

INGRATITUDE.

If there is any one sin more to be abhorred than another, it is that of ingratitude. And yet perhaps there is none more common, especially among that class of persons who are just stepping on the stage of active life, and whose good opinion of themselves is altogether in advance of their friends and acquaintances, who are better qualified to form a correct opinion in the matter. This class of individuals are very apt to think themselves in advance of the times upon most subjects which are brought into the circle in which they move, for discussion or consideration, and more especially the family circle, where the counsel and advice of their parents, who have taught them from their earliest infancy, are immediately set aside, or altogether annihilated by those of their children, who ofttime astonish their simple-hearted parents by the unusual precocity of their intellectual and mental powers.

From this good opinion which they cherish of themselves arises a haughty and overbearing spirit towards their parents and others, which too often causes many a fond mother to shed bitter tears of anguish in her home of retirement, and bows the silvered head of many a venerable sire to the dust, in sorrow and regret. With some, this species of ingratitude becomes a habit, and is often practised until it seems almost a second nature to the individuals who are guilty of it. It also blinds them to the effect of this conduct upon their parents and friends, and the heart that would once have been shocked at the very thought of giving pain to her who gave it birth, will inflict the deepest wounds, and leave her to sorrow and die, without one word of sympathy, or a token of repentance for the wrong thus committed.

A few days ago, while on a tour to a neighbouring state, we had occasion to tarry for a season at the house of an acquaintance, over whose head the snows of some fifty winters have sped, not without leaving some trace of their passage. Around him were gathered a family of fine looking children, four in number—the youngest a lad of some seventeen years. He was a bright, intelligent boy, but unfortunately, like too many “youngest,” had been indulged beyond measure, until he had now well nigh got the reins in his own hands.

During our stay at the house of our friend we paid some little attention to the conduct of our young friend, as we were favorably impressed with his appearance at first. But we had not been in the house long before we heard his mother say—

“Come, George, I want you to go an errand for me.”

“Good thunder! I can't go!” was the instantaneous reply, in a tone which almost raised the roof of the house, and jarred the crockery from off the shelves.

“But George,” replied the mother, “I want the bread for supper, and cannot wait—you must go.”

“Good thunder!” again was the reply; I don't see why the old man couldn't have got it before this. I've got no time to go. I've got my lesson to get.”

But after a few moments' hesitation, George took his hat, and mumbling over something to himself, interspersed with which we could occasionally catch the words “Good thunder,” started for the bread. He soon returned, and throwing his bundle down upon the table, cried out,

“There's your old bread—now I hope you are satisfied!”

We looked at the mother to see how this insolence and disgraceful conduct on the part of her child affected her, and saw her silently brush the tear from her eye while she mildly said—

“Why George, you shouldn't talk so to your mother.”

But George was busy reading a novel which he had borrowed from one of his school-mates, and did not deign to notice the remark of his mother. He busied himself with his book until tea-time, and then was first at the table, calling for the first attention from all present, and “thundering” away at any one who did not move quick enough to suit his ideas of things, or who happened to be the least in his way. He evidently believed that the best in the house was none too good for him, and such he meant to have.

Now we don't believe George would intentionally wound his mother's feelings. We believe he possesses a generous heart; but he has indulged himself in this course of ungrateful conduct and insolent bearing towards his parents, until almost every word is an insult, and every act like a dagger plunged into the heart of those whom he ought to treat with the most tender and grateful attention. He

has forgotten that for seventeen long years that mother has watched over him with that tenderness and love known only to a mother's heart. He has forgotten that his father, whom he now insultingly calls “the old man,” has toiled day and night, braved the sea and the storm, and spent his strength to provide him with his daily food, and the clothing which covers his body. He forgets that while other boys, whose parents are in no better circumstances than his own, are obliged to toil with their own hands for their subsistence, he is kept steadily at school, and given that which is worth more to him than money, or indeed almost any thing else—a good education. Strange as it may seem, George has forgotten all this; and now, when his mother asks him to do an errand for her, it is, “Good thunder! I can't!” or—“Why didn't the old man do it?”

He does not think how unkind and ungrateful this conduct is, nor is he aware how much it injures himself.—When we first saw George we were very much pleased with his appearance. But after his reply to his mother's request we could look upon him only with feelings of abhorrence. We would no more have him come into our family circle, and set such an example before our little ones, than we would expose them to the influence of the lowest dregs of society. We should fear him as we should some deadly contagious disease, and shun him as cautiously.

Neither does George think what the influence of this conduct will be on himself. It will, if persisted in, very likely prove his ruin. It is not only violating the laws of nature, but of God; and experience has shown, until it is a subject of every day remark, that the child who does not treat his parents well never prospers.—*Waverley Magazine.*

For the Weekly Miscellany.
JOY AND SORROW.

“The one shall be taken and the other left.”

Sweetly sank the golden sun to his purple couch in the west, as the wild bird warbled his closing note, and gently nestled his tiny head behind his ruffled wing for the night. The gorgeous dabbia seemed to say in their stately loveliness “He hath made every thing beautiful in its season.”

Bright and joyous was the laughing