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

VOL. II.]

JULY, 1855.

[No. 7

USE OF TOBACCO.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON TOBACCO, READ BEFORE THE
JEFFERSONVILLE DISTRICT MEETING, HELD AT CHARLESTOWN,
INDIANA, APRIL 9TH AND 10TH, 1855.

The subject on which your present committee is called upon to report, is so very indelicate in its nature, that it is quite embarrassing for a *modest man* to bring so filthy a subject before an intelligent and refined assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Your committee do not propose to make minute examination into the practice of using tobacco in its various forms—this would so arouse the morbid sensibilities of the inner man as to produce very unpleasant consequences.

For many years after the introduction of tobacco into civilized society, its use as a luxury met with great opposition from all classes of society, but gradually the opposition gave way, and the practice became fashionable with the multitude. Physicians recommended it as a remedy for a variety of ills to which human flesh is heir, as tooth-ache and colic, water-brash and heart-burn ringworm and vermin, and many others too tedious to mention; and your committee are to admit that it is mighty in the destruction of insect existence, and is perhaps absolutely necessary to the well-being of some of those that use it. The barrister chewed his quid, the parson smoked his cigar, and the old ladies filled their noses with the dust; claiming they had the best of reasons to justify them in the use of this narcotic; indeed, it was considered a mark of extra ability, intelligence, and patriotism, to be found an advocate for the use of

the weed ; and as men, women and children, are all fond of imitating the rich, and the great, soon the signs of wealth, intelligence and patriotism, began to fall in pearly drops from the nasal appendage, or was ejected from the mouth in torrents of amber, huge volumes of smoke. And so popular did its use become that it was thought nothing would finish a young buck so completely as tobacco ; and nothing else would so polish and preserve the teeth, and give a proper aroma to the breath of a young lady mopping her mouth with maccoboy. And it was fully believed that it added greatly to the matronly appearance of a young mother, increased the sap of life, and made the baby grow, for her to suck the perfumes of tobacco through an elder stick in the chimney corner ; and many have done so till they look as tawdry as a smoked ham.

So prevalent became the use of this poison, that in all classes of society, in all places, at all times, under all circumstances, the custom was possessed of almost omnipresence. The family hearth was stained, the sanctuary was polluted with worse than pig-sty filth, even the pulpit fouled by emanations from the nasty reservoir of him that had vowed cleanliness before God and man. The whole atmosphere seemed tainted with the nauseous fumes of tobacco, and all this time but little was said about the nature or effects of the barbarous custom. True, now and then an Abercrombie would declare snuff did not injure the brain, for no person that any brains would use it ; a philanthropist would count its cost, and the benefit it would be to the world if differently applied, and publish to the world the result of his calculations ; or a moralist would expatiate upon the immorality of the habit ; but as a general rule the whole world of tobacco worms were allowed to feed upon the leaf in undisturbed felicity. Perhaps the reason for this silence in the press, the platform, and the pulpit, was that it has always been the policy of the Church to attack the most important errors and evil practices prevalent, as the circumstances around gave each a particular prominence. Thus while the great sins of intemperance and slavery have been thoroughly canvassed, and exposed in all their deformity, and the voice of philanthropists, moralists, and religionists, have been heard all over the civilized world denouncing these great sins, warning the unwary, trying to reclaim the fallen, and bring back the wanderer, comparatively little has been said about the use of that powerful poison called tobacco. But the developments of the past few years has opened

new the door of effort for the destruction of this vice. The world is now expecting an attack from the Church on the tobacco question; and the work has commenced in the right place. Bishops condemn its use in open conference—Bishop Waugh, in the Baltimore conference—and in the pulpit; presiding elders exhort their preachers to refrain from its use: the preachers call the attention of their people to the subject, and there is an inquiry set on foot that will work out good results; for the time has now come when a tobacco-loving preacher is looked on with suspicion by the more intelligent and pious part of the congregation.

But the feeling on this subject has reached another class—those that have considered it polite and religious to empty their swill buckets in the house dedicated to the service and worship of Almighty God. Perhaps there is no better mark of mental degradation and pot-house education, than to see a man sit in a church, and deliberately, with malice aforethought, pour out upon the floor, seats, etc., a flood of lava, that would make any animal or creeping thing sick to look upon it, save and except the man that disgorged it. But, thank God! public decency has marked every such creature as scavenger filth.

Your committee have not the space in this short paper to examine the effect upon the physical and mental man, though we believe the use of tobacco is a physical, mental, and moral wrong; experience has shown that it produces debility, dyspepsia, cancer, mental imbecility, etc., personally, and in the offspring of those who use it.

We believe that if the Creator had intended the human mouth for a slop bucket, he would have put a bottom in it; if it had been intended for a smoke hole, there would have been a chimney to it; and if the nose had been intended for a dust hole, it would have been turned the other side up. A snuffer's nose imitates glanders! a chewer's mouth looks like a cess pool! and the breath of a smoker forcibly reminds us of the negro, who in a tone of exultation cried out to his master, "Here, massa, here's de feller what de you ingyens, gist smell him breff!"

But the moral of the practice is still more exceptionable; the amount of money expended is almost incredible. It requires all the wheat and corn, flour and meal exported from the United States, to pay for the tobacco imported, besides the immense amount raised and manufactured at home. It requires more than one dollar a year for every man, woman, and child, in the United

States, to pay for the tobacco snuffed, burned, and chewed. The money spent for tobacco would pay all taxes, and assessments levied for public uses. In our large cities it will pay for all the bread and leave a surplus; it will build all the school-houses necessary, and pay the teachers for the education of all the boys and girls; it would pay all the expenses of the Protestant Church, and carry the gospel to all the lands of the earth; it would support all the religious and benevolent institutions now in existence. And yet this tremendous expenditure is without benefit in the world, politically, socially, or religiously. Many young men, not yet twenty-five, have smoked up eighty acres of land. Many burn and chew enough to clothe a family. Some decidedly poor men have chewed up, and spit out one hundred and sixty acres of land, with the interest on the money invested, and not even the land where the excess has fallen has been benefitted by the cost. Some professing Christians pay one dollar for the gospel and ten for tobacco. Lord have mercy on such Christians! It cannot be that while making the great efforts for the evangelization of the world are languishing for the want of means to carry forward their operations, in bringing back a world of sinners to the fold of God, that it is right to squander millions of the Lord's money in pandering to a depraved sensual appetite.

The influence of this accursed practice is seen and felt in our Sabbath schools, and many parents have to mourn over the sons of their love, as they have seen him led away by the example of a professor of religion, or a so-called minister of the Lord Jesus Christ; and our little boys, when they can not get genuine tobacco, are found with a cornstalk, elm root, or some other porous weed or weed, trying to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors in folly. Is it right that men professing godliness should exert their influence to fix upon our youth a habit that will offend God and man, hinder their usefulness, and prepare them for taking farther steps in the downward course for folly and intemperance? Heaven save us from such a result!

The influence of the practice is seen and felt in the enjoyment of professors of religion. How many are in form seeking the blessing of a clean heart, and are yet indulging in the vilest of passions! Is it not a direct insult offered to Deity, to pray to him to come and dwell in us while we are cleaving to and fighting for a habit degrading and filthy in the eyes of every right-minded Christian man? The habit is hard to be broken off, and this is oft-

urged as a reason why it should be continued. But it can be over-
 come! Many that once were the slaves of the practice are now
 free! We do not recommend that effort be directed to cutting
 the use alone, but to the destruction of the love of, and the
 desire for, the gratification of this unnatural appetite. Your com-
 mittee fully believe this may be done, and recommend to every
 member of the Christian Church the following as an infallible
 remedy for this great evil:—

1. Read and study the nature and effect of the habit upon your-
 selves and others.
2. Read and study God's word, in reference to the requirement
 of a full and entire consecration of our souls, bodies, money, pro-
 perty, effort, example, and personal and official influence, to the
 praise and glory of God.
3. Make this personal consecration, resolve to quit every habit
 and practice that hinders your enjoyment of the favor of God, or
 that does not bring glory to his name.
4. Having laid your all upon the altar, not only ask for grace
 to resist the evil, but ask for the entire destruction of all love of,
 and desire for, tobacco in any form.

You may pray in faith, assured that the power that can destroy
 pride, malice, and hatred, can and will be exerted to deliver
 you from the strong man armed, who now holds you in bondage,
 the unlawful and ungodly habit of using tobacco.

Your committee ask leave to introduce the following resolu-
 tions:—

1. It is the duty of every minister of the Gospel to refrain from
 the use of tobacco.

2. It is their duty to advise and exhort all within their reach,
 to touch not, taste not, handle not, this unclean thing.

3. That we, as members of this association, will do all that we
 can to abate this great nuisance, especially the practice of soiling
 and polluting our houses of worship, with the juice of tobacco.

Respectfully submitted,

E. G. TUCKER, *Chairman.*

From the Western Christian Advocate.

Should you catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the
 compositor tells you to whistle louder, don't you do it.

W O M A N .

From the lips of woman, every infant hears the first accents of affection, and receives the first lessons of duty in tenderness and love. For the approbation of woman, the grown-up youth will undertake the boldest enterprise and brave every difficulty of study, danger, and even death itself. To the happiness of woman, the man of maturer years will devote the best energies of his mind and body; and from the soothing and affectionate regards of woman, the man who is become venerable by years, derives his chief consolation in life's decline. Who, then, shall say that the one-half of the human race, and they confessedly the most virtuous and the most amiable, may not be entrusted with an intelligence and an influence equal to our own? To them, when sorrow afflicts us, we consign half our sufferings, and they cheerfully relieve us by lightening them. When joy delights, we give them half of our pleasures, and they as readily consent to share them. They lessen, by their sympathy, the pangs of all our privations, and they increase, by their participation, the ecstasy of all our delights. They deserve, therefore, the full enjoyment of every privilege that it is in our power to confer on them.

LETTERS FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS

Written many years ago by the Wife of a Wesleyan Minister.

LETTER V.

ON FEMALE RESERVE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

This subject is so nearly allied to a previous one namely, modesty of behaviour, that it is difficult to make a distinction; and yet there are, without doubt, two distinct virtues. Perhaps the reserve we refer to may be termed the habit of the mind whence flows an outward modesty of conduct. There is a certain natural reserve of temper which is not particularly connected with any feminine grace, but possessed indiscriminately by men and women, showing itself in great shyness and distance, particularly to strangers, and in a particular caution of word and look, even to acquaintances, which seems to imply a fear of being imposed upon by those with whom we are in company, and lest we should by any means put ourselves in their power. It is not this kind of reserve of which I now wish to speak.

There is an inherent playfulness of gesture and countenance natural to some good-natured, lively girls, by which they intend nothing but to amuse, if indeed they intend anything at all; but is more truly a spontaneous flow of the spirits, which cannot be prevented without effort. This disposition is, however, far from being safe, it can only procure for you from the kindest of your friends the character of thoughtless girls, whose hearts are better than their heads. Directly opposed, however, and even more to be avoided, is that affectation of reserve, which shows itself by airs of disdain, evident constraint of look and manner, and pretended, because it is contrary to nature and Providence that there should be any such dislike on either side. This assumed severity of manners is a disguise easily seen through, and frequently betrays beneath the mask of prudery the abominable heart of a coquette. The esteem of men of worth can only be secured by corresponding qualities of mind in women,—truth, sincerity, and a just sense of those feminine virtues which ought to characterise the sex: of these, the reserve I wish you to possess is a permanent and valuable property, or, rather, a very striking feature. It unites modesty with innocence, the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove: the same quality, if I may be permitted a comparison, in a man being, as that possessed by the sensitive plant. “If there be any virtue, if any praise, think on these things.” So gratify your affectionate mother.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ALLEN.

DEAR E——,—I feel anxious for thy welfare in every respect, especially in thy going among perfect strangers; but if thou be careful to attend to the divine monitor in thy own mind, the merit of Christ, thou wilt be under the notice and protection of the greatest of beings, and wilt be favoured with that sweet peace for thy own soul which is far beyond all other enjoyments. Accept, DEAR E——, the following hints from thy friend and well-wisher. Preserve this letter, and peruse it occasionally.

1. Devote some portion of the day to the reading of the holy scriptures alone in thy chamber; and pray constantly the Almighty that he would enlighten thy mind to understand them.
2. Endeavour to keep thy mind in such a state that thou mayest

turn it to think upon God many times in the course of the day, and pour out thy petitions to him in secret for preservation.

3. Never do anything privately which thou wouldst be ashamed of if made public; and if evil thoughts come into thy mind, endeavour to turn from them, and not follow up the train of them, or indulge them for a moment; always endeavour that thy very thoughts may be acceptable in the sight of God, to whom yours are always open.

4. Be careful not to read books of an immoral tendency, as novels, romances, &c.; and endeavour to discourage it in others, they are poison to the mind.

5. Be punctual in attending a place of worship.

6. Be very careful what company thou keepest; have few intimates, and let them be persons of the most virtuous character; for, if a young man associate with those of bad character, he will infallibly lose his own.

7. Be very circumspect in all thy conduct, and particularly towards females.

8. Study the interest of thy employer, and endeavour to promote it by all fair and honorable means in thy power. Study the duties expected from thee, and fulfil them faithfully as in the sight of God.

9. Endeavour to improve thyself in thy studies in the intervals of leisure.

10. Never do anything against thy conscience.

I have not time to add more than that my prayers are put up for thy preservation, and that as long as thou continuest to conduct thyself in a virtuous and honourable manner, thou wilt find a steady friend in

WILLIAM ALLEN.

A WORD OF STIMULATION TO THE YOUNG.

“Ah, who can tell how *hard* it is to climb.”—BEATTIE.

It is at once allowed that there are difficulties in the way of intellectual advancement; but, after all, they are such that moderate ability, joined to firm and constant perseverance, will be sufficient to overcome them. Direct me, if you please, to any one specific branch of science, and I will demonstrate the fact, by naming many

who understand it; and if you add another and another study, you will yet be individuals who have fought and conquered. Yes, if you take the whole circle of knowledge, there have been heads large enough to contain its variety, and hearts sufficiently earnest to go forward; to descend from things in the general to things in the particular, from the comprehension of worlds to the analysis of atoms.

And, after all, the most of these men were more remarkable for the virtue of industry than the gift of intellect. At every step their power both to will and to do so increased, that no task however Herculean, no effort however prolonged, no undertaking however onerous, could daunt, much less destroy, their enterprise. Like the arm, grown from a puny and flabby member to a nervous iron limb by long exercise, so the mind's labour only gives an endurance, which results in a settled power next to omnipotent.

Let me not be misunderstood in these assertions, nor be deemed proud in experience; for although my head has not become grey in the pursuit of science, yet I can fully assure the young that all the peculiar opportunities of observation have gone to establish this conviction,—*that laziness is the worst monster on the way to the temple of learning; that men are more ruled and hindered by this vice, than held back and hindered by the lack of mental powers.* The tortoise and hare will be a true and livable fable for ever. The honest, slow-paced student will steadily, quietly, and without any show reach the goal; whilst he who depends on his intellectual swiftness, only to abuse it, will as certainly sleep on in silly presumption, and awake only to self-reproach and mortification.

I reckon it rather a blessing not to have what is called *mediocre* talent, and especially if it be united with a fixed habit of industrious thought. It often happens that a person liberally endowed by nature, will live satisfied with the mere gift; like many others in the world who take born-rank as the sole thing wanted: whereas, in each case, the very reverse is true; for both God and the world expect that this high position should only be a starting-point to higher attainment.

The man of lavish gifts, pleased by his very power, is not only likely never to increase his ability by the use, but may even become vain and satisfied, complacent and contumelious. Not so with the modest. He neither sparkles nor carries bustle in his movement,

so is freed from vulgar applause; and knowing that his ability is only in his courage, he is too fearful of himself to become proud. Like the sun in the early dawn, he hardly rose above a hill-top, and for a long time seemed a tardy traveller; but steadily gaining his meridian, thousands who once looked down, now gaze upward at him.

Take twenty boys of like ages from the form of any school in the kingdom, and their tutor will tell you, all along that the chief difference in their mental progress is merely the result of industry. Nay more, that in by far the majority of cases, the promising boy not only defeats his hope, but seldom draws an equal trace with his steady fellow, and as seldom reaches his repute for sound and solid acquirement.

This constitution of mind is not desirable, as it is mostly the indicator of a restlessness which can never hew long enough to get to the ore: if it be done at all, it must be by the fire, the combustion of intellect. This restlessness often degenerates into a vague and wandering mind, that begs at no door long enough to get gain, and departs satisfied with the merest trifle. It is flighty and changeable, and seldom sees more of a country than its first glimpse of beauty and sunshine; leaving its real possession and true value to be entered upon and realized by others.

I have said all this not only to remove a general and erroneous impression that your petted, precocious, promising boys are the ones to reflect unusual credit on intellectual training, and to take the quick way upward; but especially to encourage the diligent, and offer a guarantee to every ordinary mind, that the *key of industry* will find its way into all the wards of the lock that fast the *treasury of knowledge*.

THE PERIOD OF YOUTH: ITS IMPORTANCE AND DANGERS EXHIBITED.

Youth is a term of a somewhat indefinite meaning; and is used in a sense so comprehensive as to include the whole of that period of human life which lies between mere childhood and the years of manhood. Even in that largest acceptation of the term, it may undoubtedly, with all confidence, be affirmed, that youth is a period of inestimable importance. Not even the earliest subdivisions can be otherwise regarded by any reflecting mind. Obviously, however, it is in a more restricted sense we are to

and deal with it here, if we are to keep in view the great end which these Lectures are designed to promote. A familiar representation, according to which the successive stages of man's existence upon earth have been often and very fitly compared to the seasons of the year, may serve not only to define with sufficient clearness the precise period of life to which my remarks shall have reference, but to furnish at the same time, in a simple and intelligible form, some of those materials to be afterwards employed in showing that the period in question is one of unspeakable moment. The figurative representation now alluded to, infancy, childhood, and a limited number of the years which immediately follow, are pictured forth as the counterpart of spring. That later portion of the period of youth which is verging rapidly towards manhood is likened to the warmth and the bloom of summer. Manhood itself, with all its fully developed powers, finds its corresponding emblem in the mellow hues and ripe fruits of autumn. While declining age, verging imperceptibly into feebleness and decay, is strikingly shadowed forth in the shortening days, the chilling frosts, the dreary landscapes, which close up the expiring year. And now,—

“ 'Tis done! dread *Winter* spreads his latest gloom,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.”
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the taneul! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
 Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pile concluding *Winter* comes at last
 And shuts the scene!”

reverting, then to this figurative representation of human life, it be understood, that the period of youth of which I am about to speak is not the spring, but the summer of the year. I may perhaps assume that my hearers, with few exceptions, have either already passed through, or at least drawing very near to the border of, the first of these great sections of man's earthly career. In that early culture, indeed, your hearts and minds may have garnered, what seeds of knowledge and religious principle may have been cast in, I cannot tell. Widely different, I have no doubt, the treatment of some has been from the treatment of others. If we walk abroad among the fields in the closing days of the year, how diversified is the appearance they present to the eye! In some we find thoroughly fenced round, dressed with the utmost

precision and care, sown with the most valuable grain, and every preparation made to secure the full benefit of that genial warmth which the approaching summer's sun is ere long to shed down upon the earth. Others, again, we see bearing the too evident traces of idleness and neglect; the process of cultivation not incomplete, but of the most slovenly and superficial kind; little done either to extirpate the weeds or to enrich the soil. While, worse than these, we may meet with others still for which nothing has been done at all, which have been left to the mere force of nature, and exposed, like an open common, to be trodden under foot. In this aspect of the fields, I believe we have a faithful picture of the condition in which the multitudes of young men arrive at the close of the spring-time of human life. Perhaps the very audience now address may contain examples of the variety now described, reaching even from the highest to the lowest extreme. Many of you, I cannot doubt, have enjoyed in your early years the inestimable advantage of a good education, and of being subjected to the wholesome restraints of a sound moral and religious discipline. Their own idleness, or the limited means of their parents, may have deprived others of a large share of these blessings. What circumstances still more adverse may have left a certain number to struggle through their bleak and unpropitious spring with scarce a hand to help, or a tongue to guide their course. But whatever may be the state in which you have arrived at the termination of your spring, what I am chiefly anxious to show is this: that your *summer*, the pregnant period on which you have now entered, and which is the immediate theme of my discourse, is a period as momentous to you all. I do not say indeed that the evils necessarily resulting from a spring neglected or misapplied can ever be wholly remedied; but much, nevertheless, may be done even by the active and energetic application of the proper means, to secure a harvest which, if not reaching to the hundred-fold of the Saviour's parable, at least attain to the thirty-fold. While, on the other hand, I affirm, with equal confidence, that even the best spring which has been most diligently improved will not of itself make the harvest sure. There is in every heart, as there is in every field of that earth which has been cursed for sinful man's sake, materials which it needs but the heat of a summer's sun, the sun of the first fresh and fiery temptation of a present world, — to call forth into rank and exuberant vegetation; and to cause them, like a rush of noxious weeds, to overgrow, choke, and

destroy every good principal implanted, and that seemed so full of promise in the season of spring. There are the considerations which lend so peculiar an importance to the period of life at which you have now arrived. It is a period when the whole heart and mind are brought under new and powerful influences. Passions, desires, and feelings, which hitherto had slumbered in the breast, like the seeds lying nearly dormant in the soil in the earlier and colder months of spring, now begin to move and stir under the excitements which presents themselves on every hand, when the young man finds himself mingling freely with the world. Whatever he has within him is now stimulated into activity, and suddenly acquires a strength and power previously unknown. And as the same solar heat which so rapidly clothes the lately naked forest in its leafy mantle, nourishes equally into life and vigour the undergrowth of nettles, and thorns, and briars, so the fresh and quickening energies of youth, if they be fitted to develope the seeds of knowledge, piety, and virtue, tell still more powerfully on the growth and manifestation of those fleshy lusts which war against the soul.—*Glasgow Lectures to Young Men.*

DANCING.

The printers of Cincinnati, United States, in the arrangements for a general ball, which they proposed to give, inserted the name of that veteran editor, C. J. Cist, as one of the managers. Mr. Cist, in a characteristic letter, declined the intended honor. This we insert for the amusement of our readers, as well as for their edification:—

“ I fear that I should make a poor ball-room manager. I never danced in my life, and, at the age of sixty, should make an awkward figure in going through the elements of the performance.

“ Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.” Who assigns places to dancers, and superintends the exercise, should know how to dance.

“ I fear that I should be a fish out of water, in the midst of the gay throng. All my labours make me more familiar with the head than the heels. Dancing has always appeared to me a very silly employment. I know there are some persons who say that it is natural to jump and to spring under the influence of rejoicing. That may be an appropriate mode of manifesting the feeling of

joy; but in the ball-room, jumping is not the effect, but the contemplated means of raising enjoyment.

“But it is said, even the animal creation skip and dance under the exhilaration of happiness. They do, in extreme infancy: the kitten and puppy, the lamb and the kid,—frisking and capering about. But when these animals attain years of discretion, they dance and frisk no more.

“Dancing, then, is a sport for children; one of those amusements or diversions appropriate to their age and knowledge.

“For me to oversee a collection of grown-up children indulging in such pastime, I fear, would give my jaws such severe strains in yawning, as to deprive me of the comfortable use of them at the dinner-table for weeks.

“I beg leave, therefore, to decline the distinction thus conferred on me. I trust I shall be considered neither proud nor saucy in so doing.”

PITY FOR THE FALLEN.

From a Soldier's Letter, dated "Hango Roads, May 22d, 1854.

We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear whilst the boats's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside went in amongst the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarcely tell how.

I felt as though I must go up to *him*, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still; and I was more afraid of him lying so, than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once, that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth every breath he took. His face was white as as death; and his eyes looked so big and bright, as he turned them, and stared at me, I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty.

I went down on my knees beside him; and my breast felt so full, as though my own heart would burst. What I felt I never can

tell; but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand, and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said; and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out so, I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say, that I was worse than he; for he never shed a tear, and I could not help it.

His eyes were closing, when a gun was fired to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns, which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat; and then he pointed to the wood, where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die, and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass, and left him.

It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the time; I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and the Russians, and the rest of them; but *all that* seemed so far off, and the dead man so near.

A BAR TO SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Perhaps the greatest bar to the success in life is self-conceit. Young men often begin their career with an extravagant opinion of their own capacities. They are perhaps just out of College, where they may have incurred an unfortunate reputation for genius. If so, they are hard to be cured. Superior intellects such as they, of course cannot stoop to drudging work. Often a man has to be knocked about the world for years before he can get this idea out of his head, and be willing to come down to his true level.

There is a time with almost every young man, when he is thus possessed with a feeling of personal importance. He is perhaps conscious of some talent, which in his ignorance of other men, he exaggerates beyond all bounds. And as the world does not happen to rate him above par, he suffers constantly from a feeling that he is not appreciated. This is a weakness which he must get rid of as soon as possible. It is often very useful to a young man at the outset to meet with a terrible mortification. The balloon,

being thus punctured, lets off a vast quantity of gas, and instead of floating away the unfortunate youth to those upper regions to which his fancy and conceit would carry him, it leaves him on the ground, where he may begin at the bottom, and build up a solid and enduring reputation.

TEACH CHILDREN TO HELP THEMSELVES.

The thoughtless mother who hourly yields to the requests—"Mamma, tie my pinafore," "Mamma, button my shoe," and the like, can not be persuaded that each of these concessions is detrimental; but the wiser spectator sees that if this policy be long pursued, and be extended to other things, it will end in hopeless dependency. The teacher of the old school who showed his pupil the way out of every difficulty, did not perceive that he was generating an attitude of mind greatly militating against success in life. Taught by Pestalozzi, however, the modern instructor induces his pupil to solve the difficulties himself; believing that in so doing, he is preparing him to meet the difficulties which, when he goes into the world, there will be no one to help him through; and finds confirmation for this belief, in the fact that a great portion of the most successful men are self-made. He who helps himself when young, will know how and have the will heartily to help himself when the years of mature life are on him.—*II. Spencer.*

"NOT YET," AND "NOT QUITE."

"Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time."—The Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—Acts xxiv. 25.

In recording the effect of the two last discourses of Paul, the Holy Spirit has indicated with emphatic distinctness the usual state of mind of those who hear the Gospel, and are not saved. Felix said, *Not yet*; and Agrippa said, *Not quite*.

The judgment is convinced, the heart is touched, the knocking of the Holy Spirit are heard and recognised. Will the sinner absolutely refuse? No; he dares not. He can only say, *Not yet*. That is enough. The Spirit is grieved, and is gone. Man's extremity is God's opportunity; but man's convenient season is God's abhorrence.

Another says, "Good Master, I am ready to be a Christian."

now." The Saviour explains what it is to be a Christian ; and the young man sorrowfully adds, " But *not quite.*" *Not yet!* and *Not quite!* Fatal words! They are Satan's equivocating synonyms for *never* and *not at all.* They look towards heaven, and take hold of hell.

Fellow-Christians, let us, in self examination, ponder these words. When the Master says, " Take up thy cross, and follow Me ;" " Seek first the kingdom of God ;" " Go, preach my Gospel ;" " Love thine enemies ;" " If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off ;" When the Holy Spirit shows us sins to be mortified, and duties to be done ; when conscience awakes, and talks to us, let us listen, lest, perchance, in the recesses of our hearts may be heard the echo of these sinful words, *Not yet—Not quite.—Chris. Treas.*

UNCONSCIOUS FALSEHOODS.

Truthfulness is the first of virtues. It lies at the bottom of all that is good in a man's character. It includes not only telling the truth, but integrity in business, sincerity in friendship, and earnestness in religion.

No duty is so plain as that of being in all things an honest man. And yet no virtue is so rare. I do not mean that there are in society many notorious liars. To say this of any one, is to brand them with infamy. But deceitfulness, in some form, is the most common of sins. It is not always intentional. A man may utter a thousand unconscious falsehoods. Deceit has an infinite number of disguises. There are fashionable lies ; insincere professions of regard, for the sake of politeness. Then there are petty impositions in trade, which are so common as to pass unnoticed. Then there are the million false or exaggerated rumours which are flying abroad in society ; slander of neighbours, injurious reports, prompted by malice, or the petty vanity of possessing secrets, or of exciting surprise, or the mere pleasure of gossip and scandal.

There is nothing so difficult as to find a man who is perfectly honest ; who, even in relating facts, tells them exactly as they are, without the slightest false colouring. We find, in every community, many a kind neighbour, many a generous man ; but how rarely one on whose word we can rely absolutely, and in every particular! We find lawyers, who have to cross-question witnesses, if they do not find, where a witness is perfectly honest, and means to tell the truth, that it is a most difficult thing to get at the facts, pre-

cisely as they occurred. This variation of statements I attribute partly to the imperfection of the human mind. It does seem to be impossible that a fact should pass through it without being slightly refracted, as light is in water. It will take some complexion from the wishes of the mind that receives and transmits it, as light, in passing through a coloured medium, takes the hue of that medium. We are often struck with this, in hearing the same story related by several persons. Suppose, in the first instance, we all hear it from the same individual, himself the actor or spectator in the scene. Afterwards, one, and another, repeat the occurrence. Probably no two will tell it just alike. Some slight variation of phraseology, or a different tone of voice, or a significant look thrown in, in the narrative, will give a different complexion to the story. In addition to this necessary individuality, which attaches to everything which men say, there is often superinduced a habit of exaggeration, of which, perhaps the individual himself is not conscious, yet which become so inveterate, that it may be said that the man who has it never tells the truth. He never states things exactly as they are.

This is a danger to which men of great conversational talent, or of remarkable powers of description, are particularly exposed. A man who finds that he is capable of telling a good story,—that he can, at any time, draw a crowd around him, and excite the mirth or wonder of his auditors,—is tempted to tell a good many stories, and, where the facts are rather meager, to help them out, and to set them in suitable relief, by a little from his imagination.

So the man who has gained a brilliant reputation as a writer, who knows that every thing he pens is caught after by the public, and read with eagerness, and who is conscious of great descriptive talent, is under constant temptation to disregard facts, or exaggerate them, or to violate nature or probability, for the sake of effect. Unless he is careful, he will soon be more anxious to say what is brilliant than to say what is true.

Nor are Preachers wholly free from this temptation to exaggerate; to go beyond what is written; to overstate the truth for effect. It is with a popular preacher as it is with a popular writer. When he finds that he is able to produce an impression by harping on a particular subject, or by an exciting appeal to the imagination, he is tempted to run his subject or his appeal beyond the truth. What zealous Preacher does not sometimes, in the heat of

his eloquence, mistake his own imagination and the vehemence of his passions, for an impulse of the Holy Spirit? What flaming pulpit-orator does not sometimes launch forth into descriptions of the deluge, or of the judgment-day, giving all the accompaniments of scenery and action in dramatic style, without stopping to ask whether he has any evidence that all this is true?

Every kind of affectation is a species of falsehood. And of this, society is full. A putting on of appearances, showing off the best side of things, and concealment of the rest. What arts are resorted to, to hide poverty, or low birth, or vulgar relations, or an empty mind! There is a concealed falsehood in the impression which almost every man tries to give every other man of himself of his attainments. Where is the man that is willing to pass for just what he is worth, and no more? Take our literary, and scientific, and political men; and, great as they may be, there is hardly one who does not overrate his importance, and the space which he fills in the world's eye. They are commonly surrounded by a clique of admirers, whose praise is to them as the voice of the world. They are puffed up by constant adulation, till they forget that modesty which becomes all men, and which is most beautiful in superior minds.

What man of science is willing to confess how little he knows? Newton did confess this; and he is almost as celebrated for this confession as for his great attainments. What man of learning is wholly free from pedantry, or does not sometimes, because he knows a little more than those around him, try to show himself off, as if his knowledge were unfathomable? What petty writer does not occasionally take airs to himself, among the ignorant, as "a man of letters?" What bustling politician does not really think his life and political labours of vital importance to the safety of his country? or dares to acknowledge to himself or to others, that if he were blotted out of existence, summer and winter, day and night, would not cease? In short, who on earth does not try to palm himself off on his fellow-men for more than he is worth? Thus, "every man walketh in a vain show."

If we turn from this judgment which every man forms of himself, and which is almost never according to truth, to the intercourse of men with one another, we are astounded at the heartiness and hypocrisy which are revealed to us. The intercourse of fashionable society is almost all insincerity, varnished over with thin polish of manners. What are the compliments and flat-

teries exchanged in mixed society, but words which mean absolutely nothing? Who would not smile at the simplicity of a man who should take in earnest half the smooth things which are said to him in the fashionable world? How strangely would the compliments which one receives in a gay party contrast with the bitter, withering remarks which are made when the party is broken up, and the assembly dispersed to their homes!

So common and well-understood is this insincerity, that a shrewd observer of mankind has said, that "human society could not subsist without these mutual impositions which men practise upon each other." If we looked only at these circles, we should think, indeed, that there was no such thing as truth among men: that the intercourse of human beings was from beginning to end based on hypocrisy and deception.

C. T.

AN UNGRATEFUL SON.

Abraham Croft had an only son, to whom he gave all the little property he had saved by many years' hard labour. All that the father desired in return for this kindness was, that his son should maintain him when he grew old, and unable to work. By means of the father's kindness, the son, when he married, was enabled to take a house, purchase a horse and cart, and hire a piece of ground for a garden. The poor old man worked early and late for his son, because he loved him. He laboured even beyond his strength, and at last he caught a violent cold, and was unable to work any longer. His son was then obliged to hire a man to do the work which his father had done. Both the son and the wife behaved very unkindly to the poor old man, and often suffered him to want those comforts which his age and infirmities required. But his little grandson was very fond of him, and behaved in so dutiful and kind a manner, that he often relieved and comforted his aged grandfather in his affliction. At last his unkind daughter-in-law told him positively that he must go to the poor-house, for they had something else to do besides nursing him. Shocked at these unfeeling words, the poor old man arose from his chair, and crept away to a little out house in the garden. Here he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and was ready to die. The little boy, who heard what his mother said, followed his grandfather into the garden, who, in the anguish of his heart, told him to go and fetch

the covering from his bed, that he might go and sit by the way-side, and beg. He burst into tears, and ran into the house to do as he was desired. On the way his father met him, and asked him what was the matter, and where he was going. "I am going," said the child, "for the rug of my grandfathers's bed, that he may wrap it round him, and go a-begging." "Let him go," said the beautiful son: "who is to bear with his humours?" "I will go and fetch it," cried the boy; and he went, and brought the rug to his father, and said to him, "Pray, father, cut it in two: half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half when I grow a man and turn you out of doors." Struck with these words, spoken to him by his own child, he began to reflect on his conduct, and to think what he should feel at receiving such cruel treatment from his son. He hastened to his father, and begged his forgiveness, promising that he would treat him with kindness and respect, and also insist upon his wife's doing the same. Abraham readily forgave his son, and returned with him into the house; but, in a few weeks afterwards, he closed his eyes in death.—*Serjeant's Sunday-School Teaching.*

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

A desperate criminal, condemned to death, had, by some means, possessed himself of a knife, and on the morning appointed for his execution, he placed his back to the dungeon wall, and defied the instruments of the law. It seemed certain death to many if the attempt were made to disarm him; and he stood firm, threatening blood and death to all who should approach him, even in the face of a file of soldiers with loaded muskets pointed at his head and breast. But there came to the place a white-headed old man, a Minister of the Gospel, in the Wesleyan communion, and he said, "Leave him to me, and we shall see if the lion will not become a lamb." Many dissuaded him from the attempt; and some said, "At least, take arms into the cell with you," at which the good man smiled. Others said, "Let the soldiers remain with you; but to this the Minister answered, "Go all of you from the cell, close the door upon me, and lock it. And they all left him, and opened the door. For a time the strangely consorted pair stood looking at each other,—the Minister mildly contemplating the prisoner, the prisoner gazing wonderingly at his novel visitant, and gradually relaxing his guard. But when the old man, simply saying, "You will give me the knife," made a step in advance, the criminal sud-

denly resumed his attitude of defiance, repeated his threats as fiercely as before, affirming his deadly intentions with a terrible oath. "If you kill me," said the Minister, "you will do a very wicked thing; for I do not come to do *you* any harm." But the criminal said, "Stand where thee be'st, then, for if thee tries to take the knife from I, I'll kill thee, so help me God!" The late humour, which seems inseparable from greatness of all kind, played around the mouth of the good man, as he answered, "So help you devil! my friend. God does not help to commit murder." And then he added, more quietly, "I am not going to take the knife from you: if you give it to me, it shall be of your own free-will, or not at all." And in this manner he came close to the criminal, and, placing his hand upon his shoulder, spoke to him kindly and solemnly, until the eyes of the reprobate fell; and then he said, "I knew you would not kill me, because I came for your good. *Now*, give me the knife." And the knife was given him the word. After a little time the door of the cell was re-opened, the soldiers were quickly removed; for the turnkey found the late desperate culprit on his knees, in tears a woman, and in weakness a child.—*Weekly Chronicle*.

DO YOU PRAY?

David did. His circumstances were indeed unfavorable. A crown was upon his head. The care of a kingdom pressed hard upon him. He might have said, "I have no time." But he prayed. He prayed much. Prayer formed one of his most influential habits. What proofs and illustrations abound in those wonderful writings, the Psalms! How touching, earnest, often sublime, were his cries unto God?

Daniel did. He was indeed a statesman and courtier. He lived in the midst of idolaters. To them his religion was offensive. The King bade him not to pray unto the Lord. If he did, it was at mortal peril. The great men of Babylon conspired to do this very thing the means of his ruin. Still he prayed. He did it, not ostentatiously, but without concealment. His religious principle was stronger than his fear of men. "Three times a day he kneeled, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as at one time."

St. Paul did. It was the first pulse and expression of his new life in Christ. "Behold he prayeth!" said the Spirit. The fact was the surpassing but conclusive proof of his spiritual change.

From being Saul the persecutor, it was thus shown he had become Paul the saint. However, after that event, his life was one of prayer, as well as heroic labor; of prayer for himself, for his countrymen, for the Gentile world, for the blood-bought church. However, more intense, sublimer aspirations probably never ascended from a soul on this side heaven.

Our Lord Jesus Christ did. This is a most impressive truth. It ought to be pondered by all who do not pray. The Saviour was perfect. He was Divine. He sustained no relations of dependence. He had no sins to be forgiven. There were in Him no evil passions to be subdued. He was subject to no temptation that He could not resist. He was assailed by no enemy whom He could not conquer. He had life in Himself. He had creative power. He had infinite merit. But He prayed. He prayed in earnest, and with His disciples.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the terror of His prayer."

Yes; David, Daniel, St. Paul, our Lord Jesus Christ, all prayed. The prophets and the saints were men of prayer. Even God, made man, prayed for you. Do you pray?

Poetry.

TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE COUNTRY.

Happy soon we'll meet again,
Free from sorrow, care, and pain;
Soon again we'll rise with dawn,
To roam the verdant, dewy lawn;
Soon the budding leaves we'll hail,
Or wander through the well-known vale;
Or weave the smiling wreath of flowers;
And sport away the light-wing'd hours.
Soon we'll run the agile race;
Soon, dear playmates, we'll embrace;
Through the wheat-field or the grove,
We'll hand in hand delighted rove;
Or, beneath some spreading oak,
Ponder the instructive book;
Or view the ships that swiftly glide,
Floating on the peaceful tide;

Or raise again the caroll'd lay ;
 Or join again in mirthful play ;
 Or listen to the humming bees,
 As their murmurs swell the breeze ;
 Or seek the primrose where it springs ;
 Or chase the fly with painted wings ;
 Or talk beneath the arbour's shade ;
 Or mark the tender shooting blade :
 Or stray beside the babbling stream,
 When Luna sheds her placid beam ;
 Or gaze upon the glassy sea—
 Happy, happy shall we be !'

—Mrs. Hemans.

TO MY MOTHER, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

And canst thou, mother, think the Muse
 Will this thy small request refuse,
 To breathe one simple lay ?
 Unhail'd, permit Time's fleeting wing
 Thy natal day once more to bring,
 Nor her small tribute pay ?
 Thrice hail the day ! and may it be
 A peaceful, happy day to thee ;
 May no rude cares annoy ;
 May Time's unceasing, fleeting wing
 Still many, many to thee bring,
 And each increasing joy.
 May no sad retrospective view,
 Of days long past, thy griefs renew,
 But Hope point thee on high ;
 And bid thee claim that lasting peace,
 Those pleasures which shall never cease,
 Nor ever fade or die.
 May the dark clouds which lour o'erhead,
 Disperse, and heaven's bright beams be shed,
 To cheer thee here below ;
 And when old age shall blanch thy cheek,
 And nature's powers grow dim and weak,
 Thy peace like rivers flow.
 O, may true godliness combine
 With every good in us to shine,
 And teach our minds to soar
 Above false pleasures, trifling mirth,
 The sorrows or the joys of earth,
 Where birthdays are no more !