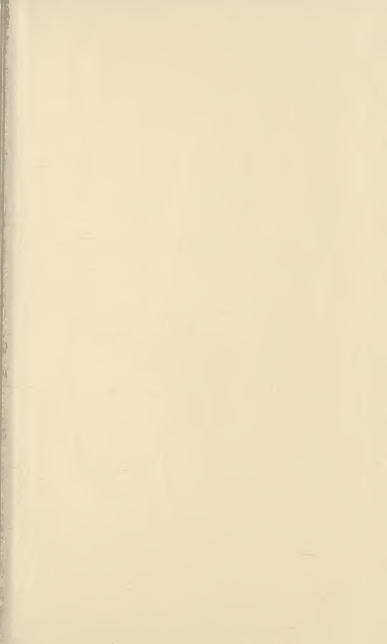


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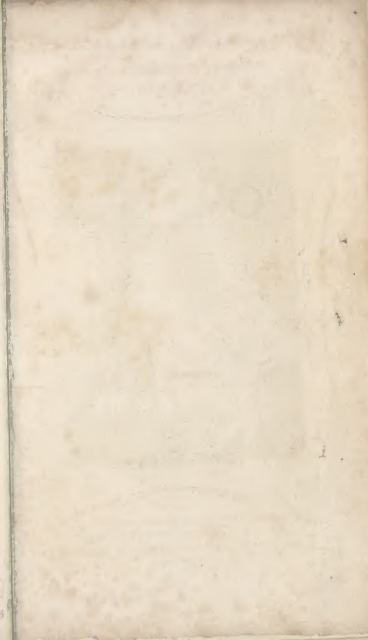
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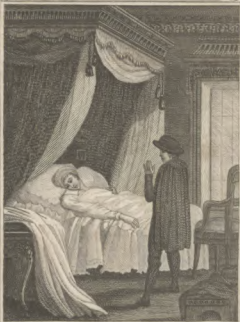
24th Aug 1796


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THE DUTY AND ADVANTAGE OF
EARLY RISING.



Eng'd by Deil & Co.

I can now cause solemnly to inform you Paley that if you persist
in your indolence, I must renounce your society. *See page 181.*

PUBLISHED BY JAMES ROBERTSON & CO. 7, ST DAVID STREET EDINBURGH.

Fourth Edition.

THE
DUTY AND ADVANTAGE
OF
EARLY RISING,

AS IT IS FAVOURABLE TO
HEALTH, BUSINESS, AND DEVOTION.

FOURTH EDITION,
CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES ROBERTSON & CO.
7, ST. DAVID-STREET;
AND SOLD BY BASIL STEWART, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON;
THOMAS RICHARDSON, DERBY; WILLIAM CURRY,
JUNR. & CO. DUBLIN; AND D. R. BLEAKLEY, CORK.

1831.



EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY ANDERSON & BRYCE.

THE
DUTY AND ADVANTAGE
OF
EARLY RISING.

ALTHOUGH early rising be one of the lesser virtues, it is one of the important, as it may be put in practice once every day of our life. It is a virtue easily acquired, and which soon repays with comfortable reflection and substantial improvement, the little exertion necessary to the habit.

Lying longer in bed than the necessities of life require, is a habit which can be distinguished by no milder a term than that of *a sensual indulgence*. It is not merely a sin of the grossest omission; it is one of ac-

tual commission. It is not merely spending the most precious part of the day in a manner that is useless; it is spending in a way that is worse than useless. It is spending it in a way that is prejudicial to the mind, and destructive to health. It weakens and pampers the body. It unmans the faculties, enervates and enfeebles the mind, and debilitates the whole intellectual system. It robs us of the time to be devoted to other important purposes. It sows the seeds of hurtful and foolish desires. It inflames the sensual appetite. It occasions and continually increases sloth. It opens the way and prepares the soul for every kind of intemperance. It occasions a universal effeminacy and faintness of spirits. It makes us afraid of every little inconvenience. It makes us unwilling to deny ourselves any pleasure, or to undergo any fatigue. It totally unfits us for enduring hardships, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, for fighting the good fight of faith, or laying hold of eternal life.

Nor is there any advantage to be set in

opposition to its many mischievous consequences. On the contrary, those who once fall a victim to this destructive propensity degrade themselves from the honour of their nature. They become a sort of perpetual sleepers,—they are dead while they live. Although entirely idle, they are ever in great want of time. They live without method, and they act at random. Morning after morning is dosed away in sleep; day after day is spent in *killing* time. In this manner life is passed away, through a course of unconnected hours, days, weeks, months, and years; and appears, upon review, as the path of a cloud in the air, which leaves no trace behind it.

While all nature is busy and active,—while all is alive and in motion, in the great moral and intellectual system of the Almighty, the sluggard alone is inactive, and the only blank in the universe. From morning to evening he is fast asleep: nor is his sleep the less sound that for a few hours about mid-day he dreams that he is awake. In fact, he is no better than the beasts of the

field or of the forest. Like them, he sleeps, he awakes. Like them, he eats, he drinks. And, like them, he performs the various functions of nature. But, worse than them, he squanders away the precious hours on which his future happiness and eternal welfare depend; and which no tears, nor lamentations, nor bitter upbraidings, will afterwards recal. He sleeps till the golden period is gone; after which the star sets, no more to rise, and the flood rolls away never to return.

Had man not been stamped with the image of the Eternal,—had his Maker not breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,—he might have enjoyed his slumbers with impunity. Had the morning repose of man not been injurious to health, and destructive to comfort, there would have been less harm done. Had he been sent to this earth to play the fool,—had his pilgrimage through life been merely a jaunt of pleasure, it had been cruel to awaken him from his dreams. But since the effects of too much sleep are so pernicious, both to body and mind, and

since this life is a state of moral discipline for the next,—since the last hour is ordained to pass sentence on all the rest,—and since the ghost of departed time, (that time he has murdered in slumbering repose,) shall yet arise in terrible array, and look him in the face, when he is groaning on a bed of agony, and feels in his heart the poisoned arrows of death,—it is proper to warn him of the folly of the one course, and to point out the nobler, the happier, and safer part, by walking in which he may see the world and adorn it—establish the health of his body, and the strength of his mind, and at once improve his time, enjoy the present, and prepare for the future. Let the indolent then arise, or be for ever fallen. Since comfort and respectability here, and glory, honour, and immortality hereafter, are at stake, it is time to awake: Since the Almighty calls upon him to finish the work he has given him to do, let him be up and doing, that the Lord may be with him, and that he may finally receive his reward: Since early rising is a habit easily acquired,—necessary for

the despatch of business,—advantageous to devotion,—nobody should be guilty of passing the morning hours in leaden slumbers, in sloth and in indolence.

Many conclusive arguments in favour of early rising might be taken from a consideration of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and of the rapidity with which time passes silently away. But as those are obvious truths, and often pressed on the attention, both from the pulpit and the press, we shall merely hint them in passing on to arguments not more conclusive, but more striking from their novelty. Time destroyed, Dr Young remarks, is *suicide*, “where more than blood is spilt.” Even when it is employed to the best advantage, man, whose life is but a span, has none of it to lose. Many and striking are the images employed by poets, painters, philosophers, moralists, and divines, to depict the rapidity with which this talent of incalculable value steals on its silent but constant course. But it is in the word of God where the value of time is most frequently and most beautifully en-

forced : The numerous allusions it contains to the brevity of life, and the many instances in which it endeavours, from this consideration, to impress upon the mind of the reader the necessity of an immediate attention to the most important of all concerns, the salvation of his soul, afford repeated proofs of the design of the Holy Spirit, in dictating such passages :—“ Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh up as a flower, and is cut down : he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.”

Life is described as being like a ship before the wind,—like a weaver’s shuttle,—or like a passing vapour. The race of men on earth is said, by a Jewish writer, to be like the leaves of the trees: They come forth with the spring, and clothe the wood with robes of green; in autumn they wither, they fall; and the winter winds scatter them on the earth. Another race comes in the season, and clothes the forest again. Life is said to be like a brook formed by the shower, which, after having foamed and rushed along for a

time, is finally lost in the ocean of eternity. Poets and painters represent it as having extended wings, by way of showing the rapidity of its flight. We are here to-day; we are gone to-morrow. The place which knows us now shall soon know us no longer. Yes; life is short, and man is a guest in a strange land, who tarries but one night. He wanders up and down in a place of graves: he reads the epitaphs upon the tombs of the deceased. To-day he sheds a few tears over the ashes of the dead: to-morrow he gets from his surviving friends the tears he himself paid the memory of his friend departed.

Since, then, our time is thus short, ought any of it to be mispent in sleep? Since we have so mighty a work to perform,—a heaven to seek, and a hell to shun,—a wicked heart to subdue, and a corrupt nature to overcome,—ought we not to embrace every method by which our time here may be lengthened.

But time is not only short, and, therefore, ought to be improved,—it is precious, precarious, and irrecoverable: It is precious;

for the months and years are now passing away which are to fix our fate for ever. The hours are at this moment on the wing which are carrying along with them eternal happiness, or eternal misery, to millions of immortal souls. Even now the decree may have gone forth,—even now the King of Terrors may have received his commission, and may be now on his way. Even this very night our immortal souls may be required of us; and where the tree falls there it must lie. Let us work, then, while it is called to-day; for the night cometh when no man can work. To-day, then, let us form the resolution of early rising. Now is the accepted time,—now is the day of salvation. Whatever our hand finds to do, let us do it with all our might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither we are all going.

Time is precarious. No man knoweth what an hour or a day may bring forth. Hence it is, that the commission originally given from on high unto the King of Terrors was,—“Go into the world; strike, so that

the dead may alarm the living." Hence Death delights to surprise, by leaving the wretched to prolong the line of their sorrow, and by aiming his dart at the heart of the young, who had put the evil day far from him. Often, when the approaches of death are least expected, he bursts at once on his prey, like an earthquake in the dead of night, or thunder in the summer's sky. All ages and conditions are alike his victims,—the young man just entering into life, high in hope, elated with joy, and promising to himself a length of happy days: the man of the world, whose designs are ripening into execution, and the long-expected crisis of whose enjoyment is just approaching: the useful in society,—the father of a family, or the pastor of a flock,—hurried promiscuously off the stage in an instant. In a word, every path in the world leads to the tomb, and every hour in life is to some one the last. In the sublime language of Solomon, the strong men are made to bow themselves, and the keepers of the house to tremble; and the grinders are made to cease, and the

daughters of music are brought low, and the sun and the moon and the stars are darkened. Fears are scattered in the way; and desire itself fails, until the silver band is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, and the dust returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit ascends to God who gave it. Our motion down the stream of life is smooth and silent. Although we are for ever moving, we perceive it not till we have arrived at the ocean of eternity. In the morning of our day we set out on the journey; and during the day and the night we travel on without standing still on the road. At every step some one or other is falling to rise no more: At every moment to some one the blood is ceasing to flow,—the breath is going out, and the spirit is taking its departure for the world unknown. Say not, then, O man! I will take my pleasure; I am young, I am strong, I have yet many days to live; I will therefore enjoy my sleep in the morning, at least for a few years, until I become old and more likely to die, when I will diligently improve every moment. Ah, rejoice not, vain man,

in the pride of your life. Look not abroad, and say in your heart, I shall not see sorrow; for time is precarious. To-night the bed of death may be spread for thee,—to-morrow the worms may call thee to be their companion; when, having entered the dominions of the dead, thou art gathered to the dust of thy fathers. Then, indeed, low is laid the head that was once crowned with honour! Silent is the tongue of the eloquent; and beamless the eye of the beautiful! and the face that gleamed with health is mangled and deformed; and the heart that glowed with the purest fire, and beat with the highest hope, then becomes for a time a clod of the valley.

Time is irrecoverable. The clock is wound up, once for all,—the hand is advancing,—and, in a moment, it may strike the hour,—that dreadful knell, which will summon us to hell or to heaven, where we will be doomed to endless misery or eternal felicity,—where we will endure the torments of the worm that never dieth, and the unquenchable fire, the smoke of which ascend-

eth for ever and ever ; or we will enjoy the presence of the Almighty, and spend the endless ages of eternity in singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. Which of these conditions, O man, wilt thou choose,—happiness or misery? Wilt thou, by mispending thy time here, “in a little more sleep, and a little more slumber,” delay the proper business of life, and put off the duties of religion until your appointed time on earth is finished? Or wilt thou act as a rational creature, by not delaying till to-morrow what may be done to-day,—by never putting off till the next hour what may be done in this, and by redeeming all the time you have from its great enemy sleep? How long, then, wilt thou sleep, O sluggard! and how many hours of every morning wilt thou kill in the folding of thy hands to sleep? Instead of standing all the day idle, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. Instead of sleeping, lying down, and loving to slumber, work while it is day. Since the days are evil, see that ye walk circumspectly,—not as fools, but as wise men, redeeming

the time. See that ye walk in wisdom towards them that are without, *redeeming the time*.

Since, then, time is so very valuable, being short, precious, and irrecoverable, how gladly should we,—the lovers of an hour,—embrace every method of protracting it, and of adding to our short existence on this earth. But, alas, it is not so ! On the contrary, instead of redeeming the time, the maxim of the world is,—Spend the time in idleness and in folly ; or, to speak in their own language, *kill the time*, in sloth, dissipation, and amusement. Hence, every pastime is greedily sought after, that can banish thought and save them from reflection. Hence, the morning hours are passed away in bed, and worn out with a few trifles, with breakfast, and with dressing. In the after hours, places of public entertainment are frequented ; parties of pleasure are formed ; plans of dissipation are concerted, and amusements, frivolous amusements, become the serious occupation of life. What policy, what contrivances, are continually put in practice by men of the world, for pre-engaging every day

in the week for one idleness or another ! for doing nothing, or worse than nothing ; and that with so much forecast as not to leave time on their hands to reproach them.

Although, in truth, life is short, yet, upon the whole, it seems, to the inconsiderate, long in its particular parts ; so much so indeed, that the morning sleeper is overstocked with its hours. Time hangs heavy on his hands,—he knows not how to employ it, or what to make of it, and therefore he is glad to sleep it away in his bed. He thinks two or three hours in the morning of no great consequence. He sees his neighbours guilty of the same gross neglect, and he is not ambitious to be singular, or to bestow any pains, as he ought to do, in buying the fleeting moments out of the hands of Satan,—out of the hands of sloth, of ease, of pleasure, and even of worldly business. Although he be a conscientious man in every other respect, or even pious, he esteems this a thing little worthy of a moment's consideration, and thinks it altogether a matter of indifference whether

he has slept an hour more or less. He never looks to the subject in its true point of view ; as constituting an important branch of *Christian temperance*,—as a mark of prudence and foresight,—as a preservative of health,—as an exhilarator of the spirits,—and, above all, as an easy and effectual method of *manufacturing* time,—time infinitely more precious, productive, and pleasant than the hours of night, when the body is tired and oppressed, and the mind is confused and overpowered by the business of the day.

We say, that life which is short upon the whole, seems long in its particular parts. We look upon the larger portion of time as being of very considerable importance ; and we attach to the manner by which they are distinguished, ideas of a comparative commensurate value. A few minutes, half-an-hour, or even an hour or two, are things of no great consequence in the estimation of most people ; yet when we talk of a week, a month, or a year, we are quite aware of the importance and value of the period.

In the course of conversation with a friend,

who has unfortunately acquired the degrading habit of mispending his morning hours in bed, were we to propose to him that he shorten his existence, by voluntarily giving up a certain number of the healthiest and happiest years of his life, he would, to a certainty, shudder at the thought. Or were we even to request it of him, as a particular favour, to blot out a few months in the period of his earthly existence, no consideration of wealth, or friendship, or gratitude, would induce him to comply with the request. But were we to make our request in another shape, we would, to a certainty, gain our end. Were we to propose that a certain definite number of moments, of minutes, or even of hours, should be devoted to our service, for any particular purpose, the morning sleeper would most willingly grant the request. Nay, were we even to propose that these fractions of time might be altogether cancelled, although he might hesitate at the novelty of the surrender, yet he would soon console himself by thinking of the insignificance of each individual particle

of time, and yield to the proposition with little reluctance. Were we to say to the morning sleeper, without any preface or explanation, ten years are to be taken from the short time allotted as the period of your life on this earth; your lifetime had been extended to the number of fifty years, but it has now been restricted to forty,—he would startle, and look upon it as an awful misfortune. But were it merely said to him, you are to get out of bed at eight in the morning, while I am to rise at six, and the probability is, we will both live for a period of forty years, he would never dream of uttering the slightest complaint, but on the contrary, he would think himself the best off of the two. But pray tell us, Mr Sleeper, where lies the difference between taking ten years off the time allowed us here in the slump, and taking it off gradually in fractions? If there be any odds it is certainly in favour of depriving the individual of the ten years, inasmuch as the two morning hours which are lost are unquestionably the best hours of the day;

whereas, in the ten years taken away, the good and bad hours would be mixed.

By sleeping two hours longer in bed each morning than the necessities of nature absolutely require, fourteen hours, *or one day, is lost in the week.* By sleeping two hours longer in bed, every morning, than the necessities of nature require, at this rate *three months* are lost out of *twelve.* By sleeping two hours longer in the morning, than the necessities of nature strictly require, *TEN YEARS* out of *FORTY* are cut off the short period of man's existence: *TEN YEARS*, too, of the most useful, cheerful, healthy, and comfortable portion of our whole life. Now again the sleeper is startled and astonished. He never dreamed of such a thing. Even yet he thinks it impossible. He cannot believe it. There must be a mistake in the calculation. It is so wonderful, and so very different from the result he would have anticipated. In answer to this, we would advise the sleeper to try it himself, and the result will convince him of the awful truth. It is a simple process of arithmetic; and

you know, Mr Sleeper, that figures cannot lie. Oh, then, that the sleeper would only lift up his heart to the spirit of divine truth and discernment! and beg of him to strike upon it, to shew him the evil, the folly, the danger, and the wretchedness of his ways, and to induce, or rather constrain him to see the truth as it is in Jesus, and to follow it.

Nay, let us even try a smaller portion of time,—a mere trifle. Let us take the small matter of ten minutes being spent in sleep, longer than may be necessary for rest and refreshment. Ten minutes each morning, says the sleeper; surely it is not meant to be asserted that ten minutes will come to any thing worth mentioning. Although ten minutes at first sight appear to be no great sacrifice, yet it too soon mounts up to no inconsiderable period of time. Ten minutes every morning lost in sleep, or in lying in bed, after having awoke, comes to more than an *hour a-week*. Ten minutes a-day thus dosed away, comes to FIVE HOURS EVERY MONTH; ten minutes lost

every day comes to FIVE DAYS IN THE YEAR; ten minutes lost daily comes, in the course of forty years, to be upwards of SIX MONTHS. So much, Mr Sleeper, for the trifle of ten minutes, so little worth minding, or worth mentioning. Oh what a blessing it would confer on the poor death-bed sinner, to have these *trifling ten minutes* bestowed upon him, when he is praying for pardon of his sins, and has not allowed himself time to repent of his manifold and highly aggravated transgressions! What a boon would it not be, to have, when he sees himself to be within ten minutes of eternity, half-a-year added to the period of his life-time! How grateful he would be, and to how great advantage would he spend it! He would not again dose it away in sleeping and slumbering. He would not again allow his precious moments to fly unheeded, or to be dissipated in idle amusements.

See, then, Mr Sleeper, how soon trifles amount to sums worthy of consideration. We would remind the reader, that a pin a-

day is a groat a-year. A nobleman once saw a peasant riding a beautiful, active, spirited horse. Upon inquiry, he found that it had been well broke, and trained to no vicious habits; he therefore determined in his own mind to purchase the charger from the farmer. But as the farmer had been at much pains in rearing it, and was proud of the condition to which he had brought it, he was not over-fond of parting with it, or at any rate he was determined to have its full value. When the nobleman waited on him to ask his price, the farmer, affecting to be ignorant of the real value of the animal, said, that as the purchaser was a gentleman, who stood high in the world, and would treat the horse gently, he would give it for a *trifle*. After a bluster of gratitude, and fair promises of after-reward, on the part of the buyer, and an affectation of moderation and simplicity on that of the seller, an agreement was entered into that the price of the horse should be determined by the number of nails in his shoes; and that the purchaser should pay one penny for the first

nail, twopence for the second, fourpence for the third; and so doubling the sum at each nail, until the usual number, viz. twenty-four, was exhausted. Both parties parted quite pleased with the bargains they had made. But when the nobleman began to calculate, he found, to his utter amazement, horror, and vexation, that, according to his agreement, the price of the horse would be about *fifty thousand pounds*.

So much then, Mr Sleeper, for trifles of time. In fact, every thing is made up of particles; so that every little moment is of the first importance. Because, when they are added together, they soon make up a period that is altogether alarming. The shore that surrounds our native land, and which has resisted, for thousands of years, the rude attacks of the boisterous ocean, and the incessant lashing of the waves, is composed of grains of sand. The earth itself, on which we tread and erect our dwellings, with all its trees, and towns, and hills, is composed of the minutest particles. The cable which prevents the floating bul-

warks of our country from dashing against the rock, or splitting their planks on each other, consist of single fibres of flax. These ships themselves, with all their engines of war, which have carried destruction to the remotest corners of the world, are composed of particles. The lucid path, which circumscribes the heavens, is made up of an assemblage of countless stars; and the largest numbers are formed of units, and the lengthened space of succeeding ages, which extends from the memory of creation, to that awful hour when the angel shall swear by Him who liveth for ever and ever, that time shall cease and be no more, is made up of single moments. Remember, then, O man! these important truths, and become a real economist of time.

Again, we would rouse those who are addicted to the habit of sleeping away time, to bethink themselves of what they are about. Let them only be at the pains of making the necessary calculation, and they will become avaricious where avarice is no sin. Let them calculate the sum in hours to

which a minute, daily gained, will amount, and they will become parsimonious where parsimony is a virtue. Or, if they are averse to calculations, and not disposed to take us at our word, let them turn up Doddridge's Family Expositor, where they will be told, that the difference between rising betwixt five and seven o'clock in the morning, supposing a person to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to his life.* And then reverse the process,—look to it in the slump,—propose that the said ten years be given up to sleep and inaction ; or,

* The following note from Doddridge's Family Expositor is worthy of consideration.—“ I will here,” says the Doctor, “ record an observation, which I have found of great use to myself, and to which I may say, that the production of this work, and most of my other works, is owing, viz. that the difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life : of which, supposing the two hours in question to be so spent, eight hours every day should be spent in study and devotion.”

in other words, that they be instantly expunged from the period of existence, and they will soon be convinced, from the simplest rules of arithmetic, what a treasure may in this way be acquired, and what a loss may in this way be sustained.

Before going farther, it may be necessary to premise, that there is not any thing which we are here recommending, with regard to early rising, to be understood as implying, that we are not to allow ourselves a proper portion of rest and sleep in bed. Quite the reverse. Sleep, when not too long indulged in, is not only agreeable and necessary, but it is absolutely indispensable. It is as indispensably necessary for the invigorating of the body, and restoring the tone of the intellectual faculties, as food is, or any other blessing which we enjoy from the hand of Providence.

“The regulation of sleep,” says the illustrious French physiologist, F. Magendie, “is one of the circumstances which contributes most to the preservation of health. Its suppression, even for a short time, is at-

tended with serious inconveniences ; and in no case can it be carried beyond certain limits. When the time of being awake has continued too long,—that is for sixteen or eighteen hours,—a general feeling of fatigue and weakness ensues : Our motions become more difficult,—our senses lose their activity,—the mind becomes confused,—receives sensations indistinctly, and governs muscular contractions with difficulty. In these signs we recognize the necessity of sleep ; and we accordingly choose such a position as can be preserved with little effort. We seek obscurity and silence, and gradually sink into the arms of oblivion. We successively lose the use of our senses : the sight first ceases to act by closing the eyelids,—the smell becomes dormant after the taste,—the hearing after the smell,—and the touch after the hearing. The muscles of the limbs, being relaxed, cease to act before those that support the head ; and these before those of the spine. In proportion as these things proceed, breathing becomes slower and more deep. The

circulation diminishes,—the blood flows in greater quantities to the head,—the animal heat sinks,—the different secretions become less abundant, and digestion becomes less rapid.—In a word, the whole frame having been tired, and in some measure worn out, relaxes, goes to rest, and prepares for the more increased action of the following day.”

Such being the case, a more destructive advice could not be given than that of taking too little sleep. Indeed, if there be one advice to be more frequently repeated than another,—if there be one caution which should be impressed with more earnestness, sincerity, and affection than another; if there be any warning which should be accompanied with more than ordinary entreaties, and urged with more than accustomed seriousness, it would be,—take enough of sleep; because the want of it will very soon bring on a long and lamentable train of malady. It will bring on mental irascibility, and hurt the nervous system. “An insufficiency of sleep,” says the late Dr Gregory of Edinburgh, “infallibly pro-

duces confusion of the senses, pain in the head, weakness of the joints, failure of memory, sickness, heat, fever, paleness, hypochondriacism, hysterics, and if persisted in, delirium or death." Miss Taylor, in her excellent letters on early rising, justly remarks, that the want of sleep produces that nervous irritation and mental agony bordering on the awful condition,

" Which of all maladies that most infest,
Claim most compassion, and obtain the least."

Innumerable instances might be mentioned, of people having fallen victims to the mistaken notion of taking too little repose. As it is unnecessary to say more on this part of the subject, the voice of nature and of reason, and the habits and propensities of most people being all alike favourable to the obtaining a sufficiency of sleep, we shall merely refer to the well known and lamentable instance of Henry Kirk White, whose works are so universally and so justly esteemed. His name included all that was amiable in disposition or delicate in sentiment, elegant in taste or exalted in

genius. Too eager to climb the hill of Parnassus, he had nearly reached its top, ere he was twenty-two years of age. Ambitious of fame, he allowed himself too little sleep. Fond of study, and anxious to excel, he ruined his health, and destroyed the nobler fabric of his mind. One symptom above-mentioned followed after another, in rapid succession, till he was brought to an untimely grave. The beautiful flower bloomed, and was nipt almost in the bud. Yet, short as he lived, he has left behind him a name which will not soon be forgotten. Let his melancholy fate be a warning to all night studiers, and to those who may allow themselves too little sleep.*

* Henry Kirke White, the son of John and Mary White, was born at Nottingham, March 21, 1785. At three years old he learned to read, and at an early age he gave decided proofs of his love of books. At the age of six, he went to school to the Rev. John Blanchard, and learnt, besides writing and arithmetic, the French language. As he advanced in years, his father, who was a butcher in Nottingham, employed him one whole day in the week, and many of his leisure hours, in carrying the butcher's basket. Henry having been taken from the

We would not have been thus particular in manifesting our anxiety for setting our

above school, one of the ushers told Mrs White, that her son was such an incorrigible lad that it was impossible to do any thing with him. This made his friends very uneasy, and had they relied upon it, his education might have been totally neglected. Mr Shipley, under whom he was afterwards placed, to the joy of his friends, soon announced him a boy of quick perceptions and admirable talents. At fourteen he began to learn to weave stockings. His mother, however, thought that he was qualified for better employment, and his superior soul breathed at this age many complaining verses.

At length his affectionate and excellent mother prevailed on his father to remove him to a situation more congenial to Henry's views. This was to the office of Messrs Coldham & Enfield, attorneys and town-clerk of Nottingham. The Latin language now engaged his attention; and though he had but little time for study, and but little assistance in learning it, in ten months he could read Horace with tolerable facility, besides having made some progress in the Greek. The Greek nouns and verbs were his study as he walked to and from the office, and from this time the habit of study during his walks continued to the end of his life.

He now became almost estranged from his family. Even at his meals he read, and all his evenings were devoted to intellectual improvement. And that he might lose no time, he ate his milk supper in his little room,

readers right in respect to this point, had there not prevailed a very general idea in

called his study. Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, chemistry, astronomy, electricity, music, and mechanics, were also studied by him, and in several of these languages he was a tolerable proficient. Soon after he left school, by the influence of some friends, he was chosen a member of the Literary Society which then existed in Nottingham, and delivered a lecture upon Genius, for which he received the unanimous thanks of the Society. These favourite employments did not cause him to neglect his filial and professional duties: as a son and servant, he walked strictly by the commands of God. Pride, the usual offspring of talents admired, not unfrequently becomes the parent of infidelity; and Henry at one time, too proud to submit to the dictates of the Scriptures, was inclined to deism.

Mr Pigot, the curate of St Mary's, Nottingham, sent him "Scott's Force of Truth," and requested him to peruse it carefully. At first he thought himself equal to the refutation of this work; but, in a fortnight after, he said, it was out of any man's power to answer it, for it was founded upon eternal truth, and that it had convinced him of his error. From this time he became so impressed with a sense of the importance of the favour of God, that he would part with knowledge, fame, and society, and live in a wilderness unknown till death, if he could but become a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Religion, in which he now appeared to him-

the world, that a man must accustom himself to the smell of the midnight oil, in order

self not yet to have taken a step, engaged all his anxieties, and he was urged, by a conviction of its infinite importance, to resign himself up to the guidance and government of God and his word, both in doctrines to be believed and duties to be practised. "I supposed," said he to Mr Pigot, "that morality of conduct was all the purity required; but when I found that the purity of the thoughts and intentions of the soul also was requisite, I was convinced of my deficiencies, and could find no comfort in my penitence, nor in any thing but in the ATONEMENT made by the Redeemer; and no strength adequate to the resistance of evil, but the aids of God's Spirit." It was not long after his mind became so deeply imbued with evangelical sentiments, that he felt a strong inclination to devote his future days to the ministry of the gospel; and, to prepare for this great work, he used his utmost endeavours to place himself in one of the Universities. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from this purpose, but to no effect; and numerous as the obstacles were, he resolved, and at last succeeded, in surmounting them all. This, however, was not accomplished till despair more than once succeeded disappointment. "All my hopes," said he once to his mother, "of getting to the University are now blasted: in preparing myself for it, I have lost time in my profession: I have much ground to get up; and as I am determined not to be a *mediocre* attorney, I must endeavour to recover what I have lost."

to gain celebrity as an author. So much does this idea prevail in the literary circles,

The consequence was, that he applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He now allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for his sleep. He would read till one, two, or three o'clock in the morning; then, throwing himself on the bed, would rise to his work again at five, at the call of a *larum* which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only, was he undutiful; and neither commands, nor tears, nor entreaties, could check this desperate and deadly ardour. At one time she went every night into the room to put out his candle. As soon as he heard her coming up stairs, he used to hide it in a cupboard, throw himself into bed, and affect sleep, while she was in the room; then, when all was quiet, rise again to his studies. His health soon sunk under these habits; he became pale and thin, and at length had a sharp fit of sickness. His friends think he was never fully recovered from the shock his constitution now received; and from several of his poems, it appears that he thought himself in danger of consumption. His removal to the University being finally arranged, he quitted his employers, Messrs Enfield and Coldham, in October 1801. The Rev. Mr Simeon had advised him to de-grade for a year, and place himself during that time un-

that whenever it is meant to be said that a work is highly finished or much laboured,

der some scholar. He, accordingly, went to the Rev. Mr Grainger, of Winteringham, Lincolnshire. But, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, he pursued the same severe course of study, and it was followed with a second illness. But the seeds of death were sown in his tender constitution; and the seat of learning, to which he had so long directed his hopes, became the hot-house to ripen them. When the general college examination came on, he was unprepared to meet it, having directed his attention to other necessary objects. A fortnight only remained for him to read what other students had been the whole term in reading. This exertion was too much for his shattered frame; and, with tears, he told Mr Catton, his tutor, he must decline the examinations. Mr Catton, however, with a view to Henry's advantage, exhorted him to hold out the six days; and, to enable him to make the necessary exertions, strong medicines were administered to support him. He held out the time, and was pronounced the first man of his year. But he paid dear for the honours he thus acquired; life was the price at which he purchased his fame. He visited town after this examination; and when he returned to the University, he pursued his studies with as little attention to health as ever. Even his exercise was without relaxation, for he studied as he walked. The consequence of this close application was, as might be expected, superiority. His only chance of life was relaxa-

the terms used are, it smells of the midnight lamp. And stories are told of great men, particularly among the ancients, having got out of bed, when the whole world was silent and asleep, and studied till the dawn of day, and then retired to rest. Nothing can be more absurd, or more dangerous, or less likely to promote the end in view. Is it possible that such persons can

tion. London, to which he went, afforded too many stimulants to genius; and he returned to college so exceedingly ill, that all the powers of medicine were in vain employed for his recovery. Having studied some abstruse problems in mathematics, read Greek at breakfast, and sat down to study some logarithmic tables, he fell down in a fit. At a quarter past eleven his landress found him bleeding in four places in his face and head, and insensible. Frightened at the scene, she sent for a surgeon; but before he arrived Henry had sallied out in his flannel gown; and till a vein was opened, he was not brought to his recollection. This was only temporary relief. His disorder increased rapidly.

His brother Neville, being informed of his danger, posted down; but Henry was delirious before he came. He knew him only for a few moments. The next day he sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday, October 19, 1806, he died.

really bring their mind to the serious belief, that the feeble glimmerings of a lamp, the light of which is often dim, and is at best conveyed in fitful flashes, can have any influence on the thinking faculties, or afford any help to the intellectual powers? Is such a light likely to be less prejudicial to the eye-sight than the redness of the morning sky, or less cheering to the mind than the pure and unwavering blaze of the orb of day? We would ask whether the compositions of such men, or their devotions, should be scented with the sickening odours of oil, or breathe the freshness, and impart the fragrance, of the morning hours? "We would ask such, whether the blinking, the blindness, the screeching, and the squalling of the owl are more agreeable to study, and more likely to promote it, than the liveliness, loftiness, melody, and music of the lark?" We must sleep some time or another. And can there be a better time for it than in the silence of the midnight hour, when man, and beast, and bird, are at their repose. Night then is the most

proper time for sleep, by reason of the absence of the solar light, which animate the whole creation, and in some measure prevents that waste of spirits which is the consequence of watching for any length of time. Hence, we see how a person who has sat up all night finds a dead load on his mind about the turn of the night; and he also finds a revival of his spirits with the morning light. All nature is revived.

We repeat, that it is not against sleep that we inveigh; on the contrary, it is the gift of God to his beloved. Balmy sleep is termed "nature's sweet restorer," without which it were as impossible to exist for one week as it were to be without food. Plans have been devised, and devices fallen upon, to try, by way of experiment, how long we can go without sleep; and, after two or three days, the individual has uniformly dropt asleep, not only in spite of his own resolutions, but in spite of all the noise, shakings, and prickings with needles, with which his friends could annoy him. It is against an over-indulgence in sleep that we

write. It is the needless, the injurious, excess of it which we reprobate. It is the destructive abuse of it we are anxious to point out, and to guard our readers against. And why? Because too much sleep is injurious to health and comfort, pernicious to study and to business, and one of the greatest enemies to devotion and true religion. It is reprobated, alike by precept and example, in the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament. It is disapproved of by medical people, on account of its effects on the body, and by divines, as being injurious to the eternal welfare of the immortal soul. It is railed against by the man of business, as being the cause of all hurry and confusion, and want of method exhibited in the busy world. It is written against by literary men, who lament its deadening effects on the spirits and mental faculties; and it is detested by poets, who have delighted to paint, in glowing terms, the beauty, the fragrance, and the innumerable comforts of morn.

Early rising is beneficial to health. The greatest blessing of which a man can be pos-

sessed on this earth is certainly a conscience void of offence towards God and towards our fellow-creatures. The "*mens conscia recti*" enables a man, under the most apparently distressing circumstances, to laugh at the world and all its petty troubles and afflictions, and even to rise superior to the pains and disheartening reflections of ill health. Next to that of a good conscience, assuredly that of health is the greatest. Without it, riches, pleasures, amusements, society, and friends, delight not. Without health, every comfort becomes of no avail, and every enjoyment a vexation. To the man stretched on the sick-bed music is discord, and well dressed dishes loathsome. Every thing seems a vexation. The solicitude of friends teases him, and their neglect makes him peevish. When a numerous and direful train of diseases assail him,—when he is chastened with pain, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain, he is ready to choose strangling and death rather than life. Nor is this the case only with a few weak-minded men. Even the greatest and bravest of

men, when laid hold of by sickness, become fretful as children. Even the mighty Cæsar himself, it is said, when ill of a fever in Egypt, cried, like a sick girl, "Give me some drink, Titinius." But when a man possesses good health, and a good conscience, he cannot be unhappy. When health sparkles in the eye, and the blood runs pure in the veins, the mind is gay as the morning, and every misfortune is a trifle. He rises from his bed with no fearful forebodings,—he enjoys his meals, his business, and his recreations; and he retires to his rest with the desire to sleep, in which he is gratified soon after his head reaches the pillow. The day is a day of happiness, and the night are hours of comfort and repose, without tossing in bed and anxiously watching for the morning dawn.

If such be the value of health,—if it be more precious than gold, and more to be esteemed than fine gold, or all the treasures of the east, surely wise and considerate men, and especially those who know what it is to want it, will esteem no sacrifice too great

to preserve health, or to have it restored to them after they have lost it. No doubt the world has been infinitely indebted to the healing art, and to those men who, by their inventions, study, and experiments, have done so much, if not to avert death, at least to make it easy. But, perhaps, too much of the attention of medical men has been directed to the *cure* of disease, when it could probably have been as successfully employed in that of *preventing* complaints, by the statement of a few simple and salutary rules. Without meaning, however, to show our presumption, by deciding on points as to which we know comparatively little, we may at least remark, that if mankind have spent much of their valuable time in studying the powers and properties of medicine,—in penning and publishing systems of physic,—in making journeys to foreign countries, for the laudable purpose of restoring health when impaired,—surely the man of foresight will, if he has it in his power, render all such excursions fruitless, by endeavouring to preserve health ; or, if he has

lost it, by using the means for restoration which may have the best hopes of success. The man of foresight, we should think, would be the more ready to act in this way when he is assured that the cause of his distemper is obviously palpable, and the method of cure simple, certain, and by no means so disagreeable as the swallowing of drugs.

Having made these few general observations, with respect to the advantages of health, and the wisdom of studying to preserve it rather than to restore it when lost, the following remarks will, it is hoped, meet more readily the serious consideration of our readers.—

The pernicious habit of continuing an unnecessary length of time in bed, is assuredly destructive to health. Nothing can be more certain than this, although it is not commonly observed, because the evil steals on by slow and imperceptible degrees. Yet, notwithstanding of its being so insidious, in this gradual and almost insensible manner, it lays the foundation of many diseases. In

this habit originates one of the principal causes of the degeneracy of mankind in modern times, compared with our forefathers. The long train of maladies, with which so many are at present afflicted, and which, in the absence of a more distinguishing and specific term, are all ranked under the general title of *nervous*, are to be referred to the immoderate portion of time devoted to sleep, and *soaking* in a warm bed. It has often been lamented, that these complaints are, in some measure, indescribable. Nor can they be easily, in all cases, traced step by step to this source; hence the variety of different cures which, one after another, have become fashionable in their day. There is one point on which there is no difference of opinion, namely, that one and all of them originate in a state of corporeal debility. This corporeal weakness, from the obvious connexion existing between body and mind, instantly occasions a mental relaxation. The necessary consequence of this twofold weakness is a succession of fears, doubts, hesitations, and dismal forebodings, with a variety of

other painful and distressing sensations, which, as they are all without a cause in the objects of them, render their unhappy victims the objects of pity and commiseration.

Nor is it barely from sleeping too long, that these horrible symptoms (so frightsome, that they may be termed *night-mares* through the *day*,) arise; they originate also from what may be esteemed by some less pernicious,—the mere act of lying too long in bed after having awoke from sleep. By soaking, says Mr Wesley, in his justly celebrated sermon on the duties and advantages of early rising, so long between warm sheets, the flesh is as it were par-boiled, and becomes soft and flabby; and the nerves, in the meantime, are quite unstrung, and all the train of melancholy symptoms, faintness, tremors, lowness of spirits, with all the melancholy accompaniments of hypochondriacism, come on, till life itself becomes a burden. An over-indulgence in these two ways impairs the health, generates disease, and in the end destroys the lives of multitudes.

Robertson, in his *Morning Exercises*, bears testimony to the same fact, in the strongest and most emphatic language. The tyrannical habit attacks life in its essential powers. It makes the blood forget its way, and creep lazily along the veins—it relaxes the fibres, and it unstrings the nerves—it saddens the soul—it dulls the fancy—it subdues and stupifies the man to such a degree, that the lord of the creation has no appetite for any thing in it. He loathes labour—yawns for want of thought—trembles at the sight of a spider—and, in the absence of it, he trembles at the creature of his own gloomy imagination.

Magendie, who is not only by far the greatest physiologist that France ever produced, but even the most illustrious of ancient or modern times, says,—That, by uninterrupted and peaceful sleep, *restrained within proper limits*, the powers are restored, and the organs recover the facility of action. But if sleep is prolonged beyond measure, so far from repairing, it exhausts the strength, fatigues the body, and sometimes becomes

the occasion of *serious diseases*, as *idiotism and madness*.

Dr Cheyne, who has also long stood almost at the top of the medical profession, says,—That nothing can be more prejudicial to tender constitutions, studious and contemplative persons, than lying long in bed,—lolling and soaking in sheets, after any one is distinctly awake, or has slept a due and reasonable time. On the other hand, says he, a free and open air is a kind of cold bath, especially after rising out of a warm bed; and, consequently, the circulation becomes brisker, and more complete; the nerves are braced up, as also the solids; while lying in bed soaks them in moisture. This is evident from the appetite and hunger of those that rise early, far beyond that which they get by lying long in bed. The celebrated Dr Buchanan says,—I hardly ever knew an early riser who did not enjoy a good state of health.

“Many inquiries,” says Wesley, “have been made, why nervous disorders are much more common among us than among our an-

cestors. Our hardy ancestors never complained of these disorders which we now lament. There were few or no nervous disorders till within these two or three hundred years. The answer is plain and decisive: Our forefathers rose at four, their degenerate progeny lie till eight. Other causes may, no doubt, frequently concur, but the chief is,—we lie longer in bed. Instead of rising at four, most of us, who are not obliged to work for our bread, lie till seven, eight, or nine. We need inquire no further; this sufficiently accounts for the large increase of those painful disorders.”

He goes on to say,—“ One common effect of either sleeping too long, or lying too long in bed, is WEAKNESS OF SIGHT, particularly that weakness which is of the nervous kind. When I was young,” says he, “ my sight was remarkably weak. Why is it stronger now than it was forty years ago? I impute this principally to the blessing of God, who fits us for whatever he calls us to; but undoubtedly the outward mean, which he has been pleased to bless, was the rising early every morning.”

Few, it is true, are willing to allow that too much sleep of a morning will, or possibly can, produce such awful effects as those we have mentioned. To these we can only say, that if they do not believe the respectable authorities and numerous testimonies we have already mentioned, they would not believe other authorities, however numerous and however respectable. It is said, that those who will not believe Moses and the prophets, would not believe though one were to rise from the dead to convince them. These, having ears, hear not; having eyes, see not; neither do they understand. The reason that some do not believe is, that the evil has crept so slowly upon them, that they are not aware of its approach. The malady has become so formidable, by such imperceptible advances, that they cannot now discover how it was introduced. Be that as it may, one thing at least is certain, that, whether we believe it or not, it is nevertheless true; and that those who persist in the destructive and degrading habit, will in the end find it to be so, and that to

their cost. But alas! it will then be too late.

The nervous system, which too much sleep seems principally to affect, is a delicate, important, and sensitive apparatus. When once deranged or materially affected, the whole frame gets out of order. And as the nerves are the connecting links in the chain, which bind soul and body, and by which the communication between the two is maintained, any practice which has the slightest tendency to weaken, debilitate, or destroy their healthy action, and vigorous lively exertion, should be instantly abandoned, or, rather, should never be formed. In what we have stated there is no exaggeration or colouring to give effect. It is merely a plain and simple statement, taken from a few of the most respectable authorities. Many more names might have been mentioned,—other quotations might have been made,—more remarks might have been added,—but as it is the most disagreeable part of the detail we have to make, we hasten to state the beneficial effects which a moderate portion of sleep has

upon the constitution. The contrast between him who over-doses himself with sleep, and the early riser, is very striking: so much so, indeed, that we hesitate not to affirm, that, were there no other inducement to early rising than the vigour of mind, health, and strength of body which it insures, there would not be wanting arguments sufficiently strong to convince every rational man of the duties and advantages of the practice.

Such we have seen to be the direful effects of an over-indulgence in sleep, and of lying soaking in a warm bed, after having awoke. Is there any medicine, then, we would ask, by which such common and such dreadful maladies, as those we have mentioned above, may be removed or alleviated? Yes, there is one,—the most simple, safe, and salutary. There is a medicine for the complaint, that is neither bitter to the taste, disagreeable to the sight, nor nauseous to the smell: there is a medicine for the cure of the disease, the taking of which will not confine the patient within

doors, weaken his constitution, or debilitate his mental energies. Nor will it require the attendance of the apothecary, or the help of his drugs. What, then, is the grand panacea which, like the quack medicines, promises so much, with so little trouble and expense? In one word, then, *it is early rising*, and taking a sufficiency of exercise in the free and open air. Has too much sleep and lying in bed brought on a train of maladies? there can be nothing more simple, natural, or obvious, than the cure,—take less sleep. Don't lie in bed after having awoke,—arise,—take exercise. The rule is rational and efficacious. Remove the disease by a course exactly opposite to that which produced it. Are the nerves of the patient unstrung, his bodily strength enfeebled, and the faculties of his mind deadened, and would he invigorate his frame, exercise his limbs, brace his nerves, regale his senses, exhilarate his spirits,—let him arise, call upon his God, and admire the beauties of nature, as unfolded in the splendid scenery of the morning. Instead

of turning in bed, like the door upon its hinges, let him get up, and go out into the fields amid all the charms of rural life. Instead of calling for a little more sleep, or a little more slumber, and a little folding of the hands to sleep, let him walk abroad, and observe the industrious sons of labour already at their work, the grazing herds, and the bleating flocks,—let him listen to the winged choristers, the heralds of the morn, and see the wakeful larks warbling, as they mount on high, their morning hymn of praise to the God of Nature. The whole scenery of morn,—the dawning of the day, and the gradual dissipation of the clouds, the rising of the sun, and the reflection of his beams on the summits of the hills, the spangled dew, and the harmony of the feathered choir, regale the senses, enliven the corporeal and mental faculties, and invite the beholder to join with all around him in hailing the return of another day.

When a man (says Mr Robertson, in his morning lecture on industry and early devotion) walks abroad in the morning, every

sense is feasted, and the finest emotions of an honest and benevolent heart are excited. It is next to impossible to be sour or dull. Above, the spacious canopy, the tabernacle or tent for the sun, in a thousand clouds of variegated forms, glowing with colours of every conceivable mixture, skirted and shaded with silky mists, afford a boundless tract of pleasure to the eye. Around, the fragrant air, perfumed by a variety of flowers, refreshes the smell. He snuffs the odour, and tastes, as it were, in delicate mixture, the sour and the sweets. The village pours forth its healthful sons, each with his cattle, parting off to his work with innocence in his employment, a ruddy health in his countenance, and spirits and cheerfulness in his address. that makes him an object of envy to a king. Here the sly shepherd-boy surveys and plots for his flock; and there the old herdman tells tales and talks to his cattle, and loves, patting their flanks, to chant over the history of every heifer under his care. And have I, says he, only nothing to do in this busy

scene? have I nothing to say among so many voices? am I a man, and have no pleasure in seeing the peace and plenty, the health and happiness of my fellow-creatures? have I no good wishes for them? *'O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.'* Should we make our observations on different seasons of the year, on a morning after a tempestuous night, in which the howling winds had torn up our timber by the roots, upset our tottering chimneys, and carried half the thatch of our cottages away; or in which our sheep lay buried in drifts of snow, and the other cattle were deprived of all their green winter meat, or in which our rivers had swelled into floods, blown up the banks, laid all our meadows under water, covered the very ridges of our corn, threatened the lives of all our flocks, and destroyed the hopes of man:—In all these, and in all other such cases, the perfections of God are displayed, the emotions of man and Christians excited, and the language of Scripture enforced.

What a lesson does every opening bud afford. What health and beauty are acquired and displayed. What a moral is there in the grandeur of the scene, which the variety of objects exhibit. Every leaf is a candidate for wonder. Every blade of grass is a subject of astonishment. Not merely the stately oak, which flings its extended branches across the glade, but even the minutest flower, just bursting into being, breathes forth a fragrance which imparts health and cheerfulness of disposition to man, beast, and bird. By surveying these objects, by breathing the fragrance they emit, by taking the necessary exercise, a stock of health is laid in, and a degree of mirthful hilarity is excited in the mind, which puts the whole system in the proper tone for enjoying breakfast, and for commencing the labours of the day; whether they be those of the closet, the desk, the counting-house, the senate, or the bar, or the more humble, but not less useful, occupation of the craftsman. These morning walks not only remove all complaint of the kind we formerly men-

tioned, by removing the cause, in shortening the hours of sleep, but they even tend of themselves generally to strengthen the frame and exhilarate the spirits.

But, in thus casting our eyes over the other side of the picture, we need not thus dwell so much on the result to be expected from the bracing effects of the morning air on our physical organization : far less need we enter into a particular detail of the manner in which it operates on the body. In addition, then, to what we have already said, we will content ourselves with stating the opinion of a few medical writers of acknowledged celebrity, which serve to corroborate our sentiments, and establish the correctness of the views already stated by us.

We appeal to facts, which are not only worthy of being recorded, but also of being remembered and acted upon. Lord Mansfield was one of the most eminent lawyers of his age : He had a long course of practice at the bar, and he also acquired much experience on the bench. Of these opportunities he

availed himself, to ascertain the point for which we contend. Whenever a witness came before him of great age, and with a sound constitution, and the faculties of his mind entire, it was his invariable practice to put a number of minute questions to him as to his habits of life. In many respects the practice of the witnesses differed, and were often directly contrary; but, in one point, they to a man agreed. He uniformly found that they had all been early risers. This is a striking fact, and well worth ten thousand speculative arguments: the conviction which it carries along with it renders further proof and further commentary altogether unnecessary. It is decisive of the point. Some of the old men were addicted to this vice, and some to that; some of them had scarcely ever been drunk for half a century, while others had been regularly so every week. Some had lived upon a vegetable, and others on an animal diet. Some had used beer, and others tobacco; but in this the answer was uniform, *they were all early risers.*

Most people are familiar with the history

of the celebrated old Parr, whose no less decisive testimony to the same effect ought not to be omitted. He protracted his life to the unparalleled age of *one hundred and fifty years*; and, during that long period, he enjoyed the very best of health, merely by a very strict adherence to a few excellent and concise rules which, in his younger days, he laid down for its preservation. The vast number of years to which he spun out the thread of life, show, in the most impressive manner, the peculiar value of his rules:—*“Keep,”* says he, *“your head cool by temperance—your feet warm by exercise. RISE EARLY—go to bed soon. Never eat till you are hungry—never drink but when nature requires it.”* These few words speak volumes. Let them be engraved on the tablets of our memories, and be instantly put in practice in the most steady and persevering manner.—They are short—they are easily remembered, and easily understood. If we could attend to them, and *take care to be regular, like clock-work, with our bowels,* we may give physic to the dogs, for we would require none

of it. There can be no medicine equally agreeable and efficacious as that of temperance, exercise, and early rising, with attention and regularity in other respects. These have a beneficial effect in all climates, but they are more indispensably necessary in a warm country, where the constitution is so often exposed to alternate fits of heat and cold. It is remarked by an officer of the 42d regiment, that many of the soldiers and officers, when they were in Egypt, had their constitutions broken, or entirely lost their lives, owing to the unhealthiness of the climate; but that he never once had a headache, or the slightest sickness, merely because he had acquired the habit, when young, of rising early, and of being particularly regular in, and attentive to, the state of his bowels.

As a remarkable instance of the beneficial effects which the habit of early rising has upon persons whose previous neglect of it had brought on the long train of nervous and other dismal maladies, we would refer our readers to the case of the young lady

mentioned in a foot-note of some of the late editions of Wesley's sermon on the duty and advantages of early rising. In fact, in referring to this sermon, we ought not to particularize one portion of it as being better than another. We, therefore, would beg leave to recommend the whole sermon as being well worthy of the most serious attention. "The infinite advantage," says Mr Wesley, "of early rising in nervous disorders, has been lately experienced by a young person who had deeply felt their baneful influence. She was reduced to such extreme weakness, as to require assistance in walking across the room; and imagining so enfeebled a state required a larger portion of sleep, she generally lay eight or nine hours; but in the morning found herself as relaxed and fatigued as at night, and unable to dress without the relief of resting two or three times. Upon reading this sermon, she was so perfectly convinced of the propriety of the reasoning, as immediately to reduce the rules to practice; and, by rising a quarter of an hour earlier every morning,

soon lessened the time of sleep to six hours : Her strength gradually increased ; and, by persevering in this practice, together with cold bathing and moderate exercise, these disorders, which had long baffled medical skill, wore off ; and the person now, experimentally sensible of the great mental and bodily advantage of early rising, deeply regrets the irreparable loss of so much time." How strikingly does this instance prove the beneficial effects of the practice we are recommending. Nothing can be more decisive.

Since, then, the effect of an over-indulgence in sleep is so destructive to health,—since it produces melancholy, faintness, tremours, madness, and death ;—and since early rising, on the other hand, if taken in time, sets all these dismal symptoms adrift,—restores the constitution to its usual vigour,—and makes man himself again,—so that he is no longer afraid of his shadow,—surely no stronger motive to the practice of early rising can well be conceived. Does the reader value the greatest of all earthly blessings—

health? Let him preserve it by rising early. Does he already pine with disease?—are his spirits dull?—does his hand tremble?—has he pain at the breast, and in every joint, even those of the fingers, and a dead weight at his stomach? Or, when he walks in the street, does he imagine that every body he meets has a design upon him, or that every thing is going wrong in his worldly affairs? Does he start at the slightest noise, or feel abashed when looked in the face?—In a word, is he so weak, unhealthy, and altogether so miserable, that he counts life itself a matter of indifference,—let him get up and take exercise in the morning air, and these symptoms, one after the other, will vanish: Strength, and health, and happiness, firmness of mind, and independence of spirit, will be gradually restored; and, in a few weeks, he will wonder at all his former silliness, and laugh at his imaginary calamities, as having been the mere visions of his distorted fancy.

During this exhortation to early rising, founded upon its being so beneficial to

health, a question may very likely have hung on the mind of the reader, namely,—What is the exact measure of sleep every night which nature requires? What is the measure which is most conducive to the health of the body and vigour of mind? Too much sleep, says our reader, we have been told is destructive to health and happiness; it produces diseases of the body, and feebleness of mind; in a word, mania and death; while, on the other hand, too little sleep begets nervousness and debility, headache, weakness of joints, sickness, paleness, fever, hypochondriacism, hysterics, delirium, death. How, then; are we to steer our course, so as to avoid the dangerous rock of Scylla on the one hand, and the no less destructive whirlpool of Charybdis on the other? What, in as many words, is the exact quantity of sleep, by the indulgence of which we may escape the two extremes which are equally destructive?

The writer of this has been at much pains to ascertain a definite answer to this most important question. After consulting all

the authors who have written on the subject, and also a variety of medical writers, ancient and modern, foreign and domestic, he is convinced that no decisive answer can be safely given. Every thing depends in some measure on circumstances, and must vary accordingly. Age, constitution, habit, state of body and mind, the nature of our occupation, the kind and extent of fatigue we undergo, and even the condition the system may be in when going to sleep of each individual, must be taken into account before a safe answer can be returned. Some people require more sleep than others, from the nature of their constitution, while others again require it from their age, or the nature of their occupation. Some even of the inferior animals require much more sleep than others, and many continue even for months in this state. Bears, marmots, dormice bats, hedgehogs, swallows, generally sleep during the whole winter; they eat no food, have no evacuations, breathe none, while most of the viscera cease from their functions. Some of these creatures

seem to be dead, and others return to a state similar to that of the foetus before birth. In this state they continue, till, by length of time maturing the process, or by new heat, the phuos are attenuated, and the functions begin where they left off.

Magendie says, on this subject, that the ordinary duration of sleep is variable; generally it is from *six to eight hours*; but fatigue of the muscular system, strong exertions of the mind, lively and multiplied sensations, prolong it, as well as habits of idleness, as also the immoderate use of wine and too strong aliments. Infancy and youth, whose life is active, have need of longer repose; riper age, more frugal of time, and pestered with cares, devote to it but a small portion: very old people present two opposite modifications,—either they are almost always slumbering, or their sleep is very light. But the reason of this latter is not to be found in the foresight they have of their approaching end.

Dr Gregory says, “ that the length of time a person should sleep, depends much

upon the age, constitution, and habit, and also on the state of the body when going to sleep. Infants require almost universal sleep. Boys and men, who undergo much labour, require proportionably more sleep than adults who are middle aged. This, however, is much regulated by custom ; some men being content with four hours, while others require nine or ten. Old men pass more than the half of their time in sleep,—while some men, by a persevering habit, have brought themselves the length of doing with little or no sleep ; instances are not wanting of men having slept whole days and weeks without any assignable cause.”

Nor are the remarks of Mr Wesley less judicious on this, than they are in regard to other points of this most important subject. He says, page 4th of his sermon :—“ One measure will not suit all men ; some require considerably more than others ; neither will the same measure suffice even the same persons at one time as at another. When a person is sick, or weakened by preceding sickness, he certainly wants more of this

natural restorative than he did when in perfect health: and so he will, when his spirits and strength are exhausted by hard or long-continued labour. All this is unquestionably true, and confirmed by a thousand experiments. Whoever, therefore, they are that have attempted to fix one measure of sleep for all persons, they did not understand the nature of the human body, so widely different in different persons. Bishop Taylor has assigned, for the general standard, only three hours in four and twenty. That good and sensible man, Mr Baxter, supposes four hours in four and twenty will suffice for any man. But I am fully convinced, for more than fifty years, that whatever may be done by extraordinary persons, or in some extraordinary cases, wherein persons have subsisted with very little sleep for some weeks or months, a human body can scarce continue in health and vigour without six hours sleep in four and twenty. Sure I am, I never met with such an instance; I never found either man or woman that retained vigorous health for

one year with a less quantity of sleep than this. And I have long observed, that women in general want a little more sleep than men; perhaps, because they are in general of a weaker habit of body. If, therefore, one might venture to name one standard, I am inclined to think this would come near the mark:—healthy men, in general, need a little above six hours sleep: healthy women, a little above seven, in four and twenty. I myself want six hours and a half, and I cannot well subsist with less. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own situation requires, he may very easily make the experiment which I made about sixty years ago. I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my lying in bed longer than nature required. To be satisfied, I procured an alarum, which waked me the next morning at seven, near an hour earlier than I rose before; yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I rose at six; but, notwithstanding this, I lay awake

the second night. The third morning I rose at five ; but, nevertheless, I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I rose at four, (as, by the grace of God, I have done ever since,) and I lay awake no more. And I do not now lie awake, taking the year round, a quarter of an hour together in a month. By the same experiment, (rising earlier and earlier every morning,) may any one find how much sleep he really wants."

Perhaps our inexperienced readers may think that the peasant, who labours hard from morning to night in the fields, necessarily requires more sleep than the accountant who merely sits at his desk, or the student who pores over his books, and whose mind only is exercised ; but it is quite the reverse : the studious and not the laborious man requires the most sleep ; it is the mind more than the body which needs to be refreshed.

After all, to speak on this point as definitely as safety will permit, we would recommend, that not more than six or seven

hours at farthest be consumed in sleep. One thing is certain, that if one quarter of our time consumed in total inaction be enough to recruit the corporeal and mental faculties, not one moment more ought to be sacrificed.—On this point a very little attention and discretion on our part will enable each of us to judge for ourselves. In thus acting as our own physician, few or perhaps none of us will err on the side of allowing ourselves too little sleep. Be that as it may, one thing may, with perfect safety, be affirmed; if, after having tried the experiment, six hours be found to be too little, the additional hour should rather be taken from the evening than from the morning. In this every man of discrimination must agree with old Parr's advice, namely, That we should retire to rest earlier, in preference to lying later in bed,—we should lay it down as a rule, to look upon the beginning of the day as sacred,—we should resolve, that nothing should deprive us of it,—we should remember, that the enjoyment of it is the reward of a conquest,

the spoil of an incursion on the enemy's territory, unjustly acquired by him, and nobly gained by us. Let us show, then, by our early rising, that we know the value of the morning hours too well to throw them away. Let us show that we estimate the advantages of the habit of early rising at too high a rate to relinquish it. Let us consider the regret we have often felt, when, by accident, we omitted to get up. Let us consider the expense of feeling it has cost us when our resolutions were ineffectual, and let us think of the satisfaction which crowned our triumph, on feeling ourselves upon the floor, and fairly out of the bands of sleep.

If such be the effects of early rising on the health of the body, it can be no less beneficial to the mind. In other words, *rising early is favourable to study.*

There is a wonderful connection between body and mind; the strength and energy of the one depends entirely on the vigour and health of the other. So strictly does the union exist between the two, that they alter-

nately impede or assist, excite or depress, stimulate or assuage each other. To enter into any arguments to show this union, or to explain the manner of, were needless were it possible, and impossible were it necessary.—That the union is most intimate no man ever denied. If such be the case, we would ask, When is it to be expected that the body will co-operate most effectually with the mind? Surely when its members are the least discomposed by fatigue; surely when its powers have been least weakened by exertion; when the strength has been augmented by the refreshment of rest; when its functions have been discharged with the greatest ease, and the least perceptible constraint. Or, to say all in a word, in the morning. Then it is that the intellectual faculties obey the corporeal: Then it is that mind possesses that sovereignty, and maintains that superiority which promotes its operation: Then it is that every nerve and every muscle give an elasticity to thought, a smartness to wit,

and a sprightliness to genius, which no other portion of the day affords.

It surely requires no arguments to show that headaches, weakness, sickness, and all the train of nervous affections which, as we have already proved, originate in an over-indulgence to sleep, are unfavourable to study. Will any man dare to affirm that the student, the state of whose nervous system is such that he trembles at the sight of a spider, as Mr Robinson says, is likely to make any proficiency in his studies? Will any man dare to affirm that the mind, when haunted by imaginary phantoms of fear and despair, is at all capable of acquiring that calm seclusion from every intruding idea so indispensably necessary in study? As well might it be said that the man who is in the height of a fever, or he who has imbibed an over-dose of ardent spirits, is fit for study.

It has long been the complaint of men of science and of deep thinking, that the interruption of unwelcome visitors was the greatest enemy to study; and, accordingly,

to escape from the foe, a thousand devices have been resorted to, such as shutting themselves up in a room, and desiring the servants to say they were not at home, lying and writing in bed, that they might not be tempted to accompany the idle intruder into the fields. And certainly it must be confessed, that few things more provoking can well fall out than to have our seclusion broken in upon when we happen to be in the mood for study: It dissipates our ideas, and breaks the chain of thought. When the study is resumed, the mind, which formerly overflowed with forcible ideas and appropriate expression, has become a complete blank. Now, the peculiar advantage of studying in the morning, independent of its being favourable to health, is, that no unwelcome visitor intrudes,—no unexpected engagements infringe,—no unlooked-for employment trespasses.

Another great enemy to successful study is discontent. To study to any advantage, or with lasting benefit, the mind should be

perfectly calm, collected, and tranquil; there must be no corroding reflections, or dismal forebodings. Yet it often happens that peevishness and discontent creep upon us apace. When at our books, these frequently draw a deceitful veil before our fairest prospects: they start doubts and fears as to the success of our labours,—they depress the animal spirits, weaken the spring of action, and annihilate hope. Now, this fiend of the mind seldom or never makes its appearance before breakfast. In the morning the temper has not yet been ruffled by the opposition occasioned by the business of the day. In the morning the inclination has not been thwarted by the obstinacy or the ignorance of those who ought to have complied with it. In the morning the will has not yet been denied what it was eager to obtain. On the contrary, there is then felt an inward pleasure, the result of self-conquest; and victory over the sensual indulgence of sleep produces a complacency of feeling, which invests every object with the most agreeable colours, and lessens every difficulty which would, at any other period, assume a formidable aspect.

As this part of existence is the preparation for the day in which we are not troubled with regret of hours ill spent, nor harassed with the recollection of business unfinished, we should take time rather by the forelock than by the heel—we should never let the business of life be up before us, but should start with it rather than pursue it. In our day dreams we often amuse ourselves with the idea, that if we had life to begin, together with our present experience, we would correct many errors, avoid many dangers, and improve many advantages. The morning of every day is the beginning of every man's life—yesterday we lived to a good old age, and died last night after the powers of our body and mind had been exhausted. But has not the delightful season of youth this day been in a great measure spent in the state of the dead. Death is a long sleep, and sleep a short death, yet we pass away as a sleep, and our life is a dream. We rise at ten o'clock, dose over our first meal in a state of doubtful existence for an hour. About mid-day we begin to think

seriously on what we are to do with ourselves. We read a few pages of a book—make a call, or take a walk till the evening diversions come on; and in this way many pass their life with less enjoyment than an owl, which goes the same dull round of existence, without being disturbed by the remorse of reflection on time mispent.

The morning is also the time most conducive to study, in as far as it is a well-attested fact that the memory is then capable of exercising most extraordinary powers. None of us need be reminded of the circumstance that, when at school, in the evening, we have conned over our appointed task again and again, and to no purpose,—but, when read the last thing at night, it was correctly committed to memory by a single repetition in the morning. We have all, at later periods, often endeavoured at night, with earnest but fruitless care, to recollect some particular authority, to recal some apposite case, to strengthen our opinion by the authority of some great and learned writer, whose works we had for-

merly perused. At night we have tried it once and again, till, in the end, we were obliged finally to relinquish the attempt, completely foiled and disappointed. Whereas, on the succeeding morning, without a mental effort, the wished-for passage, the name or the authority, flashed across the mind, and afforded the required assistance. Nor does the morning merely recal with ease past acquisitions of knowledge: it impresses on the understanding and fixes in the mind the facts and truths which form the object of attention at the time; and, in doing so, adds to that store of information from which we are to draw our future supplies, and to which we are to look as the source of our future attainments. If recollection thus exerts its full and uninterrupted vigour in the morning, surely that is the time most favourable to study. Since, then, we have thus shown that the mind is entirely dependent on the body, and that both enjoy the greatest vigour in the morning,—since we have stated that there are no dismal forebodings or imaginary fears to

haunt the mental faculties, and that the student is not exposed to the same interruptions from intruders,—and since we have shown that the memory is stronger and much more ready in its application, it is surely altogether unnecessary to say more.

Early rising is favourable to the dispatch of business. It is a common and a just saying, the truth of which every body can attest, that one hour in the morning is worth two in the evening or afternoon: the meaning of which simply is, that, by getting up in the morning, we not only snatch two or three hours from oblivion, but that they are in themselves of double value to any other in the day. We not only have our business dispatched during a period which would have been otherwise dozed in sleep, lost, and mispent, but the business is performed to much better purpose, and with far greater facility. Are plans to be formed or put in execution? let them be done in the morning. Or are letters to be written, accounts examined, or conferences held? let them be got over in the morning. Hav-

ing done so, there is no bustle or confusion through the day. All is method and order—calmness, circumspection, and entire recollection. Having got business dispatched in the morning, intrusion of friends through the day becomes no interruption. There is no accumulation of business on hand,—nothing which cannot be overtaken, or which must, from want of time, be hurriedly done, or rather not done at all. As business consists in a multiplicity of affairs, it is impossible to disentangle them from each other, or to put them in a regular train, by arranging the whole, so that nothing be neglected, without the coolness, clearness of conception, and indefatigable application, which early rising alone can ensure. Besides, as all business is subject to accidents, to set forward early to it is to provide for their repairs, if not for their prevention. It is like a traveller inspecting his map before he sets out. This acquaints him with the nature, the extent, and the line of his intended progress: so that he journeys with more satisfaction to himself, because he has some

well-formed conception, both of the things which he is likely to see, and of the termination of the course he means to pursue. There is no confusion in his plans, and no loss of time with inquiring what is the next thing to be done. He feels no vacant hours; and he has but one lamentation, that his time is too short for his work. "He has a place for every thing, and he keeps every thing in its place."—There is something delightful in viewing the character of God in this respect, who is the author of order, the source of harmony, and the spring of bliss. If the rising of the sun were delayed only for a short period, in what confusion would the world be involved? All the calculations of ages would become fallacious; the seasons of the year would be changed; day and night would be confounded; we should see "old chaos come again;" and, instead of the inexpressible loveliness which the face of nature now everywhere presents, all would be a barren soil, an uncultivated waste, the scene of sorrow, and the region of death. David,

when he exclaimed, "Early will I seek thee!" evidently employed the language under pleasurable feelings, arising from the most natural considerations of his pious and thoughtful mind; and we recommend to the candid reader the habit of early rising from so bright an example.

It is impossible to dispatch country business without getting up early in the morning. In spring, summer, and autumn, the cool of the morning is the time both for the pleasure and riddance of work. In winter the stores of the year are to be prepared for sale, and carried to market,—the crop of the following year is to be set or prepared for. If so, the husbandman must be much to blame who wastes the precious moments in bed. Indulgence in this way, for a single morning, may cost him hundreds of pounds, and months of vexation, regret, and remorse. It is an old saying, that hay must be made when the sun shines. Fallow-time, seed-time, weeding, watering, furrowing, reaping, and harvesting of grain, must all be done in the instant of time. If they are not

caught at the moment, crop, and labour will be lost, and the husbandman will become disheartened, or rather ruined and undone. And for what? Merely that he might indulge himself for an hour or two longer in bed than his more fortunate and industrious neighbours.

As a proof of how much may depend on seizing the exact moment of time, even in other occupations than that of the husbandman, we refer our readers to what happened a few years ago at Greenock, which circumstance has been a warning to the sailors ever since. The outward bound fleet of merchantmen had, as is frequently the case, been confined in harbour for several weeks by contrary winds. In the middle of the night the wind shifted, and a brisk and favourable gale sprung up. As this change was altogether unlooked for at the time, the crews of most of the vessels were carousing on shore, or fast asleep in their hammocks,—in fact, the crew of one vessel only were on the outlook at the time. They instantly weighed anchor,—set all

sail,—got out of the harbour,—doubled the point of land which had all along locked them in,—and bore out for sea. In half an hour the wind shifted to its old quarter ; but now they were more independent of it, because they had sea-room to tack against it. Not so with those vessels which did not embrace the opportunity : they remained as they were in their old station. The consequence was, that the ship which got out went to America, a distance of four thousand miles,—discharged her cargo,—got another on board,—recrossed the Atlantic,—came into Greenock,—and found the rest of the fleet exactly where she left them. What a triumph was this to the active captain and crew, and what a disgrace to the others ! Nor was this all. The captain who went to America, from his having been the only one who carried goods to the market, had it in his power to ask his own price for them, and, as there was no competition, he got it. Besides, as there were no other captains to compete with him in the purchase of his returning cargo, he also purchased it

on his own terms; and, by these double advantages, enriched his employers.

Hitherto we have enforced the practice of early rising from considerations purely of a worldly nature. Were there no other motives for getting out of bed in the morning than those we have already mentioned, surely the astonishing fact, that, by rising two hours earlier in the morning, we may add ten years to an existence of forty,—surely the undoubted fact that, by early rising, we ward off a thousand maladies, and dispel such as may have been contracted by an over-indulgence in sleep,—surely the unquestionable fact of the body being so intimately connected with the mind, and the superior energy, elasticity, and cheerfulness which the latter enjoys in the earlier part of the day, and its consequently being the golden hour for business and for study;—surely these facts are sufficiently strong to turn the sleeper out of bed to inhale the sweet breath of morn, and see its scenery, so emphatically and so beautifully described by poets. Surely these motives are strong :

But there are others, if possible, still more weighty and important than any we have mentioned, momentous as they may be. These are but the motives of a day : Those we are about to notice are the motives of eternity.

When compared with the eternal salvation of the soul, and the facility which the morning affords to the securing of it, all that we have yet mentioned are "trifles light as air." "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is the mind that is the man : the soul only is ours. The body is the mere organ of the mind, by which the soul sees and hears. It is by the soul we hold our station in the scale of being, and rank in the animal world, and claim an alliance with superior and immortal nature. The motives which are not limited to its eternal salvation are certainly strong, but they are but short-lived, fleeting, and transitory. Like all other temporal possessions and earthly comforts, they must soon come to an end. Although the flower of transient

joy, more hardy than Jonah's gourd, may outlive the heat of the morning, and glow amid the blaze of noon, yet, when the blast of evening comes, it is nipped and withered away. The votaries of ambition are raised but the more sensibly to feel their fall. The same whirlwind that lifts them from the ground sends them down with tenfold fury. He that runs the race of glory is lost in the dust which he raises around his head : So short is the date of the power and pleasures of this earth ! But wisdom never dies,—virtue is immortal. We have a higher life than that which beats in the pulse. The dust returns to the dust as it was ; but the spirit returns to God who gave it. When the sun shall be extinguished in eternal darkness,—when the heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll,—when the earth, with all its works, shall be dissolved,—the soul shall survive the general wreck, and exult in the enjoyment of eternal youth. An infinity of years may endure beyond all the numbers which can be added together,—beyond all the millions of ages which figures

can comprehend,—and its existence is but beginning.

What a strong motive to early rising does not this consideration present. Who would not break through the sluggish habit to secure so lasting a blessing as that of the soul's salvation? Will some men toil late and early for the pleasures of a day? Will they undergo perils and make struggles merely to obtain the bread that perisheth? And will they idle away the fleeting hours, which might be spent in procuring the bread of life which endureth for ever, and in conquering the devil, the world, and the flesh? Who ever heard of a ship's crew sleeping in their hammocks when they were told that the vessel was in the most imminent danger of being lost? Who ever heard of a family remaining in their house when they were told that it was falling about their ears? Yet such conduct would not be half so absurd as that of which we are guilty every day we lie long in bed. We are not at any time more assured that we will live an hour than the mariner is whose ship is

getting among rocks. And oh! how different, how vastly different, is the value of the ship or of the house from that of our soul. When the soul is lost, all is lost: when it is gained, there is nothing to be feared. Arise, then, O sleeper, call upon thy God ere it be too late. Now is the accepted time,—now or never. What, shall “the busy bee improve each shining hour?”—shall the little ant labour and tug for one poor grain?—and wilt not thou bestir thyself, O man! to secure eternal felicity? Awake, awake,—get up, get up, and shake off dull sloth.—Leave thy bed,—seek thy God!

We ought to rise early, then, as the morning is favourable to devotion. The obligations to devotion are indispensable. The beauty of it is supreme,—the utility of it is universal. It is not a single virtue,—it is a constellation of virtues. In devotion,—reverence, gratitude, faith, and love, concentrate their rays, and shine with united glory. Whatsoever things are lovely,—whosoever things are pure, honest, or of

good report,—if there be any merit, any praise in human actions,—devotion comprehends them all.—There is not on earth an object more sublime than that of a devout man, who has risen early from bed to bend the knee in prayer, and to pour forth, in the presence of his Maker, the effusions of a grateful heart for the care and protection over him during the silent hours of darkness. There is such grandeur in it, when properly performed, that it exalts the worshipper to a state little lower than the angels; because, as is well remarked by an admired and ancient writer, the worshipper thereby builds a nobler temple to Deity than creation can present.

In what respects, then, is the morning more favourable to devotion? In as far as anticipations are bright, hopes are uplifted, and prospects are pleasing, in so far can these elevated feelings be employed in thankfulness for the mercies received and the blessings partaken of. In as far as sleep forms a seclusion from the world, and all its bustles and cares, so far is the mind

the more susceptible of heavenly impressions. If one hour in the day can, by any possibility, be more fervently employed than another, it must be that of the morning, when the passions are not yet awakened by intercourse with man, the temper ruffled by the agitation of the world, or the hopes damped and the natural buoyancy of the mind relaxed into indifference, and diverted into other channels. It is then that we should present our petitions to the throne of grace;—it is then that we should implore the divine assistance to enable us to perform the duties which may devolve upon us, and to resist the temptations which may assail us through the coming day;—it is then that we ought to supplicate the blessings of God upon those undertakings in which we are to be engaged, and that we should look up to the Father of Light, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, for every good and every perfect gift we need;—it is then that we should ask of God, who giveth all men liberally and upbraideth not, for that wisdom which we

lack,—that wisdom which shall teach us the line of conduct we should pursue,—tell us the opportunities we should improve,—caution us against the temptations we should resist, and inspire us with the sentiments we should manifest in our intercourse with the world, so that our conversation may be in all things as becometh the gospel of Jesus.

“ I take it for granted,” says Mr Law, in his *Serious Call*, chap. 14, at the beginning, “ that every Christian who is in health is up early in the morning. For it is much more reasonable to suppose a person is up early because he is a Christian than because he is a labourer, a tradesman, or a servant. We naturally conceive an abhorrence of a man that is in bed when he should be at his labour or in his shop. We cannot tell how to think any thing good of him who is such a slave to drowsiness as to neglect his business for it. Let this, therefore, teach us to conceive how odious we must be in the sight of heaven, if we are in bed, shut up in sleep and darkness, when

we should be praising God ; and are such slaves to drowsiness as to neglect our devotion for it. Sleep is such a dull, stupid state of existence, that, even among mere animals, we despise them most which are most drowsy. He, therefore, that chooses to indulge the slothful indolence of sleep, rather than be early at his devotions, chooses the dullest refreshment of the body before the noblest enjoyments of the soul. He chooses that state which is a reproach to mere animals before that exercise which is the glory of angels.

“ Besides, he that cannot deny himself this drowsy indulgence, is no more prepared for prayer when he is up than he is prepared for fasting, or any other act of self-denial. He may, indeed, more easily read over a form of prayer than he can perform these duties ; but he is no more disposed for the spirit of prayer than he is for fasting. For sleep, thus indulged, gives a softness and idleness to all our tempers, and makes us unable to relish any thing but what suits with an idle state of mind, as sleep does.

So that a person who is a slave to this idleness is in the same temper when he is up ; and every thing that is idle or sensual pleases him, and every thing that requires trouble or self-denial is hateful to him, for the same reason that he hates to rise. It is not possible for an epicure to be truly devout : he must renounce the habit of sensuality before he can relish the happiness of devotion. Now, he that turns sleep into an idle indulgence, does as much to corrupt his soul as an epicure does. It is true, it does not disorder his health, as notorious acts of intemperance do ; but, like any more moderate course of indulgence, it silently, and by small degrees, wears away the spirit of religion, and sinks the soul into dulness and sensuality. Self-denial of all kinds is the very life and soul of piety ; but he that hath not so much of it as to be able to be early at prayer, cannot think that he hath taken up his cross, and is following Christ. What conquest has he got over himself ? What right hand has he cut off ? What trials is he prepared for ? What sacrifice

is he ready to offer to God, who cannot be so cruel to himself as to rise to prayer at such a time as the drudging part of the world are content to rise to their labour? Some people will not scruple to tell you that they indulge themselves in sleep because they have nothing to do; and that, if they had any business to rise to, they would not lose so much of their time in sleep. But they must be told that they mistake the matter; that they have a great deal of business to do; they have a hardened heart to change; they have the whole spirit of religion to get; for surely he that thinks he has nothing to do, because nothing but his prayers want him, may surely be said to have the whole spirit of religion to seek.— You must not, therefore, consider how small a crime it is to rise late, but how great a misery it is to want the spirit of religion, and to live in such softness and idleness as to make you incapable of the fundamental duties of Christianity. This is the right way of judging of the crime of wasting a great part of your time in bed. You must

not consider the thing barely in itself, but what it proceeds from; what virtues it shows to be wanting; what vices it naturally strengthens; for every habit of this kind discovers the state of the soul, and plainly shows the whole turn of your mind. If our blessed Lord used to pray early before day; if he spent whole nights in prayer; if the devout Anna was day and night in the temple; if the primitive Christians, for several hundred years, beside their hours of prayer in the day time, met publicly in the churches at midnight, to join in psalms and prayers,—is it not certain that these practices showed the state of their hearts? Are they not so many plain proofs of the whole turn of their minds? And if you live in a contrary state, wasting great part of every day in sleep, thinking any time soon enough to be at your prayers, is it not equally certain that this practice as much shows the state of your heart, and the whole turn of your mind? When you read the Scriptures, you see a religion that is all *life*, and *spirit*, and *joy* in God! that supposes our souls

rise from earthly desires and bodily indulgence to prepare for another body, another world, and other enjoyments. You see Christians are represented as temples of the Holy Ghost; as children of the day; as candidates for an eternal crown; as watchful virgins, that have their lamps always burning, in expectation of the bridegroom. But can he be thought to have this joy in God, this care of eternity, this watchful spirit, who hath not zeal enough to rise to his prayers? If I were to desire you not to study the gratification of your palate, I would not insist upon the sin of wasting your money, though it is a great one; but I would desire you to renounce such a way of life, because it supports you in such a state of sensuality as renders you incapable of relishing the most essential doctrines of religion. For the same reason I do not insist much upon the sin of wasting your time in sleep, though it be a great one; but I earnestly desire you to renounce the indulgence, because it gives a softness and idleness to your soul, and is so contrary to that

lively, zealous, watchful, self-denying spirit, which was not only the spirit of Christ and his apostles, and the spirit of all the saints and martyrs that have ever been among men, but must be the spirit of all those who would not sink in the common corruption of the world. Here, therefore, we must fix our charge against this practice; we must blame it, not as having this or that particular evil, but as a general habit, that extends itself through our whole spirit, and supports a state of mind that is wholly wrong. It is contrary to piety, not as accidental slips or mistakes in life are contrary to it, but in such a manner as an ill state of body is contrary to health.

“ On the other hand, if you were to rise early every morning, as an instance of self-denial, as a method of renouncing indulgence, as a mean of redeeming your time, in fitting your spirit for prayer, you would soon find the advantage. This method, though it seems but a small circumstance, might be a mean of great piety. It would constantly keep it in your mind that softness and idle-

ness are the bane of religion. It would teach you to exercise power over yourself, and to renounce other pleasures and tempers, that war against the soul. And what is so planted and watered will certainly have an increase from God."

It is in the leisure and stillness of the morning hours that we should search the Scriptures: It is then that we should not merely read them, but make them the food of our soul, by marking, learning, and inwardly digesting them. By thus, in the morning, meditating on God's word, it will, by the enlightening influence of God's Holy Spirit, become, as it were, the chart by which we will steer our course through the day; by the aid of which, in the passage through life, we will be enabled to avoid the rocks and quicksands with which the dangerous sea abounds. In this way we will look upon the Bible as the charter by which we hold our present possession, and as the anchor of hope, by which we shall be finally moored to our future inheritance,—an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading.

What a delightful time for meditation and prayer must *that* be, when no voice resounds but that of praise; when no sound is heard but the gentle murmuring of the wind, or healthful breezes of the air; and when a universal peace seems to hold the world in profound repose. Every thing, in this case, so far from diverting the attention, generously and powerfully comes to your best assistance; and happy is he who feels the influence of their united aid, to remind him of his faithful Maker and heavenly Friend. Oh! what a contrast is this to the turmoils of life; to the bustle of the exchange; and to the contentions of parties:—while we seem to discover more beauty and force than ever in those words of the lamented, but celebrated, COWPER, of fragrant memory:—

“ O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.”

If, however, we are anxious to experience,

to the full extent, these and the many other advantages which the perusing of God's word affords, the reading must be accompanied by a close and diligent heart-searching self-examination. The truth which the Bible contains, and the actual feelings of our own heart, must be compared;—we must make the Bible the candle of the Lord, by which to search the dark chambers of our secret thoughts;—and, as we discover idol after idol thrown down, we must resolve, in the divine strength, to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. The truth, as it is in Jesus, is to be regarded as valuable only as it is reflected in our life, character, and conversation. It must become the mirror in which we are to see ourselves, to discover our defects, to observe every mark of indifference, so that the one may be removed and the other corrected.

Seeing then, that, as soldiers of Jesus Christ, there is an arduous contest which we must constantly wage with a subtle and undaunted foe: seeing that each day be-

comes an arena, on which we must fight the battles of the Lord,—O ! let us not rush into the field undefended or unarmed ; but let us rather put on the whole armour of God ;—let us have our loins girt around with truth ;—let us have on the breastplate of righteousness, and our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace ; and, above all, let us take the shield of faith, wherewith we shall be able to quench the fiery dart of the wicked one ; let us take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

This our Christian armour must be kept bright by the daily perusal of the Scriptures, by morning prayer, and early meditation.—When, we would ask, is it that we are likely to have leisure to put it on, to arrange its several parts, and so to equip ourselves as to leave no place unguarded ? In the morning. Is it not in the morning the conflict begins ? Will we venture then to meet the wily adversary without any previous preparations, or without having had time to adjust our armour, or to put it all on for our

defence? Will we take the shield, whilst our head is without the helmet, or the helmet without the breast-plate, and expose our very vitals to the foe? Or, will we be satisfied with the armour alone, without weapon to attack, a sword to repel or to overcome the evil one?

Nor is it even enough to prepare for the fight. We must also survey the field of battle, and observe, before-hand, the previous movements of the adversary. In the morning we ought to ascend the hill, and from its top survey the plain lying between. Here, in the ample and extended view, we will mark many an enemy to oppose. We will see their position, where they are forming their ambuscades, where planting their batteries, where marshalling their forces. It is by thus rising early to prayer and meditation that we will defeat their designs. We will thus, by anticipating their movements, render them unavailing. It is in this way that, when the great enemy of souls assails us, when he imagines us weakest, and brings his strongest temp-

tations, we will be able triumphantly to overthrow his purposes and subvert his efforts.

There is a common idea in the world, and it prevails more or less with those who are in other respects generally entitled to be ranked as early risers, that they may at least partake of a little indulgence on the morning of the Sabbath. Their argument is, that as they rise early every morning through the week, and as the Sabbath is a day of rest, they may take an additional hour of sleep. Can any conduct be more absurd, more ungrateful, or more destructive to the interests of their immortal souls, than such a practice? What! will they allow the enchaining habit not only to make inroads on their time through the week, precious as it is? will they allow it not only to rob them of many opportunities for improvement and usefulness, but even thus to stretch forth a sacrilegious hand, and lay it upon the ark of that solemn and interesting period which the Creator of the world hallowed and blessed? which our Saviour

consecrated by the completion of the great work of salvation on his resurrection from the dead? and which the Holy Spirit has distinguished, by his descent upon the early disciples of our Lord?

This conduct cannot be too much reprobated. It argues either a total insensibility to the importance of the Sabbath, or an inadequate conception of its value. By turning the day of rest in this way into a day of sloth,—by occupying a part of it, as we must of necessity do, in a thousand secular employments,—by subtracting the time occupied by wandering thoughts which come across the mind, even during the hours of public worship,—and also by subtracting what of it is trifled away in listlessness, or in talking of things that are of no advantage to the salvation of the immortal soul: By thus subtracting the time which is lost of the Sunday, and seeing how little is really devoted to the genuine worship of the true God, they, and all of us, would become ashamed of our neglect and ingratitude. Time, from the moment of its first creation,

to its awful consummation at the last day, is, to eternity, as the thousandth part of a drop to all the waters of the ocean. The portion of time allotted by Providence for man's existence here, is not the ten thousandth part of the small portion we have mentioned; and yet, supposing the Sabbath to be entirely devoted to the service of God, we allow the world to engage six times as large a portion of our thoughts as the infinitely more important concern of our soul. And will we diminish, by a voluntary surrender to sensual indulgence, which does not contribute to our comfort, pleasure, or health, the length of the short period which we professedly snatch from the world? No! no! If the word of God be properly perused,—if his glorious attributes are to be contemplated,—if his divine perfections be meditated upon,—if, with all those, our own original depravity be kept properly in view, and a personal application of what we read be made,—if there be an earnest supplication to the throne of grace, and the usual attendance on the public worship of the

sanctuary,—if all these be duly attended to, then there will be no time for dozing in bed during the morning hours; and if they be neglected, or but partially or slovenly performed, what will be the result through the endless ages of eternity? when time shall be no more, when repentance, and prayer, and supplication, will prove unavailing!

Since, on the Sabbath, our passions are disenthralled from the corrupting influence which has enslaved them through the week,—since our hopes are unfettered by the delusive but enchanting promises of earthly prosperity,—since it is the day which, above all others, is the best fitted to secure that withdrawal from secular pursuits,—that freedom from anxiety about temporal concerns,—and that total relinquishment of our worldly business, that it may partake of that rest which remaineth for the people of God, every motive to gratitude which, on any other day, may enliven us, should then assume a stronger authority. Whilst the Almighty God the Father, and the Son of his

love, invite more warmly, will we refuse to hear? Whilst the Holy Spirit is waiting to be gracious, will we act as if the Sabbath was a weariness to our soul, and as if we had no pleasure in it? By no means. Let the silent hours of the morning of this hallowed day witness the fervour of our devotions, the warmth of our gratitude, and the ardour of our love. Let the early prayers ascend to our Lord (who has gone to prepare a place for us, that where he is there we may be also) for communication of mercies suited to the day. When the morning ascends from the east, let the sweet hour of prime be the date of our petition to the throne of grace. And, in doing so, let us add our praises to the hymns and hosannahs of the angels in light, and spirits of just men made perfect. Let us secure the semblance of paradise before the objects of sense have tempted us to taste their forbidden fruit. And, in doing so, let us enjoy that communion with the most High God, which he vouchsafes to those who walk with him.

Let the conduct of the sweet singer of

Israel be our example in this respect: With him let us say, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning."—"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee."—"Unto thee will I cry, O Lord."—And, "In the morning shall my prayer prevent thee." Like him, let us "prevent the dawning of the morning, and cry, My eyes prevented the night watches."

Since, then, we have thus seen that early rising is favourable to health, to study, to business, and to devotion, our readers will not be surprised that most of the men whose names have been handed down to us as illustrious, in civil or sacred history, were early risers.

It is related of King Alfred, that he divided the day into four parts, which he measured by the burning of tapers. One part he devoted to sleep,—one part he employed in the cares of the government,—another part he dedicated to the cultivation of the fine arts,—and the fourth he devoted to religion.

Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia,

rose constantly before day, and when he saw the morning break, often expressed his surprise that men should be so stupid as not to rise every morning to behold one of the most glorious sights in nature. "They take delight," said he, "in gazing on a picture, the trifling work of man, and neglect one painted by God himself; for my part, I am for making my life as long as I can, and therefore sleep as little as possible."

King George III. than whom there never reigned a more virtuous man, a better father, husband, or king, set an example to his subjects of regular habits and of early rising. Every morning, for threescore and ten years, did he rise before six o'clock, and often has he been seen patiently waiting for his attendant, as if anxious to anticipate the pleasure of his morning walk. The servant was ordered always to be ready by six o'clock, but his majesty was generally out long before the appointed hour. On one occasion, when quietly stepping about, he came upon a sentinel sound asleep at his post. It is said the king awoke him roughly

with his staff, and that the soldier was terrified at being detected of negligence by majesty, a crime worthy of death. But his fears were soon abated, by a kindly admonition, accompanied with the remark, that the soldier should be grateful that his king and not his officer had found him asleep.

Frederick II. of Prussia rose at four in the morning. He gave strict orders to his servants never to suffer him to lie longer in bed, and not on any account to regard his unwillingness to rise. One morning a page who had not been long in his service awoke him. "Let me sleep a little longer," said the king, "I am very tired." "Your majesty has given positive orders," said the page. Frederick begged only another quarter of an hour. "Not a minute," said the trusty servant. It has struck four. I am ordered to insist on your majesty rising immediately." The king obeyed his own servant, and arose, saying to the page, "You are a brave lad. Had you let me sleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect of duty."

The celebrated Dr Doddridge mentions, in his *Family Expositor*, that it is to his habit of early rising that the world is indebted for nearly the whole of his valuable works.

Sir Thomas More remarks, in his preface to the *Utopia*, that he completed the work by stealing time from his sleep and meals. He made it his invariable practice to rise at four; and he appeared so well satisfied of the excellence of the habit, that he represents the Utopians as attending public lectures every morning before day-break.

The well-known Bishop Burnet was a habitual early riser. When at college, his father aroused him to his studies every morning at four o'clock, and he continued the practice during the remainder of his life.

Bishop Horne, also, closes his very excellent version of the *Psalms*, by saying,—
“ Could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading the following exposition, which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the

loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season; care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. *He arose fresh as the morning to his task*: the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it; and no one gave him uneasiness but the last; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Zion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along: for when thus engaged he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind; and the remembrance of them is sweet."

"I spent," says Dr Paley, when giving an account of the early part of his life at college, "the two first years of my under

graduateship happily but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and expensive. At the commencement of the third year, after having left the usual party at a late hour, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bed-side, and said, ‘Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, if I were to try, and can afford the life you lead. You could do every thing, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections,—and am now come solemnly to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.’ I was so struck,” says the Doctor, “with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed great part of the day, and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to lay my fire every morning, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I rose at five,—read during the whole day,—took supper at nine,—went to bed,—continued the practice up to this hour.” The consequence was, he became a *great man*.

Dean Swift remarks, that he never knew any man come to greatness or useful eminence, who lay late in bed in a morning.

Bishop Burnet, it is said, employed his time, the only treasure of which he was covetous, in a regular and uniform manner. He was seldom in bed later than five o'clock in the morning during the summer, or than six in the winter. Private meditation took up the two first hours, and the last half hour of the day. His first and last appearance to his family was at the morning and evening prayers. He drank his tea in company with his children, and took that opportunity of instructing them in religion. He went through the Old and New Testament three times, giving his own comment on some portion of it for an hour every morning.

It is recorded of Lord John Harvey, that, in those early hours when all around were hushed in sleep, he seized the opportunity of the quiet as the most favourable season for study, and frequently, in this way, spent a useful day before others began to enjoy it.

Dr Adam, rector of the High School of Edinburgh, whose long life, to its very close, was spent in an unremitting course of labour for the public good, was an early riser. Indeed, it was by means of his industrious habits, and the force of his talents, that he raised himself in life, and was finally exalted, by the universal suffrages of the learned world, to the enviable distinction of being one of the first Latin scholars, and the most indefatigable teacher of the age. It was his constant practice, for the whole summer season, to rise at the early hour of five, and not unfrequently, when excited by any particular object, or any formidable difficulty, even at four in the morning. In winter he studied till the servants rose, in his kitchen, by the fire, which he always broke up with his own hand. His favourite haunt for meditation was on the summit of Arthur's Seat, and the walks to which he was most attached lay in its vicinity. He frequently climbed the hill as an exercise before breakfast. Here he used to spend some of the happiest

hours of his life; and in these morning walks were suggested several of his literary efforts which he reckoned most successful. Of these he particularised the important scheme for blending the study of Latin with English grammar, and the various and judicious additions which he made to the Summary of Geography, written by him. As a proof how favourable the morning hours are for study, it may be mentioned, that Dr Adam frequently felt his patience worn out by the harassing exertions he made in the completion of his work on Roman Antiquities, and would rise from his seat, in the afterpart of the day, with the determination never to attempt to write another book: yet, notwithstanding these sallies, he would rise with the sun the next morning, to prosecute his task with unabated vigour.

The amiable and learned Mrs Carter had a bell placed at the head of her bed, to which a string was fastened, and conveyed through the wall into the garden of a sexton, who rose between four and five, and

pulled the string for her with as much heart and good will as if he had been tolling her funeral: she used to say that some evil-disposed among her acquaintance threatened to cut her bell-rope, which would have been her utter undoing, for she should infallibly have slept out the whole summer.

Volumes might be filled with the names and accounts of early risers. Bishop Jewel rose regularly at four;—Dr Franklin was an early riser;—Priestley was an early riser;—the great and learned lawyer and pious Christian, Sir Matthew Hale, studied sixteen hours a-day, and was an early riser;—Dr Parkhurst, the philologist, rose regularly at five in summer, and six in winter, and in the latter season, he made his own fire.—Among the ancients, the worshippers of Baal, as is apparent from 1 Kings xvi. 26, rose early to their devotions; while Homer, Horace, and Virgil, and many other poets, might also be mentioned.

Early rising has then the universal consent of mankind to support it. Mechanics of all kinds, and labourers of every de-

scription, begin the business of the day at an early hour. Men of business, health, and study, we have thus seen, rise early; and even men of different habits give early rising the compliment of their approbation, although they do not honour it with their practice. There is not one of the sluggish race who does not say almost every evening of his life, that he is to begin a course of early rising next morning at farthest.

Early rising, and the beauties of the morning scenery, have ever been the theme of modern poets. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we recollect the peculiar fascination the morning possesses, and the truly poetic feelings which it is calculated to excite in the mind. The sky clears in the east,—the shades of midnight rapidly depart as it begins to redden. The clouds seem at first mustering to check the progress of light; they gradually yield to his growing might, till they disappear in “the kindling azure illumed with fluid gold.” The sun rises in all his splendour, and seems like

the strong man rejoicing to run his daily course. At first he sheds his beams with a gentle influence, predicting its increasing power.—Every object, as it first catches the rays of the powerful king of day, appears to smile at his approach. The lengthened shadows that shoot across the meadow diminish in size as he advances. Vegetation is clothed in a richer verdure, and the variegated flower in a livelier hue. The grove resounds with the melody of the feathered tribe, grateful for the return of the opening day.—The lyric lark ascends to hymn her Maker's praise; whilst a thousand warblers conspire to swell the chorus of the anthem. Every animal is in motion, and feels a new satisfaction in the exercise of its active powers, and the renewal of its capacities for enjoyment. Yes, every animal is in motion, but the sleeper, who lies yawning in bed, or fixed in a dead sleep.

Is it to be wondered, then, that the grandeur of the sky, the beauty of the unfolding landscape, and the song of cheerfulness echoing through the woods, should have exer-

cised the powers of the finest geniuses, and should have produced, without any effort of thought, a train of pleasing ideas, harmonizing in themselves, and easily running into the language which is most necessary to express them?

How beautiful is Thomson's description of the gradual approach of morning:—

“ And now, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-eyed Morn appears—mother of dews—
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east,
 Till far o'er æther spreads the widening ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step
 Brown Night retires : Young Day pours in space,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field, the fearful bare
 Limpers awkward ; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
 At early passengers. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
 And from the crowded field in order drives
 His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.”

Nor does he merely describe the beauty of the scenery,—he draws the very inference we are endeavouring to make. He expostulates with the sluggard on the criminal indulgence, loss of pleasure, and self denial of dosing in bed.

“ Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song ?
For, is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
Total extinction of the enlightened soul !
Or else, to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams ?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves ; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk ?”

Herick, in a homely style, suited to the debasing nature of the conduct he reprobates, has written the following lines :—

“ Get up ; get up, for shame ! the blooming morn
Upon his wings presents the god unshorn ;

See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh quilted colours through the air.
 Get up, sweet slug-abed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree :
 Each flower has wept, and bound toward the east,
 Above an hour since, and yet you are not dress'd :
 Nay, not so much as out of bed,
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thoughtful hymn—'tis sin,
 Nay profanation, to keep in."

The rising sun has ever been a favourite theme with the poet; and it must be confessed, that ample justice has been done to the dignity and majesty of the sublime subject. How appropriate are the following words of the author of the Seasons:—

" See how at once the bright effulgent sun,
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne; but, kind, before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
 The genial breeze, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

* * * * *

But yonder comes the powerful king of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,

The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that hurnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High gleaming from afar."

Nor are the justly admired lines on this subject, by the sublime Milton, less pertinent or appropriate:—

" Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds : Pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glittering with dew."

Neither are the lines of Mallet less worthy of notice:—

" But see the flushed horizon flames intense,
 With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
 O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
 Their gayest liveries ; these with silvery beams
 Fringed lovely ; splendid those in gold ;
 And speak their sovereign state. He comes, behold !
 Fountain of light and solar warmth and life !

The king of glory ! round his head divine
 Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,
 As o'er the Indian wave up-rising far,
 He looks abroad on nature, and invests
 Where'er his universal eye surveys
 The ample bosom,—earth, air, sea, and sky,
 In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay."

Mrs Hannah More, who has written so much and so beautifully for the improvement and comfort of her sex, has the following in her soliloquy on early rising:—

Soft slumbers now my eyes forsake,
 My powers are all renewed ;
 May my freed spirit now awake
 With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer, Sloth ! no more
 My mind imprisoned keep,
 Nor let me waste another hour
 With thee, thou felon, Sleep.

Think, O my soul, could dying men
 One lavished hour retrieve ;
 Though spent in tears, and pass'd in vain,
 What treasures would they give.

But seas of pearls and mines of gold
 Where offered them in vain ;
 Their pearl of countless worth is lost,
 And where's the promised gain !

The elegant writer of the *Minstrel*, in his "Melodies of Morn," concludes one of his stanzas with so powerful an appeal, and so unanswerable a question, that we cannot do better than transcribe it, with a few lines from another part of the poem:—

" But who the melodies of morn can tell,—
 The wild brook bubbling down the mountain side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherds, dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks a-field ; and hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs ;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

Oh! canst thou, man, renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields ;
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,

*All that the genial ray of Morning yields,
 And all that echoes to the song of Even,—
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the throned magnificence of heaven,
 Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven."*

Nor are the following lines from the writings of Byron less worthy of insertion:—

"Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
 Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
 Man has another day to swell the past,
 And lead him near to little but his last.
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
 The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
 Flowers in the valley—splendour in the beam—
 Health in the gale, and freshness in the stream.
 Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
 And cry exulting inly, 'They are mine.'
 Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see,
 A morrow comes, when they are not for thee;
 And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
 Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
 Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
 Nor gale break forth one sigh for thee;—for all;
 But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
 And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil."

Mudie, in his poem entitled *The Minstrel*, has the following appropriate lines:—

" There is a youthful freshness in the sight
 Of rustic nature at the morning tide ;
 A hearty bliss, which shrouds in thickest night
 The city's bloated mirth and hollow pride.
 And who that boasts a soul would ere abide
 'Mong lanes of filth, and streets of sin and crime,
 If he could hie him to some mountain side,
 Where he might hear the spirit-stirring chime
 Of Nature's glorious song, and with her spend the time ?"

Nor are such descriptions of the morning confined to poets only,—there are many allusions in the sacred Scriptures to the early part of the day, which invest it with additional interest. Job, when reflecting on the utter unworthiness of man, inquires " what is man, that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him? and that thou shouldest visit him every morning, and try him every moment." Job vii. 17, 18. Jeremiah says, " It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because his compassion faileth not; they are new every morning. David refers to this period as a season of peculiar happiness. " His anger endureth but a moment; in his favour there is life. Weeping may

endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Isaiah says, "The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. He wakeneth morning by morning." Hosea compares the advance of the Lord to the morning. "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord. His going forth is prepared as the morning."

The morning is frequently used as a simile in the sacred Scriptures. The promise made to Job, on his preparing his heart and stretching out his hand to God, was, "that his age should be clearer than the noon-day; he should shine forth, he should be as the morning." To repenting Israel it is pronounced, that "then shall the light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily."—"To him that overcometh and keepeth his works unto the end, to him shall be given the morning star."—And the great Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, declares that he is the bright and the morning star.

In the Scriptures, we may remark, in general, that industry and early rising are inculcated as a doctrine.—“Thou shalt diligently keep the commandments.”—“Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.”—“Redeem the time.”—How beautifully does Solomon exhibit the seductive enchantress Sloth, in all her natural deformity! How forcibly does he expose and hold up to ridicule and contempt the whole character of the sluggard! “Slothfulness,” says he, “casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle son shall suffer hunger. The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat. The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labour; he coveteth greedily all day long. The sluggard will not plough, by reason of the cold, therefore will he beg in harvest, and have nothing.” Nor are these reprehensions confined to Solomon. Idleness was one of the great iniquities charged against Sodom. “Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom: pridefulness of head and *abundance of idle-*

ness was in her and in her daughters; neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy." The apostle Paul reproves this sin in a very sharp and striking manner in a variety of his epistles. He tells us, in his epistle to the Romans, "not to be slothful in business, but to be fervent in prayer, serving the Lord." And, in his epistle to the Hebrews, he recommends that we should "not be slothful, but followers of them who, through faith, inherit the promises." In the epistle to the Thessalonians, he forcibly says, "that, even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any one should not work, neither should he eat." The love of slumber was one of the charges laid against the watchmen of Israel. "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark,—*sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber.*"

But, says the morning sleeper, these characters don't apply to those who indulge themselves in bed of a morning. In answer to this, we would advise the sleeper to con-

sult the Proverbs of Solomon, when he will see whether he is correct in this conclusion. "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard! when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?"—"Yet a little sleep, yet a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."—"So shall thy poverty come as one that travel-eth, and thy want as an armed man."—"As the door turneth on his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed."—"The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it out again to his mouth."—"The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." In other words, his judgment becomes so depraved by the influence of sloth, that he advocates its cause. "Love not sleep, then, lest thou come to poverty." Open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.

Throughout the whole Scriptures, where a contrast is drawn between an unconverted sinner and a converted Christian, the state of each is described in language indicative of the slothful habit of lying late in bed, or

of the beneficial habit of early rising. The one is described as being sunk in lethargy, deep sleep, and mental stupor, resembling death,—while the important change, which is produced by the effectual operation of the Holy Spirit, is described as an awakening from sleep, and a resurrection from death, or a passing from death unto life; being dead in sin, they are said to be quickened together with Christ. In confirmation of this remark, our readers may turn up the following passages in the New Testament,—Rom. vi. 13; John v. 24; Eph. ii; v. 14; Coloss. ii. 1.

But the practice of early rising is not only enforced in the Bible; it is exemplified in the conduct of patriarchs, prophets, and kings. We have seen how strongly its practice has been recommended by Solomon, and we shall now show that it was enforced by the example of a greater than Solomon. The father of the faithful got up early in the morning to stand before the Lord, as is manifest from the following passages in Genesis, xix. 27; xxi. 14; xxii. 3.

Jacob rose up early in the morning, to vow unto the Lord, and to erect a monument for the mercies of the night, Genesis xxviii. 18. Isaac rose up early in the morning, Genesis xxvi. 31. Laban rose up early in the morning. Moses rose up early in the morning, Exodus xxiv. 4; xxxiv. 4. Job rose up early in the morning, and thus did he continually, Job i. 5. Joshua rose up early in the morning, Joshua iii. 1; vi. 12, &c. &c. Elthana and his family rose up early and worshipped before the Lord, 1 Samuel i. 19. Samuel rose early to meet Saul in the morning, 1 Samuel xvii. 20. David rose early in the morning, Psalm v. 3. &c. &c. Gideon rose up early in the morning, Judges vi. 28. Jeremiah was an early riser, Jeremiah xxv. 3. Nehemiah and his workers laboured from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared, Nehemiah iv. 21. King Darius rose early in the morning. Our blessed Saviour gave a practical illustration of his precept, "Work while it is day," by rising early himself, by calling on his disciples by break of day, and

choosing the twelve whom he called apostles. Luke and John tell us that all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple to hear him. Mark says, "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. And Simon and they that were with him followed after him." Go, then, thou sleeper, and imitate him in this and all his imitable perfections. Call upon the Almighty early, and ye shall find him; for, says he, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me *early* shall find me." Follow the examples of the first converts to Christianity, who, Pliny tells us, "were wont, upon a solemn day, to meet together before sunrise, and to sing among themselves a hymn to Christ, as the God whom they worshipped."

Besides this general view of Scripture history, there are some very remarkable mornings recorded in it, which are worthy of attention, and to which our meditation should be directed. It was a morning long to be remembered in which the angels hastened

Lot, and led him and his family out of Sodom. The sun rose before he entered Zoar, and when Abram gat up early, and looked towards Sodom, he beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. It was a happy morning in the life of Isaac, when peace and plenty were secured to him and his family by a contract, confirmed by oath, between him and a neighbouring king, to perform which they rose betimes in the morning. It was a morning sacred in memory with Jacob and his posterity, when, after his dream of a frame with steps, opening a passage from the earth to the temple of the King of kings, graced with heavenly officers going up and coming down, to teach him the doctrine of Providence, he rose up early, set up a pillar, and dedicated both the place and himself to God. Nor could time ever erase out of his memory that other morning, when a man wrestled with him until the breaking of the day. "Let me go," said one, "for the day breaketh."—"I will not let thee go," replied the other, "unless thou bless me." What memorable

mornings were those in which Moses rose up early, stood before Pharaoh, and, in the name of Almighty God, demanded liberty for his nation ! What a night was that in which the Israelites passed through the sea, and what a morning succeeded, when Moses stretched out his hand, and the tide rolled back with the dawning of the day, and floated the carcasses of the Egyptians to the feet of the people of God on the shore ! Early every morning, for forty years, the cloud was taken up, and the manna fell. What a busy morning was that in which Gideon suppressed idolatry at the hazard of his life ! What an honourable morning was that for Daniel, when a great king visited him in the lions' den ! And, to mention no more, that was a morning sacred to memory, throughout all generations, in which Jesus, the King of Israel, was cut off. It was early in the morning, that the anxious Mary resorted to the tomb of Jesus. " In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to

the sepulchre," Matt. xxviii. 1. Mark says it was very early in the morning, at the rising of the sun, Mark xvi. 2. John says it was very early, when it was yet dark, John xx. 1.

In a word, the whole spirit of the Gospel, the constant tenor of its doctrines, the invariable tendency of its precepts, and the evident result of its practical influence, all combine to stigmatise the sensual indulgence of the morning sluggard as being opposed to the will of God, and contrary to the very fundamental principles on which the whole fabric of Christianity is erected. And why? Because, while, on the one hand, the Gospel tells us to run, to fight, to wrestle, and to strive for the mastery, and while it tells us that every one who thus striveth is temperate in all things,—while, on the other hand, lying in bed is a complete surrender to the demands of the flesh, and a relinquishment of that superiority which the mind ought ever to maintain over the body,—it is a concession of the fundamental principles of Christian practice to the require-

ments of a base propensity, which is inconsistent with the purity, and incompatible with the holiness, of the evangelical doctrines and precepts. In its immediate as well as in its more remote effects, it produces a torpid inactivity, which is directly opposite to the watchfulness, temperance, zeal, and activity, which should characterise the follower of the Son of God. It encourages the growth of the most unholy and impure desires. It disables us from enduring hardships, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. It unfits the soul for the enjoyment of that calm and happy frame in which every impetuous passion becomes tractable, and all the faculties of the body are subservient to its desires, and seem to animate its devotion. It checks the energies of that faith which disengages us from the trammels of the world, enfranchises us from the thralldom of our lusts, and, while it exhibits to us the glories of heaven, prepares us for their possession and their enjoyment. It pampers and gratifies the body, enfeebles and enervates the mind, and throws a gloomy

cloud over the Christian's prospects, which seems to lengthen the race he has to run, and to magnify its difficulties, while the combat in which he is engaged assumes a more arduous and doubtful character. It robs him of the time which might otherwise have been employed in recruiting his failing strength, in reanimating his declining energies, in putting on the armour of God, and in striving for that mastery and that crown of glory, which is the goal of his course and the reward of his toil.

Whilst, then, patriarchs and prophets in the Old Testament, and the disciples and apostles of the New, are enforcing the practice of early rising by precept and by example,—while Christ is proclaiming himself to be the light of the world, and is declaring that he who followeth him shall not walk in darkness, surely the slumberer will no longer remain in a state so degrading, and so similar to that of nature's darkness. Since the Holy Scriptures are asking him, let the sleeper arise, and call upon his God. Since the Scriptures are calling upon him to at-

tend to the warning voice, let the sleeper awake, and rise from the dead, that Christ may give him light. Since it tells us that the night is far spent, and that the day is at hand, it is high time to awake out of sleep, and to cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light, that we may be among those who shall awake to eternal life, after the sleep which must succeed the day of our present existence.

It is a common complaint with *would-be* early risers, that, after having formed the resolution, in the most determined manner, and even after having acted upon it for a few mornings, they have insensibly returned to their habit of sleeping, and required a new stimulus to operate upon them. For two or three mornings they have risen earlier than their accustomed time,—the novelty of the thing gave them pleasure,—the morning air produced a liveliness and vivacity of spirit. Pleased with the conquest they had made, they imagined the point gained by a single effort, and they relaxed themselves in all the security of victory.

In a few mornings the first impulse loses its original force,—the stimulus subsides, and the novelty vanishes. The whole is succeeded by a good-natured, self-complacent assurance of success. The diminution of the usual quantity of sleep occasions a more than ordinary degree of drowsiness, and a desire to continue in bed. The consequence of all this is, they relapse, at once, into the old degeneracy ;—they become dispirited by their failure,—and require a new energy to rouse them from their lethargy. Perhaps the best remedy for this is to conquer the habit by degrees. Instead of taking the fort by storm,—instead of rising two hours earlier all at once, the much better way is to secure five minutes every morning, until we arrive at the hour which appears the most eligible for rising. In this way, the daily subtraction from sleep will be but trifling, and will occasion no drowsiness on the following morning, which the sudden change from eight to five must necessarily produce. This is certainly the sure and easy method of daily undermining an inju-

rious habit, and daily confirming a useful one. In this way, the pleasure of the victory is felt before we are conscious of having commenced the combat. In this way, the last day of each week will be half-an-hour longer than the first. In this way, at the termination of a month, we will have become early risers, with the additional advantage of having formed the habit in such a manner, that there will be no danger of its being relinquished. The habit, having been originally formed by the repetition of single acts, must be overcome by a similar repetition of single acts. The first time we lay longer in bed than usual, it was certainly an involuntary act: the next derived a sanction from having had a precedent: the third followed upon the authority of the other two: the fourth appeared natural; and so they continued in succession, till their frequency served to hide their odiousness. The knowledge of a disease is half its cure. The habit was gradually created; let it be gradually destroyed. It was formed by degrees; let it

be broke off by degrees. It is not a stride, but a succession of steps, that conveys us from the foot to the top of a mountain.

While the practice of supplanting the evil habit by the better one is going on, the mind should be strengthened by the recollection of the long train of advantages to be acquired from the victory, and by an impression of the habitual persuasion of the importance of the endeavour. The mind, every night when we are going into bed, should be impressed with the indispensable necessity of rising early next morning. Immediately before falling asleep, a certain time at which to rise should be thought upon. A cursory view should be taken of the arguments we have stated in favour of the practice, and of the pernicious consequences resulting from a contrary line of conduct. The value of the smallest portion of time should be estimated. The regret which the loss of it occasions should be remembered. Recurrence might even be had, by anticipation, to the feelings of a death-bed. The carelessness and the security of

health should be laid aside. The solemn fact of time being a talent of incalculable value, and of our being obliged to render an exact account of it, should be thought of; and the determination should every night be formed, to spend it as we would wish it had been spent. We should also look back upon the countless hours already lost by us; and we should prove our penitence for their loss by the economical use of that which remains. We should accustom ourselves to think on the probability of our suddenly exchanging misimproved time, for an eternity not too long to lament its profusion. By impressing such like sentiments on the mind, the excitement to early rising will continue till the practice becomes habitual, when there will be no necessity for recalling the reasons which led to it.

THE END.

