

require, in one's conduct, an observance of the rules that are exhibited and sanctioned by prudence. And would to God it were as easy to conform to their practice, as it is to theorise and speculate about them—would to heaven men would act as nobly and prudently, as they can speak. The world remains much the same as it always has been: parsons preach, moralists write, and laws are made; but who are they that act? who will be faithful to himself? who not only studies and exerts himself to perform the great and essential duties that we are required to fulfil; but also strives to attend, in a proper manner, to all the little obligations at home and among friends, that continually demand our attention and care? An awful void, a hideous blank will be found against us all. None, or very few are in the habit of attending to every branch of these duties—prudence is forgotten and deserted by all—such is the insatiation, the weakness and depravity of human nature. But who will say that men are not for ever neglecting their time and their advantages? who can say I have obeyed my parents—honoured the aged and good—lived by honest industry—supported my family, and have besides always been prudent in the management of all the concerns, and in the performance of all the duties. I have been under obligations to attend to or fulfil? not one. How great then must be the heedlessness and misconduct of mankind; and how weighty are the obligations of all, who are moral, free agents, to strive to do good and to perform their duty, in all its stages and degrees?

In families the unhappy contentions that arise through a lack of prudence, are repeated and numerous. Fathers are arrayed against their sons, and sons mourn the loss of the friendship and aid of parents. Husbands and wives are indulging in reproach—abuse their own, and oh! the sanctuary of love, that sacred "home" of felicity and peace, becomes a bed of thorns and a gaol. Friends and neighbours are lighting the fires of discord and hatred—property is wasted in extravagance, and religion is made a mock of and ridiculed, through the stupid carelessness and criminal neglect and misconduct of those, who refuse to submit to the "easy yoke" of prudence. For one rash act, or a single unfortunate and hasty sentence, happiness takes its leave for ever—friendship and love, and charity, and candour, are refused a hearing—are never more to gild or adorn the morning hour, the youthful approach; nor to brighten the day of manhood, or solace the gloom of old age. Oh! if men would learn to walk in that path of safety and security, which is seen in an observance of the rules of prudence; what pangs would escape them, what stupidity, folly, and misery; and how calm and happy might many of their days be, that are spent by so many in riot, contention, and foolery, and in practices that lead to inevitable and swift destruction.

THE END.