

Edinburgh. He used to read the Bible to them, and pray with them, and relieve their wants. He spent his spare time in this way, and *his spare money too*. He was very kind to orphans, and did all he could to help them. He knew how to pity them, for he was himself an orphan. He used also to write a great many letters to give good advice, or to comfort those who were in trouble.

At that time, there were not so many good ministers and people in Scotland or England either as there now are, and there were no Bible and Tract Societies. It came into his mind that it would be a good thing to print tracts to give away. Soon after, he set up two Sabbath evening schools for children. He paid a good man to teach one of them, and the other he taught himself.

About the same time he began to travel again, but not in the same way as when he was a boy, just to amuse himself. He printed a great many tracts for the purpose, and then he and another friend hired a large chaise, and filled it with tracts, and went all over Scotland, preaching at different places, and giving tracts to all the people whom they met. He made several of these journeys. He persuaded the good people at different places to set up Sabbath schools. After one week's journey, he heard that sixty schools had been set up. Was not that a good week's work? How many children there must have been in sixty schools!

Mr. Campbell was very fond of children, and he knew just what they liked. There were then no nice little books for children. Almost all the books that were made for them were like sermons, and full of hard words. Mr. Campbell had a little *cousin named Mary Campbell, about nine or ten years old*. She was under his care, and he loved her very much. He found a little book, a pious address to children, of eighteen pages of small print, without one stop in the middle. He thought he would try whether it would do for Mary, so one day after dinner, he told her he had a nice book for her, written on purpose for children like her. She seemed much pleased, and began to read it eagerly. He sat down to his desk to write a letter. When she had turned over the second leaf, he saw she was surprised that there was no end of a chapter in sight. Then she turned over the third leaf, to see if there was an end there. Mr. Campbell said, "Go on Mary; it's very good." After a little while, he saw her peep over the fourth leaf, and seeing no end of a chapter, she put her arms over her head, and said, "Am I obliged to read all this at one sitting?" -- "No, Mary," he said, "you may go to play," and she ran off like a prisoner set free.

While Mary was at play, Mr. Campbell thought he would try to write something which she would like better. He wrote the first chapter of "Worlds displayed." After dinner next day, he