

the work of a man's limb, yet that their brains may be tasked to any degree with impunity. What is there in the brain and its powers essentially differing from the leg? Nothing whatever. But people seem to look upon the brain as some extraordinary, mystical, magical something or other, which is exempt from the ordinary laws governing all the other organs of the body. The principal business of a child's limbs, is to grow and acquire strength daily. Thought, reflection, study; these constitute the natural work of a man's brain, and ploughing and sowing are the natural work of a man's limbs.—*D. E. Johnson.*

THE TONGUE OF TIME.

Reader! You have often heard the clock strike. Have you ever thought upon its meaning? Monotonous as its sounds may be to a careless ear, they have language. Not an hour but carries its lessons. Far-reaching in its scope, every stroke of that ponderous hammer summons before you the three grand attributes of time. From each tower and belfry, time calls to you with solemn but benignant voice, as if unwilling that you should lose sight of your privileges. It speaks of itself; it speaks also of you. It declares, "I was. I came to you, Christian, as a friend sent from a loving hand, to be an instrument of good to your soul, and a promoter of its everlasting peace. Whatever you have done with me is past. If good, thank God; if evil, "be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain;" for I am. As the plastic clay in the potter's hands, you may mold and impress me as you will. I am come to bear the record "of works, and charity, in faith, and patience." O, then, "give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Use me well, and you will not hereafter blush at my report; for I shall be. Brief is the appointed term; but yet a little while I am with you. While, then, you look back to the past for experience, lay hold upon the present as a treasure, and look onward with the patient and steady eye of hope. Behold! the bridegroom cometh at an hour when you know not. Expect him, and be ready; your loins girded, and your lamps burning; least, after a round of many unheeded hours, you should be forced to cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Such, reader, is the meaning of that measured sound, which, it may be, you daily hear proceeding from some sacred pile: and, indeed, there is as much of truth as of fancy in the statement; for time is like a merchant's capital—ventured it must be, if we would live. If used with judgment and skill, profitable indeed will be its harvest, repaying us in proportion to our exertions, thirty, or sixty, or a hundred fold. And why not a hundred fold for us all? For time is the universal talent, subjecting every man living to charge and an account. Within its circle all our other talents turn. They are the wheels within this