

When about six years old, the boy found his father elevated to the rank of village schoolmaster and parish clerk ; and, as the master's home and schoolhouse stood end to end, with a small playground in front and an orchard garden alongside, the lad found a place for the practical study of botany, and learned to collect and tend a variety of choice flowers. From his father, who was a great reader, he inherited a love of book knowledge and a plodding perseverance as well as an unusual memory. What he learned he retained, and what he undertook he accomplished. In after years, disclaiming all genius, he affirmed for himself a humbler secret of success, which no one will deny him : " I CAN PLOD."

At Paulerspury Carey learned his first life-lessons, and they were important. He found that *books had power*, to supply lack of knowledge and introduce the humblest reader to the acquaintance of the good and great. What a democratic equality all of us may thus enjoy in coming into unrestricted freedom of companionship with the leaders of human thought ! Carey learned again that *nature is a volume of God*, ever open to the seeing eye and illustrated by a Divine artist. He learned to study this book, which unfolds its secrets to the poorest and most ignorant. His flower garden was one of his wholesome studies. He kept his inquisitive eye on bush and hedge, and in his own room gathered specimens of plants and birds and insects, that he might watch them and learn their nature and habits. Yet a third lesson he learned in his boyhood's home was the *power of simple industry to master difficulties* and to help over hard places.

William Carey began, at fourteen, to earn his living ; at first as a field laborer, but afterward, as exposure to the sun proved too irritating to his sensitive skin, he became a shoemaker's apprentice, in his seventeenth year, at HACKLETON. There he served under Clarke Nichols and afterward T. Old, reminding us of Coleridge's famous saying about the great men who have come from the shoemaker's bench. It was while here that the lad, who had before perused John Bunyan's pages, now first saw in a New Testament commentary the mystic Greek letters, and from a poor but educated weaver of Paulerspury got his first lesson in deciphering these hieroglyphs. Here was a second forecast of his future career. During his apprenticeship to Mr. Old, who, whatever his other defects, was a perfect hater of all lies, William, who confesses to being awfully addicted to this vice, was not only guilty of deception, but of dishonesty, and one of his lies and thefts being discovered, he was smitten with shame and conviction of sin, and led to seek Divine forgiveness.

At this time young Carey was, of course, a Churchman, as his bringing up had inclined him, and had a contempt for all Dissenters ; but the solicitude shown for his soul by a fellow-apprentice, who belonged to a dissenting family, gradually removed his prejudice and disposed him to welcome light from any source, even Nonconformists. His awakened conscience sought, but found not, rest in formalism, and at last he was brought to the only true fountain of cleansing or of satisfaction. To the preaching and