

you will say, "Well, but I cannot save their souls." No more can I; but we can direct them to Him who can, and will, if they seek him. Many of these poor children have been rescued from scenes of the greatest misery and distress. Great are the cruelties and sufferings that some of them have endured. Many were brought to us during the famine, almost dead: it was some time before they recovered, but now most of them are tolerably well. We have a large school-room for them, in which they are taught, and sleep, for in this country they do not require beds, as they do in England, but they sleep upon a little mat. They take their meals in the verandah, without knives or forks, which curry and rice do not require.—They eat out of a little earthen catty, or dish, and if you could see some of their little merry faces, you would say they were quite as happy as many young ladies in a boarding-school in England.—*London Miss. Mag.*

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

The correspondent of the *Mercantile Journal* relates the following incident that occurred at a late Colonization Meeting in the city of Washington:—

"Dr. Parker, the well-known and most worthy Missionary to China, attended the meetings of the Society, and appeared to take a lively interest in its welfare and future prospects—and after an affecting appeal was made to the feelings, and generosity of the audience, by one of the officers of the Society, Mr. Parker arose and addressed the president. He said, 'That a full heart often lacked words with which to express its feelings. That the statements that had been made, called upon every one of benevolent feelings to step forward, and lend what aid was in his power to further the ends of this noble institution. As to himself, it was well-known his destiny was sealed. His life and strength were dedicated to the benighted and suffering Chinese—but were it not so, nothing would prevent him from making an offering of himself to a cause, in which his sympathies were so strongly enlisted. I hold in my hand, Mr. President, said he, the remains of a small patrimony that descended to me, amounting to forty-three dollars; it is a mite, but it is my all; I know not how soon my widow may, by divine Providence, be made to require it—but I will trust her in the hands of the widow's God; and I now offer it to you for the benefit of the poor Africans who are waiting with anxiety, in a neighbouring port, the action of this Society in their behalf.' The effect of this address was electric, and although the assembly was not large, it being a very rainy and unpleasant evening, more than four hundred dollars were raised, ere it was dismissed."

BIBLE FOR THE NESTORIANS.—In one of the churches in the city of Boston, when a contribution was taken up for the American Bible Society, a paper was found in one of the boxes containing three \$5 gold pieces, and the following direction, written on the envelope. We trust the Bible Society will comply with the wishes of the liberal donor.

"\$15.00. This small sum is presented to the Lord expressly to aid in giving and distributing his divine word to the Nestorians, whose good bishop informed us that they had no *Bibles*—no *Bibles*."

Therefore, let his petition be granted, and the word of the Lord be multiplied, till the nations that now sit in darkness and the shadow of death shall see great light in the divine Revelation, and bow to Jesus."—*Bos. Recorder.*

THE SABBATH.—The Tuscaloosa Presbytery (Alab.) at their last meeting, directed every minister and licentiate of the body to preach to each of his congregations on the observance of the Sabbath, previously to the next meeting. They also directed each church session to adopt such measures as they may think most advisable to promote the observance of the Sabbath, with special reference to the prevention of travelling by members of the church on that day, and that they report on the subject at the next stated meeting of the Presbytery.

ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCH.—It is stated in the *Christian Observer* that nine hundred have been added to the evangelical churches in Richmond, Va., since the commencement of the late

powerful work of grace in that city; and, that many others hope they have passed from death unto life, who will probably join at no distant day. It is to be feared, the precipitancy of admissions to the Church will be the subject of future sad regrets.

MORMONISM.—In regard to Mormonism, we may state that we saw a highly intelligent gentleman, a day or two since, who has just come from Nauvoo, where he saw and conversed with Smith, and many of the Mormons. Our friend computes their number at 70,000, (they say 100,000;) says they are governed by a military despotism; that all the orders of the chief are obeyed as the words of inspiration; and that the numbers of his followers are constantly increasing, especially by emigration from England. Their temple is of magnificent dimensions; their printing press in constant operation; their military regularly drilled; and their preachers active with "a method in their madness." Our friend showed us a printed order or revelation of the prophet, which was a sort of hieroglyphic, with a brief explanation and application subjoined. As an instance of their infatuation, he told us that he showed Smith a Greek psalter, who pronounced it a valuable Egyptian manuscript: but though the matter was explained to many of the Mormons, it was found impossible to shake their confidence in the inspiration of the prophet. Smith is called by many the Mohammed of the west; and Prof. Jackson inclines to the opinion that he and Rigdon (who is the master knave) are preparing systematically for an invasion of Missouri, to redress their alleged grievances.—*N. Y. Churchman.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LOVE YOUR PARENTS.

BY SUMMERFIELD.

As a specimen of the interesting manner in which he addressed children, the following passage is selected from his sermon on I Chron. xxviii. 9.

O! if you only knew how much they [your parents] love you, you would love them yet more and more. Some of them are poor, and obliged to toil almost day and night to preserve you in a little decency, and to give you a little useful learning. Perhaps, when you are asleep in bed, your anxious mother is yet sitting by her little fire consulting with her husband about your welfare. You are their last concern at night, their first care in the morning; and it is very hard work to make their little pittance afford you a plentiful meal! Perhaps they are very often obliged to deny themselves of their scanty store that you may have enough, and that you may be clothed as well as their little will allow. When you go home tonight, my poor little ones, whose parents' lot appears so hard, look up into your father's face, and see the furrows which his daily labor has made upon his wasting frame! Take hold of his hand! feel how hard, how rough it is; more like horn than human flesh. See there the effects of his daily toil, in the sweat of his brow earning his daily fare; and while you hold his hand, again look into his face, which perhaps betrays the decline of his natural health and strength, and ask him, "Father, for what have you toiled so hard! Father, what have you laid up for your later years after so much hardship! What is to support you when these hands are no longer able to perform your daily task?" Ask him these questions; and when the feelings of his heart will permit him, I doubt not but he will give you this reply: "It is true, my child, I do toil hard, but it is not for myself! My own wants could be easily supplied. I want but little, nor that little long; but I labour for my boy, I weary myself for my girl, that they may be comfortable, and that I may give them some useful learning to fit them for their future walk through life. This has always been my care, and it was not possible for your mother or me to make any reserves for that time when the infirmities of age should lay us aside. Your wants have always swallowed up our little earnings; and the only dependence we look to for these few remaining days or years is the love of our little ones! That is all the treasure we have been endeavouring to lay up in store, and we have spared no pains to increase it."

O, my poor little ones, would not your heart swell at hearing these words? and could you be hindered from clasping your parent's neck, min-

gling your tears with his, and saying, "Father, you shall have my love?"

But some of you have not a father.

The commandment is beautifully expressive: "Honor thy father and thy mother." The mother is the weaker vessel, and she requires more of your love; her tender heart is more susceptible than a father's, and that will wound her delicate spirit which would only grieve your father. If she be your only parent, you owe her double love! The father's and the mother's should be offered to her! And O! what is a mother's love! Ask a mother! nay, she cannot tell you, but you may read it in her actions. You forget the time when you were a little loathsome creature, covered from head to foot with the small pox—one mass of putrefaction, disgusting spectacle to every one. Your nearest friends would scarcely touch you. Who but a mother would press the loathsome object to her bosom? Who but a mother could gaze on the spectacle without a feeling of abhorrence? she, with increasing love. The more you suffered, the more she loved! the more disgusting you became to others, the nearer she pressed you to her heart. "She could not forget her sucking child." Or when your body was filled with deadly fever, and your very breath tainted the air with impurity and filled the house with infection; when all forsook you, who but a mother would hang over you and breathe the putrid atmosphere, regardless of her own life in the preservation of yours?—O! the love of a mother! Grieve her not; the least token of disregard to her mild restraints will wound her tender frame; will you, then, instead of joy, give her sorrow? You will only know her full worth when you know her want, as I do. For nine long years that sweetest word in human speech could never hang on my lips—"my mother!" O! the very remembrance of the slightest provocation will wound you in the tenderest part, when she is removed! and I do think that such a remembrance would be the angry ghost of me!

THE FARMER.

A HAPPY FARMER.

In one of those beautiful valleys in which the country abounds, where the surrounding hills in June are covered to their summits with the richest herbage, and dotted over with the rejoicing herds, at the foot of the hills, near a small stream which here and there spreads itself like a clear mirror encased in a frame of living green, and then at other places forces its gurgling waters through some narrow passes of the rocks, you may find an humble, unpainted cottage, with the various appurtenances of sheds, and styes, and barns, around it. Three or four stately trees present themselves in front of it. The door-yard is filled with flowers and shrubs, and the buildings seem to stand in the midst of a flourishing and full bearing orchard, the trees of which are clothed with living green, with no suckers at their roots, unadorned with the nests of the caterpillar, unscathed by the blight of the canker-worm, and with their bark clean and bright, indicating alike the health of the tree and the care of the proprietor. Every part of the premises exhibits the most exact order and carefulness. No battered axe lies at the wood pile; no rotten logs, no unhoused sled, no broken wheels, no rusted and pointless plough, encumber the roadway; no growling sow, with her hungry and squealing litter, disputes your entrance into the gate; no snarling dog stands sentry at the door. The extended row of milk pans are glittering in the sun; and the churn, and the pails are scrubbed to a whiteness absolutely without a stain.

The house is as neat within as without; for such results are not seen but where harmony reigns supreme, and a congeniality of taste and purpose and character exists among all the partners in the firm. The kitchen, the dairy, the bedrooms, the parlour, all exhibit the same neatness and order. The spinning-wheel, with its carded rolls upon its bench, keeps silence in the corner for a while, during the presence of the guest. The kitchen walls was hung round with ornaments of their own industry—the long tresses and skeins of yarn, the substantial hosiery of the family, and the homespun linen, emulating the whiteness of the snow-drift. The floors are carpeted, and the beds are made comfortable, with the produce of their own flocks and the fields, all wrought by their own hands. The golden products of the dairy; the transparent sweets of the hive, obtain-