

How to take care of Number One : addressed to young men.

Publication/Creation

London : Jarrold, [between 1850 and 1859?]

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How to Take Care of Number One.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN.

Eighth Edition. Fortieth Thousand.

LONDON:

JARROLD & SONS, 47, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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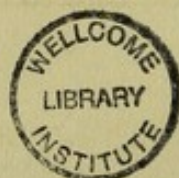
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London; Jarrold and Sons, 47, St. Paul's Churchyard.



HOW TO TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN.

“How to take care of Number One”—That is the problem of problems, my friends, which every one should try to solve. “Try it by compound interest,” you say—good. “Talk of experimental philosophy, and practical philosophy,” you say—bosh! there is no philosophy like the philosophy of taking care of yourself. “Talk of the laws of Nature,” you say—bosh! again. “‘Self-preservation is the first law of nature,’ let us stick to that” say you—and so say I.

Well, say what we will, here we are, a thousand millions of us on this ball of earth, whirling and spinning along with prodigious velocity, and shooting like lightning through the realms of space. Here we are, in hot regions, in cold regions, clustering on mountains, spread out in valleys, stived up in cities or towns, earth-bleached like celery, or smoke-dried like herrings. Here scattered in dribblets; there accumulated in masses. Now running, driving, steaming, coaching, railing, hurrying and scurrying. To day going a-head, to-morrow going astern; now sinking, smashing, blowing up, or blowing down; knocked about here, pitched over there, at one moment in an ague, at another in a fever; hurled about by the winds, drenched by the waters; now this thing, and then the other thing; playing all

parts, taking all shapes; bargaining, undermining, over-reaching, and cheating; now snared, now trapped, now sniggled, now harpooned, now cozened. Is it a wonder then that every one should endeavour to take care of himself in this mad and ridiculous world?

I say it is not; Nature teaches us this lesson. Little chickens, little ducks of an ounce weight, do it; they resist invaded rights, and even invade the rights of others. Two of them will take hold of a worm, and the worm, torn in the scramble, one half will be gobbled up, while the other half contrives, in accordance with the rule of self-preservation, to shoot down a cranny and take care—if not of number one, at least of the half of *Number One*—and very properly too. It is ordained, that every one should take care of himself, that all may be cared for. A man should have and must have a “love for himself.” It is his duty to do himself all the good that he can, and the only question is, “What is the good that he ought to do for himself?”

“Do *thyself* a service, sir,” said a poor beggar, when he implored alms—*Do thyself* a service. Do *thyself* a service, says Reason, when she points out the law of right and wrong. Do *thyself* a service, says Conscience, when she urges us to reject the wrong, and cleave to the right. Do *thyself* a service, says Religion, when she points out to the wordling the way that leads to “Life eternal,” and says, “walk therein.” And so say I, to those whom I address.

Do *thyself* a service, sanguine youth, just entering manhood, full of hope and self-sufficiency; and pecking about in the calow down of folly, thinking it the full plumage of wisdom. Do *thyself* a service, my more mature friend, pluming your feathers, and making ready your wings, for a dash into trade, and to my busy acquaintances, hotly engaged in the great battle of life—to you also I say, for it is never too late to hear

the words of instruction—Do *yourselves* a service.—How? Well, we shall see.

There was an old pagan, one Solon, a philosopher, who lived in Greece some three thousand years ago, whose maxim was, "KNOW THYSELF." But the philosophy of the present day is, not so much to *know thyself* as to *serve thyself*; and the knowing faculty, is generally employed, in the acquisition of "mammon," by the aid of "gammon;" and this is what the world generally calls "*Taking care of Number one.*"

It was only a few mornings ago, while enjoying a walk in the outskirts of a country town, which I had not visited for many years, that I met an old school-fellow, Jacob Thornton. We had been boys together; we had spun tops and played marbles. We had chopped knives for apples, bargained books for lollipops, and had been huxters in Latin and Greek; for I had often done Jacob's lessons for him, and he had as often cheated me out of the reward promised. Never mind, let that pass. Here was Jacob, a man hardly beyond the prime of life, mixing the gold dust of success with the silver hairs of care—an active, sharp, busy, bustling man; smooth-faced, glib-tongued, plausible, and soapy. After a smile of recognition, and a rapid shake of the hand—"Come along," said he, as he linked his arm in mine, without giving me time to reply,—"*Come along,*" and down we splashed, to the docks of the seaport town in which he dwelt. Jacob began to talk, at a high-pressure rate of eloquence, about his undertakings, and his overtakings, his schemes, his plans, his doings, his intentions, and his objects in view; and they were many. He had screwed in here, and wormed out there. In one place he had blocked up, in another he had let loose; he had fixed this man, and had set free that. "*Nunquam dormis,*" said he; "catch a weasel sleeping." "There's nothing like being 'wide awake,' and up to the moves

of the chess-board of life." "Do you see that mill," he continued, "with its new patent sails?—*That's mine.* Do you hear its clatter?—*That's my music.* Do you see that water running out of the sluice?—*That's my water.*" We went a little further till we came to a large granary; "Do you see that granary and the malting next to it?" He gave me a squeeze of the arm before I had time to reply, and said, "*They are mine.*" "Do you see that brig, and the sloop, and the barge, and the billy-boy, lying in the docks?—*They are mine,*" he again ejaculated with a leer I shall never forget. "Do you see that house on the hill top, with its fine prospect and rich meadows around it?—*That is mine too;* and half the gas-works there *are mine,* and a large slice of that bridge *is mine,* and that timber stack *is mine.* And do you see that wretched and broken-down, wrinkled, grey-headed, miserable old man, creeping along sidewise, like a superannuated crab?—*He is mine.* I've bought him out and out; I've all his sheepskins at home—I've tied him up hand and foot." And then Jacob gave me a playful poke in the ribs, as if in triumph; and said at the same time, "You see I know how to take care of *Number one.*"

This is, I have no doubt, the true worldly reading of the way "*To take care of Number one;*" and my old schoolfellow was a fair specimen of a worldly man taking good care of himself. "*It is mine,*" rung upon my ears as I turned away, and led me to reflect upon those things which we call our own; and upon taking care of this individuality of ours, which we call *Number One*; and I said to myself, as I now say to my readers—What should we desire to call our own? How do you mean to take care of *Number one*? We may take care of our worldly interests, of our physical nature, and it is right that we should do this; but unless our intellectual and moral nature be cared for too, we care not for *ourselves*, depend upon it.

Let me, my friends, put this case to you as it presents itself to me. Each of you has a *Body*, a *Mind*, and a *Soul*, to constitute your oneness; these are connected together by the bonds of nature, and are only to be separated by death. The *Body* has to do with the outer world, and the things of that world,—the *sphere of sense*: the *Mind* has to do with the world within itself—the *sphere of intellect*: and the *Soul* has to do with a world *beyond itself* and the region of sense—the *sphere of the Infinite*; with heaven and with God. To take care, then, of this individuality, this oneness of oneself, is a bounden duty, but each division of this human trinity must be cared for after its proper nature; *matter* must act on *matter*; *mind* must act on *mind*; and *spirit* must act on *spirit*.

How should we care for the body! for the body should be kept sound and strong, that the mind may have energy. We have bodily wants, bodily passions, bodily infirmities; we are subject to disease, we are subject to death. Life is a boon, health is a blessing; but to enjoy health and life, requires some thought and care, for there are many ready ways of destroying both, as thousands have discovered when it has been *too late*!

Now one great source of health is cleanliness; and a very certain cause of disease is filthiness: few persons indeed are so cleanly as they ought to be; and few indeed are so cleanly as they might be. In some trades this want of cleanliness produces the most fearful diseases; painters, who are not careful to wash themselves frequently, often suffer from palsy; and in many other trades, although the effects of dirt are not so strikingly apparent, yet the constitution is slowly undermined, and disease and lingering death are the results. I have reason to believe, from enquiries I have made on

the subject, that there are thousands of young men, who scarcely ever think of washing their bodies all over, above once or twice in the year, and then only because they bathe during the hot weather ; their only means of cleanliness being to put clean linen over a dirty skin.

Now to insure health and comfort, a person ought to wash himself all over every morning upon getting out of bed, or at least to rub his skin with a wet sponge or damp towel. Persons in the middle and upper ranks of life, no more think of leaving their dressing-rooms, without a thorough ablution, than a decent working-man would think of sitting down to his breakfast with dirty hands and face. You will say that most young men are so situated, that they have not the convenience for doing this. I reply, let it be your study to remove the difficulties that stand in the way of it, and I will undertake to say, that any person who once acquires this habit of cleanliness only for one week, and knows the refreshing comfort it occasions of body, mind—aye, and soul too ; the cheerfulness and kindliness of nature that it engenders, will hardly ever be induced to leave it off. Why ? Because washing cleanses the pores of the skin, taking away from them all the foul poison that would otherwise cling there : braces up the nerves and the muscles, and imparts, by the re-action that the cold water produces on the frame, a kind of new life to all our powers, which fits us for the business of the day. Cleanliness has a wonderful tendency to keep off low spirits, moroseness, and ill tempers, to make us agreeable to ourselves and to all around us. I say, therefore, my friends, one of the first things for you to attend to in your care of number one, is *cleanliness of the person*. I never knew any one scrupulously clean in his person, who had not a corresponding purity of mind and of heart. Soap and water have moral effects, depend upon it, as well as

essays and sermons ; or the Great Lawgiver of the Jews would not have laid down such injunctions concerning ablution. Therefore I say to you, wash !

But cleanliness is needed not only for the outside of the person. The body may be defiled inwardly as well as outwardly ; if we cram it with too much food, or if the food be of bad quality, or if we pour fever-breeding liquors into it. If we defile the body in either of these ways, we produce the same effects on the system, as we do by suffering the body to be foul externally—The lawgiver, Moses, laid down certain rules concerning food, as well as he did concerning cleanliness, directing the Hebrew people what they should eat, and what they should not eat, and why ?—because he knew that the gross indulgence of certain kinds of food, would produce disease, plague and pestilence. But we take little care in these matters, and devour all things that come in our way. In eating, therefore, take care that your food is simple, untainted, and of good quality, and be careful not to take too much even of that simple kind.*

Most persons eat twice as much as is really necessary, and cram themselves with all sorts of mixtures, which are sure to generate poisons. I say then to my reader, take especial care of the way in which you treat that good old friend of yours—The *Stomach*. I know he will bear a good deal, and does accommodate himself wonderfully to the whims and fancies of his tormentors, being naturally of a generous disposition ; but you may provoke him too far, and that milk of human kindness which he possesses, may be turned into an humour so acrid and poisonous, as to destroy not only your happiness and comfort, but your very life. Therefore, be careful of your diet, my friends ; be careful of what you put into the body, and of the

* See tract on “The Value of Good Food.”

quantity you put into the body. Don't eat for eating's sake, and don't give the stomach too much to do; don't tease or provoke it, for if you do, be assured that you will be a sad sufferer in more ways than one.

But the evils of intemperance in *drinking* are a million times greater than any that can arise from eating. We talk of consumption, that carries off one-fourth of the people of England; of fevers, and distempers, of plagues and pestilences. *Drunkenness is the feeder to all kinds of plagues and pestilences.* We talk of the horrors of war, and horrible indeed they are; but neither war nor plague, nor pestilence, nor famine, equals the devastation and misery caused by the sin of drunkenness; which comprehends not only every other malady to which human nature is exposed, but almost every other wicked and abominable crime. Of course volumes might be written to rove the evils of this most pestiferous vice; but the subjoined facts speak volumes. During one year a Weekly Newspaper recorded 2211 *cases of casualties or violent deaths occasioned by intemperance*, as set forth in the public prints only. They were as follows:—714 *brawls and violent assaults, including many cases of stabbing and wounding.* 294 *robberies upon drunken persons,* 237 *cases of atrocious cruelties upon wives and children,* 106 *serious accidents,* 162 *actual or attempted suicides,* 520 *horrible deaths,* 121 *murders or manslaughters;* in every case the parties being under the influence of liquor. These are the recorded cases, and no doubt the unrecorded cases would amount to many more. Look then upon these statistics, my young friends, and shun the bottle. Look upon the public-house sign, whether a rampant lion or an innocent lamb, as the sign of misery—look upon the tap-room and the snug back parlour, as the place where reason may suffer obscuration, and morality a deadly eclipse. Look upon the sparkling

glass, as the source of family care and the destroyer of family peace. Look upon the gin palace as the temple of Satan, and the charnel-house of death. Death temporal and death eternal.

You know the value of *pure air*; you know how the oxygen of the air, by entering the lungs, purifies the blood! you know how detrimental are close confined apartments, how the fumes of stoves, or the smoke of chimneys, or the escape of gas, or the smell of decaying matters undermine the health and ruin the constitution. You know that the purer you can obtain the air, the more vigorous you feel in body, and the more cheerful you feel in mind! you know, for you have no doubt read the tract on the "Worth of Fresh Air," that what food is to the stomach—pure air is to the lungs; that impurity in either food or air, soon ruins stomach and lungs, and plays dreadful havoc with all the rest of the machinery. But of air especially, this may be said; the bulk of food which is taken into the stomach bears but a small proportion to the bulk of air which is taken into the lungs. During the twenty-four hours about half-a-dozen pints of food suffice for the body; but during the same space of time, the lungs would consume 45,000 cubic inches of air or 1,440 gallons; yet knowing this, what do a great many young men do? Instead of doing all they can to get the purest and best air, they corrupt the air as much as they are able, by sucking into their mouths, volumes of *tobacco smoke*, the smoke of a poisonous plant, which not only irritates the fine membrane of the lungs, and all their little pores of absorption, but stuffs them full of carbon, the very thing that the lungs should strive to get rid of; and thus, although the lungs like the stomach, will suffer a great many liberties to be taken with them, this proceeding eventually proves highly detrimental to all their functions, preventing to a great degree, the purification

of the blood, by the absorption of oxygen, and thereby poisoning the very springs of life. Nor does the mischief end here, for tobacco being a powerful narcotic, like alcohol and opium, and capable of producing intoxication (although the intoxication is of a milder character), the brain becomes affected, agreeably at first, but after long use, so affected, as to be unable to form clear conceptions of things; and so the whole mental economy becomes feeble and confused; while the stomach loses its desire for food, and disease often sets in, that way. The habit of smoking, when once acquired, my friends, is very difficult to shake off. It is like the old man of the mountain, who got on the shoulders of Sinbad the sailor. It is hard to get rid of it by fair means or foul, for it continues to ride you like a giant, to the end of your days, wasting the health, the mind, and the pocket; often leading to the jug and the bottle, the small hours beyond midnight, and to those revelries whose end is often poverty and sorrow. No, my friends, fresh air for the lungs, not tobacco smoke, is the thing; no substitution of narcotic stupor, for the sweet cheerfulness and buoyant hilarity of the pure air of heaven. If you think that going about with a cigar, or a short pipe, or a meerschaum in your mouth, makes you look like gentlemen, you are very much mistaken. Smoking is going out in gentlemanly society, and coming in among idle little boys and hobbe-de-hoys; it really is most ridiculous to observe them strutting about the streets with their lighted cabbage-leaf. Therefore my friends, if you wish to resemble the true gentleman, keep your skins from foul concretions, your stomachs from foul accumulations, and your lungs from the foul vapour of tobacco smoke.

But stay, my friends; the body may be corrupted by a far worse kind of intemperance than any I have here mentioned—by sensuality of a more debasing character.

The beautiful and wonderful organization belonging to us, the adaptation of means to ends, the powerful sympathy between the sexes, and the union of the moral and the spiritual with the animal nature, in the holy passion of love, all speak of the bountiful goodness and care of the Great Creator for us; and these powerful instincts and desires should not be treated with levity, but be regarded with serious consideration, and as under rational and moral subjection.

But how is it with young men of the present age! Is not this naturally good attribute of their natures sunk into sad degradation by indecent wit, disgusting speech, and criminal indulgence? Do not our streets abound with incentives to sensuality on every side? Are not thousands of fine and noble spirits wrecked, body and soul, upon this fatal rock? How many young men think that the destruction of female virtue is no crime, and that illicit intercourse is not a sin, and so leave their vicious inclinations entirely uncontrolled. We cannot enter a legal tribunal, we cannot take up a public journal without overpowering evidence of this fact. I say then to you, young men, beware! Oh beware of giving up yourselves to those powerful passions, which if unsubdued will destroy you as the blighting wind of the sirocco destroys the traveller of the desert. Under their sway the mind will turn away from its intellectual energy, and the body be corrupted and diseased: Milton thus marks in poetic language, what such passions do for us;—

“The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Embodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The Divine property of her first being.”

And how does this licentiousness often act upon the body? How many sad diseases does it there engender? how many patients does it send to the mad-house? how many to the hospital? Do not affections

more loathsome than the leprosy or the plague, set in upon the depraved and weakened body to destroy it, or to render the enjoyments of life impossible? Does not the body corrupt before it is dead, and the wretched indulger in sin feel all the horrors of a living death, and decay even as he walks along? I say then, young men, resist the enticements to sin, resist the blandishments and allurements of those disorderly women who prowl about the streets like the wild dogs in a Turkish city. Flee from them as you would from the sting of the rattle-snake or the bite of the tarantula, for their poison is a poison that striketh to the soul. But this is not all. Many young men are contaminated by the lewd and improper conversation which they hear from their companions. No one degrades himself lower than he who loses self-respect, and who suffers himself to be insulted by language that would not be permitted in the presence of his mother or his sister.

I say then, young men, resist the enticements of *sensuality*. Give no encouragement to loose and idle talk in the social after-dinner hours; do not permit your own self-respect to be lowered, and never forget that foul and improper conversation is degrading as well as disgusting. I remember, in my early days, being on board a yacht, which had taken down some young ladies to the sea-side. After the ladies had been landed, the footman, who returned in the boat, ventured to make some improper remarks referring to the young ladies; but one brave old sailor, who felt *himself insulted* by such talk, called out, "How dare you, you lubber, talk so in my presence!" and knocked the flunkey overboard, to be fished up again by the boat-hook. This was sharp medicine, but it was "a cooler." Well would it be if such an ablution could be as easily applied to all like offenders against high-minded purity.

I remember also on another occasion, a young Curate being in company which, according to the notions of society should have been composed of what are called gentlemen. The dinner had passed pleasantly enough by the aid of various courses and several varieties of wine. The ladies had just left the room when the host, a man of grey hairs and the father of a grown-up family, rose and proposed an indecent toast. The glasses were filled to the brim, but the young Curate did not lose his self respect, nor his dignity, nor his faithfulness, although in the presence of one who was his wealthy patron. No, he stood boldly forth like Paul before Felix, and with a tremulous yet earnest voice, and with a look I shall never forget, reproved and abashed the old libertine, until he hung down his head in shame and confusion. This was noble and right. May you, my friends, should occasion occur, do the same, and be assured that you will find a greater felicity in the act than in all the sensual gratification in the world.

Some young men seem to think that the care given to the body should be principally reserved for the *outside*. They like outside show better than inside worth, and fancy that fine clothes, flashy neckties, and glittering watch-guards will make up for moral deficiencies. Never can there be a greater mistake; dirty hands in white kid gloves are not to be tolerated in any case. If any thing shows empty-headedness, it is discrepancies in dress; the dandyism that *delights* in French polished boots, curious looking head pieces, wide-awakes, and moustaches. Those who take pleasure in such things seldom fail to exhibit their own silliness and vanity, for their minds being quite barren of sense, the moment they open their mouths, their bad grammar and vulgarity betray them. Wise in their own conceit, however, they rarely discover their own weaknesses or deficiencies, but go on making fools of them-

selves to the end of the chapter, disgusting every one by their self-sufficiency and annoying conceit.

These are the young men that commonly call themselves *fast*. They ought with more propriety to be called *loose*, for they are not truly fast or steadfast in anything. Yet they vote all the steady, the consistent, and the careful, to be slow, and pretend to have the utmost contempt for the old-fashioned virtues of truth, honor, and integrity. Such young fellows are especially fond of the theatre, of the tavern concert room, of the dancing shop, and of the gaming table. Yes, I am sorry to see that great numbers of our young men are prone to the soul-ensnaring vice of gambling, and solemnly would I warn them against its fascinations. Gambling takes many forms, the wager form, the betting form, the dice form, the card form; but in every form it is fearful and detestable, leading to feverish excitement, poverty, and often to robbery, murder, and the madhouse. Therefore, my friends, as you value body and soul, shun every description of gaming as you would a sinking whirlpool; go not near those places in which it is carried on; associate not with those who indulge in it, or before you are aware of it, you may be drawn into a vortex from which there is no retreat.

The great thing in this life is to have an *aim*, to have some proper object in view. Without an object, life is not only a very dangerous, but a very insipid thing. How many young men of the present day listlessly pass away time, the most precious, without a purpose, seeking no good for themselves, and conferring no benefit upon others; desiring only to gratify vain and vicious tastes, and living only for the present moment, their present is never usefully employed, and their future is never provided for. Melancholy state! With evil associates to pull them down, instead of good ones to lift them up, they sink lower

and lower into iniquity, till at last they inevitably reach the pit of perdition.

So much, my friends, for the care about the Body; and now for our care about the Mind. *What is the Mind?* The Mind is *ourselves*: it is as it were the very essence of us. We cannot stretch out our hand except the mind wills it. All that is great and wonderful in science and in art has had its origin in the mind. What is it that rules the world? Not brute force, as some would have us think; but mind, thought, intelligence, and that true wisdom which springs from a right application of our mental powers. I may too with equal confidence affirm, that the wealth of a country does not so much consist of its natural or artificial advantages, as in its having a constant supply of the thinking material—in its possessing powerful, patient, generous, and expansive minds. And referring to the individual, I am equally sure that happiness, success in life, honour and independence, depend chiefly upon mental, combined with moral power; and therefore, my friends, have a little thought concerning the MIND.

The Divine Being in his wisdom has not given Mind to rank and wealth only, for God is no respecter of persons; and the poor and the mean are equally cared for by Him. The greatest discoveries in science or in art, have been made by men poor in the world's esteem; and indeed the active man and the working man are continually on the threshold of new discoveries. No trade, or art, or business exists that is not capable of improvement by the thinking mind; and a mind which is active, searching where it can, examining all it finds, securing what is valuable, discovering truth after truth, principle after principle, fact after fact, becomes mentally powerful, for "knowledge is power," and mentally rich, for "knowledge is riches." On the other hand, what is a young man in the present day,

where all is intelligence and energy around him, if he does not think for himself? What but a mere slave to the opinions of others; a tool in the hands of the cunning, and a victim in the coils of the designing. Therefore one of the most important of a young man's duties is the cultivation of his mind.

How is the mind to be cultivated? Not by desultory reading, depend upon it; not by tales of fiction; not by the periodical rubbish with which the press teems, for the purpose of mere amusement. No, indeed! those who would cultivate their minds, must go upon a very different system. A young man, to have a proper care for his mind, must determine on a course of reading, which shall embrace the Laws of our country, Civil History, Geography, Natural History, the Physical Sciences, Logic or the Art of Reasoning, and the Grammar of the English Language; I say nothing of other languages, as they cannot be so easily acquired without a teacher. But I must speak strongly in favour of every young man making himself acquainted with the Physical Sciences. We live in a philosophic age, whatever may be said to the contrary; and the superiority of England over the other nations of the earth, arises from the advance she has made in bringing philosophical principles to the test of practical utility. Natural History is especially to be studied, for there we find the facts of the universe itself. Natural philosophy is also to be acquired, because it is the unveiling of the laws which regulate and govern these facts. A knowledge of the facts of Nature and of the laws that govern them, ought to be familiar to every one; for the most trivial circumstances of a working man's every-day life have a constant reference to the laws of the universe, and to the universe itself. No man should be ignorant of the laws he is called upon to obey, whether those laws be physical, intellectual, or

moral. Heat, light, and attraction, the great agents of the physical world, are continually acting upon our material frame : and the same agents are no less operative in all our mechanical labours and arrangements, whether they be in the field, in the factory, or in the workshop. As for instance, Cornelius Jansen, the spectacle-maker of Magdeberg, accidentally putting two lenses on a board in a certain position, found that when he held these up towards the steeple, and looked through them, the weathercock seemed to be enlarged ; it was the communication of this fact to Galileo, that led to the construction of the telescope. Again ;—a clever lad who was set to watch the safety-valve of the steam engine, found that by tying a string to the piston-rod, the safety-valve might be made to open and shut according to the increased motion of the machine, and this led to one of the greatest improvements in the mechanical employment of steam—think of this. In more modern days, a young man accidentally shut up a mavis' egg in his bookcase ; some months after, he discovered it in a hard and dried state, and finding that notwithstanding the length of time that had elapsed, it still remained fresh and untainted, it suggested to him a process by which eggs might be preserved for long periods, and he has taken out a patent : his invention is now largely used in the navy, and his own fortune will I hope be made

Let the mind then be actively employed in self-cultivation ; its powers will be strengthened by the exercise. Let a man learn to think and to reason, to know and to judge, and he will become more of a man. It will not matter then what he may be called upon to perform ; mind will shine through the meanest occupation ; intellect will triumph, as it ever has triumphed, over the greatest difficulties of situation. To improve the mind, therefore, is not only right in itself, but is

a sacred duty. To neglect it, is mental self-murder, and the most heinous of crimes.

He who undertakes the cultivation of his own mind enters upon a great inheritance and may promise himself a large return for his labours. Man's powers are various and very fertile; if not cultivated, weeds, and very poisonous weeds too, will grow luxuriantly. Go into a field of barley, and look for the weeds there; you find them not, and why?—because the ground has been pre-occupied by an active and fast-growing plant. The mind is capable of bearing the most valuable grain: never will meadow or corn-field yield better increase. Let every faculty have due attention, and man will thrive. Many are the seeds of knowledge; various and prolific are the plants of science. Let such as best suit the soil be reared with proper care, and a rich and abundant harvest will be the result. God has given to all men talents; some have ten, some have two, some have five, and some have but one. Should one only belong to any that I address, I say, lay not up that one talent in a napkin, but use it; let it fructify and grow, carefully tend it, put it out at interest somewhere, that it may bring forth its fruit in due season, which it most assuredly will do, if it be but employed in the right way.

Don't be disheartened by difficulties. Difficulties pave the way to success. The very things that seem lions in the path, are often the greatest provocatives to exertion, and it is a glorious thing to slay a lion. The greater the difficulty, the greater the success; and the greater the labour, the greater the pleasure; the active mind, when it once begins to operate for itself, obtains knowledge from every object, every circumstance, every source. If it pursue some idea till it discovers its ramifications, its roots, and its foliage, it will be certain to come upon many a cluster of the

richest fruit, truths natural or moral. Every disappointment if properly used, tends to narrow the remaining fields of experiment, and brings the object sought for, so much nearer to view, as all the refuse cast from the sieve brings the real diamond sooner to hand.

But remember, whether you have difficulty or not, if you undertake the improvement of your own mind, you must not look to others so much as to yourself. Highly favoured is he who has access to men of cultivated minds, and to the libraries of Mechanics' Institutions, which most persons have at the present day; but then the books must be *read*—yes, and well *digested* too; not merely *swallowed*, or the knowledge, like the food which remains crude in the stomach, will not yield strength and growth; but will become the means of inflated diseases, and you will, in the language of Bacon, be *puffed* up and not built up. You know that a little food well assimilated with the frame, will avail more to health and activity than a hearty and heavy meal, which lies like a load of lead upon the stomach, and paralyses the digestion. Just so with the mind; like the body, it will not allow liberties to be taken with it; it will not be surfeited and over-loaded. Some clever men are overloaded without being wise, and suffer a perpetual mental dyspepsia. Knowledge is to be poured into the mind drop by drop, line upon line, precept upon precept, fact upon fact, experiment upon experiment, so that the faculties can imbibe it morsel by morsel, and work upon it by their own power of thought. What is so fastened becomes secure and is not easily lost. Notions, facts, and consequences, become our own, only as we grasp them, lay them in the store-house of our memory, and lock them there by the power of association, and by the bringing of them into positive use. One problem worked through

the impulse of actual necessity, one chain of circumstances, examined link by link, because we want to know if there be any break or flaw, will imprint what we do know indelibly on the memory, and it will be more easily recollected on some future occasion, because it has thus become a part of our mental economy. Learn then, my friends, to observe; learn to compare things with each other; learn to put things together; learn to separate and disentangle them, and to strip them of all their hollow deceits. Do not be enslaved by the maxims of authority or the dogmata of old prejudices. Think for yourselves; strike out a new path. Newton did not make his sublime discoveries by a blind servility to the opinions of others; an apple falling to the ground became his teacher. Locke determined the laws which govern the human understanding, not through his collegiate course of study, but through his opposition to it. Milton drew his notions of liberty and patriotism far away from his university teaching. Bacon was taught at his college the *Aristotelian logic*, a confused mass of contradictory rubbish, which had usurped the place of knowledge for ages, but which, by the power of thought and reflection, he scattered as dust, and opened the door to steam, gas, electricity, and every modern improvement. Columbus, too, would never have immortalised his name, had he been content with the beaten track he had learned when at school. His schoolmaster had no doubt told him that the earth was as flat as a pancake. But it was the great navigator's pride not to put too much faith in others, but to think for himself, and to proceed upon unknown seas, with a daring and far-seeing mind, and determined spirit, a bit of floating seaweed for his guide, and God for his trust, till a new world burst upon his sight. It is for you then, my friends, to imitate these and other great men. Every thinking mind is at the threshold of great discoveries; and however inferior the condition

of a man may be, yet observing, comparing, experimentalising, and philosophising, will force sparks out of the most flinty rock to enlighten the world, if he will only "keep moving." The more a mind has of life within itself, the more it spreads life around it. One mind in proportion to its own expansion, awakens and in a sense creates other minds; for knowledge has a tendency to multiply itself into new forms of good, and thus the *thinking mind* becomes a benefactor to mankind.

Nor is it because you are engaged in commercial concerns of life, or the manipulations of trade, that you should despair of serving yourself and the world by your exertions and researches. Some of the greatest men that ever existed were operatives, mechanical labourers, or handicraftsmen. Look at Arkwright, a barber; look at Luther, the son of a poor miner; look at Shakespeare, the son of a woolcomber; look at Franklin, a printer; look at Davy, an apothecary; look at Simpson, a poor weaver; look at Herschel, the poor piper boy of a regiment; look at Braidly; look at Fergusson; look at Dr. Lee; the late Dr. Kitto, and a thousand others, who have burst the thralldom of their birth, to soar to the highest places in the arts, sciences, and literature of their country. It is true that all may not expect to be Newtons or Shakespeares, nor may all receive the reward of success in a material point of view, but all certainly will receive it in a moral and intellectual one; for it is impossible for a man to discipline and enlarge his mind, without being an incalculable gainer. The love for science and philosophy, which a course of the right sort of reading engenders, is itself a source of happiness, because to a well informed mind, the contemplation of new applications of the principles of science, will ever afford the most exciting interest; and because, instead of finding relief from ~~hard~~ toil in sensual

indulgence, it is led to find it in intellectual recreation. I will go further, and say, that a love of knowledge stands nearly allied to a love of God; for we cannot proceed a step in our researches into nature, or the laws by which she is governed, without beholding there the wisdom, power, and benevolence of the Most High; and dead indeed must be the being, who can behold his transcendent attributes thus unfolded, without being impressed with admiration, gratitude, and love.

Such, my friends, is the duty we owe to the mind; such are the advantages of its cultivation; such are the tokens of its vitality and its life. But let us not forget that we are not merely compounds of body and of mind, and that our care for ourselves must not end here. We have not only a body and a mind, but we have a *SOUL*; and it is possible that the mind and the body may be *right*, and that the soul may be *wrong*. I know, my friends, that there is in this world, moral death in the midst of intellectual life. Experience shows us daily, that a man may possess a highly cultivated and richly endowed intellect, an elegant and refined taste, a philosophical acquaintance with the most intricate and profound regions of human knowledge; and yet be spiritually ignorant and morally vile. I know that the body may be well cared for with regard to its wants, and that the mind may be cared for with regard to its intellectual necessities, and that the worldly interests of self may be pushed to the most wonderful results; while the *spiritual nature* may be uncared for, and the *SOUL*, that eternal individuality which constitutes our *true self*, remain barren, unproductive, and corrupt. And this brings us to the most important part of our subject, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Let us look, therefore, a little at this *spiritual nature* of ours, as we have

looked at the physical and intellectual natures. Many care not for the spiritual nature, and some do not know that they have a spiritual nature. Let us enquire then a little concerning it. As the body is organised, and as the mind is organised, so is the soul organised. It does not, however, consist of eyes, ears, hands, legs, heart, lungs, and so forth, as the body does; or of the mere mentality of observation, reflection, and reason, like the mind. It comprehends far higher and nobler powers. The eternal principles of love, sympathy, truth, and equity, are stamped within it by the Divine Hand; for in the *image of God, man was created*, and although he is now fallen, and although his nature is corrupt, still these memorials of the soul's original perfection and purity are not entirely obliterated; and from the darkest caverns of the human heart they give forth their yearnings after immortality. It was to resuscitate, and bring to life again these impressions of God within us, and to restore us to the Divine image, that Christ our Redeemer took our nature upon him, "Leaving us an example that we should follow his steps," and thus it is that the Christian religion is no indefinite and imaginary nonentity; but a true actuality, a living, moving, and breathing thing—strong in faith—strong in hope—and stronger still in charity.

And what, my friends, does this life of the soul involve? Our course in this world is brief and perilous, so brief that it has been likened to the passing of a cloud, and so perilous as to be compared to a ship on the raging main; but brief as it may be, and perilous as it may be, there is not one moment in it, in which some high principle may not be worked out, or in which some good may not be done. Not one moment is to be lost—service is our perpetual duty—service is due to God—service is due to man—service is due to the meanest creature that lives. Everything

in nature has a service to perform, for which it is organised and adapted by its Creator. Nothing lives for itself alone—and should you? No! for every stage of life, and every condition of life has its daily duty. You are perhaps a son, you have the duties of a son to perform to your parents, by being the delight and comfort of their old age; you are or may be a parent, and you have an example to set to your children of all that is righteous and of good report. You are or may be a husband; and in the marriage state, love and faithfulness, and devotion are required of you from one you ought to consider dearer than yourself. You may perhaps be a master, or if not, you may be in a situation of temporary authority: and here gentleness and kindness, and amiability of temper, forbearance, and a strict sense of justice, is due to all around you. You may be a servant, and honesty, truthfulness, obedience, and faithfulness, is a reasonable service to your employer; and in all these, and many other situations in which you may be placed, there is a necessity for *self-control, self-sacrifice, and self-devotion*. And it is this untiring and often unrequited service, that constitutes the *life of the soul*, and which is indeed the essence of true religion, that dwells not only in temples built for praise, or in sanctuaries of prayer, or in the social circle of the household hearth; but expands itself everywhere in honest action, in truthful dealing, and in just consideration for the rights and feelings of others; and so may be found in the field or the stable, the ship or the dock, the market or the mill, the warehouse or the counting-house, the factory or the shop.

Thus you see, my friends, *the life of the soul* manifests itself in the exercise of our highest moral powers, and closely connects itself with the development of certain indwelling capacities with which our being was originally endowed by our Heavenly Father; and as an encouragement to realize this life most fully,

we are assured that if we draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to us. How shall *you* draw nigh to Him?—be assured of this—that whenever you are pure and holy in thought, whenever you are true and just in your dealings, whenever you sympathise with the poor and afflicted, whenever you exercise the spirit of love and forgiveness to your enemies, and whenever you sacrifice your *self interest* for some *righteous principle*, you are not very far from God—for this is the atmosphere in which God lives. But you may be nearer still to your Heavenly Father. These duties and these obligations but bring you to the threshold of God's court. Faith and prayer will bring you to the footstool of his throne, and to the full glory of his presence, and redeeming love will there present you to him restored to your original purity and brightness, not indeed from the “works of righteousness you have done, but according to his grace and mercy, by the sanctification of the spirit, and the atoning sacrifice of Christ your redeemer, by which you are made a child of God and an heir of eternal life.”

Mighty task—glorious object! who shall attain unto it? shall a poor weak child of dust, born in sin and shapen in iniquity, be able to do so? you enquire. Fear not, my friends, you have no cause to fear, a bright model is before you, a pure example is in your view. CHRIST is that model. *Christ* is that example. Do you think that he is only to be admired, venerated and adored. No, my friends, he is to be approached and imitated, and it is not so hard to imitate him as you may think, because all that we see in him is truly loveable, and fully responds to our humanity. Believe me, there is not a power, or duty, or glory, or joy, or sympathy, possessed by our Saviour, to which those who truly love him may not attain. You have the power if you trust in him, to become one with him in thought, in feeling, and in holiness. You are

conscious of your unworthiness, of your weakness, of your inability, and you feel oppressed by the weight of sin. This would indeed be a wretched state, were not CHRIST your worthiness, your ability, and your deliverance from sin's bondage. He is indeed ascended into heaven, but he is not beyond the reach of your hearts in prayer, while in faith, he is ever present, ever felt. Very powerful are the ties of sympathy existing between you and him. He not only took man's *nature* upon him, but man's *lowest condition*. Although he was the Lord of light and truth, upholding all things by the power of His might, yet when He descended from on high, He was humble in birth—a carpenter's son—born in a stable, and working at his trade. Born among the poor, he suffered poverty as you may do, and he wandered about from city to city, often without food, and sometimes "without a place to lay his head." He consorted not with the great and powerful, nor did he give himself up exclusively to the *righteous*. His mission was to the *poor*, the *wretched*, and the *vile*: and his bosom yearned for the hated Samaritan, the despised Publican, the sorrowing Magdalene, and the repentant Thief. As a poor man, as "the despised and rejected of men," as a wronged man, as a "man of sorrows" he walked the earth *to bless it*, and he is especially the friend of those who toil, and of those who suffer, and of those that are in bondage, and of those that are in darkness, mental or moral; and he invites you with open arms, that he may *bless* you with that life of the soul which can only be realized in union with him.

But you say, "That you have your living to get in this world, and that to get it fairly and honestly is a difficult task!" You say "that knavery so abounds that he who adopts plain dealing, and who rests upon truth and integrity has no chance." I grant that it seems to be so; but I know that the Scripture

of Divine Truth declares that godliness has the promise of the *life that now is*, as well as that which is to come. It is possible, that cunning and craft may have their day, that dishonesty may thrive for a time, that duplicity and knavery may triumph for a season, and that the unscrupulous man may by his energetic selfishness succeed where holy and conscientious men may fail. I will grant that it is an expensive thing to keep a conscience. I know that the righteous suffer when the wicked rejoice, and were it not so, my friends, there would be no exercise for religious principle, and no need for piety upon earth. But I can never conceive that wickedness of any kind can entirely triumph in this world, bad as it may be, for the constitution of things is founded on a design favourable to virtue, and antagonistic to vice, and the soul itself recoils at the idea. Let us not, therefore, make the matter for one moment a subject for speculation, or a ground of distrust. Be careful, my friends, while, as it is your duty to do, you take care for the wants of the body or of the mind, and provide things honest in the sight of men, and even lay up treasures upon earth by unwearied assiduity and honest toil, you do not forget that there are treasures in heaven to be cared for as well. Christ says "The kingdom of heaven is within you." The worldling whom I presented to you in the first part of this tract, rejoiced in his worldly pelf, and gloried in saying *it is mine*. Labour so that you may rejoice in your *heavenly treasures*, and be able to say *Wisdom is mine, Integrity is mine, Truth is mine, Honour and Honesty are mine, Meekness, Temperance and Chastity are mine, Faith is mine, Hope is mine, and Charity is mine, God in Christ is mine, Holiness through the sanctification of the Spirit is mine, a joyful Eternity is mine!* Well will it be for you if you set these heavenly riches against earthly wealth. The world may not honour you, you may

be devoid of that worship—you may be lost and forgotten in the struggling crowd,—but God will acknowledge you, and your Saviour will set you down in the number of His “Just men made perfect.”

I say unto you then, young men, take care of yourselves—physically, intellectually, and spiritually. Be wary, be watchful, be active, be patient, be steadfast, be faithful, be prayerful. You have God for your Father—Christ for your Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost for your Sanctifier, Guide, and Comforter,—and thus sustained, what difficulty will be too great to encounter?—What infirmity will be too hard to surmount?—What evil or wrong be too cruel to endure?—What sorrow too poignant to bear?—None! For as the sun is sometimes seen to rise over the raging main, clearing away the mists, dispelling the thunder clouds, and lulling the storm—so will “The Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings,” breaking through the darkness of sin, the tumults of worldly strife, and the tears of sorrow upon your *spiritual life*—that *life of the soul* which is the only *true life*, and without which, the life of *sense* is but mist, and the life of *mind* but a shadow.

Self-elevation, my friends, is a duty you owe to yourselves; not that elevation only which arises from physical or mental endowments, but especially that which arises from spiritual and moral sources. Elevate yourselves above ignorance, bigotry, and superstition; above prejudice and hypocrisy; above deceit and dishonesty, low cunning, chicanery, trick and treachery, and all those detestable vices which lie in the path of your progress. It is a glorious thing, my friends, to feel ourselves above the smoke, mists, and malaria of this lower world, and to stand upon a mountain with the thunders and lightnings of evil raging harmlessly at our feet. When a man attains to this heavenly elevation, he begins to feel something of the dignity

of his being. But exalt not yourselves in your own strength, and remember that he "*who thinketh he standeth*" should "*take heed lest he fall.*" If through divine strength you have attained to this moral dignity, strive earnestly to preserve it. Let all you do, in little things, as well as great ones, be consistent with the religious principles you profess, and the moral standard which you aim at; and take care, "that your light may so shine before men, that they may glorify" (not you) but "your Father which is in heaven."

In conclusion, my friends, I have only to say that at the present day the most strenuous exertions are being made by the noble and the good for the benefit of young men. Reciprocate the kindness and do yourselves a service; unite yourselves with those various societies designed for your especial benefit, for they will most assuredly raise you in the social scale and confer inestimable blessings upon you. The Society of Arts, and Young Men's Christian Associations are well worthy your attention. Be true to the many advantages that surround you; be true to yourselves. Keep your bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity. Raise your minds by reading and reflection, and, above all, do not forget the realization of your spiritual privileges. Do these things, or at least *try* to do them, and under the blessing of your Heavenly Father, you will assuredly find out the best and truest way of TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE!

Finis.

JABROLD AND SONS, PRINTERS, NORWICH.





