

we may learn how to value pious parental example and instruction.

Dear reader! fellow Christian! follower of Jesus! where is thy brother? Are you earnestly, and prayerfully, and wisely seeking to win his soul? or are you sleeping over his immortal interests?

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,

Lest these lost years should haunt thee in the night,

When death is waiting for thy numbered hours

To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,

And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed,

Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;

An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest."

—N. Y. Observer.

Painful Regrets.

Bulwer, a man of genius, and greatly admired by some, said in a letter to a gentleman in Boston, in 1843, "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life chasing pleasure where it is not to be found."

How much better if Bulwer had discovered his mistake at an earlier period! Had he employed his gifted mind in strengthening the cords of virtue, in repressing unholy passions instead of fanning them, how different would have been his review of life!

"I am gloomy and unhappy!" Richard Baxter said no such thing at the close of his useful life. He had written much, but he had not "chased pleasure where it is not to be found." John Bunyan made no such record at the close of his life: nor did Owen, or Edwards, or Brainerd, or Wesley, or Fuller, or Scott, or Payson. Men will reap as they sow, in spite of all their hopes and efforts to the contrary. We have often thought of the Italian actor in Paris. He was gloomy and unhappy, like Bulwer. He consulted a physician. His physician advised

him to mingle in scenes of gaiety. "Especially," said he, "go to the Italian theatre, and if Carlina does not dispel your gloom, your case must be desperate indeed." "Alas, sir," replied the patient, "I myself am Carlina; and while I make all Paris full of laughter and merriment, I am dying with melancholy and chagrin." What a commentary on those pleasures in which so many indulge to keep up the spirits and drive away melancholy!

The Value of The Soul.

How beautiful the setting sun!

The clouds how bright and gay!

The stars, appearing one by one,

How beautiful are they!

And when the moon climbs up the sky,

And sheds her gentle light,

And hangs her crystal lamp on high,

How beautiful is night!

And can it be I am possess'd

Of something brighter far?

Glews there a light within this breast

Outshining every star?

Yes: should the sun and stars turn pale,

The mountains melt away,

This flame within shall never fail,

But live in endless day.

This is the soul that God hath given:

Sin may its lustre dim;

Yet Jesus Christ came down from heaven

To lead us back to him.

"Onward."

BY V. W. BLANCHARD.

Onward! what magic in that word!

Its sound, the heart's emotions wake

With thrilling power whenever heard,

Which oft in battle kingdoms shake;

Or when the heart by love is stirr'd:

For He who saves for Jesus' sake,

Gives martyrs strength to dare the stake.

Then let your motto "Onward!" be,

God's just commands to e'er obey;

And from the vile and wicked flee,

And to your Maker ever pray,

For Jesus' sake, with love, that he

Will crown your faith, till you can say,

"I long to leave this house of clay."

Let Sabbath schools now act their part,

With Christ their Captain, faith their shield

With ranks united, hand and heart,

That mighty weapon, "all-prayer," wield;

And "Onward charge," till 'neath this dart

Each sinner quits the long-fought field,

And to its power does humbly yield.

—Sunday School Advocate, N. Y.