

then know what I have since learned,—that one evil habit induces another, and, becoming strengthened by use, grows with one's growth, until it is almost impossible to break away from bands so intricately and securely woven.

I had always, from earliest childhood, disliked to do things in the right time. If my clothes needed mending, the last moment was selected for the work, as being the one most congenial to my feelings. Had I a lesson to learn, the few moments just before I had to say it were spent in hurriedly looking over what should have occupied an hour's time. In vain had my parents expostulated with and punished me; in vain had I promised better things. Entreaties and promises were alike useless. My evil genius, Procrastination, seemed continually hovering over me. Alas! I trusted that a reformation would spontaneously spring out of my own heart! As well might I have hoped that the lovely crocuses of spring would bud and blossom without the gentle showers from heaven, or the warming rays of a noonday sun, as that within my heart should bloom any beautiful trait, unless nourished by the influences of the Holy Spirit. My mother often told me I must look to God for strength to do right; but I rested content in making the petition to my heavenly