

deed, crying from anger or disappointment should never be allowed. To "vent their feelings" when children, they will take the liberty to do so when men and women.

13. Never allow a child to cry or scream on every slight occasion, even if hurt, and much less when by so doing it gratifies a revengeful or angry spirit. This should be especially guarded against in infants of ten, twelve, or eighteen months old, who often feel grieved and provoked when a thing is denied or taken from them.

14. Never reprove children severely in company, nor make light of their feelings, nor hold them up to ridicule.

15. Never try to conceal any thing which the child knows you have, but let your conduct teach him to be frank, and manly, and open—never hiding things in his hand, nor slyly concealing himself or his designs.

16. Kindness and tenderness of feeling toward insects, birds, and even of such animals as should be killed, are carefully to be cherished.—*Abbot's Magazine*.

ANSWER TO PRAYER

WHEN IT APPEARED TO HAVE BEEN DENIED.

THE late General Burn was an eminently pious and devoted Christian; and we have spent some delightful hours in his company. He was in the habit for many years, of noting down any remarkable circumstance in his life. The following is an instance of the favour of God towards him, when he "refused a direct and immediate grant" of his petitions:—

"When I was a Subaltern in the Royal Marine Corps, two other officers and myself were ordered to embark, one in each of the three guard-ships then stationed in the Medway. Two of them lay close to the Dock-yard, affording at all times easy access to the shore; but the other, the *Resolution*, of 74 guns, was moored half way down the river, towards Sheerness, from whence in winter and bad weather it was troublesome to land, and sometimes impracticable. For this reason it was natural for each of us to wish for one of the Chatham ships, and strong interest was accordingly made by us respectively, with the commanding officer for this purpose. But he finding he must necessarily disoblige one of the three, ordered us to attend the parade the next morning, and draw lots for our ships. This of course drove me to my strong hold, and if ever I prayed with fervency in my life it was now. I pleaded hard with the Searcher of hearts, that he knew my chief motive for desiring one of the Chatham ships was, that I might constantly attend the means of grace, and the ordinances of his house, and I felt confidence that if I really was a child of God, he would grant my request—since the 'lot thus cast into the lap' was wholly at his disposal! The important morning came, and I drew the dreaded ship, down the river. Had I drawn my death warrant, I hardly think it would have affected me more. My prayer was now apparently rejected, and the enemy of souls taking advantage of the agitated state of my depraved heart, easily made me draw the conclusion, that either I was no Christian, or that God paid no attention to those who professed to be such. In this gloomy desponding state, like a criminal going to execution, I embarked the same forenoon in His Majesty's ship *Resolution*, lying in a dreary part of the Medway, about two or three miles from Sheerness. I had just time to be introduced to the officers in the ward-room, when dinner came in. The third Lieutenant happening to be caterer that week, of course stood up at the head of the table, and asked a blessing; but with so much seriousness as quite astonished me; for being well-acquainted with the customs of the ward-room in a King's ship, I had never heard any thing of the kind so solemnly pronounced there

before, and I determined to mark every word that proceeded from that gentleman's lips, in the hope of hearing something that might enable me to ascertain his character; nothing decisive occurred during dinner, but no sooner was the wine placed upon the table, than he was attacked by several of his messmates on his religious sentiments, and I soon discovered that he bore the genuine marks of a true Christian, by his judicious reproofs, and the very able manner in which he confuted all their infidel arguments. Wishing, I suppose, to know what spirit I was of, they frequently appealed to me for the truth of what they advanced; but having always decided against them, I was imperceptibly drawn into the disputation on the side of the caterer. When it was time to separate the purser rose and broke up the company, exclaiming with an oath, "Our new messmate is as great a Methodist as Tomlinson!" I smiled, well pleased to be associated with such a man. As two needles touched with loadstone, when they fall near to each other among chaff, will soon come together, so this Methodist Lieutenant and I myself speedily came into contact. After having exchanged a few questions, we went down to his cabin in the gun-room, had an hour's comfortable conversation, and concluded with prayer, although a few hours before we had never seen one another's faces. This singular circumstance could not fail to bring to my recollection the prayer I had so culpably forgotten, now completely granted, and I began to be reconciled to the ship Providence had assigned me; but that God, who abounds in goodness, and delights in mercy, never confers his favours by halves. A few days had hardly elapsed, when an order came from the Admiralty, to send the *Resolution* up to Chatham, and one of the ships there to take her place. This was such welcome news to all on board, that lest the order should be countermanded, we obeyed in the same day, for the wind and tide favouring, we weighed, and came to an anchor off the Dock-yard before two o'clock. Thus my prayer, at first apparently rejected, was now completely answered, but it was in the Lord's way. Had mine been attended to, and I had drawn the ship that afterwards went down the river, I should have been miserable. So true it is, we 'know not what to pray for as we ought.'"

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The history of John Newton is often mentioned as a proof of the deep and lasting impression which a mother may produce upon the mind of her child.—He had a pious mother. She had often retired to her closet, and placing her hand on his youthful head implored God's blessing upon her poor boy. These prayers and instructions sunk deep into his heart. He could not but feel that there was holiness in such a character, demanding reverence and love. He could not tear from his heart, in after life, the impressions then produced. Though he became a wicked wanderer, though he forsook his friends and home, and every virtue; the remembrance of a mother's prayers like a guardian angel followed him wherever he went. He mingled in the dissipated and disgraceful scenes of a sailor's life and while surrounded with guilty associates in midnight revelry, he would fancy he felt the soft hand of his mother upon his head, pleading God to forgive and bless her boy. He went to the coast of Africa, and became even more degraded than the savages upon her dreary shores. But the soft hand of his mother was still upon his head, and the fervent prayers of his mother still thrilled in his heart. And this influence, after the lapse of many guilty years, brought

* Lieutenant Tomlinson was a pious, sensible, and well informed man, then well known in the Christian world. He was long a commander in the navy, and would have been high among the Admirals, had he not disoblige the Admiralty of that time, by publishing a plan for manning the navy without pressing, which that Board would not countenance. I enjoyed his friendship for many years.

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