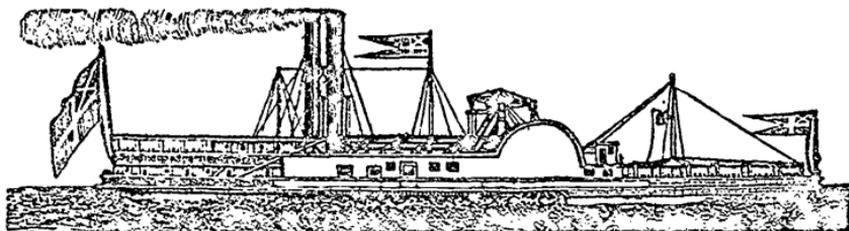


she was young she was led to read a few novels. These gave her a taste for that kind of reading, and she soon became so fond of it, that she could sit up all night to read works of fiction. She continued in this course for years, and even after marriage she found it necessary for her happiness.

Thus, the hours that ought to have been spent in taking care of her children, and superintending household affairs, were worse than wasted in sympathies thrown away upon imaginary persons and suffering, making the heart wholly unfit for sharing in the common duties and cares of life. And as she lay on her miserable couch, surrounded by all the marks of want and poverty, her body emaciated to a skeleton, her eyes sunken and wild, she raised her bony arm, and said, "See, sir, what a wretch I have made myself by novel reading. I have ruined my health, and I have ruined my mind, by in-

dulging in that miserable trash.— I have no peace; Satan is continually tempting me to believe there is no God—no heaven—no hell, and that I had better put an end to my life. Then Satan holds up some of those heroines for my example, who first murdered their souls, and their bodies. O! pray for me, pray for me, sir, that I may be delivered from the power of these temptations.

You may be sure I did so, and instructed her to the best of my ability, yet I had but little hope that it would do her good. As I stood by her bed side, I wished that all the young ladies of our land, who spend so much precious time in poring over these "gems of literature," and shedding tears at the bedside of imaginary sorrow, could have witnessed this, the natural end of their own course of folly, and an example to them not to continue to violate that nature which God has given, for the penalty will follow.



THE STEAMBOAT.

While passing down one of the rivers of this State in a steamboat, a few weeks since, being unacquainted with any one, I had recourse for amusement, to one of the volumes which composed the steamboat library. I had not been long engaged in reading this book, which happened to be a novel, when a little boy, apparently about six

years old, stepped up to me, and laying his little hand on my knee, and looking up wistfully in my face, said in a timid voice, "Is that the bible?" Confounded with the unexpected question, I dropped the volume from my hand, saying, "No, my dear, it is not;" and I gazed at the child with feelings of astonishment, not unmingled with