

inspection, and disclosed the advantages of her large wardrobe. Together they sat on the little sofa, and admired the pictures, the Parian statuette on the mantel, and the ottoman by the register.

"There," said the young girl, rather timidly, "there is my closet." Her companion saw at the foot of the white bed a large chintz-covered chair, and by its side a light table, whereon were placed a reading-stand holding an open Bible, a "Daily Food," and a tiny book of hymns. Here she "searched the scriptures;" here she prayed in the morning light, and again at eventide. Dearer than any other spot in her room was that "closet."

The friend went home thoughtful, for in her own comfortable room was no "closet." Sometimes she prayed at night, when, half asleep, her conscience would not let her weary eyelids close; but she knew nothing of that daily "tasting that the Lord is gracious" in the quiet corner. She had not "from a child known the Scriptures, which were able to make her wise unto salvation." But ere long another "closet" was established; the young girl's friend cried, "O that I knew where I might find him!" and he was found precious to her soul also in the very part of the room dedicate to his especial worship.

"Have you a 'closet,' dear child into which, when thou prayest, thou mayest enter?" If you have no any little sacred place where you love to resort when you wish to tell Jesus your sorrows, then set apart a "closet" this very day. Choose one particular chair, where you may daily kneel.

A WARNING TO SPECTATORS.

A few weeks since in the course of conversation with an eminent banker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men in the country, we asked if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, to continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death.—We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied,—"*Not one!*" "I have seen them," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstance of no apparent importance, has led to investigation which resulted in disgrace and ruin." On Saturday we again conversed with him upon the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experience was to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and fall. Suicide, arson,

and perjury he said, were common crimes with those who "made haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and he added, "there are not a few men, who may be seen on 'Change every day, ignominiously striving for their own destruction." He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.—*Herald of Truth.*

THE TWO STREAMS.

Yes, they are bright and sparkling in their flow,
The sunlight dances on their crystal tide;
Those streams to drink of which ye stoop so low,
To track whose course ye wander far and wide;
But hear ye not the solemn warning strain?
"Who of these waters drinks shall thirst again!"

"True, we have tasted;" so you make reply,
And thirst has followed, burning thirst too
sure;
But these delicious springs still tempt the eye,
And seem to well from sources fresh and pure;
Another draught will, doubtless, still our pain,
Nor, having drained it, shall we thirst again!

Stoop, then, and quaff the swift, delusive wave,
Of earthly pleasure, honour, love, once more;
It gives the transient ease before it gave,
It leaves the quenchless want it left before;
The truth is proved, so often heard in vain—
"Who of these waters drinks shall thirst again."

Oh, aching hearts! so restless in your woe,
As draught on draught from wave on wave is
tried;
The streams that quench have not their source
below,

Each is not mirrored in their healing tide;
Will ye not seek them, taught by want and pain,
And seeking find, and never thirst again!

L. C. C.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

The following every day rules, from the papers of Dr. West, are thrown together as general waymarks in the journey of life:—Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you. Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views or motives of the author of it. On no occasion retaliate. Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never think worse of another on account of his differing in political and religious subjects. Never dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with an enthusiast. Do not jest so as to wound the feelings of another. Say as little as possible of yourself and of those who are near to you. Never court the favour of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices. Speak with calmness and deliberation, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.