

THE
COTTAGER'S FRIEND,
AND
GUIDE OF THE YOUNG.

VOL. II.]

DECEMBER, 1855.

[No. 12.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

Many years since, when I was quite a youth, I resided for some months with a gentleman to whom I was partly given in charge by a widowed mother; and who, therefore, claimed to exercise some authority over me. He was a person of very agreeable temper, and was reputed to be a remarkably clever man of business. He was just beginning the world on his own account, and had the prospect, so far as outward appearances indicated, of brilliant success. One Sabbath-morning he asked me to assist him in a matter of business which, he said, would not admit of delay. I pleaded the sacredness of the day, and the danger of displeasing God, and advised him to postpone the matter until Monday. This he said he either could or would not do, and repeated his demand upon my assistance, putting it now, however, in the form of a command rather than of a request. I saw it was a moment of peril,—that my eternal destiny might probably turn upon the issue of the trial; and silently lifting up my heart to God, I replied in great fear and trembling, but with firmness and explicitness, “*I cannot do what I know will be displeasing to God.*” Never shall I forget the fearful outbreak of scorn and enmity to which this refusal gave occasion. The habitually good-tempered man seemed, for a time, transposed into a very fiend, and uttered words not to be repeated, both against me and my God. He declared that such narrow notions were unsuited to the present constitution of society, and pronounced me incurably infatuated and lost to all hope of worldly advancement. My course in life was at that time undecided; but