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THE
COTTAGER'S FRIEND,
 AND
GUIDE OF THE YOUNG.

Vol. I.]

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

[No. 8.

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TORONTO :

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rev. J. Armstrong.—Have made alteration as requested. Mr. J. Enner's *Cottage's Friend* has been mailed regularly: the defect is certainly in some of the Post Offices between here and Calumet.

Will Mr. J. EBERT please let us know how many numbers are wanting, and they shall be furnished immediately. Suppose Circular referred to by Mr. A. was sent through mistake.

Rev. J. Watson.—Mr. Brown's C.E. has been mailed regularly to DeCawville; can't account for it. Have re-sent from beginning.

List of Letters and Subscriptions recd. for the "Cottage's Friend," from the 20th of July, to the 20th of August.

Rev. I. B. Howard, rem for Miss C. E. 2s 6d, Dundas; Rev. F. Chapman, rem for Miss M. W. 2s 6d, Sausal; Mrs. B. F. 2s 6d, Fort Stanley; Thos. Elliot, rem for Mrs. W. E. 2s 6d; Mrs. J. Q. 2s 6d, Pakenham; Rev. W. Williams, rem for Miss S. L. F. 2s 6d, Temperanceville; Miss A. D. 2s 6d; Miss C. V. 2s 6d; Miss F. E. A. T. 2s 6d; Miss E. A. C. 2s 6d; Miss C. C. 2s 6d; Master J. D. A. 2s 6d; H. L. 2s 6d; J. O. C. 2s 6d; D. Mol. 2s 6d; Miss R. Moll. 2s 6d; M. R. C. 2s 6d; C. R. 2s 6d; J. F. 2s 6d; Mrs. M. B. 2s 6d, Astoria West; T. A. C. 2s 6d, Michanoc; Miss S. A. B. 2s 6d, Grovesend; Mrs. F. W. 2s 6d, Lyon; Rev. S. H. Dewart, rem for J. B. 2s 6d, Potham; T. W. 2s 6d, Fort Hope; Rev. J. Wilson, rem for W. W. 2s 6d, Hager Valley W. J. 2s 6d, Castorville.—Understood you had removed to Nantibooker directed July No. to Nantibooker P. O. Have re-sent the missing numbers, and changed address to Carletonville P. O. Is that right? J. M. B. rem for W. F. W. 2s 6d; R. D. G. 2s 6d, Victoria; A. W. Walsingham.—"Small Signs" THANKFULLY RECEIVED. Hope the Lord will strengthen you both in body and soul, and crown your labours with abundant success. Thought it would not be best to break the Volume;—have sent from the commencement to stere-named subscribers. The necessary alteration in address has been made.

ACCORDING to the new Postage Law, the Postage on the *Cottage's Friend* is only 1d. per quarter, or 4d. per year.

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COTTAGER'S FRIEND,
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VOL. I.]

SEPTEMBER, 1252.

[No. 8.

THE ESSEX MARTYRS, IN 1555, AND LITTLE CHILDREN PRAYING FOR THEM.

In the year 1555, under Queen Mary, and Bonner, of celebrated memory, Stephen Knight was burned for his Protestantism, at Maldon, in Essex, and John Laurence, at Colchester. Stephen Knight had been a priest, and one of the Black Friars; but, discovering his errors, he embraced the truth of the Gospel as taught in the New Testament, and steadfastly professed it. When Bonner found that he could not be won by flatteries, nor moved by threats, he procured his degradation from the priesthood, and sentenced him to be delivered to the secular power,—as the Church, forsooth, never persecutes; she only gives them into the hands of those who will work her will, and carry her sentences into effect. Something of Stephen Knight's principles and character may be gathered from the prayer which he addressed to the Almighty Saviour at the stake.—As recorded by Fox, it was to this effect:—

O Lord Jesus Christ, for whose love I willingly leave this life, and desire rather the bitter death of his cross, with the loss of all earthly things, than to abide the blasphemy of thy most holy name, or to see any men in breaking thy holy commandment: thou seest, O Lord, that where I might live in worldly wealth to worship a false god, and honour thine enemy, I choose rather the torment of my body, and the loss of this my life, and have counted all things but vile, dust, and dung, that I might win thee; which death is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver. Such love, O Lord, hast thou laid up in my breast, that I hunger for thee, as the deer that is wounded drieth up to the soil. Send thy holy Comforter, O Lord, to aid, comfort, and strengthen this weak piece of earth, which is empty of all strength in myself. Thou rememberest, O Lord, that I am but dust, and able to do nothing that is good. Therefore, O Lord, as of thine accustomed goodness and love, thou hast bidden me to this banquet, and accounted me worthy to drink of thine own cup amongst thine elect; even so

give me strength, O Lord, against this thine element, which, as to my sight it is most irksome and terrible, so to my mind it may at thy commandment (as an obedient servant) be sweet and pleasant; that through the strength of thy Holy Spirit I may pass through the rage of this fire into thy bosom; according to thy promise; and for this mortal receive an immortal, and for this corruptible put on incorruption. Accept this burnt sacrifice and offering, O Lord, not for the sacrifice, but for thy dear Son's sake, my Saviour, for whose testimony I offer this free-will offering, with all my heart, and with all my soul. O heavenly Father, forgive me my sins, as I forgive all the world. O sweet Son of God, my Saviour, spread thy wings over me. O Holy Ghost, by whose merciful inspiration I am come hither, conduct me into everlasting life. Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Amen.

On this prayer let it be remarked, the reader will see the nature of the religion which Popery opposed then, and which Puseyism opposes now. For the sake of this religion, which is just what is now called Methodism, the religion of "salvation by grace and faith," these holy men were willing to suffer the loss of all things, and to give their bodies to be burned. If they would only have "gone to church," and given up their "Methodism," they might have lived quietly enough. He who listens to the Puseyite seducers, condemns these faithful martyrs and, in effect, unites himself to the company of their persecutors. Let all who believe the Gospel of salvation by grace through faith, maintain their steadfastness, however assailed. If these men were not unhappy self-deceivers, their cause was God's cause; and all who forsake a similar profession, for the sake of worldly objects, are guilty of no trifling sin. They take their place among the professors of another gospel, which is not the Gospel. The command is, "Come out of her, my people;" which implies, "Keep out of her."

In the same year, (and the same month, March,) John Laurence was burned the following day, (March 29th,) at Colchester. Such has been his treatment in prison, that the good man could neither walk nor stand, but had to be carried to the stake in a chair; and in the same chair he was burned alive. While he was burning, an affecting incident occurred. The little children of the town came about the fire, "and," says honest Master Fox, "as well as little children could speak, cried, 'Lord, strengthen thy servant and keep thy promise. Lord, strengthen thy servant, and keep thy promise.'" The historian adds, "Which thing, as it is rare, so it is no small manifestation of the glory of God, which wrought this in the hearts of these little ones, nor yet a little commendation to their parents, which from their youth brought them up in the knowledge of God and his truth."

Let all true-hearted Protestant parents now be equally careful to bring up their children in the knowledge of God and his truth, and not to allow them to come under Popish training, however it may be disguised. And Puseyism is nothing else but Popery: it is scarcely even disguised.

UNCLE SAM.

Children. Now, Uncle Sam, we are come that you may tell us something more about fire, and light, and such things.

Uncle. One thing we have learned, my dear children ; and that is, the great value of fire. As man is, I do not see how he could rise above the condition of a savage without it. It seems to be one of those provisions for human nature which are absolutely necessary for the existence of man in civilized society. Indeed, I might say, to the continued existence of the human race. We may form ideas of individuals, in very peculiar circumstances, living without fire ; but the more we reflect on such cases, the more clearly we shall see that these are decidedly occasional exceptions to a general rule. But even those individuals would do very poorly.

C. They would indeed. Every one of them would try as hard as he could to get fire.

U. And what would they do for it ?

C. Why, they could manage easily if they had such things as we have ; but if they had not, what could they do ?

U. My children, we are now on the borders of a wide subject, and by and by I hope you will be able fully to enter upon the study of it. At present, I can only tell you a few facts for you to remember. After you have pursued your studies, you will be prepared to have them explained to you. Wise men have agreed to have one word to express our own feeling of heat, that is *heat* ; (the word is used scientifically to signify the *sense* of heat ;) and *another* to signify the *matter* or *cause* of heat. Some believe that it is a sort of fluid substance ; but, whatever it is in itself, the word which signifies that which causes the sensation, or occasions the actions of heat, is *caloric*. Caloric is the matter of heat. That is one step. Another is, caloric can be communicated to substances, or taken from them. They can be made *hot* or *cold*. Here is a fire. You feel that the air all about it is heated. You put the cold poker into the fire. It becomes red hot. You take it out. The caloric it had received flies off, and it becomes cold.

C. O ! we know that.

U. Yes ; and I must mention another fact. Even though it felt cold before you put it in the fire, there was caloric in it. Caloric is spread all through nature. It is in cold water.

C. *Heat* in cold water, Uncle ?

U. Yes ; for when the heat is taken out of it, it becomes solid. You must know that one law of heat is its tendency to what we may call a balance. The hot poker put into a cold place, cools, till it is like the other things around it. The word that expresses the quantity of heat in substances is, temperature ; the temperature of the body,—the quantity of caloric that is shown to exist in it. This tendency to equality of temperature is a most important law of heat. You act

upon it by going to the fire to warm you when you are cold. You see it in the cooling of the poker when taken from the fire. Put cold water in a saucepan on the fire, and the caloric of the fire goes into the water. When you are older, you will find this law of the communication of caloric to be the cause of most surprising effects. You need no tales of fairies and magicians to bring wonderful things before you. The God of nature has filled nature with both wonders and benefits. But now, remember a second law. Caloric enlarges the volume of bodies. This is the way the law is expressed. The poker when red-hot, would not go into a hole which it exactly fitted when it was cold. Its volume is larger.

C. But does it keep so ?

U. No ; as the caloric flies off, it comes to its former size again. But you have seen this law in operation at the blacksmith's shop.

C. When, Uncle ?

U. Why, have you not seen them put the red-hot iron rim on the cart wheel, and then turn it round in water to cool it suddenly ?

C. O Yes !

U. Well. This is it. The rim is made *a little too little* for the wheel. But as heat enlarges it, it is then quickly put on, and fits nicely. And they cool it quickly that it may thus, all at once, in a manner, become less, and so fix itself very tightly on the wheel, and make all fast. Otherwise, if it were such a loose fit as was necessary to get it on, the wheel itself would not be firm enough. Thus man finds out the laws and properties of God's creatures, and is enabled to turn them to his own advantage. But mind, as heat, by entering a body, *enlarges it* ; so when the volume is by some force or other *lessened*, that diminution of volume sets a portion of the heat that was in the body at liberty. I know these will seem curious things, and that they are too hard for you to understand yet ; but you may know the fact. Smart blows of a hammer on iron will make the iron sensibly hot. Friction produces the same effect. You *rub* your hands to make them warm. You may rub your hand on the table quick and hard till you cannot bear the heat. That is a well-known law of caloric. And hence come various methods of lighting fires.

C. How can that be, Uncle ?

U. Knock flint sharply against steel, in a slanting direction, and what happens ?

C. O ! the sparks fly off ; hot sparks of fire.

U. Thus, you see, by the laws of caloric which I have told you about, we can get fire ; we can strike a light, and so get a fire. But if they had no flint and steel ?

C. Whatever could they do then ?

U. I have read of some savages that could rub two pieces of dry wood together with such quickness and force, as that one should not only become hot, but begin to burn. They then gather dry leaves, and so have a fire. But in a civilized state, man discovers so many of

the properties of the works of God, that he can select the easiest way of securing what he wants. Simple a thing as it seems to light a fire, it is a wonderful thing, too. But here we must leave off for this time. Try and remember about this *caloric*, and its laws and properties; and when I converse with you again, we will see how useful all this is to man. You must not only admire the wisdom, but praise and bless the benevolence of God. The fire that warms you, does so in consequence of some most wonderful arrangements of God; and well may we say, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

AMBITION AND CÆSAR.

St. Austin, with his mother, Monica, was led one day by a Roman Prætor to see the tomb of Cæsar. Himself thus describes the corpse: "It looked of a blue mould; the bones of the nose laid bare, the flesh of the nether lip quite fallen off, his mouth full of worms, and in his eye-pit a hungry toad feasting upon the remnant portion of flesh and moisture; and so he dwelt in his house of darkness."—*Bishop Taylor*.

SUBJECTS OF REFLECTION FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT MANY BOOKS.

That Gospel mercy which proclaims so full an indemnity for the past, is flagrantly misunderstood by those who conceive of it as holding out a like full exemption from the toils of a future obedience; instead of which, there cannot be imagined a more entire renunciation of an old habit, and an old will, than what takes place, and takes place invariably, in the economy under which we sit. And there is no dispensation from it. The covenant of works began with service, and ended with reward. The covenant of grace begins with mercy, and ends with service; and, most certainly, a service not short of the former, either in the universality of its range over the whole domain of our moral nature, or, at length, with every single disciple in the school of Christianity, in the tale and measure of his performances.—*Dr. Chalmers*.

Truly it is not by a slight or easy process, by a listless seeking after life, that we shall make good our entry thereinto, or work out our own salvation; but by dint of a hard and labourious striving; so very hard, and far above the powers of nature, that it needs the working of that grace which worketh in us mightily.—*Ibid*.

The Christian's sacrifice may well be termed "holy," a term properly expressive of "separation." The policy of the Christian is, first, to see the temptation of alluring objects when he can; and then to resist it to the uttermost when we cannot. He does the first when he can, and the second when he cannot. He does the first when he can; he does the second when, where

he cannot withdraw, he at least withstands. The world we live in is a world full of temptation to these distempered, or, as the Apostle calls them, these vile bodies ; and it is only by a strenuous avoidance, and a strenuous resistance, together, that we can maintain a holy separation from the objects which would otherwise lord it over us, and bring us under the dominion of those evil affections which war against the soul.—*Ibid.*

REGULARITY IN DEVOTION.

The Prophet Daniel performed his devotions with frequency and regularity. "He prayed and gave thanks before his God three times a day." Those persons who regard religion as possessing only subordinate claims upon the attention of mankind, or as being a sort of necessary evil, will wonder that he was so often prostrate before God in acts of prayer and praise ; but those who understand its nature, and feel its importance, will entertain very different views. Spirituality of mind gives great tenderness to the conscience, and a solemn impression of danger and responsibility ; as well as an intense desire to please and enjoy God. The man who sees himself accountable to his Maker for all his thoughts, tempers, and designs, as well as for every word and action, who feels that he is every moment under the direct inspection of his Judge's eye, and is passing with fearful rapidity to his final account, which will be strict and scrutinizing, and the consequences of which will be either endless happiness, or endless misery, will often humble himself before his God and Saviour ; praying that he may be cleansed and kept from both secret and outward faults, and preserved blameless in the midst of abounding temptation and iniquity. Besides, he who loves God will avail himself of every opportunity for cultivating fellowship with him, and of aspiring to a more perfect conformity to his will. Without diligence in the use of the means of grace, there is no proficiency in personal godliness. All who have attained to eminent piety have been examples of holy diligence, and have made the service of God the great and leading business of life. The pleasure which arises from communion with God in acts of devotion is rich and satisfying ; and he who has drunk the most deeply of that spring is the most eager to drink of it again. Prayer to him is never irksome. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I come and appear before God ?" "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times."

That Daniel waited upon God with regularity, and at certain fixed times, is a proof of sound wisdom, as well as of an eminently devoted spirit. Every one who has at all studied human nature is aware of the power of habit ; and it is of the utmost importance to engage this

power in the service of piety, as well as of science, and of secular business. That which may be done at any time is often neglected altogether; and hence it is well for all those who fear God to have their stated seasons of devotional retirement. The mind is thus prepared for the regular return of the hour of prayer; and the very anticipation of it is at once a stimulus to duty and to watchfulness, and a restraint upon sin. He who expects soon to retire into his closet, for the purpose of holy converse with God, cannot indulge himself in that which is evil, because this would render him unfit for the service in which he finds his chief delight, and would turn the whole into bitter remorse and guilty shame.

In arranging his particular times of prayer, Daniel appears to have been guided by the example of his distinguished forefather David; who says, "As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me. Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice." (Psalm lv. 16, 17.) How appropriate are these hours as times of devotion! We have slept through the night; but our Almighty Guardian has watched over us for our good. We are refreshed; but many through the night have suffered greatly both in body and mind, and have in vain sought relief upon their beds. Our minds are tranquil; but how many, during the concealment of the night, have been prompted to the commission of great crimes, and at the return of the day are tormented with guilt, and terrified by an apprehension of discovery! We are surrounded by our beloved families; but in how many places are bereaved relations weeping over the breathless remains of those who were the objects of their tenderest affections! We are still alive; but many, while we slept, have unexpectedly died in their sins, and now lift up their eyes in hell, being in torment.

Should not the first sound that we utter in the morning be an expression of thanksgiving to our merciful and long suffering Lord? We are about to enter upon the duties and trials of life; and we know not what a day may bring forth, in the shape of danger and temptation. How proper, is it, therefore, that, every morning before the mind is distracted with business, we should commend ourselves to God's protection and blessing!

Equally desirable it is, that, at "noon," in the midst of secular toil, we should retire, if it were only for a few moments, to lift up our hearts with our voices to God in prayer, that a worldly spirit may not be allowed to steal upon us; that our hearts may never wander from him; and that his blessing may attend our honest industry. The various engagements of life, like the blessings of Providence, are all sanctified by the word of God and prayer. A praying mind is at home with God, calm and recollected, in the midst of the busiest scenes of life.

When the cares and exertions of the day are over, its mercies call for fresh expressions of gratitude to God: and its follies, neglects, and

sins call for renewed confession, and prayer for forgiveness in the name of our compassionate Advocate. The perils and dangers of the night, upon which we are about to enter, should induce us to implore the divine protection. God alone can preserve us from the hands of violent men, and from the malignant power of evil spirits. We may die during the night; for our life is but a vapour; and our prayers for ourselves and our friends should be, that if any of us awake in eternity, our spirits may be with God. Nor ought we ever, on these occasions, to forget the destitute and the afflicted, or the spiritual and moral wants of mankind in general.—*Jackson's Expository Discourses.*

A YOUTHFUL JEWESS DYING IN JESUS.

The annexed account is from the pages of the *Friend of Israel*. It will speak especially to the hearts of the young; and, most of all, to those who, by grace, have commenced the heavenward course, and who, in the spirit of the 23rd and the 27th Psalms, are anticipating clouds which may overcast their morning sky, and the hour when they expect that the presence of God, and "his rod and staff," will be their only and their all-sufficient support.

When referring to the above and similar precious passages in the Old Testament, it may well deepen our interest in the Jewish people, to remember that their forefathers penned the sacred lines, that from them many a pious Jew, in olden time, derived all his hope and comfort, and that even now, in the day of trouble, the Jew will repair to this Book of Psalms. Would that the veil were from his heart, that he might there find the Priest—the King—the Consolation of Israel!

"It was in the beginning of the year 1847, when I came with the Gospel message to the city of H——. I went first to the great, rich, and learned of the Jews in that place; but I had the mortification to find, with the prophet of old, that '*these have altogether broken the yoke and burst the bonds.*' (Jer. v. 5.) But in nothing dismayed, I bent my steps to the poor and needy; yet many also of these rejected the offers of mercy, one pleading one thing, and others another.—Weary and worn in body and mind, sighing over the hardness of the human heart, and most of all over my own, so much inclined to despondency and unbelief, I was at the point to shake the dust from my feet against the city, and to go to another, when my conscience upbraided me of doing the work of God negligently, and without an entire dependence upon the sovereign grace of God the Holy Spirit. I turned into the lanes and narrow streets, entering the most abject houses, taking my chance whether they be inhabited by Jews or Gentiles; at any rate, I thought, I shall find sinners. I entered one, which stood on the dilapidated city wall. It bespoke in its external appearance its internal misery. The front door stood open, and I entered. On the right hand side I found in a room, in which I could

not stand erect, a woman at a wash-tub, with a number of little starved-looking children around her. The room was so full of steam and smoke, that it was difficult to breathe. The woman received me very friendly, and told me she was a Roman Catholic. The more needful, I thought, that she should hear of Christ as the only hope for sinners; and she listened, dropping the clothes into the tub, with deep attention to all I said to her. I asked her whether any Jews lived in the house? Yes, she replied, in the back room, along the passage to the right. I hastened through a very dark passage, tumbling over buckets and tubs, etc., and after some groping about to find a door and the handle of it, I touched a latch, and lifting it up, I stood in a room, which received all its light, and little enough it was, through a few broken panes; the most of the others were supplied by paper being plastered over the remaining little bits. As much as could be seen of the room, it looked very dismal. There was no furniture in it, except a shapeless board instead of a table, fastened in a corner and supported by a stick instead of four legs. There were also two chairs, one with three feet and without a back, and the other, though it had its feet tolerably complete, yet it had but a scanty remnant of the rush seat. In another corner of the room sat huddled together a woman, an identity of poverty, whose age it was difficult to ascertain—perhaps fifty or more years of a life of sorrows and cares imprinted on a countenance ghastly pale. She stared at me with a look expressing the most extraordinary surprise. There was opposite her a square sort of cupboard, without doors, in the wall, serving as a bedstead, so common in almost every house in Holland, in which, upon a handful of sea-grass and some rags, was lying the subject of these lines. M——, the young Jewess, who breathed with her last breath, *Jesus!* She looked then an object of pity, a girl of about ten years of age, extremely delicate, starved with hunger and cold. She raised herself up and looked at me with eyes expressing a soul capable of embracing eternity. I said, 'It has caused me much trouble to find you through this dark passage. I have to bring you good tidings of heavenly joy.' The mother sighed, '*Joy, joy for me? no, not in this world!*' I repeated, 'Yes, my good woman, I do not care now for the trouble I have had to find you out in misery; I bring you a joyful message. The God of our father Abraham has remembered also you and your child, and will have mercy upon you, provided you but believe that he has fulfilled the promise given *first* to our fathers in sending the Messiah, Jesus Christ, in whom God has reconciled us to himself. He has laid all our sickness and all our sins upon Him whom David worshipped, and commands us to kiss and adore him.' Thus I spoke for some time. M—— did not move her eyes from me, and her poor mother, so unlike other Jewesses, listened without interrupting me. I asked her whether her husband was out? 'I have lost my husband; he has been dead for some years,' was the reply. 'Have you any other children besides this dear girl here?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'a son of

about twenty-three years of age. He has gone out,' she added, 'to try with hard work to earn a few pence. The poor boy tries his best for us, and when I can get work, I work too. We are just now a little uncomfortable for the last few days, hard up, as my little daughter you see suffers from the ague; but God, who has so often helped us, will help us again.' 'Yes, mother,' said M——, 'He will help. I feel to-day much better.'

"There I stood, with a heart full of such feelings as only can be felt and not expressed. I lingered to go away, expecting every minute that the woman or the child would ask for alms; but no, only both appeared very anxious for the return of the young man, who at last came; a young man of a dark, sulky, and by no means prepossessing countenance. His mother asked, "I hope God has blessed you with a few pence?" 'No,' he murmured, 'not with a centimen.' Seeing the distressed look of the woman, I said, 'It pleases the Lord to bless you nevertheless; here is a trifle, which will be sufficient for to-day and to-morrow,' offering her with these words some money. But she determinately refused to accept it, and only after my pointing to her daughter, that for her sake she should not refuse it, she said, 'Well, I will consider it as sent from God; for I must tell you, we have not broken our fast to-day, (this was late in the afternoon,) and the last two cold potatoes we saved from yesterday, M—— had this morning.' 'Come,' I said, 'let us pray, and thank God that he has sent me;' and I commenced praying, to the no small surprise of these people; for the Jews know of no other manner of praying than in their ritual.

"After a few days I went again to H——, and I was received as if I had been an angel. M—— was up, and she came to me, taking my hand, and said, 'Do tell me more about Jesus; my mother would like to hear it, too. Would you not, mother?' She replied, 'I do not know what to say to that.' I repeated again my message of peace, dwelling much upon the necessity of repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Fortunately the whole of the family could read and write, as their former circumstances were respectable; but after the death of Mrs. D——'s husband, and a variety of the most unhappy circumstances, the family fell into this abject state of poverty. I left them this time a Bible and some tracts, promising to pay them before long another visit, which promise I fulfilled several times.

"The Spirit of the Lord manifested his gracious influence upon the heart of the mother of this family, and the son also expressed his wish to be received into the Church of Christ, so that I removed all three of them to Amsterdam; and after having gone through a regular course of instruction, they were baptised on Christmas day, 1847."

After some account of the progress made by M—— during two following years in Christian knowledge and grace, the narration from which we quote proceeds to relate some incidents of her last illness.

"The doctor giving her over without the least hope of her recovery.

upon her asking him with a decided determination to hear his opinion, she said, 'I do not, for the sake of my poor mother, desire to die; but my mother must learn not to depend upon me for her future support, but upon Christ.' I asked her, 'As it is, according to human judgment, alas! too evident that you will leave us and go home to our heavenly Father, is the foundation of your hope firm enough not to be disappointed in your expectation of eternal bliss? What are your evidences that God has pardoned and accepted you in Christ?'

"M—. 'I long to love Jesus; for when I doubt my love to him, I feel a longing to find him precious to my soul; then the world with all its vanities vanishes away, and my heart is fixed upon him. Please pray with me, *and for me*, that I may become free from every earthly tie.'

"On another day I asked her what portion of Scripture she would like that I should read to her. 'The 14th of St. John,' she replied. 'Why just that chapter?' I inquired. 'Because it speaks of my home to which I hasten,' was the answer.

"During the last three weeks of her illness, her body wasted away rapidly, and in the same proportion did her soul advance in heavenly-mindedness and spirituality. She was full of love to Christ. There was that serene resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, which only the assurance of faith and the witness of the Holy Spirit can impart. Throughout her whole illness, and when under severe pain, never the whisper of a murmur was heard from her lips, or noticed in her deportment.

"On the morning of the day of her falling asleep in Christ, M— felt her departure approaching, and begged of her mother to call me, *as she would have to go home in a few hours and be with Christ.*' I hastened to her bed-side. Seeing death upon her pallid face, I said, 'My child, you are not afraid to die?' 'No,' she said, with a heavenly smile, 'why should I? Christ has conquered death. (After a little while,) I feel some agony, because dying is hard; but this is in consequence of this depraved nature, *which death will kill.* Pray with me.' did so.

"I—. 'Do you feel still distressed?'

"M—. 'Not the least.'

"Her vital spark seemed to have revived, and she exclaimed, 'I shall soon be with Christ. Weep not, dear mother, but rejoice; *as a Jewess I should not find dying so easy.* I feel happy, happy. . . . Christ, I love thee! . . . Jesus, come! . . . Jesus, (with scarcely an audible voice,) I come. . . . *Jesus!*' Her soul took its departure. M— was with her father Abraham."—*The Jewish Herald.*

THE WIDOW'S SON, AND ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ was on a visit to Edinburgh a few years ago, and was accosted very civilly in the street, by a young man, who apologized for the liberty he was taking. "I think, sir, I heard you preach in E— chapel, in London, some time ago." "You probably might," was the reply. "Do you remember," said he, "a note being put up from an afflicted widow, begging the prayers of the congregation for the conversion of an ungodly son?" "Sir, *I am the very person!* and, wonderful to tell, the prayer was answered. I was going on a frolic with some other young men, and passing by the chapel, I was struck with its appearance. Hearing it was a Methodist chapel, we agreed to mingle with the crowd, to stop, and laugh, and mock at the Preacher and the people. We had just entered the chapel, when you, Sir, read the note. I heard it with a sensation I cannot express. I was struck to the heart; my mind was intently solemnized, and my attention was rivited on the Preacher; and from that moment the saving truths of the Gospel penetrated my heart. I cried to God for mercy, in Jesus Christ. I found peace in believing, joined the Christian party, became my mother's comfort, and, through grace, have ever since continued in the good ways of the Lord."

"Jesus be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands hath made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

"Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell."

AN IRRELIGIOUS HOME.

If there be one curse more bitter than another to man, it is to be the offspring of an irreligious home; of a home where the voice of praise and prayer ascends not to God, and where the ties of human affection are not purified and elevated by the refining influence of religious feeling; of a home, to which, if the cares or the sorrows of life shall bring religion to the heart in after-days, that heart cannot turn without bitterness of feeling, without anguish and vexation of spirit. If there be a curse to any country where the truths of religion are known, the deepest and bitterest curse which can be inflicted on it is a multitude of homes like that which I have supposed. Such homes send forth their sons unchecked in evil thoughts, unhallowed in their habits, and untaught in love to God; the name and cross of Jesus Christ stamped perhaps upon their forehead, but not written in

their hearts ; and they send them forth to prey upon the land, and to become its curse and its destruction. But, on the other hand, there is a blessing to the religious home, which no tongue can speak, no language can describe. The home, where, in early years, the heart is trained to a love of God, and to take pleasure in his worship and service, interweaves with the existence of man's holy affections, which die not with the circumstances that gave them birth ; which last long, even though they may for a season be forgotten and neglected ; and which exercise at least some check upon the evil of the human heart ; and often, nay, commonly, recall it to hear again the voice of God, and to return to the paths of holiness and peace. How great, how unspeakable is the happiness of a land where homes like this are common !—*Rose's Hulscan Lectures.*

ONE WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

There is a Divinity that stirs within you. God has implanted in each of your bosoms a sense of honour. Never violate it. Stand up with the firmness of a granite pillar—of a promontory which through unknown ages has withstood the fury of the elements—against the charms and fascinating pleasures of a sinful world. They dazzle but to bewilder—they smile but to deceive. Do this and you will be prosperous. You will have peace, honour, and dignity ; you will be classed with the wise and good. You may be poor, but you will possess what is worth more than gold, true nobility of mind and character ; you will tread the upward path of virtue—you will win an immortal prize. O, young man, follow your higher nature, and you will fashion for yourself a diadem more beautiful and precious than was ever wrought to adorn the brow of an earthly potentate. He alone is wise who practically remembers that the wages of sin in this life is only death—death most deep, bitter and overwhelming.

“BURY ME IN THE GARDEN.”

There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye, and there were low, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room ; but the little sufferer was still ; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of maternal love, with one arm under its pillow, and with the other unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing ! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field ; and while he was there engaged in his labour, it had patted round among the meadow flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-tinted things ; and returning tired to its father's side,

he had lifted it upon the loaded cart ; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous, iron-rimmed wheels had ground it down into the very cart-path—and the little crushed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its bed-side, and were hanging over the young one, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids which a mother could alone interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes opened a little farther, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips :—“ Mother ! mother ! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold graveyard, but bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother.”

A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the melting of her heart, had crept up to the bed-side, and taking up the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ear,—“ Julia ! Julia ! can't you speak to Antoinette ?”

The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter one more wish and a word of affection ; its soul was on its lips as it whispered again,—“ Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the”—and a quivering came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still.—*Burritt.*

IT SHALL BE MY LAST BALL.

Caroline S—— was the only daughter of professedly pious parents, residing in one of the western townships of Vermont. She was the idol of her parents and brothers, and by her refinement of manners, her intellectual attainments, her unassuming and yet affable deportment, possessed unrivalled attractions. During the winter of 1827, the Spirit of God visited the place, and with many of her associates, Caroline seemed deeply convicted of her sins. Her elder brothers being gay young men, did all in their power to drive away her convictions, and as a last resort joined with several others in making arrangements for a brilliant ball, knowing that Caroline had always taken great pleasure in such amusements. She was earnestly invited to attend, but at first promptly and politely declined. Soon, however, she found that she had not only offended her brothers, but had also deeply wounded the feelings of him to whom she was an affianced bride. In her trouble she sought the counsel of her doting parents, who, instead of pressing home upon her conscience the infinitely superior claims of Christ, at length advised her to yield, but with an express declaration that it should be the last ball she would ever attend.

On the evening of the ball, gaily attired, she appeared in the brilliantly lighted hall, and seemed to enter with a zest into the hilarities

of the occasion. Soon the band commenced tuning their instruments, and Caroline was about to lead the dance, when she said to her partner, I feel very faint and strangely ; help me to a seat, or I shall fall. He quickly helped her to a seat, where, in a few moments, she was seized with convulsions, from which no medical skill could restore her. It being but a few steps to her father's residence, she was, in this perfectly unconscious state, conveyed to her home, where she lingered for a few hours, when her young spirit took its flight to the unseen world. Thus far we may follow the beautiful and accomplished caroline S—, and here we pause : we cannot penetrate the veil of death. This much we know, God is both just and merciful.

When her parents, her brothers, and her affianced husband reflected upon the scene, they were filled with inexpressible sadness, each charging himself with being the cause of her untimely death. Conscience and the Spirit of God seemed to drive this reflection home to their hearts, till they were on the borders of despair. In the superabounding mercy of God, they were at length led to Him in whom alone is forgiveness. The parents renewed their covenant vows at the altar of God, and became bright and living ornaments of the church ; her brothers also, and the affianced husband, were led to join themselves to the people of God, never forgetting the worm-wood and the gall of the scene above described. The parents, years since, were called to their final rest ; while the other actors in this tragic scene still live, the ornaments of both the Church and of the State.

In view of this short sketch of facts, let all beware of grieving away the Spirit of God.

Let parents and friends beware how they counsel those under the convicting influences of the Holy Spirit, lest they bring ruin on the souls of those they love.—*American Messenger*.

LOST ! LOST !

"I was called," says a venerable divine, "in the early part of my ministry, to stand beside the bed of a beautiful young mother whose life was fast ebbing away. Anguish, deep, hopeless anguish was riveted on her countenance. Death was knocking for admission. Her time had come. I asked her if she was willing that I should pray with her. Her reply was, 'I have no objection, but prayers will be of no avail now ; it is too late, too late ; I *must* die ; I am *lost ! lost forever !*' I prayed earnestly with her, but her hard heart was untouched ; its fountain of love to its Maker had dried up, and it was too late."

"What was the cause of her cold and careless indifference ? Listen, mothers, and from her who, 'being dead, yet speaketh,' learn a lesson.

This lovely mother was, at a very early period of her life, deeply and seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and the arrows of conviction were fastened in her heart. '*My mother,*' says she, '*sent me to the dancing-school, and I danced all my convictions away!*' As she lived, so did she die—without Christ in the world."—*Am. Mess.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

No. I.

THE FELINE TRIBE.

Our first articles shall refer to a whole tribe, consisting of the animals which are grouped around the lion, and which is called *feline*, from *felis*, the *common cat*, one of the animals belonging to the group best known to naturalists in this country. The tribe includes, likewise, the tiger, the leopard, the lynx, and many others. They belong to the order *carnivora*, that is, *flesh-devourers*; and are, among *quadrupeds* (*four-footed* beasts, what the eagle and falcon are among birds.) They are essentially carnivorous; but (unlike the dog, which will eat carrion) they reject food that is putrid, and are, therefore, more fitted for the work of wholesale slaughter. Their instincts and powers admirably agree together. Their frame is vigorous, but active; their limbs are short, the joints well knit, but supple; and every motion is easy and graceful. They leap and bound with astonishing velocity. Their foot-fall is silent, as the feet are provided with elastic pads, namely, a large ball or cushion; and one under each toe. The claws are large, hooked, and sharp; and, when not in use, drawn within a sheath, so as not to be visible. Their teeth, too, are altogether fitted for their manner of living. The muscles of their limbs possess wonderful power, so that to dash down their prey is an easy task. It has been said that the Bengal tiger has been known to fracture the skull of a man with one stroke of his paw. They possess, likewise, great perfection of the several senses. *Light*: This sense is very acute, adapted for the night as well as the day. The eyes are placed *obliquely*, (the human eyes are placed *horizontally*.) and glare in the dark. Indeed this glare is visible even during the day especially when the animal is enraged; for the pupil dilates (enlarges) under excitement. *Hearing*: The sense of hearing is very fine and keen, and the entire apparatus of the ears is adapted for this. *Smell*: This sense, also, is in great perfection; and therefore the nostrils are complicated, and well furnished with nerves. At the same time, these animals are not so distinguished for *scenting* as the *canine* (the *dog*) race. *Taste*: This sense is not very refined. The tongue is rough. In the case of the common cat this is well known. *Lions and tigers* lick the bones of their prey, to scrape off what particles of flesh may remain on them. *Feeling*:—The long bristles, called *whiskers*, or

each side of a cat's mouth, are familiar to all. They are connected with nerves, and communicate to the animal an impression from the slightest touch. If we imagine a lion or tiger stealing through a jungle during the darkness of night, we shall see the use of these. They indicate, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself and prevent him from alarming his prey, by rustling the leaves; and thus, in conjunction with his padded feet, enable him to approach his victim unheard, and to spring on it unawares.

So much about the tribe generally. Our next article will say something about the lion.

HINTS TO THE PROFESSEDLY PIOUS ON THE SABBATH.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

As one who wishes you happy, both in time and eternity, permit me to address you on the subject of the Sabbath, and suggest a few hints for its due observance; for your temporal prosperity, spiritual happiness, and eternal welfare will be considerably affected by the manner in which you spend the day of the Lord. To you the Sabbath is vastly important; for you it brings peculiar blessings; whoever, therefore, may disregard its claims, and slight its provisions, you should hail it as of all your days the richest and the best. Such God designed it to be; and such, if you rightly observe it, by living in its spirit, it will be.

First, then, make the Sabbath a day of rest from all worldly labour and business; not only refrain from attending your daily callings, but from doing any kind of work which is not absolutely necessary. During six days of the week you may labour, and do all your work,—that is your time; but on the first day (the seventh portion of your time) you are not to do any kind of manual labour, either for yourselves or others,—for that is the Sabbath of the Lord, and belongs to him. The *whole Sabbath* is to be a day of rest; and therefore nothing should be left till Sunday morning which might be done on the Saturday. With some, the Sabbath does not begin until after dinner; or all the morning the men are found in their working dress, cleaning shoes, digging their fields, bringing home stuff from their gardens, or chattering about; while their wives are engaged at home in cleaning their houses, or shopping. Why should the holy day be thus mutilated? God reserves to himself but one day in seven: will you rob him of half that day? We might hope that not many of you who profess religion have fallen into this evil; but we have our fears that you are not *all* guiltless. If you always finish your work at the end of the week, how is it that there is sometimes such difficulty in getting a congregation (in country places particularly) on the Lord's-day

morning? In many places it is found that not half the members of the society attend morning service: and the poor are greatly in fault here. Where are you on the Sabbath morning when you do not come to God's house?

Secondly, make the Sabbath a day of abstinence from all worldly and unholy pleasure. There is a custom among the poor (too common, alas! even with some who profess religion) of attending fairs and feasts on the Sabbath, *professedly* to visit their friends and relatives, *but really* for the sake of pleasure. It is an evil custom, and you should discountenance it altogether. We would not deprive you of the gratification of seeing your friends, nor abridge the pleasure of visiting your relatives; but what have the pious poor to do at fairs and feasts, and that, too, on the Sabbath? Another custom, nearly akin to the above, is that of making small parties, to walk in the fields, to go to some neighbouring village to hear musical performances, &c., or to take tea in each others' houses, and spend the evening in profitless discourse. Against all such parties there is this objection, they aim not in profiting the soul and glorifying God. They are worldly, and very often highly injurious. Therefore have nothing to do with them. Attend no parties on the Sabbath in which you cannot prepare for heaven. You are to turn away your feet from taking your own pleasure on God's holy day.

Thirdly, make the Sabbath, as far as possible, a day of devotion. You are to rest from your own toil that you may have time to serve God; you are to forego worldly gratification for the sublime pleasure of hallowed and hallowing devotion. This day is to be devoted to God. A large portion of it should be spent in private prayer, searching the Scriptures, instructing your children, and family religion. Short may be the seasons of secret prayer during the days of labour with some of you, merely, perhaps, a few minutes each day; so much the more do you need to improve the hours of this holy day in lengthened converse with your heavenly Father. You may have few opportunities for searching the Scriptures through the week: (perhaps you can read only a few verses daily :) how eagerly, then, should you seize the rest of this day for digging in the mine of truth, and searching for its hidden treasures! Probably you scarcely see some of your families on the week-day, and are not able to spend much time in endeavours to improve their souls, and lead them to the Saviour; but for this work you have the Sabbath, when your little ones are all at home with you. Then you can read the holy book, sing the Redeemer's praise, and around the domestic altar call upon the name of the Lord. O seize these golden moments, to educate your children for heaven! If you send any of your family to the Sabbath-school, see that you allow no interference to be made thereby in your domestic duties. The training of your children primarily devolves upon *you*; and no Sabbath-school teacher can supply *your own* lack of service. Go to worship God in his temple; take all your families with you;

and be in your place before the service begins. In the great congregation God's praise is sung, his blessing invoked, his word proclaimed, his Spirit imparted. Have you and yours nothing to be thankful for? Is there no special blessing you need? Is not the word of the Lord precious to you? Do you not desire the Spirit of holiness and consolation to be given to you? Surely you will not answer, "No," to these inquiries. Then

"Go to his temple, go;
Nor from his altar move."

Guard against a drowsy and inattentive frame during the service. You are sinners, suing for mercy at the feet of Him whom you have offended: is *that* a place for sleep? You have come to hear what God will say concerning you; and dare you be inattentive and careless? Think of *what* you are, *where* you are, and *what you come for*, and you will neither be inattentive nor sleepy. Thus take care to spend your Sabbaths well, and you will find intimate nearness to God; you will enjoy holy consolations; you will obtain victories over temptation; you will possess an antepast of heaven; you will be happy Christians. Do your duty, by refusing, either for pleasure or profit, to break the rest of God's holy day, and your example may be the means of bringing about what our Legislature refuses to attempt,—the national observance of the Sabbath. M. E. Y.

SINS OF MINISTERS.

One of the most heinous and palpable sins is *pride*; a sin which has too much interest in the best, but is more hateful and inexcusable in us than in any; yet it is so prevalent in some of us, that it indites our discourses, it chooses our company, it forms our countenances, it puts the accent and emphasis on our words; when we reason, it is the determiner and exciter of our cogitations; it fills some men's minds with aspiring desires and designs; it possesses them with envious and bitter thoughts against those who stand in their light, or by any means eclipse their glory, or hinder the progress of their idolized reputation. O, what a constant companion, what a tyrannical commander, what a sly, subtle, and insinuating enemy, is pride! It goes with men to the draper, the mercer, and the tailor; it chooses them their cloth, their trimming, and their fashion, and dresses them in the morning. Fewer ministers would follow the fashion in their hair and habit, were it not for the influence of this imperious vice: and I would that were all; but alas, how frequently does it go with us to our studies, and there sit with us, and do our work! How often does it choose our subject, and our words and ornaments! God bids us be as plain as we can, that we may inform the ignorant; and as convincing and serious as we can, in order to melt and change unchanged hearts: but pride stands by and contradicts all. It puts in toys and trifles, and, under pretence

of laudable ornaments, dishonours our sermons with childish conceits. It takes off the edge and life of all our teaching, under pretence of filing off the roughness and superfluity. If we have a plain and cutting passage, it throws it away as rustical or ungrateful; when God charges us to deal with men as for their lives, and beseech them with all the earnestness we are able, this cursed sin controls all, and condemns the holy commands of God, calls our most necessary duty madness, and says to us, "What! will you make people think you are mad? will you make them say you rage or rave? cannot you speak soberly or moderately?" Thus does pride make many men's sermons; and what pride makes, the devil makes; and what sermons the devil will make, and to what end, we may easily conjecture. Though the matter be of God, yet if the dress, and manner, and end be from Satan we have no great reason to expect success.

And when pride has made the sermon, it goes with them into the pulpit; it forms their tone, animates them in the delivery, takes them off from that which may be displeasing, however necessary, and sets them in pursuit of vain applause; and the sum of all this is, that it makes men, both in studying and preaching, seek themselves, and deny God, when they should seek God's glory, and deny themselves. When they should ask, "What shall I say, and how shall I say it, to please God best, and do most good?" it makes them ask, "What shall I say, and how shall I deliver it, to be thought a learned and able Preacher, and to be applauded by all who hear me?" When the sermon is over, pride goes home with them, and makes them more eager to know whether they were applauded, than whether they prevailed with any for the saving of their souls. They could find in their hearts, but for shame, to ask folks how they liked them, and to draw out their commendation. If they perceive that they are highly thought of, they rejoice as having attained their end; but if they find that they are esteemed as weak or common men, they are displeased, having missed the prize.—*Baxter's Reformed Pastor*.

FAMILY PRAYER.

AN ANECDOTE.

A pious tradesman conversing with a Minister on family worship related the following highly instructive circumstance respecting himself:—

"When I first began business for myself, I was determined, through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer. Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening every individual of my family was ordered to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years the advantages of these engagements appeared manifestly conspicuous: the blessings of the

upper and the nether springs followed me, health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length, such was my rapid increase in trade, and the necessity of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think whether family prayer did not occupy too much of our time in the morning. Pious scruples arose respecting my intentions of relinquishing this part of my duty; but at length worldly interest prevailed so far as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices; and not long after it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of our business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we arose in the morning, suffice for the day. Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that allowed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was almost seared with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

“One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject: it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms: but judge of my surprise and confusion when I read these words:—‘O, my dear master, never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions. O, Sir, eternity will be too short to praise God for what I learnt there. It was there that I first beheld my wretched state as a sinner; it was there that I first knew the way to salvation; and there that I first experienced the preciousness of Christ, in me the hope of glory.’ O, Sir, permit me to say, Never, never neglect those precious engagements. You have yet a family, and more apprentices: may your house be the birth-place of their souls.’ I could read no further: every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered; I was alarmed at the blood of my children and apprentices, that I apprehended was soon to be demanded by foul, murdering hands.

“Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret, and read the letter before God. I agonized, and—but you can better conceive than I can describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained, &c., &c. I immediately flew to my family; presented myself before the Lord; and from that day to the present, I have been determined, through grace, that whenever business becomes so large to permit family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotion. Better to lose a few shillings, than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul.”

AWFUL END OF A LIAR.

“The mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.”

In the year 1787 a man, whose name is concealed from tenderness to his surviving relatives, waited upon a magistrate, near Hitchin, in the county of Hertford, and informed him, that he had been stopped upon the high way by a young gentleman in the neighbourhood whose name he mentioned, and who, he stated, knocked him down and searched his pockets, but finding no money, suffered him to go his way. The Magistrate, astonished at the statement, dispatched at once a messenger to the young gentleman, ordering him to appear immediately, and answer to the charge preferred against him. The youth obeyed the summons, accompanied by his guardian and an intimate friend. Upon their arrival at the seat of justice, the accused and the accuser were confronted, when the magistrate hinted to the man that he was fearful he had made the charge with the view of extorting money, and admonished him to take care how he proceeded, reminding him of the great crime of perjury, and the dreadful consequences that generally follow it.

The man insisted upon making oath of what he had already stated, the oath was accordingly administered, and the business fully investigated: when the innocence of the young gentleman was completely established by his proving what is called in law an *alibi*; that is, that he was in another place at the time this attack was pretended to have been made. The infamous wretch, finding his intentions thus frustrated, returned home much chagrined, and meeting soon afterwards with one of his neighbours, he declared that he had sworn to nothing but the truth, calling, at the same time, upon God to witness the same in the most solemn manner, and expressing a wish that, if it was not as he had said, his jaws might be locked, and that his flesh might adhere upon his bones. Terrible to relate, his jaws were instantly arrested, and the use of the faculty he had so awfully perverted was denied him for ever. After lingering nearly a fortnight, he expired in excruciating agony, his flesh literally rotting upon his bones! “Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.”

“THE RIGHTEOUS ARE BOLD AS A LION.”

Kapiolani, a woman of great influence, at the Sandwich Islands, united with the Church at an early day, before the people generally had made up their minds fully; and she made it her great business to induce the people to attend to the instructions of the missionaries. She made frequent extensive excursions among the people, exhorting them to forsake their sins, and destroying every vestige of idolatry. She became also a patron to the people in civilization. She built a large frame house, inclosed a yard, and cultivated flowers, and in

dress, manners, and mode of living, appeared more like a Christian lady than any other high-born lady of the day. In December, 1824, that she might more effectually destroy from among the people any remaining fear of old divinities, she determined to visit the great crater of Kilaua, the reputed residence of Pele. The whole mountain was a dreadful place ; its fire and smoke ; its frequent mutterings, and occasional desolating eruptions, served to keep alive the superstitious dread. Clinging even to the feet of their chief, the people besought her with tears not to go. Before reaching the crater, she was met by a pretended priestess, wild with rage, who warned her to desist. But her purpose was fixed. With calm dignity rebuking the pretensions of the prophetess, she had her soon humbled and calm, saying that the god had left her, and she could not answer. Accompanied by one of the missionaries, and by some trembling native attendants, she descended into the crater, and standing upon a ledge five hundred feet below the top, with the lake of molten fire before her, she cast stones into the fiery gulf, ate the sacred berries consecrated to Pele, and called upon one of her attendants to offer prayer and praise to the one true God. The rock did not open under her feet ; the hissing and bel- lowing gases did not destroy her, and the boiling lava did not rise to consume her. The people felt that Pele was powerless and that Jeho- vah was God.—*Newcomb's forthcoming " Cyclopaedia of Missions."*

Poetry.

THE PRAYER OF THE MARINER'S MOTHER.

The tempest round the cottage roars,
 And bends the aged ash ;
 The casement shakes, a deluge pours,
 And vivid lightnings flash ;
 Poor sailor, in this midnight hour,
 How can'st thou stand the tempest's power.
 Thy mother, startled from her sleep
 By nature's wild uproar,
 Thinks of her boy far on the deep,
 And, succour to implore,
 Falls on her knees before His throne,
 Whose sceptre winds and waters own.
 She prays to Him who dried her tears
 That wept an only child ;
 To Him who chased the boatman's fears,
 And still'd the tempest wild ;
 To Him who walk'd Genesar's wave,
 And stretched his ready hand to save.

Cold infidel, thou sneer'st to see
 A widow in distress,
 Who, thinking on a rocky lee,
 Prays Heaven her boy to bless :
 'Tis well,—thou laugh'st not at her care,
 But at the folly of her prayer.

And know'st thou not she prays to Him
 Who gathers up the storms,
 Whose will around the ocean's brim
 Its only barrier forms ?
 He checks the blast,—a zephyr blows,
 And much-vex'd ocean seeks repose.

Borne on the wings of Jesu's name,
 Prayer mounts above the storm,
 Moves Him that moves creation's frame,
 To listen and perform.
 Thus feeble woman, on her knees,
 Can hush the storm and calm the seas.

Yes, covenanted power is hers,
 And faith her fears allays.
 Sailor, rejoice when danger stirs,
 To think thy mother prays ;
 And when thou gain'st the peaceful shore,
 With her thy Saviour's love adore.

HYMNS FOR YOUTH.

Why should I spend my youthful days
 In folly and in sin ;
 When I may walk in Wisdom's ways,
 And heavenly pleasures win ?

Shall I neglect my soul to save,
 And sink at last to hell ;
 When I may endless glory have,
 And with my Saviour dwell ?

O let me rather, in the morn
 Of life, for heaven prepare !
 This day unto my Saviour turn,
 And seek his love to share.

Then shall I joy unknown obtain,
 And pass my days in peace ;
 And death shall give me greatest gain,
 In joys that ne'er shall cease.

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