

A—; 'yes, indeed the main spring is broken.'

'Is it really? How very provoking! and there is no watchmaker in this out-of-the-way village of yours to repair it.'

'Can you not do it yourself?'

'Do it myself, brother! what can you mean?'

'Only that I know you are very clever and persevering, my dear Alice, and have attempted more impracticable things than mending a watch.'

'And you like to laugh at me; but I am not disposed to attempt the watch, so think again.'

'Well, there is Smithson; suppose we let him look at it.'

'Smithson, the blacksmith! Do you think I would let him touch the delicate machinery of a watch?'

'He is a very respectable man, and a very clever blacksmith, however lightly you may estimate his skill. You should have seen the neat, and quick, and skillful manner in which he shod my horse yesterday.'

'Why, brother, excuse me, but really I never heard you talk such nonsense before. Does it follow that a man who can shoe a horse well can mend a watch?'

'If you despise such an inference I cannot help it; but still the resources of our village are not exhausted. We have a very good doctor, who can set a broken limb and reduce a dislocation as skilfully as any man in England, and his fingers are certainly more delicate than the blacksmith's; let us take your pretty little watch to him.'

'You are insufferably provoking, brother; but as I have just sense enough to know that only a person who understands how to make a watch can mend one, and that a new spring must replace the broken one, I must wait an opportunity to send it to town and get it properly done.'

'I think that is the right decision, under the circumstances; and as I purpose going myself next week, I shall be happy to take it for you.'

'Thank you my good brother; you are getting reasonable again. But, pray, tell me why you talked about sending it to the blacksmith and the doctor; you do not usually indulge in such nonsense?'

'I have heard you talk with equal wisdom upon a much more important subject,

sister, and I thought your watch furnished me with an apt illustration. It has been injured, it will not go, and no one can repair it who does not know how to make it.'

'True; but what you are thinking about I cannot imagine.'

'I am thinking of a scene that occurred one evening, sister—a singular scene of affecting interest and importance, which I think throws some light upon the conduct you deplore in your dear child.'

'Indeed! I should like to hear an account of it.'

'It was in a lovely garden,' a voice was heard calling to the owner of it, in familiar terms, and well-known accent, 'Adam, where art thou?' but the usual joyous response was gone. There had been a grievous fall. The once perfect machinery of the heart, that beat in time and tune to all the will of him who made it, stood still: the spring was broken.'

'What has this to do with little Charles's conduct? I thought you were going to tell me something that concerned him.'

'And it does concern him, dear Alice. The nature he inherits from fallen Adam is corrupt, and you know 'a corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit.' Disobedience and lying are the natural fruits of the natural heart, and I am never astonished to discover them. It is written that every imagination of the natural heart is 'evil continually,' and that as soon as they be born they go astray, telling lies. That holy communion with a holy God, which would have preserved a sanctifying influence over conduct, was broken up by the first man's disobedience, and all his offspring lie dead to God in trespasses and sins.'

'Brother look here,' and Alice pointed to his own little infant, that lay sleeping on its mother's knee: 'Do you mean to say that the unconscious infant, the very emblem of innocence and peace, falls within such a description?'

'I do, sister, the sleep may be the emblem, but not the child. She is by nature sinful, and nothing but the mercy of God can save her from the sinner's doom.'

'Dreadful indeed, brother! It would make me wretched to believe that every body I see is a sinful lost creature.'

'But your wretchedness would not alter the fact. God has said it, experience pro-