

But those who undertake to advocate erroneous opinions, have no other alternative with respect to the Word of God, than either not to quote it at all, or to misconstrue and misapply what may be quoted.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours,  
AN HUMBLE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO  
BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.  
Near Lake Champlain,  
August 31, 1843.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

### TO THE YOUNG.

*Early piety will prepare you for death.*—Go into the grave yard; see how many little graves there are shorter than yourself, and you will then see what ravages death has made among the young. 'Death loves a shining mark,' and like others you are exposed to his attacks. Though the blood now courses briskly through your veins, and the rose of health is blooming on your cheek, and your prospects of life are fair and promising, yet you have no security against disease, and know not but that in a single hour the sun of your life may set in the darkness of death. We hope your life will be long, useful and happy; but remember, you may die young, and you need early piety to prepare for that solemn hour. Religion will sustain you when all other objects fail. Wealth, honor, friends, can do nothing for you, when you come to die and to pass into the world of spirits; but religion will make you happy in death; will go with you to the bar of your Judge, and secure you an admission into the kingdom of heaven. Seek, then, first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you.

### INFLUENCE OF BAD COMPANY.

The old Greek poet Menander says, in one of his verses, "good manners are corrupted by profane talk;" and another Greek poet, Euripides, says very nearly the same thing. Perhaps the Apostle Paul, when he said, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' meant to use the words of Menander; but whether he did or not, he teaches us by these words a very important lesson; he teaches us that it is very dangerous to keep bad company.

*INFLUENCE OF BAD COMPANY UPON KING SOLOMON.*—Many years ago there lived a wise and powerful king, and the Lord loved him. When God appeared to him in a dream, and asked him 'What shall I give thee?' this good king did not ask for long life or great riches, but for "a wise and understanding heart," so that he might govern righteously a great nation. God was so pleased with his request, that he gave the king not only what he asked for, but great riches and honor, so that he became one of the greatest kings that ever lived. He built for the Lord a most splendid temple, and when it was dedicated, the temple was full of the glory of the Lord.

Well, you would hardly suppose that such a good man could be injured by 'evil communications.' But how was it? He married some wives that did not love the Lord, but worshipped dumb idols. They talked to the king—probably laughed at him for worshipping the great God—and tried to get him to worship their idols. And at length (it is a sad thing) 'his wives turned away his heart,' and he worshiped some abominable idols. Then the Lord was angry with him, and declared that most of his kingdom should be taken away from him.

How true are the words of the Apostle, 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' Evil communications with vile idolaters caused the good and wise king Solomon to forsake the Lord and worship idols.

*SPARE MINUTES.*—Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that 'Sands make the mountains, moments make the year.' Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil.—They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden.

*WHO WROTE THE BIBLE?*—A Sabbath-school teacher gave out the following question to her class.—'What proof can you assign that the Bible was written by good men?' A little girl 4 years old rose and replied, 'Bad men would not have written so much against themselves.'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE CONTRAST.

1. Do you see that proud, overbearing man, riding in his gilded carriage? Look! he stops before a magnificent mansion, and liveried lackeys, obedient to his call, assist him to descend.

Do you see that poor miserable boy, whose tattered cloak scarcely shield him from the inclemency of the weather? Mark! with a beseeching look he solicits the rich man to purchase a pencil or card of pens; and behold how contemptuously he is spurned.

Twenty-five years ago that pompous man was as poor, as friendless, and as wretched as the urchin whom he despises.

2. Twenty-five years have passed since that day. The same parties meet; lo! the contrast.

The once poor boy stands in the pride of manhood, active, intelligent, rich. A lovely woman, his wife, leans upon his arm, and three blooming girls. Grace in every action, benevolence in every expression, affluence smiles in his unostentatious adornments.

An old man approaches. The tottering step, thread-bare garments, and the painful expression that frets in every feature, too plainly denote a man of want and woe. Better dead than thus to drag out a miserable existence!

This may at the first blush appear to some a very improbable romance. It is a truth.

3. In a country like ours there is no man, however poor, if aided by industry, economy and virtue, but may rise from the lowest ranks of society to the highest. The knowledge of this fact is a blessed excitement to the young, and cheers them on to struggle nobly in the paths which lead to honour and independence, despite the thousand obstacles that oppose their course.

4. There is no man, however affluent, but by extravagance and bad morals may fall from his high estate, and close his days in penury and woe.

5. Let none despise the poor because of their poverty; none need flatter the rich because of their wealth. We may conquer poverty, wealth may subdue us. All men of equal virtues are equals. If one man possesses more intelligence than his fellows, though that of itself may not elevate him in the ranks of the good, yet it brings him an additional respect and wins a willing admiration from all men. The good alone are great.

*A GOOD STORY.*—A few days ago, a traveller was walking on the road near Roanne, smoking a cigar, when a countryman stepped up to him, with a broken pipe, and put the bowl to the lighted end of the cigar. "Are you going far?" said the countryman, as he continued to whiff away. "Not a very short journey," was the reply; "I am bound for Algiers, and somewhat further, too." "Ah, diable! you are going to Algiers, are you? I have a son there, from whom I would be glad to receive some news." "Well, my friend, give me his name and the number of his regiment, and I will tell him you are well and hearty, and I will make him write to you." Saying this, the traveller took out a pocket-book, and wrote down all the countryman told him. This being done, the countryman continued, with a countenance full of pleasure, "but tell me, now, what your name is: I can't write it, but I have a good memory, and shall not forget." "I am called d'Aumale; I am a Lieutenant-Colonel, and a son of the King of the French." It was, in fact, the young Prince on his way to Toulon, to embark for Algiers.—*Paris Paper.*

*A Tribe of Pigmies discovered.*—An English Traveller, Capt. Harris, has published in India a volume of his researches in Africa and the East. It contains an account of a race of men, who from their diminutive stature are actually obliged to conceal themselves like wild beasts from their taller neighbours.—"In the midst of the monotony of such inconvenient journeying, some strange events constantly transpired serving to divert the travellers. Now it was the sight of an abandoned salt-spring, towards which men and beasts rush eagerly, thinking that they were approaching a lake; now it was the passage of Orange River, whose transparent, deep and wide waters flow along between willows bathing their flexible branches in the shady shallows of the borders of the stream; now it was the diverting spectacle of a troop of Griquas pursuing the ostrich on foot. These Griquas, among whom a mission has been established, are mulettos of Hottentot descent; their whole force

of fighting men was destroyed in 1831, with the exception of two individuals, by Moselekatse. [This is the name of the king of the Matabilla, the most powerful tribe of S. Africa.] It is almost a pigmy race, subsisting on bulbous roots, locusts & reptiles. Compelled to conceal themselves because they are not so tall or so strong as the people of neighbouring tribes; the Griquas excel in nothing but in running, and this quality, we might almost say, receives its chief exercise in their escapes from their enemies. Their cabins are hardly visible to the traveller, and they always retire to such a distance from the springs and rivers, that they are obliged to go four or five miles from their dwellings to obtain water; nor have they any vessels, besides ostrich eggs, in which to draw and carry it." Mr. Moffat, the missionary, whose interesting travels in Southern Africa have lately been published in this country, spent some time at the Missionary Station among this tribe. It appears to be a small race—the first tribe to the north of the English colonial frontier in Southern Africa. None of them, according to Captain Harris, are five feet high.

## CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

*The Harvest.*—The Editor of the *Kingston Statesman*, who has been recently through the Johnstown District, makes the following appropriate remarks on the beneficence of Providence in sending us a plentiful harvest this year:—

"Had not a kind Providence blessed the country this year, I do not know what would have become of it: for if we add the failure of the crops for the last few years, to the sad bungling, party strife, and mismanagement of the Government, during the same period, we find all classes of the people, (save the office holders,) reduced almost to the very verge of bankruptcy and ruin. Thanks, however, to the great Author of all good, His bounty has done more for us, than we could do for ourselves; and I would most humbly suggest the propriety of His Excellency ordering a day of general thanksgiving, for the abundance, with which we have been blessed."

*The Queen.*—Her Majesty's love of retirement has prevailed over the gaieties of the London season. As if to show that monarchs may have their holidays as well as lesser people, she left town on Saturday, to pass the early part of the Whitsun week in the seclusion of Clarmont. She passed the morning with the King of Hanover, and in the afternoon left town as privately as her state would permit. In the carriage with her were Prince Albert and the Princess Royal. In the one that followed, the Prince of Wales and the little Princess Alice. The dinner party was quiet, the royal circle being joined only by the Hon. and Rev. C. L. Courtenay, who was to officiate in the chapel the following morning. Her Majesty's love of domestic pleasures, and attachment to the fresh air and green sward of the country, indicate a healthful mind and a wise capacity of enjoyment. In this, as in other qualities, her dispositions seems to resemble that of her venerated grandfather: she inherits his firmness, his courage, and his amiability. It is interesting for those who love to trace the same noble qualities pervading a race to mark how nearly, in a moment of equal peril, the same high spirit may fill the heart of a young and genteel woman—a mother too—that animates the heart of a brave man.—When the Queen heard that an assassin was watching for her in the park, she determined to go out as usual in an open carriage, but desired that no lady might accompany her. When George the Third was fired at in Drury Lane he waved his hand for the Queen and her ladies to keep back, and then advanced to the front of the box. Here was the same courage that loves to face danger, and the same care for the safety of others.

Independently of the rural charms and complete seclusion of Clarmont, her Majesty probably feels increased attachment to it from early associations. It was at this place that much of her youth was passed, and here, probably, she acquired that taste for the beauties of nature which is among the purest of human enjoyments. Her residence here affords little room for remark. Her life is regular; and during these periods of retirement "the current of domestic joy" flows too smoothly on to afford any incidents for detail. On Sunday she attended divine service at Clarmont; and on Monday morning went over to Windsor in a little pony phaeton and pair, Prince Albert driving. The royal party arrived at the Cottage a little before eleven; and while Prince Albert went to inspect the extensive alterations and improvements in progress in the quadrangle [where] a spacious room has been recently erected for her Majesty's private band, the sound being communicated to the adjoining apartment through perforated zinc or thin gauze, as may be decided on, the Queen walked to the new poultry yard and pigeon-house, and amused herself by noting the progress and increase of her live-stock. It is already known that these erections are very extensive, and stocked with the choicest kinds of pigeons and fowls; and her Majesty seems to find some amusement in observing their growth and increase. A little before twelve the royal party left for Clarmont, returning through Windsor and Old Staines.