

"Glasgow is an eastern city. It was burnt by Napoleon to enable the Russians to defend their country against the designs of the European and French armies."

EPHEMERIDES.

A few lines on that abominable but common way of excusing bad actions in young men by saying that they are merely "sowing wild oats."

I must confess I hate that vile excuse,
Sowing wild oats, so much in common use ;
As if man must in foulness wallow low,
Ere he be washed to shine as white as snow ;
And he who would the heavenly mansions see,
Must serve a term in penitentiary ;
Or truth the mind with this grim fact acquaints,
The greatest scoundrels make the best of saints ;
And that to sympathize with sinner's woe,
Through our own souls the waves of sin must flow.
But, said the Apostle, Christ could deeply feel
For others' woe, and joy with others' weal,
Yet never stain could on His spirit steal.
Ah youth, whose morn soon into noon shall burst,
Cast the excuse aside, as something cursed !
And let this precept burn in memory :
As is the seed, so will the harvest be.
What though at last the triumph virtue gains ?
The sore is healed but yet the scar remains.
'Tis noble rising from a guilty fall,
But nobler never to have sinned at all.

"THE GAY AND THOUGHTLESS THROG."

The gay and thoughtless are like bubbles free,
That rise and lightly float on every sea.
Flashing with rainbow rays they glitter bright ;
But hollow are their forms and false their light.
The mighty waves of human action rear
Their forms, and onward countless thousands bear,
Which with a foam fleck burst and disappear.
Unchanged, unchecked in their resistless roll,
The billows hasten to their destined goal.

APPEARANCES.

The man whose books can be by thousands numbered,
Is nowise proved to be with learning cumbered ;
As soon must he who owns much armour bright
And many a falchion, be a valiant knight.

ENDEAVOUR.

A poor wretch struggling in a miry soil,
Wearies and sinks with slight, repeated toil.
But gathering all his force, one mighty bound
Clears the morass and lights on solid ground.
So 'gainst temptations, trials, pains of life,
Who listless struggles perishes in strife.
But he who meets them with a strong endeavour,
Shall never fail but be a conqueror ever.