

### THE BIBLE TO BE STUDIED IN YOUTH.

It is of the deepest importance that Scriptures should be studied, and, as much as possible, printed in the memory of our young days. The result is often wonderful. In the bosoms of the most reckless men some fragment of beautiful feeling often lies buried; some flower still lingers from the paradise of purer thoughts and desires, which sin has not entirely ploughed out, though it may have destroyed its blossom and fragrance. We read of a physician by whose skill the ashes of a rose in a glass, under the gentle influence of heat, gradually expanded, as from a dark cloud, into its natural loveliness. The fable of science may be realized in the purification and garnishing of the human mind. God works His miracles oftentimes by humble agents; in His hand memory may become an angel to bring us good tidings of hope and joy. Beneath its sunshine the withered flower of meekness, of purity, of patience, may revive, and be arrayed in all the charm of its original bloom. It will be by His grace, after all, that the change is effected. "Spiritual ideas," said a great and good man, may be recollected in old age, but can hardly be acquired."

The remembrance of the Bible warning, or a Gospel promise, has aroused the sleeping conscience, and poured peace into the bosom. It was while steering a vessel through gloom and tempest, and the handwriting of God flashed upon the soul of John Newton. The only child of his mother, he had been carefully instructed in the hal-  
lowed page:—

"He had early learned  
To reverence the volume which displays  
The mystery—the life which cannot die."

Those impressions sin had obscured; but like a beautiful landscape seen in a dark night by lightning, they all revived for a season; memory spoke to him, in accents that carried him home to his mother's arms, of death and judgement to come. The landscape fades with the flash; and so the awakening thoughts of Newton died with the impulse of the hour, yet not without leaving a faint impression behind. The Bible is never studied in vain; its pictures of Christian holiness are never impressed upon the tender mind of childhood without an earlier or a later benefit. Their lustre may be obscured by crimes and sorrow, but they are not worn out; the light from heaven can awaken their colours into a more pristine beauty and freshness.—*Set.*

### LINES TO A SKELETON.

About fifty years ago the London *Morning Chronicle* published a poem entitled "Lines to a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired, was that the poem, in a fair clerk's hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* :

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full,  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
This space was thought's mysterious seat.  
What beautiful visions filled this spot,  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,  
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye;  
But start not at the dismal void—  
If social Love that eye employed,  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dews of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright,  
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;  
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And when it could not praise, was chained;  
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke.  
Yet gentle Concord never broke!  
This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When Time unveils Eternity.

Say did these fingers delve the mire?  
Or with its envied rubic shine?  
To hew the yock or wear the gem,  
Can little now avail to them.  
But if the page of Truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim,  
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,  
These feet the path of duty trod?  
If from the bowers of Ease they fled  
To seek Affliction's humble shed;  
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
And home to Virtue's cot returned—  
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.