

those Sabbaths ascetic! An early hour of the previous evening had witnessed the disposal of all business; and the necessary preparations for the morrow allowed a full season to meditative retirement, and afterwards to special domestic sacrifice in respect of the Sabbath which drew nigh. Soon as the morning broke, children anticipated their parents, and while they rose, sang at their chamber door some hymn in salutation of the day. From their knees, they met each other with cheerful embrace and greeting, their first duty leading the gathering group to prayer and praise; never forgetting the perusal of the holy book, the family copy, which, perhaps, had been the companion of prison hours and forest hiding-places, worn by the hands and blotted by the tears of the patriarchs of their house. Supplication could not be made for kindlier times and growing liberties, without thanksgiving that fiercer oppression was somewhat stayed.—They forgot not what their fathers had told them. They blessed their God and their fathers' God for every little lightning of their bondage. Once there would have been peril in this indoors' rite.—Psalmody arose, as a proper part of such worship, not without taste and choral effect, for it was that in which they were accustomed to delight. Comfort and simple elegance crowned their meal; for order and neatness, beyond our more luxurious parade, presided in their home, and were rather more prominent than less, on this happy dawn. If they might attend, by the suspension of some penal statute, their sanctuary, they were seen wending towards it in a natural procession, attired not carelessly but in no flaunting dress, in their country's staple and texture, unpretending yet substantial as themselves—some of which the mother's distaff had produced. Sermons full of thought and powerful in application, having much unity and closeness with doctrine raised and improvement enforced, repaid the long exacted attention. They knew not our miscellany of vocal praise, but breathed their gratitude and adoration through the strains of the sweet singer of Israel. Public prayer was systematic, still various, abounding in intercession, such as the minister's closet had indited, and his heart had already made his own. Homeward, with no loitering pace and frivolous manner, they returned—impressed, happy, thankful, and found no scanty board. They healthily partook, but no surfeit oppressed them. What they had heard supplied their conversation—they discovered something better than to cavil: the heads of the family would have discouraged whatever would have lowered the weight of their teacher in the notion of their offspring and servants; and all could forget an unsmooth manner, if such it was, in edifying matter and deep experience. The men on whom they attended were mighty in their Scriptures.—None other could have been endured. A second service, early in the afternoon, invited their presence once again in the sanctuary.

“More awakening appeals to conscience, more general overtures to the guilty and perishing sinner, relieved the massiveness of the former discourse, and disturbed any drowsiness of the season. Maternal fondness provided for the little ones, when the door of the dwelling closed for the last time on that day, some little deviation from their common fare, the confection—the participation with parents of their less simple diet; winning childhood to obedience and observance—unmuzzing everything by cheerfulness and love. They began with the infant mind. They sought early conversion. They pondered that saying, ‘while there is hope.’ They knew that if that docile, ingenious temper was left untaught and unsanctified, little ‘hope’ could be entertained. They improved the good time: they bent the sapling in its pliancy. The evening came, the household Sabbath's claims and share. The children, if advancing in youth, now repaired to different apartments, conducted according to sex by their appropriate guides. A father counselled his boys, a mother instructed her daughters.—Catechism was heard. Free questions were elicited. There was review of what had been that day preached. The lad leaving his roof was warned and blessed. The girl covered like the dove beneath the wing stretched over her. There

at the father's side, at the mother's knee, was the true school of character and principle. That made their generations strong. Instead of the fathers were the children. Thus were they trained and formed. They shrank not from danger; they yielded not to dalliance. They left histories.—They established names. But where is now the seed of the righteous? Where are the faithful children? In the charge of all this we are weak. An interval followed, and each one took his book. Janeway's Token for Children, or Gook's Young Man's Guide, fixed many a youthful eye. The prayer-bell was then rung, and devotions were presented, suited by their brevity to wearied powers; and by their pointedness to youthful minds; not rarely, different hymns, charming the childish choir by their variety and succession.

“The simple hours of that period, and the still simpler hours of that day, gave fitness to the spreading of their table ere they separated for sleep. The all but infant regarded this as honor and indulgence, and it was the scene of chastened joy. Parent, child, knew no happier banquet than this. Nor had servants been forgotten. Theirs was the fellowship of privilege. They had been exhausted by no labor, they had been deluged from no means. Often growing old in the family, they seemed a part of it; they felt the sympathy of its griefs. In the passages of domestic joy and festivity they took no niggard interest. They reimbursed the tenderness and good will they received. They showed fidelity. ‘The believing masters’ treated them in all religious matters as ‘brethren;’ and they ‘counted them worthy of all honor, and rather did them service because they were faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit.’ The house now is hushed. Children lie cradled in each others arms. Servants wait but the light slumber for tomorrow's labor, and not to rest from what they have this day done. Parents commit themselves and their endeared charge to their heavenly Father, and angels come down and keep the watch. ‘So he giveth his beloved sleep.’ We need not inquire what was their work. That home would know no idleness, no contented ignorance, no constrained hospitality, no fretful hickering, no controversial strife. Worship still dressed its altar, prayer and praise still awake, instruction and discipline still prevailed. The pastor was often seen at its hearth the welcome comrad, comforter, and guest. Good men resorted thither, and left behind a blessing.—That wicket was the gate of heaven. The law of kindness was on every lip. They forbore one another—they preferred one another. Some of us knew the likeness well. We have seen the counterpart. These customs had come down to us. Such were the families to which birth added us. Such were our fathers, and such the mothers who bore us. We declined no investigations, we drew no pictures, we speak no unknown things. In them was reflected the Parian race. In them those saints revived and stood up once more. In this resemblance, but little degenerated, we may measure their worth, and as by a personal observation, ‘fully know their doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long suffering, charity, patience.’”

WOMAN FITLY SPOKE.—In conversation with a friend a few days since, he related to us the following incidents in his own life, which he said it was pleasant to remember. While a merchant in Tennessee some years since, there came into his counting room a young man who was clerk in another store in the same village. He asked him how they were getting along, and the reply was that they were doing a fine business, particularly on the Sunday. They sold more goods on that day than on any other day in the week. This gentleman asked him, “Why do you sell goods on Sunday? I would not do it for any man living.” He answered that his employer required it of him, and he was afraid of losing his situation if he did not. “Well,” said he, “you had better lose your situation than run the risk of losing a situation in heaven by violating the Sabbath.” The words sunk deep into the young man's soul. He went away, but returned in a day or two deeply affected. In a short time he became a converted

man, finally entered the ministry, and has been preaching the gospel faithfully and successfully for more than ten years. He has been part of the time missionary among the Indians, and when last heard from was on his way to Oregon. In a recent letter to his friend that warned him, he says, “I shall have reason to thank God throughout eternity for that one remark which you made to me.” On another occasion, a gentleman that had been in his company and was about taking leave, uttered an oath, but immediately apologized by saying, “I beg your pardon.” The friend of whom I have been speaking replied in a very mild manner, “you have asked my pardon, but it is not me whom you have chiefly injured. If you will go now and ask your Maker's pardon, you will do right.” He left, but returned some time after, and said that he could not get over what had been spoken to him. The gentleman said, “I hope you are not offended at my rebuke.” He replied no, and with the tear trickling down his cheek he proposed that they should take a walk together. They did so, and the result was that the profane man became a Christian, and a pillar of the Church. “A word spoken in due season, how good is it.”—*N. O. Presb.*

### MARRIAGE.

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she has no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon the sorrow which her own folly or infelicity has produced, and she is more under it, because her tormenter hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as the subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the cause of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again, and when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the objection that is in his honor, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlars and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a wretched person.

The stags, in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the water of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their strange snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cord of man's or woman's peevishness.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; a very little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embrace of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth clusters, they can endure the storm of the north, and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken; so are the early unions of an unfix'd marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and lousy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artificial pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses to pieces.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man can be weary of the wine discourses of the Apostles, and of the innocency of an even and private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise, for nothing can sweeten