

recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man ;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken ; in himself a lazar-house of diseases ; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried ! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands ; even for murder, Cain was only branded on the forehead ; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium ! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example ! How she loosens all his joints, and sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling ! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him ! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "BEHOLD A BEAST !" Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day ; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons, and at the tables of the "Upper Ten ;" but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on *this* picture, and on *that*, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.—*Horace Mann's Thoughts for Young Men.*

PRACTICAL POWER OF KNOWLEDGE.

The globe, with all its dynamical energies, its mineral treasures, its vegetative powers, its fecundities of life, is only a grand and divinely-wrought machine put into his hands ; and, on the condition of knowledge, he may wield it and use it, as an artisan uses his tool. Knowledge inaugurates us into the office of superintendent and director of the elements, and all their energies. By means of knowledge, they may all be made ministering servants for our profit and our pleasure. Such is the true philosophic relation in which we stand to this earth, to the perfect system of laws which govern it, and to the mighty and exhaustless energies with which its frame, and every organ of its frame, is filled. It is our automaton. Gravitation, repulsion, caloric, magnetism, air, water, fire, light, lightning,—through knowledge, we can play them all, as Maelzel plays his chessmen !—*Horace Mann's Thoughts for Young Men.*

THE GREAT TEMPTATION TO YOUNG MEN.

But there is one pitfall of temptation, into which the young man of our day is in danger of falling, and into which the mercantile young man is in especial danger of falling. The gods of this world, the polytheism which has so long co-existed with Chemistry, is fast dying out. Men are rapidly coming to the worship of one deity ;—the only misfortune is, that it is neither the living or the true one. They deify wealth ; and while they most falsely transfer their worship to an idol divinity, they most faithfully fulfil the letter of the commandment, and love it with all their heart and soul and mind and strength. Were it currently reported and believed that the river of Jordan rolled over golden sands, or that the pool of Bethesda was surrounded by "Placers," the Christian would vie with the Jew for the rebuilding of Jerusalem ; all ships would be "up" for Palestine instead of San Francisco ; and the Holy Land would be again unpopulated,—not by a host of God-worshipping, but of gold-worshipping Crusaders.

Now I wage no war against wealth. I taint it with no vilifying breath. Wealth, so far as it consists in comfortable shelter and food and raiment for *all* mankind ; in competence for bodily want, and in abundance for every mental and spiritual need, is so valuable, so precious, that if any *earthly* object could be worthy of idolatry, this might best be the idol. Wealth, as the means of refinement and embellishment ; of education and culture, not only universal in

its comprehension, but elevated in its character ; wealth, as the means of perfecting the arts and advancing the sciences, of discovering and diffusing truth, is a blessing we cannot adequately appreciate ; and God seems to have pronounced it to be so, when He made the earth and all the fulness thereof,—the elements, the land and sea, and all that in them is,—convertible into it. But wealth as the means of an idle or a voluptuous life ; wealth as the fosterer of pride and the petrifier of the human heart ; wealth as the iron rod with which to beat the poor into submission to its will, is all the curses of Pandora concentrated into one. It is not more true, that money represents all values, than that it represents all vices.—*Horace Mann.*

THE CHILD'S WAY TO HEAVEN.

Oh ! I am weary of earth, said the child,
As it gazed with tearful eye
On the snow-white dove which it held in its hand,
For whatever I love will die.

So the child came out of its little bower,
It came and looked abroad,
And it said, I am going this very hour—
I am going to heaven, to God !

There was shining light where the sun had set,
And red and purple too ;
And it seemed as if earth and heaven met
All round in the distant blue.

And the child looked out in the far, far west,
And it saw a golden door,
Where the evening sun had gone to its rest
But a little while before.

There was one bright streak on the cloud's dark face,
As if it had been riven ;
Said the child, "I will go to that very place,
For it must be the gate of heaven."

So away it went to follow the sun,
But the bright clouds would not stay,
And still the faster it tried to run,
The faster they moved away.

Then the evening shades fell heavily,
With night dews cold and damp,
And each bright star on the dark blue sky
Lit up its silvery lamp.

A light wind wafted the fleecy clouds,
And it seemed to the child that they
Were hurrying on to the west, while the stars
Were going the other way.

And the child called out, when it saw them stray,
By the evening breezes driven,
Bright stars, you are wandering far away
From the azure path to heaven.

Then on it went through the rough waste lands
Where the tangled briars meet,
Till the pricklers scratched its dimpled hands,
And wounded its little feet.

It could not see before it well,
And its limbs grew stiff and cold,
And at last it cried, for it could not tell
Its way in the open world.

So the child knelt down on the damp green sod,
While it said its evening prayer,
And it fell asleep as it thought of God,
Who was listening to it there.

A long, long sleep—for they found it there—
When the sun went down next day :
And it looked like an angel, pale and fair,
But its cheeks were cold as clay.

The sunbeams glanced on the drops of dew.
That lay on its ringlets bright,
Sparkling in every brilliant hue,
Like a coronet of light.