

infant in the arms of a nurse that she might supply to it the place of a mother, and with a mother's tenderness attend to all its wants. Now if this nurse had treated with harshness or severity the babe I committed to her care; or if through mistaken or pretended love she had gratified all its desires; if, instead of giving it wholesome food suited to its constitution, she had indulged it in eating only sweetmeats, thereby endangering its health and life, would not my anger be kindled? Though she had entreated me with tears to permit her to retain the object of her charge, I would have snatched my darling from her arms as from a devouring beast, to place it in more prudent keeping.

The Lord has intrusted me with two dear children; but they are not properly my own—they are only committed to my care by their heavenly Father, who feels for them more than maternal love. He has required me to be their nurse, guardian, and teacher—he has given me instructions in his holy word how he would have them trained; and his will therein revealed is to be my guide in all my conduct towards them. I am not at liberty to treat them as my caprice might dictate, as their wishes might demand, or as impetuous fashion might require. Their heavenly Father cannot be deceived, but marks with a jealous eye all my dealings towards them. If, in attempting to correct the faults or allay the fretfulness of childish humor, I should reprove and correct with angry tongue and cruel hand, and continue in such a course, so as to blunt all the finer sensibilities of their nature, blast in the bud every tender affection, and crush every gentle virtue, would I not by such a course incur the just displeasure of the Holy One? or if through mistaken tenderness, I indulge them in unbridled liberty—suffer them to follow the dictates of depraved nature, without endeavouring to eradicate from their young hearts each plant of noxious growth—neglecting to use my exertions to train them up in the way they should go, to water and cultivate every grace; in short, should I fail to employ every reasonable means in my power to train them for usefulness here and happiness hereafter; for such neglect of duty will not the anger of the Lord be kindled against me? and might I not justly fear his judgments would be inflicted on me, either in my own person or in the persons of my children? I think it probable that the Divine Being has permitted thousands of children to be torn from the arms of their agonized parents by resistless death, for no other reason than that those parents were recreant in their duty towards their children. The Lord, out of compassion and love for his innocent ones, removes them from under the protection and influence of parents, where, to remain, would be ruinous to their souls. O for wisdom to direct, for ability to perform, and for perseverance to accomplish the pleasing, the fearful task of training young immortals for heaven.—*Mother's Magazine.*

### The Missionary's Mother.

Her children bless her memory; she was a firm, affectionate, judicious mother. One of her sons relates that she never used the rod with him but once, and that was for disobeying some command, and this salutary punishment was administered in such a way as to make a lasting impression.

She took him into the parlor, and placing him before her, she talked to him of the sin of disobeying his mother, and the final reparation that must take place when she stood, on the last great day, at the right hand of the Judge, if he remained an unpardoned sinner; she then prayed with him before the rod was used, and never after had occasion for it in the training of that son. It pleased God to prepare this youth for the great work of a Christian minister and give him a desire to unfurl the banners of the cross amidst heathen nations, but how to make known this desire to his tender, his affectionate mother, he knew not. But the time came when father and mother, and houses and lands must be forsaken for the Lord's sake, and this much loved pious son told his mother all that was in his heart. For some time the Christian and the mother were seen struggling in the changing countenance and the streaming eyes, at length, while the big tears of mingled feeling were falling from her cheek, she thus addressed him: "John, if you had asked me to consent to your going to India in any other cause, I should have said No, no you cannot, you shall not go; but to go as a minister of Jesus Christ to the perishing heathen, I say go, yes go, go, my son, and the Lord be with thee." A few months saw this son of many prayers embark for a far distant country, and when he lost sight of that land where lived that pious mother whom he expected to see on earth no more, he was obliged to pour out his soul in prayers and tears in his lonely cabin. After laboring twenty years as a faithful ambassador for Jesus, he was about to embark to recruit his health in his native land, when tidings reached him

that his beloved mother had entered her rest. "And now," said the venerable man who gave me the account himself, "after being more than thirty years a Missionary, we shall soon meet a whole family in heaven, father, mother and children." Where will end the influence of this pious mother? Eternity alone will reveal. Never let us say we can do nothing to advance the kingdom of Christ; if we can do nothing else, we can ask our young neighbors to accompany us to the house of God, and by this very means prove a blessing to the Church and to the world, and reap the rich reward of our efforts in that blessed immortality, where basks in the sunshine of her Savior's countenance that Missionary's mother,—*Mother's Magazine.*

## CHILDREN AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

### Cold Water Armies.

We have hitherto refrained from pressing upon our friends in this country, the importance of forming cold water armies; not because we were insensible to the value of these interesting auxiliaries, but because we suppose, that owing to the comparative sparseness of an agricultural population, it would be impossible to assemble the army with sufficient frequency, and in sufficient numbers, to awaken and sustain that *esprit du corps* which is so essential to their usefulness. But having recently attended a muster of the cold water army in Stockport, we are convinced that by proper exertions on the part of the friends of temperance, similar congregations of bright eyes and happy faces might be assembled in almost every school district. The order of exercises on the occasion referred to was as follows. Prayer, then singing by the army, then two addresses by adults, then an interesting dialogue by six of the cold water soldiers, and it was concluded by singing a temperance hymn.

#### DIALOGUE.

*Enter Charles in haste*

*Charles.* Oh girls have you heard what has happened to little *Jemmy Bateman*?

*Girls all at once—No Charley what is it?*

*Chas.* His leg is broken, and he has got a great ugly gash on his cheek; I heard the Doctor say it would be a long time before he could come to school again.

*Jane.* Have you seen him since he has been hurt *Charley*?

*Chas.* Yes I stepped in to get him to go to school with me, and when I asked his mother where he was, she began to cry, and led me along to his room, and there he lay on his little bed, his face was very pale, and he had a great plaister on his cheek, and a great many bandages round his leg.

*Eliza.* What did he say to you?

*Chas.* He tried to speak to me when I went in, but he was in such pain that his groans prevented me from understanding what he said.

*Jane.* Poor little *Jemmy*! I am very sorry for him, he was always so good natured, he would lend his playthings to any one who wanted them.

*Eliza.* I am sorry too, but when he gets a little better we must all go and see him, and carry him some pretty flowers, for he always loved flowers.

*Harriet.* Yes, and I will carry him some straw berries from our garden which he will relish I know, if he is confined to his bed.

*Jane.* But *Charles* you have not told us yet how he became hurt.

*Chas.* His father came home last night very drunk, and *Jemmy* was setting up to keep his mother company, so when his father came in, he told his mother to go and get him some supper; but his mother told him there was nothing to eat in the house, and that she and *Jemmy* had eat nothing since breakfast; so then he told her she lied, and struck her a heavy blow. *Jemmy* loved his mother dearly, and it made him cry to see his father hurt her so; But