

## Family Circle.

## A Sketch.

Said a Baptist lady to me on the Sabbath, there is a sick person on this street, visiting from Boston, who must soon die with consumption. I feel anxious you should see her at your earliest opportunity, as she is resting on that fearful delusion, Universalism.

On Monday I was introduced to a lady about 25 years of age, with a rather pretty and expressive countenance, bating a certain scornfulness of the lip, and wild expression of the eye.

"You are very feeble, Mrs. Keith—have you been long sick?"

"A few months, sir. My physicians in B. thought a change of air might accomplish what their medicine had failed to; consequently I am here."

"Did you ever profess religion?"

"I never did."

"Do you not feel the need of it?"

"I do not know that I do."

"Forgiveness of sin is very necessary to prepare us for the present and a future state."

"I think my daily sufferings fully compensate for all the sins I have ever committed."

"It is an acknowledged principle of law that the criminal is not a competent judge of the quantum of punishment his guilt deserves. You are blind to the true nature of sin."

I found there was no time to be lost. I pointed out her state very plainly, prayed, and left her bathed in tears. On my subsequent visit I found her a true penitent, earnestly seeking salvation. Thus passed days and weeks, and she found no relief.—She thought a sick bed a miserable place to seek religion. With deep anxiety depicted in her countenance, she one day exclaimed, "I fear it is too late; there is no hope for me now."

Gloomy despair was now brooding over her spirit. That same foe that had whispered "all is well enough," was now thrice as fiercely pressing her to the opposite extreme. The willingness of Christ to save was now pointed out—prayers were offered for her—she struggled, wept and prayed, until, just as she was about to give over in hopeless grief, the bars of unbelief gave way, the doors of her prison folded back, she saw a form, she heard a voice. It was a form once before seen on the tempest-driven waves of Genesareth. It was a voice that in the midst of their fury, lulled those waves to rest. To the heavings of that troubled breast he said, "Peace be still, and there was a great calm." Aye, there was more, there was triumphant joy. "O how precious; what a wonderful revelation I had of the loveliness of Jesus and the joys of that better state." The first transports of joy gave place to a calm and settled conviction that she was the Lord's.—Days and weeks passed, and she gradually approached her end. Of her former belief she exclaimed, "It will not answer to die by. It cannot stand the test of unclouded reason on a dying bed. How thankful am I that I came to M. Mr. and Miss—have saved my poor soul." She continued faithful to the last. I saw her a few hours before she departed. She was panting for breath, and almost speechless. "Almost gone," said she, "Pray." She delighted in prayer.

"Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright."

And what so appropriate to prepare for the last great judgment? I could but contrast her present with her former appearance. No scorn, no wildness of expression.

"How mildly beamed that closing eye."

It was lit up with heavenly hope, and radiant with delight. Said she to her sister, "I am dying," and fell asleep, as sinks the child to rest, upon its mother's bosom.

If she was the victim of neglect and deception by him whose name she bears, let him wander on through the land of gold; let him seek happiness in forgetfulness or dissipation, yet let him remember, there is a righteous God on high, that, though retribution slumber long, it is none the less

certain, and that it gathers strength from its slumbers.

How many poor souls are becoming engulfed in that awful deep of Universalism! Even the young die with their ears and hearts closed to every invitation of the Gospel, or warning of the law—to every striving of the Spirit and importunity of mercy—glorying in the prospect of that worthless meed of praise they shall receive when their eyes and ears are forever closed on earth, in the night of death; sacrificing an eternity of bliss that it may be bannered or trumpeted to the world, that they died Universalists.

Such was the end of a young woman here not long since. In Sabbath School, meetings, and by private instruction, she had been thoroughly poisoned. Near the close of life, if the subject of religion was mentioned to her, she would turn away with fretful impatience, and exclaim, "None of that here." Said a young lady who spoke to her about preparation for death just before her departure: "Such was the look she gave me—so unearthly horrifying, that it haunted me for the night, nor will its impression ever be effaced from my mind." She groaned and died. The troubled workings of that spirit left a fearful impress upon the countenance ere it became rigid in death.

Said a young man a few days ago, when dying with the small pox, his attendant urged the subject of religion upon his thoughts: "There is a great deal to be done, but I have no time now; it is too late. Too late, is the language of thousands almost daily. As the sound dies away on mortal ears and remembrance, in deep mournfulness it begins to echo through the dark corridors of the prison-house of despair beneath:—

I see the long, attenuated fingers of thousands of lost spirits, waving above the sea of woe, and pointing back to earth, and as the receding billow leaves the ghastly face bare for a moment, in hoarse sounds they cry out, "Ye Universalist ministers, authors, writers and publishers, with all your black machinery of death, look here—look on your murdered victim; murdered in spirit, and slain for eternity.

Said a friend—now lying at the point of death probably—who has been recently rescued from its mazes, "O that I could be raised, to tell to all of this miserable delusion."

"Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die;  
There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts this fleeting breath;  
O what appalling horrors hang  
Around the second death!"

—Zion's Herald.

## General Miscellany.

## Honesty in Mercantile Life.

Setting aside the golden rule of loving one's neighbour as one's self, and what we may call the silver rule of setting one's affections on things above, not below; how is it with the simple copper rule of "Honesty is the best policy." Does that hold in commerce?

I must confess that the persons who excite my suspicions most against merchants are the merchants themselves, when I see the excitement produced among them when any one does an honest act—for instance, pays his debts after failure. It is remembered for years, and whenever the individual is referred to, it is trumpeted to his honour. Now, although it is pleasing to see this theoretical respect for simple honesty; still, when we look closer, it is alarming that it should be so rare as to be talked about.—Thus I remember reading in Anson's voyages, that nearly all the shops in Canton have upon their signs these words, "Pau Hau," or no "cheating here." Now when a man thinks it necessary to announce on his sign, "no cheating here," though it does not demonstrate that he does not cheat, it proves pretty considerably that some of his neighbours do, and the more general the announcement, the greater the suspicion, and so of this similar phenomenon in our mercantile community. If it is so generally understood that honesty is the best

policy, pray why this sensation when any one is politic enough to try it?

I sometimes think that the habits of caution prevalent among us, the excess of documentary transactions, notes, indorsements, and receipts, have rather a tendency to encourage fraud by constantly suggesting the thought of it, and seeming to reduce the whole thing to a game of skill. I have been confirmed in this, by hearing that in places where there is less attention paid to these things, and more trust in honour, the trust is better repaid. For instance, I am told that it is so in the West Indies and Spanish America generally. Mr. Schoolcraft, who was Indian agent at Lake Superior for twenty-five years, said that he had never known an Indian to break a promise in the way of business. I read in a recent essay on the commerce of Brazil, that the slave-trade being contraband, is carried on entirely upon honour, "and hence," the author adds, very simply, "fraud is of rare occurrence." One wishes trade in general could be declared contraband, if such be the result. And there is an anecdote in point, of Mr. Fox, the British statesman. A tradesman who often dunned him in vain for payment of a note, came in one day and found him with two hundred pounds before him, and claimed his share. "No," said Mr. Fox, "this is a debt of honour which I owe to Sheridan." "Then," said the tradesman, "I make my debt a debt of honour," and threw the note into the fire. Mr. Fox acknowledged the obligation and paid him at once.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

## Only a Trifle.

"That's right," said I to my friend Simkins the baker, as the sickly looking widow of Harry Watkins went out of his shop-door with a loaf of bread which he had given her—"that's right, Simkins; I am glad you are helping the poor creature, for she has had a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her."

"Hard enough, sir, hard enough; and I am glad enough to help her, though what I give her don't cost much—only a trifle, sir!"

"How often does she come?"

"Only three times a week. I told her to come oftener, if she needed to, but she says three loaves are plenty for her and her little one, with what she gets by sewing."

"And have you any more such customers, Simkins?"

"Only two or three, sir."

"Only two or three; why it must be quite a tax upon your profits."

"O no, not so much as you suppose; altogether it amounts to only a trifle."

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words: but after I left him, I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with "only a trifle." He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day; and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence to a man who has plenty to "eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed," is nothing, but it is something to one on the verge of starvation. And we know not how much good we are doing when we give "only a trifle" to a good object.

## Temperance.

## Evils of Intemperance.

Few seriously reflect upon the evils of intemperance. Come then, reader, I affectionately invite your earnest attention, for a few brief moments at least, to this momentous and important subject.

Is it not really lamentable that we may draw a picture from stubborn facts, occurring almost every day? True, we may not have a personal acquaintance with such as I shall now describe, but this makes it not the less true. There are many such, and there are those, too, who could relate similar occurrences from personal observation.

Now let us look on some lovely family group, surrounded by everything to make life desirable and happy. A stately mansion, delightfully located, adorned not only

by nature's handiwork, but all that the art and ingenuity of man could do to beautify and improve. Its possessor a man of rare mental endowments, accomplished manners, and refined taste. The partner of his bosom kind, discreet, affable, judicious in the management of her domestic affairs not only, but, in all her walk and conversation, such an one as her fellow-mortals fail not to admire and her God to approve. Clustered about the hearth-stone of this cheerful home, may be seen dear children, bright-eyed loving girls, and romping, fair-haired boys, embracing the value of every other earthly blessing.

After having enjoyed the gifts of a kind, beneficent Providence so long and so abundantly, let us ask, How are the precepts and councils of His holy Word of truth regarded by the husband and father of that interesting household? There is one injunction, at least, totally disregarded.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red." Would that we could say he only looked! Alas! false notions of hospitality and common courtesy induce him to keep spirituous cordials in his dwelling, and tender the poison socially to those occasionally making a friendly call. Frequently tasting, he acquires a fondness for that often slow, indeed, but not less sure poison. Here begins the certain doom of that respected and happy family. The appetite increases daily, the senses are benumbed and stupefied, and the accomplished gentleman assumes more and more the appearance of the brute. By comparison I would not throw contempt upon the animal creation. In fact, the once kind, indulgent husband and father, the obliging neighbour, the affectionate friend, the respected and esteemed citizen, is hurried on by one temptation after another, until, once within the vortex, he is hopelessly, irrecoverably and forever lost. Generous reader, let this startling truth ring in your ears. For ever!—ay, may it echo, and echo, until you are led seriously to ask yourself the question: Cannot I do something to arrest this direful curse upon the noblest work of God?

But to continue. The poor drunkard, after throwing off every other restraint, spurns the wife of his bosom, her whose love for the man of her affection expires but with her last breath; ay, her whom he promised before God and his fellow-man "to love, cherish, and protect, so long as both should live"—he, perjured man, will cast this once dear companion upon the charities of an unfeeling world; and the lamp of life, once lit with meridian splendour, expires amid the gloom of midnight darkness. And their offspring, so interesting and beautiful, their countenances lately beaming with joy and gladness, wear a look of care that should never mar the face of innocent childhood. With sunken eyes attenuated forms, shorn of their glossy ringlets and attired in mean habiliments, they are consigned to the work-house or the toils of domestic servitude; and often—alas! how often! with no parent's kind advice to counteract pernicious example, they become the wretched outcasts of society, and—oh, painful thought! not unfrequently the cell and scaffold witness their closing career upon earth. Do you contend, dear reader, that the picture is over-drawn, or too highly coloured? Let the records of intemperance and the testimony of those deeply interested and faithfully engaged in the cause, prove to you that they are but too true. Indeed, I doubt not that many who read this can call to mind some facts not altogether dissimilar. How many kind fathers, with faltering step and bowed head, have followed the remains of dear children, who once promised to become an ornament and an honour to society, and laid them in the drunkard's grave! How many fond, affectionate mothers have, with bleeding hearts, paled and shrunk from life, conscious that the weight of this great evil rested upon the unannealed soul of their dear son! And how many children, too, have had every bright anticipation of future life riven asunder by this fell destroyer, ranking in the bosom of beloved parents! During a few hours' walk through the crowded thoroughfares of this great metropolis, alas! how many that once reposed upon the fond bosom of loving parents, in childhood's winning innocence, are seen with glaring eyeballs, and bloated forms, too