

perfectly understood by me. I looked about me with all the eyes I had, but neither Tippo Sultaan nor his sons, nor my Lord Cornwallis, could I see; but only a few ugly figures in waxwork, not worth looking at. "Do not look so disappointed," said my grandfather, "the showman has done no more than the man did with your nuts, he has *put the best on the outside*."

There was, on the platform of the show, a man dressed very gaily in blue, yellow, and crimson colours, acting the part of a clown. He had such a glow on his cheeks, told so many droll tales, did so many comical tricks, and laughed so loudly, that I thought he must surely be one of the happiest of men. My grandfather drew him on one side, and good-naturedly asked him if he was as healthy, and as happy, as he appeared to be? "O Sir," replied he, "would that I were! The colour on my cheeks is only paint; and though I may in appearance be happy, I am miserable. I can make others laugh, but I cannot laugh in reality myself. It is the heaviest punishment in the world to be obliged to appear happy, when the heart is sad. The truth is, Sir, I am obliged to do, what three parts of the world are doing, *I put the best on the outside*."

"Well!" thought I, "never should I have known this had it not been for my grandfather, but I will not forget it:" so, as I walked along, I noticed the things around me. There was an old woman selling gingerbread, but I saw that the pieces on the top had gold upon them, to entice the young people to buy; but when she moved them away, the gingerbread under them had no gold upon it. "Stop, grandfather!" said I, "for here is another person who *puts the best on the outside*."

My grandfather had promised to buy me a pair of gloves; so he went to a fine shop, where he saw not only gloves, but almost every thing else in the window, spread out so finely, that I thought there never could be a better shop to buy gloves at. Alas! how different was the inside of the shop to the outside! The outside appearance was light and clean, and all the articles were tastefully arranged: the inside was dark and dirty, and so crowded with different things that it did not appear to belong to so handsome a window. I said nothing when my grandfather bought my gloves, but I thought to myself, "Well! this is the old game over again; they have learned also to *put the best on the outside*."

Just before we left the market, hearing a man speaking aloud, we peeped into a shop, and saw an auctioneer standing up at a little desk, with a small hammer in his hand; and Oh! how he did talk away! He made it appear that all his articles were the most valuable of the kind in the world; that he came there on purpose to oblige his customers, by selling his goods at less than half their value; and that every wise man in the

company would lay out all his money in buying up the bargains he had to dispose of!

Two or three times I jogged my grandfather by the elbow to buy something, but he only stooped down and whispered in my ear, "Why, my boy cannot you see that this man is *putting the best on the outside*?"

As we walked home, my grandfather Gregory talked to me about what we had noticed, and made many remarks that I have since found to be very true. "What you have seen to day" said he, "is only a specimen of what you will find generally in the world. According to their own account, my grocer has the best tea and sugar; my butcher sells the best meat; my tailor makes the best clothes; and, if you were to ask the chimney-sweeper whom Nancy Bell kindly taught to read, who was the first in his way of business, he would directly tell you that no one in the world could sweep a chimney better than himself. In short, it is so general a thing in business, that there are very few to be found who do not on all occasions *put the best on the outside*."

"Not only is this the case in business, but in other things. Often will you meet with persons who talk very finely on a variety of subjects on which, after all, they are very ignorant, they know nothing but the names of the books, they allude to; and as for the great people of whom they talk so freely, they only know some of them by sight, and others not at all. A wise man is usually somewhat slow of speech, and therefore you must never think that he who talks the longest, and the loudest, is the wisest man. When you meet then with a very loud and a very fast talker, call to mind the auctioneer that you have just heard, and say to yourself, 'I am afraid this man is one who *puts the best on the outside*.'

"Old and young practise this deception; the old through habit, the young through education: both from the evil naturally in the heart of man. How many a child is corrected for not behaving well before others, who is hardly ever corrected on any other occasion; thus the poor thing is encouraged from his earliest years in appearing to be what he is not, and in *putting the best on the outside*."

"When a boy behaves well while his parents are with him, and disobeys their commands if they are absent; when a servant acts honestly before his master, and robs him behind his back! when a friend promises to do for another what it is not his intention to perform: in all these cases the same deception is practised: they all *put the best on the outside*."

As my grandfather was talking, we were overtaken by a servant girl and a young man who, like ourselves, had been at the market. The servant girl had on a light blue spencer, and ribands of all colours flying about her; the young man was dressed in what is called

a dashing manner, and was not a whit behind hand with his showy companion.

"Ay! ay!" said my grandfather, shaking his head, "there they go, and bravely as they dressed; but I had rather see Joseph in his clean frock and Sally in her russet gown, for all that. Dearly do I love to see people happy, and at a holiday time we should not be severe to mark any little addition that may be thought necessary to make young people smart; but, after all, there is much danger in wearing fine clothes. I have not yet forgotten the days of my youth, when I thought a much of my frilled shirt and ruffles, as Joseph and Sally do now of their fine apparel, and therefore am inclined to be very indulgent; still, as I said before, fine clothes are a sad snare to many people. Many a young man, and many a young woman have had reason to regret their error of *putting the best on the outside*; for when once the best coat and the best gown have been worn for some time, it is a very hard thing to put on shabbier clothing. To dress suitably with our station in life will keep many a sorrow from our hearts. Remember that it was the advice of your grandfather Gregory, that you should leave others to make themselves fine, and remain contented in being yourself neat and clean."

"Willingly to deceive others by our conduct, is *putting the best on the outside*. This, however blamable in other things, is still more so in all cases in which we should act as christians."

"To pretend to be rich when we are poor, and to be wise when we are ignorant, is bad enough; but to affect to be religious when we know that we neither love God nor are anxious to keep his commandments, is much worse. Hypocrisy, in this respect, is doubly sinful; for if it be a sin to pretend to love men when we hate them, how much greater is the sin to pretend to love God, when in our hearts we despise his laws! Run into no error that you can avoid, but especially do not run into this. Of all disguises that a man can put on to assist him in taking advantage of his fellow-creatures, the disguise of hypocrisy is the worst, and perhaps will be the most severely punished. Do not then, I beseech you, in this respect *put the best on the outside*."

"Pass through the world as you have passed through the market; find innocent amusement where you can, and keep your eyes open to observe the errors of others; for, when we see a neighbour with his stockings splashed up to his knees, it sometimes reminds us that we ought to take a peep at our own."

"I have almost preached you a sermon already, and yet I must add a little more, for when old men begin to talk, they generally find a good deal to say; and, perhaps, it is all well that they do, for one half of it only may not be remembered an hour after it is spoken; I do not however think that you