

without emotion. Surely, when God gives liberally, the least we can do is to receive gratefully.

Think of the rejoicing summer, when the heavens and the earth are decked with sunbeams, and a general jubilee is enjoyed. Call to mind the abundance of autumn, and the feast of fruits to which we are bidden, and forget not winter, when, to vary the seasons, to purify and prepare the earth for the coming year, God is pleased to cover it with a mantle of snow. "He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes; he casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?"

No wonder that the psalmist, when surveying the works of God, and admiring the dealings of the Almighty with the children of men—no wonder that he should burst out into the exclamations of the 148th Psalm. Children, you are not too young, fathers and mothers you are not too old, to praise the Lord for his goodness, and the Redeemer of mankind for his grace. "Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."

When we think that the world we now live in will be destroyed, that the heavens will pass away, and that the earth will be consumed for the sin of man, we might be cast down; but God has kindly told us in his holy word that there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. That God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son to die upon the cross for our sins. So that when this world shall be consumed, if we have fled to him for refuge, and lived a life of faith in the Redeemer, we shall dwell with him in a brighter world, and be with the Lamb for ever.

I hardly know when I have been more pleased than I was yesterday. I had just received a bundle of new tracts, so I put some of them into my pocket, that I might lend or give them away, as it might be advisable. In stepping into the cottage of John Taylor, I found his two little boys, Richard and Benjamin, very busy in pasting bits of printed paper on pasteboard. John Taylor is a very industrious man, who works as a journeyman carpenter; and he brings up his two children, as every man ought to do, in the fear of the Lord. John tells his children that every thing is so uncertain in this world, that they cannot do better than try to get a good footing in the next; and, to speak the truth, there are not two better boys in the Sunday-school than they are. Well, as I said, the children were very busy: one was untying a string which was twisted round some pieces of printed paper; the other was laying the bits of paper smooth, and pasting them on a piece of pasteboard. I perceived that it was a kite's tail which they were untwisting; and, on a little inquiry, I soon found out that it was the very kite's tail that Humphrey Tiler had made of one of the tracts which had been dropped by the stranger who passed through the village. It has been said that a kind act, done with a proper motive, is never done altogether in vain; and surely in this instance the saying proved to be true. One would have thought that when the tract left by the stranger had been torn up into fragments, and tied to a kite, when it had mounted up into the air amid the whistling winds, that there would have been an end to it; but no! it pleased God to direct it into other hands. "His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." The tail of the kite was caught by the branch of a tree, so that it hung for some days swinging idly about in the breeze. Then it fell into a bush; and at last dropped down into a narrow lane, where John Taylor's children found it. Richard caught hold of one end, and Benjamin of the other; and as they could not decide which saw it first, they agreed, when they perceived it to be a tract, to paste it together, and to read it by turns. It is true, that by pasting the scraps against the pasteboard, they had half of the tract; but then it was composed of short sentences, not necessarily connected together; and I have no doubt that the trouble they had will give value in their eyes that they will read with advantage the part they have preserved from another tract of the same

sort, but then it would not have been valued half so much as that which had been put together by their own hands. I left them with the pasted tract between them. They were delighted, and I was delighted too! nor shall I forget to call on a future day to inquire what they have learned from it. They promised that they would commit to memory some of the sentences, and the hymn at the end! and I expect to hear them said without a mistake.

ON INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.—Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young; and to no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity, for exerting them. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired; in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, and from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement but the foundation of pleasure; for nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyments of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. It is labor only that gives a relish to pleasure. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Idleness is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive, as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appears a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It is like water, which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, filling the atmosphere with death.

No affluence of fortune, or elevation of rank, exempts the possessor from the duties of application and industry; for industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Flee therefore from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness may be included not merely inaction, but all that circle of trifling and frivolous occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth. Youth requires amusements; it would be cruel, to prohibit them. But tho' allowable as the relaxation, they are highly culpable as the business of the young; for they then become the gulf of time, and the poison of the mind: they foment bad passions, they weaken the manly powers, and sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. [Blair.]

FOR THE MIRROR.

(Continued from our last.)

What could he do? We will allow some years to pass, and my friend R. again appears on the era of life—but not my former friend R.—no! no! Now, he no longer quoted his favorite text—no longer rejoiced in misfortunes, his pride had fallen, his misanthropy had vanished, and R. was a man of business.—He had made good use of his time of adversity—experience had changed his former contemplations of the dispensations of Providence, and he was in great danger of calling like Sir Balaam "God's good Providence a lucky hit."

and from one extreme, the pendulum of his mind swung to the other.—He was again rich, not as before from inheritance, but from his own exertions, which were eminently prosperous; his indolence had vanished, and his whole mind was bent upon acquiring wealth.—He now was absorbed in the pursuit, and at length is enabled to retire from the busy cares of life, and to rejoice in his own homestead.—But mark—

"Pigmies are Pigmies still, though perch-
ed on Alps."—and
"Pyramids are Pyramids though placed
in vales."

So it was with R.—Pride and vanity still his ruling passions, consumed his every thought, and for a time induced him to mingle with the gay coteries of fashionable life. He next left his late friends, abandoned those who had brought him forward, who had by their money and influence obtained for him, those situations which were the source of his lately acquired wealth, and became—what shall I say, reader?—A fanatic, a would-be religious man, who attended and does attend all meetings for religious purposes, and is loud in all speeches upon Missionary schemes and Bible associations. His money although never given in private, is lavishly spent in public, and reversing the command of our Saviour, not to let the right hand know what the left doeth, he sounds his trumpet in the Tabernacles, and cries "Thank God, I am not as other men are."

And now a third and last era of R's, life must be contemplated, and as it will, I trust afford instruction to my young friends, you will permit me Mr. Editor, to conclude, this tale in your next paper. L.

FEMALE HEROISM EXEMPLIFIED.—

The female character, when life passes smooth and tranquil appears to be wholly made up of tenderness and dependence. It shrinks from the gaze of the rude, and recoils from the slightest touch of the impudent. But however it may appear in these circumstances, certain it is that when dangers impend, traits of heroism and intrepidity dart out amid this tenderness and dependence, like lightning from the soft fleecy clouds of a summer's evening. So when we stand by the ocean's side and view its smooth and tranquil bosom, we little suspect the terrible energy of its waves when lashed into fury by the winds! The following fact confirms these remarks.

In the year —, Henry and Emily— a new married pair, and children of wealthy parents in Boston, left their paternal abode, determined to effect a permanent settlement at a place called D—, (Mass.) Emily had been brought up in the midst of affluence and was acquainted with distress and poverty only in the abstract. Though her character was made up of all these qualities which we most admire in her sex, yet no one would have suspected the presence of those which her subsequent life so abundantly evinced.

After a lapse of five years, their house and farm presented the appearance of neatness and comfort; and except being sometimes startled from the slumbers of midnight by the yell of the savage, or the howl of the wolf, they had themselves suffered no molestation. The prospect from the house was bounded on all sides by the forest except in one direction, where there was a deep valley from which the wood had been cleared to