

directions entirely; this is his absolute duty, for his life often depends upon his doing so. In many other matters I like that a man should "think for himself;" but when a man is sick, he is not in a condition to *think for himself* any more than he is to *work for his living*, and therefore the doctor's directions should be always followed to the very letter, if a speedy restoration to health is desired.

In all this, my friends, there is still "one thing needful" for us to consider. The *soul* has diseases as well as the *body*, and of a far more dangerous tendency. The diseases of the body terminate in death; those of the soul remain for ever, unless they are purged away by the atoning blood of an all righteous and merciful Saviour; and hence, while we labour, as it is our duty to do, for the things that perish—while we walk honestly in our daily occupations—while we strive to make our homes comfortable, and our wives and families happy, we should not forget that our home is not here, and that in our "Father's house there are many mansions." In the Word of God we shall find both the food and physic of our souls; and having faith in its holy teachings and loving promises, we shall be enabled to go on in peace through the turmoils and troubles, the trials and temptations of life.

THE END.

82-1.8

14938

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BACKBITING.  
"OUR FATHER'S CARE."  
TEMPTATION.  
HOW DO PEOPLE HASTEN DEATH?

# "MOTHER'S LAST WORDS."

## FIRST PART.

THE yellow fog lay thick and dim  
O'er London city, far and wide;  
It filled the spacious parks and squares,  
Where noble lords and ladies ride.

It filled the streets, the shops were dark,  
The gas was burning through the day;  
The Monument was blotted out,  
And lost in gloom, the river lay.

But thicker still, and darker far,  
The noisome smoke-cloud grimly fell  
Amongst the narrow courts and lanes,  
Where toiling people poorly dwell.

No sun above, no lofty sky,  
No breezy breath of living air,  
The heavy, stagnant, stifling fog,  
Crept here, and there, and everywhere.

Down seven steep and broken stairs,  
Its chill unwelcome way it found,  
And darkened, with a deeper gloom,  
A low, damp chamber, under-ground.



A glimmering light was burning there,  
Beside a woman on a bed;  
A worn-out woman, ghastly pale,  
Departing to the peaceful dead.

Two little boys, in threadbare clothes,  
Stood white and trembling by her side,  
And listening to his mother's words,  
The youngest of them sadly cried.

The elder boy shed not a tear,  
Nor stirred a moment from his place,  
But with a corner of the sheet,  
He wiped his mother's cold damp face.

"Ah, John!" she said, "my own dear boy,  
You'll soon be in this world alone;  
But you must do the best you can,  
And be good children when I'm gone.

"And listen, John, before 'tis night,  
My weary spirit will be free;  
Then go, and tell the overseer,  
For he must see to bury me.

"You'll walk behind my coffin, dears,  
There's little more I have to crave,  
But I should like to have my boys  
Just drop a tear beside my grave.

"And then you'll have to leave this room,  
Because the rent is not all paid,  
Since I've been ill, I've let it run;  
You know, I've barely earned your bread.

"I don't owe much, I've minded that,  
And paid it up, though hardly pressed,  
The man must take the little things,  
And sell the bed, to pay the rest.

"I've mended up your bits of clothes,  
It is not much you've left to wear,  
But keep as decent as you can,  
And don't neglect the house of prayer.

"I can't speak of your father, John,  
You know that he has been my death;  
If he comes back—you'll say, 'his wife  
Forgave him with her dying breath.'

"But oh, my children! when I'm gone,  
Do mind your mother's warning well,  
And shun all drinking, swearing ways,  
As you would shun the pit of hell.

"I'm going to a happy place,  
So beautiful and dazzling bright,  
'Twas in a vision, or a dream,  
It passed before me in the night.

"I felt my spirit caught away,  
From all the crowd of toiling folk,  
Above the cross upon St. Paul's,  
And far above the fog and smoke.

"And higher, higher up I went,  
Until I reached a golden gate,  
Where all about, in shining rows,  
I saw the holy angels wait.

- "At once, they bid me welcome there,  
And all at once, began to sing,  
'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,  
For thou art welcome to the King.'
- "Then one stepped forth and took my hand,  
And spake like music, passing sweet,  
'We have been watching for thee long,  
To bring thee to our Master's feet.'
- "Then hand in hand we floated on,  
Through glowing fields of lovely flowers,  
And saw ten thousand happy souls  
At rest among the shining bowers.
- "Our Saviour walked among them, John,  
Most beautiful He was to see,  
And such a heavenly smile He gave,  
When first He saw poor worthless me.
- "And oh! the gracious things He spoke,  
I hardly could believe the word;  
'Come in, thou faithful one,' He said,  
'And rest thee now beside thy Lord.'
- "Then all around, I heard the sound  
Of joyous voices, singing praise,  
And I stood there, and joined the song,  
And looked upon His blessed face.
- "And as I looked, my heart grew strong,  
And then I fell before His feet;  
'Dear Lord,' I said, 'I pray thee send  
An Angel to our wicked street.

- "I've left two little boys behind,  
To get through this bad world alone,  
And much, I fear, they'll miss their way,  
And never reach Thy glorious throne.'
- "I will,' He said, and then He called  
A beauteous Angel by his name,  
And swifter than an arrow flies,  
That beauteous Angel to Him came.
- "And as I knelt before His feet,  
I heard the order plainly given,  
That he should guard my little boys,  
And bring them safe to me in heaven.
- "I saw the Angel bow his head,  
And cast on me a look of love,  
Then spread his snowy wings to leave  
His blissful seat in heaven above.
- "So do not fret about my death,  
I know you'll not be left alone,  
For God will send the Angel down,  
To care for you, when I am gone.
- "I'm sure you will have daily bread,  
For *that* the King gave strict command,  
And all the wealth of London town,  
Is in the power of His hand.
- "So never join with wicked lads  
To steal, and swear, and drink, and lie;  
For though you are but orphans here,  
You'll have a Father in the sky.



"I can't see plain, what you should do,  
 But God, I think, will make your way  
 So don't go to the workhouse, dears,  
 But try for work, and always pray."

The woman ceased, and closed her eyes,  
 And long she lay, as if at rest,  
 Then opened wide her feeble arms,  
 And clasped her children to her breast.

And then aloft her hands she raised,  
 And heavenward gazed with beaming eyes,

"I see, I see, the Angel come,  
 I see him coming from the skies.

"Good bye—good bye, my children dear,  
 My happy soul is caught away;  
 I hear, I hear, my Saviour call,  
 He calls me up, I cannot stay."

Then soared her soul from that dark room,  
 Above the crowd of toiling folk,  
 Above the cross upon St. Paul's,  
 Above the fog, above the smoke.

And higher, higher, up she went,  
 Until she saw the golden gate,  
 Where night and day, in shining bands,  
 The holy angels watch and wait.

And she went in, and saw the King,  
 And heard the gracious words He spoke  
 To her, who in this sinful world,  
 Had meekly borne her daily yoke.

But sadly sobbed the little boys,  
 As from the bed of death they crept;  
 Upon the floor they sat them down,  
 And long and piteously they wept.

The dreary walls around them closed,  
 No father came to share their grief,  
 No friendly neighbour heard their cry,  
 None came with pity or relief.

They cried, until their tears were spent,  
 And darker still the chamber grew;  
 And then said little Christopher,  
 "Now, mother's dead, what shall we do?"

Then John rose up, and with his sleeve,  
 He wiped away the last sad tear,  
 "Well, we must go, as mother said,  
 And tell the parish overseer."

"But won't the Angel come to us?"  
 "I cannot tell you," John replied;  
 "I think he will," said Christopher,  
 "My mother saw him, when she died."

They stumbled up the broken stairs,  
 And pushed their way along the street,  
 Whilst out of sight, an Angel bright,  
 Walked close behind, with shining feet.

He stood beside them at the door,  
 And heard the growling Overseer,  
 Then touched his heart with sudden smart,  
 And brought an unexpected tear.



"Here, lads," he said, "divide this bread,  
You both look hungry, any way;  
We'll see about the body, child,  
And bury it on Wednesday."

The hungry children ate the loaf,  
And then the younger brother said,  
"Our mother told us right, you see,  
That was all true about the bread."

"It does seem so," was John's reply;  
"I say, Chris, shan't you be afraid  
To go and sleep at home to-night,  
All in the dark there, with the dead?"

"Why should we, John? dead folks don't hurt,  
*She* would not hurt us, if she could;  
And as she laid upon the bed,  
She looked so happy and so good."

"Well, come down then—I'm not afraid."  
They entered in, and shut the door,  
And made a bed, as best they could,  
And laid them down upon the floor.

And soundly slept those little boys,  
And dreamt about a far-off land,  
With shining bowers, and lovely flowers,  
And angels flying at command.

They'd never been beyond the town,  
To see the beauteous works of God,  
Not even seen the daisies spring  
By thousands on the level sod.

They had not seen a robin's nest,  
Nor plucked a violet in the shade,  
Nor stood beside a running brook,  
And heard the pleasant sound it made.

They had not seen young lambs at play,  
Nor gleaned among the autumn sheaves,  
Nor listened to the pattering sound  
Of falling rain upon the leaves.

The cuckoo's note was strange to them,  
They'd never heard a wild bird sing,  
Nor seen the yellow cowslips grow  
About the meadows, in the spring.

Nor had they run with rosy boys,  
At early morning to the school,  
Nor spent the pleasant holidays  
In catching minnows in the pool.

Ah, no! and yet they were not left  
With nought but death and darkness there,  
A minister of love was sent,  
In answer to their mother's prayer.

But little thought those orphan boys,  
When to their wretched bed they crept,  
That all the night, an angel bright,  
Would watch beside them, as they slept.

When dimly dawned the light, they rose,  
And Chris looked round with chattering teeth;  
The sheet was spread from foot to head,  
He knew his mother lay beneath.



"Let's go out to the pump and wash,  
As *she* would always have us do;  
We'd better mind about her words,  
I think," said John; "Chris, what say you?"

"Let's go," said Chris, "beside, you know,  
We've got our breakfast now to find."  
They went out in the narrow street,  
The shining Angel went behind.

A woman at a chandler's shop,  
Who knew the children of the dead,  
Was touched with pity, as they passed,  
And gave them each a slice of bread.

"'Tis true," said little Christopher,  
"You may be sure the Angel's come,  
She never gave us bread before,  
No, not the value of a crumb."

The next day, and the next to that,  
The promise of the King was kept,  
And every night that Angel bright,  
Stood by, to guard them as they slept.

On Wednesday the people came,  
And took the woman's corpse away;  
Two little mourners walked behind,  
And saw the grave wherein it lay.

Fast fell the tears upon their cheeks,  
When little Christy raised his eyes,  
And said, "Oh, mother! how I wish  
I was with you above the skies."

'Twas but the thought passed through his mind,  
When soft a whisper seemed to come—  
"Be patient, little Christopher,  
You are not very far from home."

The Minister said, "Dust to dust;"  
And then the poor boys left the place,  
Two friendless boys in London town;  
Oh! was not theirs a hapless case?

They wandered up and down the streets,  
And then went home to sleep once more,  
And in the morning left the room,  
And took the key and locked the door.

They found the landlord at his house,  
And said, "Please, sir, our mother's dead;  
She could not pay up all the rent,  
And we have got to earn our bread.

"But please, Sir, we have brought the key,  
And left some things upon the shelf,  
And there's the blanket and the bed,  
My mother thought you'd pay yourself."

"And so she's gone!" the landlord said,  
"And you are left to face the strife:  
Well, I will say, I never knew  
A better woman in my life.

"Of course, I'll take the things, my boy,  
For right is right, and so I must;  
But there's a sixpence for you both:  
You'll find it hard to earn your crust."



They thanked the man, and left the house,  
 "I'll tell you what we'll do," said John,  
 "This sixpence here will buy a broom,  
 We'll sweep a crossing of our own.

"We won't go to the workhouse, Chris,  
 But act like men, and do our best;  
 Our mother said, 'A crust well earned,  
 Was sweeter than a pauper's feast.'"

"Oh, yes; we'll work like honest boys,  
 And if our mother should look down,  
 She'd like to see us with a broom,  
 And with a crossing of our own."

Away they went, with anxious hopes,  
 And long they hunted here and there,  
 Until they found a dirty place,  
 Not very far from Leicester Square.

And here at once they took their stand,  
 And swept a pathway broad and neat,  
 Where ladies, in their silken gowns,  
 Might cross, and hardly soil their feet.

The people hurried to and fro,  
 And 'midst the jostle, jar, and noise,  
 And thinking of their own affairs,  
 They hardly saw the little boys.

Not so with all, some caught a sight  
 Of little Christy's anxious eyes,  
 And put a penny in his cap;  
 And every penny was a prize.

At last the streets began to clear,  
 And people dropped off, one by one;  
 "Let's go," said little Christopher,  
 "My pocket is quite heavy, John."

They counted up their pence with glee,  
 And went away to buy some bread,  
 And had a little left to pay  
 For lodging in a decent bed.

Next day John kept his crossing clean,  
 Swept off the mud, and left it dry,  
 And little Christy held his cap,  
 But did not tease the passers-by.

And many a one a penny gave,  
 Who marked the pale child's modest way,  
 And thus they'd sixpence left in hand,  
 When they went home on Saturday.

The woman at the chandler's shop,  
 In kind remembrance of the dead,  
 Had found the boys a lodging-place,  
 Where they could have a decent bed.

"Let's go to church," said Christopher,  
 "She'd be so glad to see us there;  
 You recollect she often said,  
 'Boys, don't neglect the house of prayer.'"

"We're very shabby," John replied,  
 "And hardly fit for such a place;  
 But I will do the best I can  
 To polish up my hands and face."



Clear rung the bells that Sabbath morn,  
 As they went briskly up the street;  
 And out of sight, the Angel bright,  
 Walked close behind with shining feet.

Some idle boys, who played about,  
 Threw stones and mocked, as they went in;  
 "Aye, let them mock away," said John,  
 "We need not care for them a pin."

A lady watched them, as they sat,  
 And when the service all was done,  
 Said, "Do you go to Sunday school?"  
 "No, ma'am, but we should like," said John.

She told them both the place and time,  
 They went that afternoon to school;  
 The boys were playing in the street,  
 And said to John, "You are a fool

"To go to that old stupid place;  
 We know a trick worth two of that."  
 Said John, "I mean to be a man,  
 And that's the trick I'm aiming at."

## SECOND PART.

THE second week was bleak and cold,  
 A drizzling rain fell day by day,  
 And with their wet umbrellas up,  
 The people hurried on their way.

And no one thought about the boys,  
 Who patiently stood sweeping there;  
 And sometimes over Christy's face,  
 There fell a shade of blank despair.

Discouraged, wet, and weary oft,  
 Cold, shivering, to their bed they crept  
 But still all night, that Angel bright,  
 Stood by, to guard them, as they slept.

And these poor boys would sleep as well  
 As rich men, on their beds of down,  
 And wake up with a lighter heart,  
 Than many a king who wears a crown.

But winter time came on apace,  
 And colder still the weather grew,  
 And when they left the street at night,  
 Their clothes were often wetted through.

Their coats were almost worn to rags,  
 Their bare feet went upon the stones;  
 But still they always went to church,  
 And to the school on afternoons,



And never joined with wicked boys,  
 And never stopped away to play,  
 But tried to do their very best,  
 And swept the crossing every day.

One day a boy came up, and said,  
 "I know a dodge worth two of that;  
 Just take to picking pockets, lad,  
 And don't hold out that ragged hat."

"What, thief!" said little Christopher,  
 "Our dodge is twice as good as that,  
 We earn our bread like honest folks;"  
 And so he answered, tit for tat.

"Well, that's your own look-out, of course;  
 For my part, I don't see the fun  
 Of starving at this crossing here,  
 When money is so easy won."

"How do you manage that?" said John.  
 "Oh! come with us, we'll have you taught,  
 You've but a trick or two to learn,  
 To grip the things, and not be caught."

"But if you should be caught?" said John,  
 "The end of that would spoil your fun."

"Oh! we know how to manage that;  
 Come on, I'll shew you how 'tis done."

"What do you get to eat?" said John,  
 Who pondered on these boasting words.

"What get to eat!—just what we choose—  
 We eat and drink away like lords.

"Now, what d'ye say?—make up your mind;  
 I'm waited for, and must be gone,  
 We've pretty work to-day, on hand."  
 "Well, I shan't help to-day," said John.

"The more fool you," replied the boy,  
 And went off whistling down the street;  
 And black as night, a wicked Sprite,  
 Went after him with rapid feet.

John went back slowly to his place,  
 And grumbling to himself, he said,  
 "I half repent, I didn't go,  
 It is so hard to earn one's bread.

"I dare say he gets in a day  
 As much as we earn in a week;  
 I wish I'd gone." John muttered this;  
 To Christopher he did not speak.

At night, as he went sauntering home,  
 He loitered round a pastry-cook's,  
 Till Christy called, "John, come along,  
 You'll eat the cakes up with your looks!"

"Well, Chris, I say 'tis very hard,  
 We never have good things to eat;  
 I'm tired of nothing else than bread,  
 I long for something nice and sweet."

"They do look nice," said little Chris,  
 And lingered near with hankering eyes;  
 "Which would you have, John, if you could?  
 I'd have these jolly Christmas pies."



John answered in a grumbling tone,  
 "Oh! I don't know, so let 'em be;  
*Some boys* do get nice things to eat;  
 Not *honest* boys, like you and me."

"Well, never mind," said little Chris,  
 "You're out of sorts this evening, John;  
 We'll both be rich maybe some day,  
 And then we'll eat 'em up like fun."

"No chance of that, for us," said John,  
 "Our feet are now upon the stones;  
 We can't earn food and clothing too,  
 And you are only skin and bones."

"'Tis hard to work and not to eat;  
 But John, you would not do what's bad!"  
 "No; I don't mean to thief—not I;  
 But when thieves feast, it makes one mad."

And so John grumbled day by day,  
 And longed for something good to eat,  
 And sometimes looked out for the boy  
 Who went off whistling down the street.

And oh! indeed, 'twas very hard,  
 When tired, hungry, cold, and wet,  
 To pass by all the eating-shops,  
 That looked so tempting in the street:

To see the people going in,  
 To buy the sausage-rolls and pies,  
 Whilst they could only stand outside,  
 And look at them with longing eyes.

'Twas hard to see the smoking meat,  
 And smell the vapours floating round  
 Of roasting joints, and savoury steaks,  
 From steaming kitchens under-ground.

And sometimes little Christy cried,  
 When limping on with chilblained toes,  
 He saw fine windows full of boots,  
 And children's shoes in shining rows.

But still he never would complain,  
 And sometimes said, if John was sad,  
 "We got on bravely yesterday,  
 Why should you take to moping, lad?"

"But John, I think if you and I  
 Were rich, as these great people are,  
 We'd just look out for orphan boys,  
 And give them nice warm clothes to wear."

"Just so," said John, "and we would give  
 Poor little sweepers in the street  
 A famous lot of halfpennies,  
 To buy them something good to eat.

"They'd never miss the little things,  
 That would make kings of me and you;  
 I wish that we were rich men, Chris,  
 We'd shew 'em what rich men should do."

One night, between the dark and light,  
 As they were going down a lane,  
 And Christopher, with bleeding feet,  
 Was slowly hobbling on with pain.



John saw some shoes, outside a door,—  
 "They'll just keep my poor Christy warm!"  
 And quick as thought, he snatched them up,  
 And tucked them underneath his arm.

Then pale as ashes grew his face,  
 And sudden fears rushed on his mind,  
 He hurried on with quicker pace,  
 Lest some one should be close behind.

"Do stop a bit," his brother cried,  
 "Don't be in a such a hurry, John,"  
 John darted round a frightened look,  
 And from a walk began to run.

He thought he heard the cry of "Thief,"  
 And swifter down the street he fled;  
 And black as night, a wicked Sprite,  
 With rapid feet, behind him sped.

The cry of "Thief" was in his ears,  
 Through all the bustle and the din;  
 And when he reached the lodging-house,  
 The wicked spirit followed in.

He sat down pale, and out of breath,  
 And locked the door into the street,  
 And trembled when he only heard  
 The sound of little Christy's feet.

"There, Christy, boy—there's shoes for you  
 And now you'll cut away like fun;  
 Come, let us see, how well they fit—  
 Just give a tug, and they'll be on."

Then Christopher did laugh outright,  
 "Hurra! hurra!—now I am shod;  
 But John, where did you get the shoes?"  
 John put him off, and gave a nod.

The little boy was tired out,  
 And quickly to his bed he crept,  
 And knew not that a wicked Sprite  
 Scowled on his brother as he slept.

John could not rest; the faintest noise  
 Made all the flesh upon him creep;  
 He turned, and turned, and turned again,  
 But could not get a wink of sleep.

He strained his ears to catch the sound  
 Of footsteps in the silent night,  
 And when they came close by the door,  
 His hair almost rose up with fright.

At last his fear became so great,  
 That in a cold damp sweat he lay,  
 And then the thought came in his mind,  
 That he had better try and pray.

"They tell us at the Sunday School,  
 That we must beg to be forgiven:  
 My mother used to say the same,  
 Before she went away to heaven.

"I wish I'd let the shoes alone;  
 I wonder what I'd better do!—  
 If I should take them back again,  
 Poor Christy would not have a shoe.



"Though I don't think he'd care for that,  
For he's a better boy than I,  
And he would sooner starve to death  
Than steal a thing or tell a lie."

"Are you asleep, Chris? Can't you wake?  
I want to tell you something bad;  
I've counted all the hours to-night;  
I say, Chris, can't you wake up, lad?"

Just then, the child screamed in his sleep,  
And started upright in his bed;—

"Are you there, John? Who's in the room?  
Oh, John! I dreamt that you were dead.

"I'm glad enough that I woke up,  
I'm glad you're all alive and well;  
I'd such an ugly dream—I saw  
The devil taking you to hell."

"And so he will, if I don't mind,  
As far as that, your dream is right;  
And as to going off to hell,  
I think I've been in hell all night."

"What have you done?"—"Why, stole some shoes,  
That very pair I gave to you;  
But I can't rest about it, Chris,  
I want to know what we shall do."

"Why, take them back, of course," said Chris,  
"And put them where they were before;  
Let's go at once."—"No, stop," said John,  
"The clock has only just struck four.

"There's no one stirring in the street,  
The shops will not be opened yet,  
And we should have to wait about  
For hours in the cold and wet.

"And now, that I've made up my mind,  
I don't feel half so much afraid."  
Then took to flight that evil Sprite,  
And John lay down his weary head.

At six o'clock the boys went out,  
The snow was falling in the street,  
And through the bitter morning air,  
They ran along with naked feet.

They watched the busy town wake up,  
Undoing shutter, bolt, and bar;  
But full two hours they stopped about,  
Before *that* door was set ajar.

John quickly slipped the shoes inside,  
And then as quickly walked away,  
And with a lighter heart he went  
To face the labours of the day.

Fast fell the feathery floating snow,  
In whirling currents driven round,  
Or fluttered down in silent showers  
Of fleecy flakes upon the ground.

With broom in hand, and shivering limbs,  
The little sweepers bravely stood,  
And faced the cutting north-east wind,  
That seemed to chill their very blood.



A lady, in a house close by,  
 Who often watched the little boys,  
 Heard many times, that stormy day,  
 A deep cough mingling with the noise.

She rose up from her blazing fire,  
 And from the window looked about,  
 And hard at work amongst the snow,  
 She spied the ragged sweepers out.

"Do, Geraldine, look here," she said,  
 "How thin that youngest boy has grown;  
 Poor little wretch!—how cold he looks,  
 He's little more than skin and bone."

"Poor little boy!" said Geraldine,  
 "I never saw a whiter face;  
 I think they must be honest boys,  
 They keep so constant to their place.

"There's Frank and Freddy's worn-out shoes,  
 I think, mamma, would fit them well."  
 "Perhaps they would, I'll have them brought,  
 My dear, if you will ring the bell.

"And there's your brothers' old great coats,  
 They'll never put them on again;  
 But they would keep these children warm,  
 In many a storm of wind and rain."

"And give them something nice to eat;  
 I don't mean dry old crusts of bread,  
 But good mince-pies," said Geraldine,  
 "You know we've such a number made."

"Well, do so, if you like, my dear."  
 "Oh! thank you; they shall have some pies."  
 Poor John, and little Christopher,  
 They hardly could believe their eyes.

They took the clothes, and nice mince-pies,  
 They bowed and thanked, and bowed again,  
 Then scampered down the splashy streets,  
 And reached their own dull dirty lane.

And there they fitted on the coats,  
 And turned the pockets inside out,  
 Stuck up the collars round their ears,  
 Put on the shoes, and marched about.

They rubbed their hands and laughed amain,  
 And twisted one another round,  
 And then John turned a somerset,  
 And cleared the bedstead with a bound.

"But now for these fine Christmas pies"  
 He said, and smacked his lips with glee,  
 "They're just the things you wanted, Chris,  
 There's two for you, and two for me.

"We never had such luck before,  
 We never dreamt of such a thing."  
 "I think 'twas mother's angel, John,  
 Who had that order from the King."

"You don't mean that in earnest, Chris?"  
 "Why not?" said Chris, "I'm sure I do.  
 I say, John, if we died to-night,  
 Should we both go to heaven, too?"



"Well, Christopher, last night, I thought  
I should be sure to go to hell;  
What sort of place that's like to be,  
I've now a notion I could tell.

"I'm pretty sure, if I had died  
Last night, without my sins forgiven,  
I'd not a single chance to go,  
To be with mother, up in heaven.

"I wish I'd never touched the shoes;  
To steal is such a shameful sin,  
And though they're taken back again,  
I don't feel yet all right within.

"It was so bad, to go and steal!  
Four months to-day you know *she* died;  
And though we've fared quite hard enough,  
Our wants have mostly been supplied.

"Some boys, we know, have had no bed,  
A deal worse off than you and I,  
For we have always had some bread,  
And just a place where we could lie.

"And now, we've got some clothes to wear,  
And days will soon be getting long,  
And then, old boy, we'll shortly see  
You picking up, and getting strong."

"I don't know, John—I fancy not,  
I sometimes think I'm going to die;  
I dream so much about the place  
Where mother went—I don't know why.

"Except, maybe, I'm going too:  
I saw one night, John, in a doze,  
That Angel, that my mother saw,  
With snowy wings and shining clothes.

"He looked at me, and then he smiled,  
And said, 'Your time will soon be come;  
Be patient, little Christopher,  
You're going to a better home.'

"You know, last Sunday, at the school,  
The lady told us how to pray,  
And said, 'that Jesus Christ had come,  
To die, and take our sins away.'

"And so I begged He'd take all mine,  
And, Johnny, I believe He will;  
And now I shouldn't mind to die,  
If we could be together still."

"Oh! Christy, boy, you must not die;  
What should I do without you here?  
Oh! do get well—you must get well,"  
And John brushed off a starting tear.

The winter passed, and spring-time came,  
And summer days grew warm and long;  
But little Christy weaker grew,  
And soon could hardly creep along.

And then he stopped all day at home,  
And soon he hardly left his bed,  
And John was forced to leave him there,  
To earn for both their daily bread.

Sometimes the lady at the house  
 Gave John some little jobs to do,  
 And when she found he did them well,  
 She sent him on her errands, too.

And now, when Christopher was ill,  
 And John was leaving for the night,  
 She gave him little dainty things,  
 To please his brother's appetite.

The woman at the chandler's shop,  
 Had always been a faithful friend,  
 And often came to see the child,  
 And staid awhile to wash and mend.

The lady at the Sunday-school,  
 Found out the little orphans' home,  
 And she would come and read to Chris,  
 And he was glad to see her come.

She talked about the heavenly King,  
 And she would kneel and softly pray;  
 And thus he lingered on awhile,  
 Still getting weaker day by day.

'Twas on a sultry summer's night,  
 When heavy lay the stifling air,  
 As John was dropping off to sleep,  
 He heard a softly whispered prayer.

He knew 'twas Chris, and did not stir,  
 And then he heard a gentle sigh;  
 It was the dear boy's happy soul,  
 Escaping to its home on high.

He left behind his wasted form,  
 He rose above the toiling folk,  
 Above the cross upon St. Paul's,  
 Above the fog, above the smoke.

And higher, higher, up he went,  
 Until he reached the golden gate,  
 Where night and day, in shining bands,  
 The holy angels watch and wait.

And he went in, and saw the King,  
 The Saviour, who for him had died,  
 And found once more, his mother dear;  
 And little Chris was satisfied.

And there they both together wait,  
 Till John shall reach that happy home,  
 And often from the golden gate,  
 They watch in hopes to see him come.

But John had many years to live,  
 For he had useful work to do,  
 And he grew up an honest man,  
 A sober man, and Christian too.

His friend, the lady at the house,  
 When little Chris was dead and gone,  
 Bound John apprentice to a trade,  
 And so he did not feel alone.

And that bright Minister of Love,  
 Appointed by the Saviour King  
 To guard those orphan boys on earth,  
 And then to heavenly glory bring,



Still walked with John his journey through,  
 And though unseen was ever nigh,  
 Nor left him till his work was done,  
 And then went up with him on high.

And there, in everlasting joy,  
 The mother and the brothers meet,  
 To part no more, and weep no more,  
 Nor dwell in that dark, dirty street;

To toil no more with bleeding feet,  
 Nor hungering long for something nice;  
 For they are clothed as angels are,  
 And eat the fruits of Paradise.

No more the cold shall freeze their limbs,  
 Nor darkness chill their dreary night;  
 It is eternal summer there,  
 And all the blessed rest in light:

And there, with thousand thousand souls,  
 All saved from sorrow, fear, and shame,  
 They join to sing the happy song  
 Of praise to God, and to the Lamb.

Dear boys, who read the simple tale  
 Of these poor sweepers in the street,  
 The gracious God, who cared for them,  
 Will also guide your willing feet.

## "Our Father's Care."

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## OUR FATHER'S CARE.

'Tis five by the clock on a wintery morn,  
And dark in the east lies the lingering dawn;  
The populous city is slumbering still,—  
And silent the whirl and the tramp of the mill;  
The shuddering, wrestling, struggle of life,  
The pitiless crush, and the perilous strife,  
Have paused for a moment—with daylight, the strain  
Of London's great city, will go on again.

The old parish clock had just finished its stroke,  
When suddenly starting, poor Nelly\* awoke:  
So young and so little, so slender and spare,  
What work can she do in this city of care!  
She wakes up to poverty, hardship, and pain,—  
Poor child! nestle down there, and slumber again.  
But no—she is rising—there wants nothing more,  
To rouse her from that humble bed on the floor:  
She catches tight hold of a rickety chair,  
And stands for a moment unconsciously there;  
And then, as her little limbs shiver and shake,  
The light of her spirit begins to awake.

\* The age, occupation, and early maturity of Little Nelly, are  
sketched from life.



The gas lamp that burns in the alley below,  
 Just gives light enough in the chamber to show  
 Her poor mother quietly laid on her bed,—  
 So quiet, that Nelly thinks—Is mother dead?  
 And creeps near to listen—"Oh! no, she's at rest,  
 And there's pretty baby, asleep on her breast;  
 And I will not wake her—poor mother! oh! no—  
 She says, I am now all her comfort below;  
 And we should soon perish of hunger, she said,  
 If I was not able to work for the bread.  
 The Hospital Doctor was sure yesterday,  
 That father would still have a long while to stay,  
 And then, must not take to his work as before;  
 And poor father said, he should do it no more,  
 And then he cried sadly, and 'Nelly,' said he,  
 'You'll all be starved, darling, as sure as can be.'  
 Says I, 'Father, cheer up, and don't be afraid,  
 For you may depend on your own little maid;'  
 So now, I'll be going to Farringdon Street,  
 That we may have fire, and something to eat."

She takes up her clothes, that had lain on the bed,  
 No blanket had Nelly, they served her instead;  
 She puts them as decently on as she may,  
 But many a fastening had broken away;  
 And many a rent, often mended with pain,  
 Through age and long service, had worn out again;  
 'Twere doubtful if one scanty garment could claim,  
 In form or in fashion, the right to a name.  
 To fasten them close, they were folded and pinned,  
 To keep them from blowing about in the wind;  
 And over the whole was a red woollen shawl,  
 And mother's black bonnet surmounted it all.

The poor little figure looked elfish and wild,  
 With nought but the size, that bespoke it a child;  
 And quaint were her speeches, and womanly wise,  
 While courage and cheerfulness lit up her eyes.

"Ah! Nelly, my blessing,"—the sick woman said,  
 "And are you now ready, my good little maid?  
 The ha'pence lay there, at the end of the shelf,  
 And mind, love, and don't over-weary yourself;  
 But get to the market before it is late,  
 And don't let the loiterers tempt you to wait.  
 Use plenty of water to wash the cress sweet,  
 And tie all the bunches up, pretty and neat;  
 And speak the truth, Nelly, whatever you do,  
 And don't touch a thing, not belonging to you;  
 Remember that God keeps you always in sight,  
 And sees through the dark, just as well as the light.  
 And come back as soon as you can in the day,  
 'Tis lonely up here, child, when you are away;  
 And I shall be glad of a hot cup of tea,  
 And nice little fire, to warm baby and me—  
 So run off my blessing, and don't be afraid,  
 For God will take care of my good little maid."

"Good-bye," said the child, "I shall run all the way,  
 And buy the first cress in the market to-day."

She takes the cress-basket up under her arm,  
 No lodger awakens, or feels an alarm;  
 Or if they should notice a step on the stair,  
 Or cold creeping in from the chill morning air,  
 'Tis but the poor water-cress girl, they will say,  
 Who goes to the market before break of day;  
 And turn round to sleep with a sigh of regret,  
 Not selfish or careless, but glad to forget.



And so she goes forth in the dark and the cold,  
A brave little girl of but eight years old.  
Through street and through alley, both narrow and  
wide,

Without a companion, a light, or a guide,  
With shivering limbs, and her pattering feet,  
She's running along in the desolate street.

Oh! bitterly cold did the piercing wind blow,  
And bore on its wild wing the sleet and the snow,  
Round eddying corners and shadowy ways,  
Dim lit by the distant lamp's flickering blaze.  
No smiling face looked from those windows so high,  
To cheer the brave child—who was hurrying by;  
The windows were curtained—the shadows were deep,  
For still the great city was buried in sleep.  
But rapidly onward, her little feet go,  
Through street and through alley, by market and row;  
She knows all the turns, and the readiest beat,  
That brings her the soonest to Farringdon Street.  
She's past the Exchange, and the Bank, and Cheapside,  
To where St. Paul's rises in towering pride;  
Nor heeds she the deep frowning shadow that falls,  
Nor whispering echoes that talk by St. Paul's;  
She's used to the echo, she's used to the shade,  
There's nothing in them to make Nelly afraid,—  
But at the great prison, she quickens her pace,  
She once saw a gibbet set up in that place;  
She knows a bad boy in confinement there now,  
Who once lived beside them in Whitechapel Row.  
She saw him herself on the very same day,  
When two strong policemen had dragged him away;  
She saw how he struggled, how white his face grew,  
When told of the place they were taking him to;

She wonders whenever he'll get out again,  
And if he is fettered, and cries with the pain;  
She listens a moment—there is not a sound,  
Except the wild wind, that is whistling round,—  
Is that Billy screaming? What sounded so shrill?—  
She's off like a dart to the foot of the Hill.

None speak to poor Nelly, and she speaks to none,  
Through all the great City, she's passing alone.  
The morning patrol, on his earliest beat,  
Sees fluttering garments and hurrying feet;  
And lets her pass by, with a half-dreamy eye,  
Nor asks her a question, nor seeks a reply.

And what are the thoughts that are filling her mind,  
As street after street she is leaving behind?  
Thinks she of a dolly, a book, or a ball?—  
She never had played with a dolly at all:  
Thinks she of a game, when the school hours are done—  
Of school-fellows romping, and laughing, and fun?  
She never had been in a school-room to learn:  
Poor Nelly has long had a living to earn—  
She's thinking perhaps 'tis a hardship for her  
To get up so early, and travel so far;  
Whilst other girls always have plenty of food,  
And she has not anything, pretty or good?—  
No—trifles like these are not filling her mind,  
As street after street she is leaving behind—  
She's thinking about the poor baby that's come,  
And mother so weak, and so helpless at home;  
And says, with a shake of her little rough head,—  
"But I am the woman that works for their bread."

Good, brave, little girl, with your old tattered shoe,  
And toes on the cold pavement, frozen and blue;



Despite your poor dress, and that careful young face,  
You're worthy to rank with the noblest race!

The Farringdon market is open at five,  
To sell to a hovering, shivering hive  
Of destitute children and indigent poor,  
The fresh water-cresses, they cry at the door.  
The bright flaring lamp in the cress market shows,  
Their thin eager faces, and old tattered clothes.  
Ah! look at them now, as they handle the green,  
Was 'ere such a pitiful company seen?  
With only one thought,—how to earn for the day,  
Enough to keep cold and starvation away.  
But see—pushing through the confusion and din,  
That mite of a child is now hurrying in:  
She elbows her way on to look at the cress,  
And chooses her lot, be it many or less.  
She stops not to question what others may do,  
If they purchase many, or only a few.  
She carefully reckons her number of pence,  
And that is the measure for Nelly's expence.  
There's none to advise her, there's no one to feel,  
'Tis each for himself, and 'tis all for a meal.  
She pays for her bundle, and hurries along,  
And pushes her way through the jostling throng;  
Then squats on her heels in the slippery street,  
To pick the cress over, and tie it up neat.  
Then off to the pump she courageously goes,  
Ah, me! for those poor little half-frozen toes;  
The cold water streams on her fingers and feet,  
And splashes below, on the stones of the street—  
A sob and a shudder, that nobody heard,  
A quiver of anguish, but never a word.

She dashes away a poor trickling tear,  
" 'Tis childish to cry, although nobody's near;  
And now they are pretty, and all of them look  
As if but this moment they came from the brook."

She slings on her basket, the washing is done,  
She stamps on the pavement, to make the blood run,  
Then raises her voice in the dim London street,  
So plaintively trilling, so simple and sweet,  
That angels might listen, and cherubim weep,  
Whilst half the great city lies buried in sleep.  
And now for long hours she's wandering on,  
Repeating,—repeating the very same song,  
" Fresh water-cress-e-s! sweet water-cress-e-s!  
Oh! pray come and buy my sweet water-cress-e-s!"  
Oh! ye, who have plenty, look out and behold,  
This brave little girl of but eight years old!

And Nelly's poor mother is sick and alone,  
No neighbour to visit her; no, she had none.  
She could not rise up from her comfortless bed,  
But this was the prayer she constantly said,  
" Lord, give us this day our daily bread!

" We have not a friend in the world but Thee,  
And we are as poor, as the poor can be,  
Oh! Father in heaven, take pity on me!

" I have not a warrant, or merit, or claim,  
Except that I come in my Saviour's name,  
And I have Thy promise to hear the same.

" I bring unto Thee my trouble and care,  
A burden too heavy for me to bear;  
I bring it to Thee, and do not despair.



"Look down in Thy mercy, and feed us to-day,  
Thou knowest our need, and Thou knowest the way;  
Thou knowest that I can do nothing but pray.

"Oh! give to my poor little Nelly success,  
That she may find custom to-day for her cress;  
I do not ask more, and I cannot ask less.

"And guard my poor lamb in these wilderness ways,  
And bring her to Christ in her earliest days;  
For ever, my Father, to live to Thy praise.

"Thy hand has supported me many a year;  
Through sorrow and trouble, through danger and fear  
I've known that my Heavenly Father was near.

"I've known my dear Saviour was pleading for me,  
A poor worthless sinner accepted by Thee;  
Accepted in Him who was nailed to the tree.

"Now Father, I wait for Thy mercy to move;  
I watch for the sign of Thy pitying love,  
And all my dependance is settled above."

And thus she prayed on in her desolate home,  
And counted the hours till Nelly should come.

A gentleman sat in his low window seat,  
And often looked out in the dim, foggy street,  
And then looked within at his bright-blazing fire,  
And round on his room, and its costly attire;  
At well-cushioned sofa, and soft easy chair,  
At beautiful pictures, and ornaments fair;  
And then his eye fell on his plentiful board,  
With many a luxury carefully stored;

Then turned to the Bible that lay on his knee—  
"And these precious promises too are for me;  
I rest in the love of my Saviour and Friend,  
Which time will not alter, and death cannot end.  
Oh! what can I render, my Father, to Thee,  
For all Thy unmerited mercies to me?"

The gentleman thought of his silver and gold,  
And then of the destitute, hungry and cold;  
He thought of the friendless surrounded by sin,  
Temptation without, and temptation within;  
And then of the aged, deprived of their stay,  
Alone and neglected, to wear life away;  
Of widows and orphans, unpitied, unfed,  
In sin, or in suffering earning their bread.  
He thought of the thousands whom poverty's frown,  
With heart-aching sorrow was lowering down.  
He thought, till the colour rushed into his face,  
And he walked to and fro with a resolute pace.  
"Poor creatures!" he murmured, "and shall I sit here,  
And waste on myself all this bountiful cheer?  
Was this, my dear Saviour, Thy love unto me?  
And this the return that I make unto Thee?  
Shall Thy needy children, in sorrow and pain,  
Be looking for succour, and looking in vain?"  
He walked once again to the low window seat,  
And earnestly gazed in the dull, foggy street;  
When sweetly and clearly there fell on his ear,  
The cry of a water-cress girl, drawing near.  
"Fresh water-cress-e-s! sweet water-cress-e-s!  
Four bunches a penny, sweet water-cress-e-s!"  
How often he'd carelessly noticed that cry  
Draw near to his dwelling, and then pass it by!



But now, as he listened, the words seemed to bear  
A message for him as they rose on the air.

And still little Nelly kept singing her song,  
And thought to herself, as she trotted along—  
“They're nearly all sold, I have only a few,  
And I shall sell them in a minute or two.”  
Then smiling, she nodded her little rough head—  
“If folks only work, they'll be sure to have bread,  
Because the kind Father who lives in the skies,  
Can see us down here, with His wonderful eyes;  
And He can see father, and mother, and me,  
And knows all our troubles as sure as can be;  
And He has made victuals for every one,  
And we must go tell Him if we have got none.  
I told Him that mother was hungry and sick,  
And begged He would send me some customers quick,  
And then in a minute they came for my cress,  
All wanted a penn'orth, and none wanted less;  
And soon I'll be having some buyers for these—  
Four bunches a penny, sweet water-cress-e-s!”  
Again up on high she carolled her cry,  
“Come, buy my sweet cresses, my sweet cresses buy!”

The gentleman stood by the low window seat,  
And saw the poor child in the dull, foggy street:  
“Oh! Saviour,” he said, “and this infant may be  
A lamb of the fold, who is looking to Thee;”  
And hastily tapped with his hand on the pane,  
As Nelly was turning the end of a lane.  
“All right,” thought the child, as she nodded her head,  
“Sure I am the woman that earns mother's bread.”

The gentleman came down himself to the door,  
A handful of bread from his table he bore.

He looked at the poor little shivering thing,  
And marvelled that she had the courage to sing.  
“Here's bread, my poor child, for your breakfast,” he  
said;  
“And will you, kind Sir, take some cresses instead?”  
“I'll buy your nice cress for my breakfast,” said he,  
“But perished with cold I am sure you must be.”  
“Yes, Sir,” replied Nelly, “I'm cold, it is true,  
But then I have plenty of work now to do,  
So I never trouble to think of the cold,  
For I am just turned of my eight years old;  
My father is ill in the hospital, sir,  
My mother's in bed, and too weakly to stir.”  
Then lifting her basket she cheerily said—  
“So I am the woman that works for the bread.”  
The gentleman told her to call the next day,  
And gave her a sixpence on going away.

Then did little Nelly's heart sing with delight,  
And all things about her seemed dancing in light;  
The discords of London were turned into song,  
All friendly to her as she trotted along;  
And tuneful the clamour that rose in Cheapside,  
As nightingale's song in the sweet eventide.  
The scents were as pleasant, for aught Nelly knew,  
As banks of blue violets sprinkled with dew;  
Her blithe little heart had the secret within,  
That perfumed the odours, and softened the din.  
With that silver sixpence tight grasped in her hand,  
What luxury was it she could not command!  
She looked in the shops with an undaunted eye,  
Considering, thoughtfully what she could buy.  
“What would mother like?” she kept saying aloud,  
Unnoticed, unheard, by the hurrying crowd.



She saw in the windows fine joints of cooked meat,  
 But thought, perhaps, that was too much of a treat;  
 The coffee smelt pleasant, and eggs white as snow,  
 With rolls and fresh butter were placed in a row;  
 But Nelly turned from them, and went on her way.  
 "I think mother wouldn't buy these things to-day,  
 I know she likes best a good cup of strong tea,  
 She'll have it this morning, as sure as can be;  
 I'll buy her some tea, and some butter and coals,  
 Here's plenty of bread, and two beautiful rolls.  
 I'm sure she was right not to murmur and grieve;  
 She said, 'Do your best, and we'll pray and believe.'  
 I will always pray, and believe for the rest,  
 And God knows I'm trying to do for the best."

And now let us look in that poor upper room,  
 And say, shall we find only sickness and gloom?  
 A small fire is burning, the water is hot,  
 The tea is put into the little teapot,  
 And all things are carefully set in their place,  
 While tears trickle down on the poor mother's face,  
 As Nelly tells over, again and again,  
 How loud the kind gentleman tapped on the pane.

"Ah! Nelly, my blessing—the lions may roar,  
 And suffer from hunger; but still evermore  
 That word shall stand firm of our Saviour who said,  
 Who trust in His promise shall surely be fed;  
 We're like the poor sparrows that chirp in the eaves,  
 Not one is forgotten, but some way receives  
 A crumb, or a grain, that was scattered or sown  
 For those who've no storehouse, or barn of their own.  
 I hear them a-chirping before it is day,  
 And think to myself, you shall teach me to pray,

My cupboard is empty, and starved I must be,  
 Unless God should scatter some crumbs down for me."  
 "Well, mother, the sparrows did teach you to pray,  
 For we have a beautiful breakfast to-day,  
 So we won't be sorry and fret for the rest,  
 You'll ask God to help us, and I'll do my best."

And so the days passed without fear or despair,  
 But hard days of labour and patience they were;  
 The rain beat on Nelly, she rose ere the light,  
 Her limbs were oft weary, her small face was white;  
 But like a brave woman, she kept to her post,  
 And when it blew hardest she struggled the most.  
 Ah! yes, they had puzzles and troubles enow,  
 The candle burnt out, and the fire burnt low,  
 And things would get dirty, as every one knows,  
 And Nelly was little to wash out the clothes;  
 And rent-day would come, and the rent must be paid,  
 And they had no help but the water-cress trade.  
 And people would sometimes get into their debt,  
 They'd pay on the morrow, and then they'd forget.  
 And so they had poverty, hardship, and pain,  
 Not two or three times, but again and again.  
 Yet Nelly's good mother still held up her head,  
 'Twas the will of her Heavenly Father, she said;  
 And things would grow better, safe under His care,  
 If not—He would give her the patience to bear.  
 She'd never mistrust that His promise stood fast,  
 Through rough or through smooth, it would come right  
 at last.

But tidings now reached her of sorrow and fear,  
 Sad news for the poor lonely mother to hear:



Her husband was rapidly wasting away,  
 The doctor had said he might die any day,  
 And Nelly was sent, as the day's work could spare,  
 To see how he was, and to comfort him there—  
 To carry him words of the tenderest love,  
 And beg him to fix his dependance above.  
 One morning her mother said, "Go, Nelly dear,  
 I think by my feelings, the end must be near,  
 And try and remember the words we have read—  
 The beautiful things that our Saviour has said;  
 And don't let him fret for our troubles, dear man!  
 But cheer him, my blessing—as well as you can."

## SECOND PART.

Then Nelly set off to the great house alone,  
 'Mongst the dying and sick, as she often had done;  
 And through the long ward, as the little child passed,  
 Kind looks of compassion upon her were cast.  
 She stood by the bed—was her father asleep?  
 His face was so white, and his eyes were so deep:  
 She touched his thin hand as it lay on the sheet,  
 And then with her little voice steady and sweet,  
 Said, "Father! dear father!" and then kissed his  
 brow,  
 "Mother wants very bad to know how you are now."  
 He opened his eyes with a heavy-drawn sigh;  
 "Ah! Nelly, you've come to see poor father die—  
 Sit down on the bed, child—sit down by me here,  
 'Tis hard work to leave you without any fear;  
 You must be starved, darling—for what can you do?  
 The family can't be supported by you.  
 And how did you fare yesterday in the storm,  
 With nothing to eat, and no fire to warm?  
 I thought of you starving there, all the day long,  
 And knew your poor mother would never get strong."

"I'll tell you," said Nelly, and sat on the bed;  
 "At present I've always earned plenty of bread.  
 Well—yesterday morning, the time that I wake,  
 Our window was rattling, ready to break,  
 And rain battered on it, till mother did say,  
 'You'd better not go to the market to-day.'  
 You don't suppose, father, I listened to that,  
 But tied my old handkerchief over my hat,  
 And with mother's blessing, I got in the street;  
 But hard work it was then to keep on my feet.  
 Sometimes the wind drove me, I could not stand still,  
 Sometimes at a corner I turned like a mill.  
 My clothes clung about me, soaked through with the  
 rain,  
 Says I, 'Nelly Hardy, you must try again.'  
 I often fell down, and I could not go fast,  
 But somehow I got to the market at last;  
 And there the sales-women fell pitying me,  
 And said, 'Nelly, child, what an object you be!'  
 And one said my mother was 'hard and unkind.'  
 'I come,' says I, 'Missis, to ease my own mind;  
 My mother is ill, and can't rise from her bed,  
 So I am the woman that works for the bread.'  
 Well, then she gave me a great armful of cress,  
 She said in her conscience, she could not do less.  
 'Twas twice as much, father, as ever I get,  
 And *that* came, you see, of the wind and the wet.  
 The storm kept on blowing, the rain pelted down,  
 But people all seemed to want cress in the town;  
 They looked from the windows, and came to the door,  
 I'd never such luck with my cresses before.  
 And then the good gentleman tapped on the pane,  
 And that very day gave me sixpence again.  
 I know 'twas our Father, who lives in the sky,  
 That made all the people so anxious to buy.



Then just as I came to the end of Milk Street,  
 And thinking I'd carry dear mother a treat,  
 A man pushed against me, and then he turned round,  
 And said, 'My poor lassie, you look almost drowned;  
 I'm off to my breakfast, if you come with me  
 My missis will give you a cup of hot tea,  
 And may-be, she'll find you a bit of dry clothes,  
 Or old pair of shoes just to cover your toes;  
 I've three little girls not much bigger than you,  
 Amongst them they'll find up a trifle or two.  
 And then he talked kindly as we walked along,  
 And asked to what sort of folks I could belong.  
 'My good little lass,' he said, 'can that be true?'  
 For I had told him about mother and you,  
 And how mother prayed on her bed as she lay,  
 And so we were sure of some food every day.  
 He said she was right, he had tried that himself,  
 He knew 'twas the way to keep bread on the shelf.  
 And then his wife dried me, and gave me some tea,  
 And this pretty frock and these shoes, father—see!  
 And put in my basket some pieces of bread,  
 And slices of meat for my mother, she said;  
 And mother did like it, and thought 'twas so good,  
 And she said 'Our Father had sent us the food;'  
 And I thought, and mother thought, 'twas very plain  
 They would not have pitied me but for the rain;  
 And she said, that all things were safe in God's hand,  
 Because when He promised, He gave a command;  
 And those who believe Him, and trust in the Lord,  
 Find even the tempest fulfilling His word.  
 She said the old lions might roar for their prey,  
 Or young lions hunt through the forest all day,  
 And still might be hungry for want of their food,  
 But God's people never lacked any thing good."

Then Nelly ceased talking, and stood on the floor,  
 Her father said,—“Nelly, dear, tell me some more,  
 The things that you talk about comfort my mind,  
 And make me more willing to leave you behind.”

Then Nelly was pleased, she had come there for that,  
 So down by her father she willingly sat,  
 And thus she began without any ado—  
 “Yes, father, I'll tell a nice story to you.

There was a good prophet, a long time ago,  
 (The story is all in the Bible, you know,  
 We often have read it since you have been here,  
 At least, mother reads, and I sit by to hear.)  
 There was a good prophet, a long time ago,  
 Who lived amongst very bad people, you know,  
 Who did not love God, though He was very good,  
 But made foolish gods out of pieces of wood;  
 And so to chastise them, and bring them to think,  
 The wells were dried up, and they'd nothing to drink;  
 The rain never fell down to moisten the ground,  
 Not even a small drop of dew could be found;  
 And so the plants withered, the corn would not grow,  
 And there was a terrible famine, you know.  
 The horses and cattle had nothing to eat,  
 And so they were famished, and dropt in the street,  
 And all the bad people were dying in crowds,  
 But still not a drop of rain came from the clouds;  
 For they were not sorry, and did not repent,  
 Although they had this dreadful punishment sent.  
 My mother explained all the story to me,  
 The whole is not written in one place, you see.”



"Well, darling, and what did the good prophet do?"  
 "Ah! that is the part I am now coming to;  
 There was in the country a beautiful place,  
 Away from that naughty idolatrous race;  
 And there was a spring of clear water that ran  
 In a deep little brook, for the use of the man;  
 And God hid him up there, and told him to 'bide,  
 And drink of the water that He had supplied."

"But what did he eat, child?—How did that befall?"  
 "Oh! just stop a moment, and I'll tell you all,—  
 God made Him a promise, that every day  
 He'd send him some food, in a very strange way—  
 Mother says, 'tis not strange, for the mighty God can  
 Make use of a bird, just as well as a man;  
 And so He commanded some ravens to bring,  
 Good food to the prophet, who lived by the spring.  
 They came in the morning, as soon as 'twas light,  
 And then came again with his supper at night;  
 They always knew where to find nice bread and meat,  
 And so the good prophet had plenty to eat.  
 They never forgot, or came lagging behind,  
 Because it was always kept fresh in their mind;  
 The prophet had only to wait and believe,  
 As mother says, only to ask and receive,  
 Because the Lord's promise will always endure,  
 That bread shall be given, and water be sure."

"Well, darling,—and did the stream always run fast,  
 Or did the good prophet's brook dry up at last?"  
 "It dried up at last—but then, God spoke and said,  
 I've commanded a widow to feed thee with bread.  
 He told him the city the widow lived at—  
 I think 'twas Sarepta, or something like that.

And so he set off on his journey once more,  
 He never had seen the poor widow before—  
 I don't think it says, if 'twas early or late,  
 But there she was, waiting just close by the gate.  
 He said to her,—'Bring me some water, I pray,'—  
 (No doubt he was thirsty with walking all day;)   
 And as she was going so ready and kind,  
 To bring him a cup of the best she could find,  
 He asked her to bring him some bread in her hand,  
 But that brought the poor widow quite to a stand.  
 She said, 'As thy soul lives, I have not a cake'—  
 And then such a sorrowful tale she did make;  
 She had but a handful of meal then to use,  
 And just the last drop of her oil in a cruse.  
 'I've come out to gather a few sticks,' said she,  
 To cook the last meal for my poor son and me'—  
 And that was the end of her little supply,  
 And she and her son both expected to die.  
 'Fear not,' said the prophet, 'but do as you said,'  
 (And that was, to make the meal up into bread),  
 For thus saith the word of the Lord unto you,  
 (The word of the Lord, father, always is true,)  
 'The meal in the barrel shall never get less,  
 Till there is an end of the present distress.'"  
 "How could that be, darling?" "Oh! that I don't  
 know,  
 But the meal did not waste in the barrel, you know;  
 There still was a handful whenever they went;  
 The oil in the bottle that never was spent.  
 They eat every day for the whole of a year,  
 And whilst others starved, they had nothing to fear,  
 They never sat down to a poor empty board,  
 And *that* came, you see, from believing the Lord."  
 "Ah! Nelly, but that was a long time ago,  
 We don't have such prophets in these days, you know."



Then Nelly sat still, she had much on her mind,  
But words to express it weren't easy to find.

"If I could be sure you would have a supply,  
'Twould not be so hard for me, darling, to die.  
What will you do, child, when the bell has been tolled,  
And they've put your poor father under the mould?"  
Then Nelly looked up,—“We have not wanted yet,  
And got on the best in the wind and the wet.”

"Yes, yes, child—but then there's a long time to come,  
How will your poor mother make out for a home?"

"I dare say we'll do, as we have done before,  
Mother says there's no end of the heavenly store.  
She bid me to tell you some words that God said,  
I don't think I've got them exact in my head.  
It was a sweet promise sent down from the sky,  
On purpose to comfort you if you should die.”

"What is it, my darling? I wish I could find  
Myself more contented to leave you behind.”

"Thy fatherless children—yes, that is the word—  
I will certainly keep them alive, saith the Lord;  
And then, says the promise as plain as can be,  
And let thy poor widow depend upon me—  
And so you may leave us contentedly here,  
If God will preserve us, we've nothing to fear.”

"That's beautiful, Nelly! I soon shall be gone,  
You'll need such a Friend in this hard world alone.”

"We'll not be *alone*, father—Jesus did say,  
I never will leave you, I'm with you alway;  
And, dear mother says, though the heavens may shake,  
He'll never forsake us, He'll never forsake.”

"That's beautiful, Nelly! 'tis balm to my mind,  
And now I'm contented to leave you behind,  
My last chain is broken, and taken away,  
And I have no wish any longer to stay—  
Tell mother, I'm willing to leave her alone,  
But don't let her grieve, Nelly, when I am gone;  
'Twould kill her to go to the workhouse, I know,  
Oh! Nelly, my darling! you'll not let her go!  
But do your best for her, and work for the bread,  
And may the Lord keep every hair of your head.”

He looked at her fondly, and then closed his eyes,  
"Now tell me the poor sinner's way to the skies;  
I've learned it, my darling—but still I would die  
While seeing the poor sinner's way to the sky,  
And hearing about the white robe, and the feast,  
The city of gold, and the mansions of rest;  
So tell me of all the sweet words that you know,  
I'm longing to hear them, I'm listening now.”

Then Nelly sat still, and bethought her again,  
Of what her good mother had taught her so plain,  
And kissing his ashy cold cheek as he lay,  
She went on again in her own simple way;  
Nor deemed that her dear father's labouring breath,  
Would soon have a close in the silence of death.

"'Tis easy for sinners to come to the Lord,  
They've but to repent and believe in His word,  
And God, for the sake of His well-beloved Son,  
Will pardon them all the bad things they have done,  
And give them His Spirit, that so they may grow  
Just like Jesus Christ, when He lived here below;



And they are so happy when they are forgiven,  
For they are the sons of our Father in heaven."

Then Nelly tried hard to remember a text,  
And wondered what words she had better say next;  
Her father looked at her as if he would say,  
"Go on, Nelly dear, I shall leave you to-day."  
"Yes, father, I will," and she held his hand fast,  
Tears stood in her eyes, but her words came at last.

"I know that some beautiful clothing is wrought,  
A beautiful dress for poor sinners is bought,  
And when they have nothing at all of their own,  
They come to the Saviour, and He puts it on;  
'Tis white as the snow, and as bright as the day,  
Not even the angels are fairer than they;  
In this they may stand by the heavenly throne,  
So welcome to God through the well-beloved Son.  
In this they are called to a heavenly feast,  
Prepared for all people, the greatest and least;  
For kings that like David sit up on a throne,  
And beggars who cry on a dunghill alone;  
But none may come in, not the king on the throne,  
Except that fine garment be over him thrown;  
And poor humble people are glad of this dress,  
I think mother called it 'Christ's righteousness.'"

The child paused a moment—he motioned again;  
He spoke not a word, for he could not speak then;  
A trembling look on her father she cast,  
Tears stood in her eyes, but her words followed fast.  
"I know that poor sinners are welcome to God,  
Whose souls are made pure by the dear Saviour's  
blood;

I know they will come to the heavenly rest,  
And lay their tired heads on the dear Saviour's breast.  
I know they will never be hungry again,  
Nor cry with their trouble, nor suffer with pain."

His eyes looked again—"Oh! I know they will stand  
With the sheep of the fold, on the Saviour's right  
hand;

He'll wipe all the tear-drops away from their eyes,  
And poor sinners will not shed tears in the skies;  
They'll walk in the streets with the pavement of gold,  
Or rest in the shade with the lambs of the fold;  
And that not for any thing good they have done,  
But all for the sake of the well-beloved Son.  
No candle burns there, in that happy abode,  
The city is bright with the glory of God;  
And music is sounding there all the day long,  
Our own little baby could join in the song.  
And you will sing there with poor mother and me;  
Oh! father, how happy and joyful we'll be!  
For ever and ever our songs we shall raise,  
And never be tired of 'glory and praise';  
And that not for any thing good we have done,  
But all for the sake of the well-beloved Son."

She ceased, and her dear father opened his eyes—  
"Yes, that is the poor sinner's way to the skies;  
I'm going there, Nelly; the sins I have done,  
Are all put away through the well-beloved Son;  
That beautiful raiment is over me thrown,  
And I shall stand there by the heavenly throne;  
My Saviour is coming, I'm catching the sound  
Of sweet angel music, all floating around.

I'm going there now"—  
 There was light on his brow,  
 Then up to the skies  
 He lifted his eyes,  
 With a bright sweet smile  
 On his face the while;  
 One struggling breath,  
 And the hand of death  
 Had broken the chain  
 Of his grief and pain,  
 And the soul had fled  
 From the silent dead,  
 And free as the lark,  
 And above the dark,  
 And above the cloud,  
 And the toiling crowd,  
 Had entered the rest  
 Of the good and blest;  
 But the hand that was grasped,  
 And so fondly clasped,  
 Now lifeless and cold,  
 Had relaxed its hold,  
 And the orphan child  
 Was left in the wild.

---

Oh! there was a sound of weeping,  
 In that lonely home,  
 And the shade of terror creeping,  
 O'er the days to come.

He was gone—no farewell taken,  
 Gone, without caress;  
 And the mother was forsaken,  
 In her sore distress.

All around looked dark and dreary,  
 Troubled, full of care,  
 And her spirit was so weary,  
 Nigh unto despair.

Weeping, weeping, sad and lonely,  
 On her bed she lay;  
 For some transient hours only,  
 Nature had its way.

“Mother must not grieve,” thought Nelly  
 “Now we are alone;  
 I must try and be her comfort,  
 Now dear father's gone.”

Then she went and stood beside her,  
 In her loving way;  
 And her simple heart soon found her  
 Just the words to say.

---

“When father heard the promise,  
 The pretty text you sent;  
 He said, it made him happy,  
 And he could die content.”



- “ What was the promise, Nelly ?  
I want to hear it now,—  
But did there shine a glory,  
Upon your father's brow ?”
- “ Oh ! yes, dear mother, never,  
Did I see such a sight ;  
His face was beaming over,  
All with a shining light.
- “ And such a smile he gave me,  
As I did never see ;  
He must have seen the angels,  
As plain as he saw me.
- “ He looked beyond the ceiling,  
High up, and far away ;  
He said, he saw his Saviour,  
And heard the music play.
- “ If you had seen him smiling,  
I'm sure you would not cry ;  
He looked so happy, mother,  
He did not seem to die.
- “ And there was such a stillness,  
So peaceful round the bed ;  
I almost thought the angels  
Were hovering round my head.
- “ I laid my cheek to father's,  
His cheek was cold as clay ;  
And then, I kissed and kissed him,  
And then I came away.

- “ And running home, so lonely,  
I always seemed to hear,  
The words that made him happy,  
Keep sounding in my ear.
- “ For I am now an orphan,  
And you're a widow, too ;  
And don't you think its certain,  
We'll find that promise true ?”
- “ Yes, Nelly—yes, my blessing !  
And we must trust it now ;  
And trust that God will help us,  
Although we see not how.
- “ We've nothing but His promise,  
We hang upon his word ;  
But not in vain 'tis written,  
That faithful is the Lord.
- “ He will not disappoint us,  
I feel it in my heart ;  
Although I sorrow, Nelly,  
My faith will not depart.
- “ The widow and the orphan,  
Are God's especial care ;  
Now let us read His promise,  
And then we'll make our prayer.’

And scarcely was the promise read,  
 And scarce the prayer prayed,  
 When through the hand of Providence,  
 There came the timely aid.

The gentleman—poor Nelly's friend,  
 So good to her before,  
 Had found the lowly lodging house,  
 And tapped upon the door.

And he became their comforter,  
 He wiped away their tears,  
 He softened all their poverty,  
 Through many coming years.

And he was blessed in what he had,  
 And what he gave away,  
 For why? he did it unto Him,  
 Who doth so richly pay.

"It is the Lord," the widow said,  
 His promise cannot fail;  
 And faith that's built upon His word,  
 Is certain to prevail."

It will prevail for all who trust,  
 And cast on Him their care;  
 God has united evermore,  
 His providence with prayer.

And it will last the journey through,  
 And brighten all the days;  
 And then both prayer and providence  
 Shall change to endless praise.

"Train up a child in the way he should go,  
 and when he is old, he will not depart from  
 it."—*Proverbs* xxii. 6.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he  
 shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the  
 righteous to be moved."—*Psalms* lv. 22.

"Therefore take no thought, saying, What  
 shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or  
 wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

"—for your Heavenly Father knoweth  
 that ye have need of all these things."—*Matt.*  
 vi. 31, 32.



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# How to Take Care of Number One.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN.

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## HOW TO TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

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ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN.  
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“How to take care of Number One”—That is the problem of problems, my friends, which every one should try to solve. “Try it by compound interest,” you say—good. “Talk of experimental philosophy, and practical philosophy,” you say—bosh! there is no philosophy like the philosophy of taking care of yourself. “Talk of the laws of Nature,” you say—bosh! again. “‘Self-preservation is the first law of nature,’ let us stick to that” say you—and so say I.

Well, say what we will, here we are, a thousand millions of us on this ball of earth, whirling and spinning along with prodigious velocity, and shooting like lightning through the realms of space. Here we are, in hot regions, in cold regions, clustering on mountains, spread out in valleys, stived up in cities or towns, earth-bleached like celery, or smoke-dried like herrings. Here scattered in driblets; there accumulated in masses. Now running, driving, steaming, coaching, railing, hurrying and scurrying. To day going a-head, to-morrow going astern; now sinking, smashing, blowing up, or blowing down; knocked about here, pitched over there, at one moment in an ague, at another in a fever; hurled about by the winds, drenched by the waters; now this thing, and then the other thing; playing all



parts, taking all shapes; bargaining, undermining, over-reaching, and cheating; now snared, now trapped, now sniggled, now harpooned, now cozened. Is it a wonder then that every one should endeavour to take care of himself in this mad and ridiculous world?

I say it is not; Nature teaches us this lesson. Little chickens, little ducks of an ounce weight, do it; they resist invaded rights, and even invade the rights of others. Two of them will take hold of a worm, and the worm, torn in the scramble, one half will be gobbled up, while the other half contrives, in accordance with the rule of self-preservation, to shoot down a cranny and take care—if not of number one, at least of the half of *Number One*—and very properly too. It is ordained, that every one should take care of himself, that all may be cared for. A man should have and must have a “love for himself.” It is his duty to do himself all the good that he can, and the only question is, “What is the good that he ought to do for himself?”

“Do *thyself* a service, sir,” said a poor beggar, when he implored alms—*Do thyself* a service. Do *thyself* a service, says Reason, when she points out the law of right and wrong. Do *thyself* a service, says Conscience, when she urges us to reject the wrong, and cleave to the right. Do *thyself* a service, says Religion, when she points out to the wordling the way that leads to “Life eternal,” and says, “walk therein.” And so say I, to those whom I address.

Do *thyself* a service, sanguine youth, just entering manhood, full of hope and self-sufficiency; and pecking about in the callow down of folly, thinking it the full plumage of wisdom. Do *thyself* a service, my more mature friend, pluming your feathers, and making ready your wings, for a dash into trade, and to my busy acquaintances, hotly engaged in the great battle of life—to you also I say, for it is never too late to hear

the words of instruction—Do *yourselves* a service.—How? Well, we shall see.

There was an old pagan, one Solon, a philosopher, who lived in Greece some three thousand years ago, whose maxim was, “KNOW THYSELF.” But the philosophy of the present day is, not so much to *know thyself* as to *serve thyself*; and the knowing faculty, is generally employed, in the acquisition of “mammon,” by the aid of “gammon;” and this is what the world generally calls “*Taking care of Number one.*”

It was only a few mornings ago, while enjoying a walk in the outskirts of a country town, which I had not visited for many years, that I met an old school-fellow, Jacob Thornton. We had been boys together; we had spun tops and played marbles. We had chopped knives for apples, bargained books for lollipops, and had been huxters in Latin and Greek; for I had often done Jacob’s lessons for him, and he had as often cheated me out of the reward promised. Never mind, let that pass. Here was Jacob, a man hardly beyond the prime of life, mixing the gold dust of success with the silver hairs of care—an active, sharp, busy, bustling man; smooth-faced, glib-tongued, plausible, and soapy. After a smile of recognition, and a rapid shake of the hand—“Come along,” said he, as he linked his arm in mine, without giving me time to reply,—“Come along,” and down we splashed, to the docks of the seaport town in which he dwelt. Jacob began to talk, at a high-pressure rate of eloquence, about his undertakings, and his overtakings, his schemes, his plans, his doings, his intentions, and his objects in view; and they were many. He had screwed in here, and wormed out there. In one place he had blocked up, in another he had let loose; he had fixed this man, and had set free that. “*Nunquam dormis,*” said he; “catch a weasel sleeping.” “There’s nothing like being ‘wide awake,’ and up to the moves



of the chess-board of life." "Do you see that mill," he continued, "with its new patent sails?—*That's mine.* Do you hear its clatter?—*That's my music.* Do you see that water running out of the sluice?—*That's my water.*" We went a little further till we came to a large granary; "Do you see that granary and the malting next to it?" He gave me a squeeze of the arm before I had time to reply, and said, "*They are mine.*" "Do you see that brig, and the sloop, and the barge, and the billy-boy, lying in the docks?—*They are mine,*" he again ejaculated with a leer I shall never forget. "Do you see that house on the hill top, with its fine prospect and rich meadows around it?—*That is mine too;* and half the gas-works there *are mine,* and a large slice of that bridge *is mine,* and that timber stack *is mine.* And do you see that wretched and broken-down, wrinkled, grey-headed, miserable old man, creeping along sidewise, like a superannuated crab?—*He is mine.* I've bought him out and out; I've all his sheepskins at home—I've tied him up hand and foot." And then Jacob gave me a playful poke in the ribs, as if in triumph; and said at the same time, "You see I know how to take care of *Number one.*"

This is, I have no doubt, the true worldly reading of the way "*To take care of Number one;*" and my old schoolfellow was a fair specimen of a worldly man taking good care of himself. "*It is mine,*" rung upon my ears as I turned away, and led me to reflect upon those things which we call our own; and upon taking care of this individuality of ours, which we call *Number One;* and I said to myself, as I now say to my readers—What should we desire to call our own? How do you mean to take care of *Number one?* We may take care of our worldly interests, of our physical nature, and it is right that we should do this; but unless our intellectual and moral nature be cared for too, we care not for *ourselves,* depend upon it.

Let me, my friends, put this case to you as it presents itself to me. Each of you has a *Body,* a *Mind,* and a *Soul,* to constitute your oneness; these are connected together by the bonds of nature, and are only to be separated by death. The *Body* has to do with the outer world, and the things of that world,—the *sphere of sense;* the *Mind* has to do with the world within itself—the *sphere of intellect;* and the *Soul* has to do with a world *beyond itself* and the region of sense—the *sphere of the Infinite;* with heaven and with God. To take care, then, of this individuality, this oneness of oneself, is a bounden duty, but each division of this human trinity must be cared for after its proper nature; *matter* must act on *matter;* *mind* must act on *mind;* and *spirit* must act on *spirit.*

How should we care for the body! for the body should be kept sound and strong, that the mind may have energy. We have bodily wants, bodily passions, bodily infirmities; we are subject to disease, we are subject to death. Life is a boon, health is a blessing; but to enjoy health and life, requires some thought and care, for there are many ready ways of destroying both, as thousands have discovered when it has been *too late!*

Now one great source of health is cleanliness; and a very certain cause of disease is filthiness: few persons indeed are so cleanly as they ought to be; and few indeed are so cleanly as they might be. In some trades this want of cleanliness produces the most fearful diseases; painters, who are not careful to wash themselves frequently, often suffer from palsy; and in many other trades, although the effects of dirt are not so strikingly apparent, yet the constitution is slowly undermined, and disease and lingering death are the results. I have reason to believe, from enquiries I have made on



the subject, that there are thousands of young men, who scarcely ever think of washing their bodies all over, above once or twice in the year, and then only because they bathe during the hot weather; their only means of cleanliness being to put clean linen over a dirty skin.

Now to insure health and comfort, a person ought to wash himself all over every morning upon getting out of bed, or at least to rub his skin with a wet sponge or damp towel. Persons in the middle and upper ranks of life, no more think of leaving their dressing-rooms, without a thorough ablution, than a decent workman would think of sitting down to his breakfast with dirty hands and face. You will say that most young men are so situated, that they have not the convenience for doing this. I reply, let it be your study to remove the difficulties that stand in the way of it, and I will undertake to say, that any person who once acquires this habit of cleanliness only for one week, and knows the refreshing comfort it occasions of body, mind—aye, and soul too; the cheerfulness and kindliness of nature that it engenders, will hardly ever be induced to leave it off. Why? Because washing cleanses the pores of the skin, taking away from them all the foul poison that would otherwise cling there: braces up the nerves and the muscles, and imparts, by the re-action that the cold water produces on the frame, a kind of new life to all our powers, which fits us for the business of the day. Cleanliness has a wonderful tendency to keep off low spirits, moroseness, and ill tempers, to make us agreeable to ourselves and to all around us. I say, therefore, my friends, one of the first things for you to attend to in your care of number one, is *cleanliness of the person*. I never knew any one scrupulously clean in his person, who had not a corresponding purity of mind and of heart. Soap and water have moral effects, depend upon it, as well as

essays and sermons; or the Great Lawgiver of the Jews would not have laid down such injunctions concerning ablution. Therefore I say to you, wash!

But cleanliness is needed not only for the outside of the person. The body may be defiled inwardly as well as outwardly; if we cram it with too much food, or if the food be of bad quality, or if we pour fever-breeding liquors into it. If we defile the body in either of these ways, we produce the same effects on the system, as we do by suffering the body to be foul externally—The lawgiver, Moses, laid down certain rules concerning food, as well as he did concerning cleanliness, directing the Hebrew people what they should eat, and what they should not eat, and why?—because he knew that the gross indulgence of certain kinds of food, would produce disease, plague and pestilence. But we take little care in these matters, and devour all things that come in our way. In eating, therefore, take care that your food is simple, untainted, and of good quality, and be careful not to take too much even of that simple kind.\*

Most persons eat twice as much as is really necessary, and cram themselves with all sorts of mixtures, which are sure to generate poisons. I say then to my reader, take especial care of the way in which you treat that good old friend of yours—The *Stomach*. I know he will bear a good deal, and does accommodate himself wonderfully to the whims and fancies of his tormentors, being naturally of a generous disposition; but you may provoke him too far, and that milk of human kindness which he possesses, may be turned into an humour so acrid and poisonous, as to destroy not only your happiness and comfort, but your very life. Therefore, be careful of your diet, my friends; be careful of what you put into the body, and of the

\* See tract on "The Value of Good Food."



quantity you put into the body. Don't eat for eating's sake, and don't give the stomach too much to do; don't tease or provoke it, for if you do, be assured that you will be a sad sufferer in more ways than one.

But the evils of intemperance in *drinking* are a million times greater than any that can arise from eating. We talk of consumption, that carries off one-fourth of the people of England; of fevers, and distempers, of plagues and pestilences. *Drunkenness is the feeder to all kinds of plagues and pestilences.* We talk of the horrors of war, and horrible indeed they are; but neither war nor plague, nor pestilence, nor famine, equals the devastation and misery caused by the sin of drunkenness; which comprehends not only every other malady to which human nature is exposed, but almost every other wicked and abominable crime. Of course volumes might be written to rove the evils of this most pestiferous vice; but the subjoined facts speak volumes. During one year a Weekly Newspaper recorded 2211 *cases of casualties or violent deaths occasioned by intemperance*, as set forth in the public prints only. They were as follows:—714 *brawls and violent assaults, including many cases of stabbing and wounding.* 294 *robberies upon drunken persons,* 237 *cases of atrocious cruelties upon wives and children,* 106 *serious accidents,* 162 *actual or attempted suicides,* 520 *horrible deaths,* 121 *murders or manslaughters;* in every case the parties being under the influence of liquor. These are the recorded cases, and no doubt the unrecorded cases would amount to many more. Look then upon these statistics, my young friends, and shun the bottle. Look upon the public-house sign, whether a rampant lion or an innocent lamb, as the sign of misery—look upon the tap-room and the snug back parlour, as the place where reason may suffer obscuration, and morality a deadly eclipse. Look upon the sparkling

glass, as the source of family care and the destroyer of family peace. Look upon the gin palace as the temple of Satan, and the charnel-house of death. Death temporal and death eternal.

You know the value of *pure air*; you know how the oxygen of the air, by entering the lungs, purifies the blood! you know how detrimental are close confined apartments, how the fumes of stoves, or the smoke of chimneys, or the escape of gas, or the smell of decaying matters undermine the health and ruin the constitution. You know that the purer you can obtain the air, the more vigorous you feel in body, and the more cheerful you feel in mind! you know, for you have no doubt read the tract on the "Worth of Fresh Air," that what food is to the stomach—pure air is to the lungs; that impurity in either food or air, soon ruins stomach and lungs, and plays dreadful havoc with all the rest of the machinery. But of air especially, this may be said; the bulk of food which is taken into the stomach bears but a small proportion to the bulk of air which is taken into the lungs. During the twenty-four hours about half-a-dozen pints of food suffice for the body; but during the same space of time, the lungs would consume 45,000 cubic inches of air or 1,440 gallons; yet knowing this, what do a great many young men do? Instead of doing all they can to get the purest and best air, they corrupt the air as much as they are able, by sucking into their mouths, volumes of *tobacco smoke*, the smoke of a poisonous plant, which not only irritates the fine membrane of the lungs, and all their little pores of absorption, but stuffs them full of carbon, the very thing that the lungs should strive to get rid of; and thus, although the lungs like the stomach, will suffer a great many liberties to be taken with them, this proceeding eventually proves highly detrimental to all their functions, preventing to a great degree, the purification



of the blood, by the absorption of oxygen, and thereby poisoning the very springs of life. Nor does the mischief end here, for tobacco being a powerful narcotic, like alcohol and opium, and capable of producing intoxication (although the intoxication is of a milder character), the brain becomes affected, agreeably at first, but after long use, so affected, as to be unable to form clear conceptions of things; and so the whole mental economy becomes feeble and confused; while the stomach loses its desire for food, and disease often sets in, that way. The habit of smoking, when once acquired, my friends, is very difficult to shake off. It is like the old man of the mountain, who got on the shoulders of Sinbad the sailor. It is hard to get rid of it by fair means or foul, for it continues to ride you like a giant, to the end of your days, wasting the health, the mind, and the pocket; often leading to the jug and the bottle, the small hours beyond midnight, and to those revelries whose end is often poverty and sorrow. No, my friends, fresh air for the lungs, not tobacco smoke, is the thing; no substitution of narcotic stupor, for the sweet cheerfulness and buoyant hilarity of the pure air of heaven. If you think that going about with a cigar, or a short pipe, or a meerschaum in your mouth, makes you look like gentlemen, you are very much mistaken. Smoking is going out in gentlemanly society, and coming in among idle little boys and hobbe-de-hoys; it really is most ridiculous to observe them strutting about the streets with their lighted cabbage-leaf. Therefore my friends, if you wish to resemble the true gentleman, keep your skins from foul concretions, your stomachs from foul accumulations, and your lungs from the foul vapour of tobacco smoke.

But stay, my friends; the body may be corrupted by a far worse kind of intemperance than any I have here mentioned—by sensuality of a more debasing character.

The beautiful and wonderful organization belonging to us, the adaptation of means to ends, the powerful sympathy between the sexes, and the union of the moral and the spiritual with the animal nature, in the holy passion of love, all speak of the bountiful goodness and care of the Great Creator for us; and these powerful instincts and desires should not be treated with levity, but be regarded with serious consideration, and as under rational and moral subjection.

But how is it with young men of the present age! Is not this naturally good attribute of their natures sunk into sad degradation by indecent wit, disgusting speech, and criminal indulgence? Do not our streets abound with incentives to sensuality on every side? Are not thousands of fine and noble spirits wrecked, body and soul, upon this fatal rock? How many young men think that the destruction of female virtue is no crime, and that illicit intercourse is not a sin, and so leave their vicious inclinations entirely uncontrolled. We cannot enter a legal tribunal, we cannot take up a public journal without overpowering evidence of this fact. I say then to you, young men, beware! Oh beware of giving up yourselves to those powerful passions, which if unsubdued will destroy you as the blighting wind of the sirocco destroys the traveller of the desert. Under their sway the mind will turn away from its intellectual energy, and the body be corrupted and diseased: Milton thus marks in poetic language, what such passions do for us;—

“The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Embodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The Divine property of her first being.”

And how does this licentiousness often act upon the body? How many sad diseases does it there engender? how many patients does it send to the madhouse? how many to the hospital? Do not affectious



more loathsome than the leprosy or the plague, set in upon the depraved and weakened body to destroy it, or to render the enjoyments of life impossible? Does not the body corrupt before it is dead, and the wretched indulger in sin feel all the horrors of a living death, and decay even as he walks along? I say then, young men, resist the enticements to sin, resist the blandishments and allurements of those disorderly women who prowl about the streets like the wild dogs in a Turkish city. Flee from them as you would from the sting of the rattle-snake or the bite of the tarantula, for their poison is a poison that striketh to the soul. But this is not all. Many young men are contaminated by the lewd and improper conversation which they hear from their companions. No one degrades himself lower than he who loses self-respect, and who suffers himself to be insulted by language that would not be permitted in the presence of his mother or his sister.

I say then, young men, resist the enticements of *sensuality*. Give no encouragement to loose and idle talk in the social after-dinner hours; do not permit your own self-respect to be lowered, and never forget that foul and improper conversation is degrading as well as disgusting. I remember, in my early days, being on board a yacht, which had taken down some young ladies to the sea-side. After the ladies had been landed, the footman, who returned in the boat, ventured to make some improper remarks referring to the young ladies; but one brave old sailor, who felt *himself insulted* by such talk, called out, "How dare you, you lubber, talk so in my presence!" and knocked the flunkey overboard, to be fished up again by the boat-hook. This was sharp medicine, but it was "a cooler." Well would it be if such an ablution could be as easily applied to all like offenders against high-minded purity.

I remember also on another occasion, a young Curate being in company which, according to the notions of society should have been composed of what are called gentlemen. The dinner had passed pleasantly enough by the aid of various courses and several varieties of wine. The ladies had just left the room when the host, a man of grey hairs and the father of a grown-up family, rose and proposed an indecent toast. The glasses were filled to the brim, but the young Curate did not lose his self respect, nor his dignity, nor his faithfulness, although in the presence of one who was his wealthy patron. No, he stood boldly forth like Paul before Felix, and with a tremulous yet earnest voice, and with a look I shall never forget, reproved and abashed the old libertine, until he hung down his head in shame and confusion. This was noble and right. May you, my friends, should occasion occur, do the same, and be assured that you will find a greater felicity in the act than in all the sensual gratification in the world.

Some young men seem to think that the care given to the body should be principally reserved for the *outside*. They like outside show better than inside worth, and fancy that fine clothes, flashy neckties, and glittering watch-guards will make up for moral deficiencies. Never can there be a greater mistake; dirty hands in white kid gloves are not to be tolerated in any case. If any thing shows empty-headedness, it is discrepancies in dress; the dandyism that *delights* in French polished boots, curious looking head pieces, wide-awakes, and moustaches. Those who take pleasure in such things seldom fail to exhibit their own silliness and vanity, for their minds being quite barren of sense, the moment they open their mouths, their bad grammar and vulgarity betray them. Wise in their own conceit, however, they rarely discover their own weaknesses or deficiencies, but go on making fools of them-



selves to the end of the chapter, disgusting every one by their self-sufficiency and annoying conceit.

These are the young men that commonly call themselves *fast*. They ought with more propriety to be called *loose*, for they are not truly fast or steadfast in anything. Yet they vote all the steady, the consistent, and the careful, to be slow, and pretend to have the utmost contempt for the old-fashioned virtues of truth, honor, and integrity. Such young fellows are especially fond of the theatre, of the tavern concert room, of the dancing shop, and of the gaming table. Yes, I am sorry to see that great numbers of our young men are prone to the soul-ensnaring vice of gambling, and solemnly would I warn them against its fascinations. Gambling takes many forms, the wager form, the betting form, the dice form, the card form; but in every form it is fearful and detestable, leading to feverish excitement, poverty, and often to robbery, murder, and the madhouse. Therefore, my friends, as you value body and soul, shun every description of gaming as you would a sinking whirlpool; go not near those places in which it is carried on; associate not with those who indulge in it, or before you are aware of it, you may be drawn into a vortex from which there is no retreat.

The great thing in this life is to have an *aim*, to have some proper object in view. Without an object, life is not only a very dangerous, but a very insipid thing. How many young men of the present day listlessly pass away time, the most precious, without a purpose, seeking no good for themselves, and conferring no benefit upon others; desiring only to gratify vain and vicious tastes, and living only for the present moment, their present is never usefully employed, and their future is never provided for. Melancholy state! With evil associates to pull them down, instead of good ones to lift them up, they sink lower

and lower into iniquity, till at last they inevitably reach the pit of perdition.

So much, my friends, for the care about the Body; and now for our care about the Mind. *What is the Mind?* The Mind is *ourselves*: it is as it were the very essence of us. We cannot stretch out our hand except the mind wills it. All that is great and wonderful in science and in art has had its origin in the mind. What is it that rules the world? Not brute force, as some would have us think; but mind, thought, intelligence, and that true wisdom which springs from a right application of our mental powers. I may too with equal confidence affirm, that the wealth of a country does not so much consist of its natural or artificial advantages, as in its having a constant supply of the thinking material—in its possessing powerful, patient, generous, and expansive minds. And referring to the individual, I am equally sure that happiness, success in life, honour and independence, depend chiefly upon mental, combined with moral power; and therefore, my friends, have a little thought concerning the MIND

The Divine Being in his wisdom has not given Mind to rank and wealth only, for God is no respecter of persons; and the poor and the mean are equally cared for by Him. The greatest discoveries in science or in art, have been made by men poor in the world's esteem; and indeed the active man and the working man are continually on the threshold of new discoveries. No trade, or art, or business exists that is not capable of improvement by the thinking mind; and a mind which is active, searching where it can, examining all it finds, securing what is valuable, discovering truth after truth, principle after principle, fact after fact, becomes mentally powerful, for "knowledge is power," and mentally rich, for "knowledge is riches." On the other hand, what is a young man in the present day,



where all is intelligence and energy around him, if he does not think for himself? What but a mere slave to the opinions of others; a tool in the hands of the cunning, and a victim in the coils of the designing. Therefore one of the most important of a young man's duties is the cultivation of his mind.

How is the mind to be cultivated? Not by desultory reading, depend upon it; not by tales of fiction; not by the periodical rubbish with which the press teems, for the purpose of mere amusement. No, indeed! those who would cultivate their minds, must go upon a very different system. A young man, to have a proper care for his mind, must determine on a course of reading, which shall embrace the Laws of our country, Civil History, Geography, Natural History, the Physical Sciences, Logic or the Art of Reasoning, and the Grammar of the English Language; I say nothing of other languages, as they cannot be so easily acquired without a teacher. But I must speak strongly in favour of every young man making himself acquainted with the Physical Sciences. We live in a philosophic age, whatever may be said to the contrary; and the superiority of England over the other nations of the earth, arises from the advance she has made in bringing philosophical principles to the test of practical utility. Natural History is especially to be studied, for there we find the facts of the universe itself. Natural philosophy is also to be acquired, because it is the unveiling of the laws which regulate and govern these facts. A knowledge of the facts of Nature and of the laws that govern them, ought to be familiar to every one; for the most trivial circumstances of a working man's every-day life have a constant reference to the laws of the universe, and to the universe itself. No man should be ignorant of the laws he is called upon to obey, whether those laws be physical, intellectual, or

moral. Heat, light, and attraction, the great agents of the physical world, are continually acting upon our material frame: and the same agents are no less operative in all our mechanical labours and arrangements, whether they be in the field, in the factory, or in the workshop. As for instance, Cornelius Jansen, the spectacle-maker of Magdeberg, accidentally putting two lenses on a board in a certain position, found that when he held these up towards the steeple, and looked through them, the weathercock seemed to be enlarged; it was the communication of this fact to Galileo, that led to the construction of the telescope. Again;—a clever lad who was set to watch the safety-valve of the steam engine, found that by tying a string to the piston-rod, the safety-valve might be made to open and shut according to the increased motion of the machine, and this led to one of the greatest improvements in the mechanical employment of steam—think of this. In more modern days, a young man accidentally shut up a mavis' egg in his bookcase; some months after, he discovered it in a hard and dried state, and finding that notwithstanding the length of time that had elapsed, it still remained fresh and untainted, it suggested to him a process by which eggs might be preserved for long periods, and he has taken out a patent: his invention is now largely used in the navy, and his own fortune will I hope be made.

Let the mind then be actively employed in self-cultivation; its powers will be strengthened by the exercise. Let a man learn to think and to reason, to know and to judge, and he will become more of a man. It will not matter then what he may be called upon to perform; mind will shine through the meanest occupation; intellect will triumph, as it ever has triumphed, over the greatest difficulties of situation. To improve the mind, therefore, is not only right in itself, but is



a sacred duty. To neglect it, is mental self-murder, and the most heinous of crimes.

He who undertakes the cultivation of his own mind enters upon a great inheritance and may promise himself a large return for his labours. Man's powers are various and very fertile; if not cultivated, weeds, and very poisonous weeds too, will grow luxuriantly. Go into a field of barley, and look for the weeds there; you find them not, and why?—because the ground has been pre-occupied by an active and fast-growing plant. The mind is capable of bearing the most valuable grain: never will meadow or corn-field yield better increase. Let every faculty have due attention, and man will thrive. Many are the seeds of knowledge; various and prolific are the plants of science. Let such as best suit the soil be reared with proper care, and a rich and abundant harvest will be the result. God has given to all men talents; some have ten, some have two, some have five, and some have but one. Should one only belong to any that I address, I say, lay not up that one talent in a napkin, but use it; let it fructify and grow, carefully tend it, put it out at interest somewhere, that it may bring forth its fruit in due season, which it most assuredly will do, if it be but employed in the right way.

Don't be disheartened by difficulties. Difficulties pave the way to success. The very things that seem lions in the path, are often the greatest provocatives to exertion, and it is a glorious thing to slay a lion. The greater the difficulty, the greater the success; and the greater the labour, the greater the pleasure; the active mind, when it once begins to operate for itself, obtains knowledge from every object, every circumstance, every source. If it pursue some idea till it discovers its ramifications, its roots, and its foliage, it will be certain to come upon many a cluster of the

richest fruit, truths natural or moral. Every disappointment if properly used, tends to narrow the remaining fields of experiment, and brings the object sought for, so much nearer to view, as all the refuse cast from the sieve brings the real diamond sooner to hand.

But remember, whether you have difficulty or not, if you undertake the improvement of your own mind, you must not look to others so much as to yourself. Highly favoured is he who has access to men of cultivated minds, and to the libraries of Mechanics' Institutions, which most persons have at the present day; but then the books must be *read*—yes, and well *digested* too; not merely *swallowed*, or the knowledge, like the food which remains crude in the stomach, will not yield strength and growth; but will become the means of inflated diseases, and you will, in the language of Bacon, be *puffed* up and not built up. You know that a little food well assimilated with the frame, will avail more to health and activity than a hearty and heavy meal, which lies like a load of lead upon the stomach, and paralyses the digestion. Just so with the mind; like the body, it will not allow liberties to be taken with it; it will not be surfeited and over-loaded. Some clever men are overloaded without being wise, and suffer a perpetual mental dyspepsia. Knowledge is to be poured into the mind drop by drop, line upon line, precept upon precept, fact upon fact, experiment upon experiment, so that the faculties can imbibe it morsel by morsel, and work upon it by their own power of thought. What is so fastened becomes secure and is not easily lost. Notions, facts, and consequences, become our own, only as we grasp them, lay them in the store-house of our memory, and lock them there by the power of association, and by the bringing of them into positive use. One problem worked through



the impulse of actual necessity, one chain of circumstances, examined link by link, because we want to know if there be any break or flaw, will imprint what we do know indelibly on the memory, and it will be more easily recollected on some future occasion, because it has thus become a part of our mental economy. Learn then, my friends, to observe; learn to compare things with each other; learn to put things together; learn to separate and disentangle them, and to strip them of all their hollow deceptions. Do not be enslaved by the maxims of authority or the dogmata of old prejudices. Think for yourselves; strike out a new path. Newton did not make his sublime discoveries by a blind servility to the opinions of others; an apple falling to the ground became his teacher. Locke determined the laws which govern the human understanding, not through his collegiate course of study, but through his opposition to it. Milton drew his notions of liberty and patriotism far away from his university teaching. Bacon was taught at his college the *Aristotelian logic*, a confused mass of contradictory rubbish, which had usurped the place of knowledge for ages, but which, by the power of thought and reflection, he scattered as dust, and opened the door to steam, gas, electricity, and every modern improvement. Columbus, too, would never have immortalised his name, had he been content with the beaten track he had learned when at school. His schoolmaster had no doubt told him that the earth was as flat as a pancake. But it was the great navigator's pride not to put too much faith in others, but to think for himself, and to proceed upon unknown seas, with a daring and far-seeing mind, and determined spirit, a bit of floating seaweed for his guide, and God for his trust, till a new world burst upon his sight. It is for you then, my friends, to imitate these and other great men. Every thinking mind is at the threshold of great discoveries; and however inferior the condition

of a man may be, yet observing, comparing, experimentalising, and philosophising, will force sparks out of the most flinty rock to enlighten the world, if he will only "keep moving." The more a mind has of life within itself, the more it spreads life around it. One mind in proportion to its own expansion, awakens and in a sense creates other minds; for knowledge has a tendency to multiply itself into new forms of good, and thus the *thinking mind* becomes a benefactor to mankind.

Nor is it because you are engaged in commercial concerns of life, or the manipulations of trade, that you should despair of serving yourself and the world by your exertions and researches. Some of the greatest men that ever existed were operatives, mechanical labourers, or handicraftsmen. Look at Arkwright, a barber; look at Luther, the son of a poor miner; look at Shakespeare, the son of a woolcomber; look at Franklin, a printer; look at Davy, an apothecary; look at Simpson, a poor weaver; look at Herschel, the poor piper boy of a regiment; look at Braidly; look at Fergusson; look at Dr. Lee; the late Dr. Kitto, and a thousand others, who have burst the thralldom or their birth, to soar to the highest places in the arts, sciences, and literature of their country. It is true that all may not expect to be Newtons or Shakespeares, nor may all receive the reward of success in a material point of view, but all certainly will receive it in a moral and intellectual one; for it is impossible for a man to discipline and enlarge his mind, without being an incalculable gainer. The love for science and philosophy, which a course of the right sort of reading engenders, is itself a source of happiness, because to a well informed mind, the contemplation of new applications of the principles of science, will ever afford the most exciting interest; and because, instead of finding relief from hard toil in sensual



indulgence, it is led to find it in intellectual recreation. I will go further, and say, that a love of knowledge stands nearly allied to a love of God; for we cannot proceed a step in our researches into nature, or the laws by which she is governed, without beholding there the wisdom, power, and benevolence of the Most High; and dead indeed must be the being, who can behold his transcendent attributes thus unfolded, without being impressed with admiration, gratitude, and love.

Such, my friends, is the duty we owe to the mind; such are the advantages of its cultivation; such are the tokens of its vitality and its life. But let us not forget that we are not merely compounds of body and of mind, and that our care for ourselves must not end here. We have not only a body and a mind, but we have a SOUL; and it is possible that the mind and the body may be *right*, and that the soul may be *wrong*. I know, my friends, that there is in this world, moral death in the midst of intellectual life. Experience shows us daily, that a man may possess a highly cultivated and richly endowed intellect, an elegant and refined taste, a philosophical acquaintance with the most intricate and profound regions of human knowledge; and yet be spiritually ignorant and morally vile. I know that the body may be well cared for with regard to its wants, and that the mind may be cared for with regard to its intellectual necessities, and that the worldly interests of self may be pushed to the most wonderful results; while the *spiritual nature* may be uncared for, and the SOUL, that eternal individuality which constitutes our *true self*, remain barren, unproductive, and corrupt. And this brings us to the most important part of our subject, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Let us look, therefore, a little at this *spiritual nature* of ours, as we have

looked at the physical and intellectual natures. Many care not for the spiritual nature, and some do not know that they have a spiritual nature. Let us enquire then a little concerning it. As the body is organised, and as the mind is organised, so is the soul organised. It does not, however, consist of eyes, ears, hands, legs, heart, lungs, and so forth, as the body does; or of the mere mentality of observation, reflection, and reason, like the mind. It comprehends far higher and nobler powers. The eternal principles of love, sympathy, truth, and equity, are stamped within it by the Divine Hand; for in the *image of God, man was created*, and although he is now fallen, and although his nature is corrupt, still these memorials of the soul's original perfection and purity are not entirely obliterated; and from the darkest caverns of the human heart they give forth their yearnings after immortality. It was to resuscitate, and bring to life again these impressions of God within us, and to restore us to the Divine image, that Christ our Redeemer took our nature upon him, "Leaving us an example that we should follow his steps," and thus it is that the Christian religion is no indefinite and imaginary nonentity; but a true actuality, a living, moving, and breathing thing—strong in faith—strong in hope—and stronger still in charity.

And what, my friends, does this life of the soul involve? Our course in this world is brief and perilous, so brief that it has been likened to the passing of a cloud, and so perilous as to be compared to a ship on the raging main; but brief as it may be, and perilous as it may be, there is not one moment in it, in which some high principle may not be worked out, or in which some good may not be done. Not one moment is to be lost—service is our perpetual duty—service is due to God—service is due to man—service is due to the meanest creature that lives. Everything



in nature has a service to perform, for which it is organised and adapted by its Creator. Nothing lives for itself alone—and should you? No! for every stage of life, and every condition of life has its daily duty. You are perhaps a son, you have the duties of a son to perform to your parents, by being the delight and comfort of their old age; you are or may be a parent, and you have an example to set to your children of all that is righteous and of good report. You are or may be a husband; and in the marriage state, love and faithfulness, and devotion are required of you from one you ought to consider dearer than yourself. You may perhaps be a master, or if not, you may be in a situation of temporary authority: and here gentleness and kindness, and amiability of temper, forbearance, and a strict sense of justice, is due to all around you. You may be a servant, and honesty, truthfulness, obedience, and faithfulness, is a reasonable service to your employer; and in all these, and many other situations in which you may be placed, there is a necessity for *self-control, self-sacrifice, and self-devotion*. And it is this untiring and often unrequited service, that constitutes the *life of the soul*, and which is indeed the essence of true religion, that dwells not only in temples built for praise, or in sanctuaries of prayer, or in the social circle of the household hearth; but expands itself everywhere in honest action, in truthful dealing, and in just consideration for the rights and feelings of others, and so may be found in the field or the stable, the ship or the dock, the market or the mill, the warehouse or the counting-house, the factory or the shop.

Thus you see, my friends, *the life of the soul* manifests itself in the exercise of our highest moral powers, and closely connects itself with the development of certain indwelling capacities with which our being was originally endowed by our Heavenly Father; and as an encouragement to realize this life most fully,

we are assured that if we draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to us. How shall *you* draw nigh to Him?—be assured of this—that whenever you are pure and holy in thought, whenever you are true and just in your dealings, whenever you sympathise with the poor and afflicted, whenever you exercise the spirit of love and forgiveness to your enemies, and whenever you sacrifice your *self interest* for some *righteous principle*, you are not very far from God—for this is the atmosphere in which God lives. But you may be nearer . . . till to your Heavenly Father. These duties and these obligations but bring you to the threshold of God's court. Faith and prayer will bring you to the footstool of his throne, and to the full glory of his presence, and redeeming love will there present you to him restored to your original purity and brightness, not indeed from the "works of righteousness you have done, but according to his grace and mercy, by the sanctification of the spirit, and the atoning sacrifice of Christ your redeemer, by which you are made a child of God and an heir of eternal life."

Mighty task—glorious object! who shall attain unto it? shall a poor weak child of dust, born in sin and shapen in iniquity, be able to do so? you enquire. Fear not, my friends, you have no cause to fear, a bright model is before you, a pure example is in your view. CHRIST is that model. *Christ* is that example. Do you think that he is only to be admired, venerated and adored. No, my friends, he is to be approached and imitated. and it is not so hard to imitate him as you may think, because all that we see in him is truly loveable, and fully responds to our humanity. Believe me, there is not a power, or duty, or glory, or joy, or sympathy, possessed by our Saviour, to which those who truly love him may not attain. You have the power if you trust in him, to become one with him in thought, in feeling, and in holiness. You are



conscious of your unworthiness, of your weakness, of your inability, and you feel oppressed by the weight of sin. This would indeed be a wretched state, were not CHRIST your worthiness, your ability, and your deliverance from sin's bondage. He is indeed ascended into heaven, but he is not beyond the reach of your hearts in prayer, while in faith, he is ever present, ever felt. Very powerful are the ties of sympathy existing between you and him. He not only took man's *nature* upon him, but man's *lowest condition*. Although he was the Lord of light and truth, upholding all things by the power of His might, yet when He descended from on high, He was humble in birth—a carpenter's son—born in a stable, and working at his trade. Born among the poor, he suffered poverty as you may do, and he wandered about from city to city, often without food, and sometimes "without a place to lay his head." He consorted not with the great and powerful, nor did he give himself up exclusively to the *righteous*. His mission was to the *poor*, the *wretched*, and the *vile*: and his bosom yearned for the hated Samaritan, the despised Publican, the sorrowing Magdalenæ, and the repentant Thief. As a poor man, as "the despised and rejected of men," as a wronged man, as a "man of sorrows" he walked the earth to *bless it*, and he is especially the friend of those who toil, and of those who suffer, and of those that are in bondage, and of those that are in darkness, mental or moral; and he invites you with open arms, that he may *bless* you with that life of the soul which can only be realized in union with him.

But you say, "That you have your living to get in this world, and that to get it fairly and honestly is a difficult task!" You say "that knavery so abounds that he who adopts plain dealing, and who rests upon truth and integrity has no chance." I grant that it seems to be so; but I know that the Scripture

of Divine Truth declares that godliness has the promise of the *life that now is*, as well as that which is to come. It is possible, that cunning and craft may have their day, that dishonesty may thrive for a time, that duplicity and knavery may triumph for a season, and that the unscrupulous man may by his energetic selfishness succeed where holy and conscientious men may fail. I will grant that it is an expensive thing to keep a conscience. I know that the righteous suffer when the wicked rejoice, and were it not so, my friends, there would be no exercise for religious principle, and no need for piety upon earth. But I can never conceive that wickedness of any kind can entirely triumph in this world, bad as it may be, for the constitution of things is founded on a design favourable to virtue, and antagonistic to vice, and the soul itself recoils at the idea. Let us not, therefore, make the matter for one moment a subject for speculation, or a ground of distrust. Be careful, my friends, while, as it is your duty to do, you take care for the wants of the body or of the mind, and provide things honest in the sight of men, and even lay up treasures upon earth by unwearied assiduity and honest toil, you do not forget that there are treasures in heaven to be cared for as well. Christ says "The kingdom of heaven is within you." The worldlying whom I presented to you in the first part of this tract, rejoiced in his worldly pelf, and gloried in saying *it is mine*. Labour so that you may rejoice in your *heavenly treasures*, and be able to say *Wisdom is mine, Integrity is mine, Truth is mine, Honour and Honesty are mine, Meekness, Temperance and Chastity are mine, Faith is mine, Hope is mine, and Charity is mine, God in Christ is mine, Holiness through the sanctification of the Spirit is mine, a joyful Eternity is mine!* Well will it be for you if you set these heavenly riches against earthly wealth. The world may not honour you, you may



be devoid of that worship—you may be lost and forgotten in the struggling crowd,—but God will acknowledge you, and your Saviour will set you down in the number of His “Just men made perfect.”

I say unto you then, young men, take care of yourselves—physically, intellectually, and spiritually. Be wary, be watchful, be active, be patient, be steadfast, be faithful, be prayerful. You have God for your Father—Christ for your Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost for your Sanctifier, Guide, and Comforter,—and thus sustained, what difficulty will be too great to encounter?—What infirmity will be too hard to surmount?—What evil or wrong be too cruel to endure?—What sorrow too poignant to bear?—None! For as the sun is sometimes seen to rise over the raging main, clearing away the mists, dispelling the thunder clouds, and lulling the storm—so will “The Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings,” breaking through the darkness of sin, the tumults of worldly strife, and the tears of sorrow upon your *spiritual life*—that *life of the soul* which is the only *true life*, and without which, the life of *sense* is but mist, and the life of *mind* but a shadow.

Self-elevation, my friends, is a duty you owe to yourselves; not that elevation only which arises from physical or mental endowments, but especially that which arises from spiritual and moral sources. Elevate yourselves above ignorance, bigotry, and superstition; above prejudice and hypocrisy; above deceit and dishonesty, low cunning, chicanery, trick and treachery, and all those detestable vices which lie in the path of your progress. It is a glorious thing, my friends, to feel ourselves above the smoke, mists, and malaria of this lower world, and to stand upon a mountain with the thunders and lightnings of evil raging harmlessly at our feet. When a man attains to this heavenly elevation, he begins to feel something of the dignity

of his being. But exalt not yourselves in your own strength, and remember that he “*who thinketh he standeth*” should “*take heed lest he fall.*” If through divine strength you have attained to this moral dignity, strive earnestly to preserve it. Let all you do, in little things, as well as great ones, be consistent with the religious principles you profess, and the moral standard which you aim at; and take care, “that your light may so shine before men, that they may glorify” (not you) but “your Father which is in heaven.”

In conclusion, my friends, I have only to say that at the present day the most strenuous exertions are being made by the noble and the good for the benefit of young men. Reciprocate the kindness and do yourselves a service; unite yourselves with those various societies designed for your especial benefit, for they will most assuredly raise you in the social scale and confer inestimable blessings upon you. The Society of Arts, and Young Men’s Christian Associations are well worthy your attention. Be true to the many advantages that surround you; be true to yourselves. Keep your bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity. Raise your minds by reading and reflection, and, above all, do not forget the realization of your spiritual privileges. Do these things, or at least *try* to do them, and under the blessing of your Heavenly Father, you will assuredly find out the best and truest way of TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE!

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# Scandal, Gossip, Tittle-Tattle, & Backbiting.

By *OLD CHATTY CHEERFUL,*

FELLOW OF THE HAPPY HOME SOCIETY.

"See now! she's bursting with a vague report,  
Made by the washerwoman or old nurse,  
Time out of mind the village chronicle:  
And with this news she gads from house to house,  
Racking her brains to coin some wonderful  
Astounding story out of nothing, and thus  
To sow the seeds of discord and of strife,  
To soil the snow-white robe of innocence,  
To blacken worth and virtue, and to set  
The neighbourhood together by the ears."  
*Shenstone.*

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## SCANDAL, GOSSIP, &c.

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THE "Vale of Samberi" in India is said to be the most beautiful valley in the world. It is situated in a very delightful district, between ranges of mountains clothed almost to their tops with the richest verdure, and where the pomegranate and the vine, the fig and the orange are unusually luxuriant; while streams of the purest water stretch their silver ribbons down every steep, or meander in glittering sunlight through towns and villages. It was in this lovely valley that a friend of mine was located during the year 1818. He had been sent out from Liverpool on a mission concerning cashmere goat wool, and staid for some time in the village of Dejekle, which was situated in the most charming part of this celebrated valley. "How delighted am I," he writes, "with my habitation and the little district that surrounds it! The pomegranates and the luscious fig-trees hang over my sleeping-room window; groves of apricots and peaches surround me on all sides, and flowers of every variety of hue and fragrance meet me, whichever way I turn. It is a kind of earthly paradise: I can compare it to nothing but the elysian fields, or the bowers of Eden; but alas! it has a serious drawback.

Eden had—there was a cunning and wicked old serpent in paradise; and the village of Dejekle was not



without its poisonous reptiles, which would meet you in your walks, amid fragrant groves and pleasant vineyards, and disturb you in the quiet time of your mid-day leisure, or the hours that should be devoted to sleep. Centipedes would get into our shoes; scorpions would now and then be found under your pillow; spiders too, such as the *Tarantula*, would hang by a single thread just over your head as you sat at meals, like the sword of Damocles; while vipers, big with venom, would sometimes be found coiled up in your hat, just as you were about to put it on; and often when you thrust your hand into your trousers pocket, you would pull it back with a jerk, from its being suddenly seized by the forceps of some virulent beetle.

Such were the drawbacks of what would have been a very Eldorado of a place. Now there are many nice places in this world, particularly in England. Our country towns and villages are especially remarkable for their rural or sylvan beauty. Some of the valleys in which they repose are little less charming than the valley I have named. One especially did I once know, whose charms are not to be surpassed anywhere. Situated on the side of a verdant hill, within view of the sea, an arm of which washes its feet; it combined the beauties of wood and water, of hill and valley, of heath and meadow, of dell and dingle. It was a place that Shakespeare would have loved, and where Milton or Cowper might have sung, so replete was it with natural charm and sylvan beauty. It was a sort of valley of Cashmere, in latitude 47° north, and possessed, in addition to the charms already indicated in that happy county, two churches, four chapels, one literary society, two musical societies, one brass band, a whist club, a money club, a benefit and burial club, and a goose club; but with all these accessories to its natural charms, this happy township had also its "drawbacks."

I will tell you what they were. They were a set of mischief-makers, resembling in the human species the foul things I have mentioned in the above-said happy valley.

Reptiles, whose stings are in their *tongues*, poisonous tarantula *tail-bearers*, venomous viper-jawed *malignants*, crawling, creeping *calumniators*, vomiting their slime on every side, and scorpions, whose only vocation it is to sting. Thus it was, that while all nature around us was cheerful and beautiful, our little township was full of moral deformity. We were frequently set together by the ears; we insensibly learned to distrust one another; we were afraid to enter the social circle of friends and neighbours, lest some of the reptile race should bite our heels; and we insensibly became peevish and discontented and morose, and, albeit, a little spiteful ourselves sometimes, in consequence of the malice and spite and detraction going on around us.

We had a very indefatigable inspector of nuisances in this town, a man whose business it was to go into crooked alleys and back slums, and obscure filthy places, to root out those accumulations of evil which engender fevers, plagues, and a host of diseases. It was his business to look out for corruption, for the miasma, and the poison, and by means of "clearances," wholesale and retail, by disinfectants, by ablutions, and by the introduction of sun, light, and air, wherever light and air were deficient, to bring things into a sanitary state. Oh! that we had such a man to clear away our moral nuisances, especially those pestiferous vermin, who being black themselves, would, like the ink fish, try to render their own blackness invisible, by making the water all black around them. Our clergymen preach in vain, although they preach earnestly. The law, it is true, now and then steps in and deals summary ven-



geance; but the castigation is soon forgotten, and envious and malicious people, with their lies and scandal, amuse themselves as before.

I doubt whether there be any cure for this evil, except that of a regenerate heart, which will be given to all those who call upon the Sanctifier of men in earnest and sincere prayer. But it may be that the setting forth of the evils of a malicious and envious spirit, and of a slanderous tongue, will be blessed and will turn to the good of many. The human heart is, as we all know, full of moral corruption, "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." But it is not utterly and eternally benighted; glimpses of God's love will visit it—beams of His mercy will fall upon it, and the "still small voice" will be heard, gentle as that of the redbreast, when the days are darkest, speaking of something bright even in the darkness; and hence it is that we have hope, and trust that the day will come—and, oh! may it not be far distant—when all envyings and revilings, and malice and hatred, shall be put away from us, and love and peace and truth be established for ever.

It has been declared by the highest authority, that the tongue is an unruly member. Some say it has been given to man to *conceal* rather than to *reveal* his thoughts. Whether this be true or not I cannot say; but this I do know, for it is the word of God that informs me, "That if any one seems to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain." The same authority also tells me, that "the *heart* of the wise teacheth his *mouth*, and addeth learning to his lips."

To shew how people are sometimes made to suffer for their evil tongues, I will relate a circumstance that came under my notice some years ago:—There was an old linen draper, of the name of Dowlas, who was very

celebrated for his malignant version of things. He was sinister, cunning, courteous; also fawning, and talkative; he knew everybody's business but his own; he knew everybody's faults and failings—their peccadilloes and backslidings. He was never so happy as when he saw a neighbour tripped up, and was in no way backward in putting his leg out to give him a tumble, and he chuckled with delight over every sad step which "slipshod morality" might happen to make; and what was worse, worse for him as well as for his neighbours, whenever certain individuals for whom he had no liking by reason of their propriety of conduct, "stood high," "Old Dickey" would be sure to hatch up a story, or deliver himself of an insinuation, with certain nods and winks, and hems and haws, and leers and shrugging of the shoulders, to the disadvantage, in a moral point of view, of his victim. By such a course he had ruined the reputation of many, especially of young persons. He would put a story about with the most consummate art, which to himself he called "*setting the ball a rolling*," knowing that at every rotation a fresh accession of mud would be sure to make the ball bigger; and Old Dickey would chuckle over his counter as he measured out the draperies and chintzes, and set the ball still further in motion by a few *charitable* remarks, and the expression of his disbelief in the reports that he had himself set afloat, till at last he had the satisfaction of seeing the reputation of the person he had scandalized seriously injured.

Old Dickey had a great spite against another linen draper in the town, a very old and respectable inhabitant, who got what is called the "cream of the custom of the place," by charging fair prices for good articles. Dickey wanted very much to do him a "turn" for reducing the price of his blankets to the poor in the cold weather. This was a mortal sin in his eyes, so he set to work to injure



his credit. A traveller called upon him one day, and after ordering a few bales of goods, he and the traveller got into conversation. "Have you heard anything about 'up the hill?'" said Dickey. "No," replied the traveller. "Up the hill," said Dickey, with a significant shrug of the shoulders. "What do you mean?" "Oh, nothing; a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse." "What is the matter?" "Only a screw loose!" "You don't mean it?" "I don't wish to mean it," said Dickey—"I dare say it isn't true; but people will talk, and when they see a horse with a shoe off, they think he must go to prayers. Act upon your own suggestions. Ferret about; you'll soon find out."

So the traveller did ferret about, and Dickey having been busy with his insinuations some days before, the traveller found, as he supposed, that there was a "screw loose" up the hill. So he immediately pressed for his account, and refused to take any further order, although the linen draper up the hill wished to fulfil a contract. The tradesman, after some weeks spent in investigation, at last unequivocally fixed the slanderous libel upon the unfortunate Dickey. It is useless to go into the trial, which took place at Ipswich, and of which I formed a part, being one of the special jury that tried the case. Sufficient to say, that the case of libel and injury sustained was clearly made out. Dickey was cast in heavy damages, and these, with the expenses, made a very considerable hole in a thousand pounds, which cleared the unfortunate libeller completely out of shop, stock, and pockets, and consigned him to a prison.

Another instance of the mischief and misery arising from a slanderous tongue fell under my observation some years ago. There lived in one of the nice little gossiping villages in the heart of Dorsetshire, a lady of slender means, of an equivocal age, unmarried, and of a very

froward and morose disposition. Report stated that she had been jilted when on the point of matrimony, which disappointment had soured her temper, and put her mind into a state of unwholesome effervescence. She was generally in a fume and a ferment at home, scolding at her servants as the regular business of her life, while her amusement and recreation consisted in picking holes in her neighbours' garments; in thinking uncharitably, and speaking uncharitably, in propagating idle reports, in fanning the flames of domestic discord, and in setting people together by the ears. There was no weakness on the part of the most obscure individual, that this unfortunate lady did not ferret out; there was no sin of omission or of commission among her most bosom friends that she did not use her best endeavours to bring to the light of day; and there was no story to another's discredit, that she did not do her best to push about among the community, with illustrations and additions sometimes the most absurd and ridiculous. Her mind was a kind of unclean beast that fed upon garbage, sniffing up and down the town through every street, crooked court, or blind alley, for the purpose of grubbing up that which would have been much better concealed. It was no wonder then that Miss Morgan obtained the name of the *she-dragon*, and that everybody looked upon her as some walking pestilence. Many a young maiden's fair fame had this old hag effectually assailed by her inuendoes; for her principal delight seemed to be in attacking the gentlest and the purest, and the most amiable of her sex. Their virtues were a living poison to her, and she was never so happy as when she could succeed in bringing unmerited censure upon persons of the fairest reputation. She had ever upon her tongue those words of ominous import—"She is no better than she should be," which is understood to mean that the persons to whom the



phrase is applied are by no means so good as they ought to be; the said phrase also is understood to comprehend, on the person slandered, a want of chastity and honour, and an attachment to loose habits, and a sad want of morality. Miss Morgan gloated over the ruin of innocent maidens, and there was one on the point of marriage, whose amiability and good fortune in the choice of a husband particularly provoked her malice. The old creature set a story afloat, compromising the chastity of this young lady. She even went so far as to write anonymous letters to the intended bridegroom. She whispered secretly in the ears of some of the friends of the gentleman to whom the lady was betrothed, and had, after a certain time, the gratification of seeing the match broken off. However, in this case, villany was not suffered to prosper as it sometimes does. The young lady's friends determined to unkenel the wretched slanderer, and after some weeks of painful enquiry, brought the anonymous letters and the libellous insinuations home to Miss Morgan. The wickedness unveiled in the whole affair was so unparalleled, that it was determined that proceedings should be taken against her in the ecclesiastical court, a court in which the convicted slanderer is sure to meet with the reward he or she so justly deserves. The costs of this court are enormous, and Miss Morgan having been convicted, they swallowed up her whole fortune. But this was not all, and by no means the worst penalty she had to undergo. The sentence of the court was that she should do penance in the parish church, and appear at the side of the communion table in a white sheet, after having publicly confessed herself guilty, and recanted her wicked calumny.

What a spectacle for a Christian congregation! People of course came from all parts to see it. The scores who had been maligned by her malicious tongue went to the

church, not for worship, but to see justice inflicted. The church was crowded to suffocation; the minister, churchwardens, and ecclesiastical authorities, had a painful duty to perform, but they did not flinch. The good of the community demanded that an example should be made; but the poor conscience-smitten woman came not. At the moment that the bell was knolling for church, she was stretched upon the bed of death; the excitement of the trial, the conviction and the sentence, had driven her into a state of insanity; she was raving mad, and died in a paroxysm of mania while the morning service was being performed. I do not know that I am particularly favorable to the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, but they are still in force, and woe be to those who are so unfortunate as to fall within their censure.

It must not be supposed that "evil speaking and false reports" are confined to the lower or middle classes, any more than that the evil passions are limited to them. Courts and palaces, the highest circles, the coteries of the "upper ten," are often rife with scandal. There are few courts in the world which present so many moral features as that of our good Queen Victoria, who, straightforward and noble-minded herself, and the possessor of many inestimable virtues, affords an example to all around her of the strictest decorum, and at the same time she sets her face against all that is mean and despicable, malevolent, or uncharitable. A lie is her especial abhorrence, and defamation of character is looked upon by her as one of the vilest and most cowardly of offences. Yet in the court, within the very palace walls of our excellent Queen, it is not long since that a foul slander was propagated against a young lady of the very highest rank—a scandal which had not the slightest foundation, but which, by the exercise of that busy, calumniating spirit which delights in presenting things black that



appear the whitest and the fairest, made the fashionable round, and succeeded in tainting, for a moment, the reputation of one of the most talented, most amiable, and most religious persons among our nobility.\* Nothing but the noble-mindedness of the first lady of the land, her tender sympathy, and strict sense of justice, combined with the perfect innocence of the victim, caused the wretched libellers to withdraw their vile aspersions, and crave pardon of the lady and her family for their wicked insinuations. But a severe blow had been given to a sensitive and highly honourable mind, which trembled at the very breath of suspicion; disease of a fatal character had made its appearance, the development of which was accelerated, if not produced, by the cruel anxieties and distress of mind occasioned by the false reports of her envious enemies of the court, and this young and beautiful maiden and elegant poetess sank into the grave prematurely, leaving behind her the fragrance of a name which will survive when earthly things decay, and when envy and spite and malice "shall lie howling."

It often happens among the upper classes that from some cause or other, generally jealousy arising from the superior beauty, virtues, or attainments of an individual, it is determined that he or she shall be "victimised." So the whisperers and the gossips, the secret vituperators, the open slanderers, the noddors and the winkers, get up a scandal. No matter, whether it be a little or a great one. It may relate to a person's origin—to the deeds of his grandfather; it may be a lie regarding his means, habits, or way of life, or to his religious notions. I know a very beautiful and virtuous lady, the wife of a most excellent clergyman, who has been *victimised and*

\* Lady Flora Hastings.

*cut* by the genteel clique, because her father is a grocer, and consequently she must be "vulgar." The fact is that this lady sets an example to every one around her. She is a sample of that ripe and delicious fruit which the birds will peck at, and which *they* would not peck at, was it pungent, acid, and disagreeable like themselves. Thus we see that rank or station, fashionable or genteel society, are as liable to the evils of slander as the homes of the middle classes, or the tenements of the working-man.

Some people think and some people will say that no real harm is ever done by those lying malignants, who try to ruin reputations by their false representations. This is a mistake; many persons have been utterly ruined by false accusations. We all know the story of the lawyer—the "Humane Lawyer," as he was called, who was an honorary member of the Society for the Protection of Animals. A strange dog, whom he stumbled against one day in his stable yard, bit him on the heel of his boot. The lawyer turned towards the dog with a look of the utmost benignancy. "Friend," said he, "I will not *beat* thee, neither will I *kill* thee. I will only *give thee a bad name*; whereupon he opened the door of the stable yard, and letting the dog out, cried 'Mad dog! mad dog!'" The whole village was immediately in arms against the dog, who was presently killed by being stoned to death, leaving at the same time a very bad reputation behind him; and so it is in society, depend upon it; thousands of virtuous men and women have been ruined by slurs thrown upon their characters by the malicious. It has been said that a big *lie* is like a big whale cast ashore by the tide; leave it alone and it will soon flounder itself out of breath, and beat itself to death. It is not so; there is great vitality in a lie. It is more like a hungry wolf that goes about for its prey, attacks



all it comes near, and which, living upon garbage, is not at all nice in ripping up the dead. It is true that a wolf may be hunted, shot down, trapped, snared, and hung up upon the branch of a tree; and so may a liar; but both frequently run a very long course of mischief before they can be destroyed.

The fiend who sets a malicious scandal a-going always calculates upon that depravity of human nature which inclines us to hear evil of another. There is a great want of charity in this particular, even in the best of us, and Satan very often trips us up on this score with great exultation. We all think ourselves more or less something, and we feel raised in our own estimation if we can favorably compare ourselves with others. This we feel often disposed to do by their disparagement, and although we might not be the first to underrate the good qualities of our neighbours, we are at least well pleased to do so when anybody kindly puts us in the way of it, by raising a report detrimental to their character. Instead of drawing favourable inferences from what we hear, or of charitably supposing our informant to be misinformed, we often lend a greedy ear to a false report, and very frequently do not scruple to propagate what we hear; perhaps in the mildest form—perhaps in the most delicate hint—perhaps by the softest insinuation. I know of few more difficult situations in which we can be placed—of none requiring a stricter watchfulness over ourselves—greater caution, or more fervent prayer; but yet without taking the trouble to enquire, without making the slightest investigation, either as to character or the motive of the calumniator, we believe what we have heard, turn our backs upon perhaps a sincere friend, and do our best in a quiet sort of way to propagate the slander. Now, is such the conduct of a Christian? Does it partake of the straightforwardness, the ripeheartedness,

or the fearless rectitude of the manly character? No! rather of the meanness, the contemptible meanness, of a sneaking scoundrelism. Better for us to set our faces resolutely against the backbiter, whenever and wherever we come in contact with him; to listen to no idle tales—to give credit to no slanderous reports, and the more especially when they are raised against those who stand high among others, in consequence of their talents, their goodness, and religious principles. “The north wind driveth away rain, so doth an angry countenance a backbiting tongue.”

There is one class of persons who are an especial nuisance to a neighbourhood—namely, that peeping, prying, ferretting class which are always on the *qui vive* at every coming in or going out of their neighbours; who want to know the birth, parentage, and education of every “new comer;” who want to know the means, the habits, the secrets, and the ways of all that surround them, and who are especially desirous of finding out their follies, feelings, or backslidings. Nothing gives such persons so much malicious delight as when they can discover, by their own lynx-eyed curiosity, anything in the least detrimental to another’s reputation. They gloat over a scandalous report—croak with all the hoarse malignancy of a raven over any “slip” which any one may happen to make, and often cackle from door to door, truly mad with ecstasy, at any suspected moral delinquency of their most intimate neighbour. One old woman in my district is the perfection of such a character. She knows everybody’s business—she knows at what time every chamber blind is pulled down in the parish; she knows, for she goes and listens to the music outside the windows, the people who have parties; she knows a long while before the “betrothed” do who is about to be married; she knows who walks down “Love Lane” by



moonlight; she knows who goes to the pawnbroker's; she knows who has a long running account at the butcher's; she knows where Miss Cobel's last new "Roman Matron Imperial" came from, and how much it cost—but does not know it is paid for; she sits and watches at the house of her old friend, Mrs. Harricot, to see who goes to the Dancing Academy, and she makes her comments thereon; she knows that the poor half-pay captain who lives at Myrtle Cottage, cleans his own boots, and that his two eldest daughters do the house-work, and she infers that they need not hold up their heads so high; she knows the origin of the Butterseums and of the Fig-dusts, and also all about their poor relations, especially how their grandfather used to "melt tallow" or "pick plums;" she knows, for she makes it her business to find out, how many pies, or fowls, or savory dishes, go to the bake-house, from the working men and women in her "district," and she is sure that they must make a great deal more money by their labour than is generally supposed, and she sets them down as impostors, and when the cold weather comes, she deprives them of coals or blankets; she goes smelling and rattling about from door to door, as the "unclean beast" goes up and down the streets after garbage, to find out tit-bits of defamation or scandal, with which she hurries away in a kind of ecstacy, and then she goes home and sits and gloats over them by her fireside, or calls her friends and neighbours together, and makes as much mystery and fuss and splutter about them as if she had discovered the "perpetual motion," the "squaring of the circle," or the "elixir of life;" she is the president, as it were, of the *Poking-your-nose-into-other-people's-business-society*, and has a patent for knowing other people's affairs, while she neglects her own. There are such characters in every town or village. They are moral pests to society—busy-

bodies, mischief-makers, snakes in the grass, backbiters, nose-wrigglers, and tale-bearers, and ought to be put on the cuddy-stool, and in a blanket, or set fast in the stocks, as a warning to itching, tattling, scorpion tongues. Such people never speak well of any one; their breath, instead of being tinctured with "heaven's ethereal fragrance," smells of that pit which is said to be bottomless, and is as a poisonous and destructive exhalation. I do not know of anything in this lower world more thoroughly odious than a character of this sort, which ought to be shunned and reprobated by all who have the least value for their peace of mind, for their character or reputation, or the good of others.

Some persons carry on their slanderous imputations by professing a good deal of pity for those whom they contrive to defame. Talk about the uncharitableness and censoriousness of the world, and of the cruelty of people in raising malicious reports, and then they will repeat a story they have heard to some one's discredit, winding up charitably, "But I don't believe it—pray think nothing of it—it is a vague report, and may be a great falsehood, after all." These people, too, will very often praise a person for the sole object of getting others to condemn him or her; for envy and malice always abhor praise of any one, and thus the thunder and lightning of censure is brought down upon some unfortunate victim's head. Such people are among the most dangerous of the slander-mongers, and are the most wicked, inasmuch as hypocrisy is added to malignancy. Many of these people assume a benignant fair-facedness—wear an open countenance—have a look of ingenuousness, and a blandness of address truly captivating; but beneath all this is a heart black as a coal pit, and cruel as the grave. Their "outward show" is like the handsome stripes of the tiger, or the beautiful skin of the



snake, which conceal the sharp claws of the one, and the poison fangs of the other. It is astonishing the mischief that these reptiles in male or female form produce. Their malice lies deep and deadly, and being thus covered, is not easily detected, and their insinuations often, as I said, concealed under the cloak of charity, make way insidiously, like the under current of a river's smooth and quiet channel, which steals up one way, while the surface is proceeding in a contrary direction. Let us beware of such people, and shun them as we would the pestilence that walketh in darkness.

Another most detestable specimen of these slanderers is your sneaking backbiter—the sly dealer in insinuations and inuendoes, who like a boy standing at the corner of a street throws a handful of mud on your best garment, and before you can turn your head bolts up a back avenue. It is no use to say that “dirt will rub off when it is dry.” No such thing! No filth is ever thrown without leaving a stain. These sly backbiters, these snakes in the grass, are often very polite and civil people, and will get into your confidence frequently for the sole purpose of betraying you. They will dive into your little follies, worm out your little secrets, become acquainted with your little failings, and when you least expect it, will throw a handful of mud at you, and you are unable to detect the hand whence it comes. One method these cowardly creatures employ, is that of *anonymous letter-writing*, and of all cowardly missives, an anonymous letter is the basest, and the wretch who writes an anonymous letter for the purpose of defaming character, has sunk to the lowest stage of human degradation. Few are aware of the difficulty of doing this without detection. Disguise yourself as you will, a handwriting is easily detected. There are persons connected with the legal profession, who can detect

the handwriting of a suspected person in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and can bring an anonymous letter home to its miscreant writer. The evil of anonymous letter-writing is enormous. No man or woman is safe from having his or her character blasted by an anonymous letter. One case has especially fallen under my notice:—A gentleman, in early life, had formed an attachment to a very amiable young lady, the daughter of a surgeon; but his means not being such as would immediately justify marriage, he went out to India to seek his fortune as an underwriter. Here he remained for nearly twenty years, keeping up all the time a correspondence with the object of his affections. Having at last realised a sufficient independence, he returned to this country, with the especial intention of making this chosen lady his wife. Now he happened to take temporary lodgings at the house of an old widow lady, who had two marriageable daughters. Unfortunately he communicated to the old widow his matrimonial intentions, informed her of the name and place or residence of her whom he was about to make his wife. The old widow determined to hook upon this now rich East Indian one of her own daughters, and set on foot by their aid a plan to destroy the character of their rival. One of the sisters visited the country town in which she lived, and obtained a few particulars concerning her character and conduct, habits, acquaintance, and the like. Then began a series of anonymous letters addressed to the gentleman. These insinuated that the lady painted, secretly drank—that she was a great scold, and not strictly virtuous, and that her parents were on the brink of ruin, warning him not to enter into the connection. But the gentleman being of mature years, and a man of sense, attributed these letters in the first instance to malice, and he determined to discover the authors. He however went warily to



work. He consulted in the first instance a very clever superintendent of police at the place where the letters were posted, and it was arranged that a policeman should be outside in the street, and another should be inside the post-office; the one inside to watch the address of every letter dropped into the box, and to give to the man outside, by a pre-concerted signal, notice of any letter addressed to "Mr. Thornton" the moment it was deposited; the policeman was then directed to take into custody the person depositing such letter. For several evenings in succession did they watch, and at last one Sunday evening—a good day for a bad deed, you will say—a letter was dropped into the box, addressed to "James Thornton, Esq., &c." The signal was given—the policeman outside seized the delinquent; it was a woman—it was the *widow*, who was immediately taken into custody. The letter was opened, and found to contain some villanous charges against the lady. It was in the same disguised hand as the letters formerly received. Proceedings were instituted; a long and interesting trial followed, the widow was convicted, and was committed to prison, with hard labour, for two years, and taught, instead of picking holes in her neighbours' garments, to pick oakum; a very inadequate punishment for the enormity of the offence. A somewhat similar case of anonymous writing did not, however, turn out so well, for in this the person to whom they were written became so alarmed by the aspersions they contained, that he broke off the match. He was sued for "breach of promise," and the injured young lady obtained £1000 damages; but she died of a broken heart, brought on by the cruel slander, the anxiety of the trial, and the loss of the man she loved.

Now can any conduct be conceived more wicked or cruel than this? You hear and read of foreign barbari-

ties; of the king of Dahomy, and his festive slaughtering; of the Siouzes and the Cherokees, sticking their enemies full of sharp pieces of wood, and then setting fire to them to torture them to death. You read of the inhuman massacres of the Chinese, and their crucifixion of seventy thousand people in six months on a little piece of ground about fifty yards square, and of the barbarities which attended it; but I doubt whether any of these crimes are more truly wicked than the cruelty that may be committed by anonymous letters, or lying, slanderous tongues; and terrible will be God's retribution on the malicious slanderer, depend upon it, on that day when the "books shall be opened," and, as it is said, God's vial of indignation and wrath shall be poured out upon "all liars."

A friend of mine once furnished me with an account of an evening he spent at a "Scandal party," which is too graphic to be withheld:—I remember, said he, being once at a tea-party (I trust I never shall be again), where several well-known traducers of character congregated to spend what they called a *social evening*, which ought to have been made up of the amenities of human life. But, alas! how opposite to the saying and doing of kind little things was the conversation. There was Mrs. Gadabout, a sort of flying post; Mrs. Morgan who had been named the she-dragon; Mrs. Harriot, the apologist; Bobby Snuffles, the haberdasher, a retailer of small scandal; and myself. I believe that I was invited to this precious cotery for the sole purpose of dissection, and was to have been hung, drawn, and quartered, and finally gibbeted, at the will and pleasure of these merciless executors. The night before this small tea-party, some wicked wag had put a placard upon Mrs. Morgan's door, "*Mangling done here*," which had incensed that lady mightily, and the first cup of



"scandal broth," as some will persist in calling that best of all beverages, tea, had scarcely been poured out, when Mrs. Morgan began—

"A pretty announcement over my door last night!" she exclaimed, with visible annoyance in her looks. "I dare say you have heard of it, for it is all over the town."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Harricot, with a certain amount of disguised pleasure in her looks. "I understand you go out washing and take in mangling."

Neither of these ladies seemed to understand the pungency of the joke cast upon the house and its cotery; but my introducer to the party, Mr. Snuffles, was all agog to let them understand the object of the obnoxious notice.

"It refers, I have no doubt, to our little tea meetings," he interposed; our little "*on dits*," you know, and criticisms, which are, no doubt, unpalatable to the unhappy wretches who commit themselves in so many ways."

"What! do you mean to say mangling means tearing and crushing people to pieces," said Mrs. Morgan.

"Oh, not exactly that," replied Snuffles. "It means simply unskilful dissection and anatomy; but what need we care! We are not to have our mouths shut because some people don't like to be talked about. Why, everybody is talked about; you are talked about, Mrs. Morgan; and you, Mrs. Harricot; and you, Master Weasel, as he chose to call me; and I am talked about."

"Me talked about!—*me* talked about!" said Mrs. Morgan. "I wonder what people can or dare say about *me*! They must mind what they are at. Law, law is my protection; and if I could find out any one who had the wickedness to talk about *me*, I would soon see what could be done."

"Suppose they called you an old 'She-dragon!' enquired Snuffles, with a relish in his eye.

"Don't make yourself odious, Mr. Snuffles, I command you; don't put words into people's mouths."

"But I have heard that name applied to you, I am sure, my dear," said Mrs. Harricot, with the kindest, maliciously gratified tone of voice.

"And so have I," said Mrs. Gadabout.

"Well, let them," rejoined Mrs. Morgan; "let them! Dragons have teeth and claws and stings in their tails, and are prickly all over—so let them beware. But pray let us talk of something more amusing. Have you heard our new curate?"

"Well, I can't say, my dear," said Mrs. Harricot, "that I have *heard him*, but I have heard *of him*."

"Isn't he a nice young man? I understand half the female part of the congregation are in love with him already. They say he preaches like an apostle, and looks like an angel."

"I believe some of his tricks were not very angelic at his last situation," said Mrs. Harricot, with a sneer.

"You don't say so!" said Snuffles; "that makes good what a little bird told me."

"Really!" said Mrs. Gadabout.

"Positively!" said Mrs. Morgan.

"Delicious!" said Mrs. Harricot.

"Odious!" said I.

"Yes, odious!" resumed Mrs. Morgan; "odious, quite odious!"

"What is it?" I enquired.

"Well, there's a something," said Snuffles—"there's a something; it will all come out some day. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall'—that's all I say; but I could say, I could say a great deal—but mum;" and here Mr. Snuffles clapped suddenly the



palm of his hand to his mouth, which went off with a kind of pop.

"I thought so! I thought so!" exclaimed Mrs. Harricot, in raptures. "But, lawks, we should not believe what we hear; for my part, I never believe anything I hear, and only half what I see. I dare say it was a mere scandal about the baby-boy found in the flue of the copper."

"Oh, then, you know all about it, do you?" exclaimed the other ladies in a breath.

"Suppose I do. I dare say it is merely a scandal, and it will only be a nine days' wonder. I have no doubt, however, of its getting about; not that I wish it; oh dear, no! for I have a very high opinion of the clergy, as you all know, and I always go regularly to my place of worship, as everybody knows."

At this moment a rap was heard at the door, and in bounced Mrs. Garbage.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Morgan, I have such a lot to tell you!"

"Sit down, my dear," replied that lady. "I will put some fresh tea in the pot; there, lay your bonnet and shawl on the sofa, and draw in here; that's right, and now we will have all the news of the town." So the company drew closer to the tea-table, myself included.

"Well, what's the first bit of chat?"

"Well, there's something up at the doctor's!"

"What is it?"

"Well, the servant is gone away suddenly, and no one knows what for, but it is suspected."

"Aye, I thought so," replied Mrs. Morgan. "I always anticipated it," cried Mrs. Harricot. "It was as plain as a pike-staff," said Snuffles. "I was sure of it," cried Mrs. Gadabout. "I wasn't," said I, coolly.

"Then you went about without eyes or ears, or scent

or feeling," replied Mrs. Harricot; "but you are green at present. You will know more by and bye."

"Then there's the Parsonses," continued Garbage; "they are going to pot. Two strange-looking, seedy, battered-hatted men, were seen at the back of the shop yesterday making memorandumses. I heard as their names were John Doe and Richard Roe, and some says as they be bailiffs."

"No doubt; of course they are. What else should they be?" said Snuffles.

"Well, I can't say," said Mrs. Garbage. "All I know is, that's what everybody *do* say; and what everybody says, must be true."

"Of course," said the ladies, collectively.

"Well and then," resumed Mrs. Garbage, "I saw such a wedding-cake at Biggine's shop—such a beauty; and such a whopper!"

"Are you sure it isn't a *dummy*?" said Mrs. Morgan.

"I am sure and certain," replied the other, "because I know the happy couple for whom it is intended; and all I can say is, that *that cake isn't out of the oven a bit too soon.*"

"Who is it for?" exclaimed Mrs. Gadabout; "why don't you tell us who it is for!"

"Why it is for a certain young gentleman who shall be *mentionless*, and a certain young lady who shall be *nameless*. All I say is, that as the poet says, 'Comin' events cast their shadows afore.'"

"Do you allude to the eldest daughter of the half-pay captain, who beats his own mats, and cleans his own knives and shoes of a morning before people are up?"

"Well, I don't say I don't; but you will see what turns *up*, and how it turns *out*. I say nothing—it is no business of mine. If people will make fools of themselves, so much the worse for them."



"I dare say it is nothing but scandal," said Mrs. Harriot, "I have heard many sad things about the mawkish Miss Dobbs, but I never believed them; the world is very censorious, but some things speak for themselves."

"Then," resumed Mrs. Garbage, in the same hurried manner, "Old Diggs is dead, the banker and plumpicker."

"Dead! why how did that occur? He was a fine, healthy-looking man," said Snuffles; "you might have taken a lease of his life."

Mrs. Garbage made a motion with her hand to her mouth, as if she was putting a bottle to it, and added, significantly, "Caught the complaint of his wife!"

"Goodness, gracious! you don't mean to say that Mrs. Diggs is attached to the bottle?"

Mrs. Garbage nodded.

"Such a woman, too, for giving away coals and blankets, and making of soup for the poor and all that sort of thing."

"And used to go to the tectotal meetings," observed Mrs. Gadabout.

"What a blind!" said Mrs. Harriot.

"It's true," continued Mrs. Garbage, "he's dead, but where he's gone to *I don't know*."

"I am afraid he was a thorough old hypocrite," observed Mrs. Morgan, "and I know where they are likely to go to."

"We all must go somewhere," said Mr. Snuffles, with a sigh, assuming a very serious look; and what he would have said, or what further the ladies would have said, I know not, but at that moment a tremendous smash took place at the windows, the glass flew about in all directions, the tea cups and saucers were scattered, and a dead cat fell in the midst of us. The consternation

was ludicrous, and in it I made my exit, resolving never more to go to a scandal-broth party, and I have kept my word.

What a pretty finish this to so disreputable a meeting! When we examine the characters and the conversation, what a feature does it present! These people first begin to shew their own sensitiveness to scandal, and their dread of its effects, by a ready appeal to law. What a pity they could not feel for others, as well as for themselves; but no! they first begin upon the minister of religion, whom they sneer at and vituperate, throwing out insinuations in the most contemptible and cowardly manner in regard to his public and private character. Then the doctor comes in for his share of defamation. After him a private genteel family, whose great offence is being "poor and genteel." Then these harpies attack the character of two innocent and amiable persons on the point of matrimony; and after going the round of all their friends and acquaintance, do not scruple to scandalize and speak evil of the *dead*. Well, it was so two thousand five hundred years ago. Old Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, in his "Characters," alludes to the detractor in these words—"He utters not a word that does not display the malignancy of his soul; he moves about like some poisonous reptile, whose trail poisons everything it creepeth over; he is the despicable cur that nibbles at every horse's heels; he is the loathsome Grecko, whose breath turns life into death, and he goes about, sometimes prying, sometimes slinking, sometimes eaves-dropping, but always endeavouring to make white black, to turn right into wrong, to defile innocence, to take away the brightness of honour, and to make truth look like a lie, and he will even speak ill of the dead."

Let us now look at this momentous question for a moment in a Christian point of view, my friends.



Defamation and detraction are "sins." It would be wrong to bestow upon them a less emphatic name. Lying, and the bearing of false witness against a neighbour, is the violation of a positive command made by God Himself amid the thunders of Mount Sinai. But what must be said of those lies which are made and propagated for the express and especial purpose of inflicting injury on the unsuspecting and the innocent? Well has it been said by the greatest of our poets—

"Who steals my purse, steals trash;  
'Tis something—nothing; 'twas mine—'tis his,  
And has been slave to thousands; but he  
That filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
But makes me poor indeed."

For in scandal and detraction, theft and lying are combined, and murders, even as we have shewn, may be committed by the tongue.

When our first parents were placed in Eden, in the enjoyment of every happiness, as appears by the sacred record, they were the subjects of envy to the "evil one." He told them a lie to induce them to commit sin, and in the doing of it he defamed and scandalised the character of the Most High. He said, "Ye shall not surely die, for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Now mark! This was to insinuate that God was deceiving Adam and Eve when He imposed His injunctions upon them; and so has it ever been—it is the province of evil to disparage goodness, and when we so far forget our duty to God, and to our neighbours, as to defame them, we are worthy followers of him who is declared to have been a "liar from the beginning," and one of his abominable progeny. We may be assured that we are never more under the especial guidance of

Satan than when we are backbiting or slandering our neighbours. How much more would it conduce to our temporal happiness in this world, and our eternal felicity in the next, were we to let those just and ancient commands of God be observed—"Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people," and "Thou shalt not raise a false report;" and, to use the words of the Society of Friends, in their minutes and addresses, "We should stand up in the fear of the Lord against all whisperers, backbiters, tale-bearers, defamers, and slanderers, and against all whisperings, reproachings, false speakings, and the like, which are begotten by darkness and envy, and brought forth by malice and wickedness, to the ruin of peace and concord and brotherly love among men. If by chance we should hear a report of a friend or even enemy to his disadvantage," continues this goodly advice, "we ought to be careful not to repeat it again, but to go to the person against whose character the report is made, and enquire if it be true or not, and if it be true, then deal with such person for it according to the doctrine of Christ. But if false, then endeavour as much as in you lies, to stop such report, for as Solomon says, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.'" The preservation of love is a duty in every state of religious attainment, and did we faithfully observe our Lord's precept of doing to others as we would they should do to us, its practice would be easy. Detraction and envy, and scandal and malice, would then be destroyed in the seed, and Christian charity preserved over all.

I do not think there is any vice more thoroughly denounced in the word of God than the vice of "slander" and "evil speaking," and I cannot refrain from pointing out the strenuous manner in which the Book of Divine Truth warns and exhorts and threatens us in this matter. Under the old Jewish dispensation, when



"an eye was for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," it was said, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people:" and "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I cut off." "Thou shalt not raise a false report, nor put thine hand with the wicked, to be an unrighteous witness." "A wicked man walketh with a froward mouth; he winketh with his eyes; he speaketh with his feet; he teacheth with his fingers: Frowardness is in his heart; he deviseth mischief continually; he soweth discord: therefore shall his calamity come suddenly, and suddenly shall he be broken without remedy. Let us, my friends, think of these things. Let us not forget that out of the seven sins that are an especial abomination to our Heavenly Father, five relate to the vice of tale-bearing and slander. They are, "A lying tongue, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in making mischief, a false witness that maketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren."

Man is a strange animal; an extraordinary compound of good and evil, of the sublime and ridiculous. Endowed with such powerful instincts as he is, and having so high a destiny, it is indeed a sorrowful prospect when we look around us, to find him for the most part engaged in domestic broils or civil discords. But so it is, and the fact proves that there is a terrible rottenness in our humanity after all, and that evil is portentously active and powerful within us. Pride and envy, hatred and malice, are at the bottom of all wickedness, whether in courts or cottages. Let us beware of them, and remember, as David says, "How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." How as Solomon also says, "Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife." How delicious is that conversation which is accompanied by mutual confidence and charitable feeling—how calm the

mind—how composed the affections—how serene the countenance—how sweet the voices—how tranquil the sleep—indeed, how happy the whole life of those "who think no evil, who devise no mischief, who hope no misfortune, and who work no wrong to their neighbour." On the contrary, how loathsome is it—how full of trouble and misery it must be for us to have our minds continually on the rack of enmity, and loaded with the torture-weight of envious regret, and the whole frame of body and soul disturbed and distempered with the worst of passions. Such a state resembles that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult, in which demons reside, and those who rejoice in it, are its natural inhabitants here upon earth. In the same manner, a state of love and charity, of meekness and piety, of forgiveness and mercy, and joy in the happiness of others, resembles that heaven into which neither spite nor malice can enter, but where blessed souls converse together in perfect love, harmony, and perpetual concord. Philosophy has made true happiness to consist in calmness and tranquillity of life; but the Holy Scriptures and revealed religion comprehend all this, and something more, in its universal principle of "Peace on earth and good-will towards men;" and so let us pray to our HEAVENLY FATHER that His "will may be done on earth as it is in heaven," and that He may cleanse our hearts by the influence of His Holy Spirit from all that is evil and malignant, and sanctify us anew to His service; and furthermore endow us with those celestial graces, which will make our household peace and domestic comfort here on earth, a shadow of that heavenly felicity, prepared for all His obedient and loving children, from the foundation of the world, through the merits of Christ our Redeemer, in whom is our hope and trust.



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