

these things must be misery and death.

Others have trod in these fatal paths, whose history is left you on record, as a beacon to direct you, whilst walking amidst the shoals and breakers which surround you; that you may beware of the rocks on which they floundered. They had the fullest opportunity of ascertaining, if happiness was to be derived from worldly pleasures and pursuits, but to their sad experience, they found all was a delusion, and were led to exclaim in the bitterness of their soul, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Think not that the state of things is altered now, and that you have new channels, from whence you will realize your dreams of happiness, which they did not enjoy.

The folly of such conduct will appear still farther, when we consider, that you are preferring the world as a portion, in preference to God—God, the Creator of your bodies, the preserver of your lives, whose is the air you breathe, the bread you eat, the raiment you put on, and from whom you receive every other comfort and blessing that you enjoy—God, the author and source of all spiritual and eternal blessings, the God of all grace and consolation. Why would you prefer the creature to the Creator—death to life—endless misery, to endless happiness?

There is nothing gloomy or melancholy in religion; neither does it cast a bar in the way, to prevent your being happy. Nay, on the contrary, you will never be really happy, until you be religious. Will it mar your happiness to have your sins forgiven, and to be reconciled to God through the justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ—to be saved from hell and all its miseries; and at last to be admitted into the presence of God, where there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore? Surely not.

O, then, my young friends, seek no longer to draw your happiness and chief good from the polluted springs of this world's pleasures. Lend an ear to wisdom's warning and inviting voice, when she says—"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." Cast then in your lot with the people of God. Set your heart, and affections, on those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. For "eye hath not seen; ear hath not heard; neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory, which God hath laid up in store for them that love him, and keep his commandments."

We are anxious, my young friends, that you begin well, in order that you may run well, and end well, the Christian life. You have here life and death set before you; choose ye the good, and refuse the evil: and may God lead you in the way everlasting!—*Friend of Youth.*

DAWN OF GENIUS.

ZERAH COLBURN.—This boy was born at Cabot, Vermont, in the United States, on the 1st

of September, 1801. In August, 1810, although at that time not six years of age, he first began to show those wonderful powers of calculation, which have since so much astonished every person who witnessed them. The discovery was made by accident. His father, who had not given him any other instruction than such as was to be obtained at a small school, established in that unfrequented and remote part of the country, (and which did not include either writing or arithmetic,) was much surprised one day to hear him repeating the products of several numbers. Struck with amazement at this circumstance, he proposed a variety of arithmetical questions to him, all of which the child solved with remarkable facility and correctness. The news of this infant prodigy soon circulated throughout the neighbourhood, and persons came from distant parts to witness so singular a circumstance. The father, encouraged by the unanimous opinion of all who came to see him, was induced to undertake the tour of the United States with his child; and afterwards to bring him to England, where he exhibited his astonishing powers before thousands in the metropolis. It was correctly true, as stated of him, that he would not only determine, with the greatest facility and despatch, the exact number of minutes or seconds in any given period of time, but would also solve any other question of a similar kind. He would tell the exact product arising from the multiplication of any number, consisting of two, three, or four figures, by any other number consisting of an equal number of figures; or, any number consisting of six or seven places of figures being proposed, he would determine with equal expedition and care all the factors of which it is composed. His singular faculty extended also to the extraction of square and cube roots, and the discovery of a prime number: i. e. one incapable of division by any other.

The like extraordinary talent has appeared in an English boy of the name of BROWNE, who, as we understand, is now receiving a liberal education.

REV. JOHN BROWN, of Haddington.—This popular divine, when a boy, was frequently employed in driving a team of horses belonging to a farmer of East Lothian. Having gone one day to Edinburgh, in company with others, with grain to the market, while the horses were resting and his companions were sleeping beside them, young Brown went to the Parliament Close, in quest of a Greek Testament. The proprietor of the shop, hearing a poor ragged boy enquire for a Greek Testament, asked him what he would do with it. 'Why read it if it please your honour?' 'Can you read it?' 'Why, (replied the boy) I will try it.' Some of the shopmen having found one, put it into his hand, and the master said, 'If you can read it, you shall have it for nothing.' The boy took it, and having read a page, translated it with great ease. The bookseller would have no money, though the boy had pulled out half a crown from his pocket, to pay for it.

About twenty years after this circumstance, a well-dressed young man came up to the same bookseller's door, and addressing the master, said, 'Sir, I believe I am your debtor.' The bookseller said, 'I do not know but step in, and any of the young men will tell you.' But (replied he) it is to you personally I am indebted.' Looking in his face, the other said, 'Sir, I do not know that you owe me any thing.' 'Yes, I certainly do. Do you not recollect, about 20 years ago a poor boy came and got a Greek Testament from you and did not pay for it?' 'Yes, perfectly (replied the bookseller) and I have often thought of it and the boy was no sooner gone, than I was angry with myself for not asking his name and where he resided.' I (replied the stranger) was the boy; my name is Brown, of Haddington.' Upon looking again in his face, and giving

him his hand, he said, 'Mr. Brown, I am glad to see you. We have here in our shop, as they have in every university library in the kingdom, your "Self-interpreting Bible," your "Church History," &c which are now more called for than any books in my shop: will you be so obliging as to dine with me?' This was done, and a lasting friendship contracted, while they discoursed of the days of former years.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Imprint this maxim deeply on your mind, That there is nothing certain in this human and mortal state, by which means you will avoid being transported with prosperity, and being dejected in adversity.

Approve yourself to wise men by your virtue, and take all the rest by your civilities.

Do nothing to-day, that thou wilt repent of to-morrow.

POETRY.

From the Washington Republican.

TIME.

I saw him hastening on his way,
And marked his lightning flight,
Where'er he mov'd, there stern decay,
Spread its destructive blight.
Rapid the gloomy phantom hied,
Envelop'd in the storm,—
His eyes shone out in sudden pride,
And fearful was his form.
I saw him grasp the warrior's wreath,
Won in a gory fray—
The laurels withering, sunk in death,
Their beauty fled away;
That wreath was stained with bloody dew,
Unhallowed was its bloom—
It met the phantom's chilling view,
And bowed beneath its gloom.
I saw him pass by beauty's bower,
And listen to her lay—
Around the spot was many a flower,
Blooming in summer day.
With icy heart the spectre came,
Her lovely form compress'd;
She met his lurid eyes, with flame—
The tombstone tells the rest.
On youth's warm brow his hand he prest,
'Twas cold as mouldering clay,
He laid his hand on manhood's breast—
The life pulse ceas'd to play.
His fell roc o'er nature passed,
And low she droop'd her head,
Her blossoms withered in the blast
And all her verdure fled.

From the Friend of Youth.

ENIGMA.

A creature once was form'd by God,
Which shew'd his mighty power;
That ne'er the path of sinners trod,
Or name of Christian bore.

The law he never understood,
Nor did the gospel know;
And yet did miracles, which God
Commanded him to do.

O'er sinners never did lament;
Yet mov'd by power divine,
Unto a man of God was sent,
To punish him for sin.

And though his great Creator's will,
He never once transgress'd;
He shall no seat in glory fill
Among the saints in rest.

Now read the world from age to age,
In history profane,
No record but the sacred page,
This wonder doth explain.

* * * Answers in verse are requested.