'd shine ? "

(*The goddess makes this reply : a reply which ought to be deeply studied by every British elector who wishes to know what sort of men should be sent as representatives to Parliament.*)

At this her eye, collecting all its fire,  
 Beam'd more than human ; and her awful voice  
 Majestic thus she rais'd : " To Britons bear  
 This closing strain, and with intenser note  
 Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear.

" On Virtue can alone my Kingdom stand,  
 On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd:  
 For, lost this social cement of mankind,  
 The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,  
 Will moulder soft away ; till, tottering loose,  
 They prone at last to total ruin rush.  
 Unbless'd by Virtue, Government a league  
 Becomes, a circling junto of the great,  
 To rob by law ; Religion mild, a yoke  
 To tame the stooping soul, a trick of State  
 To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.  
 What are without it Senates, save a face  
 Of consultation deep, and reason free,  
 While the determin'd voice and heart are sold ?  
 What boasted Freedom, save a sounding name ?  
 And what Election, but a market vile  
 Of slaves self-bartered ? Virtue ! without thee,  
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states ;  
 War has no vigour, and no safety Peace ;  
 Even Justice warps to party ; laws oppress ;  
 Wide through the land their weak protection fails ;  
 First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.  
 Thus nations sink, society dissolves ;  
 Rapine, and guile, and violence, break loose,  
 Everting life, and turning love to gall ;  
 Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods  
 And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.

" By these three Virtues be the frame sustain'd  
 Of British Freedom :—INDEPENDENT LIFE ;  
 INTEGRITY IN OFFICE ; and o'er all  
 Supreme, A PASSION FOR THE COMMONWEAL."

## LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*(From H. W. Beecher's Lectures to Young Men.)*

Our land has little to fear from abroad, and much from within. We can bear foreign aggression, scarcity, the revolutions of commerce, plagues, and pestilences; but we cannot bear vicious Judges, corrupt Courts, gambling Legislators, and a vicious, corrupt, and gambling constituency. Let us not be deceived! The decay of civil institutions begins at the core. The outside wears all the lovely appearance of ripeness, when the inside is rotting. Decline does not begin in bold and startling acts; but, as in autumnal leaves, it begins in rich and glowing colours. Over diseased vitals consumptive laws wear the hectic blush, a brilliant eye, and transparent skin. Could the public sentiment declare that PERSONAL MORALITY is the first element of patriotism, that corrupt legislators are the most pernicious of criminals, that the judge who lets the villain off is the villain's patron, that tolerance of crime is intolerance of virtue, our nation might defy all enemies and live for ever.

THE YOUNGER-BORN OF THE GOLDEN RULE IS  
PEACE.

WHAT IS THE COST OF WAR TO THE NATIONS OF EUROPE?

Eminent statisticians, who have made this subject their study, are compelled to come to the conclusion that the annual cost of war to the nations of Europe is not less than Five Hundred Millions. This enormous total almost surpasses belief. The actual money spent by the naval and military budgets of the various countries is said to amount to One Hundred and Sixty Millions. But a still more important item is the loss to society caused by the withdrawal of so many able-bodied men from all the occupations of productive industry; for a soldier produces nothing, but only helps to consume what is produced by other men. To



all this we must add the interest of money sunk in instruments and munitions of war, such as ships of war, fortifications, arms, and ammunition, all of which are absolutely unproductive. The sum of Five Hundred Millions represents the cost in money alone; but who shall calculate the cost to the community of nations in other respects—in the demoralising influences which proceed from huge standing armies, during a time of “armed peace”; and in the fearful and widespread misery, immorality, and desolation which are produced by actual war and bloodshed? Luther says, “War is one of the greatest plagues that can afflict mankind: it destroys religion, it destroys states, it destroys families. Any scourge, in fact, is preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison of it.”

#### HOW WARS BEGIN.

Most wars have no better reason for their origin than the boys, spoken of in one of the Lay Sermons of the Ettrick Shepherd, had for their quarrel. The boys of two different schools met on the ice. One boy said, “What are ye glow’rin’ at, Billy?” The answer was, “What’s that to you? I’ll look where I have a mind, an’ hinder me if you daur.” A blow followed; then the battle became general. A boy of one party was asked what the other boys had done, that they should fight them so. “Oh, nothing at a’, man; we just wanted to gie them a good thrashing.” After fighting till they were tired, one of the leaders, streaming with blood, and his clothes in tatters, said to the opposite party, “Weel, I’ll tell you what we’ll do wi’ ye; if ye’ll let us alone, we’ll let you alone.” So the war ended, and they went to play.

#### DESOLATIONS OF WAR.

The battle-field makes terrible havoc of domestic sympathies and hopes. I once read of a devoted wife who left her babes, and walked forty miles, to see her husband in the

army. She arrived the night before a battle, and contrived by a dexterous appeal to the sentinel's heart to gain admission to her husband's tent. The hours sped swiftly away, and the dawn heard the signal for battle. She hurried from his fond embrace, with many a tender kiss for his babes; but lingered near the scene, and watched from a neighbouring hill every movement of the two armies until the combat ceased, and all was quiet once more. The shades of night now hung in gloom over the battle-ground, and forbade all search for the wounded, the dying, or the dead. Morn approaches; and with its earliest dawn, this faithful wife, with a throbbing heart, wanders over that field of slaughter to see if the father of her babes has fallen. Alas! it is too true! There he is, all covered with gore. She sinks on his bosom in a swoon, and rises no more.

## HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;  
 Then flew the steed, to battle driven;  
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,  
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
 On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow ;  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry.

Ah ! few shall part where many meet !  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

#### THE FOUNDER OF PHILADELPHIA.

William Penn, when he visited America, went without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kindness. He bought their land and paid them ; he made a treaty with them and observed it ; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase ; and as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands, if they were willing. They returned for answer that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited : but, " to please their father Onas," as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one

day, "beginning at the great river Cosquanco (now Kensington), and ending at the great river Kallápingo (now Bristol) ;" and, as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried ; for the young Englishman, that was chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far, as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The Governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause.

"The walker cheated us," said the Indians.

"Ah ! how can it be !" said Penn ; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way ?"

"True !" replied the Indians, "but white brother make a big walk."

Some of Penn's commissioners waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it ; and if not, should be compelled to it.

"Compelled !" exclaimed Penn ; "how *can* you compel them without bloodshed ? Don't you see this looks to murder ?" Then, turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you ?"

This proposal gratified them ; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and the number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given ; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the Governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "Oh, how sweet and cheap a thing is charity ! Some of you spoke just now of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain—that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about *a little piece of land.*"

For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger, towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet:

and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements, the Indians cheerfully came forward and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labours in hunting. This kindness they practised with pleasure, because they considered it an accommodation to their "good father Onas" and his friends.

#### THE REIGN OF PEACE.

The prophet Isaiah thus depicts the manner in which the reign of Peace will be brought about :

"The Lord shall judge among the nations,  
 And shall rebuke many people ;  
 And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares,  
 And their spears into pruning-hooks ;  
 Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,  
 Neither shall they learn war any more."

When the nations of Europe agree together to beat their swords into ploughshares, then the Five Hundred Millions which every year are expended upon what is called an "armed peace" will be devoted to the arts of industry. This, of itself, will make an immense difference to the prosperity and comfort of the inhabitants of Europe. But this is not all. War has become in this age a highly-organised science : a science that has to be studied and "learned." It takes not only a brave man, but a clever man, to be an efficient officer. The amount of intellect as well as money offered in sacrifice at the shrine of the Demon of War is most appalling to contemplate. "When the Lord shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke" or convince "many people" of the horrid evils and wickedness of war, these vast resources of money and intellect will be consecrated to promoting the welfare of mankind. Then "the wilderness will rejoice and blossom as the rose." Let us pray that that time may speedily come !

## PART VI.—CONCLUSION.

## THE DIVINE EXISTENCE.

SEE here ! I hold a *Bible* in my hand. You see the cover, the leaves, the letters, and the words ; but you see not the writers, the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them ; and yet there is not one of you who will think of denying or disputing the existence of these men. I go further : I affirm that on examining this book you discover something of the very minds of these men ; and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that they had reason and memory, skill and contrivance, reflection and design.

Thus also, if you see a *House*, you judge there must have been a builder of it. When you see one room contrived for this purpose, and another for that : a door to enter, a window to admit light, and a chimney to hold fire, you conclude that the architect was a person of skill, judgment, and forecast, thus to form a dwelling so admirably adapted to the accommodation of its inhabitants.

In this manner examine the *WORLD*, and pity the man who, when he sees the *Sign of the Wheatsheaf*, has sense enough to know that there must have been a joiner to construct the frame, and an artist to design and execute the painting ; but who, when he sees the wheatsheaf *itself*, is so stupid as not to say to himself, " This had a wise and benevolent CREATOR ! "

## DIVINE EXCELLENCE.

Come, and I will show you what is *beautiful*. It is a Rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, like the

queen of all the flowers ! Her leaves glow like fire ; the air is filled with her sweet odour ; she is the delight of every eye.

She is beautiful ; but there is a *fairer* than she. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose : He is all lovely ; He is the delight of angels and of men.

I will show you what is *strong*. The Lion is strong ; when he raises himself up from his lair, when he shakes his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves ; for they dread his coming.

The lion is strong ; but He that made the lion is *stronger* than he. His anger is terrible ; He could make us die in a moment ; and no one could save us out of His hand.

I will show you what is *glorious*. The Sun is glorious. When he shines in the sky, when he sits on his bright throne in the heavens, and looks abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

The sun is glorious ; but He that made the sun is *more glorious* than he. The eye beholds Him not, for His brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He sees in all dark places, by night as well as by day ; and the light of His countenance is over all His works.

Who is this great Being, and what is His name ? The name of this great Being is God. He made all things ; but He is Himself more excellent than all which He has made. They are beautiful, but He is *beauty* ; they are strong, but He is *strength* ; they are perfect, but He is *perfection*.

#### DIVINE PROTECTION.

The glorious Sun is set in the west ; the night dews fall ; and the air, which was sultry, becomes cool.

The Flowers fold up their coloured leaves : they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk.

The Chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest ; the hen herself is at rest also.

The little Birds have ceased their warbling ; they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

There is no murmur of Bees around the hive, or among the honeyed woodbines ; they have done their work, and lie close in their waxen cells.

The Sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard among the hills.

There is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or of the trampling of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro. The Smith's hammer sounds not upon the anvil ; nor is the harsh saw of the Carpenter heard.

All men are stretched on their quiet beds ; and the child sleeps upon the breast of its mother. Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground ; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who takes care of all the people when they are sunk in sleep.—when they cannot defend themselves, nor see the approach of danger ?

There is an eye that never sleeps ; there is an eye that sees in dark night, as well as in the bright sunshine. When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon ; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds ; that eye sees every place, and watches continually over all the families of earth.

The eye that sleeps not is God's : His hand is always stretched out over us. He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary ; He made night, that we might sleep in quiet.

As the mother moves about the house with her finger on her lips, and stills every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed : as she draws the curtains around its bed, and shuts out the light from its tender eyes ; so God draws the curtains of darkness around us : so He makes all things to be hushed and still, that His large family may sleep in peace.

Labourers spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly ; for God watches over



you. You may sleep, for He never sleeps ; you may close your eyes in safety, for His eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eyelids, begin the day with praising God, Who has taken care of you through the night.

Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to His praise. Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs ; sing to Him before you sing to your mates.

Let His praise be in our hearts when we lie down ; let His praise be on our lips when we awake : let His praise dwell in our thoughts continually.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,

“ Life is but an empty dream ! ”

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !

And the grave is not its goal ;

“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”

Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,

Is our destin'd end or way ;

But to act, that each to-morrow

Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,

And our hearts, though stout and brave

Still, like muffled drums, are beating

Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,

In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle,

Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act—ACT in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time :

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
Some forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

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