

look about him, and especially upon himself, and began to see in what a blaze he had been, and what little there was left of his goodly apparel, then did sensibility return, and it was clear that some of the finest and most tender nerves of his moral nature had felt the violence of the fire; and he wept bitterly.

Inquiring about the matter, I learned that he had a fortnight carried a large quantity of explosive powder about him called Passion, but he had not obeyed the Great Captain's orders to pitch the whole of it overboard, and there was enough for a stray spark to fall upon and do mischief. Such a spark came that way, hence the blaze above described.

I trust I shall not soon see another disciple in a blaze—such a blaze as the one I have been describing, and whose apparel was so sadly ruined; but I should like to see more frequently such a blaze as Holy Love can kindle in the human heart. This is even a better sight than the burning bush Moses saw, which burned and yet was not consumed. It is the best possible evidence that they shall live and be blessed forever.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A PENNY.

Thirty years ago there was seen to enter the city of London a lad about fourteen years of age. He was dressed in a dark smock-frock, that hid all his under-apparel, and which appeared to have been made for a person evidently taller than the wearer. His boots were covered with dust from the high road. He had an old hat, with a black band, which contrasted strangely with the covering of his head. A small bundle, fastened to the end of a stick and thrown over his shoulder, was the whole of his equipment. As he approached the Mansion house he paused to look at the building, and seating himself on the steps of one of the doors, he was about to rest himself; but the coming in and going out of half a dozen persons before he had time to finish untying his bundle, made him leave that spot for the open space, where the doors were in part closed.

Having taken from the bundle a large quantity of bread and cheese, which he seemed to eat with a ravenous appetite, he amused himself with all the eager curiosity of one unaccustomed to see similar sights.

The appearance of the youth soon attracted my curiosity, and gently opening the door, I stood behind him without his being in the least conscious of my presence. He now began rumaging his pockets, and, after a great deal of trouble, brought out a roll of paper, which he opened. After satisfying himself that a large copper coin was safe, he carefully put it back again, saying to himself, in a low tone, "Mother, I will remember your last word; 'a penny saved is two-pence earned.' It shall go hard with me before I part with you, old friend."

Pleased with this remark, I gently touched the lad on the shoulder. He started, and was about to move away, when I said:—

"My good lad, you seem tired, and likewise a stranger in the city."

"Yes, sir," he answered, putting his hand to his hat. He was again about to move forward.

"You need not hurry away, my boy," I observed. "Indeed, if you are a stranger, and willing to work, I can perhaps help you to get what you require."

The boy stood mute with astonishment, and colouring to such an extent as to show all the freckles of a sunburnt face, stammered out,

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to know," I added, with all the kindness of manner I could assume, "whether you are anxious

to find work, for I am in want of a youth to assist my coachman."

The poor lad twisted and twirled his bundle about, and after only placing his hand to his head, managed to utter an awkward answer, and said he would be very thankful.

I mentioned not a word about what I had overheard with regard to the penny, but inviting him into the house, I sent for the coachman, to whose care I entrusted the new comer.

Nearly a month had passed after this meeting and conversation had occurred, when I resolved to make some inquiries of the coachman regarding the conduct of the lad.

"A better boy never came into the house, sir; and as for wasting anything, bless me, sir, I know not where he has been brought up, but I really believe he would consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the birds every morning."

"I am glad to hear so good an account," I replied.

"And as for his good nature, sir, there is not a servant among us that doesn't speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. Oh, sir, he has got more learning than all of us put together; and, what's more, he doesn't mind work, never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters."

Determined to see Joseph myself, I requested the coachman to send him to the parlor.

"I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write."

"Yes, sir, thanks to my poor dead mother."

"You have lately lost your mother, then?"

"A month that very day when you were kind enough to take me into your house an unprotected orphan," answered Joseph.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Sir, my mother has been a widow ever since I can remember. She was a daughter of the village school master, and having to maintain me and herself with her needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me not only how to read and write, but to cast up accounts."

"And did she give you that penny which I saw you unroll so carefully at the door?"

Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with emotion, and a tear stood in his eye,—

"Yes, sir, it was the very last penny she gave me."

"Well, Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct that not only do I pay you a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you to fulfil the duties of collecting clerk to our firm, which situation has become vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant."

Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care of his money, since I had promised to provide him with suitable clothing for his new occupation.

It will be unnecessary to relate how, step by step, this poor country lad proceeded to win the confidence of myself and partner. The accounts were always correct to a penny; and whenever his salary became due, he drew out of my hands no more than he absolutely wanted, even to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank.

It so happened that one of our customers, who carried on successful business, wanted an active parter. This person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years. Scrupulously just, he looked to every penny, and invariably discharged his workmen if they were not equally scrupulous in their dealing with him.

Aware of this peculiarity of temper, there was no