

you do this, should you begin to take delight in books, you will soon lose the relish.

The absent, however loved, are soon forgotten. So it is with books. Is it strange that many have no delight in reading, when they have never practised it to any great extent? How do we attach ourselves to any thing? I answer, by intimate acquaintance. How do we estrange ourselves? By ceasing to fellowship. Well then, instructed by experience, begin now to cultivate an intimacy with books—they are worthy; their charms will heighten in your conception at every lengthened interview. You will find them an amiable family—communicative, instructive, and exceedingly entertaining. They will soon come nearer to engrossing your whole attention than the worthiest friend you have on earth; and, indeed, it would not be the strangest thing in nature, if in less than a twelvemonth, it should be whispered through the neighbourhood that it is a "heart affair." It would be a delicate, and, I trust, a grateful compliment.

In this innocent devotion to books you may emulate the matronly industry of former generations; and in doing it you may reap a choicer harvest. Theirs were mortal fruits; yours will be immortal. Their careful, pious hands were employed to deck the persons of their sons with homespun honours; you will toil for the ornaments of mind. And who among you will eschew labours productive of such fruit, and, at the same time, so delightful in their progress? The provocations to diligence are without a parallel, yet I know that with thousands they are unavailing.—I repeat it, *unavailing*.

If you demur to this, inspect, for conviction some families of genteel opulence. A daughter completes her education at sixteen. Then what is she prepared for? You must judge from her vocation. And what is that? To detail its round of duties might be tedious. The first is a laboured journey from the chamber to the breakfast-table; thence, by a lingering stage, she finds the drawing-room. The toilet comes next; and at eleven o'clock all these arduous engagements are discharged. Then follow parlour ceremonies. These consist of morning calls, manufacturing *chit-chat*, dismissing worthy visitors; and at last relapsing into listlessness; or more probably, she seizes a mawkish romance, and, with sublime excitement, traces the Quixotic errand of some forsaken, lovelorn maiden. And how the day closes, which opened with such auspicious morning auguries, belongs to you to fathom. I shall not sound its depths.—*Hamline*.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

### A SUNSET THOUGHT, FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

WALKING once along a shady lane while the harvest moon glittered through the trees upon the corn fields, darkened here and there by the piled-up sheaves, I met a party of gleaners returning to their cottages, with their little bundles of wheat upon their heads. The Saturday evening of the Christian may be compared to the homeward path of the gleaner. He, too, has been wandering over many a field of hope, of learning, or of business. Saturday evening is the gate of Sunday—before him lies,

"The Sabbath ground to vernal sunshine left."

At this gate we ought to sit down and think over all the temptations, the struggles, the hopes, the blessings, the consolations of the week that is gone:—

"Themes of graver tone,  
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,  
That calls the past to our exact review,  
The dangers we have escaped, the broken snare,  
The disappointed foe, deliverance found  
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored."

Herbert regarded the Sabbaths of our life as the pearls of the Christian year. How diligently and how

reverently we have cherished them, will only be known in the day when God shall make up his jewels. Every sixth day throughout the year, the path of life conducts us to the vestibule of Sunday. These regular returns of sacred repose from toils, are admirably adapted to revive in our hearts the flame of decaying devotion.

Upon each morning we rise, as it were, from the grave of our week-day sorrow and corruption. We touch with the finger of humble faith the hem of Christ's garment, in the reading of his hallowed word. We cannot go out to meet our Lord with the crowd that followed Him from Bethany to Jerusalem; but we meet him spiritually, when we cherish any pure thought or holy emotion; we bear olive branches when we diffuse peace through our own and our neighbours' homes; we have palms in our hands, when we vanquish the temptations and allurements of sin; we are then crowned with flowers, if we cultivate the Christian virtues, and put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; we strew our garments in his way, if we cast aside for his sake the trappings of pride and the rich apparel of human praise; our hosannas are repeated in every honour shown to his name; we praise Him in the internal beauty of the heart, we proclaim Him by the rhetoric of an innocent life.

The consecrated precincts of the Sabbath are not to be approached without solemn preparation. The traveller who reaches his home through the perils and hardships of the Eastern desert, washes his feet, and anoints his head before he reclines at the supper of welcome. The wilderness of human life is not less wearisome, not less painful, with dust and glare. Saturday evening brings the pilgrim to the tent of peace, refreshment and repose; while already from the dawning day of holiness, the light shines into his eyes,

"Mild as an opening gleam of promised heaven."

Such blessings are not to be used carelessly, or indifferently thrown aside. Every Saturday evening should find us looking over our accounts with time. "He is happy indeed, who can secure every hour to a sober or a pious employment." We may be sober, if the world will not always give us time to be pious; above all, it becomes us to ponder upon the saying of Bishop Butler, that resolutions are lesser acts.

Let us then at the close of every Saturday evening remember, and endeavour to apply to our own benefit, the advice of the learned and good Hannah More—to pray continually, that we may pass from transaction to transaction with a circumspect eye; converting our common conversation and our common business, into instruments or aids of moral improvement. To accomplish this object, we must take a diligent account of all our

"errors past;

"And make each day a critic to the last."

*Frazer's Magazine.*

### THE FIRST CHRISTIANS.

THE Christians of primitive days did not study those arts of splendour which have since overrun the world—stately palaces, costly furniture, rich hangings, fine tables, curious beds, vessels of gold and silver, the very possession of which (as Clemens Alexandrinus speaks) creates envy. They are rare to get, hard to keep, and it may be, not so convenient to use. "Will not a knife cut as well (says he) though it have not an ivory haft, or be not garnished with silver; or an earthen basin serve to wash the hands? will not the table hold our food unless it be made of ivory? Or the lamp give its light, although made by a potter, as well as if it were the work of the goldsmith? May not a man sleep as well on a mean couch, as upon a bed of ivory? Upon a goat's skin, as well as upon a purple carpet? Our Lord ate his meat out of a common dish, and made his followers sit upon the grass; and washed his disciples' feet without ever fetching down a silver bowl from heaven: he took the water which the Samaritan woman had drawn in an earthen pitcher, not requiring one of gold; showing how easy it was to quench his thirst; for he regarded the use, not the vain and needless show of things."

This and much more he there urges to this good purpose, to let us see how little a Christian need beholden to the world, if he be content with what is enough for the needful uses of human life.

"The condition of man's life (says Gregory Nyssen) calls for a daily renewing of the decays of nature; he therefore that looks no farther than to minister to the desires of nature, and troubles not himself with vain anxious thoughts for more than is needful, lives little less than a life of angels; whilst by a mind content with little, he imitates their want of nothing. For this cause we are commanded to seek only what is enough to keep the body in its due state and temper; and thus to address our prayers to God—'Give us our daily bread.' Give us bread, not delicacies or riches; not splendid and purple clothes, or rich, golden ornaments; not pearls and jewels, silver vessels, large fields and possessions; not the government of armies, the conduct of wars, and disposal of nations; not numerous flocks and herds of cattle, or many servants; not marble pillars, or brazen statues, or silken carpets, or quires of music; or any of those things by which the soul is diverted, and drawn from more noble and divine cares: but only bread, which is indeed the true and common staff of man's life."—*Cave's Primitive Christianity.*

### THE RICH WORLDLING.

How apt are many, at the sight of a rich worldling, to envy him for what he hath; but for my part, I rather pity him for what he wants. He hath a talent, but it wants improvement; he hath a lamp, but it wants oil; he hath a soul, but it wants grace; he hath the creature, but wants the Creator. In his life he floateth upon a current of vanity, which empties itself into an ocean of vexation; and after death, then "take this unprofitable servant, bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness." Where now is the object of your envy? It is not his silver that will now anchor him, nor his gold that shall land him. If he be worth envying, who is worth pitying? If this be happiness, then give me misery. Rather may I be poor, with a good conscience, than rich with a bad one.

## THE TRAVELLER.

### THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WE have derived much pleasure from a hasty glance of the Rev. Mr. Parker's interesting Tour to the Rocky Mountains; and, in order that our readers may participate in the same feeling, we shall now present them with some extracts from this deservedly popular work:—

#### Object of the Tour.

"The wide extent of country beyond the Rocky Mountains, with its inhabitants and physical condition, has been a subject of interesting enquiry for the last thirty years. Many things relating to the possession of the country, its future probable importance in a political view, its population and trade, have occupied much attention. The Christian public have not been inattentive to the interests, moral and religious, of those whom the God of Providence has placed in these remote regions, and who are without the blessings of civilization and Christianity. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions appointed an exploring mission to that country, to ascertain, by personal observation, the condition and character of the Indian nations and tribes, and the facilities for introducing the gospel and civilization among them.

That difficulties and dangers would be incident to a journey through a country of such extent, uninhabited except by wandering bands of Indians, where no provisions could be obtained besides uncertain game, could not be doubted. It was not a consciousness of undaunted courage, or indifference to suffering, or the love of romance, which fixed my purpose; but it was the importance of the object. Although it was painful to bid adieu to family and friends, unapprised of the events of the future; yet committing all to the guidance and protection of an all-wise Providence, the enterprise was undertaken, without reluctance, on the 14th of March, 1835."

#### Missionary Prospects.

"In respect to efforts for the religious instruction and conversion of the Indians, I am convinced, from all I can learn of their native character, that the first impression which the mis-