

low, a perpetual mourner, weep. There let the gadding woodbine creep about and there the ancient ivy. We should meet the tall larch sighing to the breeze; and beneath the willow, trailing low its boughs, behold the gleaming marble." Nor should our noble forest trees be wanting to the prospect, but the oak, the chesnut, the hickory and maple should each be summoned to vary the landscape and lend enchantment to all the scene.

Is it to *such* "resting place," that, in this land, we for the most part, commit the dead? Do we

"Pay the deep reverence taught of old—
The homage of man's heart to death—
Nor dare to trifle with the mould
Once hallowed by the Almighty's breadth?"

And yet, such is the respect we should yield to the dead, not, indeed, for *their* sakes, so much as for our own. It is for the living—for its influence upon our own hearts and in moulding the affections and sensibilities of the young, that the Graves should be kept green, and the "burial place" adorned with taste and elegance. But alas! how often

"Naked rows of graves
And melancholy ranks of monuments
Are seen instead, where the coarse grass be-
tween
Shoots up its dull green spires, and in the
wind hisses.

In the turmoil of business—in the scramble for wealth and power, how are the affections neglected! How do we trample upon man's higher and holier nature! It is, as though there were no life beyond—as though it were only ours to delve and toil and strive some little space—to die as the beast dies—to go,

—we care not where—we know not whither—to be discarded from all human memory as we are cast out from human sight—with no sorrowing eye to follow us and no touching recollections to be cherished of us by those who survive—as if, in short, it were, indeed.

"The whole of life to live
And all of death to die."

With such grovelling and unworthy thoughts of our own nature—such feeble recognition of the fact, that the departed "are of a higher order than the brutes that perish,"—what wonder—what wonder—if we shall soon become such as, practically we regard ourselves and esteem one another.

MASSILLON, O.

HABITS.

HABIT is a strange thing. It is the adoption and continuation of certain kinds of actions until they become easy and natural to us. But the power of habit is more strange. Look at it. It often counteracts the most severe determination. It constrains many to break the most severe vow. With herculean energy, it contends with resolutions of the mightiest mind and never will it relinquish its tenacious grip, while there is the least hope of victory. It sways our reputations, controls our feeling, and determines our destinies.—See then what depends upon the habits you contract. How prudent should we be in choosing at first a course of action. Do you hear, young man, your future destiny depends upon the habits you prefer now.