

towards Turks, Jews, infidels, heretics and Papists—an earnest desire that they may be brought to know Christ, and that they may be delivered from the bonds and fetters in which they are now held. (Hear, hear.) Our principle is “good will towards all men,” but no peace with the system of Popery—(cheers)—no peace with the idolatry, the blasphemy, the superstition, the cruelty, and anti-Christianity of the Church of Rome. (Cheers.) I will not detain you longer. I thank you for the opportunity you have given me of addressing these few words to you, and trust you will kindly excuse me if I now withdraw myself from the meeting. Be assured there is on my part no want of desire to remain with you, and to hear the interesting addresses which I have no doubt will be delivered; but I am engaged to take part in another meeting to be held shortly, and I am therefore under the necessity, though much against my will and inclination, of leaving you on the present occasion. The Resolution I have to propose is—

“That the Report, of which an Abstract has been read, be received and published.”

### Family Circle.

#### The Prayerless Home.

“I have a good offer for my farm,” said Mr. Earl to his wife, and I think I shall sell it.” “Why do you wish to part with it?” asked Mrs. Earl. “The land is so stony,” he replied, “and partly worn out; I can go into a new country, where land is cheap, and realise a larger return for the same amount of labour.” “But,” said the wife, “if we go into a new country there will be no schools for our children, and we may be deprived of attending a place of worship, and it will be far better for us to remain here, where we can educate our children, and bring them up under the sound of the Gospel.” “Our children are not old enough to go to school,” replied the father, “and we can take our Bibles with us, and read them on the Sabbath. I must do what I think is required by the interest of my family.” “But,” rejoined Mrs. Earl, “pray remember that property is not the only thing needed by our children.” A few days after this conversation the bargain was concluded, and the farm became the property of another.

Mr. Earl had been trained by an amiable, but not a pious mother, and some thought that her influence had prevented him from profiting by the instructions of his pious father. His wife was a disciple of Jesus, and desired above all things that her children might become rich in faith, and grow up under the sound of a faithful ministry; but she was soon constrained to bid farewell to all the privileges of her native village, and, after a wearisome journey, she found herself and family in a wilderness in the western world. For a time Mr. Earl observed the Sabbath, so far as resting from labour was concerned; and he even spent some time in reading the Bible; but he did not pray, consequently that blessed book was soon laid aside. The climate, and the labours incident to a life in the wilderness, caused Mrs. Earl to fall into a decline; when, after a lingering illness, she bade her husband farewell, she charged him to send her children to her native home, that they might there be under the teaching which could make them wise unto salvation. Mr. Earl complied in part with his wife's request; he sent his daughter, who was nine years of age, and her younger brother; but the elder one he retained to assist him in his labours. It was six years before Julia returned to her father; she had spent that time among the pious friends of her departed mother. She found the home of her father greatly changed; a neat village surrounded the dwelling, and the spire of the village church was not far distant, with a school-house near at hand. She rejoiced to return to her home, though she was to meet her mother, who was its chief charm, no more; but a sad check was given to her joy when they sat down to the evening meal, for no blessing was asked on the food, and when the hour of rest came, she was still more unhappy, for the family

separated without prayer. Mr. Earl soon perceived that his daughter did not feel at home in his house. This made him sad at heart, for he had long looked forward to her return with hope that she would restore, in part at least, the loss he had experienced. He said to her one day, “Julia, you do not seem to feel as much at home as I could wish.” After some hesitation she replied, “No, father, I do not feel safe.” “Do not feel safe!” said he in astonishment. “I am afraid to live under a roof where there is no prayer,” rejoined the pious daughter. The remark went to the father's heart; he thought of all the mercies he had received, the protection he had experienced, unasked! He continued to think of his ways till his soul fainted within him. He looked at his eldest son, a Sabbath-breaker, and ignorant of God, and he could not conceal the truth that it was owing to his having removed him in childhood from the means of grace, and exposing him to influences that, in all probability, would prove his ruin. In a few days he asked Julia to read the Scriptures, and pray in the family. It was with joy that she heard the request, but with great difficulty that she complied with it. In a few weeks, on a Sabbath morning, the father himself took the Bible, and having read a portion, kneeled down, and with tears besought God to teach his staggering lips how to pray. Light, peace, and safety took up their abode in a dwelling now no longer a prayerless home.—*Professor Allen.*

#### Send for more Physicians.

There was a quiet gathering, in one of the warm days of midsummer, around a central house in a distant village. Men were leaning with faces of sober thought against the pillars of the portico, and through the opened windows appeared female forms in black attire. As individuals entered, the crowd fell back; and then might be distinctly seen a coffin, resting upon the table in the large hall, and many—stealing carefully and noiselessly, as if they feared to disturb the sleeping—approached, and bending over, took a last view of the form it enclosed. It was the corpse of one in the morning of life, and, although emaciated by sickness, the features retained much of their wonted expression, and those who looked recalled him as he had been a few weeks before, when he had moved among those who were now assembled to convey him to the tomb, and his firm step and gay laugh had echoed through these now hushed and silent rooms. He was now borne from the habitations of men and consigned to the darkness, the silence, the corruption of the grave. Sad were the thoughts which filled the hearts of those who followed him to his early grave, and emotions deeper than those usually excited by the removal of manhood, in the full hope and flush of life, filled many breasts. That young man had died without hope, and had only known that he must die, and felt that he was not prepared to meet his God, when the death struggle came upon him. “Save me, oh save me,” he cried, “I am not prepared to die.” Oh, doctor, you are mistaken. “Send for more physicians.” “Oh, I cannot die.” These were his last agonising expressions, as he sank into the arms of death. Fearful was the spectacle which that death-bed presented. The rays of divine truth which fell upon that soul during the last moments of its earthly existence, had revealed all the horrors of the doom which awaits the impenitent sinner; and those who witnessed these agonies were constrained to fear that they were but the prelude to the eternal agony which awaits the lost soul.

#### O how the soul

Raved round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Ran to each avenue, and shrieked for help,  
But shrieked in vain.

There was fear, and remorse, and horror, but no evidence of repentance—no hope of pardon—no trust in a merciful Saviour. The one thing needful had been neglected in health—had not been sought during sickness,—and the hour of death brought the conviction of the need of preparation, with the agonising consciousness that it was too late to seek it. Perhaps some young man who reads this page does not mean to reject, while he dares to neglect

the offers of salvation. Are you living without God, in the presumptuous hope of a death-bed repentance? Would you add to the pains of dissolving nature the agonies of an awakened conscience? Will God accept your late repentance? Will he not rather say, “I have called, and ye refused to answer, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh.” The death bed often brings horror, remorse, despair,—but seldom, very seldom, repentance. Too often does mistaken charity draw the veil over death-bed scenes, and thus forbids the lessons which God means to teach. Often have the evidences of repentance on a sick-bed proved delusive when the individual has been raised up again; and often have the torpor and insensibility of the dying been mistaken for the peace of the Christian. Young man! it is a fearful thing to die without a Saviour to lead you through the dark valley. Mothers! speak to those young men who are in your husbands' employ, and who now surround your table. They have all mothers somewhere, and you may, perchance, water some good seed sown in childhood. Your boy may be among strangers soon. Fathers! think of the many young men who are moving around you, with none to care whether they go to heaven or hell; but many sirens are waiting to tempt them into the paths of sin. Counsel them in kindness, speak to them of their eternal welfare, and remember them in your prayers.

#### Training of the Mind.

A sound moral discipline, and a well-regulated mind, can, under God, carry a man through life so that he will not be the sport and the victim of every change that flies across the scene. And it cannot be too anxiously borne in mind, that this great attainment is in a remarkable degree under the influence of habit.

Every day that passes, and every step that we take, without making it the object of earnest attention, renders the acquirement more difficult and uncertain; until a period at length arrives when no power exists in the world capable of correcting the disorder which habit has fixed. The frivolous mind may then continue frivolous to the last, amusing itself with trifles, or creating fictions of the fancy, no better than dreams. The distorted mind may continue to the last eagerly purging its speculations, departing further from the truth; and the vitiated mind may continue to the last, the slave of its impure and degrading passions. Such is the power, and such the result of mental habits. We cannot determine how many acts of frivolity may constitute the permanently frivolous mind; how many trains of impure thought may constitute the corrupted mind; or what degrees of inattention to the diligent culture of the powers within may be fatal to our best interests. In early life, aim at the mastery of the mind; give earnest attention to the trains of thought encouraged, as habits may be thus unconsciously formed, the influence of which may be permanently irremediable, and peril the happiness of life and the immortal interests of the soul.

### General Miscellany.

#### Ameliorating Effects of Cultivation.

There is scarcely a vegetable which we at present employ that can be found growing naturally. Buffon states that our wheat is a factitious production, raised to its present condition by the art of agriculture. Rice, rye, barley, or even oats, are not to be found wild, that is to say, growing naturally in any part of the earth; but have been altered by the industry of mankind, from plants not now resembling them in such a degree as to enable us to recognise their relations. The acid and disagreeable *optum graveolens* has been transformed into delicious celery; and the *colewort*, a plant of scanty leaves not weighing altogether half an ounce, has been improved into cabbage, whose leaves alone bear many pounds, or into a cauliflower of considerable dimensions, being only the embryo of a few buds which, in their natural state, would not have weighed as many grains. The potato, again, whose introduc-

tion has added millions to our population, derives its name from a small and bitter root which grows wild in Chili and Monte Video. If any of my readers should be sceptical upon the subject of such metamorphoses, let them visit the fairy bower of horticulture, and they will perceive that her magic wand has not only converted the tough coriaceous covering of the almond into the soft and melting flesh of the peach, but that by her spells the sour sloe has ripened into the delicious plum, and the austere crab of our woods into the golden pippin; that this again has been made to sport in almost endless variety, emulating in beauty and form of colour, in exuberance of fertility and richness of flavour, the productions of warmer regions and more propitious climates.—*Dr. Paris on Diet.*

#### Plants.

The manner of propagating and cultivating plants was known to the ancients; but the analogy which exists between animals and vegetables escaped their observation; that was left to the sagacity and industry of the great naturalist, Linnæus. He was the first who reduced the sexual characteristics of plants into a system, and arranged them into classes in such a clear manner, and on such regular fixed principles, that it is in the power of every person, of moderate capacity and education, to acquire, in a short period, a competent knowledge of the science of botany, and to convince himself of the similarity that exists between the animal and the vegetable economy of nature.

Plants are no less extraordinary in their nature than in their structure and properties. Some plants show a sort of animal life, as the sensitive plant, which, in these climates, if kept in an artificial heat, when exposed to the cold air, or touched with the hand, or any other substance, it contracts its leaves, or falls down for a time as if withered. Several plants open their flowers in the morning, and shut them at night; others open them at night and shut them in the morning. Some plants flower only once in many years, and then perish; while others resist the all-powerful hand of time for some hundreds of years. Climbing plants, also, are equally astonishing in the mode by which they ascend their props, some turning to the upward round the pole, while others as regularly turn to the westward. Parasitic plants, such as the mistletoe, derive their subsistence from the bark or leaves of other vegetables or trees. To finish this specimen of interminable variety in the nature of vegetables, we may add that the same portion of soil often produces plants affording nutritious aliment, medicine, and poison to man; their roots are even intermixed, without their nature being in the least affected by their proximity; and, also, that some plants are possessed of all these opposite qualities.

#### Migration of Birds.

The annual migration of birds appears to be much more general in North America than in Europe, owing, no doubt, to the greater severity of the winter there, which would render it impossible for the soft-billed birds to find food. Even in our own country, some of those who do not migrate, are, in severe winters, exposed to great privations. At first view, it appears not a little singular that, among birds differing very little in habit, some should remain with us and others should migrate; but a slight knowledge of natural history will lead to a solution of the singularity. Soft-billed birds, like the robin, depend upon caterpillars and worms for their principal food, and, as many species of caterpillars live through the winter, such birds are able to procure food. In open weather also, earth-worms occasionally make their appearance, as well as small shugs. The redbreast, accordingly, and more particularly the wren, may be seen prying, with a keen eye, in the roots of trees and shrubs for the caterpillars that lurk there; while the wagtail endeavours to pick up a scanty meal of the small winter gnats which occasionally play about running water in fine weather. The winter supply, however, of live insects would be far from sufficient for the numerous soft-billed birds which haunt our woods and hedges in summer, and therefore it has been so ordained,