

great price. With the youth in the Gospel, she may be moral, intelligent, amiable, affluent, and even so thoughtful as to inquire, What shall I do to inherit eternal life? Still, like Lucifer, son of the morning, she may fall from the heights of Zion to the dark abyss, while the light of day glares on her descending track. A higher, holier, and nobler prize than mere external blandishments, something essentially, perfectly, and eternally good, must be secured, or life will prove a failure. All the foundations of the earth will be out of course till Christ be formed in the soul the hope of glory. Then self loses its magnitude, the Eternal God becomes the centre of attraction, while every individual of the human family forms an important part in the great whole; and then all the wheels in the social system fall into their natural position, and revolve harmoniously.

In noticing the duties of a young lady to others, the first pertains to her parents.

The sentiment of respect and reverence toward those who bore and nurtured us, is one of the noblest which survives the fall. "There is nothing in the whole circle of domestic relations more lovely than the respectful, affectionate, and confidential intercourse of a daughter with her parents." It is productive of the most exquisite enjoyment, and tends greatly to elevate the character, diffusing around its possessor an indescribable grace, softening the tones of the voice, and tendering every act of courtesy natural and easy.

Let the daughter value the society of her mother as it deserves, and she will not be slow to receive from her precepts of practical wisdom on frugality, economy, and domestic education. She will not only sympathize with her in all the cares and perplexi-

ties of life, but also in her toils. She will enter, likewise, into the views and feelings of her father, and ardently reciprocate his affection.

"O! if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a dutious daughter's head."

Mother's Assistant.

I WON'T.

"I won't," said a child to his kind parent, when he had been requested to do a little favour. The child is now despised by his associates, and shunned by the virtuous and good.

"I won't," was the exclamation of a scholar, whose teacher had laboured faithfully with him when he was asked to be punctual at school, and commit his lessons more perfectly. The scholar is now employed as one of the lowest servants in an extensive establishment.

"I won't," said a youth to his father, when requested to learn some trade. That youth has now scarcely a coat to his back.

POINTED SERMONS.

Many years ago there graduated at Harvard University, a man by the name of Rawson, who subsequently settled in the ministry at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod. He used to preach very pointed sermons. Having heard that some of his parishoners were in the habit of making him the subject of their mirth at a grog-shop, he one Sabbath preached a discourse from the text, "And I was the song of the drunkard." His remarks were of a very moving character, as many of his hearers rose and left the house. A short time afterward, he delivered a discourse still more pointed: "And