

QUESTIONS.—Who alone is worthy to be called a man? On what is such an one's lofty aim based? How long is it pursued? What means of securing indirect benefits will he avoid? What, in his estimation, will a good end not justify?

THE FISHERMAN.

"A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher, on the lonely sea;
O'er the wild waters labouring far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compelled to roam:
Few hearts to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare:
Without the comfort, hope,—with scarce a friend,
He looks through life, and only sees its end!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

QUESTIONS.—What kind of life does the fisher lead? Where does he labour? For what is he forced to go so far from home? What are there few hearts to do to him? Where are there none to give him help? What are his sole companions? Of what comfort is the solitary fisher destitute? What is the only thing in life of which he is certain?

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

"LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us: but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by some short-lived disappointment.

"The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants. Of our further voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and the Eternal."

BISHOP HEBER.

QUESTIONS.—To what may the progress of life be compared? What is its aspect in youth? By what beauties are we surrounded? What do we strive eagerly to do? With what success?—What is the character of the flood in youth and manhood? By what are we stimulated? by what ruffled?—What do we leave behind us, as the stream bears us on? What can we not be, even though shipwrecked? As the river nears its home, what is in our ears? what is beneath our feet? Of what do we lose sight? What surround us? Of what do we take leave? Who is sole witness of our further progress?