

Watch the bent of his inclination, set him right in his youth, and let no evil habit gain strength with his years.

So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountain. His head shall be seen above the trees of the forest:

A wicked son is a reproach to his father— but he that doeth right is an honour to his grey hairs.

The soil is thy own. Let it not want cultivation. The seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee. Teach him modesty, and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits. Teach him charity and he shall gain love.

Teach him temperance, and he shall have health. Teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the world. Teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase: Teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful.—Teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

POETRY.

MEMORABLE EVENINGS IN SCRIPTURE.

'Twas eve—on the subsiding flood
The western sun was low;
The dove brought home the olive leaf,
Fresh from the first seen bough.

'Twas eve—the last on Sodom's plains,
When angels, mercy-spied,
Passed through its gates, and Haram's son
From sure destruction led.

'Tis eve—near Lahai-Roi's well
The musing Isaac roams,
He hears the camel's footsteps near,
And lo! Rebecca comes.

'Twas eve, a well remembered eve,
When leaving Egypt land,
The Paschal feast was first observed
By Israel's chosen band.

In prayer and fasting, from the dawn,
The Hebrew prophet lay,
And Gabriel, with the answer charged,
Came at the close of day.

'Tis twilight, and a stormy sea,
The boat begins to fill,
The trembling twelve awake their Lord—
He speaks the waters still.

Full many an eve the Saviour did
To th' Olive Mount repair,
His chosen people's cause to plead,
And hold communion there.

'Twas summer's prime, from Sychar's
roofs
The lengthening shadows fell—
A weary pilgrim Jesus lay
Upon Samaria's well.

Water from Jacob's well to draw
Samaria's daughter came—
From Jesus heard of living streams,
And learned a Saviour's name.

The torch-lit pomp has often borne
The mighty to their home—
But Death his triumph held that eve
Messiah graced the tomb.

A glory more than Eden knew,
When earth was in her prime—
The sun of Righteousness shall light
The even tide of time.

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