

Oh, who that sees the vermeil cheek
 Grow day by day more pale,
 And beauty's form to shrink before
 The summer's gentle gale—
 But thinks of Him, the Mighty One
 By whom the blow is given;
 As if the fairest flowers of earth
 Were early pluck'd for heaven.
 Oh yes, on every side we see
 The impress of his hand;
 The air we breathe is full of Him,
 And the earth on which we stand.
 Yet heedless man regards it not—
 But life's uncertain day,
 In idle hopes, and vain regrets,
 Thus madly wastes away.
 But, in his own appointed time,
 He will not be forgot:
 Oh, in that hour of fearful strife,
 GREAT GOD! "FORGET ME NOT."

EARLY RISING.

Early rising is a habit easily acquired, so necessary to the despatch of every business, so advantageous to health, and so important to devotion, that, except in cases of necessity, it cannot be dispensed with by any prudent and diligent man.

Thanks be to the goodness of God, and the fostering hands of our kind parents, this habit is so formed in some of us, that we should think it a cruel punishment to be confined to our beds after the usual hour. Let us prize and preserve this profitable practice; and let us habituate all our children and servants to consider lying in bed after daylight, as one of the ills of the aged and the sick, and not as an enjoyment to people in a state of perfect health.

If any of us has been so unfortunate as to have acquired the idle habit of lying late in bed, let us get rid of it. Nothing is easier. A habit is nothing but a repetition of single acts; and had habits are to be broke as they were formed, that is, by degrees. Let a person, accustomed to sleep till eight in the morning, rise the first week in April at a quarter before eight, the second week at half after seven, the third at a quarter after seven, and the fourth at seven: let him continue this method till the end of July, subtracting one quarter of an hour each week from sleep, and he will accomplish the work that at first sight appears so difficult. It is not a stride, it is a succession of short steps, that conveys us from the foot to the top of a mountain. Early rising is a great gain of time; and should the learner just now supposed, rise all the harvest month at four instead of eight, he would make that month equal to five weeks of his former indolent time.

Country business cannot be despatched without early rising. In spring, summer, and autumn, the cool of the morning is the time both for the pleasure and riddance of work; and in the winter, the stores of the year are to be prepared for sale, and carried to market. The crop of next year, too, is to be set or prepared for. Every business worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and as most business consists of a multiplication of affairs, it is impossible to disentangle each from another, to put all in a regular train, and to arrange the whole so that nothing may be neglected without coolness and clearness of thinking, as well as indefatigable application. The morning is necessary to all this; and the time and the manner of setting out, generally determines the success or the listlessness of the day. Besides, all businesses are subject to accidents, and to set forward early is to provide for the repair if not for the prevention of them. It is a fine saying of Job, 'If my land cry against me, or the fur-

rows thereof complain, let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.'

Lying long and late in bed impairs the wealth, generates diseases, and in the end destroys the lives of multitudes. It is an intemperance of the most pernicious kind, having nothing to recommend it, nothing to set against its ten thousand mischievous consequences, for to be asleep is to be dead for the time. This tyrannical habit attacks life in its essential power, it makes the blood stagnant in its way, and creep lazy along the veins; it relaxes the fibres, unstrings the nerves, evaporates the animal spirits, saddens the soul, dulls the fancy, subduces and stupifies a man to such a degree, that he, the lord of the creation, hath no appetite for any thing in it, loathes labour, yawns for want of thought, trembles at the sight of a spider, and in the absence of that, the creatures of his own gloomy imagination. In every view therefore, it was wise in the psalmist to say, 'My voice shall be heard in the morning.'

LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE, JIM.

When a boy, as I was one day passing through the market with my brother Joe, I spied a beautiful orange on the top of a basket full of the same kind of fruit. I immediately enquired the price, and was proceeding to buy it, when my brother exclaimed, with a shrewdness which I shall never forget—"look at t'other side, Jim." I looked, and, to my astonishment, it was entirely rotten.

In passing through life, I have been frequently benefited by this little admonition.

When I hear the tongue of slander levelling its venom against some fault or foible of a neighbour, I think, 'look at t'other side, Jim.' Be moderate; have charity. Perhaps the fault or foible you talk so much and so loudly of, is almost the only one in your neighbour's character, and perhaps you have as great or greater ones in your own.

It may be, this is your neighbour's weak side, and, except this, he is a good citizen, a kind neighbour, an affectionate father and husband, and a useful member of society. Others may listen to this story of calumny, but remember they will fear and despise the calumniator. Learn to overlook a fault in your neighbour; for, perhaps, you may some time wish them to pardon a fault in you.

DEATHS OF ENGLISH PRINCES.

"With equal pace, impartial fate
 Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate."

It is a remarkable fact that the three Williams, Kings of England, all died in consequence of accidents which befel them whilst on horseback. The death of William the Conqueror was occasioned by an injury which he received during his French expedition to recover the revolted Dukedom of Normandy. In leaping his horse over a ditch at the siege of Mantes, he struck his protuberant stomach against the pommel of the saddle, by which mortification was produced, and his death shortly followed. William Rufus was accidentally killed, whilst hunting in the New Forest, by an arrow from the hand of Sir Walter Tyrrel; and Wm. III. in riding near Hampton Court, met with a violent fall from his horse, by which his collar bone was broken; and his constitution being weak, a fever succeeded, which soon terminated fatally. Of the twenty nine other princes who have reigned over this kingdom since the conquest, twenty-two have died natural, and seven by violent deaths. The three Richards, two of the Edwards, one of the Henrys, and one of the Charleses, came to an untimely end. Richard died of a wound received at the siege of Chalus,—Edward II. was barbarously murdered in Berkeley Castle, and his great grandson Richard II. in Pontefract Castle,—Henry VI. was assassinated in prison by command of Edward IV. —Edward V. and his infant brother were smothered in the