



"ALL IS VANITY."

(FROM THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE.)

How often to the wounded mind
Has stern conviction brought
This long-acknowledged truth combin'd
With many a bitter thought.

Nor is it ago alone that proves
The wise man's sentence true,
No youthful heart that hopes or loves,
But owns its wisdom too.

No forehead fair in diamonds dress'd,
Or circled with a crown,
That does not ache to be at rest,
And cast its glories down.

No hope fulfill'd, no guerdon fair,
No quest of worldly gain,
That hath not cost in cankering care
Its more than worth of pain.

Yet ever, ever, on we press,
And spend our fleeting day,
In search of fancied happiness
Among the things of clay.

The ruin'd tower, the broken arch,
Yon mansion's mouldering wall,
Might tell of Time's relentless march,
And Death, the lord of all.

The rose that bloom'd its sunny hour,
Then, drooping, d'ed and fell:
Yon faded leaf, yon blighted flower,
The self-same truth might tell.

Then would we learn from all we see,
And all the past has taught,
The wisdom of the sage might be
Far, far less dearly bought.

RULES FOR USING THE TONGUE.

"The tongue is called, in the Bible, an *unruly member*. Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement, and observations upon the tongues of others have satisfied us of the evil. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed.

1. Never use your tongue in speaking any thing but truth. The God of truth, who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood: it will run into such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use this organ for publishing falsehood, is as incongruous as the use of the eyes for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. Do not use your tongue too much, it is a kind of waste-gate, to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand the mind; but if the waste-gate is always open, the water will soon run shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate, and let the streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may let off with some effect.

3. Never let the stream of passion move the tongue. Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion, hoist the wrong gate: they let out passion instead of reason. The tongue then makes a great deal of noise, disturbs the quietude of the neighbors, exhausts the person's strength, and does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but where is the benefit?

4. Look into the pond, and see if there is water enough to move the wheel to any purpose, before you open the gate; or plainly, think before you speak.

5. Never put the tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion. The two streams will meet, and the re-action be so great that you will both bespatter yourselves.

6. See that your tongue is hung true, before you use it. Some tongues are so hung, that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let such turn the screw of conscience until the tongue moves true.

7. Expect that others will use their tongue for what you do yours. Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so. Your neighbor will not allow you to monopolize this business. If you have any thing to be kept secret, keep it yourself."

COMFORT FOR THE AFFLICTED.

When you are deeply grieved yourself, from any cause, look around you and find some unhappy person to whom you may do good. There is a sweet relief in this. Every tear you wipe away from a widow's or a sick man's face, will be a drop of balm to your own wounded heart. Thus you seem to get amends of the adversary. Satan would tempt you to selfish grief and misanthropy: break forth into active well doing, and you utterly thwart him.—

The effect of adopting the above advice will be found to be as real in practice, as it is beautiful in theory. But how many there are, who know nothing about the exquisite happiness of doing good. How many, who live for themselves, merely. When such persons are called to suffer pain, or affliction, they strangely suppose, that there were never any trials like theirs; and they as strangely think, all the world should sympathize with them. Their own sorrows and afflictions are made to be greater than any others, because they are ignorant of the sufferings of others. Their ear has never been pained.

"With every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled,
Enjoying health, prosperity, and peace,
Themselves, they have no care for him who pines
Beneath the shattered roof—a prey to want,
Disease, and poverty, combined. And more,
The constant dread of these, which oftentimes
Outbalances reality.

Don't forget this, reader. When you are unhappy, from any cause, look around you, and find some in similar or worse circumstances. Sympathize with, and relieve them; and every tear you wipe away from their face,

will be a drop of balm to your own wounded heart. Try to be an active DOER OF GOOD. You will find it a blessed employment.—

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to woman at once, the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home—her parents—her companions—her amusements—every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort—for affection—for kindness—for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her by turns, the counsellor, and the counselled—and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—every former tie is loosened—the spring of every action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy in the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and she turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations, of the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who could blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired. Woe be to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the prop and stay of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet make no effort to supply their places, for on him rests the responsibility of her errors—on him who has first taught her by his example to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her with a weak and spirit and unsatisfied heart to the rude storms and wild temptations of a sinful world.—

Alexander Wilson,
BLACKING MANUFACTURER.

FROM EDINBURGH.

Respectfully announces to the public, that he has taken the store

No. 10, Sauchie Street

(near Loveland's corner) where he will manufacture and keep constantly on hand a supply of Liquid and Paste Blacking, which, with the greatest confidence he undertakes to warrant equal in every respect to any ever offered in the Market: he trusts the superiority of the article will ensure the share of patronage he humbly solicits at Wholesale dealers supplied on liberal terms. Each label is subscribed with the Manufacturer's name.

Which is the best? why mine, will each cry out. That mine's the best there cannot be a doubt, These fellows make but trash.—That they deinde, I'll silent be, the PUBLIC shall decide.
Bottles wanted.
May 27.