

it, and exhibited such a spirit as tended inevitably to produce such a result.

"9. To secure mutual love, therefore, it is necessary that there should be mutual kindness, and mutual *loveliness* of character. Whatever is soon to be offensive or painful, should be at once abandoned. All the little peculiarities of temper and modes of speech, that are observed to give pain, should be forsaken; and while one party should endeavour to tolerate them, and *not* to be offended, the other should make it a matter of conscience to remove them.

"10. The great secret of conjugal happiness is in the cultivation of a proper temper. It is not so much in the great and trying scenes of life, that the strength of virtue is tested, it is in the events that are constantly occurring, the manifestation of kindness in the things that are happening every moment—the gentleness that flows along every day, like the stream that winds through the meadow and around the farm house, noiseless but useful, diffusing fertility by day and by night. Great deeds rarely occur. The happiness of life depends little on them, but mainly on the little acts of kindness of life. We need them everywhere, we need them always. And eminently in the marriage relation there is need of gentleness and love, returning each morning, beaming in the eye, and dwelling in the heart through the livelong day."—*Gospel Messenger*.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD—VICE ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

I was wandering one beautiful summer's day along the skirts of a forest, that nearly bordered the Bay of Burlington. It was in the beginning of June, when in this Province every thing is in its full bloom and beauty. Nature, which is ever lovely, appeared to me more so this morning than usual. The thrush sang more melodiously from the gussy foliage of the maple and wild cherry than I ever had heard her. The blue bird whistled more sweetly o'er his nest. The songsters seemed to vie in making harmony with each other. The gentle southern wind wafted the scent of the blooming forest, and the odor of the new-blown foliage across my senses. Every where there sprang up some clump of flowers of various hues and species. The squirrels gambled among the trees. The birds sported with each other in mirthfulness, and warbled in thousands; and the insects spread their shining many coloured wings to the rays of the sun. Methought I could hear the music of their wings, and their uny voices. Oh says I what happiness there seems to be in this scene! Shall nature smile in gladness and rejoice, and not man? Why is it so? I will join with this in union of spirit, and rejoice too. Let the spirit of gladness come upon my heart. Nature tells us rejoice. But ah ye birds—ye flowers—ye woods so green—ye have not vice—ye have not virtue. Here's the rub with man. Is man the only animal that has to contend with vice and virtue? And is virtue cast down by vice? Is the one dejected and the other triumphant in the world? Must we not rejoice because this is the case? Surely nature, which is so perfect in her ways, has not left us without an antidote to the poison of vice, or a proof of the beauty and the sweets of virtue! This cannot be. The world tell us that God has left vice without a master on the earth—and that virtue must cover to her dismal reign.

Throughout nature every thing else has its corrective, but vice say they has none—its punishment is only in some future state. There vengeance shall pursue her, and the anger of the Creator punish. Musing in this way I reclined myself upon a mossy log, under the thick foliage of an ancient beech tree. On the branch of a billberry tree, whose rich white blossoms moved gently by the breeze, there sat two humming birds, resplendent with scarlet, vermilion, and golden hues. Their little bills were together seemingly in love. Ever and anon they would dart away and return again. Through the dense foliage shone out of heaven a cloudless sun. The vault of heaven was blue and serene. Before me lay the rippleless bosom of a summer lake, whose silent waters were only at times

disturbed by the joyful cries and flutterings of water fowl. While watching their motions I heard as it were the sounds of heavenly music, and every thing seemed full of happiness, joy, and beauty.

A rustling in the branches of the hazel trees that grew thick around was heard, and an enchantment came over my soul, as I seemed to see approaching a female, youthful and beautiful as the eastern houris. Her hair flowed in jetty ringlets over her shoulders, and her form and lineaments were inexpressibly lovely and graceful. "Son of man," says she, "I am the *Genius of Wisdom*." I have heard thy musings. Thinkest thou that all that man says is true? Nay. His theories and his prejudices are as fallacious and as varying as are the hues of the birds thou just has seen or as the countenances of his race. Think not because traditions are old they are therefore true. Nay. If men would but think instead of feel, *thy holy temple* would not so often be desecrated. Is not this truth written on the heavens as plainly as the *rainbow's arch*. "Virtue is its own reward, vice its own punishment?" Is it not written on the hearts of men, and stamped upon the works of nature? Yea, is it not heard in the thunder of experience? Is it not inscribed on the standard of history? If men would but think they would know this. If they could disenthral their souls from prejudices and gaze into the ocean of eternal truths, as thou wert doing into the silent skies, they would not accuse the Deity of the universe of moral imperfection.

The DEITY works not according to the thoughts of men. He leaves not his works imperfect. Nature is not an experiment, nor is anything that is hers. If, as many men say, their actions on earth, when good or bad, received no reward, and vice were allowed to exist without any distinct condemnation, there would be reason to say that the Unknown was unjust and imperfect, but it is not so. A deep thinking being can see, (although it may appear otherwise to many,) that the actions of men in this world receive a punishment and a reward.

On earth men are governed by their feelings, prejudices, and customs. In general these are opposed to vice and in favor of virtue. Therefore as a consequence, when a man acts viciously he wars against his own feelings—and those of all his fellow men around him. Although he may for a time escape with impunity, public disapprobation in time will put him down, in time will punish him. Let it not be said that our feelings and the feelings of men when against us are no punishment—they are. Society is held together by laws, rules, and interest. Although an offending member may escape once, still from this very impunity he will sooner or later be overtaken in the commission of some other crime.

Every rule has its exception. The spider's web does not catch every fly. Yea who will deny that the spider's web was made for catching flies? None. Let none then deny that God has placed in nature laws, whereby vice meets its punishment and virtue its reward.

When a man abuses his physical powers, nature punishes him. See the untimely death of the drunkard—the debauchee. See the fate of the gambler—or the incorrigible criminal.

So it is when man opposes the laws of mind as they exist in the universe. The greatest corrective of vice is the fear of present punishment, the terrors of a distant punishment cannot scare when they are buried in a distant future. Supreme Love and Benevolence can alone draw us to Heaven, and kindness on earth will do much to reclaim.

Man is naturally a creature of passion and impulse. Over his heart the passions of fear, interest, and love, are ever prevalent, and constantly triumphant. He is naturally influenced by present things, according as are his hopes and fears, so will be his conduct. "It was written in my temple ere the First Six rose in golden splendour o'er the mountains of the east, "Virtue and Truth are triumphant." Son of man seest thou yonder scene? That is the great glorious map of the universe.

Couldst thou live as many millions of years as thou hast hairs on thy head, those worlds thou couldst not be numbered by thee!! "These are thy wondrous works O Parent of good." What principles rules this august theatre of worlds? One different from virtue think you? Nay. Couldst thou ride on the wings of the lightning to the borders of *creative power*, there virtue would be seen superior to vice inferior! And why? Because the one is the law of nature, the other its contrast. If thou wouldst travel to the sun—to pry into the laws of the most distant planet in our system, by the help of the best telescope, thou wouldst show thee that their laws are the same as ours on earth. The whole universe peopled as it is by millions of animals in millions of worlds, governed by virtue and vice, the same as our own is. When you can measure the power and favour of the DEITY, then will you understand the extension of these principles, and well it is said, the SUN OF VIRTUE was not some times darkened, we would know not her value.

What men call vice is the parent of misery and happiness. If men want an impellative to virtue, where can they have a greater one than "Happiness?" If happiness, the sure companion of virtue, will not induce men to follow her, what will? If misery, the sure companion of vice, will not deter men from mingling in her crew, what will?

Let impiety not impeach the Deity, because its principles are prevalent throughout the universe. That they exist, as they do, in all worlds and in all things alone, is the greatest of all proofs that the MIGHTY MORAL RULER wields the desmes of the universe. We drink in this truth from our mother's breasts. We breathe it in the morning air. We see it in childhood, burning youth seeth its beauty, the gray hairs of age know its truth—we see it on the mountain's top. *Virtue is its own reward—vice its own punishment.* Its theatre is the universe, its author is the GREAT SPIRIT of universal existence—*Holy, benevolent, just.* As these words were uttered I beheld the garb of the maiden change, it were, into the colour of burnished gold, was up by the sun—magnificent and dazzling—a light of infinite bliss, shone on her countenance—appeared seated on a throne of precious stones, a crown of dazzling brightness on her head, as if it was written "truth." The air seemed purely in deep love—enchanting music floated around, it was smiles and joy. I gazed after a being, she vanished amid the sounds of joy and music, distant heavens, and my eyes awakened, methought hanging, deep, and glossy leaves of the beach which I was. All was still around me, save the humming of the bees and flies and the gentle rustling of the summer birds. Alas, thought I, was a dream—but oh, it seemed so like truth. A spirit of benevolence—a spirit of infinite love sat on the face of that being. And is it so, that "virtue is its own reward—vice its own punishment?" My conscience—my experience—the soul of every being—the voice of history—the ruins of empires—the fate of nations—the secret of families, and the glory of man in all ages, cry out it is so. **GOD THE PRAISE.**

C. M. D.

Written at Hamilton in 1835.

THE NILE.

Here, where I expected to sail through a wilderness, I found a garden. Ethiopia might become, as it were, the richest and most productive part of Asia. The people are industrious and peaceful and excellent masters. Their dread of Turks is extreme, and so is their hatred. I stopped one evening at a village on the western bank. The sailors were sent to the houses to procure fowls and eggs, and after a little time two men appeared, bringing, as they said, a chicken in the piece. They came up slowly, and touched the ground, and laid their hands upon their heads, signifying that they were as the dust before