



MEMORY.

HOW often in our daily intercourse with society, we are carried back to some incident which occurred in former days ; sometimes when we least expect it, the mind returns to some *bright spot* in the past, and a chord is touched, a feeling aroused, which had seemed dormant, and we find ourselves among the companions of our Childhood and Youth. We forget for a time that they, like us have changed. In the battle of life they, too, have mingled ; some have been more ambitious than others, and some more successful ; some have twined the laurel, while others have wove the willow. Many have passed from the follies of Time to try the realities of Eternity ; and some are left who might have been ornaments instead of pests to the community.

If we would improve every opportunity for doing good, our lives would be much more pleasant. A kind word has often soothed the breaking heart ; a kind act has frequently encouraged the timid and desponding ; and it is good to reflect that through our means, any fellow-creature has been benefited. Each one *exerts* an influence either for *good* or *bad*—the effects of which end not with this life ; the dark portals of the grave do not enclose it, but through *endless* ages it remains ; and if for good, shines beyond the brightness of the firmament ; but, if for bad, it would be better for us if oblivion could cover it. If we would call into practice the nobler feelings of our nature and live up to our privileges, we would find that when the part we have acted in life's drama is nearly ended, we would not fear the closing scene.

A. J. R.

Dundas, Jan. 8, '69.