

to understand what he saw. Afterwards he made other little journeys, which he tells us about in his Life.

When he grew a bigger boy, he and one of his brothers thought it would be a treat indeed, if they could but get to see the cities of St. Andrews and Perth. They talked a great deal about it, and asked many questions of older friends. They saved up money for a long time till they had thirty shillings. Then they hired two little horses to ride on, and started at five o'clock on a fine summer morning. They were out three days, travelled altogether a hundred miles, saw all they wished to see, spent all their money, and got home tired enough, about one o'clock in the morning. Sometime after, they made a much longer journey on foot.

While John was still a youth, his uncle died, and when he was twenty, his dear brothers died. Their uncle's holy life and happy death, led them all to think about their souls. John prayed very much, and thought he would give any thing to be a Christian. He did not feel happy, however, for a good many years. "How was this? Does not religion make people happy?" Yes. "Then why was he not happy?" He felt so afraid that Jesus would not save him. Yet Jesus has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Yes, and he particularly says, "Suffer little children to come," and he always keeps his promise, therefore no one need be afraid.

"Why then was young Campbell afraid?" My dear little readers, have you a very kind father? When you have been doing anything that you know he would not like, have you not felt afraid to go to him? I think John felt something like this. He was fond of company and dress, and used often to go into the company of people who did not love his Saviour. Sometimes he used to read foolish books, and sometimes to lie late in bed, so that he had not time for prayer. Then he knew he had been doing wrong, and this made him feel afraid even of that gracious Saviour.

At last he was brought to give up his heart to Jesus, and to feel that he could safely trust his soul in the hands of his dear Redeemer. Then he felt quite happy. Then he thought that he could never do enough to show his love. He had tried to do good before, but often with a heavy heart. Now, it was all pleasure. I will tell you some of the ways in which he tried to do good.

He began with visiting the sick and poor in the garrets of Edinburgh. He used to read the Bible to them, and pray with them, and relieve their wants. He spent his spare time in this way, and his spare money too. He was very kind to orphans, and did all he could to help them. He knew how to pity them, for he was himself an orphan. He used also to write a great many letters to give good advice, or to comfort those who were in trouble.

At that time, there were not so many good ministers and people in Scotland or England either as there now are, and there were no Bible and Tract Societies. It came into his mind that it would be a good thing to print tracts to give away. Soon after, he set up two Sunday evening schools for children. He paid a good man to teach one of them, and the other he taught himself.

About the same time he began to travel again, but not in the same way as when he was a boy, just to amuse himself. He printed a great many tracts for the purpose, and then he and another friend hired a large chaise, and filled it with tracts, and went all over Scotland, preaching at different places, and giving tracts to all the people whom they met. He made several of these journeys. He persuaded the good people at different places to set up Sunday schools. After one week's journey, he heard that sixty schools had been set up. Was not that a good week's work? How many children there must have been in sixty schools!

Mr. Campbell was very fond of children, and he knew just what they liked. There were then no nice little books for children. Almost all the books that were made for them were like sermons, and full of hard words. Mr. Campbell had a little cousin named Mary Campbell, about nine or ten years old. She was under his care, and he loved her very much. He found a little book, a pious address to children, of eighteen pages of small print, without one stop in the middle. He thought he would try whether it would do for Mary, so one day after dinner, he told her he had a nice book for her, written on purpose for children like her. She seemed much pleased, and began to read it eagerly. He sat down to his desk to write a letter. When she had turned over the second leaf, he saw she was surprised that there was no end of a chapter in sight. Then she turned over the third leaf, to see if there was an end there. Mr. Campbell said, "Go on, Mary; it's very good." After