

many a youthful reader may find pleasure and profit from the simple narration of what has occurred under my own eyes, in my native village, so I am encouraged to proceed.

To make the young happy by directing them to the source of all true happiness, a knowledge of divine things, and a well grounded hope, through grace, of a glorious immortality, has long been my earnest desire.

In my narrative I will endeavour to remember that young people are young people, and not unreasonably burden them with grave remarks. When a boy myself I was fond of amusement, and as young people since then are very little altered in this particular, I will try to accommodate myself to their disposition, and mingle amusement with edification.

My name is Samuel Jenkins, and I live in a pretty cottage on the side of a hill, which commands a view of the village church, the cottages, and the Squire's house, in the distance. The mill-wheel, as it splashes about the foaming water of the brook, looks cheerful from my window. A woodbine climbs over my door, and three bee-hives are standing in the upper part of my little garden. Being very weakly, I am not able to work, save it be to dig a little, or to pull a few weeds in the garden; but, through Divine mercy, I am comfortably provided for, having a small annuity, left me by an uncle, enough to supply my own wants, and occasionally to help those who are in need. Being fond of children, and taking an active part in the Sunday school, I contrive to fill up my time; for to be idle, is to be sinful.

My weak constitution having unfitted me for labour, I have been induced to read and think more than most of those around me. It is not, however, what we know, but what we do, that is of the most importance. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom:" and happy are all they, whether they know little or much, who devote their knowledge to the glory of the Redeemer.

When I was a boy it was thought, as I had an uncle who was captain of a merchant ship, that if I went a trip across the seas with him, it might be a means of making my fortune. Accordingly I went, and was absent many years; but, though my knowledge was increased I was not made more happy by going abroad. Never was I more glad than when I again put my foot in old England. Say what you will, there is no place like it.

There are, no doubt, a hundred pleasant villages to be found, yet, whether it be that my heart clings to the one wherein I was born, and makes me think more favourably of it than I otherwise should do, I cannot tell; but never yet have I put my foot in a village so dear to my heart, and so pleasant to my eyes, as this wherein I was bred, wherein the days of my childhood passed, and wherein I am now writing these lines to

make you acquainted with some of the young people who inhabit, or have inhabited, this delightful spot.

As I have lived so much in the country, it is not for me to tell you of the wonderful sights which are to be seen in the city and the town; but there is no one, let him live where he may, who keeps his eyes open to the persons and things about him, and whose heart knows any thing of the goodness of God, and the grace and compassion of his Son Jesus Christ, who may not pick up enough to entertain, to reprove, and to encourage young people. I will not tell you about fine buildings, fine bridges, fine streets, and fine people, for we have neither the one nor the other of these in my native village; but then I am at home in all the beautiful changes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter; and these, of themselves, are enough to call forth the energies of a grateful heart, and to make the tongue eloquent in the praises of the Lord. I can talk with you of the rising and setting sun; of the clear blue sky, and of the gathering storm: of the beautiful trees, whether dressed in green leaves, or powdered with snow. I know all about ploughing, sowing, mowing, and reaping; and could entertain you for a week with what I have seen or heard in the hay-field, at sheep-shearing, and at a harvest-home supper; so that if you are as much disposed to be pleased, as I am to please you, and as willing to be instructed as I am to instruct you, I do not fear but that, simple as my narrative may be, you will find enough in it to secure your attention.

Considering that this world is, as it were, the turnpike road to the next, it is my intention to speak of nothing on earth, without trying to make it a means of furthering you on your way to heaven. There would be but little kindness in our amusing a poor traveller by pointing out the buttercups and daisies which grew in his path, if we left him just as he arrived at the edge of a wide heath, where he might lose his way; or of a desert, where he might be devoured by wild beasts; or of a river, in passing which he might be drowned. And there would be no more kindness if I were to amuse you for a few minutes with pleasant stories, and neglect to give you that advice which might do you service for years, and perhaps, with God's blessing, help you on in your road to that brighter world, prepared for all those who love God, and his Son Jesus Christ.

It is to me a source of great pleasure to see persons in the country continue, day after day, and year after year, the same round of useful duties, the same habits of industry and contentment; and when to such habits the grace of God is added, such a course is better than to astonish the world with wonderful exploits, which may make the heart proud, but seldom make it happy.

There is a little girl living near me, of the name of Martha Vale, who has pleased me

for years by her love of order, and perseverance in her domestic duties. She may be now about ten years old, but when only seven, she was the same cleanly, tidy, orderly little body which she is now. Up in a morning, attending to her younger brothers and sisters, and keeping every thing in its proper place! She is as regular as clock-work, and as good as a servant to her mother. I can remember her grandmother; and when I was a boy, she was as fond of order as Martha is now, and brought up her daughter in the same habits. That daughter taught them to Martha. See the advantage of a good example! Go into the cottage of Edward Vale when you will, night, morning, or meal hour, and order, and cleanliness, and comfort, are to be found there; for Martha and her mother could never be content to live in dirt and disorder.

Martha is a good scholar for her years; and no little girl in the village has obtained more reward books at the Sunday-school than she, nor keeps them in better order. She reads pious books regularly to her brothers and sisters, and expects them to give a good account of their contents, and to profit by them. Now there is nothing wonderful in all this: but when I think how much comfort is derived from order, and how few young people are to be found of orderly habits, it makes me think the better of Martha.

O would that every little child
Who reads my simple tale,
Were neat, and orderly, and clean,
As little Martha Vale.

ABUSES.

What is there, as it comes from the hand of God that is not good? What is there that comes into the hands of man that is not abused? What is there within or around us, so long as it bears the stamp of its Creator, which does not also bear the stamp of divinity and of perfection? What is there within or around us, which is not mutilated or deformed by man? What element in the material creation, which does not show, by its fitness to promote the happiness of man, both the wisdom and benevolence of its divine author? What element has not been so perverted by man as to produce injury and his own destruction? What principle of physical, intellectual, or moral nature, is not, in its unperverted state, beautiful, and marked by the hand and in the spirit of him who made it? What one is there which comes within the grasp or the touch of man, which by that touch has not been deformed?

Was the ocean ever made to transport the slave-ship or the war-ship upon its bosom? Was the atmosphere made to waft curses and blasphemies to heaven, or paroxisms of rage to men? Was iron created and spread over the surface of the earth, and fitted for the ploughshare and the pruning-hook, that men might form it into spears and swords? Were forests, the grandeur of the vegetable kingdom, so admirably fitted for the arts of