

And often we find that the brightest and fairest,
Are first in the order of nature to fade.
How wise then it is in our progress to borrow
Experience from those who are older than we;
And thus, when beholding the seasons of sorrow
That others have suffer'd, ourselves to be free.

"The thing that allures thee, though now it seem double
In value, attractive, enduring, and fair,
After all, may deceive thee, and be but a bubble,
Unworthy thy love, undeserving thy care;
Then fail not, when strongest thy love and thy passion,
Though lit up by sunbeams, or shadow'd with gloom,
Whate'er be thy object, its form and its fashion,
The question to put, Will it burst at the tomb?

When young, my heart beat with enjoyment and pleasure,
Ay! just like the heart in thy bosom, my son;
And I lov'd to indulge in my moments of leisure,
And blew my air-bubbles as thou hast now done.
My life, as my spirit grew bolder and bolder,
Was tranquil and fair as a bright summer's day,
But it could not last always, and when I got older,
I threw the light playthings of childhood away.

"And then came a thousand temptations to win me,
And promis'd their flowerets to strew in my road;
How vain were the bright expectations within me!
The things which they promis'd they never bestow'd,
Again I believ'd what they said, and they grieved me
With fresh disappointment, and humbled my pride:
I trusted once more, and once more they deceived me.
Alas! they were bubbles! I cast them aside.

"The cares of the world, as they went on increasing,
Compelled me to seek for a guide and a stay,
For the folly and sin of my heart, without ceasing,
Pursued me to lure and to lead me astray.

I wanted a something to cheer and to guide me
In danger, temptation, and trouble, and gloom,
That would neither deceive, nor desert, nor deride me,
Nor burst, like a bubble, when near to the tomb.



"I found in the Biblio, by mercy directed,
A treasure far greater than silver and gold:
A guide and a guard, that my life have protected,
When troubles and sorrows around me have roll'd,
I read and I felt 'mid my sins and my sadness,
A hope and a joy in my bosom arise;
My troubles and sorrows were turn'd into gladness,
And now I look up for a home in the skies.

"Let the Book be thy guide in word, deed, and behavior;
In light and in darkness, whate'er may befall,
O hasten to Christ, thy God and thy Saviour,
And cling to his cross for thy life and thy all.
Do this in thy youth, and thy breast shall be lighter
In joy and in sorrow, in glare and in gloom;
Thy hope and thy faith in the future be brighter,
And stronger, the nearer they draw to the tomb."

He gazed upon Jack at his dangerous station,
And fearful, while looking around, he might fall,
He suddenly finished his serious oration,
And smilingly beckon'd him down from the wall.
Little Jack his tobacco-pipe left, at the token,
Descended with care, and gave over his game;
He ponder'd the words that his father had spoken:
O reader be wise! let thy heart do the same.

David.—(Concluded.)

As long as David dwelt in the valley of humiliation, all was well: when refuge failed him, he cried unto the Lord, "Thou art my refuge and my portion."

Many of his sweetest songs were penned in the caves and mountain holds; psalms of joy