beauty in the mead dappled over with blossoms, in the hedgerow wreathed with honeysuckle, in the green lane that winds among the golden corn-fields? Is there no music in the clear, fresh song of the mavis, or the murmur of the brook as it falls over the rocky ledge? Is there not sublimity in the roar of the ocean waters? and tenderness in the cooing of the ring-doves? and hopefulness in the budding of the happy spring? And does not all Nature attest the power, and compassion, and wisdom of Him who made? Does it not fill the mind with awe and wonder? Does it not fill the soul with love and thankfulness? Is it not a revelation which unfolds to us the mysterious workings of the creative mind, so that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made?" Boy or man, thou wilt never be worthy of thy inheritance until thou lovest nature with a passionate love, and learnest to read in its glorious pages the lessons written there by a hand Divine.

6th, *Cultivate the habit of earnest prayer.* It was a saying of the excellent and pious Doddridge, "that he never advanced well in human learning without prayer, and that he always made the most proficiency in his studies when he prayed with the greatest fervency."

"Think of Daniel," says a popular writer, "prime minister of Persia, with the affairs of one hundred and twenty provinces resting on his mind, yet find-