

Knowing as I have already stated, these things to be true, and having taken them into serious consideration; and viewing, with concern for youth, the vast extent of the baneful evils thus done, I am led to reduce the following excellent maxims into a regular form, being fully persuaded of the beneficial effects to be derived from a competent knowledge of those wise sayings and axioms, if regularly adhered to by those who pursue them.

Having proceeded thus far in explaining my motives for producing this work, I shall now enter into the subject to which I have alluded, and which is drawn up in the form of advice to young people, previous to their entering into any trade, or business, with instructions how to behave when once settled; as being in that shape well calculated to allure the juvenile reader, for whom it is purposely intended, and as it is written in imitation of Dr FRANKLIN'S most admirable *Way to Wealth*, and solely for the same purpose, of reforming, I have entitled it *The Road to Riches*.

1. "Idleness in youth, causes a painful and miserable old age."

This is a truth, obvious from the many distressing examples of poverty, that are daily before our eyes, and when you reflect that this poverty was brought on these objects of your compassion, by an idle and dissipated early life, it becomes you, my young friends, to "sieze, and make the best of the present moment, for no person knoweth what to-day or to-morrow, may bring forth?" also, knowing, as you do, that, "one to-day is worth two to-morrows, and that "time is money, and he that wastes his time wastes its worth," and again, "time and tide waits on no man." This being the case, I advise you to seek out some useful trade, or profession, to follow after, whereby you may gain an honest livelihood, and prevent yourselves from getting into trouble by doing evil, "Idleness being the mother of vice," and there is still another advantage to be derived from industry, that is the blessing of ending your lives in comfort and opulence, because, "the way to wealth depends on two things, industry and frugality," as "industry is the right hand, and frugality is the left hand of fortune; for "trade is the generator of money," because, you must recollect, that "without pains no gains; and again, "riches are the baggage of virtue and industry." As an illustration of which, I shall relate the following

FABLE.

A vinedresser had two sons, whom he loved affectionately; and being on his death-bed, he requested them to draw near to him, and addressed them in the following manner. "My dear children, perceiving my life is near its close, I take this the last opportunity left me, of giving you my advice, which, if strictly obeyed, will make you not only happy and comfortable, but in course of time will also render you great men. I regret much at never having had it in my power to do any thing for your future settlement, impute not the blame to me, my children, but rather attribute it to the ungratefulness of deceitful fortune, which would not second my endeavours, nor recompense the toils and labours of my long life, with successful prosperity. But, my children, there is one thing that assists to buoy me up, even in midst of my sufferings, and helps to console me for the situation in which I must leave you; namely, the pleasure of having it in my power to leave you *honour*, which is a gem

more precious than fortune can bestow, set always up to that, my dear children, and you will be respected by all around you. I also leave you a vineyard, in which, if you cultivate it with care, you will find all the treasure I have to give."—Here his voice failed him, and he expired.

The sons concluding from the latter words of their father, that he had some treasure hid in the vineyard, were comforted with the hopes of finding it. They, therefore, took their spades and ploughs, and ploughed, and dug the ground of their vineyard (in search of the treasure) so well, that never were there a vineyard better cultivated than theirs. After great labour, not being able to find the object of their researches, they began to think that their father had deceived them when he told them of the treasure in the vineyard, "for, (said they,) we have wrought hard, and in vain, having found no treasure." But the time of autumn arriving, their vineyard produced six times more fruit than usual, and when they saw what abundance of wine they had, they cried out. "O God! this exceeds our most sanguine expectations. Now have we discovered the treasure our good father meant, now do we taste the fruits of our industry, and plainly perceive, that no time is lost that is spent in labour. We must renew our labours every year, and thus we shall find an ever-flowing treasure, and end our days in opulence and happiness."

OBSERVATIONS.

My young readers, this fable ought to have a tendency towards promoting in you, in the first place, *obedience to your parents*, for when you see how these dutiful sons acquired riches, by following the dictates of their parent, even when he was no more, how much greater ought your obedience to be, who possess the blessing of an existing parent, to direct you in all your proceedings. And, in the second place, this should teach you to be *industrious*, seeing that "industry has its reward," and is the source from whence flows health, happiness, and wealth, while, on the other hand, idleness is the fountainhead from whence spring disease, penury, and misery. I would, therefore, my juvenile friends, request you to practise industry and avoid idleness, as being the true, **ROAD TO RICHES**

ANECDOTES.

THE PIOUS PHILOSOPHERS.—Mr. Robert Hooke, the mathematician and philosopher, seldom received any remarkable benefit in life, or made any considerable discovery in nature, or invented any useful contrivance, or found out any difficult problem, without setting down his acknowledgments to God.—How amiable is Philosophy when she walks by the side of her elder sister, Religion!

Abraham Moivre was born at Vitri, in Champagne, A. D. 1667. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he determined to flee into England, rather than abandon the religion of his fathers. Before he left France, he had begun the study of mathematics, and he perfected himself in that science in London. His success in such studies procured him a seat in the Royal Society in London, and in the Academy of Sciences at Paris. He could never endure any bold assertions or indecent witticisms against religion. A person one day thought to pay him a compliment, by observing, that mathe-

maticians were attached to no religion. If answered, "I show you, Sir, that I am a Christian, by forgiving the speech you have now made."

Religion is no enemy to sound philosophy and sound philosophy is no enemy to religion. It is pleasant when we see them both go hand in hand together; and that they can do so we need only bring to our remembrance such distinguished characters, as Bacon, Newton, Boyle, Locke, Selden, Grotius, Addison, Bæcon, haavo, Euler, &c &c &c.

THE PHILOSOPHER DESPISED—Alember at his leaving college, found himself alone, unconnected with the world, and sought an asylum in the house of his nurse. Here he lived and studied for the space of forty years. His good nurse perceived his ardent activity and heard him mentioned as the writer of many books, but never took it into her head that he was a great man, and rather beheld him with kind of compassion. "You will never," said she to him one day, "be any thing but a philosopher, and what is a philosopher?—a fool, with tools and plagues himself during his life, that people may talk of him when he is no more."

THE ARCH BOY.—A gentleman being at table, got to help his little boy; upon which the child said to him, "Sir will you please to give me some salt?"—"For what?" said the father. "For the meat you are going to give me," said the boy.

SELECT SENTENCES.

The ordinary manner of spending their time; the only way of judging of any one's inclination and genius.

No man can be provident of his time, that is not prudent in the choice of his company.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in true improvement of them. As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

A wise man counts his minutes: He lets no time slip, for time is life, which he makes long, by the good husbandry of a right use and application of it.

This day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday and we are not yet born to the morrow.

POETRY.

From the Casket.

BEAUTY.

"The wind passeth over it, and it is gone."

I saw a dew drop, cool and clear,
Dance on a myrtle spray,
Fair colours deck'd the lucid tear,
Like those which gleam and disappear
When showers and sunbeams play.
Sol cast athwart a glance severe,
And scorcht the pearl away.

High on a slender polish'd stem
A fragrant lily grew,
On the pure petals, many a gem
Glitter'd a native diadem
Of healthy morning dew.
A blast of lingering winter came
And snapped the stem in two.

Fairer than morning's early tear,
Or lily's snowy bloom,
Is beauty in its vernal year,
Gay, mollient, fascinating, clear,
And thoughtless of its doom!
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
And sweeps it to the tomb!