

gambler. He would^d play upon his father's sepulchre.—*Dr. Vott.*

In connexion with gambling we would make a few remarks on the seductive habit of attending horse-races. Various excuses can be found to cover the beginnings of this evil course. But let a young person once give way to an attendance at such scenes, and who knows at what point of degradation he will stop. How easy for him gradually to acquire a taste for betting: from betting in a small way how imperceptibly may he not slide on to practised gambling—yea possibly to hardened robbery; and at last you may fancy him in such an assemblage as our illustration at the head of this article represents, indulging his low passions, though within sound of the groans of the wounded and the moans of a suffering sympathiser.

ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

BY SAMUEL STENNETT, D. D.

YE children that are just rising into life, cast your eyes backward to the first moment of your existence, and realize the innumerable expressions of parental affection with which you have been followed to the present time. What pangs did not your tender mother endure when she brought you into life! With how fond a heart did she clasp you in her arms, lay you to her breast, and pour her very soul upon you! With what painful anxiety did she anticipate your wants! With what unwearied attention did she provide for them! And from how many evils did she hourly protect you, gathering you as a hen gathereth her chickens! What a variety of comforts have your parents, each of them, denied themselves, and what a variety of labours have they incessantly undergone, in order to procure you a thousand enjoyments! Your happiness, your usefulness, your honour, your final salvation, were their grand objects through the term, the long and tedious term, as it seemed to you, of nonage. How often, shaken with alternate hopes and fears, have they stood trembling by

your cradle and your bed, watching the event of threatening disorders! With what solicitude have they led you on every step, through the devious paths of childhood and youth, holding you back from this and that insidious snare, and shielding you against this and that violent assault of temptation! What various reasonings, apprehensions, and cares have agitated their minds respecting your education, the manner in which they should conduct themselves towards you, and the hands to whose guidance they should entrust you! How often have their hearts bled within them, when regard to your real interests obliged them to sacrifice fond indulgence to the demands of rigorous correction! How often have they restrained your impetuous passions, borne with your childish prejudices, gratified your innocent wishes, pleaded with you on your best interests, and poured out their cries and tears to heaven on your behalf! And with what painful anxiety, mingled with eager hope, have they looked forward to the event of all those measures they have taken with you, to prepare you for the station of life you are perhaps now just entering upon!

And now are there no returns due to all these expressions of parental kindness? Shall inattention and neglect, on your part, draw tears and sadness from those eyes which have so often looked on you with tender pity? Shall harsh and disrespectful language grate on those ears which have been ever open to your cries? Shall unnatural disobedience pierce the bosom that has so passionately loved you? Shall sullen ingratitude crush the heart that has doted upon you? Shall folly and sin, in a word, bring down those grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, which affection for you, as well as old age, hath rendered truly venerable? God forbid! On the contrary, does not every ingenuous sentiment, and every pious feeling of the heart, call loudly on you to exert your utmost efforts towards discharging a debt, which after all it will never be in your power to repay? Ought you not to revere their