

feeling whatever on the subject, but returned with great composure to his father's house.

It must not be supposed, however, from the circumstances just mentioned, that Robert's good genius had deserted him. By no means. About three weeks thereafter, while sitting in an easy, calm, contemplative mood by the fireside one day, gazing at the burning embers, and particularly at a certain personage in a huge cocked hat which he discovered between the bars, his father came in with an open letter in his hand, and gave it to him to read. It was from a brother of his former employer who was a wood-merchant in one of the out-ports, and ran thus :—

"Dear Sir—Being in want of a clerk, and having learned from my brother, the last time I saw him, that your son, of whose integrity and good dispositions I had opportunities of judging, is just now out of employment, I beg to say that I will be glad to take him into my counting-house. The salary I would propose to give is eighty pounds per annum. If my offer is accepted, let the young man come to town to-morrow, and call on me. I am," &c.

Robert, on reading the letter gave a faint smile, but this was all. He did not express, either by sign or word, any stronger feeling of satisfaction in the matter. Next day, however, he went to town, and was planted comfortably at the desk of the wood-merchant. Here Robert remained four years, obtaining each year, regularly, an advance of salary, and giving great satisfaction as far as honesty and good disposition went, and passable as regarded the discharge of his duties.

At the end of the above-mentioned period, another calamity similar to the former befell him. His employer became bankrupt, and a trustee was appointed by his creditors to wind up his affairs. Hereupon Robert, as before, coolly and composedly prepared to return to his father's house, thinking very little about the matter, and never dreaming of looking out for another situation. He had no occasion, as the sequel will show.

On the day previous to that which he had fixed for his departure, the trustee on the bankrupt estate, who had come frequently in contact with Robert after entering on the duties of his office, had been pleased with his quiet and civil manner, asked him what he intended doing. Robert said he intended going, in the meantime, to his father's. "What salary had you here?" inquired the trustee. Robert told him. "Wouldn't you like another situation?" Robert said he would if it could be got, but he knew of none. The trustee replied, he had an opening just now in his own counting-house for a young man, and would be glad to employ him, naming the salary he would give, —some twenty pounds per annum more than he had from the wood-merchant—and added a request, that, if he accepted the offer, he might enter on his new situation on the following day. Robert said he would, and did so accordingly; and thus found himself, without moving from his desk, once more comfortably provided for. There was, apparently, no

necessity, and, therefore, no use, for exertion in the case. It must have cost others a world of trouble, of running about, of calling, entreating, promising, and beseeching, to have secured any situation, however humble. They would have required, besides, to have set a whole clan of friends a-going to have accomplished their object. But nothing of this kind was required from our hero. Situations were popped into his hand without his speaking to a soul on the subject, or giving any one the smallest trouble, and without his making the least exertion himself. He was never put to the trouble even of asking them.

With the trustee Robert remained four years, maintaining precisely the same character with which he had started in life, namely, that of being an easy, honest, good soul. The recommendation could go no farther, for experience had done nothing for him. Neither on the score of penetration nor of judgment was there the smallest improvement. In these respects he was exactly where he had been a dozen years before. At the termination of these four years, his employer died, and the business which he followed, of course, came to a close, when our hero once more prepared to return to his father's house till another situation should cast up, and for this, as usual, he had not long to wait. By a stroke of good fortune, equal, if not superior to any he had experienced, he received a lucrative appointment in a large mercantile establishment. Thus far then, and, as yet, no farther, has our friend's good genius brought him, for he is still in the situation last mentioned. But it is likely to be the last move he will stand in need of, as he has now got a pretty large share in the concern, the profits of which place him in a very agreeable condition. He has a neat well-furnished house, a pretty garden, an excellent wife, and a large family. He is, in short, settled in life, and just as snugly and delightfully situated as a man needs to be. And yet no man has been able to discover to this good hour the why or wherefore of his extraordinary success."

Reader, the grand secret is, that moderate, quiet, well-balanced characters, are by far the safest. In the affairs of the world there is so much occasion for *confidence*, that the safe dull man is almost surely to be preferred to the highly endowed. Some people look a great deal too clever—if they could fall upon some device equivalent to Swiftfoot in the fairy tale, and impose some drag upon their alarming quickness of intellect, they would come far better on. In the case of our first hero, the world was deceived; but that is nothing to the question. In his, as in the other two cases, we see the disposition of society to put trust in the tamer kinds of genius; and this is all that is to be contended for. In this disposition of society, there is surely to be traced a kind design of providence. If the smart fellows had in every case a preference, what would become of the dull ones? Is it not lucky that for these there is also some ground of appreciation and preferment?—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*