

The Expositor

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ROOMS fitted up in first-class style, and every attention paid to the comfort of customers. Having had a long experience in his business, and secured the services of a first-class hand, the subscriber guarantees satisfaction.

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Do Thy Little—Do it Well. Do thy little—do it well; Do what right and reason tell, Do what wrong and sorrow claim— Conquer sin and conquer shame.

Do thy little though it be Dearness and dringery; They whom Christ Apostles made, Gathered fragments when He bade.

Do thy little; never mind Though thy brethren be unkind; Though the men who ought to smile Mock and taunt thee for a while, Do thy little; never fear While the Saviour standeth near, Let the world its javelin throw; On the way undaunted go.

Do thy little. God hath made Million leaves for forest shade; Smallest stars that glory bring— God employeth everything.

Do thy little; and when thou Feelest on thy pallid brow, Ere has fled the vital breath, Cold and damp, the sweat of death— Then the little thou has done, Little battles thou hast won, Little matters thou hast achieved, Little wants with care relieved, Little favors in love expressed, Little words kindly done, Little toils thou dost not shun, Little graces meekly worn, Little sighs with patience borne.

These will crown thy pilloved head, Holy light upon thee shed; These are treasures that shall rise, Far beyond the shining skies.

THE MAN WHO KEPT HIMSELF IN REPAIR. (From the "British Workman.") CHAPTER I.

"Well, Joe, are the boots done?" asked Jack Thatch, as he entered the little shop.

Joe Flicker looked up, and then laid down his awl and the shoe which he was mending; and finally rose from his bench, and deliberately walked three times round Jack Thatch, without saying a single word which could account for so extraordinary a journey.

Having performed these revolutions, he retired backwards to his stool, and dropped down upon it, still keeping his eye fixed upon Jack.

At length he broke silence, and said, "Jack Thatch, you've been and got yourself repaired."

"Yes," said Jack, "I've been repairing myself; and I'm all the better for being a little done up."

"You are," said Joe Flicker; and he laid a long, strong emphasis on the word "are"—"You are. Now sit down here, and tell us all about it."

Then Jack seated himself on the only chair in the room, and told the cobbler how he couldn't get rid of the idea of being out of repair after what he said; and then, how it was fixed in his mind by the landlady's speech; and then, how horrid it seemed to him that he should be keeping other people's places in repair, at the expense of himself and those belonging to him, while he and his were going to ruin, worse and worse every day; and—

But the cobbler could hold out no longer; jumping hastily up, he rushed to the wall, and unveiled the sparkling boots, and cried, "Jack Thatch, you'll yet be worthy of those boots; aye, and of much more too; there they are, and not a penny will I take for them, until you and your wife and your children are all put into thorough repair, and so to speak, made as good as new."

The tears came into poor Jack's eyes, as the cobbler made him then and there get into the boots, and stand in them with his feet in different attitudes, to see how he looked; and then shook him by the hands, and slapped him on the back, and wished him "Good speed."

"Ah! Joe," said Jack, "tis much better to do as you have done—not to allow oneself to get out of repair, than to make such a mistake, and repair it ever so well at last. How did you keep right without half the chances I have had?"

"Don't say 'keep right,'" said the cobbler, with a serious look—"who keeps right?—tis just because I knew I was always by nature likely to get out of repair, that I watched myself. I may say of all belonging to me too. You see, Jack, here's what I thought. Things ain't now as they first was before sin came into the world. That put rottenness into everything, and made it its nature to decay, and get out of repair; and so it will be as long as the world is as it is now. Our bodies; ain't they always getting out of order, and wanting the doctor? our houses! our clothes! our tempers; our business! everything goes wrong by nature, instead of right; and unless we're always getting them put to right, they'll soon go to the bad."

"Well, Joe, how did you come to think of all this?"

"I used my eyes," said the cobbler, "and saw it; didn't the very business of my life—always repairing—tell me something about it. And used this," said Joe; and he pulled out a small book from a kind of little box

in his bench; 'you know this book well—many people are ashamed of it, but I'm not—'tis a Bible; and this taught me how all the decay comes; and it showed me where to go to get it repaired.—I say, first and chief, this has been my counselor and friend; there would be less want of repairs if people attended to what it says; and when repairs are wanted, they'd be better done if they minded it then; but folk are wise enough in their own eyes, and that's the way to become fools."

"Well," said Jack Thatch, "but don't you do anything to keep yourself all right? You're swinking!" and smiling when other people are frowning and growling; and you always have decent clothes, when many a man with as good earnings is naked; I'd like to know what you do."

"Well, cousin," answered the cobbler, "I do all I can to keep myself in repair. Here's this little body—'tain't half the size of yours, and it has had a wonderful deal better treatment; but if I were careless about it, I'd soon be laid up and unfitted to work, and then who'd look after my wife and children, here? What's the fool? isn't it repairs for the waste of the body; and what's sleep? isn't it the same; so I take care, out of what I earn, to have good wholesome food, and stout, warm clothes; and I go to bed at a decent hour, and get enough of sleep; that's what I do. And when this little room gets foul and close, then I throw open the window, and that repairs it; and so I go on always repairing, and always keeping in repair. And mind you, Jack Thatch, the great thing is to repair at once. 'A stitch in time saves nine.' Many a shoe that come here with sixpence and eightpence for repairs, would have only been twopenny if it had been brought in time. We must not be put off, Jack, at having repairs to do; 'tis unreasonable that we should; 'twill be so as long as we are in this world at all. And remember, things get worse faster and faster, twice as fast to-morrow, and four times as fast as that the next day; that's a thing to be remembered, when we are letting ourselves go to wreck and ruin, as we are by nature inclined to do."

"And I sometimes do some extra repairs. When I get seedy, I treat myself to a half-holiday, and go in the train over to the hills, and come home a new kind of man; and this is the way, in part, that I'm always smiling and always happy."

"Well, Joe, but many folks live well; and they are not happy."

"Ah," said Joe, "perhaps they live to eat, and don't eat to live. But I do something more to myself than this; I'm always keeping my temper in repair. You wouldn't believe it," said Joe, "I'm sometimes inclined to be as sharp as this awl; and then I turn to this good friend"—and the cobbler laid his hand on the Book—"and I go down upon my knees; and I get the better of myself. Believe me, Jack, a man's knees are wonderful tools, if he'd only use them as he ought. And sometimes I sit and think—aye, Jack, you're not much given to thinking, but thought is a wonderful tool, if you have the patience to use it;—and I say to myself, 'Joe Flicker, how much better off are you than others?' 'Joe Flicker, how much better off are you than you deserve to be?' 'Joe Flicker, after all, does this trouble matter so very much; won't it soon be over? Joe Flicker, how will you make the best of it? perhaps it needn't be as bad as it looks.' Then I always wind up with this one saying, 'Joe Flicker, 'tis only for a while!'"

"I say many such things," said the cobbler, "but these are some of them; and what between the Book, and the knees, and this talk with myself, I very soon come right."

"Well, you're a happy man," said Jack Thatch, who now sat with his legs stretched out before him, and his eyes riveted upon his transformed boots. Whether Jack was oppressed with the responsibility of being in such good boots, after having gone about for so long a time down at heel in his old slippers; or whether he was meditating how he ought to conduct himself in those boots, which were evidently intended for a respectable, well-to-do kind of man, we cannot tell; but so it was, that he looked very serious, and apparently full of thought. In this reverie, the cobbler, who was a thinking man himself, allowed his visitor to indulge for a while; and after a considerable pause, he said, "Well, cousin Jack, what are you thinking about—admiring the boots still? eh! or what?"

CHAPTER II. SHOWS HOW MR. JOSEPH FLICKER KEPT HIS WIFE IN REPAIR.

Jack Thatch was roused from his reverie by the cobbler's voice; and the latter not being quite sure as to

whether his question had been heard, again asked his cousin what he was thinking about?

"About my wife," said Jack. "And a very good thing to think about too," said the cobbler; "if a wife's worth having, she's worth thinking about, and thinking a great deal about, too. I wish men would think a little more of their wives. There would be a deal more comfort in families if they did."

"Mine gives me a plaguy deal to think about," said Jack Thatch. "That's because you don't think enough about her," said the cobbler. "There's a kind of saddle here; and indeed some folks say that when ever there's a woman, there's a riddle; however, here it is. 'The more you think about your wife, the less she'll give you to think about.'"

"I am not good at riddles," said Jack Thatch; "and what's that in plain English?"

"Why the meaning of it is this; if you make it your business to take thought for your wife, she'll know she's cared for; and she'll value it, and value you; and she'll try to be a credit to you; and she won't give you cause for anxiety—running into debt, neglecting your children and yourself, and perhaps drinking—driven to it, by neglect and ill words, and it may be, even hard blows. That's not the kind of treatment that women require, said the cobbler; they're very brittle kind of things. So far from being banged about either with words or blows, or anything unkind, they require a deal of care. They're likely enough to go out of order, if they're left to themselves, without our doing them any harm; in fact, they're like you and me, they want to be kept always in repair. But there comes Mrs. Flicker, said the cobbler, with an extra smile on his jolly face; 'here she comes; and right glad am I always to see her, although the chances are a hundred to one she wants something or other.'

But this sentiment the cobbler had not at all anxious to see Mrs. Flicker; for the latter was a very outspoken, and indeed, sometimes, vehement woman; and she had more than once given her cousin a bit of her mind about his conduct to his wife and children.

Now, this the cobbler knew very well; and as poor Jack was evidently on the mending hand, he did not want him to get a lecture from Mrs. Flicker at this particular time. The only thing therefore was to put him out of the way; and this could be done only by stuffing him into a little kind of cupboard, which at that particular time was empty, but which generally held the cobbler's store of leather. In a trice, accordingly, Jack found himself imprisoned; and in another trice, Mrs. Flicker was in her husband's little room.

"Well, my dear, Welcome here."

half said, half sang, the cobbler; you know, Petsy, though I'm very fond of singing, I never made a song in my life, but this one; and I sing it whenever you come to visit me at my bench. Come, sit down a minute on that chair."

"I can't sit down," said Mrs. Flicker, for Mrs. Stone is going to Burnthorpe to-day, and she offered me a ride in her cart, if I choose to go. Drapery is much cheaper there than here; and Mary wants a new frock, and Joseph can't go longer without two new shirts; and as we don't run credit, I'm come to know if you can give me some money."

"How much will they be?" said Joe. "They'll be fifteen shillings the lot."

Fifteen shillings, repeated the cobbler—"and five for a new ribbon for your bonnet, Petsy, that's twenty; and there's a sovereign."

"But you can't spare it?" said Mrs. Flicker.

"Ah, aye, answered her husband, I can always spare something for my wife. I've saved that sovereign on purpose, when I heard you say at Christmas that you thought the young ones were getting shabby; and I'll never forget the mother, when I remember the children, said the cobbler, no never, and he cried, catch! and sent the coin tumbling over and over in the air, until it fell into his wife's hand.

There's a good man, said Mrs. Flicker; and she nodded twenty little nods of a very loving kind at her husband, which nods the latter apparently received quite safely, for he looked brimful of satisfaction and delight, and sent them all back to his wife again. "Now I'm off," said Mrs. Flicker, and giving her husband a farewell nod at the door, she disappeared.

And a great thing it was for Jack Thatch that Mrs. Flicker had taken herself off so quickly; for the clock was so small, that he could not have remained there long; and much he dreaded an interview with this good

woman, who knew well how little he had done with his wife and family. Jack first peered cautiously out of the cupboard door, to make sure that the last particle of Mrs. Flicker had disappeared; then he came out; and on the cobbler's assuring him that his wife would not return, he seated himself again in his former seat.

Now, Jack, said the cobbler; 'you saw—or at least you heard—me do a little bit of repairs. I repair Mrs. Flicker from time to time, just as I do myself; for we're both made of the same flesh and blood. Men don't always remember that. They seem to think that women are always to keep on working, and being worried with children, and no one knows what, and yet never want anything to keep them up. That's how some women become drunkards. They have no one to cheer them up a bit; and they think spirits and beer will do it; but they make a great mistake. Here's another of my riddles, said the cobbler. How can a man keep his wife in good spirits without spending anything on liquor?"

"And how often do you repair Mrs. Flicker?" asked Jack Thatch.

"I'm always at it, answered the cobbler, 'more or less; for dy'e see, cousin Jack, women require to be kept a trifle in decorative as well as substantial repair; and I do enjoy seeing her nice, that I do. I am not a man for fandangio finery, not I; but I like what is a little tasty, provided 'tis good, and in a quiet way. You'll see, she'll bring home as neat a bit of ribbon as ever you saw; and she'll look all the fresher with that little bit of trimming, though it isn't fine, and isn't dear."

Ever since I got Mrs. Flicker, said the cobbler, and I took up this notion of repairs, I've put it in practice on her; and so she is what she is to-day. Some folk starve their poor wives, for they spend their wages you know how; but I said to myself, how can woman keep up, if she isn't well fed? and how can she respect herself, if you don't give her the means of being respectable? and I'm proud to say, said the cobbler, drawing his wazed threads so tight, that the wonder was they didn't break, and holding them there; I'm proud to say, she has never wanted since the day I called her mine. But there are times, Jack, when all the good food in the world won't nourish—times when the spirits sink, and the heart sickens, and the nerves go all astray, and nobody can tell where the repairs are wanting, or how they are to be done. Then I have kind words for her; and they seem almost always to find them upon them, and heal them up. But there are times, Jack, when even those won't do. Then I bring out this Book, and I find that it can do for her and me what nothing else can, and I try these, said the cobbler, laying down the shoe he was mending; and putting a hand on each knee; and if I were to tell you how much all this has brought us through, you wouldn't believe it, no nor would anybody, unless they tried, and found it for themselves. You hear folk making sport of religion, and of prayer, and saying there's nothing in it; but there's two ways of trying a thing; and if folk were not earnest and real, what wonder if they found no good.

To be continued.

In the annals of drinking nothing can exceed a remarkable bowl of punch that was made in England in 1644. It was made in a fountain, in a garden, in the middle of four walks, covered overhead with orange and lemon trees, and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with refreshments. In the fountain were the following ingredients: Four hogsheds of brandy, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, one thousand, three hundred weight of white sugar, thirty-one pounds of grated nutmegs, three hundred toasted biscuits, and one pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups of the company. It is supposed more than six thousand men drank from the fountain.

RAILWAY EXTENSION.—We are informed, on undoubted authority, that the Directors of the Midland Railway intend to extend their line from Hog Bay to Gravenhurst and Bracebridge, as soon as the road can be built, without asking any bonus from the people of Muskoka, and that the line will be in operation to this Village before the Northern Extension Company can be completed to this point.—Adocate.

BROODING over one's faults, instead of mending the character, only gives them strength in their baneful influence on the man.