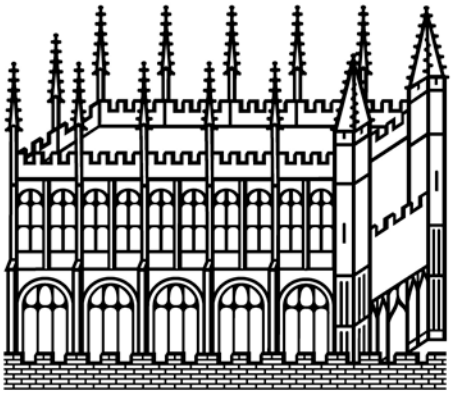

GREEN'S

JUVENILE

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HUBERT LEE

HUBERT LEE,

OR

HOW A CHILD MAY DO GOOD.

"I am not going with you to-day, boys," he said, "so I wish you a good time of it."

See Chap. 2.

HUBERT LEE:

OR

HOW A BOY MAY DO GOOD.

Hubert sweeping away the snow before old Sally's door.

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no exciting or eventful story in the following pages, but only a few simple chapters in the life of Hubert Lee, designed to show that every child has a mission of love, of kind deeds to perform in this world, and that the sphere of this mission lies in the common, every-day occurrences of life. The author trusts it will be read with interest, and that every child who reads it will resolve, by God's help, to "go and do likewise."

S. R.

HUBERT LEE.

CHAPTER I.

TELLS OF OLD SALLY AND THE SNOW.

"MOTHER, I should like to know how a little boy like me—only ten years old—can do good to anybody. My Sunday-school teacher often says to us, 'You must do all the good you can.' He said to-day, that Jesus Christ spent all his time on earth in doing good, and that if we did not try to be like him, we could not be his children. I have thought it over many times, and have tried to think what good I could do; and I have concluded I am not yet old enough to begin. When shall I be? Can you tell me, mother?"

"You have, perhaps, thought it over, Hubert, without trying to act, and perhaps you think, as you are not yet old enough to instruct the poor, or to preach, or manage public affairs, or do any other great thing, that there is nothing you can do. But there are many little things in your power, if you would be thoughtful and watch the opportunity. You are certainly old enough to be kind and obliging; and a kind deed is a good deed, be it ever so small, if such a deed is done with the right spirit, and from the desire to imitate our Saviour. We then do as he has commanded. For he requires us to love our fellow creatures, and to do them all good, as we have opportunity."

"Well, mother, I would like to try; and I am going to begin to-morrow, and watch for every opportunity to help any one, no matter who it is. I never thought before that that was the way to do good. Will you just give me a hint, mother, if you see anything I can do? for perhaps I shall forget it myself."

"Your resolution is a good one, my dear boy; and if you do one good or kind deed every day, you will do three hundred and sixty-five in a year, which, if they are ever so small, will contribute to the happiness of yourself and many others, and to the improvement of your own character. There is an old saying, 'Where there's a will there's a way;' you will find it will prove true in your present endeavours, I do not doubt. But the clock is striking eight. Go to bed now, my child, and commend your good desire to God, and pray for the Holy Spirit to dwell in you and act in you. Ask God's help to enable you to do as you have resolved, and lean on his help, and not on your own weak endeavours, and then you will have power given you to do what you desire."

Hubert came down stairs the next morning, determined to watch for every opportunity to put his resolution into practice. Everything seemed going on happily at home. He saw no one he could help. So he thought

within himself, "It wants half an hour of school-time, and I have shovelled the snow from the paths and fed the cow; now I will go out into the street, and perhaps I may meet with some one I can assist. It is true, I am but ten years old, but everybody says I am tall, and stout, and strong for my age, and I can do something. 'Where there's a will there's a way,' mother says. I have the will, and so shall find the way; and I have asked God's blessing on my endeavours, and my teacher says God always hears the prayers of his children." So he sallied forth into the streets, on his usual way to school.

How often had he passed through the lane where poor old Sally Smith lived, and seen her trying, with her old worn broom to sweep the snow from her low door-step, and laughed to himself to observe what clumsy work she made of it, with her weak, trembling hands, and never thought that he was able to help her. But now, while looking around for some chance to do a kindness

to his great joy, old Sally was just opening her door, with her old stump of a broom to sweep off the snow. She looked very cold and blue, and trembled more than ever, for the morning was extremely cold. Hubert ran up to her, and with a face beaming with good-nature, said :—

" You are too cold and too old to shovel snow. I am young—let me do it for you."

Sally looked at him with surprise and gratitude. " Thank you kindly," she said, " Master Hubert, it is indeed hard work for me now. I did not use to mind it once, but I grow weaker every winter, and less able to help myself and to bear the cold."

Hubert joyously took the broom, and after sweeping for her a nice path, went into the yard and made another path to the barn, and carried an armful of wood into the house for her, and received her grateful thanks.

" I will come every time it snows, if you will let me," he said to the old woman, on going out, " and make your paths too ; and

I will come and bring in your wood for you, whenever you wish me to do so. I pass every day several times, and I will call in occasionally and see what I can do to help you, and whenever you want any errands done, just call on me."

"God bless you, my dear little man," said the old woman. "'Blessed is he who considereth the poor and the needy, the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.' God indeed careth for the poor."

Hubert, his heart glowing with pleasure, and thanking his Father in heaven for thus favouring and blessing his desire to do good, with a nimble step pursued his way to school. School over, he was rushing out with the rest of the boys for a game at snow-ball, his favourite frolic, when he caught the tired and despairing look of little Jemmy Green, who was pondering over a long sum, trying in vain to understand it, his impatience to play making his endeavours even more unsuccessful than usual. Jemmy was always laughed at by

the boys for his slowness in performing his tasks, and was several times in a week obliged to stay in half an hour after school was dismissed, to learn a lesson or to finish his sums; and the boys were all too eager to play, or too selfish, even to think of stopping to give slow Jemmy a helping hand or an encouraging word. Hubert, like the rest, had passed him by many a day, without a thought or care for him; but now, running towards the door, he caught a glimpse of Jemmy's downcast and desponding face.

"Another chance," thought he, "for my new resolution to be tried. Jemmy, can you do your sum?" said he kindly, as, one by one, the boys all passed out and left him alone with Jemmy.

"No; it is very hard, and I cannot do it," said poor Jemmy, quite discouraged.

"Well, let me explain it a little," said Hubert, "and then perhaps you can do it."

"Oh, thank you, Hubert; you are very

kind, but I do not like to keep you from your play."

"Oh, there is plenty of time to play, Jemmy; and first, I will help you a little:" and, heeding not the clamorous shouts of the boys, he seated himself, and in ten minutes had the satisfaction of seeing Jemmy quite able to conquer the difficulties without further assistance; and the pleasure he felt when, in ten minutes more, Jemmy came out with a merry laugh to join in their sports, instead of passing the time alone in the school-room over his lessons, and the look of grateful affection he bestowed on Hubert, amply rewarded him for the loss of ten minutes' play.

"Halloo! halloo! here is good sport!" cried several boys, as, tired of play, and pursuing their way homeward, they saw two or three others penning a poor half-frozen cat up in a corner, and amusing themselves by pelting her with snow-balls.

"Come, old Pussy, fire away—there is a good one for you," said Tom French, as

he hit the poor cat with a large snow-ball, which caused her to send forth so prolonged and piteous a yell, that a loud shout of laughter arose from the cruel boys.

"Now cannot you give some back to us, Miss Pussy? You have four legs and a tail. I should think that was enough to make a snow-ball with, to be sure." So did these thoughtless boys amuse themselves with this cruel sport!

"Oh, do not hurt the poor cat," said Hubert, who at this moment broke through the ring; "you will kill her. How can you be so cruel?"

"Kill her!" shouted Tom French, "who ever heard of a cat's dying! Do you not know, Hubert, they have nine lives?"

But Hubert did not heed the last of the sentence. He had caught up poor Pussy in his arms, and the boys almost tore her from him, yet as he was a nimble runner, he succeeded in reaching his father's house, with the half-dead cat still in his arms.

"Oh, mother, may I keep this poor cat

kind, but I do not like to keep you from your play."

"Oh, there is plenty of time to play, Jemmy; and first, I will help you a little:" and, heeding not the clamorous shouts of the boys, he seated himself, and in ten minutes had the satisfaction of seeing Jemmy *quite able to conquer the difficulties without further assistance; and the pleasure* he felt when, in ten minutes more, Jemmy came out with a merry laugh to join in their sports, instead of passing the time alone in the school-room over his lessons, and the look of grateful affection he bestowed on Hubert, amply rewarded him for the loss of ten minutes' play.

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in the barn until the weather is warm?" said he, rushing into the house. "See what a poor lean, starved creature she is. I can feed her every day out there, and she will make good friends with Tiger and the cow. The boys have been snow-balling her, until they have all but killed her. Was it not cruel, mother? and I caught her up and ran home with her, though they did not like it much, as they said I spoiled their fun."

Mrs. Lee consented that poor Pussy should inhabit the barn, and thither Hubert took her, with a supply of meat and milk, and made her a warm bed of hay, and felt quite happy to see how comfortably she looked when she fell asleep in her new quarters.

"Mother," said he, on returning to the house, "is it doing good to be kind to a cat, and take care of her? or is it only doing good when we can help our fellow creatures?"

"Why, certainly, Hubert, you have

done good to poor Pussy, and to be humane to God's creatures is a duty, and pleasing in his sight. It is wrong and wicked to injure or neglect anything which God has made. It is doing a kind deed to befriend and protect even a poor cat."

"Where there is a will, there is more than one way," thought Hubert, as he sat down to dinner.

CHAPTER II.

PLAYING WITH POOR LITTLE EFFIE, OR SKATING. WHICH?

HUBERT and his class-mates were gathered around their Sunday-school teacher, and were talking about their lesson, which on that day was taken from the 6th chapter of Matthew—"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, other-

wise ye have no reward of your Father in heaven. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," &c.

"Please, Mr. Mason, to tell me," said Hubert, "what that last verse means. I do not understand it at all. How can one hand help knowing what the other hand does, when they are so near together and belong to the same person?"

"It is not to be taken literally, Hubert. It means that when we do an act of charity or kindness, we must not tell it to others, or desire that they should see it, or that it may secure their approval. To feel the approval of our own hearts, and to know that God sees us, and that we are doing something for him when we assist our fellow creatures, should be enough for us. The first verse says, if we do our alms, that is, our charities or good deeds, to be seen of men, we have no reward of our Father who is in heaven."

"But, sir, there are many things," said

Hubert, "which we might do, but could not without our mother's permission, and then sometimes she might question us as to what we had been doing, or meant to do. Is it wrong then to tell?"

"By no means, but beware of feeling conceited or self-satisfied with anything you may have it in your power to do for others; for, if we do all we can, the Bible says we are after all unprofitable servants, and have done but our duty. We can claim no merit, if we have done that only which it is our duty to do. God gives us being and faculties, and when we use them as he has a right to expect of us, we confer no favour on God, and so are not of any profit to him. He could make another being who would do as much."

"I must not then tell when I do any kind thing for others," thought Hubert to himself that night. "It is God's command, and I will endeavour to keep it, and he, I know, will help me."

From the first opening of his under-

standing, Hubert had been carefully and strictly taught, by a watchful and pious mother, the distinction between right and wrong, and the most sacred inducements had been held out to him to try to follow the one and shun the other. The good seed thus sown now seemed to be taking root. He was growing more thoughtful, and really was learning to think and talk with an enlightened conscience, and to feel the desire to have the Holy Spirit within him to guide him into all truth.

One day, as Hubert was running home from school, rather absorbed in his own reflections, he was roused by a piercing shriek of alarm from the other side of the street, and, looking over, he saw a large dog chasing a little girl. The child, much terrified, was shrieking most piteously. In one or two seconds, Hubert was across the street, and the little girl clinging to him for protection—

"For shame! for shame, Lion!" said

Hubert, " to frighten a little girl. You are so large and look so fierce, you should not pretend to play with children you are not acquainted with. He is a good-natured dog, little girl, and thought you were playing with him by running, and that you only wanted him to chase you. He is an old friend of mine, and would not hurt a child, though he does look so bold and cross. There, Lion, go home, sir, and never run after a little girl again; you should keep your play for boys."

" Please go home with me," said the terrified child, still clinging tightly to Hubert's hand. The truth was, she never was alone in the street before; but school was over before her brother George came for her, and she thought she would try to go home alone, but she would not try it again very soon.

Hubert walked along with his new friend, quite proud that it was in his power to protect her, and delighted with the opportunity of doing a kindness.

"I don't know your name," said the child. "Have you got a little sister?"

"My name is Hubert, and I have one little sister about as old as you. Oh, how I wish she was as strong and healthy, I would so much like to take her to school every day, but she cannot walk much."

"Is she sick?"

"I do not know exactly what it is. Mother never says much about it; but she is lame, I know, and cannot walk and stoop about as you can. But the doctor says, when she is older she may have strength to walk with crutches. Poor little Effie has not rosy cheeks like yours. She always looks thin and pale, and sits in a little chair almost the whole time, and only plays with dolls and picture-books."

"Poor little Effie! How sorry I am for her," said the child, "but here is my home."

Holding up her face, as if it was a thing of course when a favour was done to her, she kissed Hubert gracefully, and ran into the house.

Hubert pursued his way home, contrasting the gay, healthy little Jenny with the little sufferer Effie, whom he had become so accustomed to seeing, that he had never before thought of comparing her with the healthy and active children around him.

"Dear little Effie!" thought he, "how I should love to take care of her, and go to school with her every day, as George does with Jenny, but I fear she will never go;" and then he began to think of her sweet, patient face, and to ask himself if he had done all he could to amuse and comfort her.

"I fear I have been very selfish," mused he, "and thought more of my own pleasures than I have of poor Effie. It is Wednesday, and if it were not for that skating party this afternoon, I would stay at home and play with her all the afternoon. She loves me so much, and mother says she is always so happy when I play with her."

At that moment a voice seemed to say within him, "Then you thought rightly just now, for you do love your amusement

better than her pleasure, and skating better than Effie." Then, again, he thought, "What a grand afternoon for skating! and we are going so far up the river, and coming home by moonlight, and skating does not last all the year."

"But," the voice seemed to say, "to-day is Wednesday, and it was only last Saturday you were skating all the afternoon, and yesterday, too, an hour after school."

"Oh, well," thought Hubert, "I can play with Effie any time after the ice is melted, and there will soon be a thaw."

The voice seemed to say, "Effie looks very pale, and you heard your mother say in a low whisper to your father the other day, that since she had been confined to the house by the cold weather, she had failed a good deal, and that she must have something to strengthen her."

"How *very, very* pale she does look!" thought Hubert, "and she is so quiet and gentle. She may die, too. Children do die very often, I know."

At this point of the argument, Hubert reached his home, and the voice seemed to cry very loudly in his ear, as he entered :—

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

"Halloo! halloo, Hubert!" shouted the skaters, as they passed the windows on their way to the river, and stopped to call Hubert.

"Come, Hubert," said Joe Harris, on rushing into the room, followed by several others; "you beat me the last day, but you cannot do it again. Come, up and away! Get your skates, quick! we have a long road to go, and our pockets are full of nuts and apples, and there is no time to be lost."

Hubert was sitting on a low stool by little Effie's chair, and building a church of blocks of wood, which much interested the child, who, with her arms full of dolls, sat eagerly watching its progress. As the boys entered, she cast one sad beseeching look at Hubert, but said nothing. Hubert saw it; his heart reproached him for his past thoughtlessness of his sister's happiness, and in a moment his resolution was formed.

"I am not going with you to-day, boys," he said; "so I wish you a good time of it."

"Not going!" said Tom French; "Oh, you are afraid of the cold! You are turning into a girl, and want to sit by the fire and play with your blocks and dolls, eh? Come, Hubert, you are joking. You will not be so silly as to lose this splendid afternoon, and perhaps the very best we shall have."

"My sister has no one to play with but me," boldly answered Hubert; "and I think once in a while I might give one afternoon to her amusement. She is sick, too, and cannot go out and play like other children, and it would be cruel in me always to leave her alone."

"Oh, do go, Hubert," said Effie, who just comprehended the cause of her brother's refusal. "I shall be happy with mother and my dolls, though I love dearly to play with you whenever you can spare the time, yet I cannot bear to have you lose your skating frolic. Tell him to go, mother, do!" she said, turning to her

mother, who, sitting quietly at her work, had forborne interfering, as she saw the struggle in Hubert's mind, and wished him to act for himself.

"Hubert must do as he thinks best, my child," said her mother—proceeding with her work, without even looking at Hubert.

"My mind is made up, boys; so good bye. Do not waste your afternoon in talking to me. You cannot persuade me, for I am not going. I will beat you next time, Joe, and that will do just as well. You are welcome to be captain for the present."

"I love dearly to play with you, Effie," said Hubert, as they were again left alone. "We will have a fine, merry afternoon together, and mother will play with us by and bye, when it is too dark to sew, I know. Now for the blocks. I am going to make a tall new-fashioned steeple, like a church, and then we will dress the dolls all up in their best."

Effie looked so pleased, and laughed so loudly and merrily, in view of so pleasant

an afternoon, that Hubert felt glad at his decision, and not a pang of regret passed through his mind, as about eight o'clock he heard the noisy shouts of the skaters returning from their sport by moonlight.

CHAPTER III.

OLD SALLY AGAIN, AND HER THIN COTTON SHAWL.

"HUBERT, you seem in a great hurry this morning, my dear," said Mrs. Lee to her son, who was most rapidly devouring his breakfast. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, mother, the morning is so short, and the snow is so deep and drifted, and old Sally"—. He stopped suddenly, recollecting the command: "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth," and his resolution to try and act upon it; but he had gone too far.

"Well," said his mother, "the snow is deep, I know, but you have been at work

this hour, and have shovelled a fine path, and what of old Sally ?"

His mother looked steadily at him, and waited for a reply. Hubert hesitated a moment, and then said—

"The truth is, mother, Sally is too old to shovel snow, and besides that, she has nothing but an old broom to work with, and I have a good shovel, you know; and I told her I would make her paths for her this winter, and the snow is so drifted this morning, that if I do not hurry I shall not have time before school."

"I am glad you can make yourself so useful, my dear. You are doing right."

"Good bye, dear Effie," he said, kissing his little sister, and in a moment, with his satchel on his arm and his shovel over his shoulder, he was running merrily through the snow. Old Sally's cottage stood low, and the snow had drifted so much that the door was half hidden in the drift, and Hubert had a long and hard task to perform before he could clear the door.

"Good morning," he said, as he at length succeeded in gaining admittance.

"Good morning, Master Hubert, how your cheerful, rosy face seems to lighten and brighten my poor, dark room this cold morning."

"You are really very dark here. What is the matter?"

"Why the snow has blown up against my windows, so that it keeps out all the light. I have been trying to open them, but they are frozen down."

"Well, Sally, it is almost nine now, but I will come after school and shovel it all away for you. I will leave my shovel here until I come back. Keep yourself warm, and do not try to open your windows."

'How cold and dismal she looked!" thought Hubert, as he went on his way. "No carpet on her floor, and such a small fire, and she so old, too! I wish I could make her more comfortable. Her clothes, too, looked very thin. Well, when I grow up to be a man, and have plenty of money,

I will make all the poor people happy."

Hubert thought he would stop just ten minutes after school, and have one game at snow-ball, before he went to perform his promise to old Sally. It was harder than he thought it would be to give up his game, even to do a kind deed.

"Well," said he to himself, "one more ball, and then I will go."

"Go!" the voice within seemed to say.

"Where are you going, Hubert?" shouted the boys after him, as he resolutely ran away across the play-ground.

"Oh, I have something to do," said he. "I cannot play any longer now."

"What is the matter with Hubert now-a-days?" said one of the boys. "He always seems so busy, and"——.

"He wants to sit by the fire and play dolls with his sister."

"I guess," said Tom French, "he is afraid of the cold."

"How cold you look!" said Hubert, as

he entered the old woman's humble abode.

"It is a bitter cold day, my dear, and the wind whistles and blows through my old crazy house so that I do feel the cold much to-day. I have just put on this shawl to try and keep warm, but it is such a thin one it does not do much good."

"Why, is that little cotton shawl the only one you have?" asked Hubert.

"Yes; I have been trying to save enough to buy me a warm woollen one this winter, but I have not been able to get quite enough yet. I think I shall be able to before next winter, if I live; and we shall not have many days so cold as this, and I sit so near the fire, I do not feel very cold. I was just eating my dinner. You would think it a very poor one, I suppose."

Hubert glanced at the table. A piece of dried salt-fish and two potatoes composed old Sally's dinner.

"You ought to have a little meat for dinner."

"Meat is so dear this winter, my child,

that I cannot afford to buy it very often. Once in two or three weeks I make out to buy a pound, and that lasts me several days. You do not know how little a poor old woman like me can live on, but I have never yet been in want. I thank God, he has always cared for me, and he will care for me, for in him do I put my trust."

"Well, I will make it a little lighter for you, if I cannot make it warmer," said Hubert, taking his shovel and going to work to remove the snow from the windows; and in a few minutes the blessed sun, which shines ever brightly on the poor, came streaming in at the lowly windows of the old lady's hut.

"Old Sally must have a warm woollen shawl," mused Hubert, as he went on his way home. "Perhaps mother will give her one; but I wish I had some money to buy one for her. I have only got a shilling, and that I want for something else, besides it would go but a very little way towards it. How many shillings I have wasted in

candies and cakes! I will now try to save my money, and see if I cannot get enough in time to buy old Sally a shawl."

"Where are you going?" called Hubert, as, on his way to school in the afternoon, he saw the old woman, a few rods in advance of him, just leaving her cottage with a large bundle in her arms, and supporting herself with an old umbrella stick. "Stop, stop!"

"Oh, I am going to the tailor's to take home some work, and then to the grocer's. It is not far, you know"

"You are thinly clad, and the wind is piercing cold. It is fifteen minutes to school-time; so give me your bundle, and go home and keep warm, and I will be back before the time."

"I do not like to trouble you, but you are very kind," said old Sally. "I can get along." But Hubert had taken her bundle.

"Now, where shall I go after leaving the bundle?"

"The Lord bless your kind heart! If you insist upon it, please stop at the grocer's

and get me a quarter of a pound of tea and a pound of rice. Here is the money."

Hubert was out of sight in a minute, performed his errands successfully, and before the clock had struck two, he was on his way to school, musing thus to himself:—

"It seems to me that God is blessing my endeavours to be kind and to assist others; and sometimes it appears as if the opportunities were made on purpose for me. But, oh! I remember *many*, *many* times passing old Sally, with her large bundle, when I never thought of taking it for her. How many times I have stopped to see how the snow had blocked up her poor house, and never thought I could remove it; and I am sure I might always have helped Jemmy Green, and amused Effie, on her long, lonely afternoons, if I had not been so much occupied in my own play as to think of no one but myself. Oh, no! There is nothing new in any of these opportunities. It is only because my eyes are opened, and I have the will that makes them seem so,

and I dare say there are many others which I do not see, but which God will make plain to me, if I seek his assistance when I am old enough to do them properly."

"Mother," said Hubert, coming in from Sunday-school the following Sunday, with rather a dissatisfied look, "our teacher has to-day been explaining the verse in our lesson, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me.' I think I understand what it means; but please tell me how I can deny myself. I wonder if I ever did? I am sure I ought to try, for it is Christ's command. What can I do? He did not tell us."

"Our hearts, my dear Hubert," replied Mrs. Lee, "are naturally inclined to evil and not to good, and our whole life must be a course of self-denial, in striving by God's grace to bring our hearts and our conduct into the obedience of his pure and holy requirements. There is much, my dear, that you could not yet understand on

this subject, which, when you are older, I will explain to you; but there are some ways in which even little boys may learn to deny themselves, and no one is too young to begin. You denied yourself the other day the pleasure of skating, to amuse Effie. Did you not?"

"Was that self-denial, mother? I did not know it was, I am sure. Then denying ourselves and doing kind acts are the same thing?"

"Not the same thing exactly, my dear; for we may do many kind deeds which occasion no self-denial at all. If you were rich enough to give a poor beggar a dinner, or a new coat, and yet have sufficient for yourself besides, there would be no self-denial in it; but if you assisted him and deprived yourself of either your coat or your dinner to do it, that would be self-denial."

"Now I think I understand enough about that to practise upon it, and I will try to do it, and when I am older you will teach me more about it."

CHAPTER IV

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

"A HAPPY New-Year to you, father and mother and dear little Effie," shouted Hubert, bursting into the breakfast-room, on the morning of the 1st of January, and taking his seat at the table. "Oh, what a splendid Bible!" said he, taking up a book which lay by his bowl of milk. It was elegantly bound, with a gilt clasp on it, on which was engraved—

Hubert Lee

From his Mother.

"Many, many thanks, dear mother; it is a good and a beautiful present for the New-Year."

"Yes, my child, and you must study it carefully and prayerfully, and make it your guide through life, and the fondest hopes of your mother's heart will be all realized."

"I will try to do so, dear mother," said Hubert. "But what is this?" said he, taking up a paper which he had not before observed, which lay under the Bible. He opened it. It contained two bright half-crowns.

"I promised you a new sledge* on New-Year's day, Hubert," said his father, "but I thought you might like to select one for yourself; so I gave you the money to buy it with."

"Oh, thank you fifty times, dear father. I saw a beautiful one the other day at a

* A sledge is a carriage without wheels, made to be drawn along on the ice, and used therefore only during winter. It is fixed upon two runners of iron, and often made large enough to accommodate six or eight persons. Though not so common in England as in some countries, it is frequently used in country districts during severe winter seasons. In Russia and North America it is the WINTER VEHICLE.

store, of a bright scarlet colour, with a large black dog painted on it. I was in hopes you would buy it for me. Now, I shall go after school and get it, and have 'HUBERT LEE' painted in black letters. I have mended my old sledge so many times, that it is almost good for nothing, and it breaks nearly every time I use it."

"Hubert, how would you like to run over to old Sally's, with something hot for her this cold morning, before eating your own breakfast?" asked his mother.

"Oh, very much," said Hubert, eagerly. "Some of these sausages and nice hot rolls would do her good, I know."

Hubert joyously performed his errand, and thought of his bright silver and his new sledge, when he saw poor Sally again in her thin cotton shawl.

"Now I know well what self-denial means," thought Hubert. "Should I give up my sledge and buy old Sally a shawl, I should then practise it, for I cannot buy both. 'Where there's a will, there's a way.'"

"Happy New-Year," shouted a merry little voice to Hubert, as he was running along to school. He looked over, and saw sitting on a sledge, quite muffled up in hood and furs, his new friend Jenny, with her beaming good-natured face, taking her ride to school on her brother George's sledge. George, feeling very important, was whistling vigorously and acting the part of horse with great satisfaction to himself and Jenny.

"Come over here, Hubert," said Jenny. Hubert was quickly across the street.

"I was going to stop at your door," she said, "to leave these two large, red apples for you, and for Effie this paper of sugar-plums for a New-Year's present, and mother says I may bring my dolls over this afternoon and play with Effie."

"Oh, thank you, Jenny! What nice presents! Effie will like very much to see you and your dolls. Do come over early?"

George and Hubert were soon chatting busily together, like old acquaintances.

"Now, hurrah for my new sledge! The

bright scarlet one, with a black dog on it," said Hubert to himself, running across the play-ground.

"After school I will go and get it, and then return and play, and how surprised all the boys will be."

Losing his breath, he slackened his speed, and felt in his pocket to ascertain if his money was safe. As he drew it out, the thought of old Sally shivering in her thin shawl passed before his mind.

"But this would not buy any kind of a woollen shawl, even if I put the shilling with it that I had before," thought he. "I can save all the money I get next summer, and buy a shawl for next winter. I will just step into Mr. Jones's and inquire the price of such shawls, and then I shall be satisfied that there is no use in my thinking of buying one now.

Mr. Jones offered him a shawl—a warm woollen one—"at a great bargain," he said; "only twelve shillings," for he had a large number which he wished to dispose of.

"Just double all the money I possess," said Hubert to himself, leaving the shop. "Now my conscience is at rest. I see I cannot buy it, and so I will run and get the red sledge and have a few nice rides on it before dinner."

On reaching the shop, there hung at the door the very sledge he had set his heart upon. It looked redder and brighter, and of course more tempting than ever, and Hubert held the money in his hand.

"Mother would help me buy the shawl, I think, if I asked her. How cold poor old Sally did look this morning! I wonder if I could not mend up my old sledge to last me this winter."

"If any one will come after me, let him deny himself," the voice within seemed to say.

He put the money in his pocket again, and stood thoughtfully a few minutes, gazing at the tempting sledge, and then said to himself, walking away—

"I will think about it until to-morrow."

"Let us see your new sledge, Hubert," said his father, on his return home.

"I have not bought it, father."

"Have not bought it! Why, I supposed you had taken many a good ride on it before this time. Do you not want it?"

"Oh, yes, father, very much; but would you not be willing, father, that I should spend the money for something else instead of the sledge, if I wish?"

"Certainly, my son, if you prefer it. It is your money. Only do not squander it in cakes and candies. We are accountable to God for the use we make of the money he entrusts to us, be it ever so little. The gold and the silver are his, and we are only his stewards, appointed by him to employ it usefully for ourselves, or for the benefit of our fellow creatures."

"I will not waste it, indeed, father," replied Hubert.

"Well, use it as you please, my dear. I think I can trust you."

Though Hubert had obtained his father's

consent to spend his money as he liked, his mind still wavered. At one moment, the handsome new sledge, with the dog painted on it, skipped before his eyes; and the admiration of all the school-boys greeted his ear. At another time, poor, shivering old Sally, wrapped in a warm shawl came to mind, and then the verse in the Sunday-school lesson, "Let him deny himself." Poor Hubert fell asleep that night, in spite of his firm resolves to do good and deny himself, still alternating in his mind whether to indulge himself or to follow the dictates of his awakened conscience and the promptings of the Holy Spirit, striving to obtain possession of his soul. But he did not forget to ask his heavenly Father to give him strength to do what was right, and the morning sun saw him arise with a full determination (if his mother would help him) to buy the shawl, or else save his money until he had enough to buy it himself. Before school he opened his plan to his mother. I need not say how happy he

felt when he saw her smile of pleasure, and heard her gladly assent to assist him, saying, at the same time—

"The present to old Sally shall be all from yourself, my dear. I will give you enough to make up the sum necessary for the shawl, and you shall buy it and present it to her to-day for a New-Year's gift."

If Hubert had been on his way to buy the bright scarlet sledge, he could not have run more merrily across the play-ground after school, than he did to go to Mr. Jones's to buy the woollen shawl for poor old Sally; and when he threw it over her shoulders, and saw the tears of gratitude in her dim, old eyes, and heard her fervent blessing, he thought to himself—

"I am sure this is more pleasure than I could have had if I had ridden on the red sledge every day all winter long."

Most cheerfully and stoutly Hubert hammered away mending up his old sledge, and running off to the hill to try how it would go, he declared to himself, "It was really

an excellent sledge after all, and seemed to slide more smoothly than a new one would, (though it were bright scarlet,) because it was used to the ice."

As the boys were amusing themselves riding down the hill, a poor little boy, very neatly but poorly dressed, with a mild, pleasant face, was standing near, gazing most wistfully at the sport, watching the sledges with longing eyes, as one after another they glided, swift as the wind, down the hill.

"Bob," said Hubert, good-naturedly, "would you like a ride?"

"Oh, very much, but I have not any sledge."

"Well, here is mine; take hold and pull it up with me, and you shall have the next ride down."

Robert obeyed with great alacrity, and they were soon at the top of the hill.

"What do you bring Bob here for, to ride with us, Hubert?" said Tom French. "I will not have him to play where I am playing."

Robert was very poor and not well clothed, and the boys despised him.

"This hill belongs to Bob as much as it does to any of us, Tom," said Hubert. "You cannot be so selfish as to wish to deprive him of a ride. It will not make your ride any the less pleasant, will it? He is a civil boy, you know, Tom, and as we cannot decide his right to be here between ourselves, there is 'Squire Hayes coming up the street, let us go to him, and he will decide it for us."

At the sound of 'Squire Hayes's name, Tom French shrank away, for he had once been severely reprimanded by him, and narrowly escaped punishment for robbing his garden.

"Well, well," he said, "give Bob a ride, if you like to play with such fellows. I shall not touch him."

"Come! jump on, Bob!" said Hubert, and away he went with great satisfaction down the hill. Many of the boys witnessing Hubert's kindness to the poor boy

offered their sledges; so that he had never had so merry a play before.

"Come again, Bob, whenever you like," said Hubert, at parting with him. "You shall take turns with me any time in riding on my sledge."

"I wonder I never thought of giving that boy a ride before," thought Hubert, as he left the grateful child, "when he has so often stood and watched us at our play; well, 'Where there's a will, there's a way,' certainly."

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD MAN AND THE COW.

WINTER passed away, and the beautiful spring appeared. Buds and blossoms covered the trees and bushes. The fresh grass spread its rich carpet over meadow and hill. Buttercups and daisies enamelled the fields,

and the rivulet peeped modestly forth from the hedges, and looked smilingly up from the dusty wayside.

It was on such a lovely May morning that Hubert was sauntering leisurely along to school, and musing thus to himself—

"It seems to me a long time since I have been able to do any thing to help any one, excepting mother, and father, and Effie. To be sure, I know they ought to have my first care, for our teacher tells us often, our own homes are the special places designed by God for the exhibition of kindness and love, but we can often help others besides. I do not believe there is any thing I can do in summer for anybody."

Just as he reached this point of his meditations, there appeared, in advance of him, coming up from a lane, a very old man. His hair was long and white. He was leaning on a stout cane for support, and it seemed a great effort for him to walk at all, he was so old and feeble. A cow was walking leisurely along before him, some-

times on one side of the street and sometimes on the other, as she chose, cropping the sweet, new grass that grew on the roadside, but the deliberate motions of the cow seemed rapid when compared with the slow and weak step of the old man. Hubert involuntarily stopped to watch his progress.

"Ah! my little lad," said the old man, resting himself on his staff, "I suppose you think I am a very, *very* old man. Well, I am almost fourscore. You will walk with as weary and faltering a step as I do, if God spares your life so long. There are some wicked, rude boys in the village who mock me when they meet me, and think it is pleasant fun to laugh at an old lame man, but God sees them."

"Are you going far, sir, this morning?" asked Hubert, respectfully.

"Half a mile only. 'Squire Hayes is so good as to give me leave to pasture my cow in his meadow. That is not far for young limbs to go, but it is very far for old ones."

"Have you no boy to drive your cow for you?" asked Hubert.

"Oh, no! my lad—none now. My old wife and I live by ourselves in that little hut in the lane, with the large apple-tree before it, so full of beautiful blossoms. We sell the milk from our cow, and the large red apples from our tree, and that, with what we can do for ourselves and a little help from the 'Squire, gives us a comfortable support. Thank God, though we have lived long and are very old now, we have never known want.

"We once had a son, a bright, lively, active lad, like you, and he was about your size, too, when God took him from us. He was drowned," continued the old man, brushing his sleeve across his eyes, though almost fifty years had passed since he lost him. "It was in the spring, when the ice was breaking up, my poor Johnny went upon it to skate and fell in, and before he could be taken out from under the ice, he was dead! quite dead!

"It seems but yesterday since he was brought home. Oh, it almost broke his poor mother's heart. She drooped for many years, but God had mercy on us, and gave us grace to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' But it has saddened our whole life, for he was our only child. I often think what a comfort and joy he might have been to us. But even that is wrong, for it makes me repine."

"Half a mile twice a day is too far for you to walk to drive your cow," said Hubert. "If you will trust her to me I will drive her very carefully, and will come for her every morning and drive her home every night for you."

"God bless you, my boy!" said the old man. "That would indeed be a great assistance to me. How wonderfully my heavenly Father provides for all my wants. I told my wife this morning," added the talkative old man, "that I did not know how I should be able to drive the cow to

pasture in bad weather, and I feared I should not be able to do it at all even in fair weather another season, if God shall spare my life, for my limbs are very weak and I am failing fast."

"Well, I love to take a pleasant walk," said Hubert, "and I would be glad to drive her for you, for I like to help people when I can, and I will come for her to-morrow."

"God will reward you, my child, for your kindness to a poor old man. Good bye."

"Here is a bright, new sixpence for you, Hubert, and one for little Effie," said Mr. Lee one day to his children. "If you have no immediate use for money, put them away until you have. It is as necessary to know how to keep money properly as how to spend it usefully."

"Hubert, please to go and buy me a pretty picture book," said Effie, "to give to Jenny. She is coming in to play with me to-day, and she is so kind, and I love her so much, that I would like to give her a book."

"And how shall I spend mine?" said Hubert to himself, on leaving the book-store with Effie's new book. "Oh, I have a bright thought. Poor old Sally shall have a nice beef-steak for her dinner to-day. It will do her good."

Hubert ran to the market, and was soon seen with a slice of beef-steak on a stick, walking with a very business-like air into Sally's cottage.

"I have bought you a nice steak for your dinner to-day," said he.

"Oh, a thousand thanks. It is very acceptable. It is a long time since I have had such a good dinner. It will last me several days," said the old woman, "and I am so tired from working in my garden!"

"But I thought your garden was all made."

"So it is. The neighbours have been very kind, and it is doing well; but I have to do a little something to it every day."

"Well, show me how you want it done after school, and I can come in sometimes

and help you. I should think it would be pleasant work to do."

"Hubert Lee has turned cow-boy!" shouted Tom French, one evening a few weeks after, as Hubert was returning home, driving the old man's cow.

"Halloo, Hubert, are you going to make your fortune by it? How much pay do you get?" said he, overtaking Hubert as he turned into the lane.

"None," said Hubert.

"Well, if you are not a goose to do it for nothing, then my name is not French."

The old man was leaning on his gate as Hubert approached, talking to a gentleman.

"Many thanks, my boy," said he, opening the gate. "There never was a cow driven more gently."

"Sir," said he, turning to the gentleman, "this lad drives her for me out of kindness every day, rain or shine. He never fails to come. I do not know what I should do without him."

"You are doing a good deed, Hubert," said a familiar voice, in a kind tone; and looking up, Hubert recognized Mr. Mason, his Sunday-school teacher. The colour flushed Hubert's cheeks at this, and nodding good bye, he hastily ran away.

"He is taught of God, Sir," said old Simon, looking after him. "He will grow up to be a blessing to the town after I have gone to my long home. So gentle and kind a lad I never met with. Why, Sir, the other evening when he brought home the cow, I was sitting by the window trying to read a few verses in my Bible, and I was saying to my wife, as he came in, that my eyes were too old now to read. 'Let me read to you,' he said; 'I love to read in the Bible,' and he sat down and read to us several chapters as well as the minister, though the boys were at play on the common, and their cheerful voices coming through the air sounded temptingly, even to my old ears. And since that evening, he often comes and reads to us from God's

blessed book, and it was only last week—a rainy, dark day—he came in after Sunday-school, like a ray of sunshine in our old house, and he brought a nice story-book with him from the Sunday-school library, and said he thought we might feel dull in the rain, and so he brought his book in to read to us, and he sat down as quietly as an old man and read it through. My wife thinks as much of him as if he was her own child, and so do I. God bless him! And He will bless him, for he careth for the poor and needy."

CHAPTER VI.

HUBERT'S FIRST SORROW.

EFFIE's delicate frame had suffered much from the confinement of winter, as she could not bear exposure to the cold air, and her parents were looking forward with

great anxiety to the opening of spring, trusting that the warm south wind would invigorate her. For a while it had that effect, but it was only transient, and it was evident that the pale, sweet flower was drooping, and that she was one of those whom the Saviour would early call to her eternal home. To her inquiries, the physician plainly told Mrs. Lee that he thought it impossible she could survive the heat of summer. Hubert was quite unconscious of the sorrow that awaited him. To have Effie again in her little wicker-carriage, and himself acting as her horse, gave him so much pleasure that he resolutely relinquished marbles, tops, and kites to attend upon her. Twice every day he told her, with an important air, that "her carriage was waiting," and when his mother would trust him to lift Effie in and arrange her pillows, he seemed perfectly happy. Down the long shady walks, and through the garden, he drew his precious burden, and loaded her carriage with flowers, and talked

of the time when she would be strong enough to run round and gather them for herself. Little Jenny was her daily attendant, and joyfully left her active companions and sports to amuse the patient and gentle sufferer.

"Come, Jenny," said Hubert one day, as they were joined by the little girl on their ride, "run along with us. Effie has been tying up some fresh flowers, and I am going to draw her over to old Simon's cottage to give them to his wife. She loves flowers so much, and has none in her garden. She says they make her little room look as gay as a palace, and so Effie and I supply her from our garden, and we have also a large bunch here for old Sally. We shall stop some time at her cottage. You see all these sticks and this twine. Well, the shower last night has broken down her corn and beans, and while you and Effie are talking with Sally, I will go into the garden and tie up the things so nicely that the rain shall not hurt them again."

Hubert did not say that his pockets were filled with the ripe peaches and pears his mother had given him to eat, and which he was to take to old Sally; for many nice dainties that fell to his share found their way to the old woman's cottage, and most of his pocket-money was devoted to buying something for the comfort or gratification of the old people who were now the objects of his care, for Hubert began to feel more pleasure in denying himself for others than in indulging his own wishes.

One evening early in July, Effie had returned from her usual ride, which, as she grew weaker and weaker, became shorter and shorter. As she lay on the sofa, Hubert stood hear her, talking gaily of some plan for the morrow, when the little girl said—

"Hubert, did you know I was going to die?"

"And so am I, too, Effie," said Hubert. "Everybody must die."

"That is true," she replied, "but I am going to die soon. Am I not, mother?"

said she, turning to her mother, who, struggling to conceal her emotion, turned her head to the window.

"God only knows, my dear," said Mrs. Lee. "We must all be prepared to do his holy will, whatever it may be."

"Mother," said Effie, "I feel very old. I do not mean very old, like old Sally, but I feel much older than Jenny, though we are both seven, and I feel almost older than Hubert. I suppose if I had always been healthy like Jenny, and been running about like her, I should feel younger; but lying here so much, and being so quiet as I have been all my life, has given me so much time to think that I suppose that is the reason: for I think a great deal, mother, and I dreamed last night that I did not live with you, but that I was far away in a bright and beautiful country; and then I awoke and lay thinking a long time of my dream, and I thought the beautiful country I dreamed of was heaven, and that I should soon die, but that God would let me be near

you and love you still; and then I wept to think of leaving you and dear father and Hubert here, my kind brother."

This was the first time Hubert had heard Effie speak of dying, though she had often talked thus with her mother; and he was so much distressed at the new idea that flashed upon him, of being parted from his little sister, that he left the room to weep in the solitude of his own chamber, and to pray to his Father in heaven; for Hubert now felt that he had a Father in heaven to give him strength to bear whatever affliction was in store for him. He had been so accustomed to see Effie sick and suffering, that her increased debility did not alarm him; and the thought that he must soon be separated from his sweet sister—his dear little Effie—had never occurred to him.

After Effie had slept, his mother went to his room, and together they implored God's grace to meet his holy will with submissive patience.

"You must try to be cheerful before Effie,

dear Hubert," said his mother, on leaving him. "This is your first sorrow, and hard it will be for you to bear it, but to see you weeping and unhappy will sadden her few remaining days here, and the doctor says we must keep her tranquil and cheerful."

"I will try, indeed, dear mother," replied Hubert.

At the close of a sultry day, Hubert repaired to the garden of old Sally with a heavy heart. His step was slow and his countenance sad.

"How is your little sister, Hubert?" said the old woman.

"She is very weak, and mother says fails every day," he replied, and, seating himself, covered his face with his hands, and gave way to his feelings in a flood of tears.

"Do not weep so, dear child," said old Sally, wiping away her own tears. "Effie is going only a little while before us to a happy home, to live with the blessed Saviour, where she will be sick no more."

"I know it, but how shall I live without her? I shall have no little sister to love, or to love me."

"Oh, do not say so, my dear. Did you not love her as well, and think of her just as much last summer, when she had gone to see your aunt by the sea-side?"

"I suppose I did."

"Well, you can love her just as well and she can love you when she is in heaven. You can think of a bright and holy spirit as your sister, instead of poor little suffering Effie. Only think of it, and you may meet her there again. We cannot long be separated, if we are Christ's followers. Blessed be the name of our glorious Redeemer, we can all see her again."

It was not long after this that Effie lay on the sofa one evening, the soft sweet air of summer came in at the casement and fanned the forehead of the dying child.

"Hubert!" she said, "will you please to read to me those beautiful verses in the

Bible? Read the place where Christ calls himself the Good Shepherd, and then that pretty hymn which says—

'The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care.' "

Effie listened attentively while Hubert read, and then, without speaking, closed her eyes and slept. They all sat around and watched for her to awake, but ah! her eyes had opened on a more glorious world than this. Ere they knew it, her gentle spirit had fled!

"Our sweet Effie is safe," said Mr. Lee, with great emotion, as he soonest observed that the last change had taken place. "Let us pray to God to comfort us, and sanctify this affliction to us, and prepare us to meet her before the eternal throne."

It was glorious Midsummer, and nature smiled in the perfection of beauty, when mournfully and sadly on the ears of Hubert tolled the bell that summoned him to follow little Effie to her resting-place in the green

churchyard. Mournful and sad was his heart, and his tears flowed fast. When he returned to the silent house, her little vacant chair called forth a fresh burst of grief. But he was soon comforted.

Fresh and sweet were the flowers that grew on Effie's grave, and Hubert reflected with a calm delight on the little acts of kindness by which he had denied himself, and given pleasure to the departed child.

Dear reader, pray for the Holy Spirit to dwell in your hearts, that so you may have the gentle voice, the ready hand, and the willing heart to perform the mission of love, of kind deeds, appointed for you while you live upon the earth. Look first around your own homes, for there your first duties lie. Whose burden there can you lighten? What mother, sister, or brother can you relieve? Then look around among your friends and neighbours, and deem no service beneath you that can bring a smile to any face, or confer one moment's pleasure

on the humblest heart. Do not think because you have not money that you can do nothing. The blessed Saviour had none—not a place where to lay his head—and yet his whole life was crowded with deeds of love. Follow in his steps. Do not wait until you can accomplish some great deed of charity, but begin now, and remember the words of the gracious Saviour—"Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name, shall in no wise lose his reward."

WILLIAM HERBERT,

OR

RELIGION AT SCHOOL.

PREFACE.

In the preparation of the present volume, the author has had in view but one simple object, viz., to show the happy influence of religion upon its possessor, and upon those around him.

Many of the incidents have come under his own observation; and he trusts that none of them are inconsistent with the reality, and that their recital may stimulate many to attend to the admonition of the wisest of all men — "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

WILLIAM HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

"MOTHER," said William Herbert, "do you think that father would let me go skating to-night on the pond? It is such a bright moonlight night, and John and I walked all over there this afternoon, after school was out, and I am sure the ice is strong enough to bear a loaded waggon and horse."

"I do not know, my son," said his mother, "I am sure your father is always ready to grant you any reasonable recreation, if he has no good reason to the contrary; but you know he desires his children to come directly to him when they wish for a favour, and you had better ask him."

"Yes, mother, I will," said he, smiling; "I will ask him."

William hurried away to his father's study, and found him writing.

"Well, my boy, what do you wish?" said the father, as his son entered the room.

"Father, will you let me go skating to-night?"

"Where do you intend to go?" inquired Mr. Herbert.

"Over on Mr. Pomeroy's pond, father."

"And who is to be there beside you?"

"Horace Bissell, James Jones, Henry King, and all the Williston boys."

"Is that all the company?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, William, I have no objection, as

I have learned from Mr. Pomeroy that the ice is strong, and that there are no air-holes.'

"No, father, no air-holes—for I came across there to-day, and I did not see one."

"You must be back at nine o'clock," said his father.

"Yes, father," replied William, as he gently shut the door, and hastened with a light heart to get his skates from the nail in the shed,—and so he ran leaping and sliding on the little ponds of ice along the road, till he came in sight of the large pond, where he saw his companions already gathered, with a huge bonfire blazing from a small barren island in the centre, and the boys, whom William had named, skating in great glee.

He listened for a moment with delight, as he gazed on the bright scene before him.

The moon was just rising. The fair evening-star looked down upon the snow-covered hills and glassy surface of stream and lake, while the lurid glare of the bonfire contrasted strangely with the silvery

light of the heavens. The beautiful scene could not detain him from his companions, and as he heard the echo of their skates from the sides of the hill, and the shout of their merry laughter, he ran down the bank, and came, with a graceful slide, into the midst of them.

"How slippery! isn't it?"

"Yes, fine skating as ever was," said James Jones. "I never saw it better, except where we have been, down at the bend of the river."

William soon had his skates on, and was welcomed with the hearty greetings of his companions, with whom he was now gliding swiftly along every nook, and rounding every promontory (as they called them) in the pond. "Boys, now Willy Herbert has come," exclaimed Horace Bissell, "let's play peal away."

"Yes, peal away! peal away!" shouted the others.

"How do you play it?" inquired Henry King.

"Oh!" said John Wilmot, "we just skate in a straight line acoss the pond till we have cut a deep mark, and then one must stand on the mark and try to catch the others before they can cross it; and every one that's caught must take the stand, and help to catch the others, that's all. So, come on, I'll be 'the first.'"

The mark was cut, and soon all the boys were caught except William, who, being the best skater of the party, held out for a long time, until at last they all spread out on the line, and succeeded in taking our hero.

After playing at "peal away" awhile, the boys turned off, some skating backwards, others sailing swiftly in a circle, and others amusing themselves in cutting their names and other figures in the ice.

"Hark!" said William,—and the young skaters immediately made the hills echo with the hard grinding of their heels in the ice, and then glided gently along, till not a sound was heard.

"There goes the stage, and I must be

off," said William, as the blast of the driver's horn rose shrill on the evening air.

"Why? do you expect any one in it?" inquired Henry King.

"No, but you know it gets in a little before nine, and I must be home at that time." So he began unstrapping his skates. The rest of the party soon followed, some taking one direction and some another.

"Good night," said William and Henry King to the others, as they took their course towards home.

"Good night. Don't forget Saturday afternoon," shouted the Wilmots.

"This is a beautiful night," said Henry.

"Yes," replied William, gazing at the moon, and the fleecy clouds which were swiftly scudding over her face. "Do you think that the moon is inhabited?"

"I don't know," returned Henry, "I have often thought of that. Look out! There comes a sledge. It is father's; I know it by the bells. He has been to Chester. Let's ask him to ride"

The horse was checked.

"Get in, boys, get in," said Mr. King, kindly. "Have you been skating?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hope you will feel all the better for study to-morrow, then."

The boys thought they should; and amused themselves by watching the balls of snow flying from the horses' feet against the dash-board, till they reached Mr. Herbert's house, when William thanked Mr. King for his kindness, and bade them good night.

"Is it nine, father?" said William, as he entered the parlour.

"It wants five minutes of it," replied Mr. Herbert. "I am glad to see my son is so punctual as to be even before the time."

"Oh! I rode up from the corner with Mr. King, or I should not have been quite so soon."

"Well, you will often find a reward when in the way of your duty."

Mr. Herbert here laid down the book he had been reading, opened the Bible, and read the twenty-third psalm. Then they all kneeled down, while he thanked their kind Benefactor for all the blessings of the day, asked the pardon of their sins, and commended themselves to the care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps; praying, for the sake of the Redeemer, that they might all meet as a happy family in heaven.

When William had retired to his chamber, he took his Bible, read a few verses, offered a prayer to God, as he had been taught to do, and soon fell into a sweet sleep, for William Herbert was a good lad, and acted from Christian principles, and he knew, from his own experience, that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him," "and keepeth him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on God."

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM GOING TO SCHOOL.

THE next morning, William rose with the sun, nor did he (as I am sorry to say some boys do, who pray at night) forget to return thanks to his heavenly Father for his kind protection, and for the prospect of another pleasant day, with so much of happiness before him.

Soon after prayers and breakfast, Mr. Herbert sent for him into his study.

"William," said he, "how old are you?"

"Fifteen years old last May, father."

"I have been thinking," continued his father, "that I shall send you to Walton to school, as there is an excellent one at that place; how should you like it?"

"Very much, father. I have been hoping you would let me go, for a long time."

"If you do go," said his father, "I shall

expect you will make the best use of your time and advantages, as my salary will not allow of any extravagance, nor should I allow it if I were rich, as you know I am not. And remember, my son, that you must give an account for the use of your time and opportunity, when you stand before God in judgment.

"Let every action of your life be regulated by that thought. I trust you will not neglect the daily, prayerful study of the Bible, and the reading of other religious books. Avoid such company and such reading as would have a tendency to corrupt your morals, or divert your mind from your studies.

"Strive to let your light so shine before men, that others may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. And while you endeavour to become a proficient in study, remember that all knowledge gained at the expense of purity and virtue will be purchased too dear. It has been my constant practice to inculcate the

truths of the gospel upon you, so that I trust I have no need to go further into detail. You will find the precepts of the Bible as applied by the Holy Spirit, (whose influences are to be obtained by prayer,) the best guide and standard of action.

"Beware, my son," said Mr. Herbert, with a solemn and tender tone; "beware of the first step in sin.

"I think I shall send you next week. On Tuesday your mother will have the necessary articles for your outfit ready, and the term commences on Thursday. So if you have any arrangements to make, you will have a week for the purpose."

William thanked his father for his kind intentions and good advice, and said he hoped he should be enabled to follow it—and then hastened to tell the good news to his brothers and sisters.

William Herbert was at this time nearly sixteen years old; slender, or rather tall of his age, and of prepossessing appearance. His naturally quick temper had been

softened by the power of divine grace—which had rendered still brighter the generous, frank, and amiable traits which adorned his character. His father was a minister in the town of Marlborough, where he resided—and sought, both by his precept and example, to bring up his children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." And the sequel will show how far he was successful, at least as it respects his son William.

"Henry King has called for you to go to school with him, William," said his mother.

"Well, mother, I am going."

"Good morning, Henry."

"Good morning. Did not we have a fine time skating?"

"Very fine," replied William, "but I suppose I shall not go skating with you again after next Saturday,—at least not this winter."

"Why," inquired Henry, with astonishment, "did your father say you should not go?"

"No, but I am going to Walton, to school, on Tuesday."

"What! next Tuesday?" asked Henry, still more astonished.

"Yes," replied William, "father says so."

"I am sorry for that," said Henry. "Why I never knew that you thought of it before."

"Nor I, either, till this morning," returned William.

"Halloo, Johnny Arnold! are you going to school?"

And John came running down the path to join the other boys, who, thus reinforced, pursued their way, occasionally sliding on the places which the sledges had made smooth, and again tossing a snow-ball into the trees, to see the sleet come rattling down, and then blowing their fingers to keep them warm, till at last they reached the school-house, where they applied themselves diligently, for an hour and a half, to their books.

"The boys may go out," said the teacher;

and every one sprang for his hat, as if the house had been on fire—and before the echo had fairly died away, the whole school were eagerly engaged making snow-balls, and running about as if they had a holiday's work to perform in the few minutes of recess. Presently something is whispered about, and the boys, one after another, gather in a circle.

"Who?"

"Willy Herbert going away!"

"Where?" "For what?" "When?" were the rapid and anxious inquiries from twenty mouths at once.

When the teacher's rap was heard on the window, summoning the snow-ballers to their tasks, you might have seen many a boy look more sorrowful than usual at that noise, and as they hung their hats in the entry, and took their seats one by one, the teacher observed an unusual quietness, and significant glances towards William's bench, which he could not misinterpret. for he was a favourite among the boys.

When school had closed, Mr. Lathrop called William aside, and having learned that he was about to leave school, gave him his parting blessing and bade him an affectionate farewell.

William's heart was touched, and for the first time he began to look upon the other side of the picture. He had heretofore been filling his mind with the new scenes in which he was about to be engaged, the new associations he should form, the new class of studies he should pursue, and the various sights which should meet his eye whilst travelling to Walton;—but now he began to reflect how he was to be separated from the scenes of his earlier years, from the company of his parents, from the society of his teachers, and the sports of his companions. All these thoughts crowded upon him—and he felt sad. He could hardly bear the thought of tearing himself from the joyous scenes and associations which now seemed dearer than ever. Musing thus, he reached home.

"What is the matter, Willy?" asked his sister.

"Oh, I was thinking," said William,—but he checked himself, for he felt almost ashamed to say of what he had been thinking.

"William," said his father, observing the unusual expression of his face, "have you everything ready to go to Walton?"

William could scarcely give any reply. At length, he reluctantly answered, "Yes, father, nearly, but"—

"But what?" said Mr. Herbert.

"I think, perhaps, I would rather not go this winter."

Mr. Herbert understood his feelings, and thinking a little reflection might serve to change his mind, he told William to think over the matter till the next morning, before he decided. Just then the bell was rung for dinner.

During the remainder of the day William appeared thoughtful and perplexed, but at night his cheerfulness returned, and as they

sat down to tea, he told his father he was ready to decide then.

"How?" inquired Mr. Herbert.

"To go," replied William.

"Very well," said his father, turning to the other children, who were more engaged in talking about "Willy's going to Walton" than with the nice hot toast and tea cakes, which were smoking invitingly before them.

"How will you learn to skate," said Mr. Herbert to John, "now William is going away?"

John did not know. He was sorry Willy was going, and so were the girls, for they could not slide down hill half as well without Willy to guide the sledge and draw it up again.

The next day was Sunday, and William listened more attentively than usual to the sermon. The prayers seemed more fervent, and the hymns sweeter than ever; and as the day of his departure drew near, his heart almost failed him; but he had resolved to go, because his father thought it best, and he was determined to abide his decision.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEPARTURE.

TUESDAY morning dawned brightly on the village of Marlborough, and at an early hour the driver of the stage was at the parsonage, putting William's well-packed trunk on behind.

"Good bye, my dear son," said his mother, giving him a parting kiss.

"Good bye," said little John and his sisters, still clinging to his neck.

"Good bye, my boy," said Mr. Herbert, pressing his hand warmly, as he stepped into the stage.

Long and affectionately did William gaze towards the group standing at the gate, and thought how long a time would elapse before he should see them again; nor could he repress the tears which came stealing down his cheeks.

Think it not unmanly that, forgetful for the time of those about him, as the fond, dear friends faded from his sight, he buried his face in his handkerchief and sobbed, for William had never been from home for any length of time before.

We shall not detail the circumstances of his journey to Walton. After riding all that day, and till the evening of the next, the stage drove into a beautiful village, and passing through a long street, shaded in summer by rows of stately elms, it stopped before a fine large edifice, which William easily recognized as "the institution." About thirty boys and young men were standing in front, amusing themselves in various ways, and all awaiting the ringing of the tea-bell.

As the stage stopped at the gateway, a tall, dignified, and benevolent-looking man walked out. William inquired if he was Mr. Sanford, the principal of the Walton Academy? He replied that he was, and William then gave him the letter from his

father, and Mr. Sanford invited him to his room. After some inquiries about William's family, &c. &c., he gave him a ticket with the number of his room on it, and directions how to find it, and bade him good evening.

William knocked at No. 20, North Hall, and was greeted with a blunt "Come in."

He entered, and found his new room-mate by the side of a small box-stove, busily engaged in mending a pair of skates. In each corner of one end of the room stood a narrow bed. On the side opposite the door was a long table, or desk. Over the little toilet table hung a looking-glass. These and a few wooden chairs, "rather the worse for wear," composed the entire furniture of the room, if we except the closet for clothes and for washing, which was visible through an open door between the beds.

"Good evening," said William. "Mr. Sanford directed me here as my room."

"Oh, yes,—very well," said the other; "then that is your trunk there, in the corner, I suppose."

"Yes," said William; and as he stood quickly striking his hands against the stove-pipe, the bell rang for tea.

"There it goes," said the other, throwing down his skates. "Come, let's go to tea."

William pulled off his overcoat, and followed his room-mate down three flights of stairs, along a narrow walk, and entered the dining hall, where he was shown a seat among some eighty students at the same table.

Mr. Sanford was sitting at the head, and one of the teachers at the foot. When all was still, Mr. Sanford asked a blessing, and then they commenced operations, with their appetites heightened by an hour's exercise in the open air, and six hours' fasting.

William was anxious to see who were to be his companions, and cast an occasional glance along the table, to observe the different faces of the students.

They had come from various parts of the country, and were as peculiar in their characters as in their appearance, or their

places of nativity. William remembered what he had read of some, who, professing to be well-bred, may pass very well elsewhere, but seldom escape detection in the manner of their eating, if they really have any rude ways. Some were engaged stuffing themselves with food, as though they had not eaten for six days, instead of six hours. Others grasped their knives and forks as if to make sure of what might otherwise be lost; scarcely raising their eyes from their plates; while many observed that grace and ease which at once stamped them as well-bred boys.

At a given signal they all arose, and walked out to enjoy themselves an hour or two before they should be summoned to their rooms for evening study.

The sun had already gone down, and its rays, reflected on the clouds which stretched away in the west, presented a gorgeous and glorious appearance, and the stars coming out one by one, like diamonds, in the blue vault, added new beauty to the scene.

William, seeing his room-mate going with several boys to the post-office, thought it would be a good opportunity to withdraw to his room for meditation and prayer, as was his custom,—like Isaac of old, as he walked in the fields at eventide.

"How often," thought he to himself, as he closed the door and looked out of the window of his little room,—"how often have I gone thus to pray by myself at home!" The thought of "home," at this silent evening hour, when the sensibilities seem most acute, touched his heart, and again the tears started to his eyes; but when he had thought a moment, the eye of faith was directed to that home in the heavens, beyond the visible sky, where he should meet his former friends who loved the Saviour, and meet them to part no more for ever. His heart was comforted and gladdened with the glorious prospect, for he "looked not at the things which are seen and temporal, but at the things which are not seen, and eternal."

Before the evening had worn away, Wil-

liam became somewhat acquainted with his room-mate, whose name he learned was John Thompson. He was rather older than himself, but seemed like a good-hearted fellow, though he was more engaged about his "fun" than his books, and as for religion, or its forms, it was soon apparent that he neither knew nor cared much about them.

As the bell rang for nine o'clock, they both began to think of retiring, and John, pointing to the bed farthest from the door, told William that was his, and commenced throwing off his coat. William hesitated for a moment, for he felt somewhat embarrassed. At last he summoned courage to ask his companion if he never said his prayers before going to bed.

"I say my prayers! not I," replied Thompson. "I am too old for that, I guess."

"But I suppose you have no objections to my reading in the Bible, and praying, have you?" said William.

"No, you may read and pray as much as

you like," replied the other, as he sat upon the foot of the bed, pulling off his boots.

Before William had found the place he desired, his companion was in bed. He, however, read a few verses, and then, kneeling down, commended himself and his new friend to God, and then went to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SNOW-FORT.

My young reader! have you ever been from home, and do you know what it is to

be surrounded by a crowd, and yet feel a sense of loneliness? Such were William Herbert's feelings for the first few days after his arrival at Walton. But he was of a sociable disposition. It was not long, therefore, before he found all the company he wished among his fellow-students. Still he was careful who he selected as his friends, and also not to keep company with boys of bad character. He could not, indeed, but be associated with them in some degree, but he endeavoured, as far as possible, to refrain from all intimacy, and to turn what intercourse he was obliged to have with them to the best account; but in all, he remembered that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and preferred the society of those whose conduct and conversation afforded him most pleasure, because it tended to his improvement.

One Saturday morning, after a snow-storm, and when the exercises of the week were all over, the younger portion of the school

started the project of building a snow-fort.

For this purpose they rolled a ball of snow over and over, increasing its size at every turn by the adherence of new snow, until it became so large as to require the united strength of three or four boys to move it. Not unlike a village story, especially if it be against the character of any one, it grows as it goes, each adding a little as he passes it to the next, and so on. Thus the story will increase faster than the snow-balls, and soon be as large, though not so difficult to move, for the larger the story the faster it goes. Well, after they had rolled a great many of the balls together in the form of a circle, and piled others on the top, they stationed a party of boys inside of the fort to defend it, while the others drew up at a short distance, and fired upon them, just as men throw cannon balls against stone forts, in order to make the besieged surrender. William was one of the besieging party. This was a very healthy and agreeable sport, and if they had only acted

honourably, and kept their temper, all would have been well.

But some of the boys were not contented with throwing snow, and so they put pieces of ice into their balls to make them more effectual.

"Stop that, Bill Parsons. You had better not throw ice here, I can tell you," cried a voice from the fort.

An explanation followed, and all agreed not to throw any ice; but it was not long before the agreement was broken, and another cake of ice was shot over, into the fort.

"Now, Bill Parsons, you agreed not to throw any ice, and you just threw a piece and hit me on the arm. I suppose you would like to have hit me on the head, wouldn't you?" said George Hackstaff, indignantly. "I'll fix you for that," he continued, and climbing over the fort seized him by the collar.

Angry words followed, and the shouts of some dozen boys announced "A fight! a fight! clear a ring; let's see fair play."

"Well,' said Parsons, "suppose I did hit you, what do you intend to do about it?"

"I intend to make you suffer for it," said Hackstaff, still holding him by the collar, "by giving you a thrashing."

"Would it not be better to forgive him?" asked William, mildly.

Astonishment appeared on the countenances of all, and every eye was turned to see who was the author of this new sentiment; and William, for the moment, felt almost ashamed and sorry that he had said any thing.

The astonishment, however, was soon dispelled, and cries of, "No, let's have the fight out," followed.

William still interposed, and told them of the wickedness of fighting, and of its folly; and how much better it would be to pardon the offender.

"Any one is a coward who is afraid to fight," said Samuel Carroll;" "father says he is."

"It requires more courage to refuse than it does to fight," said William. Here the

party began to turn from the two combatants to listen to William, and although at first most of them were opposed, they gradually came round, and it was agreed on all hands that there should be no fighting, and the play went on as before. I need not say that no more ice was thrown into the fort, nor that they all felt better, and enjoyed their sport more without the fight, than they could have done with it—especially Hackstaff and Parsons; and William felt something of the force of that beautiful passage, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

CHAPTER V.

CORRESPONDENCE.

After William had been at Walton a few weeks, he sat down and wrote to his parents, and brothers and sisters at home:—

"Walton Academy, January 8, 18—.

"My dear Parents,—I have been anxiously expecting a letter every day; but with the exception of the one I received soon after my arrival here, I have not heard a word from you.

"It seems six months since I bid you all good bye at the gate; how often I have thought of it! I can imagine how every thing is going on at home, just as if I was there. There is father in the study writing; mother with the baby—dear little fellow, I wish I could kiss him, but as I cannot, please to do it for me; there is Johnny poring over his geography, or perhaps mending his skates; Mary is sewing in the corner, and little Helen is learning her spelling lesson. By the way, I miss Mary's sewing on my shirt buttons and stockings, for I make but a sorry hand of it myself. Nor do I forget old Towser stretching himself out in the back garden, in the sun. Where are Henry King and all the boys? At school I suppose. Please give them my love.

"But perhaps you would like to hear something of the place where I now am. Well, it is a fine building. We have a nice room in the fourth story, which looks out upon a beautiful meadow with a little brook at the end, and a hill covered with forest trees beyond. We have about a hundred boys, from different parts of the country, some very pleasant companions, and some not so pleasant. The teachers seem to be good men, and are loved and respected by all. We have a prayer-meeting once a week, and a Bible-class in the chapel every Saturday, which all are required to attend, and I think it is very interesting.

"Walton is a very pretty town, and I have become acquainted with several families, where I occasionally make some pleasant visits; but, after all, 'there is no place like home.'

"I was asked on Sunday to teach a little class in Sunday-school, and I was very much pleased with it. I had six scholars, and they appeared to be as well satisfied as their

teacher. I need not say that I find your kind instructions and the reading of the Bible very useful in this exercise, as they sometimes asked me hard questions.

"Mr. Reynolds, the pastor of the church, is a very pleasant man. He often speaks to me of father, and said he was in the same class in college with him, and bade me present his regards to you both.

"Please give my love to grandmother, and tell her I miss her ginger cakes and apples, and her pleasant stories about 'old times.'

"I have not forgotten, nor, I trust, neglected, your kind advice to me on parting, and I hope I love the duties you so much enjoined.

"I have several agreeable companions and friends among so large a number of boys and young men; and if it would be pleasant to you, my dear parents, I should be glad to bring one of them (his name is Charles Seymour) home to spend a few days in vacation. He is a fine fellow, of about

my own age, and lives in Cheltenham, so our house will be directly on his way. I have not invited him, as I thought it proper to ask you first.

"But I have filled up all my paper, and have only room to send you all my love, and beg you to write soon to your affectionate son, WILLIAM.

"Rev. J. S. HERBERT, Marlborough."

How anxiously did William look for an answer to this letter, and right glad was he to hear one evening that there was a letter for him in the post-office.

He put on his hat and ran down to the office, as if his life depended on being there in five minutes. It seemed an age while he watched the deliberate movements of the postmaster's clerk in looking over the "H's." He wondered the clerk was not as much excited as he was himself. In his haste he had almost forgotten to pay the postage, and only waited to get outside the door, before he broke the seal, and read—

"DEAR WILLIAM, — Our little family, and especially your father and myself, were made very happy in receiving your welcome and interesting letter, which came to hand on Monday; and we feel grateful to hear that you are well, and enjoying, and we trust, improving yourself. Your father thought it best to let you get a little weaned from home before he wrote. That is the reason why we delayed answering your former letter, and not because we had forgotten you, as you seem to have imagined.

"Your friend, Henry King, was here yesterday to inquire after you. He has taken the bed of tulips into his care, and says he intends to cultivate them for you in the spring. I gave your kiss to little Henry, but he has not sent any return. I presume he would prefer to give one in person. I have no message from the children, as they intend to add a postscript. Your uncle Horace will pass through Walton the early part of next week and I shall avail myself of his kind offer to send you

the handkerchiefs, gloves, and books which you left behind, and also a new book, which we have been reading to the children, entitled, 'Frank Harper,' which I have no doubt will greatly interest you. I hope, my dear William, you are particular as to what books you read. Many of the books of the present day are not only hurtful in their influence, but are not really worth the time it takes to read them. They dissipate the mind, and unfit one for sound and sterling works. Especially place the reading of the Bible first, highest, and foremost. Seek the aid of God's Spirit, in its daily prayerful perusal. It will make you wiser, happier, and better.

"I trust I need not enjoin upon you the duty of prayer—secret prayer. You are, I am confident, too well aware of its value and happy influences to neglect it. I am happy to know that you are particular in the choice of your companions—and that you find some Christian and congenial spirits there. Cultivate their acquaintance, and

strive to be mutual helpers of each other's good. Grandmother has just called, and says she is glad to hear you have not forgotten the ginger-cakes and apples, and you must not be surprised at receiving some by uncle Horace next week. There was a heavy snow-storm last night, and the children enjoyed the 'sliding' greatly. But I must not encroach upon their limits, as they have made me promise not to tell any of their news, nor use up all the paper. Your father is quite busy now, but says he will write you next week, and joins with me in permission to invite your friend to spend the vacation with us. He also desires to be kindly remembered to Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Sanford. Grandmother, father, and children all well, and send love.

"Your affectionate mother,

"H. HERBERT.

"To Master W. HERBERT, Walton.

"*Marlborough, Jan.* 15, 18—.

"P. S.—DEAR WILLY,—Mother says we may write you a postscript in name of my-

self, John, Helen, and baby. It stopped snowing last night, and we have had a nice time sliding down hill. John has learnt to guide almost as well as you, but we had rather have Willy here for all that. Cousin Susan spent last evening at our house, and we played blind-man's buff till eight o'clock. John sits up now till nine, and Helen till eight, and I do not go to bed till father and mother go. When are you coming home? It seems so long since you went. I wish you were here to make sugar-candy. It sticks all over our hands, or else we burn it so that it is not fit to eat. We take good care of your minerals and the rabbits. Old Towser is well. We are all going over to grandmother's to-morrow afternoon. We go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and shall, we hope, remember what we have been often told about loving the Saviour, and being good children.

"From your affectionate brothers and sisters,

"JOHN, HELEN, MARY, and BABY."

William's joy was so great at getting this letter, that whilst walking back to his room, he read and re-read it, folded it up, and put it in his pocket, then took it out and read it again, until he was quite as much overcome as Robinson Crusoe's man Friday was when he discovered his father.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ICE-BOAT.

One pleasant day, William, in company with several of his companions, had repaired to a large pond about a mile from

Walton, which, in summer, was used by the students for bathing, and in winter for skating, sliding, and other amusements of that season.

Here they had made an ice-boat of a triangular form, with a skate firmly fastened at each angle, upon which the whole structure rested. Pieces of plank were secured across the top; a mast, with a sail attached, was erected near the centre, while a skate, firmly nailed to a kind of tiller, served for the rudder to guide the whole.

It would hold some dozen boys at a time, and was easily managed by one who stood at the helm, holding the sheet of the sail in one hand, and steering with the other. With a good wind it would sail with great velocity, and when the ice was strong, and no holes in it, and the pond itself surrounded by a flat shore, (with no dam, such as are found in most mill-ponds,) it was quite safe.

When all was ready, the largest one in the company took the helm, and gave the

signal for hoisting the sail. The boat creaked, then it started, and then glided gently along until the breeze freshened, and the speed increased more and more till they almost seemed to fly. As they approached the opposite shore, the captain, as they styled the one who steered, brought the boat gracefully round, shifted the sail, and away it scudded again. The fences and trees, and even the shore itself, seemed to be swifty flying past, and the young navigators, almost out of breath, were obliged to cling fast to the planks to keep on. The pond, as we have said, was quite large, and there were several little islands in it, which it required considerable skill on the part of the pilot to avoid.

They had named the boat the "Washington," and it was shortly proposed to go upon a voyage of discovery among the islands, in imitation of the voyage to the Arctic seas by the "Hecla," &c.

For this purpose, the pilot pressed the rudder "hard down," to reduce the speed,

and when they came to any island, they anchored, furled the sails, and all went ashore, and after a sufficient survey, named it Long Island, Heart Island, or the Isle of Randolph, either from its form, or in honour of some of the party. Near one of these numerous islands, it seems, some persons had been cutting out ice, and had thus made a large hole in the pond, which the night previous had been slightly closed up by the frost. While the others were making discoveries in another part of the island, two of the youngest, thinking it sufficiently strong, had rashly ventured on. When they reached the middle of the hole, the ice cracked, and they were plunged into water ten feet deep! A cry of "Oh, save me! Save me!" startled William and his companions, who quickly hastened to the spot. There were the two boys grasping eagerly at the slippery and brittle ice, but all in vain. What was to be done?

They were drowning, and it was impossible to reach them upon the ice. Some

said one thing, and some another. But none knew what to do.

William looked around for a moment, and then snatching the mast of the boat, which was close at hand, and laying it across the hole, threw himself upon it to rescue his companions. Happily for them, though they could not swim, he could, and bravely did he use every exertion in his power to save them. Catching one by his coat collar, with great difficulty he succeeded in getting him safe upon the ice, and immediately returned to the assistance of the other, who, benumbed with cold, and frightened at the prospect of his danger, was wildly catching at everything in his reach. Twice had he already sunk, when William, extending his arm its whole length, as he clung to the mast, was jerked by the drowning boy from his slippery hold, and both sank out of sight. After a severe struggle, however, William extricated himself, and seizing the boy by the arm, placed him also in safety upon the ice.

Forgetful of the cold, and by the assist-

ance of the others, he removed the two almost frozen boys to the ice-boat, fixed the mast in its place, and the whole party were soon scudding across the pond to a farm-house, which stood on the opposite shore.

The good old woman kindly received them, and brought some dry blankets, in which the wet boys were wrapped until their clothes could be procured from home.

"I always said Willy Herbert was a brave fellow," said Charles Seymour, as the party were returning for clothes, "although Arnold did say he was a coward for stopping the fight at the snow-fort."

"Yes," said Rogers, "I believe Wallace and Olcott would have drowned, if it had not been for him. I should never have thought of putting that mast across so as he did."

"No, nor of going out upon it either," rejoined Harris.

"Well, sure enough, they owe their lives to him. I thought they were gone when Willy fell from the mast. There are not many fellows who would have stuck to them

as he did, when Olcott was pulling him under."

"Well, said Rogers, "they may thank him that they are not at the bottom of the pond, instead of before Mrs. Williams's fire."

The news spread rapidly when they reached home, and Mr. Sanford took occasion, at evening prayers, to commend the good conduct of William before the whole school, while he rendered thanks to God for the rescue of the two boys from a watery grave.

The occurrence made a strong impression upon Charles Seymour. "I wonder if being a Christian," said he to himself, "makes one so different." Of two things he might be sure; one is, that religion does not make its possessor a coward; and another, that it is very important to know how to act wisely in an emergency. William had been told how to proceed in such cases, and his presence of mind enabled him to use the means of saving two lives.

CHAPTER VII.

TEMPERANCE.

One evening, several of the boys were invited to meet a small company at one of the neighbour's houses in the village, and William was among the number; and having obtained permission of Mr. Sanford, they went. As the evening wore away, refreshments were passed around, and, among the rest, a waiter well filled with glasses of wine. It seems the temperance cause had not made great progress in the place, and all the company, except William, partook of the wine. He alone politely declined.

"Not take wine!" said some one sitting near him.

"Why not?"

"I belong to the Temperance Society."

replied William, "and you know we abstain from wine."

"What society?"

"The Temperance Society."

"Oh, then, he must be one of the reformed drunkards," said Arnold. A general laugh ensued.

The warm blood came into William's face, but he checked himself. He felt embarrassed, but was conscious that he was in the right.

"Probably he is better than the rest of us," remarked another.

"Come, now," said a third, "take a glass—it won't hurt you. Don't be the only black sheep in the flock. Some wine is not fit to drink; but such wine as this the Bible does not forbid."

William bit his lip. To be drawn out in this way before such company, and stranger as he was, too, was a great trial to his principle, but he firmly persisted in his refusal, and thus proved himself the bravest of them all.

"A reformed drunkard, hey!" exclaimed one of the party, laughing. "Well, that is good!"

William thought it was better to be even a reformed drunkard than a moderate drinker, but he did not say so. He felt it was more proper, calmly and silently to maintain his own ground than to attack others.

And even the very persons who had treated him so rudely, could not but secretly admire his manly courage in resisting temptation before them all, and against such a strong public opinion too. But he had the fear of God in his heart, and that was a stronger motive than the fear of man.

We have seen William Herbert in sports and company; and perhaps the reader may think that he was not much of a scholar, or at least that he spent a good deal of time in play; but this was not the case. He did spend a portion of his time in sports and recreation, and it was proper that he should.

Young persons of his age must have something to occupy them besides books and lessons. They need some amusements; and if they are of a proper kind, and used in moderation, so far from injuring, they do them good. A bow is all the better for being unstrung occasionally, and a good student will study to more advantage after a little respite. It is the abuse of the thing that does the mischief.

Our friend William was a diligent scholar and rose early every day that he might acquire his lessons perfectly, (that is the reason he had time to play,) and when he went into recitation, he was not obliged secretly to open the book to find the answer, nor have the teacher say to him tauntingly, "You *read* very well," as he told some of his class-mates. He always felt at ease for he was conscious that he was prepared to tell all about the lessons that was expected. He was in the class which studied chemistry. There were some other boys in the class who delighted to see the beautiful

experiments which explained and illustrated the subject, but were not disposed to study the principles. By diligence and attention, William soon became so much of a proficient, that the teacher selected him and one other scholar as his assistants. While they were engaged in a lecture one afternoon, Mr. Morgan, the teacher, missed a piece of phosphorus which he had just been using. Now, it so happened, that some of the boys had paid so little attention to the subject, that they had not noticed what had been said of the care which was needful in using this substance to prevent its taking fire.

Search was made, but in vain. William was last seen nearest the bottle, and Andrew Jones suggested that perhaps he had taken it. The whole class at once acquitted him of the charge.

"Have any of you taken it?" inquired Mr. Morgan.

"No, sir," was the reply from the whole class.

The practised eye of Mr. Morgan, how-

ever, saw who was the offender, but he chose to let the event prove his guilt; he steadily observed his movements, until all eyes were fixed upon Andrew Jones, the one who had so meanly and falsely accused William of the misconduct. Jones began to turn red, and stammerd out—

"I didn't take it; upon my word I didn't take it, sir,"

"Jones," said Mr. Morgan, "what have you in your coat-pocket?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing!" inquired Mr. Morgan; "what then causes that smoke?"

"Oh, my coat is on fire!" he exclaimed.

'Turn your pocket inside out," said Mr. Morgan.

Jones turned his pocket, and out dropped the phosphorus. A little water soon extinguished it, and no essential injury was done, but a universal expression of indignation burst from the whole class against Jones, who stood trembling with fright and chagrin, and attempted in vain to say some-

thing, he knew not what, in extenuation of his guilt.

"Jones," said Mr. Morgan, "you need not attempt to make any excuse; you have already endeavoured to screen yourself from blame by throwing it upon an innocent person, and have thus added falsehood to the wickedness of taking that which did not belong to you."

"I shall confer with Mr. Sanford before deciding what shall be done in the case. In the mean time you can retire to your room."

If any one had listened to the remarks made by the class as they left the recitation room, he would have considered it of little use for Jones to try to make friends with any of them. And it would seem that Jones was of the same opinion himself, for he ran away from school, and went home the same night.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAME OF CARDS, AND ITS RESULTS.

"WILLIAM, as I told you, was a very diligent scholar, and often had applications from those of a different character to assist them in their lessons; and as he was of a kind and amiable disposition, he was always ready to render them assistance, telling them, at the same time, it would be far better for them to study more attentively. For his generous conduct, he was greatly esteemed, though some, through envy, hated every thing and every one better than themselves.

Not long after the affair with Jones, William happened one evening to be in the room of one of the older students, to borrow a book. Presently several others came in, and proposed a game of cards, and invited William to join them.

"No, I thank you, I don't play cards."

"Well, you can learn."

"I don't wish to learn," replied William.

"Why not?" inquired the occupant of the room.

"Because it would do me no good to learn, for I do not think it right to play."

"Well, so you might say about playing ball. What good does that do?"

"Why, that is very different. Playing ball is good exercise."

"I suppose," said Arnold, "he is one of your—I forget the name—he never does any thing that is not seen to be of some use. Utilitarians, I think they call them. But I believe in having a little sport once in a while."

"So do I," returned William, "if it is of the proper kind; but I don't think playing cards is any such sport."

"Why, what harm does it do?" said Arnold, angrily.

"Why, cards are generally used for gambling purposes; and I have heard from

those who played, that they tend to that; that persons soon become tired of playing for nothing but sport, and they therefore stake something to make it more exciting, and so go on till they get to be regular gamblers; and even if it did not, you must acknowledge that people often get angry, and even fight over cards; and that certainly is wrong."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Arnold. "I don't see any harm in playing a game of cards."

"Nor I either," said the large boy who occupied the room.

"Well," said William, "I don't know that I can explain it, but you will see it all clearly proved in the history of many a one who only began to play for fun."

"Come, boys, don't let us hear him preach any longer," said Arnold. "I go for a game. I like to see a fellow with some life and spirit in him. I hate your sour-faced croakers."

William well knew for whom this insinua-

tion was intended, but he could stand such fire like a veteran, and he kept his temper.

"Come," said another of the party, "take a hand, Herbert."

"No, I thank you," replied William, "Mr. Sanford has expressly forbidden it; and even if it were not wrong, I should not play after that."

"Well, what if he has? Who will know it?"

"I shall," said William, bidding them good night, and leaving the room.

"Yes, and I suppose you would tell him," said the occupant of the room.

"If he does," said Arnold, "I'll make him sorry."

William went up stairs to his own room, and soon after was in bed.

The others sat down to the game. While thus engaged, they heard footsteps along the hall, and presently a knock, which they recognised as Mr. Sanford's.

"Hush!"

A knock again.

"Busy," cried Arnold.

"Open this door," said Mr. Sanford in a commanding voice.

"Busy," returned Arnold, again.

"Open this door immediately," said Mr Sanford.

"Busy," again replied the same voice.

Mr. Sanford stepped back a short distance, and planting his foot against the door, near the lock, with one push thrust it open and entered.

"Shut down that window. Light the candle, and hand me those cards," were the successive orders of Mr. Sanford. The first two were immediately obeyed, but in reply to the last, they persisted that they had no cards.

But it was to little purpose to endeavour to deceive Mr. Sanford, who soon discovered them under the bed, whither they had been cast in their haste and confusion.

"Arnold," said Mr. Sanford, "have you not been playing cards?"

"I have played cards—in my lifetime."

"Answer me, directly and properly, sir.

Have you not been playing cards this evening?"

Arnold saw that it would be useless to deny it.

"And so have the others, I suppose," said Mr. Sanford.

They confessed that they all had been playing.

"Did you not know that it was my express desire that there should be no card-playing in this establishment?"

"Yes, sir."

"I very much regret that you should have suffered yourselves thus to transgress a known regulation. The offence is greatly aggravated by your attempt to conceal it from me, and to deceive me, and is sufficiently flagrant to justify an immediate expulsion of every one of you who have been engaged in it; but as it is the first instance of the kind that has come to my knowledge, I shall simply require a confession of it before the whole school. Now, Arnold and King, you will retire to your

own rooms, and to-morrow morning you will call at my study one half-hour before prayer time."

The next morning, when the bell had done ringing, and all were assembled in the chapel, Mr. Sanford arose very deliberately to address them. All eyes were upon him.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "I regret that any of you should incur my displeasure. Four of your number were last night discovered by me, at a late hour, at card-playing, which, for good reasons that I stated fully at the commencement of the term, is strictly forbidden. For this offence I should feel myself justified in immediately dismissing them, but I have determined on a different course in this case, and shall only ask from them a confession of their fault."

"Arnold," he continued, "you will read your confession."

The young man arose, unfolded a paper, and with evident embarrassment read as follows:

"Respected teachers, and fellow-students —It is with regret and sorrow that I confess being engaged in playing at cards, when I knew it was contrary to the rules of this establishment. I ask your forgiveness, and promise never to do so again while I remain with you."

Something similar to this was read by the others, and after a few appropriate lessons of warning and reproof, the usual devotional services were attended, and the students dismissed to their rooms to prepare for the duties of the day.

On the way up stairs, half-suppressed murmurs and threats—such as "I hate a tell-tale," "I knew he would inform," "I'll make him smart for it," "He won't come off so easy," and the like—were heard from the guilty and chagrined culprits, who were unable to conceal their mortification and humbled pride; and were evidently designing to wreak their vengeance on William, who they supposed had been the cause of their exposure.

Towards evening, as William was walking in the orchard, quietly and alone, Arnold and one of the other delinquents accosted him.

"See here! I should like to know what business you had to tell Mr. Sanford that we were playing cards last night?"

"How do you know that I did tell him?"

"Because he could never have found it out unless you had."

"That remains to be proved," replied William, quietly.

"Well, we'll prove it to your satisfaction," said Arnold.

"Proceed! said William, coolly.

"That we will," said the others, taking off their coats.

"I don't see the need of stripping to prove it," said William.

"Perhaps we shall show you," replied Arnold, turning up his sleeves and loosening his neck-cloth.

"If it cannot be proved to my satisfaction

with your coats on, it certainly cannot with them off; and if you expect me to fight, I can assure you that you will find yourselves much mistaken."

William's coolness seemed to have the desired effect; and they were in some doubt what course to take. He soon relieved their anxiety, by suggesting that as they could not prove that he did, perhaps he could prove that he did not tell Mr. Sanford, or any one else, that they had been playing cards.

"Well, how was it," said the others.

"In the first place, I did not see Mr. Sanford until this morning at breakfast; and if I had, I could not have told him, for I did not know, till just as you were called upon for the confession, that you had been playing at all; for I went up stairs to my room after I left yours, last night, and went directly in bed, and my room-mate was already asleep; and so, of course, whatever you may have suspected, nothing could have come from either of us about it.

Besides, I heard Thompson say, at dinner time, that Mr. Sanford had just arrived from Somerset, and was on his way to his room, when he stopped, of his own accord, (for he could not have seen any one to tell him) and found you playing. Now, I suppose you are satisfied that I did not inform of you?"

They seemed to be very well satisfied; and when one of them expressed regret for having treated him so harshly, he readily accepted the apology, and advised them to be less hasty in their judgment for the future.

CHAPTER IX.

PRAYER.

ARNOLD soon after left Walton, and William had now established his character, not only for true courage and generosity, but for kindness and good scholarship, and above all for genuine piety, which he endeavoured to recommend to others by his consistent conduct and bearing towards all. There was a student, of about his own age, to whom William was very much attached; but he

had early discovered, on conversing with him, that, though he had been brought up and educated by Christian parents, he was still destitute of true religion, and that, in his youthful ardour and love of play, he seemed to care little or nothing for the great interests of his soul.

This naturally caused William some anxiety in his behalf, and often did he pray in secret for the conversion of his friend Charles Seymour.

Charles was of a modest, sprightly, and amiable disposition; a good scholar, and a pleasant companion, and very much of a favourite among his fellow students. He was particularly fond of the society of William, and often, as the spring advanced, they would walk together in the fields, following the winding brook, or wandering through a neighbouring forest.

William frequently embraced such opportunities to direct the attention of his friend to religion, but on this subject he too often found him an unwilling hearer. He en-

joyed his society and delighted to hear him talk of old associates, to speak of the beauties and wonders of nature which they met in their walks; but as he gently led the mind of his friend from the creature up to the great Creator, Charles's voice was silent, and his downcast eyes and uneasy manner showed too plainly that even this amiable and generous youth's heart was enmity to the law of God—not subject to it—nor indeed could be, until renewed by the Spirit of God.

As they were thus walking along the bank of the little brook that flowed beneath the hill upon which the school-house stood, one afternoon early in the spring, when the flowers were just blooming, and the trees fresh with their new foliage, William took the arm of his friend, and, continuing their walk a little, they entered a beautiful clump of forest trees. Passing this, and ascending the hill just beyond, they beheld the sun setting behind the rugged mountain, and the gorgeous clouds of gold and crimson

reaching far up the heavens. Twilight came on, inspiring them with holy feelings and delightful emotions.

"This makes me think of home more than any scene I know of," said Charles. "How I used to stand on the hill behind my father's house, and watch the sun in his going down, and see the beautiful clouds gather around."

"It is a beautiful, a glorious sight," replied William. "It makes me think of home too, and of a brighter home, a more beautiful world than this, Charles; I hope you and I shall be prepared to see and enjoy it together when we leave this."

"I thank you, Willy, for your wish; and I am quite sure you will enjoy it, though I have no reason to hope so for myself."

William went on to speak of the glories of that world, comparing them with everything beautiful before them—of its golden streets, its pearly gates, its walls of precious stones, its crystal river, its tree of life, and all its glorious inhabitants; and then of the

power, wisdom, and holiness of God, the capacities of the soul, and the danger of being eternally lost.

"It is amazing to look at those glorious heavens over us, and to think that they are mighty worlds, larger even than our own, and probably as full of inhabitants, and all sustained and directed by the hand of God! How does it make us feel our own nothingness! What a mighty God to create and uphold all this and much more! Truly, the heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handy work. Ought we not to fear Him for his power, and justice, and majesty; and to love Him for his goodness, especially, dear Charlie, that he has given his only begotten Son to die for such sinners as you and I?"

Charles made no reply, but as they were walking arm in arm, whilst thus speaking upon the love of God, William felt a tear drop upon his hand, an almost unexpected token that his friend was seriously affected by his conversation.

"Charlie," said he, after a short pause, "do you not wish to be a Christian?"

"Oh yes, Willy, I do, but"—

"Do you ever pray, Charlie?"

"Sometimes. I used to pray every night. My mother taught me to do so—but—but I have neglected it since I came from home, except occasionally."

"You have been taught, then, I suppose," said William, "that you must be born of the Spirit before you can be a true Christian?"

"Yes."

"And that the Spirit is given to those that ask sincerely?"

"Yes," said Charles.

"And that our heavenly Father is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children? You are dependent on God, then. You must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and faith is the gift of God.

"Then you ought to ask him," continued

William, with affectionate earnestness, "ask him by prayer for this great blessing; trust his gracious promise that he will hear; and by repentance and faith seek him, until he grant you pardon and acceptance."

"Oh," said Charles, "I cannot pray. I am such a great sinner; my heart is hard; I am afraid to speak to God; and I don't know what to do."

"Shall I pray for you, Charles?" said William.

"Yes, Willy—if you will—but I do not know"—

"Come," said William, taking his arm, and walking into the thick dark woods close at hand.

It was a lovely sight to see those boys entering the forest as the beautiful evening drew on, and the stars looked down and seemed to smile through the huge oaks, beneath which they kneeled together upon the moss.

Throwing off their caps, and putting their arms about each other's necks, William

raised his voice in supplication to God for his Holy Spirit to enlighten the mind, subdue the will, and renew the heart of his friend. As he ceased, he turned to Charles, whose face was wet with tears.

When William had prayed again, they rose from their knees, put on their caps, and turned their steps towards home.

"Good night, my dear Charlie. Don't forget to pray for yourself now," said William, as he parted from him.

"Oh, no. Good night, dear Willy."

Charles entered his room, and finding himself alone, took his Bible from the trunk and sat down by his table to read.

"This my mother gave me," said he to himself, "and asked me to read it every day, and I have scarcely read it at all." Then turning over the leaves to the fifth chapter of Matthew, he read, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "This is the first of the beatitudes, as if all the others depended upon it; and if it is a preparation for the

rest, I wonder what it is to be poor in spirit. I am referred in the margin to Isaiah xlvii. 15th verse, 'For thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.' And again, to Isaiah lxvi. 2, 'But to this man will I look, even to him who is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.'"

"Humility—repentance—obedience," said Charles, aloud; and, laying his head upon his hand, he thought and wept,—and then, kneeling down, he prayed. While thus engaged, he was interrupted by footsteps along the hall, and as his room-mate entered, he hastily laid his Bible aside, and retired.

CHAPTER X.

THE DECISION OF CHARLES.

The next morning, William noticed that his friend's eyes were red with weeping, and his manner showed that he was distressed. His post on the play-ground that day was vacant, and he was more cast down and reserved than usual.

Three or four days after this, when the six o'clock bell rang at evening, William and his friend Charles might have been seen passing down the hall and entering a recitation room, where, once in each week, those of the students who were so inclined met for prayer. These meetings were usually well attended, and as they continued but one hour, they were always to edification, which, as an old writer says, "ceaseth where weariness begins."

It was the first time Charles had attended the meeting, and as he took his seat beside William, and all became still, one of the teachers who conducted it arose and read the hymn—

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

Then they all joined in singing it.

Those meetings were always pleasant to William. He made it a point to be there at the time. But to Charles it seemed strange and solemn. He was somewhat ashamed to be seen going thither, but after he was in, he was glad that he had come.

When the hymn was ended, the teacher read a few verses from the Bible, and then prayed. He had noticed Charles's appearance during the day, and seeing him in the prayer-meeting, he easily divined the cause, and earnestly and affectionately presented his case at the throne of grace. The last hymn being sung, the bell rang for evening

studies; and the teacher, Mr. Morgan, kindly took Charles by the hand, as he lingered with William behind the others, and expressed his deep interest in his state of mind. The tears were in his eyes as he bade Mr. Morgan good night; and, leaning on William's arm, they went to their accustomed place in the forest to pray,

Dear reader, have you ever been as Charles was? If so, you can understand how he felt, much better than I can tell you. How bitter were his lamentations, how distressing his fears, how perplexing his doubts! Not knowing whither to flee, yet unable to stand still; fearful of moving lest he should go wrong, yet conscious of his danger as he was, he knew not what to do.

"How long have you felt seriously the danger of your present condition?" inquired William.

"Oh, two or three weeks. Ever since you and I were talking together when we were walking out that night, after the Bible class."

"Why did you not tell me then?" said William.

"I do not know. I wanted to tell you, but then I was ashamed to speak about it."

"How do you feel now? Have you any desire to be a Christian?"

"Oh yes, but I am so great a sinner, I know not what to do."

"'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me,' said William. This is our heavenly Father's invitation."

"Oh, but he is not *my* heavenly Father, for the Bible says that he is angry with the wicked every day."

"But he is willing to be our Father, for he has said, 'I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' And the blessed Saviour says, 'Ask, and it shall be given you —seek, and ye shall find—knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

"Now," said William, kneeling down with Charles, "let us ask Him."

When he had concluded, he asked Charles to pray, which he did with fervency, and apparent humility and penitence. As they rose from their knees, Charles exclaimed, with audible sobs and deep emotions, "Oh the depth of the riches of the love of Christ!"

"Do you indeed feel Him to be precious to you?"

"Oh, I trust I do. I trust he has forgiven me, though I am unworthy of his love. I have sinned against him so much."

On their walk home, they felt that Christ was in their company, and "their hearts burned within them by the way."

How sweetly did Charles recline upon his pillow that night—how did his affections go forth to his Redeemer. As he lay upon his bed and looked out upon the serene sky, he thought with the Psalmist of Israel, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy hands, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that

thou visitest him?" Then he thought of all his past life—of his sins—his neglect and forgetfulness of God—and then, as he considered how kind and compassionate God had been in sparing his life, and leading him, as he hoped, to repentance, tears of gratitude and love streamed from his eyes. Then he thought of his friend William, how he had talked to him, how he had prayed for him, and how he had been led to think upon his own course by observing his bright example; and he lifted his heart in prayer for God's blessing upon him. These thoughts all crowded upon his mind. Then he thought of home, his dear mother, and brothers, and sisters far away, and thought how glad she and they would be to hear that he hoped he was a Christian. For they know that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about those that fear Him," and they feel the preciousness of that inspired declaration, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

William's feelings were not unlike his friend's. He thought of the exceeding great mercy of God towards Charles, in leading him to repentance; and prayed earnestly that he might be kept through faith unto eternal life. How joyful did he feel, as he lay down to sleep! How grateful that God had heard his prayer, and forgiven Charles, and adopted him, as he humbly trusted, into his own family! How sweetly did he fall asleep, for he had a foretaste of that blessedness of which the prophet Daniel speaks: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

But Charles soon found that there are thorns in the narrow way as well as flowers; that none go to heaven on downy beds of ease; that persecution, in some shape or other, is prepared for all who will live godly upon the earth. Though naturally reserved and modest, and consequently averse to making any display, he nevertheless openly

avowed the change in his feelings, and his determination to live to the honour of his Redeemer. He was now a constant attendant upon the weekly prayer meeting, and upon the Sabbath exercises in the sanctuary, nor did he neglect the more private duties of reading, meditation, and prayer. In all these, he sought the counsel of his teachers and Christian friends. His conversation, though more grave and serious, was yet cheerful and pleasant.

And why should it not be? If the Christian cannot be cheerful when he thinks of his relations and prospects—of the great and glorious God as his Father; of the bright and blissful heaven as his home; of all the great and good as his associates for ever; and that all things—yes, ALL THINGS—no matter what they are, nor how painful to be borne, whether it be joy or sorrow, riches or poverty, sickness or health, life or death—all things shall work together for his good; if, when he thinks of all this, he cannot be cheerful, who can be?

Dear readers, have you imagined that a long face, a sorrowful voice, and a desponding tone, are elements of religion? If so, you are mistaken. They have not any necessary connexion with it, except that sorrow steals over us when we think of our sins, or of those who are without religion, but certainly not when we think of our own hopes and prospects. When we consider that, perhaps, some one of our own children, or brothers, or sisters, or friends, are going down to everlasting death, to be the prey of the worm that never dies and to endure the fire that never shall be quenched, to dwell in the blackness of darkness for ever; then, indeed, it is not to be wondered at, if we should be exceeding sorrowful; but it is, that such will not share the blessedness we expect to enjoy. But, as Christians, we have not only reason to be happy and rejoice, but we are even commanded to "rejoice in the Lord always."

There were some lads at Walton, who seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in perse-

cuting the "young convert," as they called Charles. Doubtless they were forced to respect, if not to envy him, although they affected much contempt. But Charles remembered that it was said, that "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;" and he remembered the text too, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" but, like Moses, "he had respect unto the recompence of reward."

"Come, Seymour," said Hopkins, one evening, as he, with several others, were coming out from tea, "let's have a game of ball."

"No, I thank you," replied Charles, "not this evening."

"Why, you don't think there is any harm in a game of ball, do you?" inquired Hopkins, with a malicious wink to his companions.

"No, but I am engaged to go to the prayer-meeting, and it commences soon," replied Charles, modestly.

"Oh! ah! the prayer-meeting, eh!" said Hopkins.

"He has got to be mighty good all at once," said another.

"I wonder how long it will last," said a third. "I forgot, though,—he is one of the converts. I suppose there won't be any more ball-playing after this."

"I hate your hypocrites," said Hopkins, with a sneer.

Charles felt the ridicule, but made no reply.

Hopkins, failing to draw any answer from him, turned to the rest, and with a contemptuous tone said, "he presumed there were others there not too good to take a game," and invited them to do so.

The bell rang, Charles entered the prayer-meeting, and prayed for his persecutors, and Hopkins and his associates enjoyed the game of ball. Who was the happier of the two when the bell again rang for study hours, I leave the reader to judge.

CHAPTER XI.

GOING HOME.

But the time was drawing near when the term at Walton should close. The students who had not seen home for so long a time, having long counted the weeks, were now telling the number of the days before the vacation.

William received a card one morning from Mr. Sanford, appointing him one of the declaimers at the exhibition, which was to be held on the last day of the term. He

felt and appreciated the honour of the appointment, and endeavoured to be prepared to do himself and his instructors justice. The day at length arrived, with all its excitements and anxieties. William acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all; and now came the sad parting from kind teachers and beloved companions. The many happy hours at Walton rushed upon the memory. All difficulties were adjusted, and all unpleasant feelings and unkind words were forgotten, and they seemed to remember nought but the pleasant in the past; and many cheeks were wet with the tear of affection and regret. William, accompanied by his friend Charles, once more visited the forest; once more prayed where they had so often kneeled together; once more saw the glorious sunset from the hill, and the beautiful sky; watched the swallows' circling train descend into the chimney of the old church, and then turned their footsteps homeward, to prepare for the morrow's journey.

Early on the following morning, (it was a beautiful day in the latter part of June,) William and Charles took their seats in the stage for Marlborough. Several of their fellow students were with them the first day, and the time passed in talking over the events of the late term, or speculating on the prospects of the future. Many were the scenes they reviewed, and the games they played over again in their conversation, and as they, one after another, left for a different route, or because they had reached their home, William could not refrain from whispering to them some Christian word of advice at parting, and more than once did the sparkling eye moisten as they said "farewell!"

Towards the close of the second day, the stage entered the village of Marlborough. Here William was at home; not a house, nor a tree, scarcely a stone could they pass, but he had something to say of it. The grass seemed greener, the sun shone pleasanter, and everything was more beautiful

than at any place they had seen since they left home. The very dust seemed dear to him."

"There was the widow Johnson's, where I used to buy butter. Back of those willows is where I used to bathe. That man we met used to bring my father meat. Over there, the railroad was going to run; and back in the woods is where we used to go to gather nuts.

"There is Henry King's house, and there he is himself! How do you do, Henry?"

But the stage did not stop for Henry to return the salutation, and before he could distinguish who addressed him, they reached the top of the hill.

"Over there, in that white house, our Dr. Jameson lives; and just beyond, you can see the church spire."

"Oh, yes," said Charles; "is that where your father preaches?"

"Yes, and there is our house," exclaimed William, his heart almost leaping into his throat at the sight.

"Where?" said Charles, jumping up and looking out of the window.

"There, just beyond those trees, on the right hand."

"Oh, yes, I see it."

Here the driver, after cracking the whip several times about the horses' ears in a very practised style, laid it back on the stage-box, and taking up his horn, blew a long and echoing blast, that resounded over the hills, and called all the children to "see the stage go by." Then giving a short cluck, he reined up the horses before the door of the parsonage, with as much ceremony as if he had been some royal personage. The driver's horn and the rumbling of the stage-coach had not been heard in vain. Mr. Herbert, and his wife and children, stood ready to welcome the expected son and his friend at the gate. But how shall I describe the happy meeting?

William could scarcely wait the opening of the door and letting down the steps, before he rushed into his parents' embrace,

and kissed all the children, from the baby up.

"This is your young friend, Charles Seymour, is he not, William?" inquired Mr. Herbert.

"Yes, father, I had almost forgotten to introduce him."

"We feel as if that was not needful, since you have spoken so often of him," said his mother.

"Yes, and you are quite welcome to our house," continued Mr. Herbert, taking Charles by the hand.

Charles thanked Mr. Herbert, and as soon as William could extricate himself from his sister's arms, and old Towser's caresses, long enough to see to the trunks, they walked into the parlour to take a little rest from their journey, before tea.

"Why, how you have grown! When did you leave Walton? Charles is not going back this week, is he?" were some of the many questions which his brother and sisters put to him, without awaiting a reply.

It was not long before Charles was as much at home with the children as William himself; and how beautiful it was at evening, to see them all surround the family altar, and pour out grateful praise to God for such a happy meeting! And as William and his friend retired, how sweet their communion with each other, and with their Saviour!

"Willy," said Charles, "do you remember our first walk in the woods, at Walton?"

"Charlie, I trust we shall have cause to remember that with joy, for ever."

"Reader! do you think William Herbert was happy? and would you be so?

Then you must be like him, for William Herbert was a Christian. It is true, religion will cost you something, as it did him, but the want of it will cost you infinitely more.

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