

Thou art the first and last, the unchanging He,
Which was and is, and evermore shall be;
Thy word brought forth creation's wondrous frame,
And at that word it shall return again.

Thou Source of Life and Light,
The Majesty Divine,
Before whose glorious sight
The sun doth cease to shine;

Yet, for the sake of wretches such as we,
He groan'd and wept upon the accursed tree.

Guide us, O Father, through the trackless wave;
When danger threatens, be thou near to save;
Watch with our watch, and in the hours of sleep,
Be thou our pilot through the awful deep.

And O! be ever near,
We ardently implore,
To those we hold so dear
On Britain's sacred shore;

And bid us quickly see that happy strand,
And all we love within our native land.

In Thee we trust, thou Fountain of all good,
To waft us safely o'er the raging flood;
Let favouring breezes breathe upon our sails,
And be our shelter from the angry gales;

And when life's voyage is o'er,
And all its storms shall cease;
O may we reach that shore,
Where dwells eternal peace—

That happy land, where none shall heave a sigh,
Nor sorrow's tear shall ever dim the eye.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man who wasted in two or three years a large patrimony, in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates calling themselves his friends, till his means were exhausted, when they of course treated him with neglect or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life; but wandering awhile almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was that all these estates should be his again; he had formed his plan, too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend if he could help it, a farthing of whatever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavement before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labor; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer; and went with indefatigable industry through a succession of servile employments, of longer or shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily, but cautiously turned his first gains into advantages; retained without a single devia-

tion his extreme parsimony; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life: but the final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth £60,000. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary effect, which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.—*Foster's Essays.*

HUMAN LIFE.

Pliny has compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its movements; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge; in this mature state it is deep, strong and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

One might pursue the metaphor still further, and say, that in its origin, its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the tranquil, deep, cool and unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise and foam. And, above all, the sources of a river, which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere, and its termination in the ocean, may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to and lost in the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprang.

ON SLEEP.

By John Wesley.

Healthy men require a little above six hours sleep; healthy women a little above seven in four and twenty. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment which I made about sixty years ago. I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. To be satisfied, I procured an alarm, which waked me the next morning at seven, (near an hour earlier than I rose the day before,) yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I rose at six; but, notwithstanding this, I lay awake the second night. The third morning I rose at five; but, nevertheless, I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I rose at four, as, by the grace of God, I have done ever since. And I lay awake no more. And I do not now lie awake, taking the year round, a quarter of an hour together in a month. By the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, may any one find how much sleep he really wants.

BATHS FOR BEAUTIES.

In the olden times in Europe, elder beauties bathed in white wine, to get rid of their wrinkles—wine being an astringent; unwrinkled beauties bathed in milk, to preserve the softness and sleekness of the skin.