

of duty; a high opinion of my own powers, and a secret conviction that those powers would be wasted in the inglorious occupation of tilling the ground. My thirst for knowledge referred only to mental gratification; and I pursued my studies with an ardor of which those who have always had ready access to the treasures of literature can have but little conception. At home I scarce saw a book, beyond the Bible and a few elementary works; and when at college my eyes first opened upon the store of ages, I became absolutely intoxicated with delight, and rioted indiscriminately in whatever seemed for the moment most desirable to my excited fancy. The result of this kind of reading was anything but advantageous. Mental dissipation is scarcely less injurious to the moral sense than is its ruinous brother vice. The generous and self-denying virtues are almost as incompatible with the one as with the other. Under the influence of my new-found pleasure it cost me not a pang to disappoint the long-cherished hopes of my father, and it was with a secret swell of conscious superiority that I announced to him my resolution never to be a farmer.

His anger and his astonishment knew no bounds. He bitterly lamented his folly in having sent me to college, "although," as he observed, "there was nothing in the nature of learning to make a fool of a boy." This was very true, yet the small and ill-chosen and worse digested amount of it which I had imbibed, had only filled my head with vanity, and my heart with undutiful thoughts. The entreaties of my mother and sister delayed the catastrophe for awhile. My father consented to try me at business, and I condescended to be tried; but nothing but disaster ensued. When not willfully careless, I was ruinously absent-minded, and it was not until I had killed half the cows, by letting them spend the night in a field of clover, and spiked the best horse on the tongue of a stage-

coach, while I lay reading Thomson's *Summer* on the top of a load of hay, that my poor father gave it up in despair. He gave me a small amount of money, a horse, and a supply of clothing, and then, with anger in his eye and grief and mortification in his heart, sent me to seek my fortune where I could find a situation more congenial to my taste.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Original.
What is Life.

BY C. M. D.

Life is a shadow that passeth away,
A bubble that riseth from the bottomless deep,
Like the cloud o'er the heavens it wildly doth
 stray,
Or floats on the top till the waves o'er it
 sweep.

Man's like the forest—he blooms in the spring,
He's joyous when young—he's fresh and
 he's green;
See the bright flowers and list the birds sing,
How proudly it waves—how rich is its
 sheen.

Ah! I see a stray leaf fall whirling around,
Behold the proud forest is shorn of its bloom,
Its beauty lies scattered upon the cold ground,
So falleth the pride of vain man in the tomb.

These things are a type of a far brighter day,
That will beam on the good and the just;
That shines on a land where there is no decay,
Where mortals in glory will arise from
 their dust.

Life is a shadow that passeth away,
A cloud o'er the sun of glories in heaven;
A twilight before a far brighter day,
To the children of Jesus eternally giv'n.
Toronto, Sept. 25, 1849.

Almost half the human species die in
infancy from the ignorance, mismanage-
ment and neglect of mothers.