

"How is this?" said his teacher.

"O, sir," he replied, "you see my feet are all over chilblains; I could not bear the shoes on, they hurt me so much. But I would not leave them at home, for if I had, I should not have seen them again. My mother would part with them to get money for drink. You know, sir, my mother would have drunk me before now if she could."

The teacher knew this to be true; and all he could do, at that time, was to pity him, and pray for him, and give him good advice.

Amidst such discouragements, which would have broken down the spirits of many a stout man, Henry still continued his diligent attention to learning. No one knew, perhaps his teacher could only guess, how often he entered the school faint with hunger from the neglect of his unnatural parents, and how much ill usage besides he had to bear from them in their drunken anger. At last, the poor little fellow ventured to ask his teacher if he would lend him threepence.

"And what would you do with the money, Henry?"

The boy replied that he wished to earn his own living; and he thought that if he had threepence to begin with, he could do it, and attend school too. He should be sorry, he said, to do as his poor brothers had done; and he wished to get his own living honestly.

The threepence was lent to him; and with this small sum, the honest, enterprising, and industrious boy began to trade directly. He bought a dozen boxes of lucifer matches, and offered them for sale. Ah, little did the passers by, to whom Henry offered his trifling merchandise, know what mighty struggles between hope and fear were going on in the mind of the

ardent lad! Little did they who listened favorably to his entreaties, and laid out a penny towards diminishing his stock of goods, think how beneficially they employed that money, and how they were furthering the kind designs of His providence, without whose permission not even a sparrow falls to the ground, who clothes the fields with verdure, and takes care of all who trust in Him.

The matches were sold, and Henry had gained threepence by his adventure. Hungry as he was, he did not waste it in luxuries; he bought more matches, and continued his trade. From time to time he sold a fresh dozen of boxes, and with the profit he made by them he got food for his support, and was sometimes enabled to feed a poor hungry sister, who also went to the ragged school, and suffered equally with himself from the neglect and ill treatment of their parents.

For nearly two years did Henry support himself, all the while regularly attending the school, and yet disposing of his matches. "You know," he said, when asked how he contrived to live, "I can always manage to make threepence and sometimes more. I spend one penny for breakfast, another for dinner, and the same sum for supper, that is better than my brother did; and by-and-by, when I can read and write well, I will get a situation."

Young reader, think of Henry and his first threepence, and his pennyworths of bread for breakfast, dinner, and supper, when you are tempted to spend pence on luxuries. Think, and be thankful for your mercies, and at the same time ask yourself, "Can I not make a better use of this money?"

After a time Henry could read and write well, and he left off