Supt of Schools

ELEMENTARY

MORAL LESSONS,

FOR

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY

M. F. COWDERY,

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, SANDUSKY, OHIO.

The Good alone are Great.

PHILADELPHIA:

COWPERTHWAIT & CO.

1867.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN. .....

PREFACE.

In the preparation of a series of volumes on Moral Instruction for the use of classes in schools, the following positions are assumed:

First—That an important department of education —that which relates to social duties and moral obligations—is at present, to a large extent, neglected.

Second—That, in conducting the work of moral culture with children, important principles and precepts need illustration and exemplification by real and supposed instances of conformity to them, or departure from them, as well as, *and as much as*, propositions in mathematics, or the other sciences.

It would be quite an uninteresting, if not a repulsive exercise, for the teacher to assure and *re-assure* his pupils that the "product of the means would always equal the product of the extremes" in a proportion, and then leave them to grope their way through the

application of the principle without further illustration or aid from the skill and resources of the teacher, or from the storehouse of human wisdom.

Is it any more rational to teach, or rather, *to tell* a child, that "virtue leads to happiness," or that "sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue," and then leave him to ascertain the *truth* of these propositions by bitter experience, and perhaps, a life of disappointment, humiliation and sorrow? Is it not better to present to the intellect and to the sensibilities of a child, during all the early years of his life, such rich, varied, living exemplifications of specific virtues, as shall lead him to love, and aid him to practise, the same virtues?

Third—Reason and experience unite in demanding that moral culture for the child, the youth, or the adult, should receive a portion of time and attention EVERY DAY. It would be quite appropriate, also, to add, that this labor should stand *first* in the order of importance, that the highest skill of the teacher should be expended here, and that parents, school authorities and society, should unite in demanding of every teacher both personal moral worth, and the ability to promote the growth of the moral nature of others, as a pre-requisite to all other qualities and attainments in his profession as a teacher.

Fourth—It is assumed and thoroughly believed, that moral culture, to such an extent as to enlist the sympathies, form the early sentiments, and, in a great degree to control the motives and conduct, is *entirely practicable* in a regular course of Common School instruction. The objections which are supposed to exist to the introduction of this subject to all classes of pupils, have little or no foundation in reality. The difficulty lies in the want of proper love for the subject, or the requisite skill, or the necessary prudence, or the *proper aids* in this work, on the part of the teacher. It is claimed that a *text-book*, and preparation of lessons, and a regular time for recitation, are as necessary here as in arithmetic. *Any instruction* given upon important subjects, should be regular and systematic. Why should it not be so in moral instruction?

The present volume is intended to aid teachers in a *general presentation* of those common virtues and duties which require very early attention. It is also intended as an introduction to a more full discussion and a more close practical application of right principles to motives and conduct, in two subsequent volumes.

It is recommended that, in addition to the regular preparation of each lesson by the pupil, that the narratives should be occasionally read by the class, or, what

is usually still better, that some pupil, or pupils, be selected to give from memory, the principal incidents of each of the narratives introduced. The sympathies thereby awakened, and the general impression made will often, in this way, be considerably increased.

It will, of course, be presumed, that the thoughtfu teacher will present other questions than such as may be found in the book, and, thereby, more completely adapt instruction to the wants and capacities of his or her pupils.

It would be highly gratifying to the author to be able to give proper credits for all the narratives introduced in the present volume, but as they have been selected from a great variety of sources, during several years of reading and experience, and, in many cases, where the *original* source could not be well ascertained, the credits are, principally omitted.

SANDUSKY, March 1, 1856.

CONTENTS.

ELEMENTARY MORAL LESSONS.

LESSON I.

DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO TO YOU.

NARRATIVE.

NOBLE CONDUCT.—A correspondent of the Blair County (Pa.) *Whig*, furnishes that paper with the particulars of the following interesting incident, of which he was an eye-witness. It occurred a few years ago on the line of the great internal improvements of that State. It is one of those scenes of genuine kind-heartedness which fill the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still in our common nature."

At the point this side of the mountain, where occurred the transhipment of passengers from the West, was moored a canal-boat, awaiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way through to the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft, superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few minutes after a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise:

"Sir, we wish to go on east, but our farther progress to-day depends on you. In the cars we have just left a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers to ask that you will

deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain; what say you?"

"Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?"

To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer; when, without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker-worm, consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him kindly.

"Oh! sir," said the shivering invalid, looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectations, "are you the captain, and will you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are so unkind! You see, sir, I am dying; but oh! if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor painter, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go," replied the captain, "if I lose every other passenger for the trip."

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage.

A moment more and that decision was made known, as they beheld him coming from the cars with the sick man cradled in his arms. Pushing directly through the crowd with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread in the choicest part of the boat, where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent. That done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passen-

gers — that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin.

He went, and from their midst there arose a white-haired man, who with tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-embrowned man that he had taught them a lesson, that they felt humbled before him, and they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up, choking the utterance of all present.

On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a "God speed" on his way home, to die in the arms of his mother.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. When it was known that there was a sick man in the cars, as stated in the preceding narrative, how ought the other passengers to have treated him?

2. Knowing that the sick man was very feeble, and, apparently, very poor, was any thing more required of the other passengers than to refrain from speaking or acting unkindly?

3. If some of the passengers had spoken kindly to the sick man while on the cars, if others had offered to take his arm when going to the boat, and others had offered to carry his carpet-bag of clothing, and others, still, had offered to pay a part or all of his travelling expenses, would the pleasure have been as great and *as lasting* as any satisfaction arising from having got rid of an unpleasant travelling companion.

4. Perhaps there were some among the passengers who did not have much to say *for* the sick man or *against* him, being ready simply to agree with the majority.—Would such, if there were any, deserve much blame?

5. Could the persons who treated the sick man unkindly ever remember their journey on that occasion with any degree of pleasure?

Could those who treated him with indifference and neglect remember their conduct with satisfaction?

6. Did it probably give the Captain pleasure to carry the sick man in his arms to the boat? Could he afterwards think of this act of kindness with satisfaction? *How long* would the recollection of this act of duty afford satisfaction to the Captain?

7. But possibly the captain himself was a *poor man*, in need of all he money he could make by the trip to pay his necessary expenses. Under such circumstances, what would you advise a captain to do, if passengers refused to ride with him if he carried a sick man?

8. Suppose the captain, instead of taking the sick man in his arms and placing him in the best part of his own boat, had gone to the cars and given him ten dollars to pay his passage in the *next boat*, and then taken the passengers and made two hundred and fifty dollars by the trip; would you think as well of such a course as the one the captain did pursue?

9. If you had been the captain of the boat, and the sick man in the cars had been your own brother, would you have felt that you had done your duty if you had handed him twenty dollars to pay his expenses home *on the next boat*, while you were making two hundred dollars in carrying a boat-load of passengers who refused to ride in the same boat with him?

10. In which case would you think the obligation the stronger; to show kind attentions to a sick man, to a *stranger*, as the captain did, or to an *acquaintance*?

11. The captain acted nobly in the case of the sick man. Did he do any more than was his duty?

12. Do persons *always* act nobly when they *do their duty well*, or is it only for doing duty on particular occasions that persons deserve credit for acting well?

13. Which is better, to learn to love to do our duty by our own constant efforts, or be *shamed* into doing it, as the passengers were by the noble example of the captain?

NARRATIVE.

In one of our large cities, recently, a mechanic, in going to his work, had occasion to pass a group of ragged immigrants, just landed from a British ship. They appeared forlorn and destitute. They made no appeal for assistance, but sat silent

on the side-walk, in their misery and squalor. The mechanic regarded them for a moment, and then, as if seized by a sudden impulse, drew his dinner, wrapped in an old newspaper, from his pocket, and gave it to a woman who crouched near him, to divide amongst her children. He did not wait for thanks, but hurried off. The rich, when they give, we thought, give of their abundance; the poor help the poor from their own sustenance. But there is One who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these little ones, ye have done it unto me—Verily, I say unto you, ye shall in no wise lose your reward."

---

14. Which would you think the more praise-worthy act, for a rich man in passing to give a poor woman three dollars, or for the mechanic to give the same woman his dinner, as stated in the preceding narrative?

15. Do you think of any other methods of aiding those immigrant strangers besides giving them money and provisions? Would it do any good to *speak kindly* to them?

16. If you were a stranger, and poor, in a foreign land, which would you value the more highly, presents of money and provisions, or kind attention, good advice, and aid in finding employment?

17. Which is more highly important to us, that we *frequently* help others liberally, or that we *always* feel willing to help all we can?

NARRATIVE.

THE GENEROUS NEIGHBOR.—A fire having broken out in a certain village of Denmark, one of the inhabitants, a poor man, was very active in affording assistance; but every endeavor to extinguish the flames was in vain. At length he was told that his own house was in danger from the flames, and that if he wished to save his furniture not a moment was to be lost." "There is something more pre-

cious," replied he, "that I must first save. My poor sick neighbor is not able to save himself; he will be lost if I do not assist him; I am sure he relies on me." He flew to his neighbor's house, rushed at once at the hazard of his life through the flames and conveyed the sick man in his arms to a place of safety. A society at Copenhagen showed their approbation of his conduct by presenting him with a silver cup, filled with Danish crowns.

---

18. Which did the Dane, in the preceding narrative, seem to love the better to do, to save money or property to himself, or to help others?

19. Which, probably, afforded him the purer pleasure, the consciousness of having saved the life of his sick neighbor, or the "silver cup filled with Danish crowns?"

20. If fifty persons, some rich and some poor, some old and some young, were standing near, where a person was suffering from cold, or sickness, or hunger or accident, whose duty would it be to help such a sufferer?

21. What "golden rule" of conduct should persons observe, in order to determine *how much* attention and kindness should be shown to a suffering stranger?

22. May any class of persons, either on account of their superior advantages, or on account of their poverty or misfortune, be excused from the practice of the rule—"do unto others as you would have others do to you?" Are *children* under obligation to practise this rule?

23. Children sometimes meet with those who have had less advantages for instruction, for a pleasant home and kind friends than they themselves have had; what sort of treatment would you think due from such children to those less fortunate?

NARRATIVE.

Poor Boy!—We said this on Sunday evening as we came down Broadway. We have said it twenty times since that,

aloud, and five times twenty mentally, we have repeated those two words, "Poor Boy!" They are little words, common words, only seven letters, easily spoken, often spoken, yet they have a great deal of meaning — painful meaning sometimes. They had on Sunday night. They often tell a whole story. They did in the present case. This is it.

Our ear was first attracted by a little hum of voices, voices of boys, singing a march: it was the Rogue's March. What could it be for? We looked and listened. Half a dozen boys with sticks, imitating those children who carry guns — one had tied his handkerchief to imitate a flag—were singing and marching behind another boy. He was about twelve years old and carried a bundle in his hand, tied in a common cotton handkerchief, such as we carried when about the same age. His dress said, as plain as his language, "I am just from the country." His tormentors, for such they were, were in high glee. Their glee made us sad, and we said, "Poor Boy!" and walked away. We could not go on, so we went back. The poor boy had stopped to remonstrate with his persecutors.

"What do you want to follow me singing that ar for? I wish you would let me alone. I hain't done nothing to you."

"Ain't that rich, boys? Hurrah for greeny!"

We cried "poor boy!" again, and then we told the boys they should not torment the poor boy, and asked "what they did it for?" "'Cause he has no spunk. Why don't he show fight. He's a greeny." Yes, he was green. That was enough for the city boys, well-dressed boys of parents whom no one would dare to say were not "respectable." Could they say themselves, that it was respectable to let their boys run in the streets on the Sabbath, singing and marching like wild young savages, after a poor boy from the country, whose only fault was that he had not yet learned to be as wicked as themselves—he was green—he would not fight. He did not look like a fighting boy; his face was a mild pleasant one;

rather pensive, and he had a soft blue eye. But he was green. He had been green enough to sit down upon a door-step to rest his tired limbs, and that was enough to draw a crowd of idle boys around him with their jibes and jeers, and insulting and provoking remarks upon his appearance, his homespun coat, and unfashionably cut garments; and when he replied and told them to go away and let him alone, they set up a shout of derision at his countryfied language. Then he got up and thought he would walk away, and so get clear of them, but he could not shake them off. Poor boy! he had left his country home among the mountains of Northern New York, to seek his fortune in the city; and this was the first fortune he had met with. It was an unkindly welcome. We drew him aside and questioned him why he had come to the city. "I came because I had read so much in the newspapers about the prosperity of the city, and how every body gets great wages and money right down every week; and I thought that it was a good place for me, as I was poor, and my mother was poor, and I wanted to try and do something to get a home for her and me too. Now I have got here, I don't know what to do, or where to stay all night. I have been walking all through town till I am dreadful tired, and I have not seen a single tavern sign. Can you tell me where to find one?" We told him where to go to find a plain lodging place, and advised him to turn his face northward in the morning. Go back to the country; poor boy, he is green in the city, and not disposed to fight his way through life, so he must go back to the country. He always will be a poor boy here.

---

24. If either of the city boys, spoken of in the preceding narrative, had been visiting in a strange city, or in a foreign land, in what manner would they have wished to be treated by others?

25. If the city boys had tried, anxiously, to observe the golden rule with the boy who came from the country, what would they have said and done instead of singing the "Rogue's March" around him?

26. Knowing, as they well did, that the boy was poor and friendless, would it have been right for each boy to have passed him in the street without saying or doing any thing to him?

27. If they had all united in speaking kindly to this country boy, and assisted him in finding a comfortable home for the night, and had further assisted him in looking for employment on the following day; do you think the pleasure would have been "*as rich*" as that of shouting "*hurrah for greeny?*"

28. Which of the two courses of conduct do you think could be longer remembered with satisfaction?

29. Whose conduct do you think deserving the severer censure, that of the men who neglected and insulted the sick man in the cars, or that of the boys who insulted and tormented the poor boy from the country?

30. Whose conduct do you think deserving the greater credit, that of the captain of the boat, or that of the man who befriended the poor boy in the city?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR GENERAL AND SPECIAL REVIEW.

1. If you never do any body any *harm*, do you think you will ever deserve any *blame*?

2. But is it not as much our duty to do some *real good* to others as it is to refrain from doing them evil?

3. If you should see a little child fall into deep water, and be in danger of being drowned, would you be deserving of blame if you did not try to save it?

4. If you were to see a man's house taking fire, would you be excusable if you did not try to put it out yourself, or notify others of the danger?

5. Then when we see any class of unfortunate persons around us, are we free from all blame if we do not care for them or try to aid them?

6. But instead of *caring* for such, what would you think of the practice of *making sport* of the ignorant, or of the lame or the blind?

7 In the case of any class of unfortunate persons, with how much less tenderness and attention may you treat a stranger or an enemy than a brother or a sister in the same circumstances?

8. Suppose that, in passing through your neighbor's gate, you should accidentally break the *latch*, or the hinges, and no one should see you, what ought you to do in such a case?

9. If you had borrowed your neighbor's wheelbarrow, and, in using it, should break it in a place *which would not be very easily seen*, what should you think right to be done?

10. If, in passing through your neighbor's field or garden alone, you should carelessly leave his gate open, and cattle or hogs should come in and destroy his corn, or his garden, what would you think it your duty to do, supposing that no one but yourself knew how the gate happened to be left open?

11. If you should tell your companions that you were *very sure* a certain boy had stolen your silver pencil, and afterwards you should find that it had not been stolen at all, what ought you to do?

12. If you thought any one of your associates was neglected or abused, because he or she did *not appear quite so well*, every way, as others, how ought you to act?

13. Our brothers, or sisters, or friends, are sometimes helpless and dependent from sickness or accident, and sometimes so for life; what rule of conduct should we always observe toward such relatives or friends?

14. If a younger brother was not in good health, and you knew that fruit would endanger his health or his life, would it be right to give him fruit if he should ask for it?

15. Suppose your brother should offer to *pay you* very *liberally* if you would let him have fruit, would it be right to sell it to him, if you felt sure that it would injure his health?

16. Instead of being *your brother*, suppose that one of your *associates* was in the same circumstances, would it be right to give or sell him fruit if you felt certain that it would endanger his health or his life?

17. Instead of being an *associate*, suppose a *stranger* or an *enemy* to be in the same circumstances, what would be your duty?

18. When you feel at a loss in any manner to know how you ought to treat others, what rule will always aid you to determine?

LESSON II.

REPAY ALL INJURIES WITH KINDNESS.

NARRATIVE.

THE POWER OF LOVE. — The Colony of Petitbourg, in France, is an establishment for the reformation of juvenile offenders — for instruction of abandoned children (boys) who are found without any parental care, wandering about the streets of Paris. It is supported by voluntary contributions. The boys are taught all sorts of out-door and in-door work, and have regular seasons of recreation. When any one commits a fault requiring grave punishment, the whole of the boys are assembled, as a sort of council, to deliberate and decide on the kind of punishment to be inflicted, which consists usually of imprisonment in a dungeon for a number of days, and, of course, no participation in the recreations of the community.

There are at present 130 boys in the institution. Now, here is the peculiarity of the discipline. After sentence is passed by the boys under the approval of the director, the question is then put, "Will any of you consent to become the patron of this offender, that is, to take his place now and suffer in his room and stead, while he goes free?" And it rarely happens but that some one is found ready to step forward and consent to ransom the offender, by undergoing his punishment for him — the offender being in that case merely obliged to act as porter in carrying to his substitute in the dungeon his allowance of bread and water, during all the time of his captivity. The effect has been the breaking of the most obdurate hearts of the boys, by seeing another actually enduring, willingly, what they have deserved to suffer.

A remarkable case occurred lately. A boy whose violent

temper and bad conduct had procured his expulsion from several schools in Paris, and who was in a fair way of becoming an outlaw and terror to all good people, was received into the institution. For a time the novelty of the scene, the society, and the occupation, seemed to have subdued his temper; but at length his evil disposition showed itself, by his drawing a knife on a boy with whom he had quarrelled, and stabbing him in the breast. The wound was severe but not mortal; and while the bleeding boy was carried to the hospital, the rest of the inmates were summoned to decide on the fate of the criminal. They agreed at once in a sentence of instant expulsion, without hope of re-admission. The director opposed this, and showed them that such a course would lead this poor desperate boy to the scaffold and the galleys. He bade them think of another punishment. They fixed upon imprisonment for an unlimited period. The usual question was put, but no patron offered himself, and the culprit was marched off to prison.

After some days, the director reminded the boys of the case, and on a repetition of the call, "Will no one become the patron of this unhappy youth?" a voice was heard, "I will!" The astonished boys looked around and saw coming forward the very youth who had been wounded, and who had just been discharged from the sick ward. He went to the dungeon and took the place of the would-be murderer, (for had this boy's physical strength been equal to his passion, the blow must have been fatal, both boys being only about nine or ten years old,) and it was only after the latter had for some time carried the pittance of food to his generous patron, and seen him still pale and feeble from the effects of his wound, suffering for him deprivation of light, and liberty, and joy, that his stout heart gave up, and he cast himself at the feet of the director, confessing and bewailing, with bitter tears, the wickedness of his heart, and expressing the resolution to lead a different life for the time to come. Such a fact needs no comment.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. In the narrative just given, what particular course of conduct conquered the boy who had stabbed his companion?

2. If the remaining boys, when they saw that their companion had been severely wounded, had all joined and chastised this reckless boy severely, is it probable that they would have made a kind-hearted, honest boy of him?

3. Do you think the boy who was stabbed showed a *truly courageous spirit* in offering to take the place of his companion in prison?

4. Is it probable that the director of the institution and the companions of the boy who was stabbed, would *feel ashamed* of him for offering to take the place of the one who had so deeply injured him?

5. When the question was asked the second time by the director, "who would take the place of the guilty boy in prison," was it *the duty* of the boy who had been injured to offer himself? Was it *any more, or any less,* his duty to do so on account of having received a severe injury from the boy in prison?

6. If some one of the *other boys* had taken the place of this reckless boy in prison, would his proud spirit probably have been subdued just as well?

7. If it had been well known beforehand by all the boys assembled, that a strong exhibition of kindness from the injured boy would certainly conquer this stubborn, desperate boy, would it have been the duty of any one to take his place in prison?

8. But as it was not known that kindness from any one would affect him, was it the duty of any one to show him kindness? *Whose duty?*

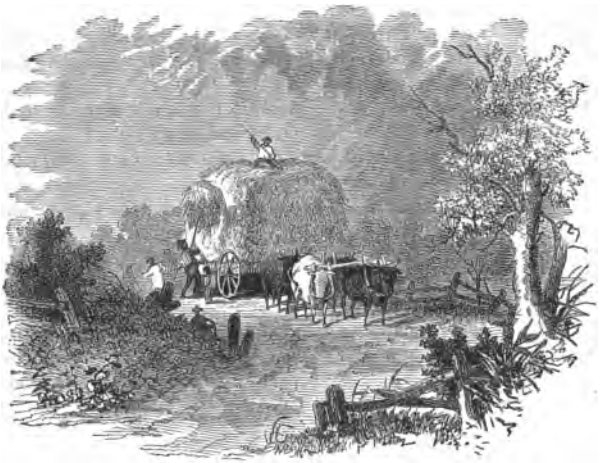
9. Which was better, that this very bad boy should be saved from ruin, be thoroughly subdued, and made kind and affectionate to his associates, or that the injured boy should allow himself to cherish feelings of resentment, indifference or neglect towards him?

10. Which, at last, was the happier boy, the one who conquered by kindness, or the one who was conquered?

NARRATIVE.

CONQUERING WITH KINDNESS. — In one of the eastern States there were two farmers who lived near neighbors, and whose farms were side by side. One of these farmers was a

good man, of gentle disposition and inoffensive character. The character of the other was just the reverse of this. His temper was like tinder, taking fire at every spark that came in his way. He hated his kind neighbor, more, perhaps, on account of his goodness than anything else. He was always vexing and tormenting the good man, quarrelling about mere trifles, as much as one *can* quarrel who has no one to quarrel with him.



One summer he had mowed down a good deal of grass, and had gone away from home, leaving it out in the field to dry. But while he was absent, there came up a storm of rain. While the clouds were gathering, the pious man saw the exposed condition of his neighbor's hay, and it struck him that there was a fine chance to show a good man's revenge, that is, to return good for evil. So he took with him his hired men, and got his neighbor's hay all safely into the barn. Let us see the result.

When the quarrelsome man came home, expecting to see his hay all soaked by the rain, and found it had been taken

care of by the man he had so much injured, it cut him to the very core. From that hour the evil spirit was cast out of him. No more abuse did he give the good man after that; but he became as obliging and kind to his pious neighbor as the latter had been to him.

---

11. What particular course of conduct conquered the ill-tempered eighbor described in the foregoing narrative?

12. If the kind man had watched for good opportunities to *resent* the injuries he so often received, what would have been the effect upon the quarrelsome neighbor?

13. Did it show a want of *manliness*, in this kind neighbor, to do the man a favor who had so often vexed and injured him?

14. If, by resenting all the injuries this kind man had ever received, he could have entirely prevented his ill-tempered neighbor from securing any of his hay, or crops of grain, for the season, who would have been the better, thereby?

15. Who was the greater gainer in the course that was pursued, the kind neighbor, or the ill-tempered neighbor?

16. Did the kind neighbor do any more than was his duty to do?

17. If this good man, notwithstanding all the vexations caused and insults given him, had always spoken kindly to his neighbor, but had never sought a single occasion for doing him a favor, would he have deserved any blame?

NARRATIVE.

A MERCHANT'S REVENGE. — Making haste to get rich leads the young man to violate the golden rule, and wounds his conscience. An illustration of this occurred some years since in one of the American cities. A. built a very extensive warehouse on his lot, and after it was completed, B, the next neighbor, discovered that it was two or three inches on his lot. A surveyor was sent for, and A. discovered his mistake, and freely offered B. a large sum, if he would permit the edifice to stand. B. knew that he had his

wealthy neighbor in his power, therefore he seemed unwilling to sell the narrow gore for twenty times the value of the land. He only waited for a larger bribe to be offered, believing that before A. would pull down his warehouse, he would pay half its value.—But A. finding that B. was determined to be satisfied with nothing but extortion, began to pull down his noble building. Then he might have settled on his own terms, but he had no offer to make. The last foundation stone was removed. In order to avenge himself, A. ordered his builder to run up the new edifice a couple of inches within his own line, and it was done; and the noble building was again completed. A short time afterwards, B. commenced the erection of his splendid warehouse, directly against his neighbor's, and, of course, two inches over on the lot of A. The trap succeeded as he expected; and after B.'s building was completed, and his friends were congratulating him on his noble warehouse, A. stepped up and informed B. that his edifice encroached on his land. B. laughed at the thought, for amid the rubbish and deep foundation, a couple of inches cannot be detected by the naked eye.

A surveyor was sent for, and conceive the blank astonishment that filled the mind of B. when he found himself at the mercy of one he had so deeply wronged.—Then would have been the time for A. to have shown the sordid B. what a magnanimous heart could do! How much better and nobler, and happier to pass by an insult! It is the glory of the Christian to be able, willing, and eager to forgive an enemy. But A. was actuated by simple revenge, and that neighbor could name no sum at which he would even look. He offered him half the cost of the edifice, if he would suffer him to let it stand. No; he must pull it down, and down it came to the very foundation. This neighbor, placing the stone within his own line, and thus setting a snare, was as certainly guilty of falsehood as Ananias and Sapphira, although he had not said a word. For B. to take advantage of the unin-

tentional mistake of his neighbor, and then endeavor to extort some thousands of dollars from him, was nothing but attempting a wholesale robbery. It is but the same thing in retail robbery, which prompts one to take advantage of an ignorant neighbor, or that neighbor's servant or child.

---

18. In the last narrative, what greater victory could merchant A. have obtained over merchant B. than he did?

19. Did merchant A. make merchant B. his warm friend by the course he pursued?

20. Would merchant B. probably have taken another advantage of merchant A. if he had seen a good opportunity?

21. Did merchant A. conquer merchant B. by returning injury for injury? Did merchant A. conquer *himself?*

22. Which party was made the *richer* in the course that was pursued? — which party was made the *better?* — the happier?

23. What was the duty of merchant A. in the foregoing case? What was the duty of merchant B.?

24. Whose conduct do you the more admire, that of the poor boy who was stabbed, or that of the rich merchant A., who was first so much wronged by his neighbor, but who wronged him as much in return?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Have you ever heard of persons, or children, who sought to injure those who had injured them?

2. Is there any better course for us to pursue, when others do us an injury, than to do them *just as great* an injury, if we can? What is it?

3. If others do wrong to us, would it be right for us to simply *let such persons alone*?

4. But, in simply *letting them alone*, would this show that we *loved* them?

5. Which would you think the more certain way to make your enemy become your friend — to do him an injury, or a kindness?

6. How many *injuries* do you think it would be necessary to do to an enemy, to make him your friend?

7. How many *kindnesses* do you think it would require to make your enemy respect and love you?

8. Which do you think would give you the more pleasure, to *conquer yourself* and *your enemy too*, by doing him kindnesses, or, to conquer *neither yourself nor your enemy*, by doing him injuries?

9. Is it common for us to do good to those who do evil to us? Is it *easy* for us? Is it *possible* for us?

10. Suppose some one has wronged you very much, and for this you have *three times* done him a kindness, and he remains your enemy still; ought you to try any more to make him your friend? *How many* times do you think you ought to try?

11. How many times do you think you would try with a brother or sister, or any one that you *loved very much?*

12. Suppose, in going home from school to-night, some boy should seize your hat or cap, and, intentionally, throw it into the water or mud, how do you think you would act?

13. Suppose several boys should unite in calling you reproachful names for the purpose of irritating you? How do you think you would act?

14. Do you think of any *kindnesses* that could be practised upon such boys, that would make them ashamed and sorry for their conduct?

15. If you were to assist any, or each of them, the next day, in their work or their sports, or to give them some fruit, or were to invite them to visit you, and should be *very careful* to show them all the *little attentions* in your power, how long do you think they would abuse you?

16. If you should, by trying every means you could think of, at last succeed in conquering such boys by your kindnesses, which do you think would be the more benefited, *yourself* or the *boys?*

17. Would it be right to do an enemy a kindness, simply for the purpose of gaining a triumph, and with no real desire of conferring a benefit upon him?

18. If those who are unfriendly or unkind to us are unfortunate in any manner, would it be right to rejoice at their misfortunes?

19. In case those who are unfriendly to us seem to have no power, whatever, to injure us, may we feel quite indifferent whether we gain their friendship or not by showing them attention and kindness?

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Angry looks can do no good,
  And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
  If spoken but in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
  Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
  Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,
  And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past—
  Forgiven, not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
  For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
  Than let another feel them.

LESSON III.

A LITTLE WRONG DONE TO ANOTHER IS A GREAT WRONG DONE TO OURSELVES.

NARRATIVE.

"DEEP WOUNDS."—When I was about twelve years of age—I remember it as though it were but yesterday—I one day got very angry with an older brother. I was angry, too, "without a cause." He had been the best of brothers to me; but on this occasion he had refused to gratify my strong desire to have for my own a little book which I had seen him reading. I flew into a violent passion. I called him very bad names; and, although I can scarcely believe it, and only recollect it with grief and shame, I tore his clothes and tried to bite his arms.

In a few weeks, and before my proud spirit was humble enough to ask his forgiveness, that brother left home never again to return. He went far away among strangers to sicken and die. I never saw him again. Oh! how often have I wished that I might have been permitted to stand by that brother's death-bed and ask pardon for my foolish passion. Useless wish! Unavailing regret!—Even now, at this distance of time, whenever I recall the memory of that brother, and think of his kindness and love, the cup of pleasure is embittered by the dregs of remorse which the remembrance of that angry hour throws upon it. Alas! the pangs of remorse gnawing my own spirit even now are far sharper than the teeth with which I would gladly have lacerated my brother's flesh. When I see that brother in my dreams, he wears that same look of astonishment and rebuke with which he then looked upon me.

"A wounded spirit who can bear?" O! if children and youth who speak angry words to their parents, and call their brothers hard names, only knew what a fearful burden of "wounded spirits" they are storing up, to press with mountain weight upon them in riper years, they never would suffer an unkind or disrespectful word to pass their lips.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. In the narrative just given, did the boy who was angry do any severe bodily injury to his brother?

2. Why did he feel so regretful for so long a time?

3. If the younger brother had *received* the ill treatment from his elder brother, instead of *giving* it, before the elder brother left home for the last time, do you think he would have experienced so much sorrow and anguish during the remainder of his life?

4. Which of the two brothers was probably the greater sufferer during the remainder of his life for this one wrong act of the younger brother?

5. But, suppose the younger brother had really been penitent and received forgiveness from the elder brother, before he finally left home, would he have been able, at any time after, to think of his anger with pleasure?

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

Sir Walter Scott related the following incident of his own life to an intimate friend:

There was a boy in his class at school, who always stood at the top, nor could the utmost efforts of young Scott displace him. At length he observed, when a question was asked this boy, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat; and the removal of this was, therefore, determined. The plot was executed, and succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it

could not be found. In his distress he looked down for it, but it was not to be seen. He stood confounded, and Scott took possession of his place, which he never recovered. The wrong thus done, was, however, attended, as it always must be, with pain. "Often," said Scott, "in after life, the sight of him smote me." Heartily did he wish that this unkind act had never been done.

Let it constantly be remembered, that we are not left to act as we please; — the rule is of the highest authority: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

---

6. In the case of Sir Walter Scott, just related, which probably was the greater sufferer, the boy who lost his position at the head of his class, or Sir Walter who gained it?

7. Why did the sight of the boy, ever in after life, give Sir Walter Scott so much pain?

NARRATIVE.

Power of Conscience.—A few days since, as a gentleman, a most respectable merchant residing in one of our eastern cities, was returning from his house to his counting-room, he was accosted in the street by a man who had been a sailor in his employ, who stated that he wanted to settle his account with him. The gentleman replied that he did not know that he had any account with him, or any knowledge of his person. The man then went on to state that, some ten years ago, he sailed in a brig belonging to the gentleman, called the U———ll; that during that voyage the crew purloined certain property from the owners, which was divided among their number, and that the proportion which he received amounted to between three and four dollars, which, with the interest, would now come to five dollars, which

sum he tendered to him, and begged his forgiveness. He had also taken a chisel, which he valued at fifty cents, making that amount more, which he also tendered.—The gentleman, with a suitable admonition, declined receiving restitution; but the man declared that he could never be satisfied without paying the money, and that the relief to his mind would be ten times the value of the sum. It was consequently accepted, to the great satisfaction of the conscience-smitten delinquent. Let the fellow-participants in his crime "go and do likewise."

---

8. In the foregoing case, is it probable that the sailor feared that he should be detected and arrested for stealing?

9. Might he have supposed that the merchant was poor, and in need of the property he had taken from him wrongfully?

10. What induced the sailor to seek out this merchant, confess his crime, and offer to pay for all the property he had taken?

11. When the merchant declined, at first, to receive restitution from the sailor, why did the latter still insist upon paying the full value of the property taken, with interest?

12. After the sailor had paid for the stolen property and been forgiven, is it probable that he could afterwards feel just as happy as if he had never stolen? *How long* would this act of his life make him feel unhappy?

13. In the foregoing case, which was the greater sufferer, the rich merchant, or the sailor who stole his property?

NARRATIVE.

NAILS IN THE POST.—There was once a farmer who had son named John; a boy very apt to be thoughtless, and careless as to doing what he was told to do.

One day his father said to him, "John, you are so careless and forgetful, that every time you do wrong, I shall drive a nail into this post, to remind you how often you are naughty;

and every time you do right I will draw one out." His father did as he said he would, and every day he had one, and sometimes a great many nails to drive in, but very seldom one to draw out.

At last John saw that the post was quite covered with nails, and he began to be ashamed of having so many faults; he resolved to be a better boy; and the next day he was so good and industrious that several nails came out; the day after it was the same thing, and so on for a long time, till at length only one nail remained. His father then called him, and said: "Look, John, here is the very last nail, and now I'm going to draw this; are you not glad?"

John looked at the post, and then, instead of expressing his joy, as his father expected, he burst into tears. "Why," said the father, "what's the matter? I should think you would be delighted; the nails are all gone." "Yes," sobbed John, "the *nails* are gone, but the *scars* are there yet."

So it is, dear children, with your faults and bad habits; you may overcome them, you may by degrees cure them, but the scars remain. Now, take my advice, and whenever you find yourselves doing a wrong thing, or getting into a bad habit, stop at once; for every time you give up to it, you drive another nail, and that will leave a *scar* on your soul, even if the nail should be afterwards drawn out.

---

14. In the narrative just given, why did the "scars" in the post give John so much trouble?

15. When his father spoke kindly and cheerfully to him, and was willing to forgive and forget all his wrong deeds, could John, ever after, feel just as happy as if he had never done wrong? *How long* would his wrong acts give him pain?

16. Which was probably the greater sufferer for the wrong deeds of John —John himself, or his associates around him?

NARRATIVE.

In one of our western cities, a post-office clerk was arrested for stealing packages of money that daily passed through his hands. In the full confession which he finally made, he stated that it was with great hesitation and reluctance that he ventured to open the *first letter* that he suspected contained money, but that after the *first act*, he found it almost impossible to allow a money-letter to pass through his hands without searching it. His experience in handling and opening letters soon enabled him to determine, with considerable certainty, the contents of packages, and, though young, and in no special need of money, yet so strong was his inclination to open such packages, that he found it extremely difficult to resist it. Let those who suppose it *easy* or *possible* to pause, at any time, in a downward course, take warning by his example.

---

17. In the preceding narrative, in what other way was the post-office clerk the sufferer, besides feeling the consciousness of guilt?

18. Would it ever after be just as easy to resist the temptation to steal, as if he had never stolen?

19. Having deliberately and repeatedly done what he well knew to be so criminal, would it be as easy for him to do right respecting other duties, as if he had never stolen?

20. And when, by doing wrong intentionally, *he lost some power of doing right* for other occasions and duties, in what respect would he always afterward be the sufferer?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If a poor boy were to steal ten cents from a rich merchant's drawer, which would be the greater sufferer, the boy or the merchant?

2. In what respect would the merchant be the sufferer? In what respect would the boy be the sufferer? Whose suffering would last the longer?

3. If, in anger, you should strike one of your companions a blow causing pain for two hours, but producing no further inconvenience, which would be the greater sufferer, yourself or your companion?

4. In what manner would your companion be the sufferer in such a case? In what manner would you be the sufferer? How long would the recollection of the blow cause you pain?

5. If you say what you know is not true, to save or to gain one dollar, who will be the greater sufferer for your falsehood—yourself, or the one you have wronged? In what manner would you be the sufferer? In what respect would the person you had wronged be the sufferer?

6. If a person should tell falsehoods, and afterwards acknowledge them and be forgiven, would his reputation stand as well among those who knew him as though he had *always* told the truth? Would he be just as happy as though he had never falsified?

7. Would a person who has told one falsehood be *more* or *less* likely to tell another?

8. If we have sought and obtained forgiveness for our criminal acts, and also made all the restitution in our power to those we have wronged, shall we any longer feel the consequences of our wrong deeds?

9. When we have done wrong once, is it *more* or *less* easy for us to do wrong again? If we have acted uprightly at any time, will it be *more* or *less* easy for us to do right again?

10. In what manner *do we lessen* our power to do right? In what manner do persons ever become hardened in cruelty and crime?

11. In what manner *do we increase* our power to do right? In what manner do some persons become so bold and strong in virtuous deeds?

12. In doing wrong, we suffer from a sense of guilt, we suffer in losing the confidence of our best friends, and we suffer in losing much of our power to do right afterward. Which of the three is the greatest cause of suffering to us?

13. What pleasure is sweeter than the consciousness of doing right?

14. What punishment do you consider harder to bear than a guilty conscience?

15. What power is more important to us to possess, than the power to *do right* on every possible occasion?

16. *What, then, is the worst calamity that can happen to anybody?*

TO DO WRONG INTENTIONALLY.

LESSON IV.

THE NOBLEST COURAGE IS THE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

NARRATIVE

TRUE COURAGE.—I was sitting by a window in the second story of one of the large boarding-houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"O yes, that's capital! so we will! Come on, now! there's William Hale! Come on, William, we're going to have a ride on the Circular Railway. Come with us."

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"Oh! oh! so you must run and ask your *ma!* Great baby, run along to your ma! Ain't you ashamed? I didn't ask my mother." "Nor I," "Nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice: "come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward as long as you live; — don't you see we're all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched in the midst of the group. He was a fine subject for a painter at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how the word *coward* was rankling in his breast. "Will he indeed prove himself one by yielding to them?" thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer; for I feared that the evil principle in his heart would be stronger than the good. But no.

"I *will not go* without asking my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion; "I am no coward, either. I promised her I would not leave the house without permission, and I *should* be a base coward if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

I saw him in the evening in the crowded parlor. He was walking by his mother's side, a stately matron, clad in widow's mourning. Her gentle and polished manners, and the rich full tones of her sweet voice, betrayed a Southern birth. It was with evident pride she looked on her graceful boy, whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Well might she be proud of such a son, one who could dare to do right, when all were tempting to the wrong. I shall probably never see the brave boy again; but my heart breathed a prayer that that spirit, now so strong in its integrity, might never be sullied by worldliness and sin; never, in coming years, be tempted to do evil. Then, indeed, will he be a joy to the widow's heart —a pride and an ornament to his native land. Our country needs such stout, brave hearts, that can stand fast when the whirlwind of temptation gathers thick and strong around them; she needs men, who, from infancy upward, have scorned to be false and recreant to duty.

Would you, young friend, be a brave man, and a blessing to your country?—be truthful, never tell a lie, or deceive in any manner; and then, if God spares your life, you will be a stout-hearted man, a strong and fearless champion of the truth.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. William Hale, in the foregoing narrative, promised his mother he would not go away without her permission. Would he have exhibited any true courage in breaking his promise? If he had not made a promise, but still had disobeyed his mother, would he then have exhibited true courage?

2. If William Hale's mother had never spoken to him about leaving the house without her consent, would he have shown true courage in going with the boys, if he had thought *it might not* be in accordance with her wishes?

3. Suppose William's mother had given him *express permission* to go with the boys if he chose to do so—would he then have exhibited true courage in accompanying them, after they had ridiculed and insulted him for daring to do right?

4. Is it probable that the boys who called William a *coward*, were truly courageous themselves? What evidence is there that they *were*, or *were not*, truly courageous?

5. Though the boys *called* William Hale a coward, is it probable that they *believed* him to be one? Did they most likely respect him *more* or *less* highly, for keeping his promise, and obeying his mother?

NARRATIVE.

FALSE COURAGE.—"See how hard that boy dares strike his pitcher against the post," said a mischievous lad to an associate. The boy, who stood tapping a pitcher softly against a post, regarding this as an appeal to his *courage*, at once began to strike a little harder and harder, till, by and by, the pitcher was broken. Now the poor fellow's courage forsook him in a moment. His fault and the anticipated punishment flashed upon his mind, and he gave himself up to bitter weeping.

When will boys learn that *true courage* is TO DO WHAT IS RIGHT, and REFUSE TO DO WHAT IS WRONG? Suppose a wicked youth dares you to blaspheme the name of your Maker; must you utter an oath to show that you are a boy of courage? Utter that oath, and you are a *coward*. What, *afraid* to refuse to do a thing which you know to be *wrong! Afraid* to do what you know is *right*, lest you should be called a coward!

---

6. Did the boy, in the foregoing narrative, show any true courage in breaking his pitcher? What did he show?

EXTRACT.

TRUE COURAGE.—Do not be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips, or smell the fumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man, who was once as poor as you. There is our next-door neighbor in particular, now one of our wealthy men, who told us a short time since, that when a child he was glad to receive the cold potatoes from his neighbor's table. Fear God, my boy, and if you are poor, and honest, you will be respected — a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.

---

7. Which requires the more true courage, to refuse to do wrong, as William Hale did, or to wear plain and poor clothes, when all of our associates are wearing good and fashionable clothes and dresses?

8. Why should a boy be ashamed of poor clothes, or poor parents, while he always does as well as he can?

NARRATIVE.

TAKING THE RIGHT GROUND.—One Saturday noon, when school was dismissed, a number of us stopped a little while, to devise ways and means of passing the afternoon most pleasantly. I was then, I think, about nine years of age. We could not fix upon any plan; so we separated, agreeing to meet, after dinner, at E—— H——'s, and take up the subject again.

I received permission to spend the afternoon with E——, or to go where the boys went, provided they "kept out of

mischief." I found the boys, some five or six in number, assembled there when I arrived. One of them was earnestly urging the others to go to the I——— orchard. There was a tree, he said, of excellent apples, at a great distance from the house, and so near to the woods that we could get as many as we wanted, without being detected.

I saw at once that I could not be one of the party, for I was not brought up to steal apples or any thing else. As I did not wish to be left alone, I was very desirous that the plan should not be adopted. I accordingly brought forward several objections—the distance of the orchard from us, the probability that we should not succeed, the shame that would follow detection in the attempt, and the fact that none of our parents would be willing to have us go upon such an expedition.

My objections were plausibly answered by the proposer of the plan, and I began to fear that I should be left in a minority, when R—— A—— joined us. When he had learned the state of the case, he said the expedition was not to be thought of, AS IT WAS WRONG. It would displease God. Disguise it as we would, it was stealing, and God's law said, "Thou shalt not steal." His remark settled the question. The plan was given up. We concluded to go and play in a large, new-mown meadow.

I have related this incident to show how important it is to take the true ground, in opposing that which is wrong. R—— took the right ground. He planted himself on the everlasting rule of right. I have observed that when young persons are asked to do what their consciences will not approve, they often assign weak reasons for declining, instead of boldly stating the true and conclusive argument, namely, *that it is wrong*. Never be afraid or ashamed to avow your adherence to the rule of right. If a thing is not right, say you will not do it, *because it is not right*, and do not think it needful to add any other reason.

9. In the last narrative, how many of the boys manifested *true courage* respecting the proposition to steal apples?

10. If one of the boys had opposed the project of going to the orchard because the *distance* was so great, would he have exhibited true courage? If another had objected because the owner was *such a kind man*, would he have exhibited true courage?

11. Suppose two or more of the boys, feeling that it was very wrong to steal, yet supposing that a majority of the company would be opposed to going, had *remained silent* when the project was proposed; would they have exhibited true courage? Would they have shown *any want* of true courage?

12. Suppose R—— A——, in the narrative, knowing that it was wrong to steal, had *silently walked away*, when he heard the proposition to go to the orchard; would that course have answered *just as well?*

13. When the plan of going to the orchard was first proposed, what was the duty of every other boy of the company? What *reason* ought each one to have assigned for not going?

14. Is it probable that the boys loved and respected R—— A—— any the less, for telling them all, boldly and promptly, and decidedly, that it WAS WRONG to steal fruit?

NARRATIVE.

MORAL HEROISM.—During the summer of 1855, when the Norfolk pestilence was raging, Secretary Dobbin authorized Commodore McKeever, commandant of the Norfolk navy-yard, to close the establishment, and retire from the infected district. The Commodore replied that he considered the post of danger the post of duty, and expressed his determination to remain where he could be serviceable. Secretary Dobbin recently addressed him an official letter, inviting him to Washington, and complimenting him for his exhibition of moral heroism, in facing the "pestilence which walks at noon day," more praiseworthy than bravery at the cannon's mouth

---

15. Which requires the more true courage, to go boldly to battle, as soldiers do, or to remain, day after day, in the midst of the pestilence, as Commander McKeever did, for the purpose of "being serviceable" to others?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. When a soldier goes boldly to battle to meet danger and death, what sort of courage does he exhibit? (Bodily, or physical courage.)

2. When a person dares to *do right* when others threaten, oppose, or ridicule him, what sort of courage does he show? (Moral courage.)

3. Dogs will sometimes engage in a fight with dogs much larger than themselves. What sort of courage do such dogs manifest? (Brute courage or physical courage.)

4. A boy was once called a coward and otherwise insulted, because he refused to join his companions in stealing plums, for the reason that he thought it *wrong to steal.* Did he show cowardice, or courage, in refusing to steal? If courage, of what kind?

5. Which do you think the nobler quality, moral or physical courage?

6. Is there ever any *true courage* in doing what we know to be wrong?

7. But if a person insults or injures you, does it not look *spirited, courageous* and *manlike* in you to *resent* the insult or injury? Is it certain that such a spirit is the *right* spirit, and such courage is *true* courage?

8. Which do you consider the more difficult duty, to do right when all of our friends unite in *ridiculing us,* for our opinions, or when they unite in opposition and violence on the same account?

9. Which would you think the higher accomplishment, to possess the *courage to do right* when your associates unite in ridiculing you, or to be master of all the branches taught in your school?

10. It sometimes happens that a few scholars unite in violating, intentionally, the best regulations of the school of which they are members. Is there any *real courage* manifested in such an act?

11. Other members of the school, knowing well their secret plans and intentions, when called upon by the proper persons, refuse to give any information upon the matter. What do you think would be the duty of a good scholar in such a case?

12. In case one of your neighbors should discover a thief taking money or valuable articles from your father's house, what do you consider would be the duty of that neighbor?

13. In case you were to see a person set fire to your neighbor's dwelling, what would be your duty?

14. If you knew that several persons were banded together for the purpose of secretly placing obstructions upon the railroad track, what would be your duty?

15. But suppose you were threatened with violence, if you re vealed these secret purposes of mischief; what ought you to do?

16. Suppose your best friend becomes involved in a difficulty a school, in which you know he is very much to blame; if you ar called upon by parents or proper persons to state the facts in th case, what must you do?

17. Which would be better in such a case; to lose your friend by exposing his faults, or to conceal them, and prevent justice from being done to all the parties?

18. In case all of your associates threaten you with their displeasure, or even with violence, if you reveal their secret plans of mischief; what ought you to do?

19. If you knew that your companions were trying, either by ridicule, threatening or violence, to prevent one of your associates from exposing their plans of mischief, what would be your duty in the matter?

20. If at any time, in any manner, you see a person *trying to do right* while others try, in any manner to prevent him from doing so, what would be your duty?

21. When you see persons ridiculing or opposing others for trying to do what *they think is right*, what do you infer respecting the moral courage of such persons?

22. What is *the first question* to be asked, when we are invited to join others in any amusement or undertaking, or set about any plans of our own? (IS IT RIGHT?)

23. But suppose we have decided to do what we think right *our selves*, would you think it necessary for us, at any time, to *say t others* what we think is right?

24. Why should any one ever be ashamed or afraid to do what i right?

25. Why should any one, at any time, be ashamed or afraid to d what is wrong?

26. Can any one possess true courage, while he is ashamed or afraid to speak and act just as he thinks is right?

27. Can moral courage *be acquired* as well as the ability to sing or to write? In what manner?

28. In what manner can persons who sing very well now, or write very well now, learn to sing or write *better?*

29. In what manner can those who have a *little* moral courage now, acquire *more?*

30. Why is the courage to do right the noblest courage?

DARE AND DO.

DARE to think, though others frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest.

LESSON V.

BE SLOW TO PROMISE, BUT SURE TO PERFORM.

NARRATIVE.

ANECDOTE OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.—During an engagement between an Hungarian and an Austrian troop of light-infantry, a Honved stabbed an Austrian officer with a bayonet, and mortally wounded him. Natural generosity prompted the Hungarian Honved to extend his aid to the dying foe. The officer said to him with great exertion: "I see you are a brave and a good-natured fellow; I will ask a favor of you. In my pocket-book you will find a package containing documents, without which my family will be ruined —reduced to beggary. Promise to send this package to my

family in Prague, in Bohemia." "I will carry it to them myself," answered the Honved. "Swear it to me," said the Austrian. "Sir, I am an Hungarian; I give you my word," responded the Honved. In a few minutes afterwards the wounded man died in the arms of his generous foe, who, after covering the body with his own mantle, and putting his sword in his hands, crossing them, took the papers and joined his troop.

The conflict ended, and the Honved repaired to his captain and requested a furlough, which was denied. This did not discourage our hero; he went to see the colonel of his regiment, but met with the same result. Finally he applied to the commanding general, Kalapka, but even *he* did not grant his request. In the night following he left the camp, and in the course of a few days travelled four hundred miles, and delivered the papers safely into the hands of the deeply afflicted widow of the deceased Austrian, residing at Prague.

Soon after, our faithful Honved rejoined his corps, and reported himself to his captain, who had him arrested as a deserter. He was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be shot. The brave man calmly resigned himself to his fate, which came not to him unexpectedly. He prepared himself for death, and when the fated muskets were aimed at his breast, he exclaimed—"I pledged my honor and my word, and I was bound to keep them. *Elgen a haza!*" (Hurrah for my native land)—and sank dead, pierced by many musket-balls.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What do you observe in the conduct of the Hungarian soldier, that you approve?

2. The Austrian officer requested the Honved "to swear" to him that he would keep his promise. Would the soldier have kept his promise any better, if he had complied with the officer's request?

3. Persons sometimes excuse themselves from keeping their promises because it is *inconvenient* for them to fulfil them. Is this right?

4. Would the Hungarian soldier have probably broken his promise on account of stormy weather, or for the sake of a pleasure excursion, or for fear of offending friends, or for the desire of making money?

5. Did the Hungarian soldier value his promise more highly than he ought to value it?—More highly than every person should value a promise?

NARRATIVE.

THE BROKEN PLEDGE. — A gentleman in Virginia, says Mr. Gough, had a boy six or seven years old, who wanted to sign the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks; all in the family had done so, but the father thought him too young, and would not let him. After much entreaty, permission was given. Soon after, the father went on a journey. At one stopping-place away from the town, he called for some water. It was not brought, so he called again; still he could not get it; but cider was brought, and being very thirsty, he so far forgot himself as to drink that. When he got home, he related the circumstance. After he had finished, the little boy came up to his knee with his eyes full of tears, and said, "Father, how far were you from James River when you drank the cider?" "Rather more than fifteen miles, my boy." "Well," said the little fellow, "I'd have walked there and back again, rather than have broken my pledge." Oh, God, bless the children. We have thousands such as these—children who understand the principle, and keep the practice. I sometimes wish the adults kept the pledge as well as the boys do.

---

6. Which do you think the more binding, a promise made in words, or a promise made in writing?

7. Do you think the boy spoken of in the last narrative, was *too particular* about keeping his pledge?

8. Would the Hungarian soldier have probably forgotten his promise when a little thirsty, as this boy's father did?

9. Which do you think the more binding, the promise of the boy, six or seven years old, or the pledge of his father?

NARRATIVE.

THE LITTLE STRANGER. — Though a person of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humor, an every-day wit, and with children, particularly, he loved to chat familiarly, and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any SAUCE, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a market-man. "No, sir, my father is," was the prompt answer. The doctor said, "Bring me in some squashes," and passed into the house, sending out the price. In a few minutes the child returned, bringing back part of the change; the doctor told him he was welcome to it; but the boy would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such singular manners in a child attracted the doctor's attention, and he began to examine him attentively; he was evidently poor, his little jacket was pieced and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trowsers darned with so many colors it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean withal. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, who, holding him at arm's length, and examining his face, at length said:

"You seem a nice little boy; won't you come and live with me, and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoken like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say that down stairs there was a little boy with a bundle, who wanted to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else.—"Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes, (but no squash himself, as we shall see;) he was dressed in a new, though coarse suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle tied in a home-spun checked handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his cap, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor, saying,

"I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you and be a doctor," said the boy with the utmost naiveté.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little boy rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and reflected that he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him you wanted me to come and live with you, and be a doctor; and he said you was a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?"

"She said Dr. Byron *would do just what he said he would*, and God had provided for me. And," continued he, "I have a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here another in the bundle," undoing the handkerchief, and displaying them, with two little shirts as white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded, it was plain none but a mother would have done it. The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened, to see the fearless, the undoubting trust with which that poor couple had bestowed their child

upon him — and such a child! His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence; and above all, he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that the Divine Saviour had said, "Blessed be little children;" and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray in church hat God will have mercy UPON ALL YOUNG CHILDREN."

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife, "and what hen?"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whosoever receiveth one such little child in his name, receiveth me;' take this child in his name, and have a care of him;" and from this hour this good couple received him to their hearts and homes. It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age — a protector to their daughters, a more than son to themselves; all this was then unrevealed: but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care; and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.

---

10. If Dr. Byron had invited a young man twenty years of age, to come and live with him, and study medicine, what would have been the doctor's duty in case the young man had come to his house with his trunks and books, in accordance with the invitation?

11. But suppose the doctor did not expect that the young man would ever come, though he had given him a fair invitation to do o; if he came, what would be the doctor's duty?

12. When Dr. Byron invited the little boy to come and live with him, did he really expect he would ever come? Did the boy suppose he was in earnest?

13. When the boy came with his little bundle, what do you think was the doctor's duty?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Which do you think the more binding, a promise made to young children, or a promise made to grown persons?

2. Which do you think the more binding, a promise made *by* children, or one made by grown persons?

3. If you had promised to carry some medicine to a sick friend at a certain hour, and when the time arrived, the weather should be very stormy, what would be your duty?

4. If you had promised a stranger or an enemy that you would deliver a letter at the Post-Office at a particular hour, and should afterwards find that by doing so, you would lose the opportunity to go on a delightful pleasure excursion; what ought you to do?

5. If you had promised that you would not engage in certain amusements, and you should afterwards learn that some of your best friends would be offended if you did not, what would be your duty?

6. If you should promise to call on a friend at nine o'clock in the morning, would you fulfil your promise if you called at five minutes past nine?

7. If you had promised to work at hard labor for one year for one hundred dollars, and you afterwards learned that you could get one hundred and fifty in an employment that suited you much better, what would be your duty?

8. What would you consider a good excuse for breaking a promise, at any time?

9. Children sometimes promise to refrain from eating fruit at certain times, or to return from a visit at a certain hour, and in the midst of their enjoyments *forget* to keep their promises. Do such children deserve any blame?

10. If we are thoroughly resolved to keep sacredly every promise we make, shall we be likely to make many or few promises?

11. If we succeed in strictly keeping every promise we make, who thereby receives the greater benefit — ourselves, or those to whom the promises are made?

12. What advantage is it to us to keep all our promises?

13. If we scrupulously keep all our promises, what advantage will that be to others?

14. When we have made promises, and find that we cannot fulfil them exactly as we expected, what ought we to do?

15. If, on account of your negligence in keeping your promise, your friend should lose five dollars, what would be your duty?

16. Can all the losses, occasioned by the failure of persons to keep their promises, be made good with money?

17. Which is better for us always to do, to disappoint our friends by refusing to promise, or to disappoint them by failing to fulfil our promise?

LESSON VI.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

NARRATIVE.

THE RUNAWAY. — As a farmer's family were about going to bed one evening, the farmer himself went out to the well to draw a bucket of fresh water. It was dark, but he thought he saw somebody sitting by the stone wall, with a bundle beside him. "Hallo!" cried the farmer, "who are you?" "I'm myself," said a tired voice; "and I don't know but I've sat down here to die; I may as well." The farmer went towards the poor object, and found a boy who looked forlorn enough, even in the twilight. "Cheer up," said the kind farmer, "and come into the kitchen; — let's see how you are."

The boy got up, and with rather an unsteady step followed the man into the house. He was indeed in a pitiable condition: his feet were blistered with travel; his tongue was

parched, and in addition to poverty and homelessness, he seemed to have a high fever. The kind-hearted family were soon astir in his behalf. They did not stop to make inquiries who he was, or where he came from, but did every thing which his present needs seemed to require. They washed him, put on clean clothes, gave him something to eat, and put him into a comfortable bed. The next day he was better, and gave an account of himself to his kind benefactors; telling them, we are sorry to say, what was not true, for he said he was an orphan, and had neither father nor mother. The farmer's family liked the boy, and he liked them, and concluded to stay and work on the farm. And the longer he stayed, the better they liked him: he was industrious and obliging, and they felt a great sympathy for him.

So it went on a few weeks, when a man came to the farmer's house who knew the boy, and said he had a poor mother, who felt great distress at his absence; in fact, he had run away, and she did not know where he had gone.

"Ah, that's very bad in Ben," said the farmer's wife, "*very* bad — very unaccountable;" and she looked sorely perplexed. "A mother! O, what a grief he must have been to her! Well, as soon as I get a good opportunity, I'll talk with the lad." She soon received a letter from his mother, and one enclosed for Ben; when she took him aside in her bed-room, and unfolded to him the discovery she had made. Ah! how poor Ben looked! It was some time before he spoke. "Now, you must *write* to your mother; you must go to her, Ben. Your poor mother! think what she has suffered." "Never shall go back," said Ben, gruffly. "I don't want to go back — never will." "Then you can write, Ben. She is your mother, Ben; your excellent mother." But his heart seemed to be as cold as steel. He would not write, nor go back; but appeared rebellious and sullen whenever the subject was alluded to.

"Ben is doing very wrong," said the farmer's wife one day to her husband; "to be sure he is kind to the children, and obliging, and a good boy to work, but I can't help thinking all the time how wickedly he treats his mother. Such disobedience and ingratitude, such unfeeling conduct, takes away all the pleasure we have in his other good qualities. The very first thing he ought to do is to return to his mother, ask her forgiveness, comfort her poor sorrowing heart, and then he can come back and live with us; as it is, we cannot approve of his conduct."

Thus, though Ben was very kind, the farmer's family could not respect him, and it was a question of duty with them, whether he should longer remain.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

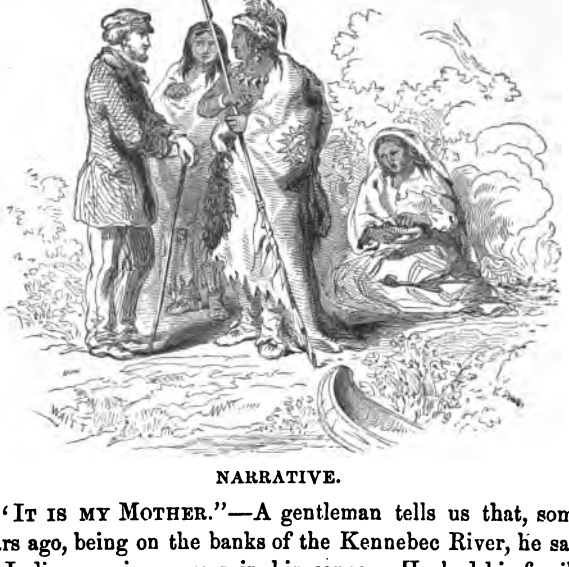
1. Do you think it was the farmer's duty to allow Ben to remain in his family, while he refused to honor and obey his mother?

2. Though Ben should work faithfully for ten years, and seem to be always honest, kind, and generous, could *you* respect him while he would not treat his mother with kindness and affection?

3. Though Ben *seemed* so honest and faithful, do you think it would have been *safe* for the farmer to send money to distant persons by him?

4. While living in open disobedience to his mother, would you expect him to exhibit *moral courage* when there was a strong necessity for himself and others to do so? Would you expect him to keep all his *promises* sacredly?

5. While Ben obstinately refused to do his *first duty*, did he deserve the confidence of any one?



NARRATIVE.

"IT IS MY MOTHER."—A gentleman tells us that, some years ago, being on the banks of the Kennebec River, he saw an Indian coming across in his canoe. He had his family with him, consisting of his wife and a very aged woman, whom he had carefully covered with a blanket. His name was Quenockross; he had been wounded in battle, and was lame in one of his feet.

When he reached the shore, he kindled a fire, and then took the aged woman out of the canoe in his arms, and laid her down very tenderly by it. He then cooked some food and gave it to her to eat, while he and his wife waited until she had done eating. Seeing the gentleman observe him very attentively, he pointed to the aged woman, and, in a tone that showed he felt it an honor to be thus attentive to her, he said, "*It is my mother.*" Yes, the poor, lame savage felt that it was a privilege to forget his own trouble, and act with the utmost respect and tenderness toward his aged mother

6. Some persons have found it difficult to place confidence in the honor of an Indian; do you think this Kennebec Indian might be trusted? Why?

7. Knowing that this Indian loved, honored, and supported his aged mother, what *other* virtues would you expect to find in his character?

8. Which person deserves the higher respect — Ben, or the poor, lame Indian?

NARRATIVE.

THE LOVE OF A SON FOR HIS FATHER. — The late Bishop Bascom, an eloquent Methodist clergyman, was distinguished for his filial gratitude and devotion. His father was poor, and greatly afflicted. He was bed-ridden, and almost helpless in consequence of rheumatism. When Bishop B. was professor in the college at Augusta, Kentucky, he used to go down to Maysville, (near which place his father lived,) and remain there for a week or two, cutting and hauling wood for him, and in every other way in his power endeavoring to contribute to his comfort. Here he used to sleep on the floor by his father's bedside, and, in order that he might be wakeful, he took a block for a pillow. He would continue these attentions until fairly worn down by fatigue, when he would return to his friend's house in Maysville, stay a few days to recruit his energies, and again return to his father's cabin to resume his work of filial piety. As long as his father lived, this dutiful son continued to minister to his wants; and after the venerated parent passed away from earth, the son transferred his kindness to the surviving members of the family. He educated all his brothers and sisters.

---

9. If Bishop Bascom had sent his father ten dollars per month of his earnings, instead of going himself to help him, would you have respected him just as highly?

10. If the Bishop had hired and paid a man to help his father, instead of going himself, would you have respected him just as highly as in the actual case?

11. Did Professor Bascom probably feel that it was *very degrading* for an educated man to labor hard with his hands, to help his poor father?

NARRATIVE.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.—There are some children who are almost ashamed to own their parents, because they are poor, or in a low situation of life. We will, therefore, give an example of the contrary, as displayed by the Dean of Canterbury, afterwards Archbishop Tillotson. His father, who was a plain Yorkshireman, perhaps something like those we now call "Friends," approached the house where his son resided, and inquired whether "John Tillotson was at home." The servant, indignant at what he thought his insolence, drove him from the door; but the dean, who was within, hearing and recognizing the voice, instead of embracing the opportunity afforded him, of going out and bringing in his father in a more private manner, came running out, exclaiming in the presence of his astonished servants, "It is my beloved father;" and, falling down on his knees, asked for his blessing. Obedience and love to our parents is a very distinct and important command of God, upon which he has promised his blessing — and his promises never fail.

---

12. Did the servants probably respect Archbishop Tillotson *more*, or *less* highly for the respect and honor he manifested to his aged father?

13. Instead of treating his parent with such marked respect and honor before the servants, suppose that he had received him *kindly*, and then made him a *handsome present*, when he departed to go home; would you have respected him just as highly as in the present case?

14. Aged parents, conscious of their ignorance, or poverty, sometimes feel much reluctance in visiting their wealthy children. How would you have such children treat poor and aged parents?

NARRATIVE.

THE BURNING OF THE RICHMOND THEATRE.—"I was but a boy, and lived in the city of Richmond, Virginia, when the theatre was destroyed by fire in December, 1811, and seventy-five persons perished. I had a brother older than myself, who resided there at the same time. On the day which preceded the fire, he approached me, handing me a dollar, and saying he supposed I wanted to attend the theatre in the evening. On my leaving home to reside in the city, my mother had charged me not to go to the theatre; this I told him, adding, *I can't disobey my mother.* Upon this, he took back the dollar he had given me, expressing much contempt for my course. I was willing indeed, and even anxious to retain the dollar, but not as the means of violating my mother's command.

"Night came, and my brother attended the theatre, accompanied by a young lady of the city, to whom he was shortly to be married. I retired to bed at an early hour, and knew nothing of the fire until after sunrise. Then I learned that the young lady had perished in the flames, and that my brother, in his efforts to save her, had narrowly escaped death. This bereavement was to him a source of overwhelming grief, and he kept his room closely for nearly a month afterwards. He never subsequently said aught to me in reference to the theatre, or as to my course in refusing to attend."

The above was related to me by Dr. F——, now of North Carolina. Notice, 1. The theatre was a novelty to him, and he might have made this a plea for going. 2. It would have cost him nothing, the price of admission being proffered him

as a gift 3. The example of an older brother was before him, and presented a strong inducement to go. 4. His mother was at some distance from the place, and it was very likely that she would never have heard of her son's disobedience. But the noble boy firmly adhered to his resolution, "*I can't disobey my mother.*" The voice of God seems to ave blended with the mother's charge, thus restraining the footsteps of her son, and in all probability saving his life.

---

15. In the preceding narrative, what do you perceive that was wrong in the conduct of the elder brother?

16. If the younger brother had refused the dollar, and declined to go to the theatre, *without assigning any reason* for doing so, would you respect his conduct just as highly?

17. Boys are sometimes *ashamed* to assign as a reason for their conduct, that a proposed plan is in opposition to the wishes or commands of parents. Is it *degrading* to children to obey their parents? Is it degrading to do *any thing* that is right?

18. In the preceding narrative, which exhibited the more moral courage, the elder, or younger brother?

NARRATIVE.

"YOU WILL THINK OF IT WHEN THEY ARE DEAD."—The *omission* of kind and comforting words, you will think of; the *neglect* of little acts of tender love, such as would be real expressions of gratitude for what they have suffered and done for you in your helplessness, and have always done for you — thoughts of these things will enter into your hearts like so many fine-pointed darts. Especially will these be felt when you come to be parents, and live over for *your* children what your parents have lived through for you.

I knew a young woman whose father died when she was about eighteen years of age. She, with the rest of the children, were considered obedient and respectful to their father

The father himself said, when dying, in speaking to a friend concerning his children, "I have good children; never one of them gave me a disrespectful word." But after all this, I have known that daughter to say, that the remembrance of having omitted to speak some sweet, consoling words, which she might have spoken to her father, and of omitting to do some unasked and unexpected acts of gentle, care-taking love, which she might have done, had caused her more painful sensations than she could express. "I remember," she said, "one instance, which has been brought to my mind by some little act of my child toward me, so that the music of my soul was hushed, and my spirit, for a season, was clothed in mourning. I wished my father back again, long enough, at least, for me to act my part toward him over again, and let him see what was in my heart to do for his comfort. The instance was simply this: — I was ironing; my father was in the room, in feeble health, from which he suffered for years before his death. He asked me if I could not set the iron upon my clothes in a gentler manner, as the jarring disturbed his head. I immediately made a change according to his request, but not half so much as I might have made, had I *realized* how agreeable a gentler action would have been to him. When I was nearly done, I noticed by the turning of his eyes toward the table, that the noise yet hurt him. I never forgot that anxious look of suffering; and since I have had feeble health, and have felt many harassing jars which my *little* thoughtless children have made, I have many a time sighed out, 'Oh, the thoughtlessness of *adult* children! — what sorrow it makes for them in after years!'"

---

19. In what other ways may we *honor* parents besides rendering strict obedience to their commands?

20. In what ways may we *fail* to honor them, and yet obey them?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If you were directed by your parents to perform a certain piece of work, and you should do the work as directed, but very *sullenly*, instead of *cheerfully*, would this be *obedience?*

2. If you were intentionally twice as long as necessary in doing any service that your parents had asked of you, but which you did not wish to do, would that be *obedience?*

3. Suppose you know it is contrary to the wishes of your parents that you should engage in certain sports or amusements, and that, if you were to ask them, they would refuse permission; but you have never asked them. — Would it be disobedience to engage in them?

4. If you know that any favor you desire is contrary to the wishes of your parents, would you do right to ask it?

5. After you have once been denied a favor, do you think it right to ask a second time?

6. Suppose you have permission to stay *two hours* with some of your playmates, would it be disobedience to remain two hours *and a half?* — two *and a quarter?*

7. Children sometimes urge their companions to *stay longer* with them, than their parents have given them permission. Is it right for the one party to make this request, or for the other to comply with it?

8. Is it right for us ever to ask others to do what we know is not right either for them or for us to do?

9. Which would you think the more certain way of honoring parents, to obey all their commands, and always respect their wishes while they are living, or, to plant flowers upon their graves when they are dead?

10. Our parents sometimes think it is their duty to deny us favors, when we cannot see any reason why they do so. What is the duty of children under such circumstances?

11. Which would you think afforded the stronger evidence of affection for parents, to be very ready in making them little presents, or, to be very cheerful and affectionate when denied any favor?

12. If you were to ask your parents for permission to go on a pleasure excursion, and they should reply, "that you might go if you felt very anxious to do so, but they would prefer that you would not go;" what ought you to do?

13. Children are sometimes ashamed of their parents because their dress is not fashionable, or their manners not as refined as they would like. Which have the greater reason to be ashamed, the children of such parents, or the parents of such children?

14. Children who have been successful in life, are sometimes very much ashamed to have their poor, aged parents visit them. Why is this so?

15. Children sometimes deny themselves enjoyments that they may be better able to promote the happiness of their parents, and often parents do the same to promote the happiness of their children. Which do you think is the more common?

16. Children sometimes feel willing to sacrifice their lives for their parents, and often parents feel so towards their children. Which do you think is the more common?

THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

THERE'S music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
O, who shall half the fervor tell
That burns in all she's saying!

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness!

A mother! when like evening's star,
Her course hath ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regard us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

LESSON VII.

THINK THE TRUTH—SPEAK THE TRUTH—ACT THE TRUTH.

NARRATIVE.

THE DISHONEST NEWSBOY.—As I was walking near the "Battery," in New York, a few days ago, on my way to the steamboat Metropolis, a lusty, ragged, and dirty newsboy came down Broadway with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, loudly shouting,

"New York Evening 'Erald! arrival of the Pacific! all about the war! New York 'Erald, last edition!"

"Here, my lad," said I, as he approached me, "let me have a copy of your paper; I want to see the steamer's news."

The boy thrust a copy of the paper into my hand, and seemed so excited and desirous to continue his walk and his cry, he could scarcely wait to take his money. As I had no pennies about me, and as I saw not a little of the rogue in his wicked-looking eyes, I held a five cent piece between my fingers and asked,

"How much do you want for your paper, my lad?"

"Sixpence!" said he, with an impudent look.

"Sixpence!" I replied, "why, boy, I fear you are roguish. The price of your paper is only two cents; why do you ask six?"

"Well, I'll take three cents," he replied, without pausing to explain the reason why his first demand was so high.

"Give me two cents, then," said I, "but I fear you are a bad lad."

"No, give me your money first," he answered.

Upon this, I offered him his paper, and was about to pass on. This brought him to his senses, and he took out his pennies, gave me the change, turned upon his heel, and ran off shouting,

"New York 'Erald! last edition! all about the war! Evening edition."

I now opened my paper, for I felt very desirous to glance at the news from Europe. I looked first at one column, and then at another. But I searched in vain. I could not find one word about the steamer or her news. What could it mean? Aha! the boy had cheated me.—He had sold me the *morning* edition of the paper, which I had read nine hours before, and which had been printed before the Pacific had been telegraphed.

"Well," said I to myself, "that boy has cheated me for the sake of three cents. He had those morning papers left, and came running down this street with a lie in his mouth, that he might push them off among the passengers by the evening steamers, who, being in haste to get on board, would purchase papers without pausing to look at them until they got out into the river."

I have no doubt the young rogue thought this a very clever trick. He looked as if he had already sinned away his conscience, and I dare say he felt but very little of that pain which follows a wrong act in a healthy mind. Poor, miser-

able boy! I pity him, and can but entertain the fear that in a few years he will be the inmate of the State prison. That successful lie will lead him to bolder sins, and finally to ruin.

I hope my young readers feel as I do towards him. If that keen-eyed boy, now reading these lines, is more pleased t the news-boy's trick than he is pained at his deceit, it is a sign that his mind is more inclined to evil than to good. A right-minded youth shrinks with disgust from a dishonorable act, however smartly it may be done; while the wicked can find fun in the skill of wickedness.

That poor boy not only sinned against God and himself in telling me that lie, but he also injured the *honest* news-boys of New York. His act made me suspect that New York news-boys are bad as a class. It makes you think so. I shall be on my guard against every news-boy I meet, when I go to New York again, and so will you after reading this story.

Now this suspicion may be unjust toward some of those boys. There may be some choice boys in the class he represented, and my suspicion of them may be unjust.—Yet I can't help feeling it. My duty to avoid being imposed on, even in a trifle, will cause me to deal with them as with boys who will cheat me if they can. The boy who cheated me has thus done all his fellow news-boys a great wrong. He has exposed them all to be regarded with suspicion.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. How much did the boy make by telling a lie to sell his newspaper?

2. Which do you think would be the greater criminal, the dishonest boy who would tell a lie to get three cents, or the dishonest man who would tell a lie to save a thousand dollars?

3. But perhaps this poor news-boy had paid for a large number of the morning edition of his paper, which he would have to lose if

he did not sell in the course of that day. If he was *very poor*, and perhaps hungry and cold, would it be right to sell his old papers to save himself from loss?

4. But if he had offered his papers for sale in the evening, without saying whether it was the morning or evening edition, while all who made the purchase supposed it was the evening paper, would that have been right?

5. If this boy had been very poor, and very ragged, and very cold, and very hungry, what would you have advised him to do with his old papers?

6. Under what circumstances are children and others most likely to tell what is not true?

NARRATIVE.

ACTING LIES.—"Jane, go into the store-room closet and bring me the large blue jar," said a mother to her little girl. Jane put down her books, for she was going to school, and ran to the closet, where the first thing she saw was a basket of large red apples. "I should like one of these to carry to school," she thought, "but I do not know whether mother will think it best for me to have one;" so instead of asking, she slipped the largest one she saw into her pocket, and covered it over with her shawl, lest her mother should see it. Jane then took the jar to her mother, and carried the apple to school, which proved to be a hard winter apple, unfit to be eaten.

By and by Jane's class in History was called up to recite, and she was quite particular about getting her seat behind the stove, rather out of the way of the teacher's eye. Jane had the History in her hand, with a pencil between the pages of the lesson, and every now and then, watching her chance, she peeped into the book, but when the teacher glanced that way, she looked up as innocently as could be.

School was dismissed a little earlier than usual, and Helen Brewster went home with her to get a book which Jane promised to lend her; but she did not wish to let her mother

know that school was done, as she might be wanted to help her in some way, or to play with the baby. So she opened the door very softly, and crept up stairs on tiptoe. A call from the sitting-room, "Jane, is that you?" It was her mother's voice; — but Jane did not answer to the call. She crept down, and out again, and did not get back for some time. "I thought I heard you come in some time ago," said her mother; "I wish it had been you, for I have needed you very much. Willie has been very sick." Jane said nothing, and how she felt you can perhaps imagine.

We have followed Jane through a part of the day, and have seen her just as she was, not as she *seemed* to be to her mother and teacher; and what do you think of her?—There are many children like Jane, and perhaps they will see themselves in her. Jane, you see, was not a *truthful* child. "But she did not *tell* any lie," some one will say. No, but she *acted* lies, and you see in how many things she deceived in half a day's time. "Little things," perhaps you will say. But little things show what we really are, and what makes up the character. There is no habit more dangerous than that of deceiving in little things, because it is so easily fallen into. Let every child who reads this, examine her conduct, and see if she is in danger of sliding into it. All deceit is displeasing to God.

---

7. In the preceding narrative, how many times was Jane really guilty of falsehood?

8. When she heard her mother call her, and yet remained silent, did she intend that her mother should understand that she was not in the room?

9. Jane "peeped into her book," and when the teacher "glanced that way," she looked up as innocently as could be. What did she say, *in actions*, to the teacher?

10. When she slily put the apple under her shawl, of what crime was she guilty? — any *more* than one crime?

NARRATIVE.

GETTING OVER IT FINELY. — "Why, Alfred, how could you tell mother that wrong story?" said Lucy Somers to her brother. "You know you did eat one of the apples that was in the fruit-dish, yet you told mother you did not."

"Now, Lucy, I did'nt tell any lie about it at all. You know mother asked me if I took one of the apples from the dish, and I said No. And that was true; for the apple rolled off from the top of the dish, when I hit the table, and I picked it up from the floor. Mother didn't ask me if I ate one, but if I took one from the dish. *So you see I got along finely with it,* and told nothing but the truth."

Yes, but the boy knew that he *meant to deceive* his mother, and that made it a falsehood. I don't think he will get along so finely with his own conscience, or with Him who searches and tries the heart. God knows *what we mean,* as well as *what we say.*

---

11. The boy, in the last narrative, was quite confident he had told nothing but the truth. What do you perceive in his conduct that was wrong?

NARRATIVE.

ACTING LIES.—A beautiful picture was to be exhibited in the Hall. Teachers of the schools made arrangements to take in their pupils, at a reduced price, that they might enjoy the pleasure of beholding it. Thomas and Mary went to different schools. Mary skipped in, clapping her hands, "Oh we are going to see the picture this afternoon. Our teacher says so — all the scholars — oh, I am so glad!"

"Our teacher ain't," said Thomas, looking sober and sorry.

"'Tis too bad. I wish you went to our school, Tommy We are going to be at the school precisely at half past two, and then we are going to march to the Hall: Anna and I mean to walk together" — so Mary talked on. "I wish I could go," said Thomas, looking very sorry. "I love to see pictures dearly."

"I'll tell you what you can do," suggested his aunt, "you can go to Mary's school, this afternoon, and go in as one of the scholars—you may do that, Thomas."

"No, aunt, I can't do that, because I am *not* one of the scholars — it will be *acting a lie.* I am scholar to another school," answered Thomas. When the time came, he beheld his sister depart without wavering; dearly as he loved pictures, he would not visit this, with Mary, lest he should depart from strict truthfulness of action as well as word.

Was not Thomas a noble boy?

Do children remember that lies can be *acted* as well as spoken? and that an *acted* lie is as wicked in the sight of God as a spoken lie? Think of this, and see if you are sincere and truthful in your *conduct;* see if you do not act one thing and mean another.

Strive to have your heart right, and let your actions be a faithful copy of what you *really* mean. Then, though you are a child, your parents and friends will confide in your words and honor your characters.

---

12. Would it have cost the showman any thing more, if Thomas had gone in with the scholars of his sister's school?

13. Who would have been the sufferer, if Thomas had quietly gone n with his sister?

14. Would Thomas have probably been the *only* sufferer in thus *acting* a lie?

15. How would the *example* of Thomas have affected his own school, as well as his sister's, if he had done as his aunt suggested?

16. Is it probable that his noble, self-denying conduct was of any advantage to any one? To whom?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Is it right to tell what we know is not true?

2. Are there any other ways of telling a falsehood, except by words?

3. Could deaf and dumb persons, who talk by signs, *tell a lie* with their fingers?

4. If I had lost my pencil, and you had found it, and I should inquire if you had seen it, and you should *shake your head*, would that be telling a lie?

5. Suppose I had lost my knife and pencil, and you should find them both, and I should inquire for them, and you would say that you had found my *knife*, but should say nothing about the pencil, would this be *right?* Would it be as bad as telling a lie?

6. Suppose you had whispered or played in school, and I should ask all who had done so to *arise*, and you should remain in your seat, would that be the same as telling a falsehood?

7. Suppose you were playing, and the teacher should turn to look at you, and you should suddenly stop, and pretend you had been still all the time—would this be the same as telling your teacher a falsehood?

8. Would it be right to tell a falsehood to save yourself or another from being punished?

9. If you were very *hungry* or *thirsty*, would it be right to tell *a lie* to get *food* or *drink?*

10. Would it be right to tell a falsehood to gain a thousand dollars?

11. Which is the more criminal—to tell a lie *in words*, or by *keeping silent?*

12. Can persons tell what is strictly true, and yet not tell the truth?

13. For what purpose does any one ever tell a falsehood?

14. Can you think of any cases where falsehoods have been told, where there was not some guilt to be concealed?

15. When we have neglected some duty, or have been involved in some difficulty, are we likely to blame ourselves?

16. In giving an account of our neglect of duty, or of our difficulties with others, if we mention all their faults, and omit to mention all of our own, of what wrong would we be guilty?

17. Will telling a lie be the *only* wrong of which we should be guilty in such a case?

18. Which do you think the greater wrong — to do injustice to others intentionally, or to tell what you know is not true?

19. Have you ever heard or read of persons who would sooner suffer death than tell a lie?

20. An old man, who has left in his writings many excellent thoughts, after thinking often why people regard it such a sad disgrace to be accused of lying, said: "If it be well weighed to say that a man lieth, it is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from men." Can you explain in what way a *liar* is always a great *coward* towards men? And how is he *bold* towards God?

LYING LIPS BRING SORROW.

When you've been guilty of a fault,
Oh! lie not to conceal it;
For it will happen, soon or late,
That something will reveal it.

And then, whate'er the deed has been,
However great your trouble,
The fault, the sorrow, and the sin,
Will all be rendered double.

But when at once the truth you've told,
Away with all your sadness,
The sense of having done what's right,
Must fill the heart with gladness.

LESSON VIII.

DO GOOD TO ALL, AS YOU HAVE OPPORTUNITY.

NARRATIVE.

MONEY WELL EXPENDED. — Captain S. C. S., of Portland, was one day passing through one of the streets in Boston, when he saw a poor sailor lying on the side-walk, with his feet in the gutter, in such a position as to endanger his limbs, if not his life. Captain S. lifted him up, aroused him, and by degrees got his history. He belonged to a good family who resided in the eastern part of Maine, had been well educated, and exhibited now the wreck of a brilliant intellect and amiable disposition. He said he had been sick, had stayed his time out in the Charlestown Hospital, and had that morning been discharged without a cent, and in so feeble a state as to disqualify him from going to sea again at present. "Then why don't you go home?" said Captain S. "I cannot pay my passage; I have no money," answered the desponding sailor. "Have you found anybody that would give you any breakfast?" said the Captain. "No," was the reply, "but I found a man who gave me something to drink, and, as I was very weak and very hungry, the liquor overcame me; but I am not so much intoxicated as I seem to be; I have my senses perfectly well." "How much will take you home?" inquired the Captain. "There is," said the tar, "a vessel lying at the wharf which would take me within two miles of my home for one dollar, and I would go if I only had the money." "Now, shipmate," continued Captain S., "give me your hand, and look me straight in the eye. Now promise, upon the honor of a sailor, that you will never drink

any more of the poison stuff, and I'll give you some breakfast and pay your passage home." The sailor clasped his emaciated fingers around the rough hand of the Captain, and pronounced the pledge. Captain S. handed him a bill, saw him safe in the nearest public-house, and went his way.

Some three years after, as Captain S. was passing along Exchange Street, in Portland, some one behind him called out: "Captain! I say, Captain! Hallo! Captain!" Capt. S. turned around, and a well-dressed stranger grasped him by the hand, and inquired if he knew him. He confessed he did not recollect ever having seen him before. The stranger, after several ineffectual attempts to refresh his memory, finally brought to his recollection the scene narrated above, and said that he was the sailor to whom the Captain had thus acted the part of the Samaritan, and insisted on returning four-fold for the money which had been bestowed on that occasion. All remuneration was refused, and the young man was exhorted to go and do likewise. "I will with all my heart," said he, as the tears gathered in his eyes; "but I owe *you* a debt that I can never discharge. I have never broken my pledge, and with the help of God I never will. I went home after you left me, and through the entreaty of my friends, I commenced trading, and am now here to purchase goods. I have been prospered in business, and have lately been united to the woman of my choice. You were the means of saving both soul and body; for I have lately been made acquainted with the blessed Saviour of sinners. Oh! if my poor old father could get hold of your hand, he would almost wring it from your body in gratitude." The generous heart of the Captain was melted, for he loved the Saviour too. The flood-gates of his soul were opened, and they wept together like two children, shook hands again, exchanged a hearty "God bless you," and parted.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Did Captain S. do the sailor good in any other way than by giving him a dollar? In what way?

2. Which do you think did the sailor the more good — the dollar and the breakfast, or the kind words of encouragement and the earnest invitation of the Captain to take the temperance pledge?

3. Perhaps the generous Captain thought *only* of helping the poor sailor when he gave him the dollar and the breakfast. What other persons were benefited thereby?

4. In what way was the Captain himself benefited? In what way was the sailor benefited? In what way were the sailor's parents and relatives benefited? In what way were his friends and all those living around him benefited? In what way are *you* thereby benefited?

5. Which probably afforded the purer enjoyment to Captain S.,— the pleasure of earning a dollar, or that of giving to the poor, friendless sailor the same amount?

6. If the Captain could have foreseen how much good his money and kind words would do the sailor, and how the blessings of the sailor's parents and friends were to be showered upon him, how much money do you think would have induced him to neglect this opportunity of doing good?

7. Were so good an opportunity before you to-day to make so many persons happy, what would you do?

8. Have you ever had any oppportunities for doing good to others?

NARRATIVE.

DRY UP A TEAR WHEN YOU CAN.—If we are to do good to all as we have opportunity, we must abound in kind words. In this rough world, so full of hardships, trials and difficulties, Christians should abound in the grace of kindness. "Oh," says some one, "kind words are cheap." So they are; and so is the light of heaven, and a cup of cold water; yet these are among the most precious gifts of God. Passing along the streets a few days ago, we saw a little child who had tripped his foot and fallen down. He was crying over

his distress. We lifted him up, instinctively saying, "Poor little fellow!" These brief words of sympathy were very cheap, but they brushed away his tears, and spread sunshine over his face again.

The poorest on earth can say a kind word to a struggling brother or sister; and who can tell the good that may be done by a single kind word? It may cheer some sorrowing heart — may revive some fainting brother — may fill some soul with gladness.

---

9. Which gives us the more pleasure, *the many little acts* of kindness which we receive from others, or the *few* great acts?

10. What class of persons are so unfortunate in the world that they can not do *little acts* of kindness to *somebody*?

TRUE CHARITY.— We were much struck by a scene which we witnessed a few days since in Broadway, near the Park. A poor woman "sat by the way-side begging." She was evidently too feeble to work, even if work had been at hand and waiting to be done. To all appearance, her next remove would be to the Hospital, and then, to the grave. In a low voice, and indeed, more with her eyes than with her tongue, she pleaded to the passers-by, for alms, But her appeal was in vain. Few noticed her,— not one in a thousand gave her anything.

While the proud and rich, and busy folks thus "passed by on the other side," a good Samaritan approached,— a woman bearing on her head a bundle of wood, a woman, one would have said, herself in need of charity. From her little store of this world's wealth, she drew forth two cents, and gave them to the sick beggar woman. We were affected by the incident, and thought how sadly wanting is true charity among those who think themselves altogether unblamable in their conduct towards others. *Taking good care of themselves*, they seem to suppose that their whole duty is performed.

11. Which, probably, cost more self-denial, for this poor woman to give *two cents*, or for most persons to give two dollars?

12. Many persons, richer than the poor woman with the bundle of sticks, passed by, thinking they were not *able* to give any thing. What was the *real* difficulty with them?

NARRATIVE.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION. — A young man recently ran away from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat, and get a refuge, while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner — their mother was weeping and tearing her hair — and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent. "You see me driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without the means to provide any for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys: whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner, is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. — How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city; for they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener; "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing!"

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man, like the father, had been able to capture such a strong young fellow — but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected, that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The Minister examined into the affair, and, finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

---

13. If the galley-slave, spoken of in the last narrative, had given this poor man fifty francs of his own earnings, would it have conferred as great satisfaction as aiding him by surrendering his own personal liberty?

14. It was a *very great* kindness to the poor man to have a home provided for his family. Were there any *other* persons benefited by this generous act of the convict?

15. In what way was the galley slave, himself, benefited? In what way was the Mayor benefited? In what way was the minister of justice benefited? In what way are *you* benefited by thi noble deed of self-denial and charity?

16. Among all the persons benefited by this act of the galley slave, who, do you suppose, has been *most benefited?*

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Are opportunities for doing good common, or rare?

2 In what manner may persons do good to others?

3. What do you consider would be the best possible deed that one person could do for another?

4. Which would you think the better method of doing good to others, to perform the acts of kindness yourself, or give money to others to enable them to perform the same acts of kindness?

5. Do children ever have opportunities for doing good in any manner?

6. Do persons, who are very poor, and very needy, and very ignorant themselves, ever have any opportunities for doing good?

7. What class of persons in the world are entirely prevented from doing good to others in any manner?

8. Who have the best opportunities for doing good?

9. Have you ever heard or read of persons who seemed to devote their whole lives to the work of making others happy? What men have you known or read of? — What women?

10. In what manner may persons help others, who have neither money nor property to give?

11. If you were to speak kind words of encouragement to the sorrowful and the unfortunate, in what way might you benefit them?

12. If you should possess the courage to do right, when all around you were inclined, strongly, to do wrong, in what way might you benefit others?

13. If you were known, in any case, to repay a severe injury with a kind act, in what way might you benefit others?

14. If, before your brothers and sisters, and associates, you should always honor and obey your parents, in what way might you be doing good to others?

15. Which affords the higher satisfaction, to help others to as many enjoyments as we possibly can, or help ourselves to every gratification within our power?

16. Why may we not neglect any opportunities to do good?

17. If we neglect opportunities for doing good, who are, thereby, the sufferers?

18. Which are usually the *greater* sufferers when we neglect our duties — ourselves, or those who need our kind attentions?

19. We cannot always help others as we would like to do, without making some sacrifices ourselves. What is to be done in such a case?

20. Which do you think affords us the purer pleasure—to do kind acts to others when it costs little or no sacrifice, or when it costs us great self-denial to render others assistance?

21. If we practise aiding the unfortunate, and helping others all we can, will our love for doing good grow stronger, or weaker?

22. Which would you think the *better man*, the one that does the *greatest amount* of good to others, or the one that *loves the better* to do good? Which of the two would you think the *happier* man?

23. When we have lived out all of our days, which will afford us greater satisfaction, to think that we have secured for *ourselves* all the comforts and enjoyments of this world, or secured as many as possible of these for others?

GIVING.

WHAT ever lost by giving?
The sky pours down its rain,
Refreshing all things living,
While mists rise up again.

Go rob the sparkling fountain,
And drain its basin dry;
The barren-seeming mountain
Will fill its chalice high.

Who ever lost by loving?
Though all our hearts we pour,
Still other spirits moving,
Will pay our love with more.

And was there ever blessing,
That did not turn and rest
A double power possessing,
The blesser being bless'd?

LESSON IX.

SPEAK EVIL OF NO ONE.

NARRATIVE.

THE LOST BROOCH.—The following incident will help to show how very careful we ought to be not to judge from appearance alone, but to grant to others the same charitable consideration we would wish extended to ourselves.

In summer, our country home is often visited by our city friends, and we enjoy their brief sojourn with us. — Some time since, a dear friend of my mother came to pass several months. She brought her only child, a lovely boy, just old enough to run alone, and to fill the house with his childish glee. His nurse was a good-natured Irish woman. She was rather noisy and officious; the house and garden she ransacked at pleasure; and in the farm-house she made herself particularly free. But she was kind and faithful to her little charge, and for that reason much valued by the child's mother.

Soon, our farmer's daughter, Mrs. M——, came home to make her annual visit, bringing her little boy, about the age of our other juvenile visitor. Master Eddie liked a playfellow, and Bridget's visits to the farm-house became still more frequent.

One day Mrs. M—— came with an anxious face to my mother to ask if she thought Bridget was perfectly honest.

We were startled at the question, for we had never doubted her honesty, and knew that her mistress trusted her implicitly. Mrs. M—— said that she had lost a brooch, and she was *sure* Bridget had taken it; indeed, so indignant and excited was she, that I think nothing but her regard for my mother prevented her accusing Bridget of the theft.

She had been out walking, and when she returned, took out her brooch and laid it on the table. Bridget soon came in with Eddie, and stayed some time; after her departure, Mrs. M—— wanted her brooch, *and it was gone!*—They searched everywhere; the table was moved, the drawers emptied, the carpet swept, even the rag-bag was turned inside out, and its contents carefully examined, because she remembered to have put some pieces in it while Bridget was there. But the brooch was not to be found; it could not have gone without hands, and nobody was there but Bridget. We were all very much troubled, but my mother concluded it was best not to say anything to her friend about it; she was away from home, and could not, without a great deal of trouble, get another nurse. Besides, though appearances were much against Bridget, we still hoped the trinket would come to light.

Time passed on, and Mrs. M—— started for her western home, firmly believing that Bridget had her brooch.—Our pleasant friend, with her darling boy, also left us; and Bridget, quite unsuspicious of our hard thoughts, bade us good-bye cheerfully, glad to return to her city companions. We settled into our quiet winter habits, with our books and work.

One cold day the farmer came home for a pair of woollen socks. His wife told him they were in a bag in the closet. Now there were two bags hanging there; one was a rag-bag, the other contained his socks. He hastily put his hand into the bag, and pulled out, not a pair of socks, but a handful of pieces, with the long-lost brooch! Mrs. M—— had put her rags into the wrong bag, and the brooch with them.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. In the narrative just given, was the family to blame for suspecting that the girl had stolen the brooch?

2. Would it have been right, under all the circumstances, for any one of them to charge Bridget with stealing the brooch?

3. As Bridget had never been known to steal before, would it have been right for any one of the family to mention to some *intimate neighbor*, that Bridget would steal?

4. If the family had united in publicly charging Bridget with stealing, under the circumstances stated in the narrative, and had afterwards learned that she was not in any manner guilty, what would then have been their duty?

5. If the servant girl had really stolen the brooch, and confessed it, what would have been the duty of the family, in case she seemed really penitent?

6. Would it probably help to *reform* any one who had once been guilty of stealing, to be publicly exposed?

NARRATIVE.

KINDNESS THE BEST PUNISHMENT. — A Quaker, of exemplary character, was disturbed at night by footsteps around his dwelling: he arose from his bed, and cautiously opened a back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an outhouse, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man busily engaged in receiving the contents of the pork-barrel from another within the cellar. The old man approached, and the Friend's thief outside fled. He stepped to the cellar-window, and received the pieces of pork from the thief within, who after a little while asked the supposed accomplice in a whisper, "Shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said softly, "Yes, take it all;" when the man industriously handed up the remainder through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine the consternation, when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he was confronted by the Quaker. Both were astonished; for the thief proved to be a near neighbor, whom none would have suspected of such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged the old man not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised never to steal again.

"If thou hadst asked me for meat," said the good Friend,

"it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, and esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven."

The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the old man said, "Take the pork, neighbor."

"No, no," said the thief, "I don't want your pork."

"Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal; on half of this pork thou must take with thee."

The thief insisted that he could never eat a morsel of it The thought of the crime would make it choke him. H begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the old man was inexorable, and furnished the thief with a bag and half of the pork put therein, and laying it on his back, sent him home with it. He met his neighbor daily, for many years afterwards, and their families visited together, but the matter was kept a secret; and though in after-time the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It was probably the first, and was certainly his last attempt to steal.

Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice, and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result! His family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined, and his spirit broken. Revenge, not penitence, would have swayed his heart, the scorn of the world would have darkened his future, and in all probability he would have entered upon a course of crime at which, when the first offence was committed, his soul would have shuddered. And what would the owner of the meat have gained Absolutely nothing! Kindness was the best punishment for it saved while it punished.

---

7. What course would most persons have pursued, if they had detected a neighbor in the act of stealing, as the Quaker did?

8. Would the Quaker ever have been a better, or a richer, or a happier man, if he had publicly exposed the conduct of his neighbor?

9. What would probably have been the effect upon the man and his family, if the Quaker had spoken of this matter to a few of his *intimate friends?*

10. In what manner was the Quaker benefited by not exposing the crime of his neighbor?

11. When we *positively know* that others have faults, what is always he better course for us to pursue?

12. Have you ever known cases where those who have spoken harshly and unkindly of the conduct or motives of others, have, at the same time, abused their best friends?

NARRATIVE.

GOOD FOR EVIL. — An old man, of the name of Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. By the most laborious industry, and the severest habits of abstinence and privation, he amassed a large fortune. His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. Whenever he appeared, the populace pursued him with hootings and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. In his will were found the following words: — "Having observed, from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing: and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for that purpose."

---

13. Does it increase or diminish our enjoyments, to receive favors rom those we know we have deeply wronged?

14. Was the old man of Marseilles the greater sufferer for the ill things said of him, or were those who uttered them the greater sufferers?

NARRATIVE.

THE ERRING BROTHER. — Dr. Waugh being in company with a number of ministers, the bad conduct of a brother in the ministry became the subject of conversation, and every gentleman in the room joined warmly in condemning him. Dr. Waugh sat for a time silent. At last he walked up to his companions, and said, "My dear friends, surely we are not acting in accordance with our profession. The person you speak of is one of ourselves, and we ought not to blow the coal. But do you know that he is as bad a man as represented? and if he is, will railing against him do him any good? It is cowardly to speak ill of a man behind his back; and I doubt if any of us would have sufficient courage, if our poor friend were to appear among us, to sit down and kindly tell him of his faults. If there be one here who feels himself quite pure, and free from error, let him throw the first stone; but if not, let us be silent, and I confess that I feel that I must not say one word." He resumed his seat, and the company looked at each other, struck silent by the rebuke from one so good and mild.

---

15. If the "erring brother" had been guilty of every thing charged against him, what was the duty of *his friends* respecting his faults? What was the duty of such *strangers* as might hear of them? Of *enemies* who might know well the faults of their neighbor or minister?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. When persons speak ill of others, do those who thus speak derive any benefit? Do those who listen derive any benefit? Do the slandered persons derive any benefit? *Who does* derive any benefit?

2. Is the person who slanders another, himself injured in any way? How?

3. Are persons who listen to slanders, the sufferers in any way? In what way?

4. Are slandered persons the sufferers in any way? — In what way?

5. When your associates begin to speak unkindly of others, in our presence, what would you consider to be your duty?

6. But suppose you know they are telling only the truth, would t be well to listen to them? — to remind them of their duty to the absent?

7. Will those who know our faults best, and feel most anxious to aid us in correcting them, be *more* or *less* likely to speak of them to others?

8. When our friends or strangers *seem* to treat us with neglect or disrespect, is it always certain that they *intend* to do so?

9. If persons seem to do wrong, or omit to do what we think is right, is it always certain that their motives are bad?

10. Will it be safe for us to speak harshly of the acts of others, while we do not *positively* know their motives?

11. Some persons speak of the faults of their best friends, to one or two other *particular friends*, and charge them *never to tell any body else*. What do you think of this habit?

12. Which do you think are generally the greater sufferers, the slandered persons, or the slanderers?

13. What is the *best possible course* for everybody to pursue, respecting the faults of others? (Never to make them a subject of conversation, except from a clear sense of duty.)

14. Will it be *easy* always to practise the above rule? Is it *possible* for us to do so?

15. But if persons *will* speak unkindly of you, how can you escape injury from their slanders? (Live so that nobody will believe them.)

16. Will it be safe to conclude that those who are most forward to see other people's faults, and *speak of them*, give the least attention to the work of discovering and correcting *their own* faults?

SPEAK NO ILL.

NAY, speak no ill! A kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind,
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No; let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill — but lenient be
To other's failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known;
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

LESSON X.

CAREFULLY LISTEN TO CONSCIENCE, AND ALWAYS OBEY ITS COMMANDS.

NARRATIVE.

THE GOLD SOVEREIGN. — "When I was only eight years old," said Judge N——, "my father and my mother being poor, with half a dozen children more than myself to take care of, I was given to a farmer in the town of F——, who designed making a ploughboy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

"Well, I had not a very gay time in Deacon Webb's service: for although he was an honest deacon, and a tolerably kind man in his family, he believed in making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence.

"So I had plenty of work to do, and an abundant lack of indulgence to enjoy. It was consequently a great treat for me to get the enormous sum of one or two pennies into my possession by any sort of good fortune — a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that at the age of eleven I had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favorite few.

"Well, I had lived with Deacon Webb three years before I knew the color of any coin except vile copper. By an accident I learned the color of gold. That is the story I am going to tell you.

"One Saturday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village store on an errand; and, on returning home, just about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package, lying on the road-side.

"I picked it up to examine its contents, without the

slightest suspicion of the treasure within. Indeed, it was so light, and the volume of brown paper appeared so large, that I undoubtedly supposed that I would likely be made an April fool, though it was the month of June. I tore open the folds of the paper, however; and discerning nothing, I was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

"I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering, too bright and too small for a penny; I felt of it, I squeezed it in my fingers, I spelled out the inscriptions; then something whispered to me that it was a gold coin of incalculable value, and that, if I did not wish to lose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

"Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it would not stay there. Every two minutes I had to take it out and look at it. But, whenever I met somebody, I carefully put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner for the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine, by right of discovery; and I comforted myself with the sophistry that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying, 'Who's lost?'

"I went home with the gold in my pocket. I would not have the deacon's folks know what I had found, for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my vast and incalculable treasure. This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at anybody with an honest eye.

"These troubles kept me awake half the night, and projects for securing my treasure by a safe investment, the other half. On the following morning, I was feverish and nervous. When Deacon Webb, at the breakfast table, said:

"'William!'

"I started, and trembled, thinking the next words would be:

"'Where is that piece of gold you have found and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?'

"'I want you to go to Mr. Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow.'

"I felt immensely relieved. I left the house, and got out of sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauty. — Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the sovereign. Would I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount originally from the owner's pocket? Was not he defrauded the same?

"But then I said to myself:

"Why, if I don't know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid Deacon Webb will take it away from me, that I conceal it; that's all. I would not steal gold; and if the owner should ask me for it, I would give it to him. I apologized thus to myself all the way to Mr. Baldwin's house; but, after all, it would not do. The gold was like a heavy stone to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking I was not half so well pleased with my immense riches as I had been with a rusty copper penny, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret; and I had been as happy as a king — or as a king is supposed to be.

"Mr. Baldwin was not at home; and I returned to the deacon's house. I saw Mr. Wardly's horse standing in the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardly was a constable; and I knew he had come to take me to jail; so I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to prevail over cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The deacon looked angry at me.

"Now, thought I, feeling faint, he's going to accuse me of finding the gold.

"But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly. — His severe words sounded sweet, I had expected something so much more terrible.

"I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wonder Deacon Webb did not suspect something, I stopped so often to see if the gold was really there; for, much as the possessior of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was miserable. I wished a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to lay it down on the road-side: I wrapped it in brown paper again, just as I had found it. I wondered if ill-got wealth made everybody so miserable.

"At night I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's, and, having found him, obtained his promise to work at Deacon Webb's on the following day.

"It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that anybody could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not rightfully mine. I got home and went trembling to bed.

"Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and, besides making good wages for his labor, he often got presents of meal, and flour from those who employed him.

"Well, at the breakfast-table, after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the 'news.'

"'I suppose you have heard about my misfortune,' said Mr. Baldwin.

"'Your misfortune!'

"'Yes.'

"'Why, what has happened to you?' asked the deacon.

"'I thought everybody had heard of it,' replied Baldwin. 'You see, the other night when Mr. Woodly paid me, he gave me a gold piece.'

"I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, however, so my trouble was not observed.

"'A sovereign,' said Baldwin, "the first one I ever had in my life; and it seemed to me that if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent, or half-dollar, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and stowed it in my coat-pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin in taking out my handkerchief; and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it: but somebody must have picked it up.'

"I felt like sinking through the floor.

"'I don't know,' replied the poor man, shaking his head sadly, 'He 's welcome to it, whoever he is; and I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though Heaven knows I want my honest earnings.'

"This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said:

"'Is *this* yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

"My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment, and the deacon demanded when and where I had found the gold.

"I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I expected the deacon would whip me to death. But he patted my head, and said, more kindly than was his wont:

"Is this yours, Mr. Baldwin?"

"'Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, if you did come near falling into temptation. Always be honest, my son, and, if you do not grow rich, you will be happy with a clear conscience.'

"But I cried still — for joy. I laughed, too, the deacon had so touched my heart. Of what a load was I relieved! I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

"As for Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money, for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff for a time; and I did. I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

"Well, I was the deacon's favourite after this. He was very kind to me, and trusted me in everything. I was careful not to deceive him: I preserved the strictest candor and good faith; and that has made me what I am. — When he died,

he willed me five hundred dollars, with which I came here and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many sovereigns. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told; and all I have to add is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's sovereign."

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What made the boy, who found the gold coin, feel so much uneasiness while he kept the money concealed in his pocket?
2. When he saw the constable's horse, what made him fear the constable came for the purpose of arresting him?
3. What made the boy *feel so cowardly* when he went home at dark?
4. What makes *anybody* feel cowardly at any time?
5. Why did not the boy *keep the money*, instead of giving it to Mr. Baldwin, as no one knew that he had found it?
6. What made the boy *feel so happy* when he had given the sovereign to the real owner?
7. What affords to anybody, the purest, sweetest pleasure they ever enjoy?
8. Why was not the boy willing to accept of half the money, when it was offered to him?
9. What is harder to endure than the pains of a guilty conscience?

NARRATIVE

AN HONEST ACT.—A rare instance of the upbraidings of conscience occurred a few days since, which deserves a passing notice. A farmer residing a few miles from a large town, calling on one of the principal merchants in the place, stated that on a certain day, more than eleven years ago, he had passed on him a counterfeit $10 bill, describing the note. The merchant, who had always been in the habit of preserving in a small book kept for the purpose, all counterfeits, as well as the date of their reception, on referring to it, found

the bill, as well as the date at which he had received it, corresponding with the farmer's words. The latter, on taking hold of the bill, tore it into fragments, with apparent satisfaction, and desired the merchant to calculate the interest, which having been done, he paid the whole amount in good money. He had received the note, the farmer stated, at the time, for a genuine one, but did not know of whom, and just starting in the world, could not afford to lose so much; and, besides this, his wife argued that he had as good a right to pass it off as the person who had imposed it upon him. Ever since the day on which he did this thing, his conscience had goaded him; but *now* it would be at ease, and he went off as well content as if he had received a large fortune.

---

10. Why did the farmer remember for eleven years that he had passed this counterfeit bill, while the merchant had forgotten it?

11. Why did the farmer feel so contented, after he had torn up the counterfeit bill, and paid good money and interest for it?

12. If the farmer had laid the bill aside, as the merchant did, would he have probably been troubled ten years in thinking of his loss? Would the loss of one hundred dollars probably have troubled him as much, and as long, as this ten dollar counterfeit bill did?

13. If, upon inquiry, the farmer had found the merchant had also passed off the bill, and that there was no opportunity left for him to replace the amount with good money, would he have felt just as well satisfied as in the present case?

14. *How long* would his conscience have troubled him, if he had not restored the amount due the merchant?

15. And after the farmer had paid the full amount of the bill and interest, was he still, in any respect, the sufferer for the first act of wrong-doing? In what way? How would the *recollection* of that wrong act always affect him?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. What faculty tells us when we do right, and when we do wrong?

2. A boy was once in a garden alone, among some plum-trees. He had not taken any of the fruit; he was only *thinking he would*, yet every time he heard the least noise like footsteps, or the rustling of leaves, *he began to tremble.* Can any one tell *what made him tremble?*

3. Not long since, some boys at play near a school building, when they saw a man walking quietly towards them, suddenly started and scampered away in all directions. What do you suppose caused them to run so?

4. If our appetite should demand some fruit, would it be right for us to deny our appetite for a time, if we should prefer to do so?

5. If our love of company should prompt us to visit others, would it be right to deny ourselves this pleasure, for a time, if we should prefer to do so?

6. If we feel a very strong anxiety to attend to a particular study, or read an interesting book, may we refrain from doing so, if we prefer to do so?

7. But if *conscience* should forbid us to eat or to visit, or to study, may we disobey it if we please?

8. Which speaks with the *highest authority*, conscience, or appetites, or passions?

9. When our conscience approves our conduct, how will misfortune affect us?

10. If, while busily engaged at work, you should accidentally, but not carelessly, seriously injure your brother, or sister, or friend, would conscienee cause you uneasiness and pain?

11. But if, in anger, you should injure another, though it should be known to no one but yourself, could you always feel calm and satisfied with your conduct?

12. If your friends and acquaintances should strongly suspect you of stealing, when you well knew you were not guilty, how would you feel?

13. Will conscience *always* admonish us when we are about to do wrong?

14. If one should continue to disregard the warnings of conscience, as in the habit of profane swearing, what do you think the effect would be?

15. But if we succeed in silencing conscience now, or for a little time, will it *ever* become aroused, and cause us sorrow and remorse?

16. Can we *forget* what we have ever done, when we please to do so?

17. How long will conscience give us pain for the wrongs we do?

18. How long will conscience give us pleasure for obeying its commands?

19. When we find ourselves doing, or about to do, what we are afraid to have others see and know, what course ought we at once to take?

20. If we were required to suffer the loss of every thing we hold dear in this world, or disobey conscience, which would it be better for us to do?

21. Have you ever heard or read of persons who have suffered a cruel death rather than disobey conscience?

LESSON XI.

WE MUST FORGIVE ALL INJURIES, AS WE HOPE TO BE FORGIVEN.

NARRATIVE.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURY BY A SAILOR. — Charles Johnson, a fine-looking young sailor, was brought before a court, to answer for a serious assault upon Joseph Martin, another sailor. He pleaded that he would offer no defence. On the 22d of May, Martin was lying drunk in Hanover street, and Johnson being also under the influence of liquor, upon

seeing a brother thus situated, crossed over to arouse him, and get him up. Martin resented his benevolent interference, and applied to him a very coarse and irritating epithet. Being in liquor himself at the time, Johnson was not in a condition to overlook a galling insult from the lips of any man, either drunk or sober, and gave Martin a furious kick, which accidentally took effect in his eye, and destroyed the sight of it. Martin was called upon the stand, to state what he knew of the circumstances, and what were his wishes in relation to the disposition of the case. He said, in reply to questions put by Judge L. S. Cushing — "I do not know how we came together, I only recollect what took place after. I had not known Johnson before, and he didn't know me. So he could have had no grudge against me. His kicking me in the eye must have been an accident. I could almost swear it was an accident. He could not have intended to do so. It is impossible that he could mean to have done it; I know he didn't. He has done all he can for me since. He has given me all he can with his means. He has given me twenty-five dollars, but I don't care for that, and if he hadn't got it to give, I shouldn't think any different about it. He has done all he could for me. I should be sorry if he was punished, for I must have been to blame in the first place. If I hadn't spoke to him as I did, he wouldn't have kicked me." While poor Martin was uttering these words of true forgiveness, he was unable to hold his head up on account of the weakness of the remaining eye, which was sympathetically affected, and as yet unable to bear even the mild light of the court-room. Surely such a man may venture to approach the Heavenly Father with the prayer — "Forgive my trespasses, even as I have forgiven him who has trespassed against me." — The Judge was deeply impressed with Martin's manner, and was satisfied that he desired Johnson should not be severely punished; and in consideration of Martin's wish, and that Johnson had already been

five weeks in jail, he sentenced him to ten days' imprisonment, and to pay the costs of prosecution. C. A. Andrews appeared for the defendant, but, as the Judge remarked, "Martin had said, and well said, about all that could, with propriety, be advanced in favor of Johnson."

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What do you perceive in the conduct of Joseph Martin, in the preceding narrative, that is *singular?* Did Martin do any more than was his *duty* to do?

2. Some persons are *very prompt*, and very willing to forgive injuries. Was the sailor, Joseph Martin, in the last narrative, prompt or reluctant?

3. Perhaps some persons would have thought it more honorable in Charles Martin, if he had kicked out the right eye of Johnson? Which do you think the more honorable course?

4. In what respect do you consider Charles Martin a nobler and better man than the rich merchant spoken of, in Lesson I.?

NARRATIVE.

MANLY TO RESENT; GODLIKE TO FORGIVE. — A gentleman went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, at one time Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and having stated to the Judge an injury he had received, asked him if he did not think it manly to resent it. "Yes," said Sir Eardley, "it would be *manly* to resent it, but it would be *Godlike* to forgive it!" This reply completely altered the feelings of the applicant.

---

5. Which is the *first feeling* with most people, to *resent* injuries, or to *forgive* them?

6. But if the first impulse with any one, is to resent an injury, what is to be done?

NARRATIVE.

WASHINGTON'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT. — In 1755, Washington, then a young man, twenty-two years of age, was stationed with his regiment at Alexandria. At this time an election for public officers took place, and the contest between the candidates became close and exciting. A dispute took place between Mr. Payne and Washington, in which the latter (an occurrence very uncommon with him) became warm, and said something which gave Mr. Payne so much offence that he knocked Washington down. Instead of flying into a passion, and sending Payne a challenge to fight a duel, as was expected, Washington, upon mature reflection, finding he had been the aggressor, resolved to ask pardon of Mr. Payne on the morrow. Accordingly he met Mr. Payne the next day, and extended his hand in a friendly manner; "Mr. Payne," said he, "to err is nature; to rectify error is glory. I find I was wrong yesterday, but I wish to be right to-day. You had some satisfaction yesterday, and if you think that was sufficient, here is my hand, let us be friends." It is hardly necessary to state that ever afterwards they were so.

---

7. Would persons who think it *honorable* to fight, be likely to approve of General Washington's course, as given in the foregoing narrative?

8. Do you think it was creditable to a man such as General Washington, to ask forgiveness, as he did, after he had received an injury himself?

NARRATIVE.

ANECDOTE OF MR. JAY. — About the commencement of the American Revolution, John Jay acted on a committee in a political convention. This committee had power little less than unlimited, and Mr. Jay was its chairman.

It has been said that "when the drums beat, the laws are silent;" by which it is meant that war knows no law but force. In wielding the extensive powers of the committee, however, Mr. Jay seemed to be governed by one fixed law,—to use no severity which was not needed to save the liberty of his country from being betrayed by its enemies. He always disapproved of what seemed unnecessary rigor towards the British or tories. On one occasion, his desire to discountenance cruelty betrayed him into an act of indiscretion. Having reason to believe that a zealous committee-man in Westchester county had been too severe, he complained of him to the convention, and procured a vote of censure against him. The censured man met Mr. Jay some time after, and declared that he was innocent of the offence, and complained that he had been condemned unheard. Mr. Jay was so struck with the justice of this remonstrance, that he instantly replied: "You are right, and I was wrong, and I ask your pardon." This noble confession turned the committee-man's resentment to admiration. Grasping Mr. Jay's hand, he exclaimed: "I have often *heard* that John Jay was a great man, and now I *know* it."

What a lesson this is to those children who are tempted to tell *lies* to hide their faults.

---

9. Did Mr. Jay's friends, and the public, probably lose some confidence in him, for acknowledging his error to the man he had injured?

10. Do *you* think more, or less highly of Mr. Jay for confessing his fault?

NARRATIVE.

JOHN HANSON'S NIGHT-WORK. — John Hanson was a bluff boy of fifteen. He was a smart, active, fearless fellow; the boys thought a good deal of him, and he thought a good deal of himself. On one occasion his father had business

which called him to a distant city, and he left John to "take care" of the family. John felt very proud of his trust, and did well for several days, acting under the advice and counsel of his mother just as he ought to have done. By and by he grew impatient of his mother's restraint, and did many things quite independent of her. The younger children did not like his doings and sayings at all; "he orders us round," they said, "as if he were king." At last he took the entire management of things, and one day acted not only against his mother's wishes, but talked very ill-temperedly to her. Going to bed that night, he could not sleep. His conduct towards his mother troubled him, and he tossed from one side of the bed to the other, trying to get an easy place. He blamed the bed and Bridget who made it, and then he thought he was sick, and worried along for some time; in fact John suspected what the matter really was, only he was too proud to own it. He knew it was his treatment of his mother that troubled him, and for a long while he tried to sleep it off, or think of something else, or excuse himself in one way or another. Happily John did not succeed. Conscience would do its work, and John listened to all it said; and the consequence was, that pretty near midnight, for it was as late as that, the boy got up, stole to his mother's chamber, and with tears in his eyes and penitence in his heart, begged her to forgive him. "And O!" he says, now that he is a man, "it was the sweetest moment of my life when I was forgiven."

That hour was the turning-point in the boy's life. If he that night had *hardened himself*, the next day he would probably have behaved worse than before, and so on and on until the bad boy became the bad man. But John yielded to the voice of conscience, and he made thorough work of it. He confessed his fault, and asked to be forgiven, and experienced the sweets—(they are *real sweets*)—of forgiveness. The next day, John's management was improved. He was more

kind and considerate towards his brothers and sisters, and respectful towards his mother; and he was prepared by it afterwards to taste the sweets of God's forgiveness and favor. And his word to every boy now is, "If you have wronged your mother, be sure to own your fault, and ask to be forgiven. *Harden not your hearts,* boys."

---

11. Suppose John Hanson had resolved, after going to bed, *to reform,* and treat his mother and brothers and sisters kindly, without asking forgiveness for what he had already done; would that have been *just as well?*

12. Was it just as much his duty to ask forgiveness of those whom he had injured, as it was to reform his conduct?

13. In what way would John, himself, have been the sufferer, if he had neglected this part of his duty?

14. By asking his mother's forgiveness, did he probably find it *more* or less easy to treat her kindly and respectfully afterwards?

15. It is not stated in the narrative that he apologized to his brothers and sisters for his haughty conduct towards them. What would you consider to have been his duty in that respect?

NARRATIVE.

"I WILL NOT RISE TILL YOU FORGIVE ME."—King James II. one day lost some important papers relating to a marriage that he was trying to bring about between one of his sons and a princess of Spain. He continued to hunt for these papers, until at last he got into a great rage because he could not find them. He went from room to room, looking everywhere, but without success: the papers were not to be found.

At last he met an old Scotch servant by the name of Gib, who had been a long time in his service, and he charged him with having lost his papers. The old servant told the king

respectfully, that he knew nothing of them, and certainly had not lost them. But the king grew very angry, and said, "Gib, I remember I gave them to you to take care of. What have you done with them?" Gib fell down on his knees and declared that he had not received them. This only made the king more angry, as his word was contradicted by the servant, and he kicked him as he kneeled on the floor at his feet. Gib rose from his knees and left the apartment, saying, "I have always been faithful to your majesty, and have not deserved such treatment as this. I cannot remain in your service under such degradation. I shall never see you again." He immediately left the place with the intention of returning no more.

Not long after the old Scotchman left, the person to whose care the king had actually committed the papers, came in and presented them to him. The king was ashamed of his conduct towards Gib, and forthwith sent some one in pursuit of him; but it was some time before he could be found and induced to return to the presence of one who had treated him so badly. At last he consented, and when he came into the room, the king, in his turn, got down upon his knees before the servant Gib, and said *he would not rise until he forgave him.* The servant tried to evade the matter, and asked the king to rise, but he would not until the old man told him, in so many words, that he fully forgave him.

Some may think this was weak in *a king*, but there is something noble and praiseworthy in it. It is an example worthy of imitation. If you injure *any one*, no matter how poor or humble, have the magnanimity to confess it, and ask pardon for the injury done.

---

16. Did King James, in the preceding narrative, do any more than was his duty?

17. Was he under any *more*, or less obligation *always to do right* because he was a king?

18. Does King James, for this act, deserve more, or less credit than John Hanson in seeking his mother's forgiveness?

19. Is it an indication of *meanness* or GREATNESS, in any one, to ask forgiveness of those who are much inferior in station or attainments?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. When we are conscious we have wronged others in any manner, what is our first duty?

2. But suppose others have injured us very much, while our wrong to them has been very trifling, what is to be done?

3. If others have injured us, and are still disposed to injure us, and do not ask or desire us to forgive them, yet, if we are conscious of having injured these same persons in any manner, what will be our duty?

4. But suppose we regard those we have wronged as very much our inferiors, and as persons who can never, in any way, injure us in return, what shall we do?

5. If we believe that those we have wronged will never speak of the injuries we have done them, to ourselves, or to any one else, what shall we do?

6. Is it *degrading* to any person to ask forgiveness of those he has intentionally injured?

7. Do you think *more*, or *less* highly of your companions when they frankly say they have injured you, and are sorry for it?

8. Some persons are very forward to ask forgiveness when they fear they have done wrong, and some are *very reluctant* to do so. Which class do you respect the more highly?

9. What must be thought of a person who is unwilling to ask forgiveness for any of the injuries he has done to others?

10. Are there any persons in the world who never need forgiveness from others?

11. Suppose, after a person has wronged you once, and you have forgiven him, that he wrongs you again, and asks to be forgiven· what must you do?

12. How many times must you forgive those who do you an injury, if, for each wrong, they are sorry, and ask to be forgiven?

13. If others do you an injury, and do not ask or wish to be forgiven, what are you to do?

14. Some persons say they can *forgive*, but can never *forget* injuries. What will a *forgiving spirit* always lead any one to do?

15. If we have forgiven those who have treated us unkindly, how ought we to act towards them afterwards?

16. If we had wronged others and been forgiven, how should we wish them to treat us?

17. May we ever receive injuries so great, that we may refuse to forgive them?

18. Have you ever read or heard of any persons who were unwilling to forgive those who had injured them?

LESSON XII.

LEARN TO HELP ONE ANOTHER.

NARRATIVE.

THE DISOBLIGING BOY. — Some folks who are very disobliging, are not aware of it. Now there was Sam Hobbs, as pleasant a fellow as any in the school. He was a good scholar, diligent and studious, and always ready to join a friend on an excursion of pleasure. He was not naturally disobliging, but acquired the bad habit in this way. I've heard a boy many a time say, "Lend me your knife, Sam, will you?" "I can't, for I haven't any, and besides I want to use it myself," he would reply; or if they said, "Let me *see* your knife, Sam, will you?" he would take it out and show it to them, and then say, "There, you've seen it," and then back he would put it in his pocket. He always refused

"There, you've seen it."

in such a pleasant way, that they were rarely, if ever offended, and it was a long time before they discovered how often he disobliged them.

One day when he was absent from school, the boys had a public meeting, and agreed unanimously that they would convince him how disobliging he was, and in such a way that he could have no excuse for being angry. The next day when he came, one of the first things he said was, "Wher is the lesson to-day?" "I can't, for I haven't any, besides I want to use it myself," was the reply. He asked another who holding the book up at such a distance that he could no read it, said "There, you've *seen* it." Every question he asked, was answered with one of his old answers. At length he began to grow angry; but when he got to his seat, and

thought of it, he was surprised to think how often he had disobliged his friends; the fact was that he had never thought of it before; but now his eyes were opened, and he felt really sorry that he had disobliged persons so much, and he determined not to be angry with his schoolmates, let them disoblige *him* as they would. He tried not to ask them any questions; but he constantly forgot it, and received as an answer to all his enquiries, "I can't, for I haven't any; besides, I want to use it myself."

He came to school in the afternoon in great tribulation; he was at the head of his class in Arithmetic, and felt very anxious to remain there; but in his lesson of this day, there was a sum that he could not understand. In vain he applied to one after another to explain it;—all the answer he got was, "I can't, for I have 'nt any; and besides, I want to use it myself." There was one scholar who came late; to him he applied, and to his great surprise and joy, his friend did the sum: but oh, provoking! just as he reached his hand out for the slate, it was withdrawn, and the old words, "There, you've seen it," was the answer. He could bear it no longer; but burst into tears. His schoolmates really liked him, and when they saw how his feelings were hurt, were very sorry that they had carried the joke so far. After school they all came and shook hands with him, and told him why they did it. He acknowledged that he had done wrong, and after that he seldom refused to oblige a person when it was proper; if he did, we had but to say—"I can't, for I haven't any; besides, I want to use it myself," and he would instantly oblige us.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Have you ever observed any difference in persons, respecting their willingness to render assistance to others?

2. Does any one need *to learn* to be kind and attentive to the welfare of others, or may one be so without thought, and without effort, and without practice?

3. Did the boy in the narrative need *to learn* to be obliging to his associates, or was he able to be always kind, by simply *resolving* to be so?

4. In what manner can persons become so willing and anxious to make all happy around them, that they will deny themselves almost every comfort to accomplish this object?

5. If we constantly study how we may help others, may we find many, or few opportunities to do so?

6. Some persons are so selfish that they seem never once to think of the comforts of others. Is it probable that such persons admire selfishness in others?

NARRATIVE.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—A traveller who was passing over the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate into his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were quite benumbed — a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him — his feet almost refused to move: and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep, which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked up again in this world. Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming up along the road: the unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself. For he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words in his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did this, the dying man began to revive; his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward.— But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards others, and your soul almost perishing, try to do something which may help another soul to life, and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore, and gladden your own.

---

7. In the foregoing narrative, in how many ways was the traveller, who restored his companion to activity and life, benefited?

8. Suppose he had commenced rubbing his companion, with the single desire of *warming and benefiting himself*, in what manner would the traveller then have been benefited?

9. Did the traveller who acted so benevolent a part, derive *greater*, or *less* benefit to himself, by *forgetting* himself and thinking only of saving his companion?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. When your friends, your relatives, or your associates, are unfortunate, or needy, what is your duty?

2. But suppose you are needy and unfortunate yourself at the same time, what will be your duty?

3. If you were travelling in a foreign country through which you never expected to pass again, would you think it your duty to pay any attention to suffering strangers? How much attention?

4. If strangers visit your town or city, do you think of any methods of rendering them assistance, though they may not be poor or unfortunate?

5. Suppose that your friends and associates are neither poor nor unfortunate, do you think of any methods of rendering them service?

6. Very selfish persons are sometimes sick, or otherwise unfortunate, and need kind attentions from somebody. Is it our duty to show such persons the same attentions we would give to others?

7. Some persons are very obliging to *particular friends*, thinking they may receive in return, at some time, as many favors as they bestow. Do such persons deserve any credit for generosity?

8. Children are sometimes neglected by their associates, or by others, because they are not as well dressed, or do not appear so well as other children. In what way could you help such unfortunate children?

9. Which would be the more acceptable service to the neglected, or unfortunate, to show them attention, kindness, sympathy and respect, when they were abused, or to make them presents of money or clothing?

10. Which do you think would be more *in need* of your kind assistance, those who are so unfortunate as to be poor and ignorant, or those who are so thoughtless or reckless as to treat unfortunate persons unkindly?

11. In what manner could you help those who would thoughtlessly, or intentionally, injure the feelings of unfortunate children?

12. If your kind advice, and your good example, should seem to be entirely lost, the first time, upon those who are abusive to the unfortunate, would you think it your duty to advise them again and again?

13. Which would give you more pleasure, to have small favors rendered you *very cheerfully* and *willingly*, or greater ones *very reluctantly*?

14. After you have rendered favors to others, is it well to mention the matter to your friends and to strangers?

15. Is it well ever to remind those to whom you have made presents, or upon whom you have, in any manner, conferred favors, of your liberality or kindness?

16 When we would help our friends, or strangers, or the unfortunate, what must always be our motives in doing so?

17. If we help every one we can, willingly, and with no wish nor expectation of favors in return, in what way shall we still benefit ourselves?

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

THY neighbor?—it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor?—'t is the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor?—'t is that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares, and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor?—'t is the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thy own,
Remember, 't is thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

LESSON XIII.

THE GREATEST CONQUEROR IS THE SELF-CONQUEROR.

NARRATIVE.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—About the year 1776, a circumstance occurred which ought to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early became friends of the English. Their favorite grounds were on the banks of the river (now the Thames) between New London and Norwich. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals whose skins were valuable for their furs.

Among these hunters, there was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family, who stood between Zachary and the throne, died, and he found himself with only one life between himself and the empire. At this moment his better genius resumed it sway, and he reflected seriously, "How can such a drunken wretch as I aspire to be a chief of this honorable race? What will my people say? — and how will the shades of my ancestors look down, indignant, upon such a base successor Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more!" He solemnly resolved never to taste any drink again but water,—and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story, and did not entirely believe it; for

young as I was, I already partook of the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony, was held at Hartford. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about mid-way on the road between Mohegan and Hartford; and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother Governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief:

"Zachary, this beer is excellent — will you taste it?"

The old man dropt his knife and fork, leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression — his black eye, sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me:

"John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you I am, and if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to rum, and again become the contemptible drunken wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt a man to break a good resolution."

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies interred in the royal burial-place of his tribe, near the beautiful fall of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I

visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.—*Col. Trumbull's Autobiography.*

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What do you perceive in the conduct of the Indian that you approve?
2. In what respect was this uneducated Indian more successfu than many who have had excellent advantages for instruction?
3. Why did the Indian find it such a fearful thing to attempt to keep his appetite under control?
4. Why does *any one* find it so difficult to conquer bad habits?
5. Would you expect that an ignorant, uncultivated person, would control his appetites and passions, as well as one who has good opportunities for instruction?
6. If an uneducated Indian, fifty years of age, could conquer his bad habits, cannot other persons do so? — How?

EXTRACT.

THE BOY THAT SMOKES. — What shall we say of the boy that smokes? Shall we pronounce any judgment upon him? Shall we say that he is acquiring an evil habit? that he is becoming a slave to a master, who, by and by, will be very cruel to him; that he is on the high road to rowdyism; that he is beginning to be profligate with his money? Shall we say that he is parting with that which is a thousand times more valuable than *money*, namely, his power of *self-control?* Shall we say that he can never gain the mos brilliant victories, nor wear the glittering crown of the *self conqueror?* all this we might, with truth, say, and much more. But will it *do any good* to speak to a boy whose intellect is *so weak*, and whose appetite is *so strong*, that he will sacrifice his health, his freedom, and his money, for tobacco? Is it possible that such a boy will ever thank you for advising him to overcome an evil habit, or that he will ever aspire to the "kingly glory" of a *self-conqueror?*

7. Animals seem to take much pleasure in eating freely of favorite kinds of food. Are such enjoyments of an intellectual, or of a brutish character?

8. Are *all* enjoyments of eating and drinking of an intellectual, or of a brutish character?

9. Which do you think the nobler, and purer, and more lasting enjoyments; those which come from exercising the mind, or those which come from feeding the body?

10. To which class of enjoyments does the pleasure of using tobacco belong?

11. When a person always resorts to his *body* for enjoyment, what must we think of his intellect?

EXTRACT.

ANGER.—It is common among children to get angry with their companions, about little, trifling things, which are not worth disputing about. We have seen the flushed cheek, and the raised arm of a youth, for no other reason than simply because he had been contradicted by an associate. But it is easy to subdue your angry feelings, if you but make the attempt. When irritated, or injured in any way, reflect a moment on what your duty is—and be noble-minded enough to pay no attention to a supposed insult, and endeavor to convince your companion of the impropriety of his conduct. For if you suffer your passion to be indulged, the evil will increase with your years, and it may be with you as it has been with hundreds, who, in an unguarded moment, have committed an act that forever after deprived them of enjoyment, or perhaps occasioned their death by violence.

---

12. Which would you think the more difficult to conquer, a strong appetite, or a violent, hasty temper?

13. How would you try to conquer a hasty temper? How would you try to conquer any *improper* appetite?

NARRATIVE.

THE BASKET OF PEACHES. — Half a century ago, that excellent man, the Rev. William Woodbridge, established in the town, now city, of Newark, a boarding-school for young ladies. His residence was on the upper Green, in a large stone building, afterwards the property of A. Dey, Esq., and attached to the house was a large, deep garden, well filled with fruit-trees.

The venerable preceptor could sit in his back parlor, and while unobserved, have a tolerably good view of the entire garden, and of all the young ladies who delighted to frequent it. He was greatly pleased to see his young and joyous flock of charming girls gambolling under the trees and enjoying the beauties of nature when robed in the glories of early summer, and he did not fail to improve every opportunity to enforce some valuable truth.

It was about midsummer that he noticed one luxuriant peach-tree laden with green fruit so plentifully, that the boughs fairly bent down under its weight. He naturally supposed that the beautiful tinge upon the ripening peach might tempt his young friends to taste of the fruit before it was fully ripe; and one lovely afternoon, just before sunset, he called the young ladies into the parlor and kindly and affectionately expostulated with them on the danger of eating unripe fruit, and he promised that those who refrained from plucking the green fruit, should have it all when matured. Each bright and happy face yielded a full assent to this reasonable proposition, and they ran down into the garden with unwonted delight.

This tree, in particular, was an object of great attention, and the warm days of summer were fast preparing for this happy throng a delicious feast. They daily watched its progress towards its maturity, and manifested sometimes no little impatience.

The venerable minister and teacher, as he sat in his back parlor, and as the peaches were fast approaching to maturity, could sometimes see the uplifted hand of some young lady plucking the forbidden fruit. He, however, said nothing until the time arrived when the peaches were perfectly ripe. He had the fruit carefully gathered, and the choicest of it filled a large basket.

He placed it in the back parlor, and called in all the young ladies, and took occasion, on exhibiting it, to enforce the propriety of his former injunction, and assured them of the gratification it now afforded him of presenting to them a basket of delicious fruit, fully ripe; and requested those who had not plucked any green peaches from the tree, to come forward and partake bountifully of the large supply.

To his surprise, all remained motionless except one little girl. She, with a gentle step, approached the venerable teacher. "My dear," said he, "have you not eaten a single peach?" She laid her little hand upon her breast, and sweetly replied, "*Not one, sir.*" "Then," said the excellent man, "the whole basket-full is yours."

The happy girl took them and made distribution among all her school-fellows. How pure the joy which flows from obedience, and how satisfying its reward!

---

14. Why was the little girl, in the last narrative, more successful in controlling her appetite than her older associates?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. How do those who play skilfully upon musical instruments acquire such control over their fingers or hands?

2. How do those who read well, or sing well, acquire such control over their voices.

3. How does the good scholar obtain such command over his thoughts that he can give close attention to study in the midst of confusion, if he pleases to do so?

4. Will *effort* and *practice* enable persons to control their appetites and passions, as well as their fingers, or voices, or thoughts?

5. Can any one learn uniformly to practise self-control *without* effort and practice?

6. When is the best time to commence learning to write, or to sing, or to play on musical instruments,—at the age of ten, fifteen, twenty, or forty years?

7. At what age is the best time to begin to practise habits of self-control?

8. If you have yielded to your angry feelings *once*, will you be *more*, or *less* likely to do so again?

9. If you have thoroughly controlled your hasty temper, or your angry feelings *once*, will it be *more*, or *less* easy to do it again?

10. After you have controlled your appetite once, will it be *more*, or *less* easy to do it again?

11. What difference is there between persons who allow themselves to be wholly controlled by anger, and persons at the Insane Asylum, who have lost the use of their reason?

12. Sometimes when children are called to account for being in a quarrel, they try to excuse themselves by saying they *cannot help it.* Do you think this a good excuse? What excuse should be given?

13. Sometimes scholars leave school without permission of parents or teachers. They give as a reason for doing so, that *other boys urged them to go*, and they could not *help going.* Do you think this a good reason? What reason should be given?

14. Children sometimes speak unkindly to their mother when they are denied any favor. Do you think they might refrain from unkind words if they *would try?*

15. Some children, who would not *speak* unkindly to a mother or sister, *feel* angry if they are denied a favor. Do you think they might help their *angry feelings* if they *would try?*

16. Do some children control their actions and *feelings too?* If *some* do, may not *all*, if they would try?

17. How would you try to prevent feeling angry if some one should do you an injury?

18. Which would you think the greater accomplishment, the ability to control *your temper well*, or the ability to *sing well?*

19. Which causes you the more unhappiness, all the provocations you *receive* from others, or all the provocations you *give* others, on account of your own hasty temper and angry feelings?

20. What accomplishment do you think more desirable than the ability to control all your appetites and passions?

21. In what manner is any one ever to become a *self-conqueror*?

LESSON XIV.

SWEAR NOT AT ALL.

NARRATIVE.

PROFANE SWEARING. — Brother S—— and myself were entertained during the Convention, at the house of a medical gentleman, eminent in his profession, but in the habit, it was said, of using profane language in ordinary conversation. Without having been informed of this habit, no suspicion of such a practice would have arisen in our minds; for no real Christian ever showed guests greater courtesy, or seemed more free from profanity than our gentlemanly host. He did not even annoy us with lady-like mincings, putting forth the buddings of profane swearing in "la me! — good gracious!" and the like.

But on Sabbath night, our conversation taking a religious turn, the subject of profane swearing was incidentally named, when I could not resist the temptation of drawing a bow at a venture; and so I said:

"Doctor, we leave you to-morrow; and be assured we are very grateful to Mrs. D—— and yourself; but may I say, dear sir, we have been disappointed here?"

"Disappointed!"

"Yes, sir, most agreeably——"

"In what, Mr. C——?"

"Will you pardon me, if I say we were misinformed, and may I name it?"

"Certainly, sir,—say what you wish."

"Well, my dear sir, we were told that Dr. D—— was in the habit of using profane language,—but surely you are misrepresented——"

"Sir," interrupted the doctor, "I honor you for your candor; yet, I regret to say, you have not been misinformed. I do use profane language, perhaps, habitually; but, sir, can you think I would swear before religious people, and one of them a clergyman?"

Tears stood in my eyes (the frank-heartedness of a gentleman always starts them,) as I took his hand and replied:

"My dear sir, you amaze us! Can it be that Dr. D——, so courteous and intelligent a man, has greater reverence for us, than for *God!*"

"Gentlemen," replied the Doctor, with a tremulous voice, "I never before saw so forcibly the utter folly of profane swearing. I will abandon it forever."

Reader, are you profane? Imitate the manly recantation of my estimable friend, Dr. D——.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Many persons, like the Doctor, in the preceding narrative, accustomed to the use of profane language, suddenly refrain from it when coming into the presence of those they consider worthy of much respect. Why is this?

2. If it is not right or proper to swear before *respectable* people, when and where is it right or proper to swear?

EXTRACT.

A Nest of Vipers.—When you hear any one use profane language, you will not wrong him if you conclude that this is

only *one* of the nest of vipers which he carries in his heart; and although this is the only one that now hisses, yet each, in his turn, is master of the poor wretch who is giving his life-blood to feed them.

NARRATIVE.

WASHINGTON'S OPINION OF PROFANE SWEARING. — That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General, in future, excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in the American Army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. What advantage does any one derive from swearing? If there e none, why do persons practise it?

2. Would it be a good excuse for *stealing*, if the thief should plead hat it was *fashionable?*

3. Is it a good excuse for swearing, that one is *very angry?* Would it not be right, or excusable, to *lie*, or to *steal* when one is angry, if it is so to swear?

4. Some persons *never think* of using a profane word, much less do they ever use one. Could not all refrain from doing so, if they would?

5. After boys have learned to swear, what other bad habits may be expected soon to follow, if they are not *already* formed?

6. Would you think it safe for a boy who would swear, to have charge of money in a store? Why not?

7. Some persons seem to think that it is an indication of very *great ability* in a person to swear frequently. Do you think that it requires a *great intellect* to utter *great oaths*?

8. Other persons seem to suppose that it is a proof of *very great courage* to swear occasionally or frequently. If a man or boy possesses any *true* courage, do you see any necessity for *swearing* about it?

9. If profanity is not a proof of greatness or courage, of what is it a proof?

10. If you had a dear friend, would you think it any mark of *true greatness* wantonly to injure his feelings by often speaking his name reproachfully?

11. Would you have a right to expect that such an one would remain your friend, if you thus repeatedly used his name contemptuously?

12. Some persons use *all the forms* of an oath, omitting or changing the most *objectionable* words. What would you think of the propriety of this habit?

13. Would you think it respectful to raise your arm and strike a blow at the face of a superior, though you were ever so careful not to *really hit him*? (No more is it safe or proper to use the *forms of an oath*, though the most irreverent expressions be omitted.)

14. Some persons in telling a story, or in relating the conversation of others, repeat the profane expressions that have been made, thinking they add very much to the interest, or show the parties to be *very witty*. What would you think of the propriety of laughing at, or repeating profane expressions?

15. Do you think that it is your duty ever to reprove those who use profane language?

LESSON XV.

BE FAITHFUL TO EVERY TRUST.

NARRATIVE.

At His Post.—In those scenes of confusion, flight, horror, and agony, which took place on the Atlantic steamer Arctic, which struck another steamer and sunk in four hours, carrying down three hundred persons, there is one act, between the time of her accident and her sinking, which looms up with a mournful grandeur never to be forgotten — the firing of the signal-gun. This duty belonged to Stewart Holland, a young

man of the engineering department, who, when all his comrades deserted the ship, faced the danger and stood at his post.

"About two hours after the Arctic was struck, the firing of the gun attracted my attention," says the third mate, "and I recollect when I saw Stewart, it struck me as remarkably strange that he alone, of all belonging to the engineering body, should be there. He must have had a good chance to go in the chief engineer's boat, and be saved; but he did not, it seems, make the slightest exertion to save himself, while there was duty to be done on shipboard. I recollect that, about an hour before the ship sunk, I was hurriedly searching for spikes with which to make a raft. I had just passed through the saloon; on the sofa were men who had fainted, and there were many of them, too: the ladies were in little groups, clasped together, strangely quiet and resigned. And as I came out again, the scene that presented itself was one that I hope never to see again. Here and there were strong, stout men on their knees in the attitude of prayer; and others, who, when spoken to, were immovable, stupefied. In the midst of this scene, Stewart came running up to me, crying, 'Dorian, my powder is out, I want more, give me the key.' 'Never mind the key,' I replied, 'take an axe and break open the door.' He snatched one close beside me, and down into the ship's hold he dived, and I went over the ship's side to my raft. I recollect distinctly his appearance as he once more hailed me from the deck; the right side of his face was black with powder, and when he spoke, his face seemed to me to be lighted up with a quiet smile."

During all those terrible hours of anxiety and dread, his signal-gun boomed over the wild waste of waters, telling its fearful story of distress, of danger, and of death. His comrades fled, strong men quailed, and cries of agony went up to heaven, but Stewart *never flinched;* and his last act when

the ship went down, was to fire his signal-gun, in the lingering hope that some passing sail might yet learn their danger and come to their rescue. "His whole conduct can be accounted for by the simple word *duty*, and nothing else." It was this which gave him his calmness, and inspired him with courage, and made him superior to every consideration of personal safety, causing the name of *Stewart Holland* to be pronounced all over this great land with admiration and reverence.

Let every boy know and feel the sacred responsibility which is attached to the post of duty, and let him never desert it. If all the men composing the crew of the ill-fated Arctic had stood by the ship and her captain, and manfully done their duty, every passenger might have been provided with the means of escape, either in the boats or on rafts, and the public would have had the satisfaction of knowing that all had been done that brave and faithful men could do for the safety of the unfortunates. As it was, their posts of duty were deserted, and hundreds consequently found an ocean grave. Let it early in life become the watchword of every boy, "*Faithful to duty.*"

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What do you perceive in the conduct of Stewart Holland, that you admire?

2. When it became dangerous for him to stand at his post, what would you have advised him to do?

3. After the other officers had deserted their respective places, what would you have advised Stewart Holland to do?

4. There was great excitement, confusion, and danger after the accident to the vessel: were all the officers equally excusable on this account, for deserting their several stations?

5. On board this sinking vessel, besides the passengers, consisting of men, women, and children, were also the officers and sailors. How would *you* have arranged the *order* for all these persons to leave the vessel? Who should have left *first*? Who *last*?

NARRATIVE.

"I'LL DO IT WELL."—A gentleman in New England gave me the following interesting account of his own life. He was an apprentice in a *tin manufactory*. When twenty-one years old, he lost his health, so that he was entirely unable to work at his trade. Wholly destitute of means, he was thrown out upon the world, to seek any employment for which he had strength.

He said he went out with the determination, that whatever he did, he would do it *well*. The first and only thing he found he could do, was to black boots and scour knives in a hotel. This he did, and did it well, as gentlemen now living would testify. Though the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self-respect, or allow himself to be degraded by his occupation. The respect and confidence of his employers were soon secured, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position.

At length his health was restored, and he returned to his legitimate business, which he now carries on very extensively. He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family, by giving them the best advantages for mental and moral cultivation. He now holds an elevated position in the community in which he lives.

Young men who may chance to read the above statement, should mark the secret of success. The *whole* character of the man, of whom I have spoken, was *formed* and *directed* by the determination to do well whatever he undertook.

Do the thing you are doing, so well that you will be respected in your place, and you may be sure it will be said to you, "*Go up higher.*"

---

6. Was it *degrading* for this man to "black boots and scour knives," when it was the only employment he could find?

7. When persons are not faithful in *little things*, what would you expect of them in greater trusts?

8. Is it degrading to any one to attend, *faithfully*, to the *smallest duty?*

9. Which will the sooner create confidence with employers, fine clothes or close attention to their interests?

NARRATIVE.

THE PROMPT CLERK.— I once knew a young man (said an eminent preacher, who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted to superintend the execution of this work: he made his arrangements over-night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and, resolving to begin very early in the morning, instructed all the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock in the day, his employer came in, and, seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looked very blank, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said he, "you were requested to get out that cargo of cotton this morning."

"It is all done," replied the young clerk, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment — never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be the one that could not be spared — he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune.

10. We are sometimes in the service of others when they can not know whether we are attending faithfully to their interests or not. What rule of conduct should we observe under such circumstances?

11. If the "prompt clerk" had commenced his labors at 7 o'clock and finished at 12 o'clock, would his employer, probably, have been satisfied?

12. What difference would it have made in the future success of the clerk?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Have you ever read or heard of any one who has stood at his post of duty, even when danger and death seemed to be very near? Whom?

2. Have you ever known or heard of any one who deserted the post of duty for any reason? Whom?

3. Do you think that persons ought ever to remain at a post of duty, when, by doing so, their own lives would be greatly endangered? Under what circumstances?

4. Duties are sometimes very *disagreeable*, when there is no danger attending their performance. What is to be done in such a case?

5. If your father or mother were dangerously ill, and the attending physician should omit to call for one day, because *the weather was very stormy*, would you think he was faithful to his duty?

6. Suppose the physician should omit to call for one day when your relative was dangerously ill, because he had a chance to make one hundred dollars by staying at home—do you think this would be right?

7. Suppose, instead of coming himself, he employs some other physician to attend for one day, because he has a chance to make fifty dollars by absenting himself, would this be faithfulness to duty?

8. But if your friend should recover just as well as if the regular physician had attended every day, would it make any difference respecting *his faithfulness* in the case?

9. Suppose a boy who is employed in a store, locks the door and goes away fifteen minutes to see a show in the streets, does he do his duty?

10. But if *no one calls* in his absence, though he has been out of sight of the store fifteen minutes, does it make any difference respecting his faithfulness?

11. If a boy were directed by his father to carry a letter to the Post Office and hand it to the Post Master, and, because he wished to see the fire companies on parade, he should send the letter by another boy, would he be doing his duty?

12. But suppose the letter should really be placed in the Office *just as soon*, and *just as safely*, as he could have done it himself, would the son have done his duty?

13. Instead of wishing to see the parade of fire companies, suppose that he *saw a storm* coming up, and that he should send the letter by another boy, lest he should be caught in the rain, would he be doing his duty?

14. If, while on his way to the Post Office, he is informed by another boy that the Office is closed, and that he cannot get in, what ought he to do?

15. Which deserves the more honor, the person who holds a *very small* trust, and yet is very faithful to that trust, or a person who holds a position of great importance, and is neglectful of its duties?

16. If your parents were not living, and some kind friend, anxious for your welfare, should propose to pay your expenses at school, and you should accept the offer — what would be your duty respecting the improvement of your opportunities?

17. Suppose that, in attending the school under the circumstances stated above, you should find its regulations very reasonable, what would be your duty in regard to yielding entire obedience to the order and discipline of the school?

18. Instead of being sent to school by some friend, suppose you are sent by your parents, what will be your duty with respect to the improvement of your opportunities? What with respect to obedience to the discipline of the school?

19. In which case would you think the obligation the stronger to do the best in your power — when sent to school by your parents, or when, being an orphan, you are sent at the expense of some kind friend?

LESSON XVI.

BE NEAT.

NARRATIVE.

NEATNESS A FORTUNE.—In a recent conversation with a wealthy merchant, he remarked that whatever he had acquired was owing, in a great measure, to the fact that his mother had taught him to be neat when a boy.

His story, as nearly as I can recollect it, was as follows:

"When I was six years old, my father died, leaving nothing to my mother but the charge of myself and two younger sisters. After selling the greater portion of the household furniture, she took two small upper rooms in W—— street, and there, by her needle, contrived in some way—how, I cannot conceive, when I recollect the bare pittance for which she worked—to support us in comfort. Frequently, however, I remember that our supper consisted simply of a slice of bread, seasoned by hunger, and rendered inviting by the neat manner in which our repast was served, our table being always spread with a cloth, which, like my mother's heart, seemed ever to preserve a snow-white purity.

"Speaking of those days reminds me of the time when we sat down to the old table one evening, after my mother had asked the blessings of our Heavenly Father on her defenceless little ones, in tones of tender pathos, that I remember yet, and which, if possible, I think must have made angels weep. She divided the little remnant of her only loaf, into three pieces, placing one on each of our plates, but reserving none for herself. I stole around to her side, and placed my portion before her, and was about to tell her that I was not hungry, when a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and she

clasped me to her bosom. Our meal was left untouched: we sat up late that night, but what we said, I cannot tell. I know that my mother talked to me more as a companion than a child, and that when we knelt down to pray, I consecrated myself to the Lord, and to serve my mother.

"But," said he, "this is not telling you how neatness made my fortune. It was some time after this that my mother found an advertisement in the newspaper, for an errand-boy in a commission store in B—— street. Without being obliged to wait for my clothes to be mended, for my mother kept them in perfect order, although, on minute inspection, they bore traces of more than one patch; without being obliged to wait even to black my shoes, for my mother always kept a box of blacking, with which my shoes must be polished before I took breakfast; without waiting to arrange my hair, for I was obliged to observe from my earliest youth, the most perfect neatness in every respect, my mother sent me to see if I could obtain the situation. With a light step, I started off, as I had for a long time wished my mother to allow me to do something to assist her.

"My heart beat fast, I assure you, as I turned out of W—— into B—— street, and made my way along to the number my mother had given me. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and stepped briskly into the store, found my way to the counting-room, and made known the reason of my call. The merchant smiled, and told me that there was another boy who had come in a little before me he thought he should hire. However, he asked me some questions, and then went and conversed with the other boy, who stood in the back part of the office. The result was, that the lad who had first applied was dismissed, and I entered the merchant's employment, first as an errand-boy, then as a clerk, and afterwards as a partner. At his decease he left me the whole business, stock, &c. After I had been in his service some years, he told me the reason he chose me in preference to the

other boy, was because of the general neatness of my person, while in reference to the other lad, he noticed that he had neglected properly to turn down his vest. To this simple circumstance has probably been owing the greater part of my success in business."

Will not all my young friends who read this narrative of the successful merchant, form, like him, in their youth habits of neatness? Remember that no one will love a slovenly boy or girl, and if you would secure the respect of your acquaintances, you must be very careful in respect to your personal appearance. Purity and cleanliness of person are indispensable to the highest purity of character.

The simple turning down of your vest may not be your first step towards a fortune, but the habit of neatness, early formed, is sure to be of great service to you through life.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Was not the poverty of the mother who was mentioned in the last narrative, as good an excuse for dirty children as can generally be offered? Did it cost this good mother a very great sum to keep her children neat?

2. Is it probable that the habits of cleanliness which these children practised, was any cause of suffering to them?

3. When the boy appeared at the counting-room of the merchant, why was he chosen in preference to the one who came first?

4. Supposing that the successful boy was detained at home five minutes longer than the other, to have his *clothes brushed*, and his *boots* blacked — in that case, what lesson would the example of this lad teach us?

5. Which would you sooner employ, a boy who was plainly, yet neatly clad, or one who had a slovenly appearance, though dressed in fine clothes?

EXTRACT.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF CHILDREN. — Some writer, whose name we do not know, holds the following rational discourse in relation to the dressing of children:

Send two children into the street: let one be a bare-headed, bare-footed ragamuffin, with a face which, perhaps, never had but one thorough washing, and hair that never knew a comb, — nobody would think of giving him a hand to help him through any mud-puddle, or over any gutter; and if he should get run over in the street, men would say, perhaps, that he was a dirty boy, and might have got out of the way. On the other hand, send a sweet girl into the street, looking like a new-blown rose, with the glistening dew-drops hanging from its leaves, — her face as clean as air, as transparent as her untainted mind; and there is not a chimney-sweep who would not, if he dared touch her, wipe his hands upon his clothes, and with delight carry her over the crossings, rather than she should soil even the sole of her slipper.

All children may not be equally pretty. Yet all may be clean and tidy in their appearance.

---

6. When is it proper *to begin* to practise habits of neatness?

NARRATIVE.

THE CLEAN HOME. — What a beautiful sight is a clean home! I am going to talk a little to my readers about one that is very clean and neat; and I hope they will admire it so much, as to try and make their own (if they ever have one,) as much like it as possible.

My sister and myself once called at a cottage in the village to inquire after a man who we were told was ill. It so happened that we did not know the family, but when we heard that the man was ill, and unable to work, we stopped to make inquiries. On opening the door, I shall never forget what pleasure we felt. They were at tea. The cloth on the table was snow-white, the cups and saucers bright and clean, and the loaf, the morsel of butter, the knife and the spoons were

just as clean too. The husband's shirt, just ironed, was airing at the fire, and was as snowy as the table-cloth. The whole kitchen was so clean, the chairs, dresser, clock-case, &c., shone so brightly, and every thing had an air of so much neatness, that our first words were words of delight at such a scene. The poor man had been out of work some time, and they had two or three little children, yet the wife could not be dirty or untidy, and the very scanty food they possessed was served up comfortably. The man looked quite happy and contented under his trial; he seemed better pleased with a clean tea-table than with a dirty brawling beer-house, and smiled with pleasure at the praise we could so well bestow on his wife's good management. To something my sister said, he replied, "I never have come home to an untidy house, ma'am, since I've been married. I do not know what a dirty house is." What a happy thing it would be for every husband to be able to say this!

---

7. Which would you think the more desirable, a very costly home, yet slovenly and dirty, or a very plain home, yet always neat and clean?

8. In which home would you expect families to be the happier? In which the more healthy? In which the more cheerful and obliging to each other?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Is it probable that persons, who are not themselves neat in their habits, like to see neatness in others?

2. Some persons do not give much attention to personal cleanliness for the reason that it takes so much time. Do you think this a good excuse?

3. Other persons excuse themselves from attention to cleanliness because they are *poor*. Is poverty any excuse for filthy habits?

4. Do you suppose that persons who are *very particular* in their habits of cleanliness, can perform as much labor or as much study, as others?

5. But some very useful employments make it necessary that those who follow them should be in the midst of smoke, or dust, or dirt, for a time. What advice would you give to such persons, respecting cleanliness and neatness?

6. What advice on the subject of neatness and personal appearance, would you give to children, or to the unfortunate, who desire kind attentions from friends or from strangers?

7. What advantages are there in having a very neat school-room?

8. What slovenly and dirty habits ought pupils to avoid in the school-room?

9. If pupils should never come into the school-room with dirt upon their shoes or clothes, never spit upon the floor, and never allow papers or litter of any kind about their seats, in what ways would the teacher and all of the pupils be thereby benefited?

10. Where would you *first* look for virtuous conduct, — among persons of *very neat* personal appearance, or among those of careless, slovenly, filthy habits?

11. Which would you think the more becoming in a lady or gentleman, a very expensive dress — yet soiled with dirt and grease, — or a very plain dress, yet scrupulously neat and clean?

LESSON XVII.

RIGHT ACTIONS SHOULD SPRING FROM RIGHT MOTIVES.

NARRATIVE.

THE WAY WITH SOME PEOPLE.— Deacon S—— once employed a cobbler to take a few stitches in a boot, for which service he was asked half a dollar. The demand was considered exorbitant; but the deacon was not a man to have trouble with his neighbor on a trifling matter, so, without a

word of objection, the coin was paid. "All will come round right in the end," he said to himself.

Next morning, the deacon, who was a farmer, was on his way to his field with oxen and plough, when the cobbler came out of his shop and accosted him.

"Good morning, deacon. You're just the man I hoped to see. The fact is, I've hired the field yonder, and am going to sow it with wheat; but being no farmer myself, I wish you would stop and give me a little insight into the business."

The other was about to excuse himself, for he felt particularly anxious to finish a piece of ploughing that day, which he could not do if detained at all, when remembering the boot-mending, "The affair (thought he) is coming right, quite soon. Here is an opportunity for illustrating the Golden Rule, and returning good for evil. I will render the assistance he needs, and when he asks what's to pay, will answer, 'Nothing, sir, nothing. I never make account of these little neighborly kindnesses.' *That* will remind him of yesterday."

So the deacon readily consented to do as requested, and going over to the field, commenced and finished sowing a bushel of grain; scarcely thinking, meantime, of how his team was standing idle in the cool of the day; but glorying in anticipation of the smart his neighbor would suffer from the living coals about to be heaped upon his head. The employer, who, seated on a pile of stones in the centre of the field, had watched the process in silence, now rose to his feet, and very deliberately advanced towards the obliging farmer.

"Now for my revenge," thought the latter, seeing him about to speak; but the other only carelessly remarked, "It isn't much to do a thing when one knows how."

The deacon made no reply, but stood awaiting the question, "How much do you ask for your labor?" He waited in

vain, however; the question was not asked. — the other began to speak on indifferent topics; and the farmer, unwilling to lose more time, turned and hurried away to where he had left his team. He had gone some distance along the road, when a voice was heard calling, "Hallo, deacon! Hold on there a minute."

The deacon turned his head, and his neighbor, the cobbler, beckoned him back.

"He's just thought of it," said the deacon to himself, half impatient at being again stopped. "My triumph is to cost about as much as 't is worth, but I 'll have it after all. Urge as he may, I won't take a single dime."

So saying, he secured his oxen to a post by the roadside, and ran back as far as the wall, against the opposite side of which the cobbler was carelessly leaning.

"Why how you puff, deacon; there's no special haste called for. I merely thought to ask whether you don't imagine we shall have rain soon. You farmers pay more attention to these things than we mechanics do."

The deacon coughed a full minute, and then answered that he "really couldn't say, but it seemed pretty near *cool* enough for snow:" and giving this opinion, he once more set his face farmward; musing as he went, whether it might not have been well to have attached to the Golden Rule a modifying clause, suited to dealing with such people as his neighbor of the awl and last.

The deacon loves, to this day, to tell the story and laugh over it; but he never fails to add, "*Well*, well, it ended just as it should; inasmuch as I was wickedly calculating on *rejoicing over my neighbor's humiliation.*"

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Was it right in Deacon S. to assist his neighbor in sowing his wheat?

2. Would it have been right for him to charge his neighbor a reasonable price for his services?

3. But the deacon did not charge his neighbor anything for the assistance he rendered him. Do you see anything wrong in the deacon's conduct?

4. If the Deacon really intended to render his neighbor som assistance, in return for an injury he had received, *with what motiv* should he have undertaken to do so?

NARRATIVE.

MOTIVES. — There was a boy who had received twenty-five cents on a holiday, with permission to go to a neighboring village. On his way he met with a distressed family, and his feelings became so much interested that he gave them his twenty-five cents He was influenced by compassion,— a good motive. When his father heard of this conduct, he was so pleased, that he gave him half a dollar. The next time the boy met with an object of charity, he gave assistance in hope that when he should tell his father, he would receive more than he gave. This, you see, was a selfish motive.

The first rule by which you are to judge of your motives is this, *Is it right?* If it is not right, you of course must not act upon it. The next rule that I would suggest is this, — Should I be willing to have this motive known? If you should be unwilling to have it known, you may be sure it is not a lofty one.

Remember that God can see into your heart, that he knows the real motives of all your actions.

This purity of motive, sincerity of soul, cannot be acquired without great care, and help from on high. Very often should you offer the prayer of David, "Create within me a clean heart, O God." Persons who attain it, will always have friends. People know that such persons can be depended upon. They know that they can trust their professions.

5. What do you perceive that was *right* in the boy's conduct, as stated in the preceding narrative? What do you perceive that was wrong?

6. Was it *right* for the boy to give his own money, in the last case, to help the needy?

7. When we help the unfortunate, what should always be our *motive* for doing so?

NARRATIVE.

THE DRAYMAN.—An honest drayman was standing on the wharf, when a little boy fell into the water. No one exerted himself to rescue the child, and the stream was fast bearing him away. The poor drayman seeing this, sprang into the water, swam to the child, took him in his arms and brought him safely to the wharf. He put him in the care of one who promised to see him safely home, while the drayman resumed his labors as if nothing had happened. On his return home, the drayman's family were surprised at his damp appearance, and made a number of inquiries, to which he gave unsatisfactory answers, and it was passed off as a subject not worth farther notice. About two weeks after this occurrence, on going home, he found three persons waiting his arrival—a man with his wife and child. "That is the man, father, that is the man!" exclaimed the boy. The father sprang from his seat and threw his arms around the neck of the drayman, and expressed his gratitude in tears.

"Come, sir," said he, "come and visit a family which you have saved from destruction — take the blessings of a father and mother, who, but for your intervention, would have been overwhelmed in sorrow — whose only son you have rescued from a premature death."

This was the first knowledge the drayman's family had of the circumstance. When the conversation turned on his silence, he made no other reply than to read the following verses from the Bible:

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in Heaven.—Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men; verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand [here the drayman cast a glance round upon his family,] know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Such a spirit of Christian benevolence, we desire to be possessed by every child. We should not value our own convenience — our life even — if we can save another from death. Nor should we spread abroad our good deeds. It is sufficient for us to know that our heavenly Father approves of what we have done. He knoweth when we are useful, and he will not let us lose our reward.

---

8. How many things do you see in the conduct of the drayman to approve?

9. While the drayman tried to conceal this noble deed from even his nearest friends, what would you infer respecting his motives in saving the child?

10. But if he had gone immediately to the child's father and informed him of all the facts, what would you have *suspected* might have been his motives in saving the child from drowning?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. May persons be guilty of great crimes, and yet *do* no wrong?

2. If a person should *try* to break into your house to steal your goods or your money, but should not succeed because he was discovered, would he be guilty of stealing? Why?

3. If a person should *try* to take the life of another, but should not succeed because he was so closely watched, would that person be guilty of murder?

4. Suppose you had been late to school this morning, and you had made up your mind that, if called upon for an excuse, you would give some other reason than the *true one;* but you did not happen to be called upon. Would you be guilty of any wrong?

5. Suppose you had whispered this morning, and, fearing you would suffer some penalty if you confessed it, you had made up your mind that if the scholars who had whispered were called upon to arise, *you would not do so:* but such scholars were not called on. Would you be guilty of any wrong?

6. Suppose you are very anxious to see the fire companies on parade, and you determine that if your mother will not let you go, you will *run away* and see them. But when you ask her, she says "Yes, you may go." If you then go, will you be guilty of any disobedience to your mother?

7. May persons perform virtuous deeds without deserving credit for them?

8. If you should be *particularly kind and obliging* to your parents for a few days, *because* you intended to ask of them a particular favor for yourself, would you deserve any credit for the virtue of obedience?

9. If you should save a child from being burned to death in a building, would that be a virtuous deed?

10. But if you should risk your own life to save a child from being burned to death, knowing that the child's father was very wealthy, and expecting that you would be *richly rewarded*, would you deserve any credit for virtuous conduct?

11. Suppose a father should privately say to his sons, "John, if you will help me in the field to-day, I will give you fifty cents at night," and to James, privately, "If you will help me in the field to-day, you may go a hunting to-morrow," and to Henry, privately, "If you will help me to-day, you may go with me to visit your cousins next week," and to George, privately, "I have much to do to-day: are you willing to help your father in the field?" and he cheerfully says, "*Yes, sir,*" and all work through the day, John for money, James for the pleasure of hunting, Henry for the promised pleasure of a visit, and George *because he loves his father:* — Which works from the best motive, and which deserves the most credit?

12. Pupils sometimes study very diligently with the single pur-

pose of *being first in their class.* Is there any *other* motive which should incite a scholar to study? Is there any *higher* motive?

13. Persons sometimes refrain from angry feelings and unkind words, lest they should offend the company present, or lose, thereby, some favorite enjoyment. What *other* motive should cause one to control angry feelings and refrain from unkind words? What *higher* motive?

14. May persons do *very little*, and yet deserve great credit fo virtuous conduct?

15. If a rich man, desiring to help a poor family, should giv them *ten dollars* to buy food and clothing, and a very poor man, jus as anxious to help the same family, should give them *ten cents* for the same purpose, which of the men do you think would deserve the most credit?

16. If a boy, very anxious to help his poor father, should earn *five dollars* for him in a month, and bring it home to him, and a little sister, just as anxious to help her mother, should work just as hard, one month, and earn *two dollars* for her, which do you think would deserve the most credit?

17. If a boy, wishing to help his father, should work a month and earn five dollars for him, while the sister, who had undertaken to earn just as much for her mother, should be taken sick, and use all her money for medicine and assistance, which would deserve the more credit?

18. If you were to do well from good motives, at the time, and should afterwards boast of your deeds, or take pains to have others know them, would you still deserve credit for doing well?

19. What is the *first question* to ask ourselves when we are about to perform any action?

20. If we have decided that the action will be RIGHT, what rule should we observe in speaking of our good deeds?

LESSON XVIII.

LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

NARRATIVE.

THE PANORAMA BOY. — Some years ago, a boy was sitting with folded hands, in a tiny skiff, on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. The setting sun was shining on the water, and on the beautiful banks of the river, rich with variously colored foliage. So full was the mind of the boy with wonder and delight that the boat glided on unheeded, while he still sat gazing on the banks of the river. He had heard that Ame-

rica was richer in beautiful scenery than any other country in the world, and as he looked around him he believed the saying, and then came into his mind the desire and resolve to become an artist, that he might paint the magnificent scenes of his native land.

This boy's name was Banvard, and the resolution he made to paint the largest picture in the world was never given up till it was accomplished. When we think for a moment of a fatherless, moneyless lad, painting a picture covering three miles of surface, and representing a range of scenery three thousand miles in extent, well may we be ashamed to give up anything worth pursuing, merely because it costs us a little trouble. One might also think that young Banvard had taken for his motto the words which I saw in a book lately: —

> "Think well before you pursue it;
> But when you begin, go through it?"

When his father died, John was left a poor, friendless lad, and obtained employment with a druggist; but so fond was he of sketching the likenesses of those about him, on the walls, with chalk or coal, that his master told him he made better likenesses than pills; so poor John lost his situation. He then tried other plans, and met with many disappointments; but at last succeeded in obtaining as much money as he thought would enable him to paint his great picture.

He had to go through much danger and trouble before he could take all his sketches, spread over a distance of three thousand miles. Having bought a small skiff, he set off alone on his perilous adventure. He travelled thousands of miles, crossing the Mississippi backwards and forwards to secure the best points for making his sketches. All day long he went on sketching, and when the sun was about to set he either shot wild fowl on the river, or hauling the little boat ashore, went into the woods, with his rifle, to shoot game. After cooking and eating his supper, he turned his boat over on the

ground, and crept under it, rolling himself up in a blanket to sleep for the night, safe from the falling dews and prowling animals. Sometimes for weeks together he never spoke to a human being. In this manner he went on sketching for more than four hundred days before the necessary drawings were finished, and then he set to work in good earnest to paint the picture.

He had only made sketches in his wanderings. After these were completed, there were colors and canvas to be bought, and a large wooden building to be erected, where he might finish his work without interruption.

I have now told you about the Panorama; when it was finished it covered three miles of canvas, and represented a range of scenery three thousand miles in extent; and that all this magnificent work was executed by a poor, fatherless, moneyless lad, ought to make us ashamed of giving up any undertaking worth pursuing, merely because it would cost us some trouble.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Which would probably feel the happier, John Banvard alone, busily at work in the wilderness, or the boy surrounded with friends, and every luxury, but *with nothing to do*?

2. What effect had *poverty* upon John Banvard's great purposes? What effect had *disappointments*? What effect had *great obstacles*?

3. For which does John Banvard deserve the more credit, — for overcoming poverty, disappointments, dangers, and other obstacles, as he did, or for really painting the largest picture in the world?

4. *Why* did John succeed so well in overcoming difficulties, when so many fail?

NARRATIVE.

WHAT A HOD-MAN CAN DO. — Many persons look with disdain upon what they call "dirty work," as though all honest labor was not cleaner than many kid-gloved ways of

swindling one's-self through the world. Rather than owe our living to the latter, we would infinitely prefer to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents a day. A day or two since we learned an interesting bit of history touching a doer of "dirty work" — a hod-man, and we narrate it here, that our young friends may see what great results may arise from low beginnings.

He went to New York about ten years ago, young, healthy and honest. He could get no employment but hod-carrying, and he did this so well as to earn at once his dollar a day. He procured good, but cheap, board and lodgings; spent none of his earnings in taverns or low places; attended church on the Sabbath; educated himself in the evenings, laid up money, and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city, and built a pretty cottage. In one year more he found a good wife, and used the cottage he had before rented out. During these six years, he had steadily carried the hod.

He was a noted worker, an acknowledged scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the eighth year, his talents and integrity were called to a more profitable account. He embarked as a partner in a professional business, already well established. This day he is worth at least $100,000; he has a lovely wife, and two beautiful children; a home that is the centre of a brilliant social and intellectual circle, and he is one of the happiest and most honored of men, so far as he is known. So much has come of a hod-man.

---

5. Is carrying mortar to build a house a *useful* employment? Is it an *honest* employment? Why need *any man* be ashamed to carry mortar for such a purpose?

6. When was this *hodman* entitled to the greater respect, — while he was laboring during the day for one dollar, and studying during the evening to educate himself, or *after* he had acquired one hundred thousand dollars worth of property?

7. Suppose that this same *hodman* had labored hard for ten years,

at one dollar a day, and had studied just as faithfully in the evening to educate himself, but was only able to support his family by his earnings; would he then have been entitled to any respect? How much?

NARRATIVE.

A GREAT AMERICAN SCHOLAR.—Some seventy years ago, there lived in Salem, Massachusetts, a poor boy, who had determined to get an education. He was confined in a shop through the day, and had but few advantages and little time for carrying out his design. He was not discouraged, however, but persevered like a hero, and every month witnessed his progress towards the object of his ambition. That boy was afterwards known throughout the civilized world as Dr. Bowditch, one of the most learned and famous scientific men our country has ever produced. But all that Bowditch knew, he learned; and all that he learned, he acquired by diligent and persevering application. You can form some idea of his indomitable perseverance, from a little incident that is related of him. While he was a boy, a valuable private library, which had been captured at sea, arrived in Salem. These books were a rare prize for those days, and young Bowditch borrowed a number of them from the person who had charge of them. The volumes were retained longer than was necessary for a simple perusal, and it was afterwards ascertained that the young student was so anxious to possess them, that he actually *copied* twenty ponderous folio and quarto volumes of scientific works, and thus made them his own? These books, which at that time he dared not, from economy, think of purchasing, were of great service to him in after years; and his children have carefully preserved them, as precious memorials of the perseverance of their father.

8. Among pupils in school, there are *some* that learn much, and *many* that learn little. What makes the difference, where the advantages seem nearly equal?

9. Did Dr. Bowditch labor any harder than most students are willing to labor? Did he know anything that he did not labor to acquire?

10. While books are so plenty and so cheap, and other advantages so great, why do we not have *many thousands* of men just as well educated as Dr. Bowditch?

11. Many things seem quite impossible to some persons, and quite possible to others. Can you give any reason for this difference?

EXTRACT.

FEW THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.—"It is impossible," said some, when Peter the Great determined to set out on a voyage of discovery, through the cold, northern regions of Siberia, and over immense deserts; but Peter was not to be discouraged, and the *thing was done.*

"It is impossible," said many, when they heard of a scheme of the good Oberlin's. To benefit his people, he had determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasbourg, so that the productions of de la Roche (his own village) might find a market. Rocks were to be blasted and conveyed to the banks of the river Bruche, in sufficient quantity to build a wall for a road along its banks, a mile and a half, and a bridge across it. He reasoned with his people, but they still thought it was impossible. But he seized a pick-axe, put it across his shoulder, proceeded to the spot and went to work; and the peasants soon followed him with their tools. The road and bridge were at length built, and to this day, the bridge bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

"It is impossible," said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the rugged flags and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, and hearkened to

the daring plan of a man named Rupp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough, of 24,000 pine-trees, six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep; and this slide, which was completed in 1812, was kept moist. Its length was 44,000 English feet.

It had to be conducted over rocks or along their sides, or under ground, or over deep gorges, where it was sustained by scaffolds; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and the thing was done. The trees glided down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines, which were 100 feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes.

A gentleman who saw this great work, declares, that "such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blows.

Say not hastily, then, "it is impossible." It may be so to do a thing in an hour, a day, or a week. But resolve, and then act; and *persevere* in your work. "Time and patience," says a Spanish author, "make the mulberry leaf into satin."

---

12. Who probably enjoyed the greatest pleasure in seeing the large pine-trees slide through the trough from the mountains above into the lake below?

13. When Rupp, the projector, saw that there were *difficulties* to be overcome in completing such an undertaking, why did he not *abandon* the plan, at once?

14. When all obstacles were overcome, and the work completed, was the projector more, or less able to overcome new difficulties, and carry forward to completion other bold and difficult enterprises?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Does a person feel *more*, or *less* happy who has a great and good object before him to accomplish, than the person who has no plan before him, and no labor to do?

2. Which is better, *to try* to do something very useful and yet very difficult, and fail in our object, or not to attempt to do anything at all?

3. Which affords us the greater pleasure, to do what is very difficult, or very easy to be done?

4. Which affords us the greater pleasure, to do what is very easy to be done, if it is useful, or to do nothing at all?

5. Some persons seem to suppose that it is *very degrading* to do anything useful. What is your opinion of this?

6. Some persons think that *some* useful employments are honorable, and that other employments, *equally useful*, are very degrading. What do you think of this?

7. If a man *does his duty well*, which is the more honorable employment, to plough in the fields, or to weigh out sugar and tea?

8. Which is the more honorable employment, to write in an office, or to lay brick or stone in the erection of buildings?

9. By what means can any one acquire much bodily strength?

10. By what means can any one acquire strength of mind?

11. After you have mastered one hard lesson, how are you better prepared to master another?

12. Suppose you find some lessons and some studies *very difficult*, what are you to do?

13. What would you have advised Rupp to do, if he had inclined to despair, when he stood upon the brink of some one of the frightful gorges of the mountain, studying how his trough might be passed over it?

14. Every where, and at all times, what are you to do when you meet with discouragements?

LABOR.

Labor, labor — honest labor —
Labor keeps me well and strong;
Labor gives me food and raiment,
Labor, too, inspires my song!

Labor keeps me ever merry;
Cheerful labor is but play:
Labor wrestles with my sorrow;
Labor driveth tears away.

Labor makes me greet the morning
In the glorious hour of dawn,
And I see the hills and valleys
Put their golden garments on.

Labor brings an eve of solace,
When my hands their toil forego,
And across my heart in silence
Cherished streams of memory flow.

Labor curtains night with gladness,
Giveth rest and happy dreams;
And the sleep that follows labor
With a mystic pleasure teems.

Labor ever freely giveth,
Lustrous vigor to the mind;
Shedding o'er its sunlight holy,
New ideas I daily find.

Labor brings me all I need;
While I work I need not borrow,
Hands are toiling for to-day,
Mind is working for to-morrow.

Labor's tools make sweetest music,
As their busy echoes ring;
Loom, and wheel, and anvil, ever
Have a merry song to sing.

"Labor! Labor!" crieth Nature,
"Labor!" sings the wheel of Time,
And in their own mystic language
Earth, and sky, and ocean chime.

Labor, labor! ne'er be idle,
Labor, labor, while you can;
'Tis the Iron Age of Labor,
Labor only makes the man!

LESSON XIX.

BE HONEST IN "LITTLE THINGS," UPRIGHT IN ALL THINGS.

NARRATIVE.

TEMPTATION NOT RESISTED. — The following is the case of a boy who yielded to temptation, and suffered dreadful consequences.

The boy alluded to was the son of pious parents in the country; he had received much faithful instruction, and had doubtless been the subject of many prayers. His appearance was such as to excite affection and confidence, and his preparation for business was ample. With these advantages he was

placed in the store of a merchant of the best character in Boston. His employer found him faithful and industrious; placed great confidence in him; committed much property to his care; and was often congratulated on having so good a boy, who bid fair to make "a first-rate man of business."

But, alas! not many months elapsed before this fair prospect was overclouded. The merchant heard that his favorite boy had been seen at a theatre. Knowing he had no money to pay for such an amusement, he doubted the report; but being assured of its correctness, he took him aside, and with much feeling told him what he had heard, and inquired if it was true that he had been seen in such a place? Finding he was detected, the boy confessed the whole matter; from which it appeared, that at first he was persuaded to attend an evening book-auction. There he found a crowd of young men — and the auctioneer was vociferous in praise of his "excellent books with splendid bindings, selling for less than the cost of printing." One book was offered which the boy had a great desire to read — but he had no money to pay for it. More of the same books were to be sold on the next evening. The thought passed through his mind — "Can't I borrow money enough to pay for this book, and after I have read it, sell it again, and pay what I have borrowed?" This thought appeared plausible and harmless — but it was the cause of his ruin. He borrowed the money from his employer's drawer, without asking for it — and having once violated his conscience, he could no longer resist the temptation to depredate, again and again, in the same way, — and having money in his possession, the desire to spend it all in sinful gratification, was too strong to be resisted, and he was easily led (by his jovial "friends" which his money procured,) to the theatre, that broad road to ruin, that slaughter-house of the morals of our youth.

His parents were informed of his conduct. It almost broke their hearts. He promised them that he would reform

— but he felt degraded, his conscience tormented him, and it was not long before he absconded. After which, search being made, goods to the amount of several hundred dollars were found in his chamber, which he had purchased with money stolen from his master.

Thus were the fair prospects of a once amiable youth destroyed — his character gone — his father's house forsaken — and he wandering like a vagabond, exposed to the destructive allurements of vice, without a good conscience to restrain him, or a friend to advise him.

This is but one among many instances of young men from the country who are ruined in cities by the many temptations which beset them there. These temptations are so various in their form, that it is difficult to describe them; but they meet an unsuspecting youth almost every hour — and in order to resist them, and walk in the path of rectitude, he should firmly resolve to keep "a conscience void of offence towards God and man."

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What was the the *first* thing that was wrong in the conduct of this boy?

2. If, after he had "*borrowed*" the money from the drawer, and had purchased and read the book, he had sold it for as much as it cost, and replaced the money, would there then have been any thing wrong in his conduct? What?

3. Suppose he had sold the book at a *handsome profit*, and placed all the money in the drawer, but still without the knowledge or consent of his employer, would there have been any thing wrong in his conduct then?

4. This boy could not think of *stealing*, even a *small* amount, at first. What *did he do* to prepare his mind and conscience for stealing whenever he had an opportunity?

NARRATIVE.

HONESTY IN LITTLE THINGS. — "Matilda," said little Thomas, "Do you know that one of the boughs of Mr. C.'s apple-tree hangs over our garden wall, and when the fruit gets ripe, and the high winds blow, we shall have some of the apples." "Indeed you will not," replied his sister, "for they are not ours, and you must be honest, even in little things."

"Oh then," said Thomas, his eyes brightening while he expressed his thoughts, "we will throw them over the wall again, and he will be sure to find them." Admirable intention! all through life may principles of true rectitude direct the little boy. My dear readers, let me impress upon your minds the absolute need of the most *scrupulous honesty* on all occasions. You cannot tell how the pilfering of an apple, or the stealing of a pear, or a book, may stamp your character for life. Should your friends ever see any thing like duplicity in your conduct, they could not help being suspicious, which would make you feel very uncomfortable; therefore, say indignantly to the tempter, when he would incline you to that which is wrong, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" and let the holy Psalmist's prayer be continually your prayer, both morning and evening too; "let integrity and uprightness preserve me:" and ever remember the two following lines, which, though old, are valuable:

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
And 'tis much more a greater thing."

---

5. Do you see any thing wrong in taking the apples that might fall from your neighbor's trees into your own garden?

6. After having taken those that had fallen into the garden, what *might* be the next act?

NARRATIVE.

CASE OF CONSCIENCE IN A CHILD.—A little girl attending a private school in one of our large cities, did not know her way home. A messenger was expected to take her from school, but as she did not arrive, a sister pupil of the girl was requested to conduct her to her mother's house. For this service, the teacher gave her a cent. The children departed, but before going far they met the messenger, who relieved the guide of her charge. She immediately returned to the teacher, and said, "I didn't show the little girl the way home, and so I have brought back your cent."

---

7. So long as children or men refuse to take or keep a cent or a pin that does not belong to them, what would you infer respecting their honesty in greater things?

NARRATIVE.

INORDINATE LOVE OF DRESS.—I once knew a youth, the child of a navy officer who had served his country with distinction, but whose premature death rendered his widow thankful to receive an official appointment for her delicate boy, in a Government office. His income from the office was faithfully given to his mother; and it was a pleasure and a pride to him to gladden her heart by the thought that he was helping her. She had other children, but they were younger than he: these were two little girls, just rising one above another in the early stages of womanhood. Her scanty pension and his salary made every one happy. But over this youth came a love of dress. He had not strength of mind to see how much more truly beautiful is a pure mind than a finely-decorated exterior. He took pleasure in helping his mother and sisters, but did not sufficiently reflect that to do

this kindness to them, he must be contented, for a time, to dress a little plainer than his fellow-clerks; his clothes might appear somewhat worn, but they were like the spot on the dress of a soldier, arising from the discharge of duty; they were not marks of undue carelessness: necessity had made them; and while they indicated necessity, they marked also the path of honor: without such spots duty must have been neglected. But this youth did not think of such considerations as these. He felt ashamed of his threadbare, but clean coat. The smart, new, shining dress of other clerks, mortified him. They had no mother to assist, nor sisters dependent upon them; and probably some among them would have gladly come in a shabby coat, rather than diminish the comforts of dear relatives at home. Robert truly loved his mother and sisters, and did not wish to lessen their income, but he wanted to appear finer. In an evil hour he ordered a suit of clothes from a fashionable tailor. His situation and connections procured him a short credit. But tradesmen must be paid, and Robert was again and again importuned to defray his debt. To relieve himself of his creditor, he stole a letter containing a £10 note. His tailor was paid, but the injured party knew the number of the note. It was traced to the tailor, and by him to Robert, with the means and opportunity of stealing it, and in a few days the youth (for he was only sixteen) was transported. Before he went away, it was very affecting to see his truly respectable mother come to visit him. "Oh, Robert! how could you do this!" was her plaintive expostulation. The distress she suffered, and the straitened way in which she and his sisters lived for many months, to pay the expenses of his defence, were never known to him. His mother entertained the liveliest hopes that he might escape by some legal defect; but all her hopes were blighted, and she lost her son probably for ever. His birth-day passed in Newgate. On this occasion a Bible was sent him, and markers wrought in beads by his sisters. One was,

'Robert, we still remember you:" another, by his youngest sister, was, "Still we love you." It was quite pitiable to see how the youth's tears flowed when he read these signs of love and sorrow in the home he had rendered so desolate. He was profoundly humbled and sincerely penitent; but his offence could not be pardoned. Public good demanded his punishment; and his was another example of the miserable folly of a love of dress.

---

8. What was the *first* wrong step in the conduct of Robert?

9. After he had taken the first wrong step, *why did he not stop* at once, and reform?

10. After finding it very *inconvenient* to pay for the new suit of clothes, why did he not resolve never to buy any more clothes upon credit?

11. After the *first* falsehood has been told, what must we expect to follow?

12. After *the first wrong act* has been done, what must we expect will follow?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Do persons usually *first* steal very trifling, or very valuable articles?

2. If, in passing a man's orchard, you should see plenty of fruit that was rotting upon the trees and ground, would it be right to take some of it without asking the owner?

3. But if you were acquainted with the owner, and felt sure that he would give his consent, if you were to ask him, would it be right to take some of the fruit without asking for it?

4. Children, in passing along the road or street, sometimes reach over or through the fence and gather fruit. Is this right?

5. Sometimes the limbs of fruit-trees hang over the street, and boys say "This fruit will fall into the road or street when it is ripe: we may as well take it before it falls." Is that right?

6. If apples are very plentiful and very cheap, and wagon-loads are standing in the street for sale, how many apples may a boy take from a wagon without leave, and not steal?

7. In passing around among mechanics, boys sometimes gather up a *few nails*. How many *small nails* might a boy, in this way, put in his pocket *without stealing?*

8. Along the streets and wharves, casks of sugar are often broken open by accident or otherwise, and boys "*just taste*" of a little of the sugar. How many times might a boy "just taste," or how much sugar might he eat, *without making a case of stealing?*

9. If you wanted some fruit or some sugar to eat, and did not think it right to steal *yourself*, how would it do for you to let some *other boys* steal the fruit, and then *you eat it* with them?

10. If you know that the fruit, or the food, or the presents of *any kind* placed before you have been stolen, what ought you to do?

11. Persons sometimes *secretly borrow* the money or articles intrusted to their care, thinking *they will make all right* at some convenient time. What is wrong in this?

12. If you were to find money in the street, or elsewhere, what ought you to do with it?

13. If you were to find lost articles of any kind, what ought you to do? Would it be right to keep them, and say nothing?

14. Not long since a little girl received a ten dollar gold piece at the Post Office in Sandusky, in the evening, by mistake, for a cent. After going home, the mistake was seen. Was this money hers? *How much* of it belonged to her? To whom did the rest belong? She returned the gold piece the next morning, the Post-Master not having yet discovered the error. Would *you* have done so?

15. A poor man once purchased a loaf of bread of a baker for the usual price of a loaf. When away from the shop, he began to break and eat it with his son, when he found gold coin to the value of several dollars in the middle of it. Was this money his? Did he buy it? What would be right to do with the money in such a case?

16. At the market, we sometimes find very nice berries, or other fruits, placed carefully on the top of the measure, while, in the middle, the fruit is nearly worthless. How ought this to be?

17. Children sometimes break crockery or other furniture, and place it carefully away without saying anything to any one. What ought you to do if you injure any article of furniture?

18. Boys sometimes ride half a mile on the back steps of an omnibus without being seen. What is there wrong in this?

19. Suppose that having borrowed a boy's knife you should lose it, and pay him twenty-five cents to make his loss good. Some time afterwards, the boy finds his knife himself, in as good order as when he lent it to you.— What ought to be done in such a case?

20. Suppose the fee for admittance to a show or concert, to be ten cents, and that, by standing near the door, you can easily pass in, without being noticed and without paying anything. Would this be right?

21. If a boy should offer to sell you a pencil-case, he supposing it to be brass, for twenty-five cents, and you at once knew it was gold and worth one dollar and a half or two dollars, would it be right to take it for twenty-five cents, without informing the boy of its real value?

22. If you should buy a pound of candy at the shop, and pay for it, and should, when you reached home, find there were *two pounds* instead of one, what ought you to do?

23. When you are tempted, in any way, to do wrong, what very important precept are you to remember respecting the *first wrong acts*?

LESSON XX.

A PERSON IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS.

NARRATIVE.

THE MAN THAT WAS HAUNTED BY HIS SHADOW. — The chief of police in New York city, (Mr. Matsell,) has adopted a new and singular plan, both as a preventive and a remedy for crime. He has in his employ a number of trust worthy men, who make themselves acquainted with every rogue in the country. Their province is to watch the arrival of all steam-boats, rail-road cars, and other public conveyances, and follow every known rogue and suspicious character, like his very shadow, wherever he goes. Not a

moment, night or day, while in that city, can a person escape from these shadows (policemen) when once they are attached.

A recent case of actual occurrence will illustrate this system. A well-known burglar, who had reformed, but whose reformation had not become public, arrived in New York from a neighboring city, in company with an intelligent lawyer, as his counsel, for the settlement of some old affairs. As a man is known by the company he keeps, the lawyer was immediately suspected and *shadowed!* — He went into a barber's shop to be shaved, and the shadow (policeman) sat down by his side. He went to see a friend, the shadow waited outside. Next he went to a restaurant for dinner, the shadow was at the table opposite. Now he walked about town, the shadow was ever behind him. He went to the theatre, the shadow was in the next seat. He stepped into a reading-room to learn the news, and the shadow was reading at his elbow. He registered his name at the hotel — the shadow was looking over his shoulder. He went to bed — the shadow inquired the number of his room. In this way, says the correspondent of one of our journals, he was dogged for three days, when he called upon the chief of police in reference to the business of his client, when lo! and behold, the shadow was there too! Of course, as soon as he made himself known as an attorney from a neighboring city, the shadow was withdrawn. And most fortunate was he in going to the office as he did, for Mr. Matsell had already issued orders for his arrest on suspicion.

Those who believe the Bible, know that a much closer inspection than this is had over every human being, every moment, and in every place, and without the least intermission. Why are we so apt to forget it, and to think that we are alone?

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Why was the lawyer, in the preceding narrative, suspected of being a thief?

2. Was it reasonable that the officer should suspect the lawyer of being a rogue?

3. If a stranger of a respectable appearance should come to the town or city in which you reside, in company with a well-known thief, would you suspect the stranger was a rogue?

NARRATIVE.

BAD COUNSELS. — At an early age I had to rue the bad counsel and evil influence of intermeddlers, as you shall hear. When a school-boy, my teacher, on one occasion, treated me with unmerited severity, and my youthful blood boiled in my veins at what appeared to me to be injustice and cruelty; but, exasperated as I was, time would, no doubt, have soothed, if not healed my wounded spirit, had it not been for the intermeddlers around me. These so highly colored the conduct of my preceptor, and warmly complimented me for my noble, independent spirit, that I was impelled to keep up my character with them, by adopting the worst course I could take — that of running away from school. The serious disadvantages to which this act of rebellion subjected me, are even now fresh in my memory.

---

4. What were the consequences of bad associates in the preceding narrative?

5. Which would be better, to submit to reproof that might seem a little too severe, or lose, for life, the advantages of a good education?

NARRATIVE.

THE DOWNWARD ROAD — A TRUE NARRATIVE. — I once knew a young man, the youngest of five brothers. His father had fallen from a high standing in society, and had become a degraded creature through intemperance. He had abused his wife and children, who were then promising and amiable, until, worn out with harsh treatment, his wife sought an asylum from his cruelties, in the home of a kind-hearted brother. Her sons were all provided with respectable homes to acquire various mechanic arts, except the youngest, who remained with his mother to comfort her lonely and desolate heart, and to enjoy the opportunity of schooling. He was very much beloved in school for his kind and gentle behaviour, as well as his obliging disposition.

Years passed away. His brothers, one after another, had all fallen into the habits of their shameless and unhappy father, and the mother's heart was almost crushed by these repeated and heavy trials. Still she looked to her youngest as the prop upon which her poor heart, throbbing with painful emotions, might lean, and find peace and comfort once more.

He went into a store as a clerk. He was faithful, honest, and industrious, enjoying the confidence of his employer, and the respect and good wishes of all his friends, for many years. It was often said of him, to the gratification of those who were watching his progress, that "he was thought to be one of the best and most faithful clerks in the city where he lived."

But he fell into the company of young men who drink 'moderately," as people say, and here he acquired that love of strong liquor which proved at last his ruin. It was long concealed from all his friends, until it came at last upon them like the thunderbolt. He was discharged by his employer, and came home, not to be a stay and support to his broken-

hearted mother, but to inflict a deeper wound upon her already bleeding heart. He, who might have been a man of unbounded influence, and of great moral worth, was sunk so low as to be shunned by all who valued their reputation, and was soon known to labor simply for what he could drink.

After a few years, one of his old friends was established in the mercantile business in Oswego, now a flourishing city on Lake Ontario. One pleasant afternoon, in spring, when the business of the day was nearly over, there was an unusual noise in the street. He stepped to the door to ascertain the cause, and saw a troop of boys following, teasing and diverting themselves with a man who was so intoxicated, that he soon fell down. The boys were abusing him at such a rate that our merchant went out and dispersed them, when, to his astonishment, he found that the man was indeed no other than he whom he had known in earlier days as the reputable and promising clerk. He treated him with great kindness, but nothing had any effect to reclaim him. Those who NEVER TASTE intoxicating drinks never become drunkards. All others may.

---

6. What difference did it make to this young man whom he chose for his associates?

7. If he had been much disposed to drink himself, and yet had been only with temperate companions, what might have been the result?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Does it make any difference to you whom you choose for your companions, if you try to do right yourself? What difference?

2. If one bad boy were to associate with two good ones, would the bad boy be likely to become *good*, or the good boys bad?

3. Do persons usually choose for their companions those that are very much *like*, or *unlike* themselves.

4. Suppose you saw five boys who were intimate companions, and whose appearance was equally respectable:—if you knew positively, that two of them would swear, or lie, or steal, what would you infer respecting the other three?

5. If you find that any of your companions are *just beginning* to use profane or obscene language, what would you think it your duty, at once, to do?

6. But if they grow *worse* instead of *better*, after you have spoken to them of their evil conduct, what ought you to do?

7. If you were with ten boys who were strongly tempted to steal fruit, and who had not the moral courage to refuse, and say *that it was wrong*, would it be easy for you to *stand alone* and oppose all the rest?

8. Would it not be easier for *you* to exercise courage to do right, if eight of the boys were anxious to do right also?

9. If all your associates should unite in encouraging you in everything that *is right* and honorable, what effect would this have upon you?

10. May we *select* our intimate companions, or must we always have just such as happen to be with us?

11. What advantage may we expect to gain by associating with those who are better scholars than ourselves?

12. What advantage may we expect to gain by associating with those who have more *moral courage* than ourselves?—with those who are more attentive to *neatness* than we are?—with those who are more *industrious* and *persevering*?

13. If you were very anxious to learn *music*, how would you be benefited by having for your intimate associates those who were highly accomplished in music?

14. If you could never spend an hour with those who were more accomplished in their manners than yourself, would it be just as easy for you to be always polite and refined?

15. Some persons adopt, for their maxim, the following—"Choose GOOD COMPANIONS, or choose none at all." Is this a *safe* and prudent maxim for all?

16. Have you ever known persons who seemed very amiable and virtuous, to be ruined by bad associates?

17. *How long* will the effects of early, bad associates be likely to last?

LESSON XXI.

LEARN TO DENY YOURSELF.

NARRATIVE.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.— In the hard frost of the year 1740, the benevolent Duke of Montague went out one morning in disguise, according to his favorite practice, to distribute his bounty to his suffering fellow-creatures. He descended into one of those subterraneous dwellings, which are so numerous in London, and accosting an old woman, asked her how she lived in those hard times, and, whether she wanted any assistance. "No," she replied, "she thanked God she was not in want, but if he had anything to bestow, there was a poor creature in the next room almost starving." The duke visited this poor object, made her a donation, and then inquired of the old woman if any more of her neighbors were in want. She said that her left-hand neighbor was very poor and very honest. "Surely," replied the duke, "you are very generous and disinterested: pray, if it is no offence, let me know your own circumstances." "I owe nothing," said the good woman, "and am worth thirty shillings." "Well, I suppose a little addition would be acceptable." "Yes, certainly, but I think it wrong to take what others want so much more than I do." The duke upon this took out five guineas, and desiring her acceptance of them, left the poor woman quite overcome by this mark of his generosity, and expressing in the warmest language her gratitude for his kindness.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. In this narrative, what do you discover to approve in the conduct of the poor woman, who directed the duke to her neighbors?

2. This poor woman thought it *wrong* to accept aid, when others around her were more needy than herself; do you agree with her, that it would have been wrong under the circumstances?

3. If she had been so much occupied with her own concerns, that she had *known nothing* of the distress of her neighbors, would it have been right to accept aid from the duke?

4. But under what circumstances is it right for us to be so much occupied with our own interests and trials, that we know nothing of the suffering around us?

5. If it was wrong in this poor woman to receive a little aid from the duke, when she well knew that others around her were much more needy than herself, what would you say of the conduct of those who have an abundance of enjoyments, and yet think only of securing *more* for themselves, and *none* for others that are *very much* in need?

6. Who are usually the more ready to deny themselves, those that possess *many*, or those that possess *very few* enjoyments?

NARRATIVE.

THE GOLDEN RULE.—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."—A most touching illustration of this Scripture precept was related to us, a few days since. A poor widow, with a family of children to support, earned a scanty living by selling, near one of our market-houses, on a table, various little fancy articles. Some friends advised her to rent a small store that was vacant, close by, and open with a larger assortment. After hesitating long with much fear and trembling, she at last rented the store, and by the aid of a few kind friends, got a neat little stock of goods. Every market-day she set out her table as before, and with what she sold in this way and in her store, she soon began to do very well, and to be tolerably easy in mind.

Just at this period in her affairs, another poor woman, struggling for support for her children, set out a table on the opposite corner, to get the custom of the market-people. As soon as the widow saw this, she immediately took in her table, and said to a friend who asked her the reason, "I am doing very well with my store, and she has but a table; I will not divide the custom, for I know how hard it is to support a family of children with only the sales of a table."

---

7. What do you see to approve, in the conduct of the widow who had the store and the market-table?

8. Was it the *duty* of the woman who owned the little store, to withdraw her fruit table from the street, while she was *poor herself?*

9. Is it the duty of the poor to help each other? How should they do it?

10. Suppose the poor woman who had the store, had still kept her table in the street, and had, occasionally, given her poorer neighbor a portion of her profits; would this have been as noble as the course she did pursue?

11. Which was the more benefited by this act of self-denial; the one who *received* the favor, or the one who *bestowed* it?

NARRATIVE.

ILL-NATURE RECOMPENSED. — I once heard of an active young man travelling by night, outside of a coach, with an old man who was a cripple. The young man had with him a new silk umbrella, and the poor cripple had an old gingham one. Suddenly the old man cried out that his umbrella had fallen from the coach. In much distress he called to the coachman to stop, and requested the younger passenger, as a favor, to step down to recover for him his lost property; but the young man refused, saying it was rather too much trouble. Not content with this, he unfeelingly told the coachman to drive on, for that he was not going to stop there all night for old fools who could not take care of what belonged to them.

The coachman, who expected to get more from the young man than from the old cripple, broke into a loud laugh, while he touched his horses smartly with the whip. Round went the wheels with increased speed, to the delight of the one passenger, and the dismay of the other. But when they arrived at the end of the stage, it was discovered that the old gingham umbrella was safe on the top of the coach, while the new silk one was missing. Thus ill-nature was suitably recompensed, and the idle excuse, "It is too much trouble," met with a sharp reproof.

---

12. What *great* deeds of kindness and self-denial would you expect a young man would perform, who could refuse to do a *small* favor for an old man?

13. If your were riding on the outside of the coach, and suffering from cold and ill-health, while this young man had a comfortable inside seat, and if some one should ask him to exchange seats with you, what would you expect him to do?

14. Did this young man *lose any thing* besides his silk umbrella?

15. Which would you prefer to lose, a valuable silk umbrella, or the pleasure of assisting a decrepit old man?

NARRATIVE.

KINDNESS AND SELF-DENIAL REWARDED.—At the dedication of a beautiful school-house in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, some interesting remarks were made to the children. The hope was expressed that good-will, strong friendship and real affection might ever reign in the school. The rich reward that sometimes follows such kindness was illustrated by an anecdote, in substance as follows:

In a certain school there were two boys who occupied adjoining seats. One was large, hardy, and stout, looking as though he could bear anything. The other was a small-

framed, sensitive, tender lad,— in countenance and appearance as delicate as a girl.

One day some noise was accidentally made at their desks by the smaller boy, which led the master to turn round with much anger and approach them with a heavy stick. The larger boy immediately whispered to his trembling neighbor, "Change places with me; I am strong, and the punishment won't hurt me as much as it will you." They changed places, and the stout boy received the blows that otherwise would have fallen upon the delicate and trembling frame of his friend.

What a beautiful expression is here, of self-forgetfulness, and of real friendship! And see how this act of kindness was, in after-life, rewarded.

During political troubles in England, where this incident occurred, these two boys, having become men, took opposite sides. The smaller, delicate boy, was now a judge on the bench. His old school-mate was at the bar on trial for his life for some political offence. He was convicted, and the judge was obliged to pass sentence of death upon one who had once generously received the blows of an offended teacher, which were designed for him. That act of true kindness he now remembered. In his position as judge, he could not avoid passing the dreadful sentence of death upon his old friend and benefactor; but he immediately hastened to the feet of the Protector, and with such impassioned earnestness entreated for him, that he obtained his pardon—the sentence was stayed, and the life of his friend was preserved.

Young friends, remember that good-will, true and ardent friendship, and real affection, will always be remembered.

---

16. Whose conduct do you think deserving the greater credit, that of the boy who volunteered to receive the punishment, or that of the man who interceded for the life of his old friend?

NARRATIVE.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A BRITISH OFFICER. — Captain, afterwards Sir David Baird, having been taken prisoner by the famous Hyder Ally, an East-Indian chief, was, with other British officers, thrown into prison. The wounds which he had received were not only unhealed, but in a state which threatened mortification, and his general health was rapidly declining. When he and his companions had languished some time in confinement, one of Ally's officers appeared, bearing with him fetters weighing nine pounds each, which were intended for the unhappy prisoners. To resist was useless; they therefore submitted. On the officer coming to the Captain, one of his companions sprang forward, and urged the cruelty of fettering limbs still festering with wounds, from one of which a ball had recently been extracted, and stated that death was likely to follow such treatment. The stern reply was, "that as many fetters had been sent as there were prisoners, and that they must all be put on." "Then," said the noble advocate of his wounded friend, "put a double pair on me, so that Captain Baird may be relieved from wearing them." This moved the sensibility of even this half-barbarian agent of despotism — an appeal was made to a higher authority — a delay arose, the irons were dispensed with, and the captive in the dungeon of Seringapatam was spared, to become its conqueror, and, for a time, its master.

---

17. If the English officer was willing to suffer pain by wearing a double set of irons, to save greater pain and suffering to the Captain, what would you expect of him in all his daily intercourse with his friends and with strangers?

18. What must have been the feelings of the generous officer who took upon himself the heavy load of double fetters, to spare his wounded friend from their intolerable burden?

EXTRACT.

POLITENESS IN CHILDREN. — How few children think it worth while to be polite to their playmates and intimate friends! By politeness, I do not mean a great deal of unnecessary bowing and courtesying, but that delicate attention to the comfort of those around us that springs from a kind, generous heart This habit is acquired, not by attending "schools for manners," but by learning, very early, to yield our own little preferences and privileges to those around us, denying ourselves a thousand little gratifications for the purpose of making others happy.

How many children enter a room without a respectful notice of those who are older than themselves. I have seen them come in on a cold winter day, and draw their chairs before the fire in such a way that those who were sitting back could hardly feel the warmth of it, and this without any apology for such a breach of politeness.

Sometimes they interrupt those in the room, who are engaged in conversation, by asking some foolish question, instead of waiting, as they should do, until an opportunity is given them to speak. Then they are impolite to their playmates, and to their sisters and brothers. Instead of cheerfully assisting when their help is needed, they leave them to help themselves.

All this is not only an evidence of thoughtlessness and rudeness, but of selfishness, also. Such children are unwilling to deny themselves, in any way, in order to promote the comfort of those around them. Others may wait for an opportunity to speak, — others may suffer for an hour in a cold room, but *they* must not suffer any inconvenience whatever. Is not this selfishness — hateful selfishness?

Again, some boys think it beneath them to be polite to a sister! I feel sad when I see such a boy. But there are many who think differently. I recollect that I used to meet

a fine, manly lad, last winter, drawing his little sister to school on a sled. Her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes bore testimony that his politeness was not thrown away upon her. She would pat his cheek with her hand, and call him her kind brother.

He would frequently meet boys of his acquaintance, who would urge him to leave his sister, and go with them to play He would answer them, "Yes, when I have taken little Emma to school." I never saw him impatient when he was walking with his little sister because she could not keep up with him; and he never would run away and leave her. Do you not think that boy was a good brother and a good son?

He was always kind and polite to his sister, and to all. Do you think he will forget to be polite as he grows older? No, for it will become a habit with him; and these little attentions, which cost him nothing, and are so gratifying to those who receive them, will gain him many a friend.

Think of this, my young friends, when you are tempted to be rude and selfish, or unkind to those about you; think how many friends your little kind acts may gain you, and how happy it will make those who receive your kindness; and remember that you lose nothing by being polite.

Often, while you are denying yourself some little privileges in your efforts to make others happy, remember that you are laying up a rich fund of pure enjoyment for yourself — far richer and purer than all that you have sacrificed.

Finally, be polite and self-denying at home. Be polite and self-denying towards your parents, and your brothers and sisters. This is the true place to cultivate good manners. It s worth more than all the "schools for manners" that have ever been established. When you retire to sleep, bid your parents, your brothers and sisters, and all, a kind "good night." And when you meet them again the next day, greet them with a pleasant "good morning."

If any one does a favor for you, thank him for it. When

you are helped at the table thank those who help you. When you wish any thing handed to you, do not say, "Give me some bread," or "Hand me the salt," but ask pleasantly and respectfully, "Will you please to give me some bread?" or, "Please to hand me the salt?" It is these little things that make persons polite. It is the little acts of self-denial tha make a happy home, and, at the same time, render each one happy who practises them.

19. How is true politeness ever to be learned?
20. Where must we begin to practise self-denial?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Suppose that a boy, poor and *very hungry*, should have some fruit given to him, and he should refuse to eat it himself because he wanted to give it to some one that he loved, what virtue would he practise?

2. If a girl, very anxious to attend a lecture or concert, should voluntarily stay at home for the sake of allowing her sister or mother to go, what virtue would she practise?

3. Do you think it *easy* for any one to be unselfish?

4. In what manner are we to learn to practise this virtue?

5. Why is it necessary that every one should often practise self-denial?

6. If you deny yourself privileges and comforts for the single purpose of helping others, who will be the better therefor? Who will be the happier?

7. Are there opportunities for all persons to deny themselves some enjoyments for the sake of making others happy, if they please to do so?

8. If persons are not willing to give up these "little things," what would you expect of them in greater things?

9. At meals, it is sometimes inconvenient for all the members of the family to have a seat at the first table. What is to be done when this happens?

10. It is sometimes inconvenient for all the family to attend a lecture or concert on the same evening. What is to be done in such a case?

11. All the members of a family cannot, usually, visit friends and relatives abroad, at the same time. What is to be done, when two out of five children may accompany their parents, and it is left to the children themselves to decide?

12. All the persons in a carriage cannot at all times have an equally good seat. Who may choose the best?

13. All the pupils of a school, cannot, usually, have an equally pleasant seat. What is to be done in such cases?

14. It is occasionally necessary for some one to wait on a sick mother, or brother, or sister. Whose duty is it to do this?

15. All the children of a family cannot always attend school regularly, when each may feel *very anxious* to do so. If this is left for the children themselves to arrange, how shall it be decided?

16. Which would give you the greater pleasure, to attend a pleasant school for a term, or stay at home for the sake of allowing a brother or sister to attend?

17. Some persons are willing to suffer pain and sorrow, if they may, thereby, prevent others from suffering the same. Have you ever known any such persons?

18. If you were travelling with two companions over the plains to California, where you could not get food, and you had only *five biscuits* to live on for eight days, while your companions had nothing to eat, what do you think you would do?

19. If, in such a journey, you had a little medicine with you, and your companions had none, and one of them should be taken sick, and need as much medicine as you had to cure him, and knowing that you could not get any more if you were taken sick yourself, what do you think you would do?

20. If we know that persons around us are suffering from poverty or sickness, what is our duty?

21. If we know that others around us are suffering, or will suffer, from ignorance and neglect, what is our duty?

22. When you see a person always ready to deny himself, for the purpose of making others happy, *what other virtues* would you feel certain that such a person possesses?

23. Is it *more*, or *less* difficult to practise self-denial after we have practised it many times?

24. Which do you think would make the best children, and the noblest men and women — those who have *very often* practised self-denial, or those who have never practised it at all?

LESSON XXII.

LIVE USEFULLY.

NARRATIVE.

THE POOR TYROLESE BOY. — A soldier's widow lived in a little hut near a mountain village. Her only child was a poor cripple. Hans was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her to bear the burdens of poverty; but his feebleness forbade it. He could not even join in the rude sports of the young mountaineers. At the

age of fifteen years, he felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte was making his power felt throughout Europe. He had decreed that the Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and sent a French and Bavarian army to accomplish his purpose. The Austrians retreated. The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men, women and children of the mountain land were filled with zeal in defence of their homes. On one occasion, 10,000 French and Bavarian troops were destroyed in a single mountain pass, by an immense avalanche of rocks and trees prepared and hurled upon them by an unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among the Tyrolese, by which the approach of the enemy was to be communicated by signal fires, from village to village, from one mountain height to another, and combustible materials were laid ready to give an instant alarm.

The village in which Hans and his mother lived was in the direct line of the route the French army would take, and the people were full of anxiety and fear. All were preparing for the expected struggle. The widow and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait. "Ah, Hans," she said, one evening, "it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you." This struck a tender chord. — The tears rolled from his cheek. "Mother, I am useless," cried Hans in bitter grief. "Look round our village — all are busy, all ready to strive for home and father-land—I am useless."

"My boy, my kind, dear son, you are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you; I cannot work for you, cannot support you in old age. Why was I made, mother?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother; "these repining thoughts are wrong. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb:

"God has his plan
For every man."

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed, this truth was to be verified in a remarkable manner.

Easter holidays, the festive season of Switzerland, came. The people lost their fears of invasion in the sports of the season. All were busy in the merry-making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

Towards the close of Easter-day, after his usual evening prayer, in which he breathed the wish that the Father of mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a dream, under the strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching. He could not shake off this impression; but with the hope of being rid of it, he rose, hastily dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he continued his walk till he climbed to the signal-pile. Hans walked round the pile; but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps they were busied with the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine-tree, and in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans paused by the ancient tree, and as he listened, a singular sound caught his attention, now quickened by the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself, and by the perception that much might depend on him. He heard a slow and stealthy tread, then the click of muskets; and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden by the old tree, they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal-pile had been revealed to the enemy; a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own peril, and perhaps recalling the proverb his mother had quoted, he

seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing turpentine brand into the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, waiting the arrival of their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw there were no foes in ambush—only a single youth running down the mountain path. They fired, and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal-fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be roused. It was already aroused from mountain-top to mountain-top. The plan of the advancing army was defeated, and a hasty retreat followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people, with their arms, were mustering thick and fast. All was consternation. The inquiry was everywhere heard, "Who lighted the pile?" "It was I," said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy — the French were there." He faltered, and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he; "at last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him. "What is this?" they cried; "he has been shot. It is true; Hans, the cripple, has saved us." They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true,

"God has his plan
For every man."

You see he had it for me, though we did not know exactly what it was."

Hans did not recover from his wound, but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and his country; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother, to hear that she would be revered and honored in the community which her son had preserved at the cost of his own life.

Great emergencies like those which met Hans, cannot exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all will experience its truth. None need stand useless members of God's great family. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let there be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Children are usually very glad to receive favors from their parents. Which, probably, gave little Hans the greater pleasure, to render useful service to his mother, or to receive favors from her?

2. Which deserves the most credit, Hans, who, though poor and helpless, was so anxious to aid his mother, or those who really do help aged parents very much, yet reluctantly?

3. But Hans wished to be useful, not only to his mother, but to others and to his country. Was Hans *more*, or *less* anxious than most persons to live usefully?

4. If Hans could have taken his choice, to live entirely for his mother and his country, or to gain wealth and distinction, which do you think he would have chosen?

5. If Hans had known beforehand, that, with the opportunity to save his country, he would at the same time lose his own life, do you think he would have "strolled up the mountain path" at midnight as he did?

6. Hans seemed willing to *make any sacrifice* if he might only be *useful*. Was his desire to be useful *too strong*?

7. Which, really, rendered greater service to his country, little feeble Hans, who died so young, or one of the common, healthy citizens, who lived to mature age?

8. How much more could an able-bodied soldier do for his country, than Hans did? How much more could the highest military officer do?

9. If he willingly *sacrificed his life* to save his country from ruin, who among persons of renown, is entitled to more honor than HANS, the little cripple boy of the mountains of Tyrol?

NARRATIVE.

NOBLE CONDUCT. — The State House in Milledgeville, Georgia, took fire in 1832, but was saved by the great and hazardous exertions of a colored man — a slave. As soon as the fire was over, his liberty was offered him, but he refused to accept it. Doubtless he loved liberty, but loved the pleasure of "doing good" without pay, still better. There are enough ready to do good, when they think they shall make something by it.

---

10. When persons do good to others, from the best motives, how do they usually feel about "*taking pay*" for their labors?

11. If you were to save a little child from drowning, at the risk of your own life, what would you do, if you were offered "pay" for your services?

NARRATIVE.

A USEFUL MAN. — John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools, was the son of a workman employed in the Royal Dock-yards at Portsmouth, Eng., and was born in that town in 1766. At the age of fifteen, he met with an accident which crippled him for life. A cobbler by trade, he spent the greater part of his benevolent career in a small workshop, measuring some six feet by eighteen, in St. Mary Street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen day after day, seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to the studies of a busy crowd of ragged children, clustering around him. In addition to mental instruction, he gave them industrial training and taught them to cook their own victuals and mend their own shoes. He was unusually fond of all kinds of birds and domestic animals, and amused himself with rearing singing-birds, jays and parrots, which he trained to live harmoniously with his cats and guinea-pigs. Sometimes

he might be seen, seated in the midst of his school, with a canary-bird perched on one shoulder, and a cat on the other. But he was too poor to be able long to indulge in all his benevolent fancies. When his scholars became numerous, he gave up his cats and canary-birds, and devoted the latter part of his life exclusively to the more intellectual employment of taming and subduing the "wild Arabs of the city." How applicable to him the immortal lines of Coleridge:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
All things both great and small—
He prayeth best, who loveth best
Both man, and bird, and beast;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The candidates for admission to John Pounds' school were always very numerous. But he invariably gave preference to the worst as well as the poorest children — to the "little blackguards," as he called them. He used to follow them to the quay, and offer them the bribe of a roasted potato, if they would come to his school. Well was he repaid for his unwearied labors by the love and affection which these children bore to him. It is said that John Pounds' Ragged School had the following origin: In early life he adopted a young nephew of his own, whom, poor as he was, he afterwards established comfortably in the world. He thought he could educate him better with a companion, than alone, and accordingly enlisted in his service the son of a poor woman. Then another and another child was added, until at last he collected around him a large school of boys and girls: during the latter years of his life, he had no less than forty scholars. He died on the 1st of January, 1839, aged 72. There was much sorrow and weeping in Portsmouth. The children had lost at once their father, and best friend, and most amusing

playfellow — Portsmouth had lost one of her noblest ornaments — England one of her most illustrious patriots. We rejoice to think that many who never before heard of John Pounds, will, through Mr. Guthrie's "Second Plea," become acquainted with him. How beautiful is the following tribute to his memory:

"Were we," says Mr. Guthrie, "to make a pilgrimage anywhere, as soon as to the lowly heath where the martyr reposes, we would direct our steps to the busy streets of Portsmouth, and turning aside from the proud array of England's floating bulwarks, we would seek out the humble shop where John Pounds achieved his work of mercy, and earned an imperishable fame. There is no poetry in his name, and none in his profession; but there was more than poetry — the highest, noblest piety — in his life. — Every day within his shop he might be seen cobbling shoes, and surrounded by some score or two of ragged urchins, whom he was converting into useful members of the State. Honor to the memory of the patriot cobbler, beneath whose leather apron there beat the kindest heart — there glowed a bosom fired with the noblest ambition; and who without fee from scholar or reward from man, while he toiled for his hard earned bread with the sweat of his brow, educated not less than five hundred out-casts, before they laid him in the lowly grave. Honor, we say again, to the memory of this illustrious patriot! Nor is there in all the world any sight we would have travelled so far or so soon to see, as that self-same man, when he followed some ragged boy along the quays of Portsmouth, keeping his kind, keen eye upon him, and tempting the young savage to his school with the bribe of a smoking potato. Princes and peers, judges and divines, might have stood uncovered in his presence; and many marble monuments might be removed from the venerable walls of Westminster— poets, warriors and statesmen might give place—to make room for him.

John Pounds has a nobler and more lasting monument than any structure of marble or brass — he has

"For epitaph, a life well spent,
And mankind for a monument."

---

12. Did John Pounds have *more*, or *less* advantages for doing good than most persons have? Did he have greater advantages for learning? Did he have more money? — more influence? *Why* was he more successful than most persons are in living usefully?

EXTRACT.

"MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES."—Would it not please you to pick up strings of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the street? It would make you feel happy for a month to come. Such a happiness you can give to others. Do you ask how? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as you pass along. These are true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost; of which none can deprive you. Speak to that orphan child; see the diamonds drop from her cheeks. Take the hand of the friendless boy; bright pearls flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected; a joy suffuses his cheek more brilliant than the most precious stones. By the way-side, amid the city's din, and at the fire-side of the poor, drop words and smiles to cheer and bless. You will feel happier when resting upon your pillow at the close of the day, than if you had picked a score of perishing jewels. The latter fade and crumble in time; the former grow brighter with age, and produce happier reflections for ever.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Some persons labor very hard to become rich. Are all successful in this endeavor?

2. Some persons devote almost a whole life-time of labor to the study of inventions and improvements in machinery. Are such persons always successful?

3. Some men try very hard to become distinguished scholars, or statesmen, or generals. Do they always succeed?

4. But if any one *feels very anxious* to be useful in some way, and labors very diligently for this object, what would be a reasonable expectation as to the result?

5. Those who are feeble and nearly helpless themselves, are sometimes very useful to those around them. In what ways would you think it possible for such persons to bestow more favors than they receive?

6. In what ways can children be useful to each other? to their parents? to other persons?

7. In what ways can persons who have a *good character*, and but little property, be useful to others? How can the rich be useful?

8. In what manner can selfish persons *learn to love* to be useful?

9. If you were to save the property of your friends from being destroyed by fire or by accident, which would give you the greater pleasure, the consciousness of being useful, or all the other advantages that might thereby arise to you?

10. If you should find, and restore to the owner, a thousand dollars that he had lost,—which would give you the greater pleasure, the consciousness of doing a useful act, or the reward that might be offered you?

11. If you should discover some cheap and certain remedy for the cholera or consumption, which would give you more pleasure, the consciousness of being useful, or the other benefits that might thereby fairly arise to you?

12. If we often thought how happy others might be made by our labors, what effect would it be likely to have upon our efforts to useful?

13. In choosing an employment, some persons ask *first*, how many advantages they can thereby secure to themselves, and *secondly*, how

useful they can, at the same time, be to others; others ask *first*, how useful they can be to those around them, and *last*, how much they can, at the same time, do for themselves. Which course do you prefer?

14. Which would you think the more unfortunate person, the one who had lived forty years, and secured an abundance of luxuries and enjoyments for himself, without thinking of the welfare of others, or the one who had lived a whole life of labor and privation, that he might make others happy around him?

15 Most persons think it very desirable to occupy some *high station* in life: What higher station is there than that which we may *all* gain by living for each other's good?

LESSON XXIII.

BE KIND TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NARRATIVE.

AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL LIFE — NEVER TWIT A BOY ABOUT WHAT HE CANNOT AVOID. — Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now to some extent, among district schools in the country, to have spelling-school during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at these times it was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time, a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon, they would meet in

our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, abbreviations, &c., &c., which the spelling-books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxiety were great. The scholars were arranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the room, and the words given out to each side alternately; the scholar that "missed" was to sit down: — His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks of both sides. — In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs six. After a few rounds, the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At last, the number was reduced to one on each side. Our opponents were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and our own school, by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had sat up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that of a pine-knot, examined me in my lessons. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools, and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

As soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor came and sat down by my side, and congratulated me on my success, inquiring my name and age, and flatteringly predicting my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attention, I doubtless acted as most

little boys would, under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this moment, Master George Sumner, the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend, and before a number of boys from the other school — "Oh, you needn't feel so big — your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more — I was a drunkard's son — and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes — but I kept them back; and as soon as possible, quietly slipping away from my companions, procured my dinner-basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home. But what a home! "My folks are poor — and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking; and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood. Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste liquor, and to show Master George even if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolution was produced by his taunting words and haughty manner. In this frame of mind — my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen — I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Seeing my grief, she waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added, passionately — "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected like other folks." At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said, "My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. George has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest, never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your

mind. Depend on your own exertions, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realize the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray to God to help you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account." This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes; but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of George Sumner. It was so unjust and so uncalled for! Now, boys, remember always to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks toward any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is a conclusion to this story. The other day, a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "being at a spelling-school on a certain time, and that a rude, thoughtless boy twitted you of poverty and being a drunkard's son?" "I do, most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There probably has not been a month of my life since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. Well, then, let me close it as a bargain. Boys, never twit another for what he cannot help.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What do you observe to approve in the conduct of the young lady who came and conversed with the boy, after the spelling exercise?

2. What was wrong in the conduct of master G.?

3. When it was known to the other scholars that this boy's father was intemperate, what was their duty towards this unfortunate lad?

4. Which would you value more highly, were you in circumstances of poverty or misfortune; kind words of sympathy and encouragement, or presents of money and goods?

5. Which would you rather lose,—your money and goods, or your good name?

6. The unkind remark of master G. was a source of sorrow and suffering to both boys afterwards. Which was probably the greater sufferer for this unkind expression?

NARRATIVE.

THE PATCHED DRESS. — "I wish I had a better dress, mother," said Emily Foster, as she was getting ready for school one cold morning in December; "the girls laugh at this so; and yesterday Julia Haven asked me if I bought it of the rag-man."

Mrs. Foster's eyes filled with tears while her little daughter was speaking. A few years before, her circumstances had been prosperous; but the death of her husband, and much sickness in the family afterwards, had reduced her to distressing poverty. Emily was the eldest of her three children, and she had but just entered upon her eighth year, so that, —although the poor woman toiled all day with her needle, and Emily worked diligently almost every minute out of school hours,—she was hardly able to provide the family with the scanty food which was their daily fare, or with sufficient clothing to shield them from the inclemency of the weather.

She had made a great effort to send her daughter to school; because she was very anxious that she should learn all that was possible in her circumstances. She knew that she could go only a very short time, and then she must leave school to toil wearily and uninterruptedly. It was, therefore, with a sorrowful heart she learned that Emily had been exposed to ridicule on account of her patched and scanty dress. She tried hard, however, to conquer her emotion, and after being silent a moment, said:

"But, my dear, your dress is not ragged. There is not a single hole in it."

"I know it, mother. I suppose they laugh at it because it is patched up so. I could hardly help crying yesterday, they made so much sport of it."

"But it is no harm, my child, to wear a patched dress. It is the very best I can get for you."

"I know that, and I try hard not to care what the girls say—only sometimes it makes me feel so bad."

Just then a lady entered, to engage Mrs. Foster to do some sewing for her, and so the conversation between the mother and daughter was interrupted.

Alas! thoughtless children little know how much unhappiness they often cause those who already have sufferings enough from the ills of poverty!

---

7. How ought the girls to have treated Emily Foster, knowing that she was the daughter of a poor woman?

8. By laughing at the dress of this poor girl, the happiness of both the mother and the daughter was very much diminished. Were the girls who made the sport the sufferers in any way? In what way?

NARRATIVE.

NEVER RIDICULE THE UNFORTUNATE. — A few weeks since, as I was walking to meeting on a pleasant Sabbath, I saw a poor cripple, who seemed to get along with great difficulty. But he loved the house of God, and would not willingly be absent from it. Very soon, some lads came down the street, and as they passed the unfortunate man, they stopped and gazed at him, then, laughing, pursued their way.

It made me sad to see those boys, so cruel, so unfeeling. It could not injure the object of their mirth, for he did not see them; but the person must be far gone in wickedness, who can derive amusement from the misfortunes of a fellow-being.

We are all liable to accidents and sickness that may deprive us of our limbs or of our reason, and we should always treat those who are thus afflicted, as we ourselves would desire to be treated in similar circumstances.

If we would distinguish the unfortunate in any way, it should be by kind and delicate attention, that would make them forget, if possible, their peculiar trial.

---

9. What was wrong in the conduct of the boys in the preceding narrative? So long as the poor cripple did not *see* or *hear* the boys, what was there wrong in laughing as they did? Who was injured thereby?

10. What is our duty to the unfortunate, in reference to their feelings and sensibilities?

11. Is the pressure of misfortune of itself a sufficient reason why we should not add to it?

NARRATIVE.

A SCENE.—We saw yesterday, at the Depôt, a poor, pale, little girl peddling peaches among the passengers who were constantly coming and going through the place. Her sorrowful looks, her timid way, her pale thin face, with the traces of tears visible upon it, and her meek blue eye, had their effect upon the strangers around, and many there were that bought her fruit, to cheer her heart, and with their bits of silver dropped a word of kindness and encouragement in her ear, more precious to her than coin, after the pressing necessity that drove her among that crowd, should be satisfied. But one there was who excited our indignation. With a costly overcoat upon one arm, a well-stuffed carpet-bag in the other hand, in elegant apparel, and with a massive gold watch-chain dangling a foot in length from his fob, and end-

ing in a costly seal, he passed through on his way to the western cars. "Please buy some peaches, sir?" said the little girl, with an arch twist of the head and a pleasant smile playing about her lips, brought there by the cheerful words that had fallen so like a gentle blessing on her heart. "Some peaches? only a penny apiece," and she held out her basket. "Get away with your trash!" was the surly response of this human mastiff, accompanied by a kick, which knocked the basket from the poor creature's hand and scattered its contents among a crowd of greedy boys, who commenced picking up the fruit and devouring it.

The clouds of sorrow all came back again in a moment, and, at this new trouble, her tears gushed forth from her eyes afresh. A citizen who stood by, quietly stepped up and paid for the peaches, and bade her never mind. The man (?) who did it went on with a look of conscious mightiness, and seated himself in the car. We saw that his baggage was labelled —"——, home," where he doubtless secures the fawning always attendant upon wealth, and is considered a respectable member of the community.

---

12. Under what circumstances would you expect the man in the preceding narrative to be kind to others? What *great* deeds of benevolence would you expect him to do?

13. How many good principles or precepts in morals did this man violate besides the "golden rule," in treating this little girl as he did? What are they?

14. Some persons desire to be respected for their fine personal appearance, some for their expensive or fashionable dress, and some for their rich relatives. What qualities do you think should entitle us to respect and sympathy from all?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Boys sometimes tease, and annoy, and abuse drunken men. If a man is so very unfortunate as to be a drunkard, what is our duty towards him?

2. Persons who are insane or idiotic sometimes wander about the country. What treatment is due to them?

3. Families that are *very poor* sometimes travel through cities and the country, and boys make sport of their poverty and distress. How ought we to treat these poor travellers?

4. Sometimes very worthy persons, who have lost an eye, or a limb, are treated with coldness and neglect on this account, by their acquaintances, or by strangers. If you should become deformed by an accident upon the rail road, or from any other cause, how would you like to be treated?

5. Old and infirm people are often neglected on account of their age or infirmity. How should this be?

6. Persons who have not had the advantages of education or of much society, often have their feelings much injured by the ridicule, or the sneers, or the haughtiness of those who have had superior advantages. Is this conduct, on the part of the latter, consistent with Christian feeling or generosity?

7. If we know that children, or others, are suffering from cruelty or misconduct which they cannot prevent, what is always our duty towards them?

8. In what ways do people often unnecessarily *add* to the sorrows of others?

9. In what ways might they often exert themselves to *prevent* or to *lessen* these sorrows?

10. Which would give you the more pleasure,—to wait upon a sick friend, yourself, or to *pay* some one else to do it?

11. Which would give you the more pleasure,—to help unfortunate persons yourself, or to contribute money to compensate others for helping them?

12. What employment is more gratifying than that of helping such as need our assistance?

UNKIND EXPRESSIONS.

Oh! never let us lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another;
Oh! never let us haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.

Each has the power to wound; but be
Who wounds that he may witness pain.
Has spurned a law of charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'T is godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue —
But not to wound, nor to annoy,
Is part of virtue's lesson too.

Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall lend her beams to brighten this,
When all man's labor shall be love,
And all his aim his brother's bliss.

LESSON XXIV.

DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOT.

NARRATIVE.

DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOT.—In the spring of the year 1770, a large military and naval force sent out from England was stationed at Boston, to overawe the people and keep down the spirit of liberty which was rising in the colonies. The proceeding was, of course very odious to the citizens, and the British soldiers were often subjects of taunt and insult. On the evening of the 5th of March, a turbulent party of men and boys surrounded a sergeant's guard, and pelted them with snow-balls. Irritated to the highest degree, they fired upon their assailants, and killed five of them. The indignation of the populace was deep and violent, and could scarcely be restrained by the force of the law. The soldiers were arrested and charged with wilful murder. Their chance for a fair trial in such a community was indeed desperate. They applied to John Adams, (father of the late John Quincy Adams,) and Josiah Quincy, Jr., (father of the late President of Harvard College,) two of the first lawyers of their day, and also two of the most fearless and determined opposers of British oppression. It was a rare compliment that these forlorn prisoners paid to the integrity and magnanimity of these patriotic gentlemen. They, (Messrs. Adams and Quincy,) were satisfied that the soldiers acted in self-defence, and that they were guilty of nothing more than what is called justifiable homicide;—in other words, that the law would not hold them guilty of murder.

There was reason to fear that the voice of justice would not be heard in the din and clamor of political strife; and yet for them to become the defenders of such men—to protect and befriend the invaders of the country, and the minions of despotic power, was to encounter the storm of popular passion, and expose themselves to the loss of reputation, property, and public confidence.

They, nevertheless, did what duty demanded. Justice was maintained — the law was vindicated — and the rights even of an enemy were respected. For a time, however, the exalted name and virtues of the two patriots were not duly estimated and acknowledged, and it was not until the excitement of the circumstances passed away, that their noble and magnanimous course received its proper meed of admiration, and their character shone forth with increased brightness.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What do you observe to commend in the conduct of Mr. Adams and Mr. Quincy?

2. Had the people of Boston threatened Mr. Adams and Mr. Quincy with imprisonment, if they presumed to defend these British soldiers, what you would have advised them to do?

3. Suppose these gentlemen had refused to defend the soldiers,—saying, that "If they lost their influence with the American people, they could no longer hope to be useful in the great and good cause of their country," what would you say of the sufficiency of such an excuse?

NARRATIVE.

I CANNOT TELL A LIE. — In the war of the Revolution while General Lafayette commanded in the American army, a part of the troops were encamped at a certain place near the water's edge. One calm summer's evening, a soldier, who was a fifer in one of the companies, went into the water for the purpose of bathing. Being an excellent swimmer as

well as musician, he took his fife to the water, and engaged in fifing and swimming at the same time. The music reached the ear of Lafayette. Early the next morning, he sent an officer in pursuit of the man, who had thus disobeyed the orders of the camp.

The soldier was a native of Connecticut, and a man of truth. When arrested by the officer, and on the way to the General's tent, he thought within himself that perhaps he might escape a severe punishment by denying the deed. On a few moment's reflection, however, he concluded, "I have always spoken the truth — I cannot tell a lie." With this principle in his mind, he came into the presence of the General, who asked him if he was the individual who played on the water the evening before? to which he replied, "I am." "And do you know," continued Lafayette, "of any others who can play the same tune?" "I do — two or three," said the soldier. "To-morrow evening then, at seven o'clock, I wish you to repair to my tent with them." He came at the appointed time. The General then informed them, that the tune which he had heard the evening before, affected him very much — that on a former occasion it had been played at the funeral of a dear friend of his, who died in his native country. Since then, until now, he had never met with one who could play it: "And for the purpose of indulging in the melancholy pleasure of hearing it once more, I have," said he, "sent for you."

The General, after being agreeably entertained by the music of his guests, dismissed them with his thanks, and some guineas from his purse, as an expression of his satisfaction with their performance.

---

4. In the army, soldiers were, at that time, often whipped for disobedience to military discipline. Which would have been the severer punishment to the soldier, in the last narrative, the whipping, or the reproof of his conscience?

5. Which, probably, afforded the soldier the purer and higher enjoyment, the consciousness of *doing right*, or the guineas from the purse of General Lafayette?

NARRATIVE.

JUVENILE MAGNANIMITY. — A lad was once called before the police court, in one of our large cities, for throwing a stone which struck a little girl in her eye — the respectability of the parties excited a considerable interest, and drew many persons to hear the examination. The boy was bound to appear at the Municipal Court, and Col. Mason was engaged as his counsel. Soon after the examination, another boy, about twelve years of age, called upon the Colonel, and asked, "Sir, are you engaged to defend ———?" "Yes, I am; why do you ask?" To which the little fellow replied, with honesty worthy of his immortal grandfather, "Because, sir, I threw the stone, and cannot suffer a comrade to be punished for a crime of my own commission." "Well done — you are a fine boy; what is your name?" "My name is ——— ———." "Well," said the counsellor, admiring the noble-heartedness of the lad, "will you tell the county attorney that you committed the act?" "Yes, sir," said he, and immediately went to the attorney's office for that purpose. The friends of the injured girl, on hearing these particulars, declined taking any further steps in the matter.

---

6. What persons were benefited by the confession of this boy? In what way was the boy himself benefited by the confession?

7. The lad's associates probably knew of this courageous conduct. In what way would *they* be thereby benefited?

8. Which do you more admire,—the fearless honesty of this boy, or the kindness and forbearance of the friends of the injured girl?

NARRATIVE.

FIRST STEP TO DISTINCTION. — Known to all is the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy;" and yet how many neglect to make it the rule of their conduct!

The history of few men more strikingly illustrates the truth of this proverb, than that of the able and illustrious French minister, Jean Baptiste Colbert. In Chambers's Miscellany, No. 1, is a beautiful "Story of Colbert," from which it appears, that he might have said, at the close of his brilliant career, with Corneille, "I owe all my renown to myself." His first step to distinction was an act of honor and honesty. In early life he was an apprentice to a woollen-draper. In selling a piece of goods to a Parisian banker, he made through a mistake an overcharge of two hundred and fifty crowns; and received the amount of the bill. His knavish old master, on learning the fact, was delighted, and exclaimed, "You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honor to all your friends. Six hundred and thirty francs profit on the piece! Oh, happy day!" And he agreed to let Baptiste have something of the profits as a reward. But no sooner did the honest boy learn the mistake, and hear this remark of his master, than he replied, "How, godfather, would you take advantage!"—And taking up his hat, he continued, "I will go to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, beg him to excuse me, and return him the money he overpaid," and he immediately accomplished this honest resolution; and for so doing, was turned out of employment. But this act of honor and honesty, proved the truth of the above proverb, and became his first step to distinction. The next day, the rich banker, learning all the facts connected with the conduct of this honest boy, took him into his own banking-house. From that first step, his career was upward in the road of usefulness and honor, till he was created

"Comptroller-General of Finance," by Louis XIV. He closed his useful and brilliant life in 1683, at the age of sixty-four.

---

9. The master of Colbert, in the last narrative, offered him a portion of the profits "*as a reward*" for bringing him so much of another man's money. Though Colbert received not a penny of the money, did he have any "*rewards*" for his honesty?

10. Among all the "rewards" which Colbert received in the course of his life for this act, which was the *greatest* reward?

11. What seemed to be Colbert's *motives* in doing right?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. What hinders any one from always doing right? What gain is there in doing wrong?

2. Some persons seem to be *afraid* to do right: what is the danger?

3. Shall we hesitate to follow the path of duty, even though we may lose friends, and suffer unjust punishment thereby?

4. In which case is it more difficult to do right, — when we fear giving offence to our best friends, or when we fear persecution and violence from our enemies?

5. In which case would it be more difficult for you to be strictly upright, — when you would thereby incur the ridicule of your friends, or when, by a little deception, you might make a thousand dollars?

6. Which do you think more difficult, — to tell the truth, when a little deception or concealment will save you from a merited censure, or when your friends ridicule you for your scruples?

7. Under what circumstances do you think it is the most difficult to do right?

8. Is it quite as easy for a boy to be kind and trustful, after having just told a lie, or spoken a cross word?

9. Which would you think the more important, — that one should early learn habits of virtue, or learn all the sciences taught in the schools?

10. Which would you think more worthy of honor, he who would dare to be honest and true, when friends and enemies opposed,—or he who has reached the highest public stations by his talents and learning?

11. What must always be our *motive* in choosing the right course?

12. What rewards are there in doing right from virtuous motives?

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"KEEP to the right," as the law directs,
For such is the rule of the road:
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and his word;
Nor wander, though folly allure;
Keep to the right, nor ever be turned
From what 's faithful and holy and pure.

Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger and kindred and friend;
Keep to the right, and you need have no doubt,
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right in whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true,
From the morn to the close of life's day.

LESSON XXV.

BE PATIENT AND HOPEFUL.

NARRATIVE.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.—"O mother," said Hugh, "if I am so lame, I can never be a soldier or a sailor — I can never go round the world!"

And Hugh burst into tears, now more really afflicted than he had been yet. His mother sat on the bed beside him, and wiped away his tears as they flowed, while he told her, as well as his sobs would let him, how long and how much he had reckoned on going round the world, and how little he cared for anything else in the future; and now this was just the very thing he should never be able to do! He had practised climbing ever since he could remember, and now that was of no use; — he had practised marching, and now he should never march again. When he had finished his complaint, there was a pause, and his mother said—

"Hugh, do you remember Richard Grant?"

"What, the cabinet-maker? The man who carved so beautifully?"

"Yes. Do you remember —— no, you could hardly have known: but I will tell you. He had planned a most beautiful set of carvings in wood, for a chapel belonging to a nobleman's mansion. He was to be well paid—his work was so superior; and he would be able to make his parents comfortable, as well as his wife and children. But the thing he most cared for was the honor of producing a noble work which would outlive him. Well, at the very beginning of his task, his chisel flew up against his wrist, and the narrow cut that it made — not more than half an inch wide — made

his right hand entirely useless for life. He could never again hold a tool; his work was gone — his business in life seemed over — the support of the whole family was taken away — and the only strong wish Richard Grant had in the world was disappointed."

Hugh hid his face with his handkerchief, and his mother went on: —

"You have heard of Huber?"

"The man who found out so much about bees. Miss Harold read that account to us."

"Bees and ants. When Huber had discovered more than had ever been known before about bees and ants, and when he was sure he could learn more still, and was more and more anxious to peep and pry into their tiny homes, and their curious ways, Huber became blind."

Hugh sighed, and his mother went on: —

"Did you ever hear of Beethoven? He was one of the greatest musical composers that ever lived. His great, his sole delight was in music. It was the passion of his life. When all his time and all his mind were given to music, he became deaf — perfectly deaf, so that he never more heard one single note from the loudest orchestra. While crowds were moved and delighted with his compositions, it was all silent to him."

Hugh said nothing.

"Now, do you think," asked his mother—and Hugh saw, by the grey light that began to shine in, that she smiled — "do you think that these people were without a heavenly Parent?"

"O no! But were they all patient?"

"Yes, in their different ways and degrees. Would you say that they were harshly treated? or would you rather suppose that their Father gave them something more and better to do than they had planned for themselves?"

"He must know best, of course; but it does seem hard

that that very thing should happen to them. Huber would not have so much minded being deaf, perhaps; or that musical man being blind; or Richard Grant losing his foot, instead of his hand, for he did not want to go round the world."

"No doubt their hearts often swelled within them at their disappointments; but I fully believe that they very soon found that God's will was wiser than their wishes. They found, if they bore their trial well, that there was work for their hearts to do, far nobler than any work that the head can do through the eye, and the ear, and the hand. And they soon felt a new and delicious pleasure, which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel."

"What is that?"

"The pleasure of rousing their souls to bear pain, and of agreeing with God silently, when nobody knows what is in their hearts. There is a great pleasure in the exercise of the body — in making the heart beat, and the limbs glow, in a run by the sea-side, or a game in the play-ground; but this is nothing to the pleasure of exercising one's soul in bearing pain — in finding one's heart glow with the hope that one is pleasing God."

"Shall I feel that pleasure?"

"Often and often, I have no doubt — every time that you can willingly give up your wish to be a soldier or a sailor — or anything else that you have set your mind upon, if you can smile to yourself, and say that you will be content at home.— Well, I don't expect it of you yet. I dare say it was long a bitter thing to Beethoven to see hundreds of people in raptures with his music, when he could not hear a note of it. And Huber——"

"But did Beethoven get to smile?"

"If he did, he was happier than all the fine music in the world could have made him."

"I wonder — O! I wonder, if I ever shall feel so."

"We will pray to God that you may. Shall we ask him now?"

Hugh clasped his hands. His mother kneeled beside the bed, and, in a very few words prayed that Hugh might be able to bear his misfortune well, and that his friends might give him such help and comfort as God should approve.

"Now, my dear, you will sleep again," she said, as she arose.

"If you will lie down too, instead of sitting by the fire. Do, mother."

She did so; and they were soon both fast asleep.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Hugh, the boy in the narrative, felt much grieved at the thought of being lame for life. What worse affliction might have happened to him? What enjoyments might still be left him?

2. In what manner was the cabinet-maker much disappointed? In what way was Huber disappointed?—Beethoven?

3. Hugh was reminded by his mother that there was a purer and more exquisite pleasure than that of bodily exercise. What was that pleasure?

4. When Hugh knew that he was to be lame for life, though it was a very severe disappointment to him, yet was it right for him to complain?

5. What was better for him than to murmur?

6. Possibly, by being compelled to abandon his purpose of travelling, his life was providentially preserved. While this was *possible*, what was Hugh's duty?

EXTRACT.

BE PATIENT UNDER DIFFICULTIES. — Impatience only makes you more unhappy, and makes those around you uncomfortable. When you are engaged in trying to learn a lesson which it seems almost impossible for you to understand,

if you go over it again patiently and carefully you will probably see into it better than you did at first; and if you do not, it is far from helping the matter, to be peevish and irritable about it. And if your friends see that you are patient under difficulties, they will love to assist you, and will cheerfully explain to you what you could not before understand. Besides all this, it is very wicked to indulge in impatience. God sees the trait of character which you are manifesting, and is displeased. When you are again tempted to be impatient and fretful, think of this: it may enable you to overcome the temptation.

---

7. When you find particular lessons very difficult, what should you do?

8. If you do not have as great advantages as others for attending school, how ought you to feel about it?

NARRATIVE.

HEROIC FORTITUDE. — The eminent RICHARD BAXTER, of England, was seized at the age of fourteen with a dreadful disease, which wasted his flesh, and gave him the appearance of a person in the last stage of consumption. He was under the care of thirty-six different physicians, and all without any apparent benefit. He was diseased literally from head to foot; had a weak, disordered stomach, dreadful head-aches, cough, rheumatism, and his blood was so thin and acrid that it often oozed out from his finger-ends, and kept them continually tender; so that at twenty he had all the appearances, and more than the ordinary diseases, of four-score. Surely, if ever man in this world had a right to be idle, it was this poor martyr to disease; nay, it might naturally be supposed that he would of necessity be compelled to relinquish all exertion.

Yet he resolutely bore up against it all; preached fourteen

years with great success; was a constant distributor of blessings to the poor; bore the expenses of educating several young men who afterwards became honest and able ministers of the gospel; and wrote no less than sixty considerable volumes on various theological subjects. This was the work of a man, who probably never enjoyed a single day of good health after he was fourteen years of age.

9. What occasion was there for Richard Baxter to be melancholy and desponding?

10. What reason was there that he should be *patient* and *hopeful*?

11. If Mr. Baxter could have been offered entire bodily health, with the condition that he should no more distribute blessings to the poor, or be longer useful to his fellow-men, what do you think he would have done?

12. Though so feeble in body nearly all his life, how did his labors compare in amount with those of most other men?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If, in the full enjoyment of your health, you should suddenly become blind, how ought you to feel under the affliction?

2. While preparing yourself to become a first-rate mechanic, suppose you should accidentally lose your right arm — how ought you to feel?

3. If you had earned one thousand dollars by your own labors, and should suddenly lose it by fire or accident, how ought you to feel and act?

4. If you should ever be confined to your bed by a lingering and painful disease, how ought you to feel?

5. If, in attempting to do your duty, you should incur the displeasure of others, and receive abuse and insults in return for kindness and good intentions, how should you feel and act?

6. But if we do not meet with great calamities, we are sometimes very much disappointed in our expectations. How are we to feel and act in such cases?

7. In trying to be patient and hopeful under all circumstances of trial and disappointment, what other virtues may we, at the same time, be cultivating?

8. Have you ever known any instances where it was better that persons should be disappointed than that they should have all their wishes or expectations gratified?

9. You have, sometimes, been very much disappointed. In what cases are you certain that such disappointments were not for your advantage?

10. Have you ever known any instances where very feeble persons have been far more useful than persons in good health?

11. It often requires great effort to be resigned to disappointments and trials. What advantage is there in the exercise of this duty?

12. When our friends who are sympathising with us in our trials, know that we are exercising self-control, or self-denial, or forgiveness, or patient submission, how will they be affected towards us?

13. Of persons who are equally healthy and equally strong, which can accomplish most, those who are uniformly cheerful and hopeful, or those who are complaining and despairing?

14. Under what circumstances do you think it right for any one to murmur and yield to despair?

LESSON XXVI.

BE MERCIFUL TO ANIMALS.

NARRATIVE.

CRUELTY TO BIRDS. — A friend of mine was pleased the other morning, as he passed down a street to the town near which I live, to observe an instance of feeling for birds in a poor woman, whose voice he heard very loudly reproving an

idle boy, who had just been doing what we have often seen reproved. The boy had been using his utmost efforts to take down the nest of a poor little martin from under the eave of a house, and had just succeeded in cruelly destroying it; when, alas! too late to prevent the mischief from being done, his reprover ran out of her door, and used a very excellent mode of bringing home to his mind a sense of the cruelty he had shown. She was crying out to him in this manner when my friend passed: "You little mischief, how would *you* like to have your house pulled down about your ears?" Very miserable, no doubt, that little urchin would have been, if his own home had been destroyed as thoroughly as the nest of the bird was by his hand; but he never thought of that; he never remembered that the bird had feelings as well as he: he thought of his own amusement; and nothing else. The next thing would be that he would learn not to care for the feelings of another boy; then not for the feelings of his own mother and father, and brothers; and, perhaps, he might at last learn to do them all great injuries, just for want of thinking that they feel. Cruelty to animals leads, I am sure, very often to cruelty to every thing. From laughing at the cry of a bird, it is easy to go on to laughing at the cry of one's own kindred; just as the Roman people, in ancient times, after being accustomed to delight in the dying roar and struggle of wild beasts in their theatres, learned to take the same savage pleasure in the death of men and women, and Christian martyrs, tormented in the same place by wild beasts for their amusement. And they called this a "holiday." There is a wide difference, I own, between this and the school-boy's holiday, when he goes out rifling nests and destroying young birds; but still there is too much of an unfeeling heart in the amusement which can be found in giving pain to the least and the lowest of animals. A Christian child ought to be still further from a heathen crowd than in merely the selection he makes of the objects of his cruelty.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. The Roman people, in ancient times, took delight in seeing animals fight with each other. What do you see to disapprove in such amusements?

2. Have you ever known any persons in *modern times*, who delighted to see dogs, or other animals, fight with and destroy each other?

3. When persons have learned to take delight in *seeing* cruelty, what would you expect of them as to the *practice* of cruelty themselves?

NARRATIVE.

THE HORNET'S NEST.—A boy who delighted in torturing animals, once discovered a hornet's nest near the woods which skirted the pasture lands of a Mr. Williams. Perhaps you never saw a hornet's nest; they are round, with a hole at the bottom, through which the hornets pass in and out, and hang on the limb of a tree, or bush. Hornets have powerful stings, and will swarm like bees when their nest is disturbed, and fight dreadfully. This wicked boy plagued the hornets from day to day, till they became very cross, and then he got some salt, and called Mr. Williams's horses and cattle in the field, and fed them with it under and around the little tree on which the hornet's nest hung. As soon as they were well engaged licking the salt, he threw a club against the nest, when out came the hornets upon the horses and cattle, and stung them dreadfully. They ran, and snorted, and kicked as though they would kill themselves.

But he got punished, as you will see. He was so much pleased to see the poor horses jump and writhe in agony, that he forgot himself, leaped out from his concealment, hopping up and down, slapping his hands, and laughed and shouted at a great rate. Had he remained quiet behind the bushes, where he hid after throwing the club at the nest, nothing would have harmed him; but rushing out as he did, a portion

of the hornets were attracted by him, and in the midst of his shouts at the misery he had caused, he felt a dreadful sting inflicted on his face, and before he could flee, he was stung with much severity several times. Next day his face and his eyes were so swollen, that he could not see. It soon became generally known how he had behaved in the matter; and no one felt regret or pity for so cruel a boy. His young companions jeered and laughed at him; while his more considerate friends showed, by the gravity of their looks, how much they disapproved his conduct.

---

4. This boy delighted in seeing animals suffer pain. How would you expect he would feel when he met unfortunate persons? How would you expect him to treat such persons?

5. If such a boy should receive injuries from any one, what would you expect him to return? Under what circumstances would you expect him to exhibit moral courage?

NARRATIVE.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS PUNISHED.—Peter Romming, the son of a wealthy farmer, was a very cruel boy. He took great delight in torturing dumb animals. I am afraid to put on paper the way he treated flies, beetles, dogs, and cats, while their cries and groans were like music to his ears; it would make your blood run cold. The poor creatures could not defend themselves, they could not punish their oppressor, there was nobody to take their part. Did I say there was nobody to take their part? I did not actually mean so, for *God* was on their side. He saw the cruelties practised upon them, and he did not intend to let the perpetrator always go unpunished.

Peter pursued this course till he became a man, when he went to work with a brewer. One day his hat fell into a vat

of boiling beer: in trying to catch it, he lost his balance, and fell in also; in falling, he grasped the rim of the vat with both hands, and cried for help. He was soon drawn out, but his feet were dreadfully scalded by the hot beer. He roared in agony, and cursed and swore in a most dreadful manner After a while he grew more quiet, though his face was th picture of despair. He asked to see a minister, and one wa sent for.

"O, Sir," he explained, "God is terribly punishing m for my sins, especially for my cruelty to his creatures. I have tortured many hundreds, and now what agony do I myself endure! Were I a thief, I might make amends for the stolen goods; but I can never restore life to the animals which I have murdered, and who had nothing but life to rejoice in. How can God be merciful to me, since I have been so unmerciful? His anger is upon me. His justice has overtaken me; wretched man that I am!"

The doctor came, and said that before half an hour his legs must be taken off, or he would die. Did he not then think how many limbs he had pulled off in sport? He could not help thinking of it. Peter could not bear to think of dying, so he put his legs under the surgeon's knife, and only cried out against his sins during the painful operation.

Dark and distressing days followed. The minister came often to see him, instructed him in the gospel, and begged him to repent and trust in Christ for mercy. It is hoped that this poor man found mercy. God is more merciful than man. He gained his health and lived many years. On every proper occasion he told his distressing story, that the young might take warning from his awful example.

---

6. Some persons learn wisdom by thinking and feeling, and some learn wisdom by suffering. How did Peter learn wisdom?

7. Peter could, at last, probably, treat animals with kindness. What better way is there of learning to treat animals kindly than that which Peter pursued?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. What proof can be shown that animals ever feel pain?
2. What evidence is there that animals dread death? — that animals love their young? — that they try to aid each other in distress?
3. May persons ever learn to take pleasure in kind acts? In what manner?
4. May persons, by practice, acquire habits of cruelty?
5. Can a virtuous man, or a virtuous boy, feel a pleasure in causing pain to anybody, or to anything, unnecessarily?
6. Under what circumstances do you think it right to take the life of animals?
7. Under what circumstances do you think it wrong to take the life of animals?
8. Is there anything wrong in shooting birds or squirrels in the woods and fields, just for sport?
9. If it is right to shoot birds for sport, is it not right to strip off their feathers and break their wings just for sport?
10. Do persons who treat animals with cruelty, injure themselves in any way, at the same time? In what manner?
11. What advantage is there in treating animals with mercy and kindness?

LESSON XXVII.

IT IS BETTER TO SUFFER WRONG THAN TO DO WRONG.

NARRATIVE.

NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE. — I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad, at an academy in B——. Among my school-fellows were Hartly and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and

"What's the price of milk?"

the latter I looked up to as a sort of leader in matters of opinion as of sport. He was not, at heart, malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually looking out for matters of derision.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson. "Halloa!" he exclaimed; "what is the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you feed her on? What will you take for all the gold on her

horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots?"

Hartly, waving his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow, and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys who attended the Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartly. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some of the country people.

Hartly, with admirable good-nature, bore all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson one day, "I suppose your lady means to make a milkman of you." "Why not?" asked Hartly. "O, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them — that's all!" The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation, there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from other cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number; for, in respect to scholarship, the two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a

medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism. The last boy on whom it was conferred, was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said, that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, and stayed to render what services he could.

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, helpless. "Never mind, good woman," said the scholar, "I can drive your cow!" With blessings and thanks, the widow accepted his offer.

But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. "I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots: but I can do without them for a while." "O, no," said she, "I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of cow-hide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely." The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed with laughter and ridicule. His cow-hide boots, in

particular, were made matters of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, not caring for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to display his charitable motives, and, furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that looks with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you. Was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, master Hartly, do not steal out of sight behind the black-board! You were not afraid of ridicule — you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!

As Hartly, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct. — The ladies stood upon benches, and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet seemed prouder ornaments than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. It was, doubtless, painful to the feelings of Hartly to be laughed at by well-dressed boys for driving the cow. While enduring ridicule from the boys, from what source could he derive any comfort?

2. Hartly persevered day after day in his acts of kindness and self-denial, without complaining of the ill-treatment he received. Why did he not resent some of these insults, or, at least, complain of them?

3. If Jemson, or either of the boys who laughed at his unkind expressions, had received the same treatment which they gave, what would you have expected from them?

4. Have you ever known any instances where the love of doing good and the consciousness of doing right, were sufficient to overcome all fear of opposition or ridicule?—and sufficient, also, to overcome all inclination to resentment?

5. What virtues would Jemson have needed, in order that he might have conducted himself as nobly as Hartly?

6. When Hartly came into the school, a plain boy, and plainly dressed, how ought the other boys to have treated him? While Hartly "suffered wrong" from the other boys, what real injury did he receive? What injury did they receive?

7. What advantages did Hartly derive from "suffering wrong?"

8. If others had never known from what motives Hartly acted in assisting the poor woman, in what respect would he still have derived advantage from suffering wrongfully?

9. It was a matter of exultation with Jemson to inquire "after the health of Hartly's cow." Whose cause for exultation was finally the greater? In the case of all who do wrong, and all who suffer wrong, whose situation will always be preferable?

EXTRACT.

A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN.—So it is; but it is a bad bargain for him who bargains unfairly, let him make what he will by it. A man goes out to buy a horse. He finds one that he likes, and that the owner wants to sell; but he is

determined, if possible, to get him for less than he is worth. Accordingly he sets himself to depreciate the animal, by pointing out what he calls its defects and blemishes. "I like your horse in some respects, but he is too old. The man you bought him of must have deceived you. He called him eight, you say. I think the horse nearer twelve. See him, how his teeth are worn down. I can't afford to give you anything like your price; besides, his pace is slow and heavy, and he trips, I see, as if he had been foundered. He is raw-boned, too, and carries his head badly, and is too hard upon the bit, and I don't like the color. If he was a bright bay, I would give you a good deal more for him." Thus he cheapens the animal as much below his real worth as he can, and when he has got so far away that he thinks the owner will not hear of it, boasts what a good bargain he has made. "I would not sell the animal for twice the money. He is of the right age, and just what I want." "But then you must have cheated the man you bought him of." "O no, a bargain's a bargain." That will be a hard-backed horse for an honest man to ride.

Another wants to buy a house, and adopts a similar course to get it for less than it is worth. "I don't like the location," he says, "it is too far from church. The ground is too low. It stands too near the street, and is on the wrong side of the way. It is badly planned; the rooms are too small or too large. The hall is too wide, or not wide enough. The kitchen is inconvenient. There is no china-closet. It is slightly built, and must have a great many repairs, &c., &c. What do you ask for it?" "Two thousand dollars." "Two thousand dollars! Then there is no use in saying any more about it. I can buy a better place for a great deal less money. "Well, what will you give?" "Fifteen hundred; and that is, I consider, more than it is worth." The seller knows it is cheap at two thousand, and so does the buyer. But he cannot afford to keep it. He must take what he can get, and

the writings are drawn. Ask the buyer what he will take for his new purchase and his lowest price is twenty-five hundred dollars. Now all at once (he will assure you, with an unblushing face,) the location is good; the place is convenient; it was well built, and it will cost but little to put it in complete repair. It is a very good house. He cheated the seller by crying it down, and he knew it at the time. But "a bargain's a bargain," and every one must look out for himself.

So true is the saying of the wise man, "It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

---

10. If a person should, knowingly, sell you a horse for twenty-five dollars more than he is worth, which would be the greater sufferer, yourself, or the person who should sell you the horse? In what way would you be the sufferer? In what way would the seller of the horse be the sufferer? Whose sufferings would last the longer?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Why cannot all people suffer wrong voluntarily, and even cheerfully, when good may thereby be done to others?
2. What particular virtues are necessary to enable persons to suffer injuries without resenting them, or even feeling resentment?
3. If persons of little self-control, and little moral courage, receive injuries, what conduct may we expect from them?
4. If a person who cares little for doing good to others, receives injuries, what may we expect from him in return for wrongs?
5. What advantage may there be to any one, to suffer wrong cheerfully?—What advantage if the wrong is not suffered cheerfully?
6. When we suffer wrong from high and pure motives, how will our example affect others around us?
7. What advantage is there ever in doing wrong? If we do wrong, how will our example affect others around us?
8. Persons sometimes seek to take advantage of others in making bargains. Who is the greater loser when they are unfairly made?

9. If others injure your feelings or your reputation, by saying to you, or about you, what is not true, in what way will you be the sufferer?—in what way will the slanderer be the sufferer?

10. How great wrongs do you think it possible for any one to suffer from others, without feeling resentment for the wrong done?

11. How great wrongs do you think it possible for any one to be willing to suffer for the sake of doing good to others?

12. Which do you think is the more difficult, to labor and contend for the right, or to suffer patiently for the right? Which is nobler?

LESSON XXVIII.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

NARRATIVE.

BENEVOLENCE ITS OWN REWARD. — Our readers know that on the evening of July 13th, 1846, a fire broke out in the town of Nantucket, which is on the beautiful Island of Nantucket, outside of our harbor, by which hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property were destroyed, and a great many families reduced at once to penury.

The sympathies of the kind people of Boston were immediately enlisted in behalf of the sufferers. A public meeting was called, and the proper measures were taken to appeal individually, and go from house to house, for aid. One of the committee who is actively engaged in making collections, told me yesterday a delightful little anecdote, which I cannot withhold from my readers. He said, he went into a blacksmith's shop, where he scarcely expected to get anything, as matters looked unpromising. Several men were at work, and

he made known his errand. They all held down their heads, continuing at their work, and making no reply. At length he inquired of them which was the principal, and they pointed out to him one of their number, a hard-featured, elderly looking man, and to him the gentleman made a direct appeal. "Well," said the blacksmith, putting down on end his ponderous sledge-hammer, "well, I am a poor man and can't do much, but here's a dollar." My friend thankfully took the dollar, expressed his acknowledgment for the charity, and went on. Some hours after, having finished his round, in returning he passed by the same shop, and when opposite to it, was met with a warm grasp of the hand from the good blacksmith, who had run out to meet him: "Sir! I thank you for calling on me this morning, and giving me an opportunity to do something for those who are worse off than myself. Before you came in I was thinking of my troubles, and was low-spirited and unhappy all the morning; but since you gave me the opportunity of helping others a little, I have been cheerful and contented. You have taken a load off my heart, and I thank you for it a thousand times." Dear readers, is not benevolence (springing from right motives) its own exceeding reward? Go! all of you, and do likewise.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Perhaps the blacksmith, spoken of in the preceding narrative, earned three dollars during the day on which he gave away one to help the needy. If so, which probably gave him the greater pleasure, to get three dollars, or give away one, as he did?

2. Why did the blacksmith feel so cheerful, after giving his dollar?

3. Perhaps many rich men of Boston and vicinity, gave fifty dollars each to aid the Nantucket sufferers. If so, which do you think was probably the happier, the blacksmith who gave the dollar, or the rich man who gave fifty?

4. Which was probably the happier, the person in Nantucket who might happen to receive the blacksmith's dollar, or the blacksmith who gave it?

5. There were other men at work in the blacksmith's shop, who "held down their heads" when the committee-man made known his business. What advice could you give such men?

NARRATIVE.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.—The grinders of Paris, though not extinct, have considerably diminished in number. They have been driven to adopt some other occupation, in consequence of the cutlers appointing each a certain day in the week for grinding—notifying the same by a placard in their shop-windows. Any of my readers who search the municipal archives of Paris, will find a little history concerning one of them who had driven his grindstone through the streets and suburbs of the city for more than fifteen years; which I see no reason why I should not reproduce here. It runs to the following effect:

Antoine Bonafoux was a grinder, living frugally upon the produce of his precarious industry. Upon the same lofty floor of the house in which he lodged, dwelt a poor widow, named Drouillant, who had once seen better days. The death of her husband had deprived her of her resources, and driven her to a garret, where, with an only child—a boy too young to labor—she worked early and late with her needle for the means of subsistence. Bonafoux, whose instinct had led him to comprehend and sympathize with her misfortunes, if he passed her on the stairs, would manifest his respect by a low bow, and his sympathy by a courteous inquiry after her little boy; though he sought no further acquaintance. But the widow grew too feeble to work, and seeing her suffering from want, he called on her one morning and insisted on her borrowing a portion of his savings, alleging that he had a

sum in the bank, and that he could well spare it. The brave fellow knew well enough that he was depositing his earnings in a sinking-fund; but it was not for him to stand by a poor lady and a mother pining for assistance which he could render. So she became his pensioner, with the understanding that she was to repay him when she could. Suddenly, during the absence of the grinder, a stroke of apoplexy prostrated the poor widow. The whole house was in alarm; the doctor was sent for, and as soon as he had administered to her present wants, arrangements were made for carrying her to the hospital — that ante-chamber of the tomb of the unfortunate poor of Paris. At this moment Bonafoux came in. "Stop," said he, "that lady must not go to the hospital; I know her better than you do: it would kill her to take her there. Doctor, attend her here, and do your utmost; I will defray your charges." The poor lady recovered slowly under the nursing which the grinder procured her, but she was never able to resume her needle-work. Bonafoux supplied all her wants. When her boy grew old enough, this benevolent man apprenticed him to a stove-maker, and cut up his own garments to provide him with an outfit. A second attack of apoplexy deprived the poor mother of the use of her limbs.

The grinder continued his benefactions to the last hour of her life — not relaxing his guardianship of her son until he was able to earn his own maintenance. It was for this act of truly Christian charity, extending over a long period, that the French Academy, in 1821, awarded to Antoine Bonafoux a gold medal and a prize of 400 francs. The historian who records the deed, declares that the grinder was worthy of the honor, and in addition to that, that he merited the esteem of all good men; a judgment in which the reader will probably concur.

6. What do you discover in the character of the knife-grinder that you approve? What appeared to be his motive in helping this poor woman?

7. What reward did this man receive, besides the gold medal and the francs from the French Academy?

8. Which, probably, gave the knife-grinder the more pleasure, to get his money, by his labor, or to bestow it upon the poor woman and her son?

NARRATIVE.

THE POWER OF LOVE.— The dungeon and the scourge were formerly considered the only effectual way of restraining maniacs, but experience has proved that love is the best controlling power. When Pinel, the humane French physician, proposed to try this experiment in the Bedlam at Bicêtre, many supposed that his life would fall a sacrifice. But he walked fearlessly into dungeons where raving maniacs had been chained, — some ten years, some forty years; and with gentle words, he convinced them that they were free to go out into the sunshine and open air, if they would allow him to remove their galling chains and put on their strait-waistcoats. At first they did not believe it, because they had been so often deceived. When they found it true, nothing could equal their gratitude and joy. They obeyed their deliverer with the utmost docility, and finally became willing and valuable assistants in the management of the establishment.

Dorothea L. Dix, our American Mrs. Fry, the God-appointed missionary to prisons and alms-houses, said that experience had more than confirmed her faith in the power of kindness over the insane and vicious.

Among the hundreds of crazy people, with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low

and gentle tones. The power of religious sentiment over these shattered souls, seems perfectly miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart, affects them like a voice from Heaven. Tearing and rending, yelling and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall upon their knees, or gaze upward with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from their Father's throne of love.

On one occasion, this missionary of mercy was very earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully, day and night, rent his garments, plucked out his hair, and was so violent, that it was supposed he would murder any one who ventured within his reach. Miss Dix seated herself at a little distance, and without appearing to notice him, began to read, with serene countenance and gentle voice, certain passages of Scripture, filled with the spirit of tenderness. His shouts gradually subsided, until at last he became perfectly still. When she paused, he said meekly, "Read me some more, it does me good." And when, after a prolonged season of worship, she said, "I must go away now," he eagerly replied, "No, you cannot go. God sent you to me, and you must not go." By kind words, and a promise to come again, she finally obtained permission to depart. "Give me your hand," said he. She gave it, and smiled upon him. The wild expression of his haggard countenance softened to tearfulness, as he said, "*You* treat me right, God sent you."

On another occasion, she had been leading some twenty or thirty maniacs into worship, and seeing them all quiet as lambs gathered into the Shepherd's fold, prepared to go forth to other duties. In leaving the room, she passed an insane young man, with whom she had had several interviews. He stood with hands clasped, and a countenance of the deepest reverence. With a friendly smile she said, "Henry, are you well, to-day?" "Hush! — hush!" replied he, sinking

his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around her, "hush! — there are angels with you! They have given you their voice."

---

9. What other methods of doing good are there, besides doing good with money?

10. In what way can any one do the greatest amount of good?

11. Why was Miss Dix able to control the raving maniac, when others could not?

12. Could any and every person control raving maniacs, as the French physician, Pinel, did?

13. Why did the maniacs in the mad-house at Bicêtre, obey Pinel when others could not control them?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Have you ever made presents to your friends? Have you ever received gifts from your friends or from others? In which case were you the happier?

2. When persons aid the unfortunate, which are the happier, usually; those who assist, or those who are assisted?

3. Which person enjoys the greater happiness, the one who gives without making any sacrifice himself, or the one who gives what he very much needs himself?

4. If you could have your choice, which would you prefer, the highest public station in the State, or the means to give to every one that was needy, just as much as you pleased?

5. Which would you prefer, the ability to make the deaf, the blind, or insane persons happy, or plenty of money to help those who need food or clothing?

6. Many public stations are considered very honorable. What station in life do you think the noblest?

7. How must a person feel who is constantly laboring to make other persons happy? — to make the unfortunate happy?

8. What virtues must one possess who is willing to do all in his power to promote the happiness of others?

9. In giving to others, which is the higher motive, to give to make the unfortunate happy, or to give to make ourselves happy?

10. If we give to others simply because it brings happiness to ourselves to do so, what other reward ought we ever to receive?

11. But if, in aiding others, we forget ourselves, and labor singly to do good to those who need our help, what reward may we hereafter receive?

12. If the rewards to those who give from the highest motives are greatest, why do not all persons give more readily?

GIVING.

THE sun gives ever; so the earth—
What it can give, so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays:
So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth unheap'd;
Only by giving is it reap'd—
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deed, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving,
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live.

LESSON XXIX.

THINK NO THOUGHTS THAT YOU WOULD BLUSH TO EXPRESS IN WORDS.

EXTRACT.

A BAD TAINT.—"What you learn from bad habits and in bad society," says Mr. Gough, "you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you. I tell you in all sincerity, and not as in the excitement of a speech, but as I would confess, and have confessed before God, I would give my right hand to-night if I could forget that which I have learned in evil society — if I could tear from my memory the scenes which I have witnessed, and the transactions which have taken place before me. You cannot take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged and harbored in the heart. You may pray against it, and, by God's grace, conquer it; but it will always be a thorn in the flesh to you, and will cause you bitterness and anguish."

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. If we learn bad habits in evil society, what will be the effect upon our future improvement?
2. How long will the effect of bad habits and impure thoughts, last?
3. What other methods are there of acquiring bad habits besides associating with bad company?

EXTRACT.

"IT COSTS TOO MUCH."—That little theft costs too much. It is only a shilling, I know; and perhaps it would never be missed: but it will cost you as much as a fortune is worth. "I did not take the shilling," you say. I am glad of it. But I am afraid you will take it, nevertheless. You have been looking at it, with a wishful eye, for some minutes. You have been trying to settle the question whether you would be found out or not, if you put the money into your pocket. You have been using all sorts of flimsy arguments to your conscience, to drown its voice. You said it was only a shilling, and nobody would be any the worse for your taking so small a sum. You talked about your salary being so small, and your employer being so rich; and you thought you would refund the money, interest and all, when you got to be rich yourself. I know you did not take the money. But while you were gazing into that drawer and thinking what you should do about that shilling, you were standing on a fearful precipice. Many a youth has yielded to the tempter, as you were on the point of yielding, and thus entered on a career of crime which proved his ruin. It was a little, petty theft, that first one; but it cost him dearly. It will cost *you* dearly, my friend. It may cost you everything worth living for.

If, then, you really do not mean to steal, stop thinking about it. Your conscience has once faithfully and solemnly told you that it is wrong to steal. Therefore, put away from your thoughts, instantly, every idea of the possibility of doing what you know to be wrong.

So of other forbidden things, no one becomes a bad man at once. The mind must first be corrupted. The evil suggestion must first be indulged, then revolved in the thoughts, until it loses its hideous deformity, and the anticipated gain or pleasure comes to outweigh the evils of the transgressions.

The pleasurable contemplation of a sinful deed is usually followed by its commission.

Therefore, never allow yourself to pause and consider the pleasure or the profit of anything that is not good and right. Close your mind against the first evil suggestion, as you would lock and bolt your doors against a robber. Never, for an instant, dwell upon forbidden subjects or impure pleasure. Meet your enemy at the threshold, and drive him from your heart. Avoid the society where obscenity and blasphemy are heard. Read nothing that is unchaste or immoral. Keep your spirit untainted, your thoughts undefiled, your imagination unpolluted, so shall your life be virtuous and yourself happy. Take care of the thoughts, and the actions will take care of themselves.

---

4. In what manner does the mind and heart of any one become prepared to do what is wrong?

5. After a person has once learned to think favorably of stealing, what effect would you expect such thoughts to have upon his actions?

EXTRACT.

A NEGLECTED SCRATCH. — An Indiana clergyman lately told a story about a man with whom he boarded when a college boy. The man was at his work one frosty morning, and happened to get a slight scratch on the back of his hand. A single minute's attention to it would have caused it to heal in a day or two. It was neglected. A slight inflammation appeared, which a simple poultice would have reduced; but it was neglected. The whole hand became inflamed, and should have had the best medical attention, but it was neglected. The arm and shoulder and back were seized with pain, and now all was alarm and confusion. Three physicians were in attendance to consult upon the case. The

question was, whether cutting off the limb would save the man's life, and it was decided to be too late! The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no human skill could arrest it. A vicious habit—an indulged little sin—a neglected duty—how easily they are taken care of, if we are in season with them, but how stubborn and ruinous they become, if they are let alone! And the way to commence with all those habits and indulgences which degrade either children or men, is to banish everything that is wrong, at once, and for ever from the thoughts.

---

6. In the foregoing case, it was considered impossible to cure the body that was first injured by a little scratch. What can be done to cure, entirely, a mind and heart that have become tainted by a little inward impurity?

7. What can be done to prevent impure thoughts?

EXTRACT.

GUARD AGAINST VULGARITY. — We especially commend the following extract to the thoughtful study of the young. Nothing is so repugnant and disgusting to the feelings of the noble and the good, as to hear the young, (or even the old) use profane, or low, vulgar language. The young of our cities are particularly guilty of profanity. In our day, too often, the "boy" does not feel himself a "man" unless he can excel in the use of very improper modes of expression.

"We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expressions—allude to no sentiments that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up, you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would blush to utter. It was one learned when you were quite young. By

being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick, and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, these early corruptions had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves."

---

8. Is there any danger that persons who never think improper thoughts, will give utterance to improper words, either in sickness or health?

9. What other reasons are there, besides the fear of causing pain, either to ourselves or to our friends, why we should refrain from the use of all profane or improper expressions?

EXTRACT.

THE PURE IN HEART.—A gentleman, in one of his visits among the poor, met with one of his scholars, a little girl not six years old, who had just begun to read the New Testament. This child, being fond of singing, was anxious to possess one of the school hymn-books, which the gentleman kindly promised to give her, on condition that she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel within the space of a fortnight. The little girl immediately undertook this task, and having brought her two chapters to the gentleman, began to read; but when she finished the first twelve verses, he caused her to stop in order to inquire of her which of the qualities described in the beatitudes she would desire most to possess. She paused a little while, and then replied, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart."

The gentleman asked her wherefore she would choose this blessed quality above all the rest. In reply to which, she answered to this purpose: "Sir, if I had a pure heart, I should then possess all the other qualities spoken of in this chapter."

---

10. When our intentions are pure and right, what will our conduct be?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If a person should never indulge in wrong thoughts, what would you expect to see wrong in his actions?
2. Which come first in order, bad thoughts or bad deeds?
3. If wrong or improper thoughts come into your mind, what are you to do?
4. If you read an interesting story, can you give your whole attention to the narrative while reading it?
5. If you are called upon to attend to some other duty or avocation when busily engaged in reading, can you stop thinking of your reading, and attend to the duty or business?
6. Can you stop thinking of your amusements, and attend to your lessons, when you try to do so? Can you at any time think of particular persons or places, or subjects, when you are very anxious to do so? Can you stop thinking upon one subject, and think of another, if you try to do so?
7. If you find it possible to control your thoughts, at some times, why can you not at all times?
8. If it should come into your mind to tell a lie, to save yourself from censure or punishment, what ought you to do?
9. If, after receiving an injury, you should, for an instant, think of revenge, what ought you to do?
10. Some persons say that they cannot control their thoughts. Is it, or is it not possible for us to banish evil thoughts from our minds?

11. Which would you think would be more successful in banishing evil suggestions, the person that was very anxious to do right, or the person who felt quite indifferent about doing so? Which of the two would have the greater number of evil thoughts to drive away?

12. If a person loved to do right, above every thing else, how long would he cherish revengeful feelings? How long would he think over a plan for stealing money?

13. What harm is there in thinking upon forbidden things, if you do not really intend to do anything wrong?

14. But if, after thinking long and favorably upon stealing, or lying, or revenge, or vulgarity, we should still never do any of these wrong acts, in what way should we be injured?

15. Where do all things that make persons criminal, degraded and brutish, originate; in the thoughts, or in the conduct?

16. Which would you think the more to be dreaded, a countenance covered with scars and blemishes, caused by accident, or a mind and heart that has been scarred and deformed by cherishing impure thoughts, and yielding to evil suggestions?

LESSON XXX.

LIVE INNOCENTLY, IF YOU WOULD LIVE HAPPILY

NARRATIVE.

THE HARD SNOW-BALL.— When I was about ten years old, and my brother eight, we were returning from school, the snow was melting under a warm March sun, and I felt an irrepressible desire to enter the list with some one for snow-balling. We were away from our school-mates; and making a very hard ball, I threw it with all my might at my brother. It struck him with great violence in the side, and to this moment I seem to see him writhing from the pain it gave him, and hear the bitter cry occasioned by my cruel deed. In my

sport I had sadly hurt that dear brother, whom I ought to have loved and protected. A passing traveller frowned upon me for my cruelty, and I knew that the piercing eye of God was upon me. That dear brother made no complaint of me to our parents: and neither to them nor to my Heavenly Father would my proud heart allow me to make confession. Why did I not do it? I knew I had done wrong; why not confess my fault to God, and receive the peace and joy of forgiven sin?

When another winter came, my little brother could not join me in our accustomed sports, he had such a weakness in his back. As the flowers of May appeared, he grew more pallid; he languished through the summer and autumn; and in the darkness of a December night, we were summoned to see him die. A father's ear caught the last faint whisper from his lips: "Tell my brothers that they must pray."

Now I wear the silver hair of age; but as often as I visit the mound of my little brother's grave, this heart yearns with tenderest grief, my tears unbidden flow, in sad remembrance of that one unkind, unfeeling act that caused his cry of distress, and that may have been the means of his early death.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Why did the man, in the last narrative, feel sorrowful through his life-time when he thought of his younger brother?

2. After he was sensible the snow-ball had injured his younger brother, what was then his duty? — and if he had then done his duty well, in what manner might the sorrows of his life have been lightened?

3. In what way might his young brother's life have been prolonged, if the cause of his weakness had been known?

NARRATIVE.

WHO CAN BEAR A GUILTY CONSCIENCE?—When I was a child, I was invited to spend an evening with a companion of mine who lived about a quarter of a mile from my father's house. It was autumn. The leaves had fallen from the trees. The birds had departed. The cold winds had begun to blow, and the ground was whitened with frost.

My mother gave her consent, but little did she think of the temptation to which her child would be exposed. I went, and found I was to pass the evening with other children of the village. There were gathered the wealthy and the poor, but I was poorest of them all. I was clothed in my best attire, but it was thin and scanty for the season. I looked upon my companions: they were well and comfortably dressed. I told my sorrows to no one, but grieved at my lot, until envy, cruel envy, arose in my bosom and destroyed all my peace. It was soon proposed by one of the company that we should play blind-man's-buff, and by another that we should take off our shoes to prevent the noise it would occasion. All but myself commenced doing this, and ran to put them together in one corner of the room. I had none to take off. I had none to wear. Indeed, I expected to go to school many days with cold feet, and when the snow came to stay at home, which to me would be a greater grief than the former. The play was soon ended, and as the evening was very fine, it was proposed to walk in the garden. Every one ran for their shoes. I had thought too long and too deeply about them. I ran with the group, and selected a pair belonging to a boy of about my own age and size, and was among the first that entered the garden, leaving the boy making many inquiries for his shoes.

When we returned, I did not take them into the house with me, but placed them where I could conveniently take

them when we went home, for I had determined upon keeping them. It was my first attempt to take that which did not belong to me. The sports of the evening were soon ended, and we prepared to return to our homes. I made great haste, and bidding the company good night, was the first to leave the house. Glad should I have been if the darkness of the night had surrounded me, but to me it appeared that the moon never shone with more brilliancy, or the stars shed more lustre. Notwithstanding this, I seized the shoes and hurried home. Conscience however had not ceased to upbraid me since the first moments of my wrong, and as I walked home it was my only companion.

At length I arrived at the door, but was afraid to go in. I dreaded to meet my parents, for I felt that they knew all that I had done, and they had taught me the command, "Thou shalt not steal." I hid the shoes, and summoned courage to go in. How awful it is to fear to meet our dearest friends! Their kindness seemed reproof, and their smiles at that time worse than frowns.

It being late, I soon retired with my brothers, to our chamber, but not to sleep. Very soon all around me was silent; nothing was heard but the breath of innocency sleeping by my side. But oh, the wretched condition of my mind. I felt I had justly deserved the displeasure of my parents, for I had disobeyed their commands, and if theirs, how much more had I disobeyed God's. Ever before, I had considered him as a lovely being, but now I felt I had provoked his anger. He had fixed the bounds of my habitation, but I wished to be the disposer of my own fortune. I knew he had witnessed the whole transaction, and that his All-seeing eye was every moment upon me. Had it been possible, how gladly would I have hid myself from him! I reflected upon my crime until it appeared so great, that every moment I expected the anger of the Lord would burst upon me. My head was pained, my limbs trembled.

At length I resolved to arise and go, even at midnight, and return the shoes to the house from which I had taken them. I was about leaving my room, when I looked upon the countenances of those who were free from the enormous crime of which I was guilty, and consequently were sleeping sweetly, and knew nothing of my sorrows. Gladly would I have awakened one to accompany me; but no, I must go alone. I passed easily down the stairs, and again found myself encompassed with difficulty. I could not go out without passing through my mother's room, and if I awoke her, she would, of course, be solicitous to know the reason of my leaving my chamber. But I was determined I would go, and if she awoke I would tell her all. I succeeded in passing out without waking her, and taking the shoes, hurried half-way to the house where I had passed the evening, and left them a short distance from each other in the road, and again returned to my chamber, and laid my head upon my pillow: but my mind was not relieved, and, compelled by conscience, I again rose, returned to the spot where I had left them, and with a trembling heart went quite to the house, and placed them under the window near the door, and again returned to my bed. Being quite exhausted, I soon fell asleep.

The next week I went, in company with some of my companions, on a nutting excursion. The boy whom I had wronged was one of the number. I need hardly say that I was happy when I saw the shoes I had coveted, upon his feet, although I was still destitute.

This incident has had a beneficial effect upon my life. Its influence is yet felt, although many years have passed since it occurred. Let it be a warning to all who may read it, to resist even the first approaches to evil, and they will avoid the misery of an upbraiding conscience, and the pain of self-reproach in after years.

4. Why did the affectionate smiles of the boy's parents, in the last narrative, cause the boy to feel unhappy?

5. Why did he prefer to take so much pains in the lonely hours of the night, to return the shoes to the place where he found them?

6. Which did he probably find preferable, to be very poor and go barefoot in the cold and frost, or carry with him, constantly, a sense of guilt?

7. If he had never returned the shoes, nor his guilt been known to others, how long would the pain of self-reproach have made him unhappy?

8. Why did the boy feel happy, afterwards, to see the shoes he had coveted on the feet of the owner?

NARRATIVE.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE. — One evening, not long since, as I was sitting at the hour of twilight by a pleasant, bright fire, my little children gathered round me and began to beg, as they usually do at that hour, for a story.

I had one ready for them, and told them of a little boy who, while throwing his ball in his mother's parlor, broke an elegant looking-glass. He knew that he deserved punishment, and would probably receive it, as he had often been told not to throw his ball in the house; and as he stood thinking what he should do, it occurred to him that as no one saw him throw the ball, no one need know that he broke the glass: so, when questioned upon the subject, he denied any knowledge of the manner in which the glass was broken, and when questioned a second time, he denied again still more strongly.

I then asked the children what would have been the right thing for the little boy to do. All but one answered, "He ought to have told the truth at once;" but little Philip made no answer. "What do you think, my boy?" I asked of Philip. Still no reply. I took no more notice of him then, but finished my story, and ended by enjoining it upon them to tell the truth at all times. "No matter what you have

done," said I, "confess it at once; and even if you are punished, depend upon it you will be a great deal happier than if you were to bear about in your breast an unconfessed and unforgiven sin."

I then had occasion to leave the room for some minutes, and when I came back, I found little Philip rolling about the floor as if in great agony, and sobbing as if his heart would break, and the children all came running to me, exclaiming, "Mother, what is the matter with Philly? he has been crying so ever since you went out, and will not tell us what ails him." I said, "What is the matter, my son?" No answer but sobs and tears. "Are you sick?" "No, mother." "Are you hurt?" "No, mother." "Tell me what makes you cry, then." But he only rolled about on the floor, and cried the harder.

At length he got up, and laying his head on my shoulder, with his hands before his face, while his tears fell over my dress, he said, sobbing and catching his breath between each syllable, "Mo—ther—I—would—tell—you—if—I—could!" I then took him into my own room, and said, "Come, my son, I cannot have this matter go on so any longer; you must tell me what it is. If you have done anything wrong, tell me so at once." But he only sobbed out, "Oh, dear mother, I cannot do it!"

I had never seen the child act so before, and began to be alarmed; so I took him on my lap, and told him that if he had done anything wrong, he would be much happier if he told it at once. "Don't you remember," said I, "When you got a splinter in your hand the other day, and you would not have it taken out because you thought it would pain you, how your hand festered and became very sore, and the longer the splinter was in your hand, the more sore it became, till at length you suffered so, that you determined you would have it out, and though it pained you more than if you had allowed me to take it out at first, yet in a moment you were relieved,

and free from pain? Just so it is," said I, "with the sin in your heart, Philip. There is something there rankling and festering, and yet you have not the courage to draw it out; it is harder to do it now than it was at first, but it will be still harder to-morrow than to-day. So speak up, my son, and tell mother what you have done. Have you broken any thing?" "Oh, yes, mother." "Well, what was it?"

After some entreaty and a good many more tears, the story at length came out. It was, that he had that day taken a tumbler to the pump, and accidentally broken it. No one saw him break it, and as he had been forbidden to take a tumbler to the pump, he knew he deserved to be punished for disobedience; so he determined to say nothing about it, and in the midst of his play had nearly forgotten it, until my story roused his slumbering conscience, and he began to see how wicked he had been.

---

9. When we accidentally injure articles of furniture, at home or elsewhere, what is our first duty?

10. In what respects was the boy who broke the tumbler, guilty?

11. What advantage is there in reporting the whole case ourselves, when we accidentally or carelessly injure property at home or elsewhere?

12. What advantage is there in reporting the whole case very promptly, when we have been in fault?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Persons sometimes suffer from poverty and pain and other afflictions, and sometimes from a consciousness of guilt. Which is the harder to endure?

2. What happiness may still be enjoyed if you should lose an eye, or an arm?

3. What happiness may still be enjoyed by those who are very poor?

4. What happiness is left to those who feel very conscious of guilt?

5. Which would you prefer, an abundance of property not quite honestly obtained, or to be very poor, with the consciousness that you had never, in any manner, wronged another?

6. Children sometimes have privileges at home which they well know properly belong to a brother or sister. What disadvantage is there, in asking or accepting privileges which do not honestly belong to us?

7. Scholars sometimes occupy a position in a school or class, which they know rightfully belongs to another. What losses are sustained in such cases?

8. Children are sometimes disobedient or unkind to parents. What effect will this have upon the happiness of children after they are separated from their parents?

9. Persons who have suffered severe injuries from others, often cherish revengeful feelings, for a long time. What effect has this upon the happiness of such individuals?

10. Persons sometimes omit to do an act of kindness to the unfortunate, when such an act is very much needed, and the opportunity to do this duty never again returns. How will this conscious neglect of duty affect the future happiness of such person?

11. What course of conduct would you recommend every one to pursue who desire to live most happily?

LESSON XXXI.

WE MUST LEARN TO LOVE OTHERS AS WE LOVE OURSELVES.

NARRATIVE.

MORAL HEROISM OF QUAKERS.— In referring to the immeasurable superiority of victories of peace over victories in war, Mr. Cobden makes the following striking allusion to the moral heroism of the English Quakers amid the Irish famine:

"The famine fell upon nearly one half of a great nation The whole world hastened to contribute money and food. But a few courageous men left their homes in Middlesex and Surrey, and penetrated to the remotest glens and bogs of the West coast of the stricken island, to administer relief with their own hands. They found themselves, not merely in the valley of the shadow of death — that would be but an imperfect image — they were in the charnel-house of a nation. Never, since the eleventh century, did Pestilence, the gaunt handmaid of Famine, glean so rich a harvest. In the midst of a scene, which no field of battle ever equalled in danger, in the number of its slain, or the physical sufferings of the living, the brave men walked as calm and unmoved as though they had been in their homes. The population sunk so fast that the living could not bury the dead; half-interred bodies protruded from the gaping graves; often the wife died in the midst of her starving children, while the husband lay a festering corpse by her side. Into the midst of these horrors did our heroes penetrate, dragging the dead from the living with their own hands, raising the heads of the famishing children, and pouring nourishment into parched lips, from which shot fever-flames more deadly than a volley of musketry. Here was courage! No music strung the nerves; no smoke obscured the imminent danger; no thunder of artillery deadened the senses. It was cool self-possession and resolute will, calculated risk and heroic resignation. And who were these brave men? To what "gallant" corps did they belong? Were they of the horse, foot, or artillery force? No! They were Quakers from Clapham and Kingston! If you would know what heroic actions they performed, you must inquire from those who witnessed them. You will not find them recorded in the volume of Reports published by themselves— for Quakers write no bulletin of their victories.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What do you perceive in the conduct of the Quakers, in the last narrative, that is unusual?

2. Which would you think the position of greater danger, that of the soldier on the battle-field, or that of the Quakers in the midst of the pestilence?

3. What motive induces the soldier to meet danger? What motives induced these men of England to leave their homes and go to Ireland to help the sick and the dying?

4. Would the Quakers of Clapham and Kingston have probably labored any more faithfully and devotedly with their nearest relatives than they did with these strangers in Ireland?

5. If it was possible for these good men to feel such an interest in strangers, is it possible for others to do the same?

6. Have you ever known instances where persons have loved others so well that they have, voluntarily and intentionally, sacrificed their own lives, for the good of others, or to save the lives of others?

NARRATIVE.

FILIAL AFFECTION.—One incident of the disaster of the steamer Henry Clay, on the Hudson River, in 1852, discloses a rare and affecting magnanimity of soul. A mother and her daughter were clinging to each other when the ill-fated vessel struck the shore, they contemplated with dismay their slender prospect of reaching land from the stern of the boat, which lay far out in the water. As the progress of the flames was driving them to the fatal leap from the wreck, a friend came up and leaning over the daughter — as though to impart to the more youthful of the two, the small chance of life which remained — announced that he would do everything in his power to aid them, but that it was scarcely possible for him to save more than one of the two. So startling and sad an announcement might well have thrown an ordinary mind into a state that would destroy the possibility of any calm and

rational action. A selfish person would have grasped at the possibility, thus afforded, of escape, forgetful of all, but the prospect of rescue. But the noble soul of which we write was neither overcome by the terror nor shaken by the temptation of that trying hour. Her determination was instantly formed. She turned to her mother, and communicated the fact that only one of them could be saved, then giving her one kiss of affection, and breathing one farewell word, before her intention could be divined, or her action anticipated, she plunged into the river; and thus she perished, resigning her chance of escape to the parent whom she loved better than life.

Her remains were recovered from the water, and buried with becoming rites, and doubtless with most humane sympathy; but few knew, save the broken-hearted mother, what a strength of filial love had throbbed in that poor cold bosom while it lived, nor with what a generous devotion that faithful soul had perished at last. And did that soul really perish? That mind, so calm, so prompt, so thoughtful, so superior to the direst emergency of human life, did it utterly die? Was it bidden, having reached such an ardor of self-forgetting affection, to be gone out of this universe utterly and for ever? Does nothing remain, when the blood ceases to course through the veins, of all the boundless wealth of thought and feeling which had till that moment quickened its current? While even the body retains its form and aspect—nay, may preserve for ages some semblance of what it was — does the soul for which it existed, and whose bidding it so long obeyed, instantly perish?

---

7. Did the daughter, in the foregoing narrative, love her mother as well as herself?—better than herself?

8. While this mother and daughter were living together at home, how would you suppose the daughter treated the mother?

9. Who would, during the life-time of this daughter, most cheerfully practise self-denial to promote this mother's happiness?

10. How would you expect such a daughter to treat poor, or unfortunate persons?

NARRATIVE.

THE UNHAPPY REPLY. — "I do not think it a selfish act if I occupy this whole seat myself, as I am to travel all this long day," said I to a lady nearest me, as I took the out-of-the-way end seat in the cars at Buffalo, for Albany, one sultry morning.

"Certainly not," was the reply, as I put my shawl, books,

papers, fan, bouquet, &c., in the one end, and nestled myself down on the other. I soon wearied of conversation and reading, and had sunk into a fitful slumber, when a gentle tap on my shoulder, and a "Please, miss," made me wake with a sudden start.

The car was filled to overflowing, and a newly-arrived party had entered, and a pale little woman with a fretful baby in her arms, stood asking permission to sit beside me. With more of pity than of pleasure I shared my seat with her, yet I spoke but a few words, and sulkily forbore taking the restless little creature to ease her poor wearied arms; but I merely smoothed its yellow hair and its pale baby cheeks, and said, Mary was a good and sweet name.

For my own comfort, I had opened the window that I might more distinctly catch those picturesque views that flitted by so rapidly that they seemed like growing pictures, without one imperfection to mar, when my attention was drawn to my companion, who was incessantly coughing.

"I do wish you would let down that window," said she; "that coal-smoke makes my cough so much worse."

I am ashamed to confess it now, but I felt the angry blood burn in my cheek, and a flash of the eyes, as I replied,

"I am quite sick and wearied, and troubled, and hungry and thirsty, and crowded, and here you come as an intruder and keep from me the mite of cool, fresh air that I was trying to get. Do you think you are doing as you would be done by?" said I, tartly; and without waiting for a reply, I rose and was letting down the window with an angry crash, as a naughty child would slam a door to shut it, when she laid her poor wasted little hand on my arm, and said—

"Oh, don't do it then!" and burst into tears, and leaned her head down on her baby, and wept bitterly.

The woman in my heart was touched, but putting on the injured air of a martyr, I compressed my lips, and took up a paper, pretending to read. Pretty soon my eyes grew dimmed

—I could not see without brushing the tears often, and I resolved to ask pardon for my unkindness; but minute after minute glided away, and we soon reached her place of destination, and she rose to leave. I rose too, and the words were on my lips, when a gentleman came to assist her out.

She turned her gentle, tearful eyes upon me with a sad expression, and bowed so sweetly that my hand was almost upraised for the forgiveness — the words were just dropping from my lips—but she was gone. It was too late; and I, a woman, with a woman's heart, was left with that stinging wrong done, and the sweet words and wasted little hand that could remove it, were gone from me forever. I sank back in my seat, and wept bitterly.

The gentleman returned from assisting her, and as the car was full, he occupied the place she had vacated. I inquired who the lady was, and he replied,

"Her home is in Wisconsin, and she has now returned to the home of her childhood to die. The whole family of brothers and sisters have died of consumption, and she was the last one left, and is fast going too."

Oh! I turned away sick at heart, and tried to shut out from remembrance that pallid, appealing face, as I resolved and re-resolved never again in this poor life of mine to speak an unkind word to a stranger.

---

11. What do you perceive to approve in the conduct of the lady who first selected the end seat in the cars? What do you observe that you do not approve?

12. If she could have travelled the next day with the same poor woman and child, how would she have probably treated her?

13. In what manner must we always treat others?

14. Is the reflection that we have treated others, particularly the sick or unfortunate, with unkindness, likely to cause us, in the future, many unpleasant reflections?

NARRATIVE.

SELF-DEVOTEDNESS. — We know not when we have heard of a more striking instance of self-sacrifice for the spiritual good of others, than one told by an English minister. It is this:

"The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa — Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa, there is a lazar-house for lepers. It is an immense space enclosed by a very high wall, containing fields which the leper cultivates. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in never to return. No one who goes in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again.

"Within this abode of misery, there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of the disease. Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two, particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet, these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other, who wanted the feet, upon his back; and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot,— and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world! Such is a prison-house of disease.

"But you will ask, who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture to enter at that dreadful gate, never to return again? Who will forsake father and mo-

ther, houses and land, to carry the message of a Savior to those poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen the lazar-house as their field of labor. They entered it, never to come out again; and I am told, that as soon as these die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place."

---

15. Which would you think the greater sacrifice, to die suddenly by drowning, as did the daughter in a former narrative, or to live a few months, or a few years, of suffering and disease, entirely for the welfare of others, with the certainty of death at the end?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If your brother or near friend should be sick or unfortunate among strangers or in a foreign land, how would you like to have such a friend or brother treated?

2. If your friend should be sick among strangers who had learned "to love others as they loved themselves," how would you expect he would be treated?

3. If, by the most faithful attentions, and much self-denial, strangers should save the life of your father or brother, how would you feel towards them?

4. If strangers should manifest much kindness to your near friends who were travelling, how would you feel towards them?

5. Is it possible for others to treat strangers as if they were near friends? Is it possible for you to do so?

6. What advantages would follow, if all persons tried "to love others as they love themselves?"

7. In what manner can we learn to love those around us whom we now regard with indifference?

8. How can we learn to love strangers? How can we learn to love our enemies?

9. Why do those who buy and sell, sometimes take advantage of each other? Why do children sometimes quarrel with each other?

10. Why are so many laws, and rules of conduct, and punishments needed among men and children?

11. What single rule of conduct, if faithfully obeyed, would make every home happy, — every school happy, — every neighborhood happy?

12. Whose duty is it to obey the precept, "love others as you love yourself?" Who would be the happier, if they could be excused from obedience to this precept?

13. Is the man himself the more, or less happy, who loves his friends, loves strangers, and loves his enemies?

14. Who is the happier for selfishness, and for feelings of indifference, coldness or hatred towards others?

LESSON XXXII.

THE GOOD ALONE ARE GREAT.

NARRATIVE.

THOMAS WRIGHT.—Thomas Wright, of Manchester, is a great man. He is not a great statesman, like DANIEL WEBSTER; nor a great orator, like HENRY CLAY; nor a great general, like LORD WELLINGTON; nor a great philosopher, like SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

He is a very benevolent man, and yet not a rich man. Some people think that to be benevolent one must have a great deal of money to give away. But they forget that the most benevolent Being that ever walked upon our earth "had not where to lay his head."

He is a very industrious and busy man. We have heard persons say, that they would like to be benevolent if they had time; but this man worked hard all day long, and all the year

round, kept the Lord's-day holy, and yet gave away a great deal to the poor and wretched, and helped a great many wicked men to find the way of peace and uprightness.

He is a very humble man. His name was scarcely known, till a little while ago, beyond the foundry in which he worked, —certainly not beyond the city in which he lived. But he is now known as one of the most useful, active and benevolent men in the world.

He lives in Manchester, England. He is now about sixty-three years of age, and has done an incalculable amount of good among prisoners, and especially among young offenders, who have been led away by idle habits and wicked associates, and have early become inmates of a prison-cell.

Thomas Wright has been for forty-seven years a laborer in a large iron foundry, of which he is now the foreman. He begins his daily work at five o'clock in the morning, and closes at six in the evening; and for forty-seven years has worked twelve hours daily, to support himself and those depending on him. His life has been one of toil. But he had bread to earn, and he knew he had need to work for it; he did work with great zeal and great efficiency, obtaining the high respect and confidence of his employers. A man so laboring, might be entitled to go to bed betimes, and rest between these days of industry and natural fatigue. What could he do, in the little leisure left by so much unremitting work? Poor as he was, toiling as he did, a modest man of humble origin, with no power in the world to aid him but the wonderful spiritual power of an earnest will—Thomas Wright had found means, in his little intervals of leisure, to lead back, with a gentle hand, three hundred convicted criminals to virtue; to wipe the blot from their names and the blight from their prospects; to place them in happy homes, and aid them to obtain an honest livelihood.

Fourteen years ago, Mr. Wright visited, one Sunday, the New Bailey Prison, at Manchester, and took an earnest inte-

rest in what he saw. He knew that, with the stain of the jail upon them, the unhappy prisoners, after release, would seek in vain for occupation; and that society would shut the door of reformation on them, and compel them, if they would not starve, to walk on in the ways of crime. The jail-mark branding them as dangerous, men buttoned up their pockets when they pleaded for a second trial of their honesty, and left them helpless. Then, Thomas Wright resolved, in his own honest heart, that he would visit the prisons, and become a friend to those who had no helper.

The chaplain of the New Bailey, Mr. Bagshawe, recognized in the beginning the true practical benevolence of the simple-minded visitor. On his second visit, a convict was pointed out, on whom Mr. Wright might test his power. It was certain power. From the vantage-ground of a comparative equality of station, he pleaded with his fellow workman for the wisdom of a virtuous and honest life. Heaven does, and Earth should, wipe out of account repented evil. Words warm from the heart, spoken by one whom the hearer trusted, were not uttered like lip-sympathy, in vain. Thomas Wright engaged to help his friend, to get employment for him; and if necessary, to be surety with his own goods for his honorable conduct. He fulfilled his pledge; and that man has been ever since, a prosperous laborer, and an upright member of society.

So the work began. So earnest, so humble, yet, like other earnest, humble efforts, with the blessing of prosperity upon it. In this way, during the last fourteen years, this one man, after twelve hours' daily toil, by the judicious employment of his leisure hours, restored hundreds to peace. He has sent husbands repentant to their wives; he has restored fathers to the fatherless. Without incurring debt, and supporting a large family on his small means, he has contented himself with a bare existence, that he might have clothes and money to give, where they were required to reinstate an outcast in society.

Though her eye was ever open to discover, and her hands to relieve, all forms of sorrow, it was to the inmates of the mad-house and the penitentiary, that she mainly devoted her exertions. Wonderful was her power over the insane! The keenest magnetic eye of the most experienced keeper paled and grew feeble in its sway over the raving maniac, compared with the tones of her magic voice. Equally fascinating was her influence over prisoners and felons. Many a time, in spite of the sneers of vulgar turnkeys, and the responsible assurances of respectable keepers, that her purse and even her life would be at stake, if she entered the wards and cells of the prison, she boldly went in amongst the swearing, quarrelling wretches, and with the doors bolted behind her, encountered them with dignified demeanor and kindly words, that soon produced a state of order and repose which whips and chains had vainly endeavored to enforce. Possessing peculiar powers of eloquence, (why may not a woman be an "orator?") she used to assemble the prisoners, address them in a style of charming tenderness all her own, win their assent to regulations for their conduct which she proposed, shake hands with them, give and receive blessings, return to the keeper's room, and be received by him with almost as much astonishment and awe as Darius exhibited towards Daniel, when he emerged from the den of lions.

In this way, Mrs. Fry made frequent examinations of the prisons in England. She pursued her holy work on the Continent, visiting prisons in France, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Belgium and Prussia. In the early part of her career, she encountered both at home and abroad some rudeness and many rebuffs. But her ever-present dignity, tact, and kindness, at length won the confidence and plaudits of the great majority of her own countrymen, and of many philanthropists and titled personages in other lands.

3. What qualities, or virtues, do you perceive in the character of Mrs. Fry, that are most worthy of respect and admiration? Did Mrs. Fry manifest physical courage?—moral courage?—self-denial?

4. Which would exhibit the greater courage, the soldier in going forth to the battle-field, armed for deadly conflict, or Mrs. Fry, going among raving maniacs, unprotected, and armed with no weapons of force?

5. How does the soldier, on the battle-field, expect to conquer, by weapons of force, or moral weapons? How did Mrs. Fry expect to conquer, by moral weapons, or by force?

6. Could the common soldier, probably, lay aside all his weapons of force, and go in among maniacs, as did Mrs. Fry, and compose them and control them, as she did? Can most persons do as she did? Why not?

7. How did Mrs. Fry probably learn to exercise such power over these unfortunate persons?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Which is more desirable, that we make progress in science every day, or that we make progress in virtue every day?

2. What advantage will high attainments in knowledge secure to you?

3. What advantages will habits of self-control — of self-denial — of moral courage — of obedience to duty, everywhere, and at all times, give you?

4. What victories will great strength of body, or great strength of mind, aid you to accomplish?

5. What victories will a strong and constant love of right and duty, help you to accomplish?

6. Can any one be truly great who does not gain victories of some kind?

7. Which do you think the higher and nobler method of achieving victories, by moral means, or by force?

8. Persons who can devise and execute, successfully, great plans in business, or great plans in war, or great plans of government, are

From the report of the Prison Inspectors of Manchester, we make an extract to show some of the results of his labors: "Five years ago I was," owns a certain G. J., "convicted in the New Bailey, for felony, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. When I was discharged, I could get no em ployment. I went to my old employer, to ask him to take me again. He said, I need not apply to him, for if he could ge me transported he would; so I could get no work until I met Mr. Wright, who got me a place, where I remained some time, and I have been in employment ever since. I am now engaged as a screw-cutter—a business which I was obliged to learn—and am earning nineteen shillings and two-pence a week. I have a wife and four children, and but for Mr. Wright, I should have been a lost man."

Others tell how they were saved by the timely supplies of Mr. Wright's money, which "kept their heads above water" till they obtained the trust of an employer. Another, after telling his career, adds: "I am now, consequently, in very comfortable circumstances; more so than ever I was in my life; I wish every poor man was as comfortable as I am. I am free from tippling, and cursing and swearing; have peace of mind, and no quarreling at home as there used to be. I dare say I was as wicked a man as any in Manchester. I thought that if I could once get settled under such a gentleman as Mr. Wright, I would not abuse my opportunity, and all I expected I have received. I have got Bibles, a hymn-book, prayer-book, and tracts; and those things I never had in my house before, since I was married. My wife is delighted. My boy goes to school and my girl also."

Were the spirit of Mr. Wright diffused more generally through society, the number of fallen persons who, being restored with all due prudence to a generous confidence, "would not abuse their opportunity," would tell decidedly on the statistics of our criminal courts and prisons. To labor as Mr. Wright has done, must be the prerogative of few: though all

the indolent may note, by way of spur, how much a man, even like Thomas Wright, poor, humble, scantily instructed, may beget of good out of an earnest will.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. In what respect is Thomas Wright a great man?
2. In what respect was Thomas Wright a benevolent man?

NARRATIVE.

ELIZABETH FRY.—Prominent among the distinguished women of England, is Elizabeth Fry; the friend of the prisoner, the bondman, the lunatic, the beggar; who has been aptly named "the female Howard." Mrs. Fry hardly deserves more credit for the benevolent impulses of her heart, than for the dignity and urbanity of her manners. They were natural, for they were born with her. The daughter of John and the sister of Joseph and Samuel Gurney, could hardly be else than the embodiment of that charity which never faileth, that philanthropy which embraces every form of human misery, and that amenity which proffers the cup of kindness with an angel's grace. In youth, her personal attractions, and the vivacity of her conversation, made her the idol of the social circle, and severe was her struggle in deciding whether to become the reigning bell of the neighborhood, or devote her life to assuage the sorrow of a world of suffering and crime. Happily she resolved that humanity had higher claims upon her than fashion. Her resolution once formed, she immediately entered upon the holy mission to which, for nearly half a century, she consecrated that abounding benevolence and winning grace, which, in her girlhood, were the pride of her parents and the delight of her companions.

usually considered great. May all such plans show greatness of mind, and still not exhibit moral greatness?

9. What difference do you perceive between greatness of mind and moral greatness? Which do you think the higher order of greatness, greatness of mind, or moral greatness?

10. What do you see in the courage, in the motives, in the self-denial, and in the objects of the men of Clapham and Kingston, who went to Ireland to relieve the starving, the sick and dying, that differs from the courage, the self-denial and objects of the common soldier?

11. Can any action, or plan, or achievement, be truly great, or belong to the highest order of greatness, that is not right? — that is not both good and right?

12. Can any person be truly great, who has not learned to conquer himself?—who does not, or will not practise self-denial?—who does not possess moral courage?—who does not cultivate purity of heart? —who does not love others, and seek their welfare?

13. Can any one, then, be truly great, who is not good?

THE END.