

in this world, but to prepare for another; and to be able to read the Bible is a great assistance, as well as a great consolation. I never yet knew any man, or woman either, who had read their Bible to good purpose, but what were willing to do their duty. Instruction is like seed, and you may expect to reap of the same sort which you put in the ground. If you sow one of your fields with wheat, you get a crop of the same grain in return; but if you sow nothing, the ground is very soon run over with all kinds of weeds."

"You are right enough there," said farmer Brookes.

"Then again," added I, "to show you that knowing how to read will not prevent an upright young fellow from hard work, look at the two Henshaws who work for you."

"Right, again," said the farmer; "I'll match the Henshaws against any two lads in all the parish; but then that poor fellow, Chantry, who came from soldiering the other day, works, they say, equal to any one; and you know that he was as wild a young dog, at one time of day, as any one above ground."

"You may bend the crooked branch of an oak-tree," said I, "but it takes a great deal of power to do it; and it has taken a great deal to bring down the heart of poor Chantry to work hard. He suffered much; and now I dare say, finds hard work easier than living a sinful life, for 'the way of transgressors is hard.'"

"Anything may be done by perseverance," said farmer Brookes, "without learning. There is Edward Daffon, who lives at the Glebe Farm: he was once a poor lad, without shoes and stockings, but he persevered against every thing. He worked like a horse, but his master used him ill, so he went a soldiering, and was soon made a corporal: and he has told me himself, that if he could have written a little, he should have been a serjeant. After a time he got his discharge, and worked with his uncle, and was the best man on the farm. If he had only known a little figuring, he would have been his bailiff. When his uncle died, he was once more thrown upon the wide world; but still he persevered, and took a little farm, where a fire completely ruined him, for a second time, but it did not break his heart. He went to work at the Glebe Farm, behaved well, and is now doing very well indeed. So, you see that perseverance will do without learning."

"Perseverance is a virtue, without doubt," said I, "but it is not more likely to be practised by one who cannot read and write, than it is by another. All who are brought up in the fear of the Lord are taught to persevere to the end." "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." According to your own showing, if Daffon had known

how to write, he would have been a serjeant instead of a corporal; and if he could have figured a little, he would have been a bailiff instead of a labourer." The farmer seemed perplexed at this remark. "Well!" said he, "at any rate I will begin to subscribe to the Sunday school, and leave off if I find that it does not answer. I will come next Sunday, and see the young people at their books."

From Farmer Brookes I learned that poor Turner stuck to his work as a man should do; and I am sure he must do so to get the farmer's good word.

In passing the churchyard I was surprised to see Ralph Perkins standing beside his grandmother's grave. I thought that his own reflections might, perhaps, be more useful to him than anything which I could say, so I passed on. How glad should I be to witness in him a change for the better!

I might, very likely, have amused you much more than I have done, in the account that I have given you of the folks in the village, but I was anxious to bring such young people before you as had some good qualities for you to imitate, or some bad ones for you to avoid. You have seen by my account of the Tilers, of Mary Parsons, and of Bill Hollins and his father, how little idleness and undutifulness, and cruelty and hard-heartedness, have added to the happiness of those who have been guilty of them. And Ralph Perkins and Ned Higgins may have taught you that lying and dishonesty only bring about sorrow, shame, and punishment. The unsettled habits of Jem Turner, and the penitence of Thomas Chantry, have perhaps inclined you to avoid their errors and their calamities; for if you have read of all those characters without feeling a desire to profit by their narration, I have taken up my pen in vain.

Whenever evil things draw nigh,
And sin along the pathway's eads;
A boy and girl should swiftly fly,
As though a bear was at their heels.

The orderly habits of Martha Vale, the industry of the Henshaws, the desire to improve manifested by the young Taylors, and the perseverance of Edward Daffon, are worthy of imitation; while the meekness of Betsey Jones, and the love of truth shown by Kitty Hall, are qualities which no young person should neglect to attain.

But I must not forget to say, that every young person will do well to imitate the prayerful spirit and submission of Esther Williams. And if at any time you are caught in a thunder-storm, if you should feel afraid when the lightning flashes and the thunder roars, while you cling for protection to your mother, or some kind friend, do not forget to breathe a prayer to God to enable you at all times to submit to his will.

If there be one thing clearer than another in this world, it is the truth that the path of rectitude is secure, while that of sin is beset with danger. Great peace have they who

love the Lord, but "there is no peace for the wicked." And now, having come to the end of my little narrative, let me urge you to make no thorny pillows in youth for the head of old age. In every trouble, and in every joy, look to the end.

Where truth and meekness rear their head,
Like flowrets on a mountain's crest,
Climb up the steep with fearless tread,
And pluck, and plant them in your breast.

Whether you live in the town or country, it becomes you to seek, above all things, that one thing which is needful, even the salvation of your soul through faith in Christ. Many things are important, but this is more important than all put together. When the heart is not disposed to profit, an account of a splendid city will be useless; but when it is humbly desirous to be instructed, it will reap advantage from the simple narrative of a VILLAGE.

THE SAILOR TURNED PREACHER.—

At the Foreign Missionary meeting, on Wednesday, of last week, Rev. Mr. Choules, of New-Bedford, related the following anecdote to illustrate the peculiar adaptation of the Gospel for the conversion of sinners. He received it during his recent visit to England, from Rev. Mr. Chapman, agent of the British Seamen's Friend Society, who was personally acquainted with the facts of the case.

The subject was a sailor, who had lost one leg, one arm, one eye, and nearly half his face, in fighting on board a man-of-war. He was a wicked, drunken man, and was considered the pest of the place where he was supported at the public charge. A Christian lady became interested in his welfare, and through her instrumentality he was converted. But when he applied for admission to the church, so desperate had his case been considered, they were afraid for a long time to admit him. At length, convinced of the reality of the change, they welcomed him as a brother, and raised a subscription to enable him to live more comfortably. Mr. Chapman, hearing of his case, visited him; and found him living in a small house, which the liberality of his Christian friends had enabled him to build. After some conversation, in which he thankfully ascribed all his comforts to Christianity. Mr. C. inquired why his house was built in such an awkward shape; for he noticed that it was all one sided, like its owner. He said he had a reason for it, which he must guess.—He could not, however, till on looking over the house he saw one of the rooms of considerable size fitted up like a chapel. "And so you have a meeting-house here," said Mr. C. "Yes," said the sailor, "I have a meeting-house, and a good many folks come here to meeting." "But who preaches for you?" "O, you must guess that too." Mr. C. assured him that he could not. "Why, sir, I ask any good minister that comes along:—won't you preach for us?" "I cannot; for I am