

EARLY BLOSSOMS.

"In early days the conscience has in most
A quickness, which in later life is lost;
Preserv'd from guilt by salutary fears,
Or guilty, soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we read."

COWPER.

The period of youth may be compared to the spring at which time, the blossoms appear on the trees. At this season they present a beautiful appearance to the eye, and give fair promises of an abundant crop. But as the year advances, thousands of these blossoms will totally fall off from the effects of frost, wind, blight, &c. In others, these effects will be partial; there will be fruit indeed, but it will be stunted in growth, unsightly in appearance, and unsavoury to the taste. Others again will grow to perfection, and thus afford both pleasure and profit to the proprietor. While I was musing on this subject some time ago, I took up a Youths' Magazine on the cover of which I read, "No. 30, Vol III, Third Series." Trivial as this circumstance was in itself, it gave rise to many serious reflections. The date of the first volume of the Youths' Magazine, is 1805—1806. Twenty-five years (thought I) are nearly elapsed since the commencement of this little work. In the course of that time how many readers of the first series have passed into eternity? All who remain are grown up to maturity, and are engaged in the active scenes of life. How many of these are become useful to society, and honourable members of the church of Christ; and how many have turned aside to folly? O, how many have the instructions of pious parents the advantages of a gospel ministry, and the pages of the Youths' Magazine, failed to produce any salutary effect? After indulging these reflections for a short time, I opened a correspondence with several places to which the Youths Magazine is sent, with a view to trace the progress of those youths who were known to have been among the early readers of it. From the letters of my correspondents, I select the following sketches:

Aurelius was a youth of considerable talents, and gave promise of future excellence. While at school, and at home, he was remarkable for an amiable and humane disposition, but when he was fifteen years of age, he was sent to the West Indies, where he witnessed all the horrors of the slave trade, till his heart became hardened, and all traces of his former character disappeared. Bavius was a lad of shining parts, and of close application to his studies; he was distinguished at the University, but on leaving his Alma Mater and coming to London, he fell into bad company, became a gambler, and died a miserable death. Clodio was the son of a respectable man, whose habits and industry, and general character, had raised him to the highest civic honors. The good conduct of Clodio in his Father's counting house procured his admission into the firm, and the most sanguine expectations were entertained of his future elevation in life. But unhappily Clodio was infected with the Joint Stock mania, and became a Director of the Bubble Company. There he lost his property and reputation together, and is now a wretched outcast in a foreign country. Divito was accustomed to attend a gospel ministry with his parents, till at the age of fourteen he was articled to a gentleman who spent his sabbaths in worldly pleasures. Divito being thus neglect-

ed, soon became acquainted with some who assume the title of "free thinkers," but who are in reality nothing but disgusting infidels. In a very short time Divito imbibed their principles and now laughs at religion. Euron was for some time an associate with Divito, but by the admonitions of a pious friend, Euron is happily reclaimed, and bids fair to become an honorable member of society. Florino was a youth who came from Germany to this country on commercial pursuits; but having no kind mentor to instruct him he contracted extravagant habits, lived a dissolute life, and at length left England in debt, and in disgrace. On his return to the continent he enlisted in the army, from which he deserted, and being apprehended, he leaped out of the guard room window, broke his neck by the fall, and thereby accelerated the death of both his parents. Lucius and Modesta were scholars, and afterwards teachers in a Sunday school, where they were distinguished for good conduct, and in a little time they both became decidedly pious. They are since married, and have a family, whom they are training up in the fear of the Lord; and wherever Lucius and his wife are known, they are respected. Hilario formerly played the tamburino in the streets. He attended a Sunday school, and was found to be a clever lad, and diligent in his studies, but of such a volatile disposition, that little hopes were entertained of his ever becoming a good man. But Hilario frequented the ministry of an excellent clergyman, and after some time, like a blossom which is late in coming to maturity, he became a devout Christian, and still continues so. Drexelius was formerly a scholar, and in the course of time a teacher in a sabbath school in Scotland. He was brought to the knowledge of the truth at an early period, studied for the ministry, and while a very young man settled in London, where he still remains. Drexelius is remarkably attached to young people, and preaches an annual sermon for their benefit. Gaius was the son of religious parents, and when he grew up, he amply rewarded their pious care of his youth. Gaius has been for many years deacon of a most respectable church, and his name is enrolled in numerous benevolent institutions. Several extensive chapels owe their existence to his efforts, and he has mainly contributed to the furtherance of almost every plan for doing good.

I am about to visit several parts of the country where young persons reside who read the Youths Magazine. According to my usual custom, I shall make observations on their character and conduct; and should I meet with any thing worthy of notice, I will, on my return, present my young friends with the result. In the mean time, I particularly desire them to read over again one by one, the several characters which I have here delineated; and on this re-perusal of each, to ask themselves whether they would really wish to become in future life such a character as they have just read of; and out of the ten cases which I have stated, I hope they will select the best and regulate their conduct accordingly.

Remarkable Instance of persevering Industry, Piety, and Self-Denial.

Louis Morin, a French physician and botanist, was the son of poor parents, whose very numerous family of children prevented them from giving him more than the mere rudiments of education. While at school he

acquired a partiality for botanical pursuits, and when he left it he set out for Paris on foot, herboring in the way. His attachment to botany naturally led him to choose medicine as his profession; and while he applied himself to the study of that arduous science, narrow circumstances compelled him to adopt the most rigid economy. He lived like a hermit upon bread and water, with the occasional indulgence of little fruit. This way of living greatly diminished the number of his wants, and was the probable occasion of that remarkable disinterestedness by which he was always distinguished. He had been several years practice, before he received any public notice, and was then appointed pensionary-physician to a hospital in Paris. Though he performed the duties of the office it was discovered that he always returned the salary he was paid, by putting it back when he thought he could see him, into the money-box of the Hospital. His constitution was delicate, and his make slender, yet he always observed the following system of strict order and abstemiousness. He rose winter and summer at two o'clock in the morning, and spent three hours in prayer. Before six o'clock in summer, and somewhat later in winter, he visited the poor patients in the hospital, and generally attended the morning prayers of the Roman Catholic churches. He dined at eleven and after dinner amused himself with botany; and when he had no poor patients to visit, afterwards shut himself up in his closet, and concluded the day in study, or in receiving the visits of his friends. He always retired to rest at seven o'clock. A few years before his death his strength began to fail, and he found himself unable to continue his active duties, upon which he added a little wine to his diet; but gently sunk under a gradual decay till he died, at the advanced age of fourscore years. This excellent man, notwithstanding his great abilities, reputation, and industry, left little wealth behind him. He seems to have excited himself to the utmost, first to acquire useful knowledge, and afterwards to employ that knowledge in the service of God, and of his suffering fellow creatures; to whom he has bequeathed an illustrious example of industry, piety, and generous self-denial.

POETRY.

WEEP NOT FOR ME!

A Dying Sister's address to her Brother.

"Weep not for me! for though my strength decay,
And feeble life is sitting fast away;
Yet think not that to leave this world is loss:
My spirit now can spurn the earthly dross
That long enchained it; and this lower sphere,
Excepting thee, contains no object dear:
And thee, I now can leave, for thou hast known
Thy Saviour's love, and He will guard his own."
Weep not for me!"

"Weep not for me! There is no cause for tears,
My soul is now beyond all wayward fears;
The sting of death is not,—for He who bore
Our sorrow, for our sakes hath passed before
Through the Dark portals, and for us hath paved
The way to bliss, by victory o'er the grave!
Weep not for me!"

"Weep not for me! Thou should'st not grieve for one
Whose trouble, sorrow, and whose toils are done;
Thou should'st not mourn that freely I can go
Where the pure streams of life eternal flow:
And I, who oft have felt disease and pain,
And dwelt in sorrow, shall I turn again
To things of earth, now that I stand before
The very threshold of my Father's door?
Weep not for me!"

And thou, beloved, who has long entwined
Thy image round my heart, seek not to bind
My soul to earth: it may not, cannot be
E'en now I pant with longings to be free,
To dwell for ever in that holy place;
To see my Saviour—meet him face to face.
And forget not in a few short years
We meet again where thou shalt shed no tears.
For He who long hath loved us will be
Our joy, our glory, our's eternally!
Farewell! Thou wert Heaven's dearest gift, and He
Oh! He will bless thee. Weep not then for me!"