

strong, it gives a new tone to morals, and adds a lustre to natural endowments. The possession of it renders youth amiable, and age venerable. It has its influence also on the circumstances of life. It supports under adversity, and gives a new relish to all enjoyments. It produces real and true happiness even in this world, and leads to pure uninterrupted happiness in that which is to come.

Religion is therefore what our Lord infallibly pronounces it, "the one thing needful." It has respect to the soul, the nobler part, and which more strictly is to be considered as the man. The wants of the body are simple and few: They are only multiplied by worldly lusts. Hence the general and almost daily enquiry, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" How preposterous! to be careful of the body at the expense of the immortal soul. The mind, like the body, has its true and proper nourishment: What food is to the one, divine instruction is to the other. The desires of the soul are infinite. Nothing can satisfy it but durable riches. When, in any degree, alive to its worth, it calls "the whole creation poor."

That religion is closely and inseparably connected with the leading principles, present circumstances, and future state of human nature. We cannot, therefore, better conclude our remarks than in the words of Solomon, after all his researches:—"Fear God (says he), and keep his commandments, for this is the whole of man."

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men.—Acts xxiv. 16.

Conscience, children, is a feeling within us, of approbation when we do right; or disapprobation when we do wrong. Have you after doing wrong, felt pained, guilty, ashamed? This was conscience. It was offended at your wickedness and reproved and punished you for sin. When you have done right, have you felt peace of mind? Were you calm, serene, innocent? Oh, yes, innocence and virtue carry with them their reward. You were rewarded because you were good. Your conscience was without offence, both toward God and toward men. It gave you peace, pleasure and joy. You were happy because you were virtuous. You see then, when you do right, your conscience is at peace, it makes you innocent, joyful and happy. But when you sin, when you do wrong, conscience is offended: it makes you ashamed, miserable, unhappy. This you feel. These effects you experience. For conscience cannot be smothered, it will not be hushed. So is the voice of God within us, and it will be heard. If its kind admonitions are attentively listened to, carefully remembered, and strictly practised, it will make you "wise unto salvation," it will give freedom from a dreadful and painful load of uneasiness, and inspire you with tranquility and happiness; it will sustain, animate, and encourage you when tempted and vexed, it will enable you to perform faithfully your duties here, and lead to preparation for the abodes of the "just made perfect." I have told you conscience cannot be smothered, or hushed up. It speaks with a powerful voice to the sinner. It reproves him who offends against its purity, lordly and long. Years may pass away and conscience will still barrow up the soul with the recollection of sins, that are unrepented of, or unforsaken. I remember reading of the visit of a lady to the grave of her mother. After thirteen years absence, she returned to the village where she had passed the happy hours of her childhood. Her first visit was to her mother's grave. She came and stood by the little mound beneath which she had seen her buried. The events of thirteen years, had not effaced from her mind the memory of her mother's care, she remembered how she had guided her footsteps, and watched and gratified all her little wants; she remembered the smile that always greeted her return from school—her fancy carried her back to the pleasant hours of her childhood and infancy; and as she stood by the side of that lonely grave, had it not been for one bitter and painful recollection—the tears that she shed would have been gentle and refreshing—but conscience was there, to upbraid her for unkindness to that dead mother; and its reproof was like "a coal of fire" in her bosom. Her mother had been ill; and she had so often seen her pale face and heard her weak voice, that she was not

frightened at them as children usually are. At first she sobbed and cried, for they told her, her mother would die. But when she saw her continue the same from day to day, she thought she would always be spared to her. One day she had lost her place in the school, and she came home as children are too apt, peevish and fretful. She went into her mother's chamber. She was paler than usual. She requested her to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water. The unkind little girl, pettishly asked her why she did not call the domestic to do it. Her mother looked at her with mild reproach, and said to her "and will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother." She went and brought her the water, but she did not do it kindly; instead of smiling or kissing her as she was wont to do, she sat the glass down very quick and left the room. After playing a short time, she went to bed, without bidding her mother "good night;" but when alone in the darkness and silence, she remembered how pale her mother looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" Her conscience reproved her and she could not sleep. She rose and crept into her mother's chamber to ask forgiveness. She did not tell any one what troubled her, but went back to her chamber and resolved to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry she was for her conduct.

When the morning came, the sun shone brightly, she hurried on her clothes and came to her mother's room—She was dead! She never spoke to her more, never smiled upon her again; and when she touched the hand that used to rest on her head in blessing, it was so cold—it made her start—she bowed down by the side of the bed, and sobbed in the bitterness of her heart. She thought then she wished she could die, and be buried with her mother. Thirteen years had passed away, and now she stood again by her mother's grave—and said she, old as I am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude.—But she cannot call her back—And now when she stands by her grave and when she thinks of all her manifold loving kindness, at the memory of that reproachful look she gave her, conscience will "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

My dear children, I have related to you this little narrative, to show you the strength and power of conscience; to illustrate what I told you, that the voice of an offended conscience cannot be stilled, years cannot subdue it, or time obliterate its remembrance. "A wounded conscience who can bear!" It will hurt you through life. Its sting will be felt in childhood, in mature years it will be like an added in your bosom and when the silver hairs of age are spread thin on your temples, it will press you down like a heavy load. Then what else you do, never grieve conscience; keep it always pure and tender, and let nothing offend against it. Make it your friend, preserve its friendship; listen to its instructions, obey its admonitions. So you will be honored, respected, and beloved, and having within you peace, the fruit of innocence, look upward with penitential confidence to your Heavenly Father, and he will pour his gracious spirit upon you, fill your heart with the fulness of his love, and give you peace and joy in believing.

I will advise you how you may obtain a good conscience. You must avoid every thing that offends against it. Never do what you feel ashamed to have known. Remember God always sees you, his eye is upon you; in the pleasant sunshine he sees you, and thick darkness cannot hide you from his presence. Seek to do right. Consult conscience in every thing you do. Think how you shall feel when the act is done. Will you feel innocent? Will you feel happy? If so, it is well; conscience will not reprove you, you may do it. But if you will feel unhappy, if you will be ashamed to have your friends, your parents, or your teacher know what you have done, then avoid it. Do not do it, for your conscience will be offended.

You are young and inexperienced; therefore you should frequently ask advice. If your parents are religious they will be your best counsellors, they are always around you, and you can oftener seek their advice than any others; if they are faithful to your soul's welfare, they will freely and tenderly tell you of your faults, they will warn you of your errors, and point you to the blessed Jesus, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is my Heav-

enly Father's kingdom," they will teach your little lips to hush with holy reverence, the name of your Father in heaven, and learn you the accents of your Heavenly Father's praise. Listen then to these kind parents God has given you, receive their instruction into good and honest hearts, and show them by the care you take, to live according to their instructions, and to preserve an honest and good conscience, that you are not unmindful of all their loving kindness.

Children who are not blessed with religious parents receive the advice of your teachers. Love them, respect them, listen to their instruction, remember what they tell you, do as they wish. When they tell you of God, of Jesus and of Heaven, attend to what they say; when the Teachers pray, lift up your hearts also to your kind Father in heaven; when the teachers and children sing praises to God, let your voice also mingle in the song of praise; and finally, go home and tell your parents what the teachers have said to you: ask them to pray; and perhaps they also will go with you to the throne of our Heavenly Father.

And now children, let me exhort you to remember these things. Strive to obtain and preserve a good conscience; be obedient to your parents; live in love with one another; improve all your opportunities in growing wiser and better; and as you grow in years endeavor to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ; then you will be ornaments to yourselves, a blessing to your friends and an honor to all with whom you are connected.

MEDICAL.

(From the National Intelligencer.)

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN.—Considering the enclosed letter to be highly interesting to all parents, and to Medical men, I think you will confer a favour on the community by giving the whole of it a place in your widely circulating paper.

With much respect, yours, &c.

LEWIS CONDUCT.

House of Representatives, Jan. 21, 1820.

TRACHEOTOMY, IN THE CROUP OR RATTLES.

Margaret, daughter of Professor H. Mills of the Auburn Theological Seminary, aged four years, and of a plethoric habit, was severely attacked with the Croup, on the first of last month, and the most efficient means were immediately employed and administered for her relief; and their application was continued through the course of eight or ten days, with temporary remissions in the symptoms of increasing inflammation, filling of the windpipe, and sympathetic affection of the lungs, but without any permanent relief.

At the end of the above period it was deemed altogether useless to attempt the farther administration of the usual remedies in that stage of the disease, as the child, (with its pulse scarcely perceptible,) in the opinion of all persons present, could live only a short time from interrupted respiration, occasioned by the swelling, and formation of a preternatural membrane in the upper portion of the windpipe.

In this critical state, and as the only means of relief, the operation of Tracheotomy, or opening of the windpipe directly above the breastbone was advised and performed by Dr. Joseph T. Pitney, of this village, in the presence of a number of medical gentlemen. After having cut with great caution, more than one inch deep, through various parts, the windpipe was exposed to view, and an incision transversely made in it, through which there was an instantaneous gush of bloody mucopurulent matter.

To facilitate respiration, and the discharge of mucus from the lungs and Trachea, the opening was then enlarged by cutting out a small portion of the windpipe, through which she breathed and expectorated freely, and was completely relieved.

Her pulse instantly rose, and became distinct and regular.

A silver tube was then introduced lest the sides of the wound might collapse, but from apprehensions of its irritation and obstruction to the free discharge of mucus it was presently removed, and no necessary occurred for replacing it.

From this time she began to improve slowly, and continued to breathe freely through the artificial opening eight days after the operation.