

AN OLD WOMAN'S ADDRESS TO HER COTTAGE-FRIENDS.

I am an old woman, my friends ; and I have, in the course of my life, seen so many unhappy mothers, that I would fain, before I leave the world, tell you how I think you may all avoid the same unhappiness. What do you most wish to do to secure the lasting happiness and prosperity of the children you so tenderly love ? Do you wish you could make them *rich*, and *learned*, and *great* ? Alas ! *riches* from many causes are, of all things, the least to be depended on ; and we often see those, who are living in the greatest plenty, suddenly reduced to poverty, which comes the harder, when people have been used to abundance. *Learning* is, no doubt, a fine thing, when *quite* properly used, but how often does it puff people up with pride, and make them look down with scorn upon those who have not had the same advantages. It is the same with *greatness* ; and you have often seen children get on in the world very much beyond what they had a right to expect ; and yet it has not ended in the comfort of themselves or their families. *Their good luck*, as it is commonly called, has perhaps become a snare to them, and they have been tempted to commit the sin of neglecting their parents, and despising those who were once their equals. But, my friends, give to your children religious instruction ; teach them, from their early childhood, of the great blessings purchased for them by the death of their Redeemer—that, thereby, they may become members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven :—Give them, in your own conduct, an example of the faith, the obedience, the humility, and the patient industry of a Christian ; shew them the natural sinfulness of their own hearts ; carefully and kindly instruct them to watch and pray lest they be led into temptation ; and then you will give them a happiness which the greatest riches cannot buy, which learning and greatness cannot give, and which even sorrow and disappointment cannot take away.

I shall now give you an instance, in a short history of a young man who lived in my neighbourhood. His parents were in a decent trade, by which they got a respectable living, and had no other child than this one boy, of whom they were doatingly fond : he was a remarkably quick, clever child ; and, at a little school, to which he had been sent at an early age, he learnt to read so soon, that his father and mother sent him (at a greater expense than they could well afford) to a higher sort of school. The boy got on surprisingly, and was often in the evenings, when he returned from the school, made to show his learning to a neighbour, that he might gain praise,—which made him very proud and self-sufficient. As these parents, unhappily, were not religious people, the father seldom went to Church in a morning, but would stay at home to settle the weekly accounts of his shop, and would often keep his boy at home to help him. They generally went