

Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flowery shelter round ;
No rude tempest wakes the tide ;
All its path is fairy ground.

But fair river the day will come,
When wooed by whispering groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main ;
And thou sweet youth too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mixed, alas !
All hope of peace is lost for thee."

He lives long that lives well, and
time misspent is not lived but lost.
Horace tells us : " Govern your pas-
sions, or otherwise they will govern
you." But I say to you,

" Always keep that generous boldness to
defend,
An innocent, or absent friend."

" A task to all men God giveth,
Be the work well done or ill ;
And to every soul that liveth,
A place that no one else can fill."

A noted author of moral essays tells
us : " If you wish success in life make
Perseverance your bosom friend, Ex-
perience your wise counsellor, Caution
your elder brother, and Hope your
guardian angel."—ADDISON.

I will add : Let Wisdom, *Divine
Wisdom*, be your guiding star. " The
fear of the Lord is the beginning of
wisdom." " Remember thy Creator
in the days of thy youth before the
time of affliction come." *Ad majorem
Dei gloriam* is the Christian's motto

Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity
except loving God and serving Him
alone. This is the highest wisdom.
Often remember the prophecy : The
eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is
the ear satisfied with hearing—Eccles.
i. In the world we have truly but
one important interest—that of our
salvation, that is, everything should
be made subservient and ancillary to
that great interest ; for, " What doth
it profit a man to gain the whole
world and lose his own soul."

The mind is a field in which so
sure as a man sows not wheat, so sure
the devil will sow tares. As with
space Nature abhors a vacuum in
minds.

" Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain ;
Weary not through the heat of Summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain,
But wait till the Autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain,

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears."

An educated man stands, as it were,
in the midst of a boundless arsenal and
magazine, filled with all the weapons
and engines which man's skill has
been able to devise, and he works
accordingly with the strength borrowed
from all past ages. How different is
his state who stands on the outside of
that storehouse and feels that its gates
must be stormed or remain for ever
shut against him.—(*Carlyle*.)

But yet—

" Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Pope says :

" Worth makes the man the want of the
fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

Industry is the true philosopher's
stone which turns all metals to gold.
Education and industry combined will
render one almost impregnable to the
assaults of fortune in the Battle of
Life. There must be a head to con-
trive, a heart to resolve, and a hand
to execute. Trusting that you will
give these remarks a " place on the
table of thy memory," and thus escape

" Those ills the scholar's life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

" A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,