

ness, has to correct an offending child, he rebukes him mildly, and affectionately by word of mouth; and if that does not affect his purpose, he sends him to stand alone in a corner. Should the young urchin still rebel, the next course is to take him and shake him; and if even then he be not obedient, out comes the stick, which is laid across his shoulders. It is a bad case, indeed, if none of these modes of chastisement answers the end, and things come to such a pass, that the reprobate son is cast out of his father's house.

It is in a way somewhat similar to this, that our heavenly Father frequently rebukes his children. He often bears long with them, but increases his punishments as needful, when they harden themselves in iniquity. The returning prodigal is willingly received, but the obstinate are visited with stripes.

If we have been convinced of our errors by his holy word, happy are we; and if the hiding of his countenance has been necessary, and we have been left alone for a season, it is well for us, if, through Divine grace, our proud hearts are humbled. Even if we are shaken by losses and crosses, we have reason to be thankful, if thereby God has taught us to acknowledge our iniquity. Nay, if we have rendered it necessary that He should inflict the stripes of bodily affliction, we ought still to rejoice, if the chastisement of our bodies has been sanctified to the benefit of our souls; but if we have carried on rebellion so far as to be given over, cast out and abandoned to our own reprobate hearts, then indeed is our case forlorn.

If you are bearing the merciful rebukes of God, ask him not, by your stubbornness, to withdraw himself from you. If you are standing alone in a corner, tempt him not to visit you with trials and anxiety. If you are being shaken by losses and bereavements, constrain him not to smite you with severe afflictions; and if you are stricken by painful infirmities, oh call not down on your guilty head the fearful sentence of eternal banishment from his Almighty presence.

SHORT OBSERVATIONS.

When I see rich people care so much for their bodies, and so little for their souls, I pity them from my heart, and sigh to myself, "We may be as surely ruined by riches as by poverty!"

A man cannot call in a better physician than himself, if he will take all the good advice that he gives away to others.

He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will no doubt find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return to his house with one blooming in his bosom.

Have a care in climbing high trees and high stations: if you fall from the bottom bough it will shake you; if from the top one, it may break your neck.

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

The reptile in human form should be avoided with care; you may rub out the slime of a snail, but not the slime of a slanderer.

If you would relish your food heartily, labour to obtain it; if you would enjoy your raiment thoroughly, pay for it before you put it on; and if you would sleep soundly take a clear conscience to bed with you.

The less you ask of your fellow sinners the better, lest their precious oil should break your head; but ask freely of God, for he "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."

When a poor blind mole shall tear up from the ground the giant oak of a hundred years' growth, by burrowing under its roots, then shall the jiggling and wriggling of the poor blind infidel overturn the truth of God's holy word.

The crazy habitation of the body will decay; you may repair the broken tiles and damaged roof; you may rub up the dim window lights, and oil the rusty hinges of the doors; you may patch up and plaster over the shattered walls, and paint the outside of the tenement till the passer-by wonders at its fresh appearance; but, for all this, the old house must come down at last!

The silence of the tongue is oftentimes the eloquence of the heart.

When you are rich, praise God for his abundant bounty. When you are poor, thank him for keeping you from the temptations of prosperity. When you are at ease, glorify him for his merciful kindness; and, when beset with affliction and pain, offer up thanksgiving for his merciful reminders that you are approaching your latter end.

Oh, how I love to see a dog's-eared, thumb-marked Bible! Not one that has been abused by the idle and careless, but one that has been used by the diligent sinner after salvation.

Occupation cures one half of life's troubles, and mitigates the remainder. A manacled slave working at the galleys is happier than a manacled slave without employment.

As a man may grow temporal—fat who partakes not of spiritual food, so may he grow spiritually lean while feeding on turtle and venison.

As the limper clings to the rock of the ocean, so should the Christian to the rock of his salvation.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Thoughts for Prayerless Mothers.

BY REV. S. WOODBRIDGE.

"YOU ARE THE CAUSE OF IT!" said a dying young man to his mother; "I am just going into eternity; there is nothing before me but misery—black despair, and *you are the cause of it*. You allowed me to violate the Sabbath with the gun and angling rod, and thus was I introduced to that career of crime which, in ten years, has brought me to perdition." She turned from his bedside, and, with a heart-rending groan, left the room. The day of judgment will doubtless disclose many similar cases.

Without indulging children in immoral conduct, a mother may indirectly promote their everlasting ruin. Even while administering salutary advice, she may omit to supplicate a Divine blessing on their souls; and if she do not "ask," how can she expect to "receive?" Of what avail are her exhortations to prayer, so long as she neglects to pray? Does not example preach louder than precept? "God is not mocked." To every prayerless mother, might not a dying impenitent child, while he gasps forth "to hell I must go," add the awful question, "*Are not you the cause of it?*"

The maternal nature in rational beings was intended by the Creator not only to secure provision for the body, but to operate, also, as a constant incitement for promoting the permanent and spiritual interests of children. Alas! that an instinct so hallowed should ever be perverted and desecrated to work mischief and ruin upon the object of partiality—that the sunbeams of parental affection, instead of quickening into moral vitality and vigor the beloved form on which they rest, should convert it into a putrescent mass diffusing pestilence and death! Parents, who, from false tenderness, permit their children to sin, resemble those animals which are said in the ardor of maternal feeling to eat their own young. Poor things! destroyed by ill-directed love!

To a mother, as to their nearest and dearest friend, children naturally look for protection and guidance. In her wisdom and integrity they implicitly confide. From the discipline of the nursery, their progress through this world and their eternal destiny in the next, receive a direction. Doubtless the children of the prayerless and irreligious may be converted, but more commonly those whom Christ receives, embraces and blesses, are brought to him in arms of parental faith—children who have been reared up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Where prayerful Christian culture is neglected, the probability of eternal salvation (to say nothing of temporal advantages) is greatly diminished. For refusing to own their infants and withholding from them the sustenance nature has provided, the Countess of Macclesfield and some other anomalous mothers have been transmitted, branded with infamy, to succeeding generations. What, then, is her criminality, who, by overlooking the spiritual wants of her offspring, exposes them to endless thirst and starvation?—to sufferings inexpressible, inconceivable, and admitting no alleviation for ever?

For remaining in impenitence, the child of such a mother is, without doubt, amenable to God; still might he not plead, with apparent plausibility, in extenuation of his guilt, the untoward circumstances of his early existence? "Ignorant and inexperienced (might he not say?) "I was thrown upon the world amidst its snares and dangerous mazes, and my leading star proved to be a meteor which has lured me to my doom." My soul was left to famish. My mother never visited the fountains of immortal life, and dipped the cup to raise to my parched lips the waters of salvation. She put me off with tinsel for gold, with pebbles for diamonds. Why was I launched for eternity with such a pilot? Better had all others proved traitors, than that the bosom which was my pillow, and the voice which was my accredited oracle, should soothe me into the slumbers of moral death!" Are not such doleful wailings heard in the prison of the universe?