

"HERE LIES AN HONEST MAN!"

Avoid—and young men especially—avoid all base, servile, underhand, sneaking ways. Part with anything sooner than your integrity and "conscious rectitude;" flee from injustice as you would from a viper's fangs; avoid a lie as you would the gates of hell. Some there are who are callous as to this. Some there are who, in stooping to mercantile dishonor and baseness, in driving the immoral bargain, think they have done a clever action.—Things are often called by their wrong names—duplicity is called shrewdness, and wrong-heartedness is called long-headedness, evil is called good, and good evil, and darkness is put for light, and light for darkness. Well! be it so. You may be prosperous in your own eyes; you may have realized an envied fortune; you may have your carriage, and plate, and servants, and pageantry; but rather the shieling and the crust of bread with a good conscience, than the stately dwelling or palace without it. Rather than the marble mausoleum, which gilds and smothers tales of heartless villany and fraud—rather, far rather, that lowly heap of grass we were wont often to gaze upon in an old village churchyard, with the simple stone that bore record of a cottar's virtues, "*Here lies an honest man!*"

There is nothing more sad than to be carried like a vessel away from the straight course of principle; to be left a stranded outcast thing on the sands of dishonour. There is nothing more pitiable than to behold a man bolstering himself up in a position he is not entitled to. "That is a man of capital," say the world, pointing to an unscrupulous and successful swindler. Capital! What is capital? Is it what a man has? Is it counted by pounds and pence, stocks and shares, by houses and lands? No! capital is not what a man has, but what a man is. Character is capital; honour is capital; the world's wretched version sometimes is, "*the man makes his worth,*"—"makes" it,—they care not how—over-riding others, cheating others, clever, and successful roguery.—But the old proverb of the good old times condemns the counterfeit, tosses the base coin aside, and proclaims, "*worth makes the man.*" Angels, as they look down at

times on our streets, say, as they point to some one walking there, "That man is ruined!" Ruined! what has ruined him? Do they see him in tattered attire, with shabby dress, the ticket on his house, or the shutter on his place of business? Was he once a prosperous man—a credited millionaire! but the sand-built castles have become the sport of the tide, his wife and family beggared! No; he has all that;—town and country house, equipages standing at his door, lights of luxury gleaming in his windows. Ruined! then how is this? Ah, his *character* is gone, his integrity is sold; he has bartered honour for a miserable mess of earthly pottage. He is put on the bankrupt-list by all the truly great in the ranks of lofty being. God save us from ruin like this! Perish what may;—perish gold, silver, houses, lands; let the winds of misfortune dash our vessel on the sunken rock, but let *integrity* be like the valued keepsake the sailor-boy lashed with the rope round his body, the only thing we care to save. Let me die; but let angels read, if friends cannot afford to erect the gravestone, "*Here lies an honest man!*"—*Macduff.*

PITY FOR THE UNFORTUNATE.

This pity for the unfortunate is one of the finest traits in our human nature.—Would that it were a universal one! But the world is not always so lavish of its pity. It finds it easier and more profitable to fawn on the prosperous,—to flatter the great,—to give to those from whom it may hope again to receive. How many, (so long as you are in affluent circumstances,) will be seen in your company; visitors at your house, guests at your table. But if the gifts of capricious fortune take wings and flee away—if (with no stain on your honour, or blot on your character,) the bleak winds of misfortune have scattered your hopes in the bud, and made havoc and ruin of your capital;—then such friends as these can afford to forget you; no time, as formerly, for a talk on the street, or a friendly call in passing;—a forced, galvanic smile takes the place of the old familiar one. These are summer friends; out, like the butterfly, on the day of sunshine; away, we know not where, when the sky is cloudy and lowering. Ah!