

be what you wish them to become. Will a daughter learn to be industrious from an idle, indolent mother? Will she learn to be sober-minded, by seeing you habitually carried away by the pride of life? Will she catch the spirit of piety from one whose very Sabbaths are devoted to dissipation and pleasure? I will not insinuate to you by supposing that a positively bad example has been set, or that your darling charge may have grossly deviated from the paths of virtue; but let me suppose for a moment, a case that may, and does, happen every day; that your daughter has grown up with a vain, light, and worldly mind; has acquired a taste for dress and amusement; has become a perfect mistress of the usual accomplishments of the day and place in which we live; has become an object of attention and admiration. Let me suppose her attacked with disease, and that disease, perhaps, the effect of levity and dissipation. See, the roses are fading upon her cheek, her beauty is wasting like a moth; till her vivacity is reduced to the sudden glow of the hectic, which is gone, before it is well come; she feels the witness of death at her heart, she looks up to you with clouded, wistful eyes, and says, "Ah, my mother, you were too indulgent to me. You assisted the tongue of the flatterer, and taught me to forget myself. I was made to believe myself an angel, and now feel that I am a worm. Seeking to shine in the eyes of man, I have neglected the means of finding favor in the sight of God. I now wish I had frequented the house of prayer more; I wish I had not frequented the company of the giddy, the thoughtless, and the profane. I do not accuse my dear mother of designedly misleading me; but would to God she had better understood her own duty and my real interest. Life had been more respectable, and death less frightful than I find it to be. O my God, have mercy, have mercy upon me."

It had been easy to have added to the strength of this address; but even from this, the maternal heart recoils, and deprecates with horror an hour so dreadful. Well, blessed be God, it is yet a great way off; and what is more, it is in your power to prevent it; I do not mean the stroke of death; but the arrow of death dips in the poison of remorse. God grant that you may never feel it.—[Hunter.]

Robert Robinson's Advice to a Young Preacher
Let me remind you, sir, that when you come into this place, and address this people, you are never to bring your little self with you. I repeat this again, sir, that it may more deeply impress your memory: I say that you are never to bring your little self with you. No, sir, when you stand in this sacred place, your duty is to hold up your great Master to your people, in his character, in his offices, in his precepts, in his promises, and in his glory. This picture you are to hold up to the view of your hearers, while you are to stand

behind it, and not so much as your little finger must be seen.

REFLECTIONS.

"E'en whilst we speak, ev'ning time
Doth make swift haste away;
Then seize the present, use thy prime
Nor trust another day."

Every thing which we see around us, carries with it the marks of decay. The seeds of dissolution are sown in every object that meets the eye. To-day the grass springs forth in rich luxuriance; greenness is on every tree; beauty in every flower—all arrayed in the loveliness of Spring. To-morrow the winds and frosts of Autumn take from the grass its verdure, from the tree its greenness, from the flower its beauty, and from the Spring its loveliness. All is now clad in the habiliments of death.

The scene is striking; for it is an emblem of the life of man. To-day he stands forth in the bloom of youth, or the strength of manhood—To-morrow some fatal disease steals from his cheek its beauty, and from his body its strength. All his great plans of profit, or honour, or pleasure, are now fled forever. A poor lifeless lump of clay is now all that remains of him, who was once so lovely and engaging. Around his pale and emaciated body, stand the surviving friends. Every heart is big with anguish, and every eye is filled with tears. There is not an individual present, who does not feel that there is an image of himself; that after a few more suns have sped their course, he too must be consigned to the mansions of the dead.

All are of the dust, and to dust we must turn again; and though our lives should be lengthened out to three score years and ten, still they will soon have passed away. But of this we cannot be assured. We are now pursuing the journey of life, and across our path a grave is sunk. We may see it as we approach, but backward we cannot turn, on either side we cannot pass by it, but into it we must enter.—Perhaps it will be in the darkness of midnight. Then it will be hid from our view: we shall sink, and time with us be no longer.

When this life will end, we cannot tell; but be it sooner or later, still, in the language of scripture, it is a shadow, which passeth away; a flower, which fadeth; grass, which withereth; a vapour, which dissolves in air; a transient thought; a forgotten dream; a nothing in the sight of God. Such for shortness are our days.

Let them then be improved to the best advantage. If we must soon depart to be here no more; and if we were sent into this world to prepare for another; if this is the great business for which this life was given us—is it wise, is it prudent, to defer this great concern till the last half hour of our existence? Is it then the time to prepare for the great change which awaits us, when our bodies are filled with insupportable and piercing pains, when our minds are distracted with madness and filled with reveries; is it then the time to examine religion, to

repent of sin, to reform the heart, to prepare for death? And besides we know not that we shall have the least warning that our end is approaching; it may come as a thief in the night—therefore, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

THE GARLAND.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1827.

The following next appeal concludes the address of a committee appointed by the citizens of Philadelphia, in behalf of the suffering Greeks:

"And shall we appeal in vain for what is good, to that sanctuary, where all that is good has its proper home—the female bosom? The darkest day of our revolutionary struggle was cheered by the beams of woman's benevolence. In this city the ladies were distinguished for their active beneficence; and it is a part of our annals, of which we are most proud. The ladies of that day did not shrink with fastidious delicacy from the performance of their duties.—Have the daughters of that illustrious race degenerated? There is no visible indication of such a change. They are still the same, as lovely, as pure, as gentle. Come forth, then, ye who can mould the feelings and direct the will of natures the most rugged. Ye chaste wives and tender mothers, ye dutiful daughters and affectionate sisters,—come forth and exercise your well deserved influence over those whom you only can move. Join us in the holy cause of humanity. You do not forbid your tears to flow at fancied woes; do not be ashamed to grieve at real misery. The respect, the homage of man, in whatever relation he stands towards you, will not be the less sincere or ardent, because you prove that you possess a feeling heart, nor, believe us, will your step be less buoyant, your cheek less radiant, or your eyes less bright, from the consciousness of having saved from famine the widow and orphan of Greece."

It seems by the following that the Tennessee bachelors have had a narrow escape. The Senate doubtless contained a goodly number of these strangers to connubial bliss. We approve the decision, however, although we do not belong to the unsocial fraternity; for if the congregated charms of the fair do not overpower them, they are beyond redemption.

Old Bachelors—Mr. Rencan introduced a bill (in the legislature of Tennessee) by which it was made the duty of the sheriff of each county to make an annual return of every man who shall have attained the age of thirty without marrying; and also of all his property, on which a tax of 25 per cent is to be laid, and the fund hereby created, by the provisions of the bill is to be divided among such unmarried ladies as have reached the age of twenty-five.