

their young fortunes had been tinged with all that is romantic in fiction, their lives were crowned at last with all that is delightful in love, spotless in innocence, and hallowed in religion. "And my young friend," continued he, "there can be a moral taken from this simple narration, which may possibly prove instructing; that is—that wealth sometimes conduces to happiness, is undeniable; but that it is more frequently the source of disquietude and care, is equally true. Upon the temperament of the mind much depends. Would you seek the abode of content, go not to the lordly mansions of the great; seek it not in the parade of ostentatious pride, for as an old friend once remarked, "there's many an aching heart rides in a gilded carriage." But go to the peaceful cottager, who, with the little competency afforded by industry, feels himself contented—his is the pearl of price."

Unenvied as he is, he can boast a richer inheritance than Alexander of Macedon—the perpetual sunshine of health and happiness.

DONNA JULIA.

Original.

INDUSTRY'S REWARD.

There appears to be a fatal tendency in man to indolence and slothfulness, the reward of which is sure to be unhappiness. It may be asked then, is misery the desire of men and animals? All will say certainly not, but on the contrary, pleasure is their chief aim. Why do they then cling to that which will alternately lead them into misery? The reason is this: there is an evil proneness in natural man to error. He embraces indolence because it is productive of momentary pleasure, and sees not the viper sting that lurks beneath its inviting mantle; he sees not the gulf of vice and its enticing whirlpool of error and gives way to the depravity of his heart and sinks to her embrace, whose scorpion touch is sure to come. The God who made us has not only made us wonderful in body, but fearful in mind; He has commanded us by our very natures to be industrious, and has said your earthly happiness shall depend upon it. All creation is activity; our earth flies on the wings of swiftness, at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles a minute, and turns on her circumference of twenty-four thousand miles in twenty-four hours. The sun, a million times greater than our globe, revolves with his immense round of fire and brightness, on its axis in twenty-five days; and all the planetary system buzz in grand harmony around him; the green forest waves its balmy arms and flowery face in activity an emblem of youth. In the summer it is crowned with fruit and seed, and in the autumn its yellow mantle drops off to revive again with the same activity. Our Creator denounces aloud, through his works all indolence; His glorious Son, our Redeemer bade his apostles work. Satan, e-

vil's champion, delights to draw us into this vortex of ruin; the mind of man is never so cheerful and strong or his body so healthy and blooming, as when he is industrious; he sees the works of his Maker in activity, and he delights to join in with them in doing good, what a joyful thought it is to think we are uniting our feeble aid in unison with his Almighty arm? yes, with God, whom we will see hereafter as our judge. How can the indolent and slothful stand in his presence? Do not the lilies of the field and the daisies of the hill scent the evening breeze, and the songsters sing his praises? How can you, Oh man! remain in idleness?

It is folly to suppose a man who is born poor must need be so always. Nothing is impossible to perseverance and industry; mountains sink before them, where mole-hills would set indolence aghast. The persevering industry of Buonaparte had like to have enslaved Europe. The industry of Newton gave him the wings of an angel, whereby he fathomed and unveiled immensity of space. See Lord Brougham and Mr. Hume for examples; see Franklin, the printer's boy, and then the philosopher, and Statesman.

I was travelling not long since on the road, and fell in with a man who gave a short and glowing account of what industry and prudence are capable of doing. He told me when he came to Upper Canada, three years and better ago, he and his family, a wife and three or four children, had but thirty dollars to begin the world with. He built a temporary house of logs, and boards, and bark, in the midst of winter, through whose chinks the inclemency of the weather found its way. He bought himself a farm uncleared, and other necessities which caused him to go into debt to the extent of fifteen hundred dollars; for he had neither cattle nor farming utensils, and but a pair of horses, with which he conveyed himself to this Province. He now says he is the owner of six hundred acres of land, three hundred of which are cleared; he has good buildings on his lands, a hundred sheep, fifty head of cattle, a dozen cows, thirty or forty swine, employs a dozen hired men, owes about eight hundred dollars, and has several thousands owing to him; all this he has got as an honest man, and he is a truly pious follower of the Lord. Happy is the man who can live so in the Savior Jesus Christ. Many persons would wish to frighten men from the idea of being industrious, and truly religious too, but their sneers and reasoning only show their worldly wisdom—their vain attempts to frustrate the true christian's way of life. The ways of the world and the ways of Christ cannot be reconciled, I grant; for as well could light be darkness or death life; but to be his follower does not prevent us from flourishing by our hand's industry. The christian