

half-hour did he sit brooding over his troubles, and contriving how he could cure this smoky chimney.

One night when the smoke was making its way in every direction, except up the chimney, and Abel was puzzling his brain, and trying to hit upon some plan to lesson the evil, a neighbour of his, a slater, popped his head in at the door. "Abel, said he, "you are in a pretty smother, and so you are likely to be, until you place a slate or two at the top of your chimney, to prevent the wind from blowing down."

When the neighbour was gone, Abel Grave determined that on the morrow he would do as he had been advised, and put some tiles on the top of his chimney.

By the time he had made this resolution, another neighbour, a glazier, made his appearance. "Master Grave," said he, "why your chimney gets worse and worse. I tell you what, you may try a hundred schemes, but none of them will do till you put a whirl-a-gig in your window. That is what you want, and you will have no peace till you get one."

Away went the neighbour, and Abel began to think about a whirl-a-gig in his window, but was a little puzzled whether to try the whirl-a-gig or the tiles.

"Hallo! Abel," shouted a third neighbour, a bricklayer who was passing by, "here's a pretty smother! I suppose you mean to smoke us all out."

"No, no!" said Abel, "I am tormented too much with the smoke myself, to wish to torment anybody else with it; nobody knows what a trouble it is to me."

"Why, now replied his neighbour, "if you will only brick up your chimney a little closer, it will be cured directly. I was plagued just in the same manner, but a few bricks put all to rights, and now, I have no trouble with the chimney at all."

This account set Abel Grave off a wool-gathering once more, and whether to put slates at the top, to brick up closer the bottom of the chimney, or to have a whirl-a-gig in the window, he did not know.

He mused on the matter before he went to bed, woke two or three times in the night, and pondered it over, yet when he got up in the morning, he was as little decided as ever.

Just as he was about to set off to his work, old Abraham Ireland came by. Now Abraham had the character of being a shrewd, sensible old man, which character he well deserved, so that he was often consulted in difficult cases.

Abel, as soon as he saw him, asked him to step in for a moment, which he willingly did. "I want your advice," said he, "about my chimney, for it is the plague of my very life, it smokes so sadly."

"What have you done to it?" inquired old Abraham.

"Why, as to that," replied Abel, "I have done nothing at all but fret about it,

for one tells me to do one thing, another another. The slater tells me to stick some slates at the top; the glazier advises me to have a whirl-a-gig in the window; and the bricklayer says nothing will do but bricking up the chimney closer; and so, among so many different opinions, I am more puzzled about it than ever."

"There may be some sense in what they all say," said Abraham, pondering the matter, "and if I found it necessary, I would take the advice of all three. Suppose," said he, "you tried the first which is the easiest to do; put a slate or two at the top, and if that will not do, have a whirl-a-gig in the window, and if both of them will not cure the smoke, why then brick up the chimney a little closer. The next best thing to that of knowing what will cure a smoky chimney is, to know what will not cure it, and you are sure to find out one or the other."

No sooner was old Abraham gone, than Abel went in search of the slater, who, in an hour's time, had put the slates on the chimney-top. When Abel returned from his work at night, his wife told him that the house had not smoked quite so bad as it did before, but that, still it was not fit for any human creature to live in.

Next morning Abel went to the glazier, who in the course, of the day, put a ventilator in the window, which many people call the whirl-a-gig. This mended the matter surprisingly. Abel was pleased to find so much improvement, but as the smoke still did not go right up the chimney he set off to the bricklayer, who, the following morning, bricked up the chimney a little closer, to make the draught quicker, so that when Abel once more returned home, he found a clean hearth, a bright fire, a good-tempered wife, and a house as little troubled with smoke as any house in the parish.

"Well, Abel," said old Abraham Ireland, who had called to know how the improvements were going on, "you and your wife are able to see one another now."

Abel told him what he had done, and that his chimney was quite cured.

"I am right glad of it," replied Abraham, very heartily; and the next time you get into a difficulty, instead of wasting your time and fretting over it, and snarling with your wife, listen to the advice of others, weigh it in your mind, think on the most likely means to get rid of your trouble. and proceed directly to put it in practice; for this plan will cure a thousand troubles, quite as well as a smoky chimney.

"So was FRANKLIN."—"O you're a 'prentice," said a little boy the other day, tauntingly, to his companion. The address turned proudly around, and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strangely blended in his countenance, coolly answered, "So was Franklin."

The motto of our infantile philosopher contains too much to be forgotten, and should be engraved on the minds of all,

What can better cheer a man in humble calling, than the reflection that the greatest and best of earth—the greatest statesmen—the brightest philosophers and the proudest warriors—have once graced the same profession?

Look at Cincinnatus? At the call of his country he laid aside the plough and seized the sword. But after wielding it with entire success—when his country was no longer endangered, and public affairs needed not his longer stay—he "beat his sword into a plough share," and returned with honest delight to his little farm.

Look at Washington! What was his course of life? He was a farmer; next a commander-in-chief of the host of freedom—fighting for the liberation of his country from the thralls of despotic oppression; next, called to the highest seat of government, by his ransomed brethren, a President of the largest republic on earth; and lastly, a farmer again.

Look at FRANKLIN! He who "With the thunders talked as with a friend, And waved his garland of the lightning's wing. In sportive twist."

What was he! a PRINTER! once a menial in a printing office! Poverty stared him in the face, but her blank, hollow look could not daunt him.—He struggled through a harder current than most are called to encounter—but he did not yield. He passed manfully onward, bravely buffetting misfortune's billows, and gained the desired haven!

What was the famous Ben Johnson? He was first a brick-layer or mason! What was he in after years? 'Tis needless to answer.

But shall we go on, and call up in proud array all the mighty host of worthies that have lived and died, who were cradled in the lap of penury, and received their first lesson in the school of affliction? Nay, we have cited instances enough already—more than enough to prove the point in question;—namely, that there is no profession, however low in the opinion of the world, but has been honored with earth's greatest and her worthiest.

Young man! Does the iron hand of misfortune press hard upon you, and disappointment well nigh sink your despairing soul! Have courage! Mighty ones have been predecessors—and have withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overwhelm their fragile bark!

Do you despise your honorable stations—and repine that you are not placed in some nobler sphere! Murnur not against the dispensation of an all-wise Creator! Remember that wealth is no criterion of moral rectitude, or intellectual worth; that riches dishonestly gained are a lasting curse; that virtue and uprightness work out a rich reward; and that

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
And when dark disappointment comes, don't wither at her stare; but press forward