

YOU WANT A CHANGE.

A widow woman, residing in a country district, took lodgers. Her inmates were chiefly working men, engaged in some new buildings that were being erected in the neighbourhood. Some of these left her on a Saturday evening, and came again on the Monday, but now and then some stayed the entire time, and as she was a religious woman, she set them a good example by going to the house of God on the Sabbath-day, and inviting them also to do so.

An intelligent young workman came to lodge with her. He was skilful at his trade, and had been well instructed. He was not a drunkard, nor did he use bad language at any time; but he was evidently, entirely without religion. He read of an evening; and on the Sundays, when it was fine, he strolled out into the fields with a book, or a newspaper, and lay down by the side of a hedge, smoking his pipe, and reading listlessly; and when it was a wet Sunday he yawned, and stretched, and shifted his seat from one chair to another, and smoked a little, and then read a little, and seemed as weary and dull as it was possible for a human being to be. When he was asked what made him so troubled and restless, he generally replied, "That he believed he was not in good health," and acting under this suspicion, one Monday while the doleful fit of weariness was upon him, he went and consulted a doctor, who, after hearing his symptoms, said—

"Oh, you want a change."

The young man left him; and at dinner, ~~that day~~, when his landlady asked him the doctor's opinion, he said, peevishly—

"Oh, he says the same as all the doctors I have consulted; he says I 'want a change.' I should like to know how that can be, when in the last year my work has been in five different counties—change indeed!—the doctor knows nothing about it."

In the evening, the widow brought the subject up again. She had been thinking over the melancholy of her lodger, and of the doctor's prescription, and as the young man was lighting his pipe after tea, and, with a sigh, was languidly scanning the newspaper, she said—

"Do you think when the doctor mentioned change, that he meant change of place?"

"Of course he did, Mrs. Boyce; why what else should he mean?"

"Oh, I was thinking there's many other kinds of changes."

"How?—I don't understand."

"Why, there's change of habits,—and change of occupation."

"Habits!—What's the matter with my habits?"

"Well, I am old enough, Mr. Richards, to be your mother, and I may speak plainly to you. In the way of your business you've had change enough of place, and that you say has not done you any good. But have you ever tried a change in your way of life? As it is, you go to your work, and when that is over you have no

pursuit in the evening; and when the week is over, you have no pursuit on the Sabbath-day. That day is the same as any other, only you have not got your work to help you to get through with it, and you are so dull and weary with having the whole day on your hands, that instead of being refreshed by the rest, you are more tired at the beginning of the week than you are at its close."

"Ah, Mrs. Boyce, but I was as bad, or worse, when I was in London, and used to take an excursion train, and have a trip into the country. Why, what with the crowding, the heat, the hurry, and the company, I was tired in the body, as well as in mind. Quite done up and fit for nothing on Monday."

"Yes, I can well believe you were; but suppose now you have tried all these changes, you tried doing good on the Sabbath-day."

"Now, Mrs. Boyce, excuse me, I don't want to be preached to. You good people are so fond of preaching."

"Well, Mr. Richards, I know several of our Sunday-school teachers who are busy all the week, but they enjoy the Sabbath-day; it is an entire change to them, and it refreshes them and gives them such spirits for all the week. They teach the children in the school, and in their turn they are taught in the time of public-worship; and they meet with young friends like-minded with themselves, and, as it says in a verse of the Bible, 'They take sweet counsel together, and walk to the house of God in company.' I never hear one of them talk of being dull and weary on the Sabbath—that of all the days in the week is to them the pleasantest."

Young Richards made no reply, but he thought over the words the widow had uttered. It was very true that though he had tried many changes, he had never tried the change she spoke of. It would, therefore, be a real, entire change to him. During the week he was much less languid than usual in the evenings, for he had something to think of. There was a Sunday-school Anniversary, at a neighbouring village, on the following Sunday, and he attended among the congregation. A young man spoke to him, and gave him the printed paper of the hymns the children were to sing.

There was joy on every face, all were active and happy.

Richards attended all the services; and on his return to his lodging, he was cheerful with the conviction that he had passed a happy day. The week thus well begun went on well. Richards was earnestly looking forward to the next Sabbath. He was up early, and off to attend the Sunday-school, to which he had been invited. This, in a short time, led to his becoming a teacher, and then his evenings were occupied in reading something that he might make use of for his class, or in pleasant conversation with his young friends. His pipe was thrown aside. His weariness passed away like a summer cloud. But we should deceive our readers if we said he was happy.

"What lack I yet?" was the question that sounded in the depths of his soul.—There came a time when all the wasted hours, the grumbings, the misspent Sabbath's, rose to his recollection with agonizing power. The very words, "His mercy endureth for ever," wounded him, for how terrible was the thought that he had sinned against such mercy. But in his altered circumstances, he was not without friends who could counsel and comfort him, who could point him to Jesus, the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." After a time of conflict, the peace of God that passeth all understanding was shed abroad in his heart, and he was changed, through grace, and all things were made new. A new heart—new associations—new prospects. He made efforts to settle down amid the place and people that had been blessed to him; and often when recurring to the opinion that the doctor had once given to him, he would say, "Ah, it was very true, I wanted a change—that change which every unconverted man wants—the change from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God."—*British Workman.*

WHO TAUGHT YOU TO SWEAR!

Many years ago, a party set out from a southern city, for a long, weary journey by stage. Amid all their discomforts, they had one great blessing. The youthful driver was very cheerful, and seemed intent on making his passengers happy, as much so as laid in his power.

Now that is the *bright side of our young stage-driver*; why must there be two sides to everything? Before the party halted, after the first day's journey, the jaded horses thought they had gone as far as was profitable, and it was contrary to their sense of right, that they were pressed on. Our hero on the box, coaxed, whistled, patted, and at last whipped them, but still they dragged heavily on: when, at length, losing all patience, the pleasant sounds that had cheered the insiders, were changed. There did not seem to be passion in the tones, but having tried all other motives of speed, the driver now began to swear—as if profanity could impel forward a worn-out horse! "God" and "Jesus," that "dearest name of all names," were repeated with shocking frequency and carelessness. Some of the passengers were unmoved, but others could say with the prophet, "The reproaches of them that reproached Thee, fell upon me."

Among the passengers was an aged minister. He said nothing at the time, but when they stopped for the night, he made himself familiar with the young driver, asking him questions about his business and horses, manifesting an interest in all that he found interested him. When ready to start at break of day, he asked permission to sit on the box, that he might see the country, and talk with him: "for," said he, "I'm very fond of the company of young men." This familiarity and condescension completely won the heart of this would-be Jehu, and in the kindest