

brought about by the habit of putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day :

" *To-morrow* you will live, you always cry :
 In what fair country does this *morrow* lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
 Beyond the Indies doth this *morrow* live ?
 'Tis so far-fetched this *morrow*, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow will I live, the fool does say,
 To-day itself 's too late, the wise lived yesterday."

The next morning I had to be early in the village, and as I was passing Tim's cottage I noticed two or three people outside the door, engaged in what appeared to be a very interesting gossip. I should not have noticed this so much, but another thing caught my attention—Tim's workshop was not opened. What could be the matter? Surely something must be wrong, for Tim was always an early riser, and I never remembered being in the village before his shop-shutter was down.

Passing by the people, I heard one of them say, "Do you think he will live?" On hearing this question, I inquired what was the matter, and was told that on the previous night, as Tim was coming home from Mr. Sharp's, he had, in the dark, slightly diverged from the meadow path and walked over the edge of a chalk pit ; he had a fall of several feet, and was considerably injured : at first he was quite stunned, and how long he remained unconscious he could not tell, but when he came to his senses he found himself so stiff and bruised that he could not move, and had to remain where he was until some labourers passed by in the early morning. He had just been brought to his cottage in one of Mr. Sharp's waggons, and the doctor had been sent for.

When I heard all this, my father's words seemed to ring in my ear : "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Poor Tim ! little did he think how soon those words would be proved true as regarded himself.

It was a long time before Tim quite recovered from the