

## Novel Reading.

pings of a fine style, and a profusion of fig-It is well known that novels everywhere exert a fascinating influence over the minds manly and noble-nay, worthy of admiration of young people, male and female, and that and emulation. Mad, sensuous passion and they are as poisonous to the soul as alcohol lust, were dignified by the holy name of love: revenge was deified, and hatred sat enthronis to the body. It is impossible that a mental ed as a virtue. d as a virtue. But this was not the first novel that Emma appetite which can be satisfied only with the

light, trashy reading found in novels, can be otherwise than in a morbid state, and there-fore, if we would keep the minds of our children pure, we must not suffer them to be vitiated and debased by converse with those the biographies of pions little children to the fascinating story of Robinson Crusoe-from books, which are got up, more to excite the passions than to cultivate the intellect, and improve the heart. The following article extracted from the "Watchman, and Reflector" is impressively illustrative of this fact :---

The Novel Reader.

style of reading grew to an absorbing passion. The Church clock struck twelve with sol- At home her circle of acquaintance was emn, measured stroke, as a young girl, rising large, and she found little difficulty in obfrom the table where she had been reading, taining this class of books. They were read hastily closed a window, through which the secretly, in the solitude of her own chamber, rain was driving in torrents. "How the time or more frequently at the village ar ademy, flies !" she exclaimed, as she cast a hurried when her teachers supposed her abs orbed in glance from the book she had just left, to the study. Little conscious of the terrible evils neat, inviting couch, which seemed to woo of such a course of reading, she pursued it her to repose. A look of indecision was on almost madly. Her conscience and her hether face. "I am not sleepy," she thought, ter judgment sometimes reproved her, but "and if I retire I shall only lie awake, or per- these warnings were little heeded. For a haps, sleep, to lose myself in some frightful long time she had lived in a realm of her dream. Strange, that I have so many such own creation, quite unlike the world of realdreams lately ! I-I will just read one chap-ter more." Thus settling the matter, she re-air-castles, and peopled them with fairies and sumed her seat, and was, in an instant, sylphs, and humanized angels and seraphs. She was the mistress of a palace, with a hunabsorbed in the book before her.

eye of her parents, she read everything of the kind which the library contained, from

"Nursery Hymns," to the elaborate poems of

the best English writers. As she grew older,

and went "away" to school, she met with

various books of romance, of at least a ques-

tionable tendency. These she eagerly de-

voured, and at length her fondness for this

in in her head, and a

wonderful story, but dared not trust herself to

commence a chapter. The volume was se-

curely locked in a private drawer, and the

key laid in her bosom. There could be

no danger of her mother's discovering the

contraband article now. Then she stepped

to the glass. Ah, vanity and self-love even.

"This will never do" thought she; " my

"Are you ill this morning ?" her mother

"You look pale and tired, as if you had

Emma colored slightly, but playfully jert-

In attending to the little duties which her

mother required of her, the next hour was

consumed, and it was time to make ready for.

school. The book was hidden under her

shawl, and arriving at the academy half an

hour too early, she had time to read two or

three chapters before school began. The in-

terest deepened ; lessons were forgotten and

neglected, and, as if suffering pain, with her head leaned upon the desk before her, but

her book in her lap, she eagerly swallowed

sure of her teachers, and also afforded her

opportunity to spend the remainder of the day

in the same manner. Another volume of a

and before the day closed, half its contents

had been devoured. It was one o'clock that

night before her head sought the pillow, and

the morrow's sun found her more languid and

pale than she had been the preceding day .---

Thus was her time spent. She contrived, by

get along respectably in her recitations, and

declining health to the effects of hard study

ed at her mother's anxiety, with such an air

"Ill?-no; why do you suspect it ?"

manifested itself.

asked, with a look of concern.

that her parents were deceived.

passed a sleepless night."

The young lady, whom we have introduc- dred servants awaiting her nod, while thoued to our readers, was the only child of a sands envied and courted, and flattered her. cleigyman, residing in a New England vil- Religion had already begun to be, to her, a lage. The child, perhaps, we should call mere sentiment. She had not creased to love her, for she was scarcely fifteen, and in ap- her parents or her friends, but the fountains pearance was still younger. Emma Lyman of true sympathy, and bene volence, and was not beautiful, but her features bore the kindliness, were drying up, under the breath stamp of intelligence and cheerfulness; and of a morbid, blighting sentimeritality. Poor a careless observer, even, would have noticed Emma ! The clock struck six, and Emma awoke

something pleasing and attractive about her. Upon the night in question, however, as she with a heavy, dull pe rapidity she comprehended each tragic scene, and we must first seek her recovery. Subse- night with which our story opens. There and drank in each dark incident of freezing quently, by some means, we will, if possible, were tears in her father's eyes, as well as horror. Sometimes, for tears, she could not ascertain the cause of her strange appear- her own, as she proceeded, but the evident see the page before her; sometimes her ance."

blood crept coldly through her veins, and her Mrs. Lyman looked sad and thoughtful. "I and as the father rejoiced over the returning limbs trembled beneath her; then the life have observed the same, and cannot under- prodigal, so, to some extent, at least, did Mr. current quickened with the pictures vivid of stand it," she replied. "I will go to her Lyman joy over his child. maddening love and unrestrained passion, till room, presently, and see how she is, and I

luted the lips of the lowest drunkard, met her and understand her thoroughly."

It was three o'clock. Without undressing known trial or care; she has had every rea- incidents of these exciting tales have died she threw herself upon the bed, and groaned sonable wish gratified; she has been reared from remembrance, the habits of mind which and sobbed aloud. Real distress and suffer- like a choice, tender plant; we have sought they have induced, will remain unchanged; ing could not have moved her thus, but an to train her for the garden of the Lord; we the canker-spots, though healed, it may be, imaginary tale of murder and passion aroused have done what we could to make her a flower will scar it still, and the black poison will have every sympathy and emotion of her sou!.- that will blossom in Paradise. True, it is not weakened the vitals it has failed to destroy. An hour and a half perhaps, she wept thus, ours to create the heart anew, or to look into Therefore, oh, young man, or young wohen a few faint streaks of light announced the deep mysteries which are veiled there; man, as you would shun a veromous serpent the approach of day. Her tears had subsid- yet, until lately, with what sweet confidence -as you would fly a destroying pestilenceed, and a feeling of wretchedness took the place and unreserved frankness has she revealed as you would refuse a cup of deadly poison of the overpowering excitement she lately herself to us ! But I must go and see her." put to your lips, avoid such books. Their felt. She crept to the window, opened the Mrs. Lyman found her daughter already poison is more to be dreaded than the serpeut's shutters, and looked forth. The birds were pale, and in place of its former sweet, placid venom; the diseases they induce are more fasinging beautifully and merrily; the flowers, expression, a look of exhaustion, and weari- tal than plague or pestilence, and the death and the dewy grass, and the foliage, glittered ness, and pain, was there. Thinking it not to which they inevitably lead, is that in the first rays of the rising sun. All with- best to disturb 'er, she stepped noiselessly "Whose pang, out spoke of happiness and peace-all within out of the room, little 'comforted by her visit. her heart, of unrest and misery. Still, look- The forenoon was, perhaps, half-spent, when ing earnest'y forth upon Nature, she could Mrs. Stone, who lived opposite the parsonnot help reverting, with a sigh to the happy age, dropped into Mrs. Lyman's sitting room. time when she enjoyed such delightful morn- "I came to enquire if Emma was sick," time when she enjoyed such deligatful morn-ings-when the flowers seemed to look up and call her sister, and there existed a sweet wards day, I observed a light in her chamber, seemed to kiss the white widely-spread sails, sympathy between herself and each glad, liv-ing thing ing thing. the case."

"What has wrought this change?" she in. "Emma is not well this morning," said quired. "Ah, I am older," though she, Mrs. Lyman; "but I was not aware of her though the scene above and around was one of quired. "Ah, I am older," though she, Mrs. Lyman; "but I was not aware of her "and with increasing years comes increasing knowledge of life as it is, and so of sorrow being ill in the night, though it may have been so. She came down to breakfast this morn-where the source of the s and restlessness. I have learned that my lot ing, but left without tasting food. She is now left behind, and they felt as if that home s lowly, and that I shall never be anything

sincerity of her final purpose dispelled them,

Emma's resolution was not a vain one. she was nearly wild with tumultuous excite-ment. An insatiable curiosity to know the whole story, and to see the *denoucment* of the plot, goaded her on. She would not stop— could not. Passages, which would have pol-with her. I think I can win her confidence, luted the lips of the lowest drunkard, met her and understand her thoroughly." could ever totally obliterate from Emma's eye; thoughts which would have put modesty "Strange," said her mother thoughtfully, mind the effects of that mad course of reading. and purity to the blush, were embodied there, " that a child of her age, so carefully trained Her views of life, her style of thought and but she was too deeply ensnared by the inter- and so charily guarded, should get so far be- expression, -- her character, was, unconsciousest of the tale, to comprehend the danger .- yond our comprehension ! She is not happy. ly to herself, modified. Not the most vigor-At length the last page was devoured, and What influence can have wrought upon her, ous youthful mind could pass such an ordeal the book was completed. Use to bring about such a result? She has never unscathed. Late in life, when the particular

> "Whose pang, Outlasts the fleeting breath." J. A. M. S.

## "Abide with me."

A fine gallant barque had set sail from one thing of life. There were hearts there full of sadness, and eyes dimmed with many a tear, would never again be revisited. and as if they were bidding that land an eternal farewell. Worse than all, many of them were parting from those of their kin with whom they had often taken counsel, and spent many a happy hour. They might never see them again on this side the grave. There they were, waving handkerchiefs and hats, bidding them a kindly adieu, but the chasm which separated them was every moment widening, and it would widen for many a day. There might never again be a reunion. Emblem of death to many was that sorrowful hour. On speed the vessel, and tokens of recognition could no longer be seen, and even the land itself faded away into dim light. The crew were hard at work putting everything in order on deck. and making full preparation for the voyage. Various matters required the attention of many of the passengers, and the performance of their duty called away attention from the mournful thoughts that had crowded in upon their minds. Moreover, hope had regained her ascendancy. They might succeed in the distant land to which they were bound, and might return to that which they would ever call their own," to spend the autumn and winter of their days, in the society and amid the solace of their friends. By such thoughts as these, most of the passengers returned to their wonted composure, and joy sat upon many a Emma looked up inquiringly. " Why do brow that for a moment had been overcast. But there stood one with a babe in ker arms beside the bulwarks of the vessel, almost as still and fixed as a statue, and apparently unconscious of all that was passing around her. As the vessel moved away from the pier, no kindly recognition came to her. No kindly hand had grasped hers, nor friend wished her a prosperous voyage. She had lived in a large city, where the next-door neighbour scarcely knew anything about her, and did not care to ask. She was very poor, and none noticed her. Her busband had gone out to push his fortune in another land, with an honourable intention of bettering the condition of his family. Meanwhile disease had taken from her her eldest child, a beautiful and promising litthat grave, and planted some simple, but beautiful little flowers upon it. And when winter covered it with its snowy mantle, she had still found her way there. Tidings came of her husband, not of the brightest character. Hard in his letters he strove to hide it, but it could ill be concealed, that his health was far from "Of Kate Allen, and her brother gave it to good. Moncy came to take her across the sea; and she had to tear herself away from the grave of her first-born. The bit of green sod. and the bright-eyed flowers, were the only friends that seemed to recognize her, and from which she grieved to part. She tore herself away. A sense of her loneliness crept over her, as she stood amid the crowd of passengers, and her mind flew now to the grave of her boy, and then to the supposed low cabin of her husband, on the far-off shore to which she was bound. The babe that lay sleeping in her arms was weak and sickly. Her own spirit was faint and sad, and she sought a place where she might give vent to the pent-up feelings of her heart in a flood of tears. It seemed to her as if God was dealing hardly my whole soul I abhor it now. Yes," said with her, and she felt inclined to murmur. she, rising from her pillow, "I have piedged No peace visited her troubled heart. She had however, in her pocket a number of small tracts, which at various times had been left at her humble home, reading which, she thought, might afford her some consolation. The first she took out was one exactly fitted to her case. It told her of God's unfathomable love to the lost and guilty. It presented Jesus as a friend in need, —a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. It explained that all our bereavements and sufferings become blessings to us,

the Bible, to which it directed her, and every day she felt her strength of soul renewed, and her confidence deepened.

It was all needed. The roses came not to the cheeks of her infant. It gradually declined like a fading flower; and at last breathed out its life on her breast. But the mother now knew her God. Deep was her sorrow but it was chastened with resignation, mingled with repose. The deep sea became her infant's grave, but she did not repine, for she knew that her little one was safe in the arms of the Saviour who, when on earth pressed the chil-dren to his breast. That night the poet's lines were sweeter to her than ever,-

"Sun of my soul. Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes. " When the soft dews of kindly s'eep, My weary eyelids gently steep ; Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast. " Abide with me, from morn till eve, For without thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.'

On speed the vessel in its course. Some kindly hearts gathered around the lonely mother in the hour of her suffering, and sought to cheer her heart. Land was reached, and she had now to search for her husband. He was not awaiting her arrival. Love would have led him, but strength failed. She found him at last; but, alas, how changed ! Fever had assailed an enfeebled constitution, and he was but a shadow of what he had been when she saw him last. It was a painful meeting. Their babes had been taken away, and there they were, in a strange and distant land, the husband unable to work, and the wife almost broken down with suffering. But love and the gospel have often given women a lionheart. They gave her one. She rose to the emergency. With her hands did she toil for him by day, and watched over him by night. She spoke to him, too, of mercy through Jesus. for his sinful spirit; told him what a "friend in trouble" she had found Christ to be; and had the satisfaction of seeing him come to the Saviour as she herself had done. She read to him her favourite tract, and her Bible. He was sinking, but as the sun sinks in an ausailed by the same disease, she speedily followd him to the grave and to heaven. Reader, may such peace be yours for ever! May you enjoy the same glorious treasure, that when the hour of sorrow and suffering comes. you may be prepared for it, and your last end be like hers. At present all may be prosperous with you, but how long it will be sunshine you cannot tell. Very soon the storm may gather, and the dark cloud may lower. Friends that are dear to you may be snatched away by the relentless enemy. Would it not be well to be prepared? And you can find no preparation but where she found hers,-at the cross of Jesus, and in the knowledge of Jehovah's forgiving love. The God of heaven is your friend. He longs to bless you. Receive him now as vour Father and portion. He is saying, Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my Father, thou art the guide of my youth? Gratify his loving heart at once by regarding him with confidence through the sacrifice of his dear Son. If you make him your friend, he will abide with you for ever. He will never leave you nor forsake you. He will not, like many earthly friends, desert you when it is darkest. He will draw nearer than ever. You will hear his voice through the tempest, saying: "Peace, be still !" You will feel the everlasting arms of his love underneath and around you. He will be to you a very present help in trouble. In the night season he will give you songs. He says, "Though thou passest though the waters. I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; though thou passest through the fire thou shall not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon

sat, with the glow of excitement mantling her sadder ache at her heart. She would not, for cheek, and its fire kindling her eyes, she the world, have her parents know how the seemed really beautiful. night had been spent, so she mustered resolution to rise at her usual hour. There lay the

The clock struck one. Emma started, but did not raise her eyes from the bewitching the book on the table, just as she left it the page before her. Now, the flush which late-ly burned upon her cheek was gone; a dead-wonderful story, but dared not trust herself to ly pallor sat there, and her slight frame trembled, as if with fear. Still she read on. Her eye seemed to drink in a whole page at one hurried, anxious glance, and more and more rapidly the leaves flew, at the touch of her tremulous fingers.

It was two o'clock, but the loud warning could not deceive her. Her face was pale of the church clock was quite unheeded. and haggard; her eyes red and heavy, and The glow had returned to her cheek, and a langour and weariness was manifest in every tears dropped from her eyes. She sobbed movement. aloud, and bowing her head upon her hands, for a few moments yielded to a flood of pasfather will suspect the truth. I must brighten sionate emotion. In another moment she up by some means or other." had forgotten herself in another chapter of She dashed some cold water upon her head and bathed her face, and neck, and that strange volume before her.

One, two, three, heavily tolled the old arms, and rubbed them into a glow. Hastily church clock. The wind and rain had ceas- dressing her hair, and assuring herself by a ed, and now the sound struck her ears with glance into the glass, that there was nothing startling distinctness. Arousing to a painful unusual in her appearance, she flew to the conscidusness of the lateness of the hour, and sitting-room to meet her father. It was not perhaps of her own disobedience and folly, until breakfast was over that her weariness with a quick, nervous motion, she resolutely closed the book. Then, leaning her head on her hand, with an air of exhaustion, she sat, absorbed in reflection. Her countenance wore a troubled, discontented look.

"How mean everything seems !" she muttered, casting a disdainful eye upon the neat, but unpretending furniture of her humble chamber. Yet no room could have been more prettily arranged. Her mother had permitted Emma to follow her own fancy in the selection of the furniture, of course limiting the outlay to their moderate means; and the taste with which she selected, and then disposed of every article, was by no means discreditable to her. Only a few weeks since, when she had completed the arrangement of that nice little chamber, she exclaimed, "how beautiful !" now, while a scornful smile curls her lips, she mutters :

"How mean! oh, that I had been born the distilled poison to the last drop. The plea rich! Had my father been a nobleman, or a of a severe head ache averted the displeaduke, or a king, I might have been somebody, and I might have bad such a boudoi. as the dark-eyed lady Isabella reposed in, and might, like her, bewitch fifty or more sighing, dy- like character with the last one was borrowed, ing lovers. At last I should become a countess, or a duchess, or, perhaps, a queen. O, what a misfortune to be born poor and secluded, and to be forced to live in such miserable style! O, dear, dear, dear!" and Emma really thought that her kind, good father, was in some way to blame for being half-getting her lessons, and by securing a poor, and for living in a cottage, instead of a few of her intimate friends as prompters, to palace.

With a despairing sigh, which extinguish- to deceive her teachers with regard to her ed the flickering lamp, Emma turned away real scholarship. By an assumed gaiety, she She sought in vain to re-light it, and was strove to dispel her parent's enxiety. They forced to undress herself, and creep into bed observed her declining vigor, and could not as best she could. Till four o'clock she toss-ed about restlessly, and then fell into a trou-bled, dreamy, unrefreshing slumber, strange-ly unlike the calm, sweet repose she had been wont to find on that downy couch.

The book which had robbed Emma of at school

peace and contentment, which had aroused At length she obtained a more thrilling, abher pride and vanity, and beguiled her of sleep, was a most dangerous Parisian novel, which she had borrowed from a young friend more thoughtless and foolish than herself. A fiction of high life, it was well calculated to two hours for its digestion, and then jumped when we make Jehovah the treasure and por-tion of our hearts. It told her that Jesus had folly of your course, and have resolved to foristless, heavy step, very unlike her former elastic, graceful, tripping movement. Her eyes look dreamy and thoughtful, not spark-this habit, and how you came to your present esolution." into the Thames. anthese waters If a young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folley ; let her love truth ling and brilliant as they once were. And when resolution." arouse every slumbering passion and emotion of the soul. Crimes, which, seen in their true light, would have caused the blood to so wild, and blood chilling. With wonderful, .

isteet more than the wife of some boorish farmer, w The information communicated by Mrs.

or clownish lawyer, or poor clergy man ; though Stone did not have a tendency to allay Mrs. for this last, I shall have to be better than I am Lyman's tears. She hastened to carry the now, I suspect." news to her husband. Mr. Lyman thought, She sighed, and evidently strove to satisfy of course, that Emma must have been unwell

herself with this solution of her present un- in the night, and that she had lighted the lamp, happiness. A half-hour she sat by the winintending perhaps, to arouse her parents. dow gazing intently upon the scene before "I think," said he, "that she must be her. The light in her eyes told too well that awake by this time. I will step to her room earnest thoughts were busy in her brain. At and see." He found Emma gazing listlessly length rising suddenly, with startling earnest- towards the open window, apparently too lanness, she exclaimed : guid to rise.

"I am a fool! How have I sold my health "How does my little Emma ?" cheerfully inquired her father. and cheerfulness, and peace and contentment!

This very night I have sobbed and wept over "O, my head is better; it scarcely aches at all. I shall be well by dinner-time, I think.' a tale, which had not even a shadow of truth to rest upon. As if my last friend had been "But you look very pale, and for some snatched from me, I have grieved over the weeks, I have thought you sick-has it been sorrows of beings that never existed. Drop so ?

Emma was embarrassed. "Why, no, I by drop, the poison of this literature has been instilled into my being, till it has well nigh was never sick in my life." She hesitated, dried up the life-blood of my soul. It has whether to confess all to her father, or to seek been sweet to my taste, and so I have madly to conceal the past, and do better in future. swallowed it to the vilest dregs. It has made "I can't say that I have felt well in all reme familiar with scenes, of horror, with spects, though," she added, at length. "You were ill last night I conclude." thoughts and words, I would give worlds to forget. It has rendered all useful reading in-

vou think so ?" she asked. sipid-has made the Bible, that I have been taught to love and reverence, hateful to my "From your having a light in your room. sight; has taught me to despise my condi-Mrs. Stone has just been in to inquire if you tion in life; to forget my blessings, to waste were sick. She says she observed a light in my time, to deceive and-lie! yes, lie to the your chamber toward morning."

best of parents ! 1 abhor myself; I hate the Emma blushed deeply. "I was not sick," books which have destroyed my peace, and, at length she found courage to say; "I was from the bottom of my soul, I detest their reading."

wretched authors !" Her lips quivered with "Reading till three o'clock !" said her excitement, and her eyes were lit with frenfather, in a tone of surprise, though not of anzy. She paused a little to breathe. ger. "What would you have found, to inter-"But is their no hope left?" she cried est you so much ?"

"This !" said Emma, bitterly, drawing a eagerly. "Have I so far sold myself, that no price can ransom me? O, that I could forbook from under her pillow, where she had get all that I have read and thought for two laid it for concealment. She had determined the boy; and she had seen him laid in his narvears gone-nay, these two past months. But to deceive her father in no respect. The row and cold grave. Often had she visited will reform. From this moment I pledge tears gathered in her eyes, as she saw his myself to abandon the course of reading which surprise and sorrow. For a few moments his have followed so madly. I will not even astonishment forbade him utterance. At peruse a newspaper story. I will think better length, laying the book down, he calmly askthoughts; I will return to my former habits ed :

of exercise, and study, and sleep; I will make a woman yet !" Emma Lyman had naturally a vigorous

mind. Her strong, resolute will rarely failed in accomplishing its purposes, and it was not n vain that her resolve had been taken. But. after the excitement of the preceding night, she was really sick, and though she strove to appear well at breakfast, her stomach refused

food. "You are down sick this morning," said her father, " and you have not, for a long time, been well. What is the matter with you,

shild ?" \*1 have a headache," said Emma, sadly I will lie down a few moments, and shall

be well of it soon, I dare say." So saying, she arose, and sought her chamber. "Something that we do not suspect, is the matter with Emma," said her father anxiously, after she had gone. "I have noticed her arefully, for a week past, and I am nearly convinced that she is the prey of some mental anxiety. She sits at her sewing for an nour at a time, entirely lost in thought, and regardless of all that is passing about her; or, if she is around the house, she moves with a

thee." Say then, " Abide with me !" "Abide with me! Fast fails the eventide ; The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide ! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

"Swift to its close obbs out life's little day ; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ; Change and decay in all around I see ; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

' I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless : Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness. Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory ? triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

"Reveal Thyself before my closing eyer ; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies: Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee :

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

ADVICE TO PARENTS .- Be ever gentle with the children God has given you, watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly but not in anger. In the forcible language of scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say, "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children-the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle around the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adersity may wither then, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amid all, jet memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

As THE FOOL DIETH .- As Englishmen recently committed suicide in London, who ten years ago was worth £150,000, which he has since squadered in the gratification of his appetite. He had agents in various parts of the world to supply him with delicaties, and a single dish cost him £50. At length having nothing left, but a shirt, a battered hat, and a guinea, he spent the guinea for a woodcock, which he had served up in the highest style of the art. rested

her."

"Do her parents know of her having this?"

The whole secret of his daughter's late un-

"Then you are fond of this kind of readpursue it?"

"I have loved it, and have frequently been neck, and sobbed upon his shoulder.

"I have known it, my child," said her father, tenderly, "still I could not guess the rea-son. But, if in reality, you see the sin and

"Where did you obtain this ?"

Mr. Allen was a deacon of Mr. Lyman's church.

"I presume not," said Emma, "though I cannot certainly say."

common appearance, and of her declining health, was now accounted for.

ing, and have deprived yourself of sleep, to

up late nights to read such books, but with myself never to touch another volume of the kind. O, father, I have been so miserable lately-so discontented and "unhappy !" and Emma threw her arms around her father's