

**THE VALUE OF
TIME: A TALE FOR
CHILDREN**

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The value of time: a tale for children by Mrs. Barwell

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MRS. BARWELL

**THE VALUE OF
TIME: A TALE FOR
CHILDREN**

THE
VALUE OF TIME.

A Tale for Children.

BY MRS. DARWELL,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE LEARNERS,"
"SUNDAY LESSONS," &c.

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THE
VALUE OF TIME.

THE value of Time is never either understood or appreciated by youth, and yet, when it is considered how deeply the employment of Time affects the happiness of the present moment and the future welfare of all mankind, it becomes a matter of duty with all to use it wisely.

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We must remember that Time lost can never be found; we cannot live the past minute, hour, day, or week over again. Time ill spent can never be changed; we cannot blot out or recall a single thought or action. Lost health may be regained, lost hopes revived, lost happiness restored, lost money or goods recovered — but lost Time, never. The employment of Time involves every action, nay, even every thought, of our lives: we may do more mischief to ourselves and others in a single minute than a long life can ever amend; we may think more

evil in one moment, than we can cleanse from the mind by an hour's proper thought.

We may thence infer that those who employ Time well, will never do wrong; and those who employ it ill, will rarely do right.

Time may be compared to a long sheet of paper, one end of which is invisible, being rolled upon a cylinder, which is perpetually turning, although so slowly that its motion is scarcely perceptible. Upon this paper we are to work. It passes us, we do not move; and when it has once passed, we cannot follow

it to repair any error, or fill up any space that may have been left vacant; nor can we stop it in its progress to correct our work, or to improve it. We can only do better as we proceed; we cannot alter, amend, or recover that which is gone by. The length of the paper is quite unknown to us; it may be very long, it may be very short, but we are responsible for all we have done, and all we have left undone, in its progress.

The tools with which we are provided are industry, activity, perseverance, and attention. These

implements must be kept constantly bright and sharp. If we suffer them to become rusty or blunt, the beauty of our work will be marred; it will be full of blank spaces, blots, and blunders, and consequently illegible, useless, injurious, and defective. But if we are ever on the alert to keep our tools in good order, the paper will be well covered, the work will be legible and intelligible, useful, instructive, productive, amusing, and valuable.

The following tale will perhaps best exemplify to my young friends the truths I have just stated; and