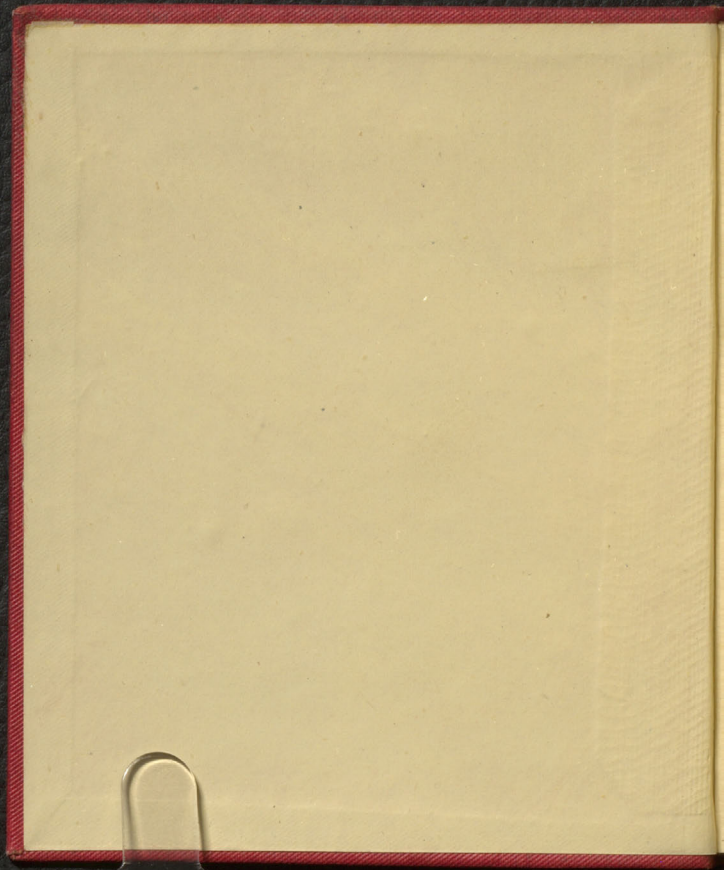
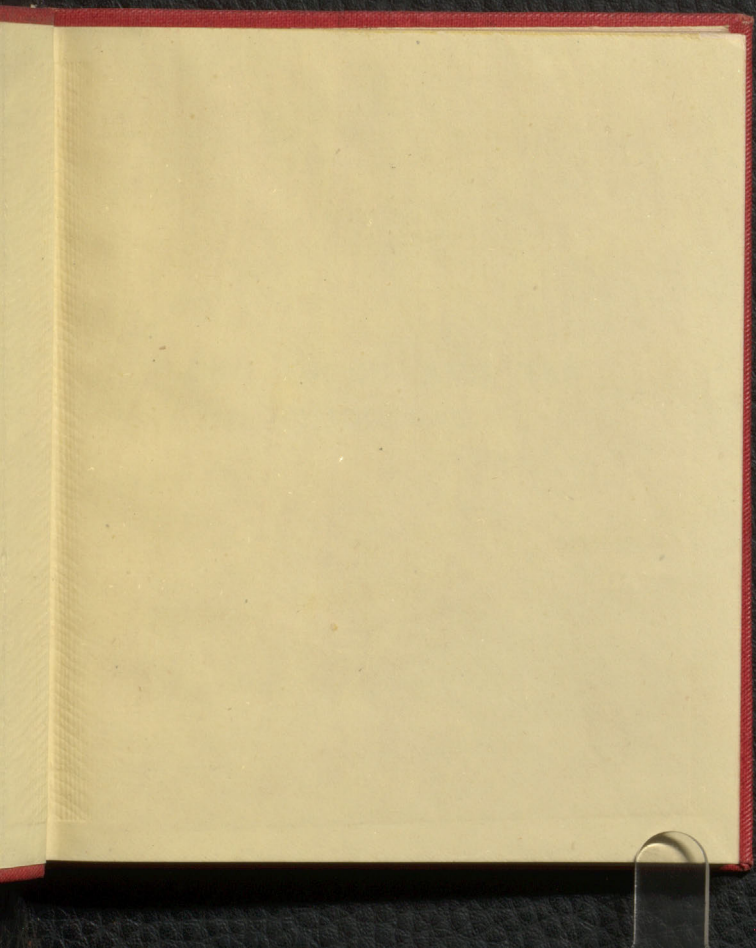


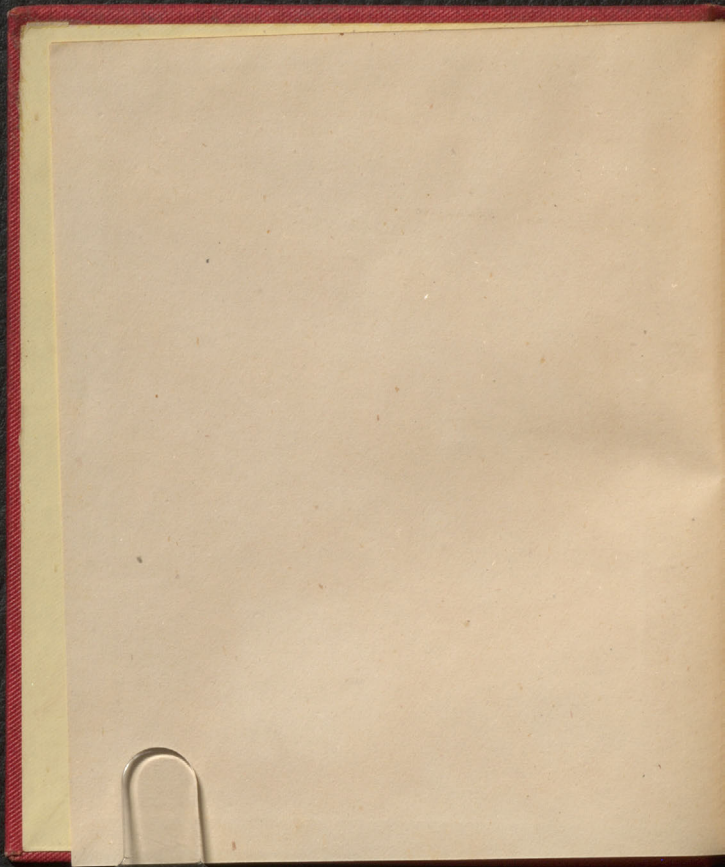
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£ 10.000.









ONE POUND AND TEN  
THOUSAND.



RACHEL AND THE LADIES.

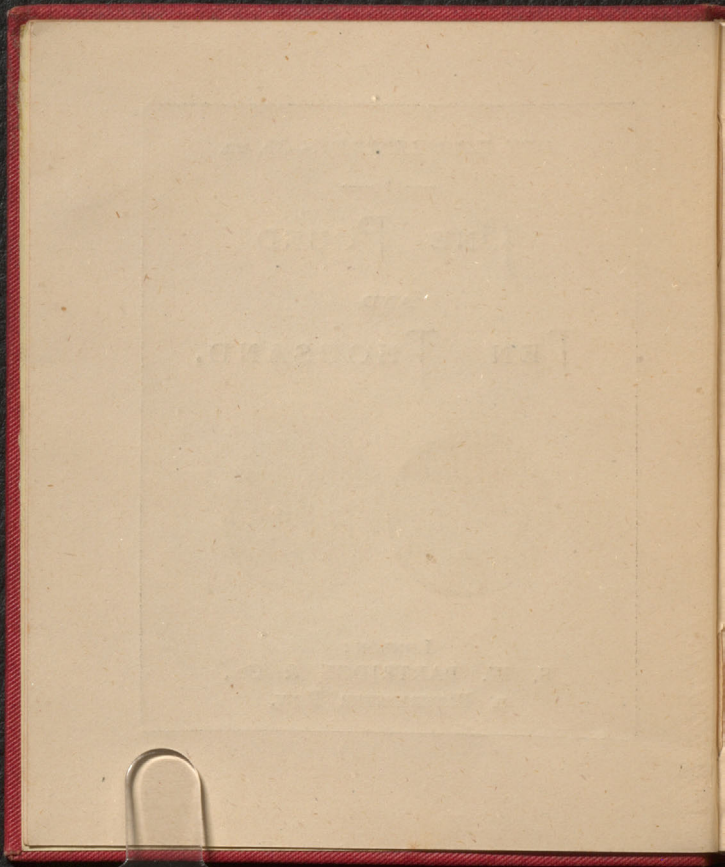
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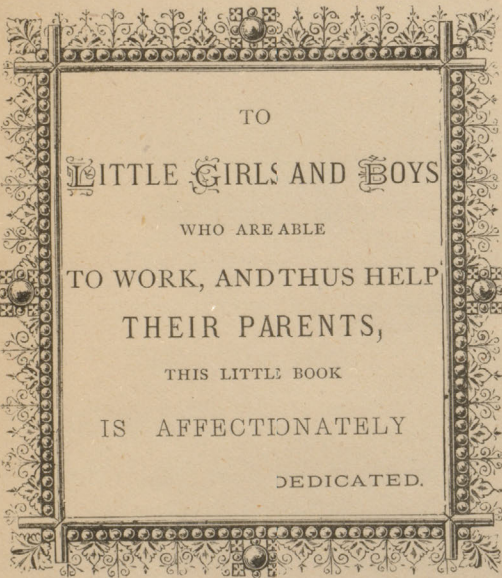
ONE POUND  
AND  
TEN THOUSAND.



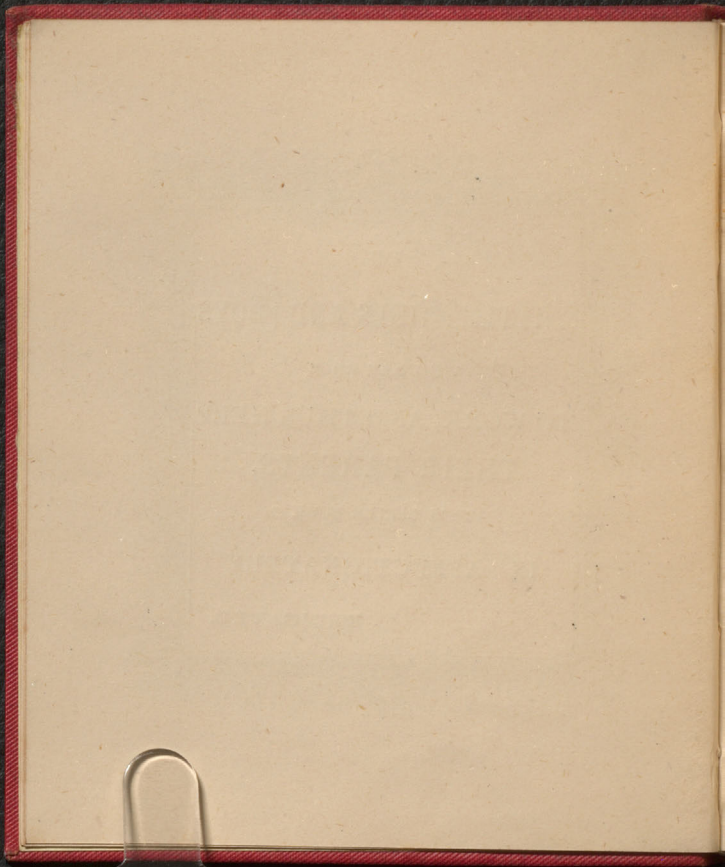
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TO  
LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS  
WHO ARE ABLE  
TO WORK, AND THUS HELP  
THEIR PARENTS,  
THIS LITTLE BOOK  
IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.





ONE POUND AND TEN  
THOUSAND.

THERE was a certain industri-  
ous little girl in a small country  
town who had learned to plait  
straw for bonnets. Although

she was but young, she did her work very neatly, and her parents, though poor themselves, allowed her to keep all her earnings to purchase her own clothes with. Rachel enjoyed this independency; it made her work with alacrity and interest, so that she might be seen early and late at her window, her little fingers moving like clock-work. And it was thought a good sign by many people that

she was not observed to lift her head from her work whenever anybody passed by, which is too often the case with girls who sit at needle-work at their windows; so that, on market-days especially, they must lose as many as one stitch in three. But Rachel used to think to herself, what did it signify to her who was taking a walk, or how people were dressed, or who was going to buy a bun at the

baker's shop opposite? whereas it did signify a great deal whether her task was finished at the end of the day, and whether she had got her usual week's earnings on Saturday night.

There was a young neighbour of Rachel's next door who lost as many pence every week through that bun and biscuit shop as if she had been in the habit of treating herself with biscuits and buns, which,



though she would have liked them very much, she could not afford to purchase. It was the case here, as in most other towns, that there were a great many idle people who had nothing to do in the morning but walk about, and who, when they were tired, would turn into the pastry-cook's, or this biscuit-shop, to refresh themselves with something good. Now this young girl had so much idle



curiosity, that she could not refrain, or rather she *did not* refrain, from looking off from her work all the time that any ladies or nurse-maids were there, to observe how they were dressed, how long they stayed, and then to see whether they went up town or down town. The foolish girl did not consider, that as a penny saved is a penny gained, so a penny not earned is a penny lost.

But to return to Rachel: it was not long before she reaped the reward of her diligence. After having been employed about a twelvemonth at her trade, it appeared, besides having furnished herself with decent clothing during that time, thus relieving her parents of the burden of providing her dress, she had realized no less a sum than nineteen shillings and sixpence sterling. Indus-

trious people are generally frugal also. This was the case with Rachel. Indeed she would never have been able to save up all this money if she had spent half as much as most young girls do in ribbons, and crochet-work, and beads, and other trifles, which, after all, only give them a tawdry and vulgar appearance; and she now felt very glad that she was not prevailed upon to purchase that

pair of earrings which the shopkeeper tempted her with so much in the spring.

“I should like, for once,” said Rachel to herself, “to have a real sovereign of my own. I have only to earn one sixpence more, and then I will get it changed for a real gold sovereign.” So she resolved to set to work very diligently; but as she was somewhat too eagerly shuffling the shillings and half-crowns

out of her lap into her money-box, her silver thimble rolled off on to the floor, and disappeared. Rachel searched for it in every corner to no purpose; till she was at last obliged to conclude that it had found its way into a well-known mouse-hole under the window-seat, which, by-the-bye, ought to have been stopped up long ago. Here Rachel first poked in her scissors, then a fork, and then

a skewer ; but she found it a fathomless abyss, from which nothing came forth but tufts of cobweb. She now attempted to work without a thimble, but soon found she should lose time by that ; then she borrowed her mother's, winding a piece of paper round her finger to make it fit ; but in spite of this it slipped off continually ; besides, her mother wanted it. So she was obliged to go out, much against



her will, and buy a new one, which cost her eighteen-pence; and thus she had to wait some time longer before she could make up the desired sum.

It was not till Christmas-day (and Pachel thought it was very singular that it should happen just on that day), that she realized her wishes and placed a sovereign at the bottom of her money-box. This treasure she surveyed with considerable sa-



tisfaction, and soon began to calculate how many useful things she might purchase with all that money. At first indeed she thought of several things that were *not* useful; but after a little reflection she resolved not to think of them any more, but determined that her principal purchase should be a warm cloak, to go to a Sunday-school in this next winter, which she was in the habit of regularly

attending despite all weathers. This decision, which she knew to be wise and prudent, because she could have pleased her fancy much more by other things, made her feel that pleasantest of all sensations, self-approval, and as she took up her work again she began to sing. The lines she happened to think of were very suitable—

“Whene’er I take my walks abroad,” &c.

But when she reached that part—

“Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God has given me more”—

she chanced to cast her eyes on her sovereign. “It is but *one* pound after all,” thought she, and she stopped singing. “Ah, if I am so happy because I have one, what should I be if I had hundreds or thousands like some people! Let me see, if I had ten thousand pounds, for instance, I should be just ten thousand times happier than I

am now." And now it appeared to Rachel that to be ten thousand times less happy than it was possible to be was scarcely to be happy at all ; this thought made her feel a little discontented.

Some days afterwards she was sitting at her work as usual. The little parlour which her mother allowed her to occupy was neat and pleasant. A bright yellow canary bird, which sang

sweetly, together with a fine box of mignonette, and some pots of beautiful balsams, ornamented the window where she worked; and she thought it very pleasant to sit thereon a fine day like this, with these pretty flowers before her, and her canary singing its lively tunes. Just as she was thinking so, some ladies came in to look at the different kinds of straw that she used to plait. Rachel displayed specimens of

all the various sorts ; but the young lady who wished to choose some was very difficult to please. She seemed dissatisfied with them all ; and complained of “ the impossibility of getting anything in the world in the country.” Rachel could not help thinking that this fine lady looked cross and discontented ; she also thought that she must be selfish and inconsiderate, for she hindered

her from her work the best part of half an hour, looking first at one pattern, and then at another, now seeming inclined to order some, then hesitating again, and at last going away without either choosing any, or making the least apology for giving her so much trouble.

When the ladies were gone, Rachel's mother came in to inquire whether they had bought any straw. Rachel told her,

and added, "Mother, do you know I was thinking that I had rather sit here all my life plaiting straw than be that lady that had on the purple velvet pelisse, for I am sure she cannot be happy."

"Child," replied her mother, "you don't know what you are talking about! That young lady has got ten thousand pounds for her fortune."

"Ten thousand pounds!"



exclaimed Rachel ; she said no more, but the words struck her. They brought forcibly to her mind what she had lately been thinking about her *one* pound ; and she wondered how it could be, that instead of being ten thousand times happier, the lady did not appear to be nearly so happy as she herself was. In the midst of these thoughts she was interrupted by the entrance of a young lady whom

Rachel was always glad to see. It was her teacher at the Sunday-school, who often called in to converse with her most intelligent scholars ; and she was so good and affable, and seemed to take such a kind interest in her affairs, that Rachel was encouraged to communicate to her all the little troubles or pleasures that at any time occupied her mind. It was not long therefore before she made

her acquainted with the subject of her present thoughts; she told her, in fact, the history of her sovereign, and requested to know whether it was really true, that this discontented-looking lady had ten thousand times as much as she had.

“Yes, Rachel,” replied the teacher, “she has indeed quite as many as that; but I suspect that this lady and you have fallen into the same mistake about

sovereigns by imagining that persons are happy in proportion to the number of them they happen to possess. You, accordingly, were rather discontented because you had only one; and she, it is said, is *very* discontented because she has only ten thousand."

*Rachel.* Only ten thousand! Why, is not that enough?

*Teacher.* She expected that the relation who bequeathed her

this money in his will would have left her three times as much, and supposed that if he had she should have been three times as happy; so that when she found it was *only ten thousand*, she went into hysterics; and never seems to have recovered the disappointment!

*Rachel.* Dear me! but surely ten thousand pounds must be enough to buy everything that she can want?

*Teacher.* Very true indeed, Rachel ; and now you have answered the question that puzzled you so much. The use of money is to supply our real wants, according to our station ; and it is only in this way that money can affect happiness. Those who have enough for this purpose are rich, however small, comparatively, their means may be. You felt pleased and happy as long as you viewed your savings



in this light. You thought of something you really wanted, and found that you could now purchase it ; it was not till you began to think of some things that you did not want—hundreds and thousands of pounds, for instance—that you felt any discontent. I believe that you have every day as much wholesome food as you wish for ?

*Rachel.* Yes, ma'am, always.

*Teacher.* And you appear to



have warm, neat, and suitable clothes, I think?

*Rachel.* Why yes, very good, thank you, ma'am.

*Teacher.* You have also a comfortable home, a good bed, and a pleasant room to sit and work in.

*Rachel.* Certainly, ma'am.

*Teacher.* You have even some luxuries; your pretty balsams here, and your little canary. There are many persons who

give a great deal of money for baubles which, after all, do not afford them one half the pleasure that these sweet flowers yield to you. Now tell me, if you can, what you really want more than you have?—(*Rachel pauses.*)

*Teacher.* Come, now, do tell me.

*Rachel.* I don't know what to mention particularly. Sometimes I see things in the shops

that I think I should like very much.

*Teacher.* But if those are things that would not be suitable to your station, which I rather think is generally the case, they would not make you any happier, but quite the contrary; for they would only render you ridiculous. Don't you think so?

*Rachel.* Unless I was a lady.

*Teacher.* Well, but you are

not a lady, but an industrious little girl, who is so happy as to have learned an honest trade, and so successful as to be furnished with constant employment: be assured then that there are few ladies more happily circumstanced than you are; and if you have sense and wisdom enough to believe this, and to be content with such things as you have, you are better off with this one so-

vereign in your box than most people are who can count their ten thousand.

Rachel felt satisfied by this explanation, and she set off soon after in good spirits with her teacher, who was so kind as to offer to assist her in choosing the cloth for her new cloak.

The lesson learned that morning was never forgotten by Rachel, and ever in after life smoothed all the wrinkles which

occasional discontent scored upon her face. The cloak purchased with the sovereign proved to be a very serviceable article, especially as it was, under the direction of her kind teacher, made up in a very plain fashion, without any unnecessary gew-gaw or ornament.

At first, perhaps, Rachel was not so pleased with it as she would have been with something brighter looking and more strik-

ing in appearance—"stylish," as people say; but as the time wore on, and the cloak kept its plain and neat appearance, doing really very wonderful service, keeping her warm in the winter, and dry under the showers of rain, she learned the great truth that the most useful things are invariably the plainest; and never did any cloak, black, crimson, or grey, carry beneath a more contented and happy little

creature than Rachel, the straw plaiter.

She never lost sight of the lady whom she had once envied—the lady with the ten thousand pounds; and many times she saw her in the streets, or in the little shop which Rachel gradually came to possess as she grew older, with other little industrious girls to help her in her work; but for a long time whenever she saw this lady, in



the street or in the shop, she saw a discontented, restless, and unhappy face.

Some years after, when Rachel was quite a young woman, this lady suddenly and unexpectedly became very poor. The ten thousand pounds had been invested in a mine, and owing to a terrible accident the mine became flooded with water, and those who owned it were ruined. Then Rachel

viewed a full confirmation of the truth which she had learned from her teacher, that happiness does not rest upon the bare possession of wealth ; for this lady who had been so sour and disagreeable when rich, became quite another creature when poor. She was compelled to work with her needle, and like many ladies who experience a change in life, she found friends who gave her plenty of

work to do. With this work came the blessings which always attend a useful life—happiness and contentment. The sour face beamed with good humour, the once harsh imperious voice changed to one full of the melody of a gentle heart, and the light of love for her fellow-creatures shone in the eyes but a short time before cold and distrustful of all around her.

“Oh! how wicked and foolish I was,” Rachel would often say, “to think that happiness could be found in money alone. But now I see how wrong it is, and I will work cheerfully all the days of my life, content with the lot in which my Heavenly Father has placed me, and happy in the thought that His hand is over all His children with a loving and tender care.”

Rachel, thus brought to think and act aright, continued to do so while she lived ; and if my young friends will but follow in her footsteps, they will act well and wisely too.



“MOTHER TOLD ME  
NOT TO GO.”

ALLEN was sent to the city when quite a lad. The new scenes and new objects which met his eye, so unlike the quiet and unchanging life of his native village, filled him with interest and excitement. He never felt tired of looking and walking about, in the time spared from his employment.



52 “ *Mother told me not to go.*”

Amongst other places of which he had heard much was the theatre. Some of his associates went, and there was no end to the wonderful stories of what they saw and heard. Allen felt a rising desire to go too. He manfully resisted it however.

“Come,” said one of his companions, “go with us to-night.”

“No,” answered Allen, “not to-night.”



*"Mother told me not to go."* 53

"So you always say, 'Not to-night;' come, decide at once to go."

"No, not this time, not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away.

"You shall have a ticket if you will only come," again urged his companion.

Allen shook his head. "No, no," said he, "keep it yourself, I cannot take it."

"How obstinate," rejoined

54 “*Mother told me not to go.*”

the other ; “ why what can be your reason ? ”

Allen hesitated for a moment. “ My mother told me not to go to the theatre, therefore I cannot go,” he at length firmly replied. His companion ceased to urge him longer ; he beheld in Allen’s face a settled purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more. That was one of his mother’s last injunctions—“ My son, do not go to

*“Mother told me not to go.”* 55

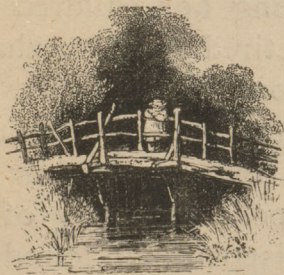
the theatre.” Under such circumstances some lads might have said, “Why, I see no harm in the theatre; my mother, I fancy, did not know so much as she thought she did; she away off home cannot tell what is what; besides, other young men of my age go, why should I not go? I see no reason why I cannot.” I say some lads might have reasoned thus, and disobeyed, and gone. Not so

56 “ *Mother told me not to go.*”

with Allen. His mother bade him not go—that was sufficient for him. He trusted to her knowledge, and confided in her judgment, and he meant to obey her; yes, and what was better, he was not afraid to say so. It was a wise decision, and if every youth away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men for it. Allen

*“Mother told me not to go.”* 57

is now an excellent clergyman.  
Will you not follow his example,  
dear young friends? Remember  
the words of Scripture,  
“When sinners entice thee,  
consent thou not.” BETA.



H

A  
DELIGHTED MOTHER.

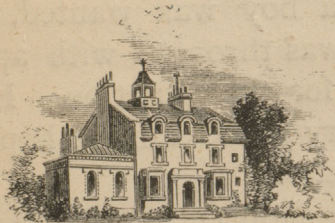
A MOTHER who was in the habit of asking her children before they retired at night what they had done through the day to *make others happy*, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on

the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only, one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good.

This is all, dear mother." The other spoke still more timidly : " A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school had lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book, and wept with her. Then she looked up, and was comforted, and put her arms round my neck ; but I do not know why she said



that I had done her good.”  
“Come to my arms, my darlings!” said the mother: “to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer.”



## A GOOD TEST.

A TRADESMAN once advertised for a boy to assist in the work of a shop, and to go errands. A few hours after the morning's papers announced that such a boy was wanted, the shop was thronged with applicants for the situation. Boys of every grade came in hope of a situation.

The shopkeeper, at a loss to

decide among so many, determined to dismiss them all, and adopt a plan which he thought might lessen the number, and aid him in the difficult decision.

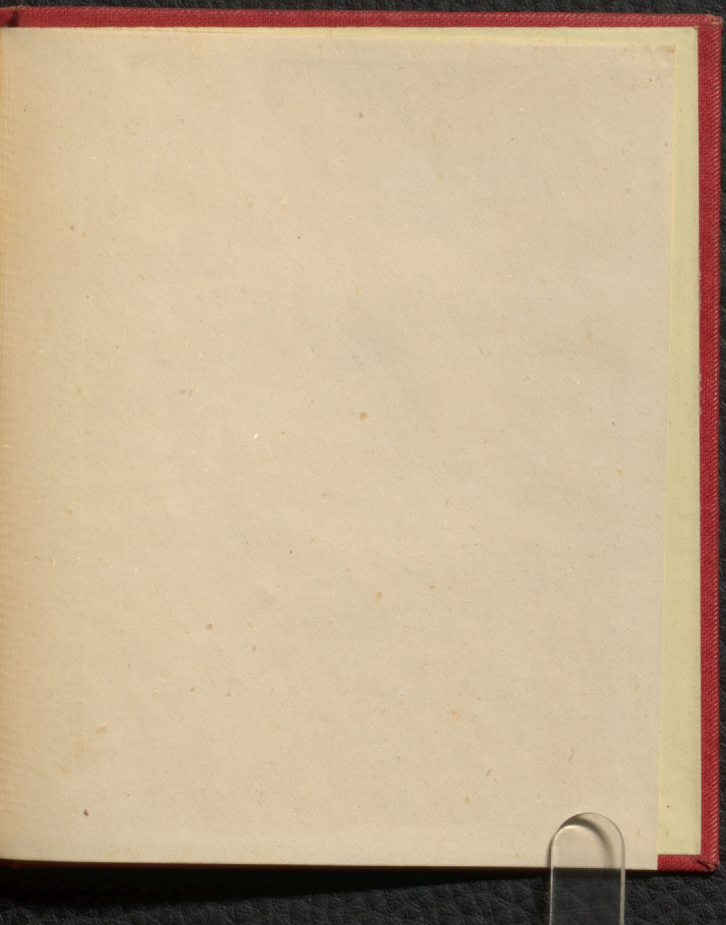
On the morning following an advertisement appeared in the papers to this effect :

W A N T E D !

A Boy who Obeys his Mother.

Now, my little friends, how

many boys, think you, came to inquire for the situation after *this* advertisement appeared? If I am rightly informed, among all the lads of the city who were wanting the means of earning a living or getting a knowledge of business, there were but *two* who could fearlessly come forward and say, "*I obey my mother.*"



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