

ce, have simultaneously closed their eyes, instead of suffering loss by the general profanation of the Lord's day. These are small, but vigorous benefactors; so small, indeed, as to be scarcely visible over the vast field of desecration; yet they promise the prayers of the angels for the saving of the City.

**A Publishing Establishment.**  
New York Methodist Book Concern in 1845, seventy-nine millions seven hundred and sixteen thousand pages of school books; in 1847, forty-seven millions and eighty-eight thousand; and, in 1848, thirty-six millions and a half. The aggregate of one and seventy-four millions five hundred and thirty thousand pages of Sunday books in three years. To this must be added the annual circulation of about one thousand copies of the Sunday Advocate.

**Generous Act.**  
A meeting of the Board of Managers Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held lately, the Rev. Dr. Corresponding Secretary, informed that in arranging for the passage of missionaries about to depart in the Cherokee, Messrs. Howland & Ason, on behalf of the company, had most liberally deducted eight hundred dollars a regular price of the passage money. Of thanks was passed by the Board on the part of the owners of the boats.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

**Family Circle.**

**For Mothers.**  
The influence which mothers exert over their children is mainly through the affection, but as sons advance in years, they are very keen-sighted. A mother must in her ground by being sensible and discerning—and, more than all, by keeping before her a high standard of Christian character, and acting up to it as far as possible. A strong-minded, energetic Christian woman, who knows and values her dignity and authority which are due to her position, will maintain her influence. Thousands have done so—their testimony in the lives of great men.

His mother, the late Archbishop Griswold, wrote: "My case so far resembled that of my mother's name was Eunice, my grandmother's Lois, and that from them I received much early instruction. By their teaching, from a child I knew the holy Scriptures, which were able to make me wise unto salvation. The care of my mother especially, instilled into my mind sentiments of piety, with knowledge of Christ, and the duty of love. I was much indebted."  
Rev. Dr. Stone, the biographer of the shop, remarks: "A noble record testified to the many which have already been made, of the value of a mother's early influence over the religious character of her son."

on who had been wept and prayed from his earliest years, till he had passed from his father's to the great world of business, became at length dissipated and sceptical. Resisting the influences of a revival town where he lived, he rapidly grew more and more desperate. At length he received word that her profane and hard son, for whom she had never ceased fasting and praying, exhibited some of feeling. This letter was received in the morning, and that day became one of prayer. As the shades of evening opened, her face assumed the expression of one labouring under great mental anguish, and she was seen often to retire to her room and remain a long time absent. It was a solemnity and mystery about her that kept us silent and thoughtful. As evening wore on, the intense mental agony and agony depicted on her countenance were painful to contemplate. It was a mental wrestling with the angel of the

covenant. It was evident her suffering was just reaching its highest point.

She retired again about nine o'clock, and was gone longer than usual. When she again entered the room, what a change had passed over her! The painful and contracted brow was tranquil as a summer evening—the strained eye, mild and peaceful, seemed gazing on some sweet vision, while perfect peace reposed on every feature. As she sat down, she remarked, "I don't know what to think; my anxiety for I— is all gone. I am almost afraid of my indifference. My son is either saved or lost. But *one thing I know*: if a child can be carried in perfect confidence and laid at the feet of the Redeemer, to be taken back no more forever, come what may, I have done it. On this faithful covenant to me I have trusted my first-born son—I can do no more!" It was a thrilling spectacle, to see human love struggling with religious faith—but faith conquered. God had tried his child, and found that, like Abraham, she would not withhold even her beloved son.

In two days a letter came from this wayward boy. The father opened it, and burst into tears. The mother seized it, but her tears would not let her see. The son-in-law was compelled to read it, and strange to say, on the very night of that mother's wild agony, in the very hour when her faith triumphed over maternal anxiety, the light and forgiveness of Heaven visited him.—*Mothers' Magazine.*

**Self-conceit.**

Young people, at the period when they are acquiring knowledge, are very liable to self-conceit, and thus, by their own folly, defeat the great purpose of instruction, which is, not to make men vain, but wise. They are apt to forget that knowledge is not for show, but for use, and that the desire to exhibit what they know, is invariably a proof that their acquisitions are superficial.

Besides, like most faults, self-conceit is insidious, and ever brings many more in its train. They who are very desirous to shine themselves, are always envious of the attainments of others, and will be ingenious in discovering defects in those who are more accomplished than themselves. The vain have no rest unless they are upmost, and more conspicuous than all around them. The most interesting pursuits cannot render retirement agreeable, and contentment to them is wretchedness.

There are three things which those who are conscious of indulging this fault, would do well to remember—

First, that self-conceit is always most apparent in persons of mean minds and superficial acquisitions; a vain person may, indeed, be clever, but can never be wise or great.

Secondly, That however they may suppose this weakness to be concealed within their own bosoms, there is no fault that is really more conspicuous, or that it is more impossible to hide from the eyes of others.

Thirdly, That it is highly offensive in the sight of God, and wholly inimical to moral and religious improvement.

Now, is there any gaudy weed who would like to become a sterling flower? Let such be assured that this wish, if prompted by right motives, and followed up by sincere endeavours, will not be in vain. But let it be remembered, that such a change can never be effected by merely adopting the colours and affecting the attitudes of one. This would be but to become an artificial flower at best, without the grace and fragrance of nature. Be not, then, reader, satisfied with *imitation*, which, after all, is more laborious and difficult than aiming at reality. Be what you would seem to be; this is the shortest, and the only successful way. Above all, "be clothed with humility, and have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit"—for of such flowers it may truly be said, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."  
—*Jane Taylor.*

**Early Piety.**

Early piety, if persisted in, prepares for a comfortable old age. The condition of an old man without piety, is wretched in

deed. He presents to the eye of Christian contemplation a melancholy spectacle. As to all the grand purposes of existence, he has passed through the world in vain. Life to him has been a lost adventure. Seventy years he has sojourned in the region of mercy, and is going out of it without salvation. Seventy years he has dwelt within reach of redemption, and yet is going to the lost souls in prison. If he is inaccessible to his case, he is going to ruin asleep, but if a little awakened how bitter are his reflections! If he looks back upon the past, he sees nothing but a wide and dreary waste where the eye is relieved by no monuments of piety, but scared by memorials of a life of sin, if he looks at his present circumstances he sees nothing but a mere wreck of himself, driving, upon the rocks of his destiny and destruction; but the future, oh! how can he look on that which presents to him death for which he is not prepared, judgment from which he can expect nothing but condemnation, heaven, which he has bartered for pleasures, the remembrance of which is now painful or insipid, hell, which he has merited with its eternity of torments, by his iniquities. The ghost of spent years and departed joys, sit before him, and point to those regions of woe, whether sinful delights conduct the sensualist and voluptuary. Miserable old man! the winter of life is upon him, and he has nothing to cheer his cold and dreary spirit, nor any spring to look forward to—the night of existence has come on, not a star twinkles from heaven upon his path, nor will any morning dawn upon the gloom which envelops him. Such is the old age of those who remember not God in their youth, and carry on their obligation of religion, as such persons generally do, to the end of life.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

**Family Privileges.**

Dr. Scott, author of the Commentary, was the father of a numerous family of children. He had the singular happiness of seeing all of them, who lived to adult years, professedly pious. We have the authority of Scott himself for saying, that the piety of his children was, under God, especially owing to the influence of his family devotions. "I look back," said this excellent man, "a short time before his death, upon my conduct in this respect with peculiar gratitude, as one grand means of my uncommon measure of domestic comfort, and of bringing down to my children the blessings which God has graciously bestowed upon them." Nor was this all. The benefit was not confined to his own children. Every one who had the privilege of being for any considerable time a member of his family, was a sharer in it. "In very few instances," says the biographer, "did a servant or young person, or indeed any person, pass any length of time under his roof, without appearing to be brought permanently under the influence of religious principle."

**Fundamental Truths.**

There are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom, the basis upon which a great many others rest, and in which they have their consistency. These are towering truths, rich in store, with which they furnish the mind; and, like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and entertaining in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that without them could not be seen or known. Our Saviour's great rule, that we should love our neighbour as ourselves, is such a fundamental truth for regulating human society, that I think that by that alone, one might, without difficulty, determine all the cases and doubts in social morality. Truths such as this we should endeavour to find out and store our minds with.—*Locke on the Understanding.*

**General Miscellany.**

**Preach Christ Crucified.**

Preach Christ Crucified!—Turn not aside from this, under the temptation of meeting some question of the day, or some hearing of the public mind. There is much mystic verbiage which some esteem to be of transcendental depth. There is

much pathos, which some regard as original and sublime. Your versatility will often be urged to follow after these conceits. You will be told of their amazing influence. They really are nothing. They are the bubbles of the hour. They cannot boast even novelty. I conjure you, care little for them. Yours is not a discretionary theme. It is unchanging. Keep to it. Abide by it. It is one, but it is an indefinite one! Its rigidity can never hamper your thought. Its reiteration can never weary your inquiry. At no point can it restrict you. It is a large place. It is a boundless range.—It is a mine of wealth it is a firmament of power. Whither would you go from it? It is the unwinding of all great principles! It is the expansion of all glorious thoughts. It is the capacity of all blessed emotions. O Calvary, we turn to thee! Our nature a wreck, a chaos, only canst thou adjust!—We have an aching void which thou only canst fill! We have pantings and longings which only thou canst satisfy! Be thou the strength and the charm of our inward life! Be thou the earnestness of our deepest interest! Be thou inspiration, impulsion, divinity and all!—Our tears never relieved us until thou taughtest us to weep! Our smiles only mocked us, until thou bade us rejoice. We knew no way of peace until we found our way to thee! Hope was banished from us, until its dew flew downwards from thee upon our heart! All was dormant until thou didst stir; all was dull until thou didst excite us!—*Dr. Hamilton's advice to Young Ministers.*

**A Newspaper.**

The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization—the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink. It is the newspaper that gives to liberty its practical life, its constant observation, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper informs legislation of public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislation. And this is not all. The newspaper teems with the most practical morality; in its reports of crime and punishment you find a daily warning against temptation; not a case in a police court, not a single trial of a wretched outcast, or a trembling felon, that does not preach to us the awful lesson, how imprudence leads to error, how error conducts to guilt, how guilt reaps its bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. The newspaper is the familiar bond that binds together man and man—no matter what may be the distance of climate or the difference of race. There it is that we have learned how to sympathize with the slave, how to battle for his rights, how to wrest the scourge from his taskmaster. Over land and sea the voice of outraged humanity has reached the great heart of England, and raised up a host of freemen as the liberators of the enslaved and tortured negro! The newspaper is a lawbook for the ignorant, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It may instruct the most indolent, it may instruct the most profound.—*Sir E. L. Bulwer.*

**The Respiratory Tubes of the Skin.**

Taken separately, the little perspiratory tube, with its appended gland, is calculated to awaken in the mind very little idea of the importance of the system to which it belongs; but when the vast number of similar organs composing this system is considered, we are led to form some notion, however imperfect, of their probable influence on the health and comfort of the individual. I use the word "imperfect notion" advisedly, for the reality surpasses imagination and almost belief. To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 352 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows that in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73 1/2 feet surely such an amount of drainage as seventy-three feet in every square inch of skin, assuming this to be the average of the whole body, is something wonderful, and the thought naturally

intrudes itself—what if this drainage was obstructed? Could we need a stronger argument for enforcing the necessity of attention to the skin? On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch was 2268, and the length of the tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube, 1,750,000; that is, 145,833 feet, or 48,000 yards, or nearly 28 miles.—*Erasmus Wilson.*

**Use and Abuse of the Fine Arts.**

The removal of Sir Robert Peel will, in all probability, give to art, which his munificent patronage greatly advanced, a considerable stimulus. Besides the government monument for Westminster Abbey, there will be monuments raised in almost all the great towns. All this will do much to call forth the energies of the sculptors. Art is one of those graces, the culture of which requires to be followed by the sharpest moral watching. Painting and sculpture may be used to teach, refine, and usefully please a population; but no one can study the operation of art on the tastes and habits of those nations in which it is most advanced, without seeing that it may become at once the expression and the stimulant of depravity. In England the arts are rapidly advancing; in architecture alone do we now seem strikingly behind; and in some departments of it our artists are rapidly taking the lead. Nothing in art more illustrates the state of manners among a people than the caricatures which are popular. If any one will take the trouble to study the print-shops in France, he will arrive at a conclusion, that unless the art has run incredibly before the family in the way of impunity, the condition of conjugal relations in France is most appalling. In England you hardly ever meet with a caricature, except some copies from the French in the lowest shops, that is not upon some political personage, some fashionable folly, or upon some public or individual case of absurdity. But in the print-shops of Paris, you will find that of the caricatures in circulation, perhaps at least seven-tenths are on the conjugal life, exhibiting in ways eudlessly diversified its miseries and infidelity. Nothing is more imperative upon the enlightened and the pure leaders of public taste than to cultivate a tone in which, avoiding all asperity, and even all indifference to grace and refinement, these should ever be held in due subordination to the higher ends of holiness and goodness.

If you could hew a block of granite into the most delicate and finished of beauties, and yet were so to dispose your subject that one human soul should receive from it impure emotions, you had done better for the happiness of the world to leave your block in its innocency, than to convert it into a licensed and attractive tempter. I do not believe that the highest ends of art are in any way served by disregard of modesty.—The Spanish school of painting stands deservedly high, and yet how often does it present those pictures which disgust you, if you think of the process by which they are obtained, and alarm you as to the effect they have on the young and the inflammable. All this is called Puritanism by the worshippers of art. With them art is a goddess too pure to emit unwholly inspirations. That is simply nonsense, marble is very innocent; oil colours are very innocent; but human hearts are far otherwise, and you may choose any medium in the world to stir up their passions. Chateaubriand, in his singular autobiography, tells us that the first of his youthful temptations were called up by pictures in a church; and the "Lives of the Saints" are in testimony of what conflicts have been raised in staidly bosoms by the very images whereby the priest, when officiating, is surrounded.—*Correspondent of N. Y. Christian Advocate.*