

must abstract himself from those amusements which consume time and unfit the mind for improvement. He must be satisfied with the gratification arising from a rapid advance, and the prospect of future celebrity.—These afford to the mind a much higher enjoyment than can be found in the most brilliant circles of society.

They never pall upon the appetite, but continue to give increasing delight."

"He who wishes to have a name that shall be cherished by posterity, who desires by his individual efforts to add something to the amount of human happiness and the glory of his country, has much to do, and but little time for action. His days and nights should be devoted to the pursuit of this great object. The principles of truth, justice, patriotism, should be the foundation on which he builds. Whether his life be public or private, the same moral principles should govern him. He should discard, as incompatible with either truth, honesty, or patriotism, that political trickery which is shamelessly professed by some, and practised by many. By means not only unexceptionable, but laudable, should he aspire to eminence. And when such a career shall be about to close, there will be nothing painful in the retrospect."

EDUCATION OF THE APPETITES—It must begin from the earliest infancy, long before the dawn of reason, and even anterior to the evolution of the moral sentiments. The rule in which it is conducted is a very simple one, applicable to all classes. It is to allow no child the indulgence of an appetite or propensity, other than what is required by its instinctive wants, as its bodily support and health. Nothing is to be conceded by the whim or caprice of a parent to the imaginary wants of a child; for it must be constantly borne in mind, that every gratification of one sense, whether of taste, sight, sound or touch, is the beginning a desire for its renewal; and that every renewal gives the probability of the indulgence becoming a habit, and that habit once formed, even in childhood, will often remain during the whole of after life, acquiring strength every year, until it sets all laws, both human and divine, at defiance. Let parents, who allow their children to sip a little of this wine or to just taste that cordial, or who yield to the cries of the little ones for promiscuous food, or for liberty to sit up a little later, or to torment a domestic animal, or to strike their nurse, or to raise the hand against mama—ponder well on the consequences. If they do not, often vain are the efforts of instructors—vain the monitions from the pulpit: their child is in danger of growing up a drunkard, or a glutton—a self-willed sensualist, or passionate and revengeful, prompt to take the life of a fellow being, and to sacrifice his own, and all this, because the fond parents were faithless to their trust—they had not the firmness to do their duty—they feared to mortify their child, and in so doing, they exposed him, in after life, to be mortified by the world's scorn, and to wander an unloved, unpitied thing.—*Journal of Health.*

THE NATURE AND LOVELINESS OF YOUTHFUL PIETY.—If the devotion of any part of our existence to religion be acceptable to God, much more must the devotion of the whole be acceptable to him.

When the day has risen in mists, and past in the blue rains or dark storms, it is gratifying to see the sky become bright, and to behold the sun going down in glory; but it is more gratifying when its dawn is unclouded, and when every part of its progress to its termination, is through regions of serenity and beauty; so, though it affords delight to see a life

which has been spent in the service of sin and in the fear of God, much more is that delight enhanced when we perceive the whole life, from the first dawn of reason to the last dying inspirations of faith, consecrated to God and his cause. And can any thing be more reasonable? If any part of your existence is to be devoted to God, why not the whole of it? Is not the whole his, as well as the part? Are you not guilty of the worst species of sacrilege in giving your affections, and time, and talents to Satan, the enemy of God and of all goodness? Is there not something peculiarly insulting to the Divine Majesty, in proposing to reserve the latter part only of your lives for God? Is he worthy only of the dregs and lees of your being? Shall the bloom and vigour of life, the joyousness, the morning, the inspiring May of your days, be spent and wasted in the cause of evil, in the service of the Prince of darkness:—and do you think it will be time enough to serve God, when the dull, hacknied ways of the world have destroyed the fineness of youthful feeling, or the perplexing cares of a family 'have frozen the genial current of the soul,' or, 'the grasshopper has become a burden, and desire has failed?' Shall the best opportunity which you can have for the practice of piety, pass away unimproved never to return? Will you not seize 'the acceptable time, the hour of salvation,' the 'golden prime of life, before you have been entangled by the meshes of temptation; before your hearts have become hardened, and, as it were petrified in the stream of vice, before the enemy has succeeded in binding you fast in the strong cords of sinful habit?—And what have you gained as the reward of your temerity? Are not the cisterns which you have hewn out to yourselves broken cisterns, which can hold no water? Does the temper say, 'you must first taste the pleasures of youth?' Great God! what are the pleasures of youth, but the happy smiles of thy love, and the calm, rational dignity of serving thee?—But you must first enjoy the pleasures of the world! And what are the pleasures of the world? What! But the apples of Sodom, fair to the eye, but full of ashes and soot. What! but the deceitful Mirage of the desert, which appears to the thirsty traveller as the refreshing waters of a lake, but on nearer approach, is discovered to be burning and barren sands! Oh! remember, that while the path of sin is attended by danger and disappointment, 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace,'—that God addresses and invites you with the utmost tenderness, saying, 'I love those that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.'

ANECDOTES.

PUNCTUALITY.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality. In business or religion it is the true path to honour and respect, while it procures a felicity to the mind unknown to those who make promises only to break them, or suffer themselves to be so entangled in their concerns, as to be incapable of being their own masters. Whoever wishes to advance his own interest, and to secure the approbation of others, must be punctual. "Punctuality," says Dr. Johnston, "is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which many seem to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatness, or attention of wit; scarcely requisite amongst men of gaiety and spirit, and sold at

its highest rate when it is sacrificed to a frolic of jest."

It is said of Isanclathon, that, when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour but a minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out the idleness of suspense.

Of Sir William Blackstone we are informed, that reading his lectures it could not be remembered that he ever made his audience wait over a few minutes beyond the time appointed. Indeed punctuality, in his opinion, was so much a virtue, that he could not bring himself to think perfectly well of any one who was notoriously defective in this practice.

The late Rev. Mr. Brewer, of Stopney, when a student under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard & Dr. Jennings, was always punctual in attending the lectures at the tutor's house, where the students, who were lodged and boarded in private families, were expected to assemble at set hours. One morning, the clock had struck seven, and all rose up for prayer, the tutor looking round, and perceiving that Mr. Brewer was not yet come, paused awhile. Seeing him re-enter the room, he thus addressed him: Sir, the clock has struck, and we were ready to begin; but as you were absent, we supposed it was too fast, and the fore waited." The clock was actually too fast by 30 minutes.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

A Hymn by the Rev. JOHN LAWSON, Missionary at Calcutta, and Author of "Oriental Harping," and "Woman in India."

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw men unto me." John xii. 32.

While thunder shook the frightened sky,
Pale, on the cross uplifted high,
With agonizing pangs,
And aching head, and temples torn,
Pierc'd by the sharp encircling thorn,
The holy Sufferer hangs.

I saw him by the lightnings flame!
I know—and lov'd his well-known name,
'Twas Jesus dying there!
Weeping, I said, "O Saviour, why
The storm that sweeps o'er Calvary?
The wrath that fills the air?"

Tell me, sweet Jesus, tell me why,
Thou'rt stretch'd in writhing agony,
Cloth'd with that bloody vest?
Wherefore that laboring of thy breath—
The cold struck spasm of painful death—
Deep in thy shivering breast?"

He answer'd not—but gave one look,
Then clos'd his eyes, and gasping, shook,
And bow'd his sacred head;
My heart was pierc'd with that last glance,
I saw his fading countenance—
I wept! but he was dead.

O Crucified! I blush with shame!
My sins have slain the Holy Lamb!
But, ah! that dying look!
'Twas full of love to me—to all
Who on his precious name shall call,
For he their sorrows took!

Then turn, my falling tears to joy!
His death shall now my lips employ;
The world shall know his love!
"The Lord impal'd, was lifted high;
He died for man," shall be my cry
Where'er on earth I rove.

See the bloody cross, ye dying men!
Look, O ye nations! live again!
By him shall ye arise.
Where now red war and vengeance rave
The unfur'd cross shall glow and wave
Upon your peaceful shies!