

## A NOVEL TEA PARTY.

It is related of that Christian merchant, the late Mr. Samuel Budgett, that returning home one Sunday evening from a village where he had been about his Master's work, he saw a number of youths idling in a lane, with every appearance of being persons of the worst habits. He thought how they had been spending that lovely summer Sabbath, and his benevolent heart grieved for their state of moral destitution.

He went to them, and, in his own kind way, entered into conversation; he said he wished to see them happy. "You have minds, and I should like to see you improve your minds; you ought to have something to think about, and to employ you usefully."

After chatting with them till he gained their attention, he said, "Now, if I gave you a good tea, would you like to come and take it?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" was the reply.

"Then come up to the vestry of Kingswood Chapel to-morrow evening; we are going to have a little meeting and you shall have a good tea."

This invitation, which was to a tea-meeting of tract distributors, was accepted. He paid for tickets for his new friends, who did not fail to attend and do ample justice to the fare provided. He then came up to them and said, "Well, have you had a good tea?"

"Yes, thank you."

"I suppose you know many young men just of your own kind, who go about the lanes on a Sunday night, like you?"

"Oh yes."

"Do you think if I promised them a good tea they would come?"

The answer encouraged him to hope for their company on such terms. One hundred tickets were soon after distributed to the worst young men in the neighbourhood, with a promise of a bountiful treat if they came to Mr. Budgett's large room on a certain evening. This gentleman's character was too well known for them not to be aware that he had some religious end in view; still they did not like missing the feast; so they compromised the matter by resolving that the moment they had finished

the tea, they would go away before they could be involved in a religious meeting, or anything of that sort.

But Mr. Budgett was a match for them; he met their stratagem by one of his own: his heart yearned for these poor lost sheep, to bring them to the Good Shepherd, and, like the apostle, "being crafty, he caught them with guile."

Above a hundred of these outcasts of society assembled on the appointed evening; the room was crowded, and seldom was there so extraordinary a company



The wild rogues were quite thunderstruck.

gathered under a decent roof. In one corner of the apartment, especially, it seemed as if the ringleaders had fixed themselves; and to this point one of Mr. Budgett's sons, who was in the plot, immediately betook himself, made one of the party, and talked familiarly with their chief.

Just as the repast ended, the pre-concerted move began to be made; but Mr. Budgett ran up into the desk and said: "I asked you to come here for the purpose of doing something for you—something that will be of use to you. Now, just as a start, I will