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

AUGUST, 1854.

[No. 7.]

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

VOL. I.]

AUGUST, 1854.

[No. 7.

THE CONTRAST:

OR, THE FATHER OF FREDERIC THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA; AND
ALFRED THE GREAT, KING OF ENGLAND.

Frederic was one of the most peculiar of Sovereigns that the world ever saw. Such a brute as this besotted Bradenberger proved, within the limits of his domestic circle, would have almost astonished the boors of Pomerania, could they but have known his enormities. He maltreated his wife, beat his servants, camed his ministers, wore out his attendants, and half-starved his children when they were young, so as to render resistance out of question. His own daughter, an unexceptionable authority, has detailed scenes to which she was an eye-witness, and amidst which she was herself a severe personal sufferer, too shocking to be either dwelt upon, or even transcribed.

The monster would confine his hungry offspring, in their tenderest years, to a certain suite of apartments, dining; with them himself from a table far too inefficiently furnished for the number present, doling out to them a wretched mess, and after loading his own ample trencher with more food than he could consume or fancy, he would spit upon the remainder, lest the Prince and Princesses should help themselves to the fragments as soon as his back was turned.

His grand recreations were smoking and drinking; and the elysium of his pleasures, if they might be styled such, was the retreat of Wasserhausen, a royal chateau, in the court-yard of which six young bears mounted guard, with their fore-paws tied behind them, so that they were obliged to walk upon their hind legs. At Potsdam also, an old blind bear, belonging to the King, used to go about the town with his teeth broken out and his claws pared. When the picquets were summoned out, this creature would join them under arms; and it was notorious that whenever he heard the voice of His Majesty, he would run to him, and evince his fondness and attachment to him, as his most congenial companion and master.

Besides these irrational but appropriate comrades, the Monarch kept several court fools, whom he called his "Merry Councillors." One of them he appointed to the presidential chair of the Academy of Sciences, made him a Baron, invested him with the most fashionable costume of the day, and for years exhibited him, amongst the choicest circles, as a severe satire upon the nonsense and follies of his age. He carried economy so far, that when he got a good coat, he would wear linen sleeves in his cabinet, to preserve the cuffs as long as possible. He compelled his consort to find him powder and shot out of her slender revenues, letting her have whatever game might be killed in every *battue* as a sort of compensation. With the exception of conjugal infidelity, he revelled and grovelled in the coarsest vices; and when upon his death-bed, a faithful pastor had pointed out his flagrant transgressions, his incessant exclamations interrupted the catalogue, that, for not having committed adultery, the Almighty must forgive him all the rest. His few real virtues were, a close attention to public business when not inebriated; remarkable habits of early rising; plainness and simplicity in personal demeanour and appearance; generous regard for liberty of conscience; and, on the whole, an exertion of his authority for the welfare of his subjects. Such was the father of Frederic the Great.—*T. Campbell's Life of Frederic.*

What a contrast to our immortal Alfred, who in the thirty-eighth year of his age began the study of Latin, and acquired such a knowledge of it as to translate several works from that language into his own; who could say, "When I took the kingdom, very few on this side of the Humber, very few beyond, not one that I recollect south of the Thames, could understand their prayers in English, or could translate a letter from Latin into English;" who at an advanced period of his reign was called, "The truth-teller!"

Alfred was diligent in the perusal of the Scriptures, exemplary in the habits of devotion, assiduous in the administration of justice, and ever attentive to the improvement and happiness of his people. He was indeed a "patriot King." Though born in a dark age, and having almost everything useful to work out for himself, he did wonders for his country and for his posterity, which will never be forgotten, and which will render his name most deservedly honourable to the latest generations. "Scarcely any example can be produced of a man who so happily combined the magnanimous with the milder virtues; who joined so much energy in war with so much elegance and usefulness in peace; and whose versatile faculties were so happily apportioned and adjusted as to adorn and secure each other, and give solidity, strength, and beauty to the whole character." From the example of our Alfred we may learn that true religion is compatible with active life and dignified station; that it is the best preservative from sin, the most forcible incentive to duty, and the only foundation for a hope of immortal happiness beyond the grave. Can this be said of the father of Frederic?

U N C L E S A M .

Uncle. What are you bringing me, my children ?

Children. A beautiful nosegay, uncle : the flowers are all fresh, and they look so pretty, and smell so sweet.

U. Thank you for them. They are beautiful indeed. I will have them put in fresh water, and they will do for me to admire for several days.

C. Uncle, there is one question we should like to ask. The flowers are very pretty, and some of them smell very sweet ; but are they of any particular use ?

U. Well, my dears, that is not a very easy question. It may be answered more ways than one.

C. Tell us how, uncle.

U. The Bible teaches us that we may learn some useful lessons from them. Here is the Testament. Tell me what you find in Matthew, sixth chapter, and 28th and 29th verses.

C. " And why take ye thought for raiment ? consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

U. Look at the flowers. Think of the beauty and variety of their colours and of their forms. Talk of royal robes. What robe has beauty like that of flowers ? And this is not by chance. Each flower is what it is by the will of God, planning and designing it beforehand, and then executing it according to his plan. Everything about the plant is arranged to make the flower what it is.

C. Well, uncle, and what lesson does this teach us ?

U. Our Lord tells you in the next verse. If God, in his providence, takes such care of these fading and inanimate flowers, shall he not take care of man, whom he created in his own image, who has a soul capable of knowing and loving God, and which shall live for ever ? God *does* take care of the flowers of the field and the garden, or else they would not be what they are. But if he takes thought for flowers, shall he neglect man, especially if man be obedient to his will ?

C. Thank you for this lesson. What is the next ?

U. Turn to the First Epistle of Peter, first chapter, 24th and 25th verses.

C. " For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass."

U. There, my children, stop a little. See that you have got hold of the exact thought which these words are intended to present.— There are many kinds of flowers you know, but you may now think of some field-flowers, very common, but not less beautiful for being so. Have you never seen a field with the green grass, and yet a great number of flowers like so many ornaments ?

C. O yes, uncle ! You must mean a field where there are plenty of buttercups and daisies.

U. Exactly so. Now think again. How long is the grass in the field ?

C. Why, uncle, in one sense, it is there all the year. Only the mowers go into the field and cut it down to make hay. But there is still the green grass at the bottom.

U. Well, and if the mower did not cut it, what then ?

C. O ! it would get dry, and brown, and quite withered.

U. But do the flowers stay all the year ?

C. No. They come up in the spring, and are gone again before the winter comes.

U. Well, then, you may read on. I think we have it now.

C. "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away : but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

U. And as "the grass withereth," so do all human beings die ; and as the flowers, which are the ornaments of the field, just appear for a season, and fade, so is it with the "glory of man." All men are mortal, but all that seems great and glorious among them, all their pomp and pride, all this is as but the beautiful flowers among the grass. Sometimes this glory is obscured by disgrace ; or men change their minds and forget it ; and at all events, its possessors die, and others come in their place. The grass withers ; but even before the grass withers, the flowers fade and decay. And thus the grass and the flowers teach us the vanity of all earthly things. Only you must not forget, my dear children, that there is something which does *not* fade away.

C. Yes ; "The word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word which, by the Gospel, is preached unto you."

U. God himself, you know, is eternal, and his word is eternal truth. The opinions of men change ; but the doctrines of the Bible remain ever the same. The commandments of God are ever the same. He does not require us to-day to do one thing, and another thing to-morrow. There is one unchanged and unchangeable rule of duty. And so is it with God's "exceeding great and precious promises ;" especially his promises of mercy in Christ Jesus. His promises that he will save us by his grace, guide us with his counsel, and finally receive us to his glory, are all unchangeable as God himself. Whatever else fails, (and men fail in death) ; the old die ; the young, though beautiful and delicate as flowers, die ; heaven and earth shall pass away,) the truth of God fails not. "The word of the Lord abideth forever." Flowers, you see, are of *some* use. Every time you see them, remember the lessons which the Bible instructs you to gather from them. Trust in the love and care of your heavenly Father ; and, instead of loving and seeking the things which pass away, set your affections on things above, and diligently seek them, for they remain for ever and ever.

THE DYING CHILD.

The following beautiful picture is taken from a recent Boston publication, entitled, "Our Parish :"—

Carrie sat down near Ellen, on the side opposite her father, and held her other hand, bathing it with tears.

"O, my Saviour!" sweetly exclaimed the child, rolling up her eyes in an ecstatic frenzy of feeling; "Come, Jesus! come quickly! take me to thy bosom!"

"Almost home," said Mr. Humphreys in a low voice; "almost home, dear child."

"Yes, yes, I see the blessed heaven. Come, my Saviour! Come, Lord, come quickly! O, my dear father, make your peace with God; Jesus stands waiting for you with open arms. We shall meet again in heaven."

"Yes, in heaven!" repeated Mr. Humphreys.

"Little Alfred, and Arthur, and dear mother, too!" added the exhausted and rapidly-sinking girl. "O, we shall never be separated again."

"No more death!" said Mr. Humphreys; "no more tears—no more parting. Blessed be Jesus for his dear promises to us all."

"Yes, blessed—blessed Jesus!" she repeated; "dear father, do give yourself to God; it will make me die so happy; I shall know then that you will meet us again. Only tell me before I die, that you will give up your heart, all your heart, dear father. I can not stay long; my breath is so hard!"

The father wept as a child; he was perfectly unmanned. This was the sinking away of his last hope and stay. Henceforth his way in the world would be alone.

"Yes, yes, my child!" he cried, "I do, I do."

"All, father? your whole heart?" asked the dying girl, her pale face lighting with an expression still more heavenly.

"Dear Ellen, I hope I may live the rest of my life as I should. I will try and reach heaven."

It was all he could say. He wept afresh, bowing his head.

The answer was sufficient.

"O, I am so happy!" she exclaimed; "I am dying so easy? How long shall I be dying, Mrs. Humphreys? It doesn't seem to me like death; I do not fear it, I think I shall be so much happier with Jesus; and no more sorrow, and no more sickness, nor trouble, nor pain—O, this is death!"

Her fragmentary expressions so deeply affected her father, and her dear friend, Mrs. Humphreys, that they were unable to answer her much. Mr. Humphreys alone remained calm through the whole.

She thanked both her friends over and over again for their kindest of care, and hoped they would always be happy here, and finally ob-

tain their exceeding great reward. Then she asked Mr. Humphreys if he would not repeat that hymn which was a favourite of hers, beginning—

“ Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as do’vny pillows are,”

which he did, she repeating many of the lines after him, and seeming to realize the deep truth of each one of them.

She at length lay quiet for some minutes, they all watching her breathing intently. It was evident that the flame was flickering just preparatory to going out. She seemed to lie in the lap of some sweet dream.

Suddenly she opened her eyes widely, and looked round at each one of them.

“ Farewell ! farewell ! we shall all meet in heaven. Come, Lord Jesus ! come quickly ! ” she exclaimed in a voice but little above a dying whisper.

These were her last words. She had reached heaven and home at last.

There she lay, looking more like a scraph than a being of earth, her face whiter than the pillow itself, and that dying smile peacefully lingering about her colourless lips.

Gone ! yes, the frail child had gone where her frame would be no more exposed to disease, nor the heart chilled with the cold contact of earth ; where the clouds and mists are never seen in the sky, and the bright sunshine laughs over the plains eternally.

And still the snows came down without, and the ground was white with its fleecy covering. But the storm was noiseless when the spirit passed away.

SUBJECTS FOR REFLECTION FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT MANY BOOKS.

The most holy men are always the most humble men : none so humble on earth as those that live highest in heaven. The blessed apostle St. Paul, who had been caught up into the third heavens, and had such glorious revelations as could not be uttered, yet spoke of himself as “ less than the least of all saints.” So Abraham said, “ I who am but dust and ashes.” Here you have the father of the faithful, the greatest believer in the world, accounting himself but dust and ashes. Dust notes the baseness of his original ; and ashes, his deserving to be burnt to ashes, if God should deal with him in justice rather than mercy. The nearer any soul draws to God, the more humble will that soul lie before God. None so near God as the angels ; none so humble before God as the angels. (Isai. vi. 1, 2.) So Jacob,—a man eminent in prevailing with God, a Prince that had power with God, that wrestled and overcame,—Jacob says, “ I am

not worthy of the least of all the mercies thou hast showed unto thy servant." He judges himself unworthy of the least, that had obtained the greatest, for he had prevailed in wrestling with God. Ah! how low is that soul in his own eyes, that is most honourable in God's eyes! And then take David; a man after God's own heart, highly honoured, much beloved, dearly prized by the Lord. Yet he says, "I am a worm and no man." The clearest sight and vision of God does always give a man the fullest sense of his own emptiness, sinfulness, and nothingness.

A truly humble soul forgets not the past; but is good at looking back upon his former low estate. Whatever he wears now, he does not forget his threadbare coat that was his best, perhaps his only, robe. David remembered his shepherd's crook, as Jacob did his travelling staff. Mercies make a humble soul glad, but not proud. A humble soul is lowest when his mercies are highest; he is least when he is greatest; most poor when most rich. Nothing melts like mercy; nothing draws like mercy; nothing humbles likes mercy.

The truly humble man lives, not on himself, but on Christ. All the sighing, mourning, sobbing, and complaining in the world, does not so undeniably evidence a man to be humble, as his forsaking his own righteousness, and living only upon Christ, "the Lord his righteousness." This is the greatest demonstration of humility. Has he anything? He has it as though he had it not. God gives it him.—Does he hope for mercy, for heaven? All is God's gift in Christ.—All his glorying is in the Lord. Proud Pharisees bless themselves in their own righteousness. The twenty-four elders whom John saw threw down their crowns at the feet of Christ.—*Thomas Brooks* (1655).

True humility loves to see others honoured. It does not want to have all to itself, to be singled out from others, or raised above them. It will ever seek to distinguish them, and will rejoice when distinction comes to them. He does not feel uneasy in hearing them praised.—He will join in the praise, and in proportion to his humility will be the pleasure which he takes in doing so. If he feels uneasy because his brother is praised, he is proud. If he praises him with cold praise, half praise, praise with an *if*, or a *but*, it is because he is proud. God's law in the word is, "In honour preferring one another;" and this law the Spirit writes in the heart. The *natural* man says, "Do not pass by me: take notice of me." The *regenerate* man says, "Do not pass by my *brother*: take notice of my *brother*."

ANECDOTE OF A WELSH CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Henry Davies was a Clergyman of great zeal and diligence. He laboured for some time as a Curate at Llandowrer.—During this period it is said that as he was walking early one Sunday

morning to the place where he was to preach, he was overtaken by a brother Clergyman on horseback, who complained that he could never get more than half-a-guinea for a discourse. "O, Sir," said Mr. Davies, "I preach for a crown." "Do you?" replied the stranger; "then you are a disgrace to the cloth." To this abrupt declaration Mr. Davies meekly replied, "Perhaps I shall be held in greater disgrace in your estimation, when I inform you, that I am now going nine miles to preach, and have but sevenpence in my pocket, to bear my expenses out and in; and do not expect the poor pittance remitted that I am now in possession of; but I look forward to that CROWN OR GLORY which my Lord and Saviour will freely bestow upon me, when he makes an appearance before an assembled world."

This laborious Minister died in the Lord about the end of March, 1770, and was interred in his parish church, his spiritual children kneeling round his grave, and bedewing it with tears of unaffected sorrow.

J. T.

SPIRITUAL AND PRACTICAL RESOLUTIONS.

BY THE LATE DR. PORTER, OF ANDOVER, U. S.

I. *The care of my heart.*

1. I will endeavour to keep the Sabbath holy. I will avoid conversation on worldly topics, and will not allow myself to think on any matter of common business, nor to read literary or professional books, on this holy day.

2. Special hindrances excepted, I will endeavour to maintain secret devotion steadily, at least twice a day.

3. I will recollect every day that I am mortal.

4. When any doubtful thing is to be done, I will ask myself, "How will it bear the eye of God's omniscience? how will it appear at the judgment?"

5. I will endeavour to repress all undue regard to the praise or censure of men, by recollecting that God is a witness of all that I *do* or *think*.

6. I will guard against *selfishness*, as the abominable thing which the Lord hates. When I detect myself in being especially pleased with a good action, because 't is done by *myself*, or done by another through *my* advice, I will condemn the littleness of such feelings as below the dignity of Christian principles. In all such cases, I will not speak of myself without some obvious reason: first, because it may cherish pride; and, secondly, because it may exhibit the appearance of pride to others.

7. I will consider myself as sacredly accountable to God for my improvement of the *influence* attached to my station; and will endeavour to distinguish betwixt the respect which is given to my *office*, and that which would in other circumstances be given to *myself*.

II. *Care of my tongue.*

1. When I am angry, I will never speak till I have taken at least as much time for reflection as Asthenodorus prescribed to Cæsar.

2. I will never talk to an angry man.

3. I will not talk to a man intoxicated with strong drink.

4. I will receive admonition from my friends with candour and thankfulness ; and will be careful not to make a peevish reply to any one who gives me advice, though it be officious or even impertinent.

5. That I may be kept from speaking amiss of my Christian brethren, I will pray for them.

6. With the exception of cases in which Christian prudence requires secrecy, I will consider it sinful to say anything of others *privately*, which I could not say *openly*. In general, I will deal in *secrets* as little as possible.

7. I will not mention the fault of another when I have not good reason to hope that some valuable end will be answered by my doing so.

III. *Self-examination.*

I will regard the Bible as the only infallible test of character.— With this in my hands, if I am deceived as to my spiritual state, it is my own fault.

I am satisfied that one great reason why so many real Christians live doubting, and die trembling, is the neglect of self-examination.

1. I will beware of relying upon official religion. I will never take it for granted that I am a Christian because others consider me so ; nor because my profession or station require that I should be a Christian.

2. In judging of myself, I will make due allowance for the restraints I have been under from early education, from dear Christian friends, and from regard to public opinion ; and will never ascribe to Christian principles the absence of faults which I am under no temptation to commit.

3. In any doubtful case, where good and bad motives are mingled as excitements to action, I will not conclude that the good motives influence me, without the most serious scrutiny.

4. I will watch my heart under *affliction*. As the severest strokes that I have felt hitherto, have been my *greater mercies*, I will not, like the perverse child that attempts to resist or escape correction, try to break away from the rod of my heavenly Father ; but will give him my hand, and beg him to repeat his strokes when he sees it necessary to purify my soul from sin.

IV. *Studies.*

1. I will read no book without the expectation of real benefit ; and will consider that as *lost time* which is spent in reading without *attention* and *reflection*.

2. I will never covet the reputation of knowing *everything*.

3. I will never speak confidently when I am in doubt, nor scruple to say that I am *ignorant* when I am so.

4. Having suffered severely from late studies at night, I will never pursue any serious study after ten o'clock in the evening.

5. I will not read any book which I should be unwilling to have it *known* that I have read ; or the reading of which I shall probably recollect with regret on my dying bed.

6. Since my time for study is so much restricted by frail health and numerous engagements, I will consider it as a sacred duty to spend no time in the attitude of study without direct and vigorous application of my mind to some important subject.

7. I will not hold myself at liberty to neglect duties that are plainly devolved upon me by the providence of God, even though these duties debar me from studies which I earnestly wish to pursue.

V. *Preparation for death.*

1. When I awake to the light of a new day, I will endeavour to ask myself, each morning, "Could I know this to be my *last day* on earth, what duty that I have neglected ought to be performed?"

2. That I may not be surprised by death, I will endeavour to carry with me the habitual recollection that it may come at any moment.

3. I will often reflect that this life is only preparatory to eternity, and that He who stationed me here, knows how and when to call me away.

4. As my comfort in death must depend on my hope of heaven, I will often examine this hope ; but if I have good reason to believe that I shall live with Christ in glory, I shall have no reason for reluctance in leaving this world, any more than the sentinel in being called from his post after a stormy night, or the child who has been long from home in returning to his father's house.

5. I am satisfied from much observation, that the *bodily pangs* of *dying* are much less terrible than is commonly supposed, except in a few extreme cases. I will not, therefore, be greatly disquieted with the anticipation of these pangs.

VI. *Public deportment.*

1. I will endeavour to remember that as a *Minister of the Gospel*, my office is more important than that of any earthly potentate.

2. In my intercourse with men, I will endeavour not to degrade this office by exhibiting a *love of money* ; one of the vilest and most dangerous passions that infest the heart of a minister.

3. I will watch against levity in conversation ; a fault to which I am in danger of resorting as an antidote against the influence of feeble health.—Yet,

4. I will not identify in feeling, or in my conduct tempt others to identify *religion* and *melancholy* : because if I were to paint a Pharisee, I should give him a *sad countenance* ; but if an angel or my Saviour, a *cheerful* one. The fact that painters who are strangers to vital godliness, so generally, in representing Christ, give him the aspect of sadness, I will endeavour to make instructive to myself.

AN OLD WOMAN'S ADDRESS TO HER COTTAGE-FRIENDS.

I am an old woman, my friends ; and I have, in the course of my life, seen so many unhappy mothers, that I would fain, before I leave the world, tell you how I think you may all avoid the same unhappiness. What do you most wish to do to secure the lasting happiness and prosperity of the children you so tenderly love ? Do you wish you could make them *rich, and learned, and great* ? Alas ! *riches* from many causes are, of all things, the least to be depended on ; and we often see those, who are living in the greatest plenty, suddenly reduced to poverty, which comes the harder, when people have been used to abundance. *Learning* is, no doubt, a fine thing, when *quite* properly used, but how often does it puff people up with pride, and make them look down with scorn upon those who have not had the same advantages. It is the same with *greatness* ; and you have often seen children get on in the world very much beyond what they had a right to expect ; and yet it has not ended in the comfort of themselves or their families. *That good luck*, as it is commonly called, has perhaps become a snare to them, and they have been tempted to commit the sin of neglecting their parents, and despising those who were once their equals. But, my friends, give to your children religious instruction ; teach them, from their early childhood, of the great blessings purchased for them by the death of their Redeemer—that, thereby, they may become members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven :—Give them, in your own conduct, an example of the faith, the obedience, the humility, and the patient industry of a Christian ; shew them the natural sinfulness of their own hearts ; carefully and kindly instruct them to watch and pray lest they be led into temptation ; and then you will give them a happiness which the greatest riches cannot buy, which learning and greatness cannot give, and which even sorrow and disappointment cannot take away.

I shall now give you an instance, in a short history of a young man who lived in my neighbourhood. His parents were in a decent trade, by which they got a respectable living, and had no other child than this one boy, of whom they were doatingly fond : he was a remarkably quick, clever child ; and, at a little school, to which he had been sent at an early age, he learnt to read so soon, that his father and mother sent him (at a greater expense than they could well afford) to a higher sort of school. The boy got on surprisingly, and was often in the evenings, when he returned from the school, made to show his learning to a neighbour, that he might gain praise,—which made him very proud and self-sufficient. As these parents, unhappily, were not religious people, the father seldom went to Church in a morning, but would stay at home to settle the weekly accounts of his shop, and would often keep his boy at home to help him. They generally went

in the afternoon, and, sometimes, when the child was very young, they taught him his Catechism ; but the cold, indifferent manner in which they did this was not likely to do the boy much good ; and, had they been heathens, and never heard of God, and all his mercies to sinful man, their hearts could not (as they afterwards confessed) have been more insensible to all the blessed truths of Religion ; and they might be truly said to live without God in the world. Their trade went on very prosperously, and they were very eager to save money, that they might give their darling more learning and better clothes, that he might make as good an appearance as his school-fellows, in a higher condition. They saved money, too, with the intention of putting out their son to some *genteel* calling. At the age of sixteen, the father of one of his school-fellows offered to take him as a clerk in his business of a wine-merchant ; and, as Richard, which was the boy's name, observed that the gentlemen who made this offer appeared to be a very rich and genteel person, he determined to go to him. His only scruple was, that he should live in the same town with his parents, of whom he had long begun to be ashamed ; but he thought it too good a thing to be refused, and accordingly entered on his new employment, and gave such satisfaction, that he soon became a great favourite with his master, a most worldly-minded man, who, eager to serve mammon, forgot to serve his God, and made no scruple of shutting himself up in his counting-house on the morning of the Sabbath, with his young clerk, to reckon up and rejoice in the gain of the past week, and to plan still greater gains for the future ; the evenings were spent more gaily. Richard was constantly admitted into the family, and soon taken to live in the house ; while, all this time, his parents were neglected. Sometimes, in the dusk of the evening, he would pass an hour or two with them ; and, though they had long keenly felt the neglect of their beloved child, yet, when they saw him dressed like a gentleman, they forgot their grief, and gloried in the fine prospects which he had in view. These prospects were made good : his master in a few years gave him a share of his business ; and, soon afterwards, consented to his marriage with his daughter, a shewy, conceited young woman, who thought only of having fine clothes, and going about to display them, and who made a condition with Richard, that he should never ask her to visit his parents. The business increased ; money came in fast ; the wine-merchant and his son-in-law laboured and feasted Sunday and week-day, till the young man caught a violent cold by standing too long in a damp wine-vault, and was seized with a most painful and fatal illness. And, now, came the proof of how little value, in the time of trial, is *all* that worldly-minded people call *good*. Poor Richard's money could not give him ease ; and the acute sufferings of his body were nothing compared with the torments of his mind. He now felt that there was a God ; though he had lived so wholly regardless of Him : he now felt that his soul was about to be required of him, and oh, how did he dread

it ! How vainly did he wish that he had thought sooner of these things ! But, unhappily, with all his dread, repentance came not : his heart, hardened by prosperity, and unused to pray, could only entreat that he *might not die*.—*Three days and three nights did he spend in an arm-chair*, refusing to go to bed, as if he thought death would come *there* the sooner ; and, so dreadful were his fears, and his ravings of terror, that no one could stay in his room for many minutes together, except his poor wretched mother, in whose bosom, his arms clasped tight round her neck, in an agony of despair, he breathed his last.

Parents, whose children are still young, think of this *true story* ! Think of the misery of seeing your child die in *such a state* ! Fancy you hear him accusing you, as poor Richard's heart-broken mother several times heard him accusing her, as *the cause* of such distress.—And, now, let me again ask what you can best do to secure the happiness of your children ? What, but train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. How gladly would the wretched parents, of whom I have been writing, have given all the learning and all the riches of their darling child for one ray of Christian hope in his dying hour. !

Mothers ! to whom the early care of children generally falls, teach them from their first childhood, to serve and obey the God who created them ;—to believe in, and to love, the Saviour, who died for them ;—to pray for the grace of the Holy Spirit to sanctify and renew their hearts, that in this life they may have that peace, which *Religion alone* can give, and that, in the hour of death, they may have the blessed hope to rise through the merits of their Redeemer, to the joys of his heavenly kingdom !

Christian Mothers ! deny not to the children of your love such happiness ;—impress upon their young minds the blessed truths of your Bible ; teach them by your example, as well as by your precepts, to consider it as their greatest treasure, and pray *with* them, and *for* them, that you may be enabled there to learn “the way, the truth, and the life.”

E. M.

THINGS NOT IN ORDER.

1. To stand before the church door before service.
2. To engage in any kind of conversation, even religious, between the time of your going in and the commencement of worship. That interval should be spent in composing the thoughts for the solemnities of the approaching services.
3. To salute persons coming in, by bowing, smiling, etc. It is profanation.
4. To look around to catch the eye of a friend, and smiling at any remark from the pulpit.

5. To allow your children to be stuffing themselves all the time, with apples, sweet cakes, candy, or anything else.

6. Sleeping in church.

7. To be reaching for garments, or adjusting the dress, while the blessing is pronounced.

8. To commence laughing, talking, and saluting one another, as soon as the people are dismissed.

9. To stand in the door or aisle, and detain others getting out.

10. To stand around the door, gazing at the ladies as they leave the church, to see who conducts them, and many other things which as little concern others.

INFLUENCE OF THE SUN AND MOON ON THE HEALTH IN HOT CLIMATES.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day." Psalm xci. 5.

"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." Psalm cxxi. 6.

In February, 1819, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell sailed in a transport with troops for the island of Ceylon. Of the voyage, he kept and has since published, a journal, from which we give the following extracts, illustrative of the texts above quoted.

He first gives a beautiful description of

A SUNSET AT SEA BETWEEN THE TROPICS.

"Those who have never before been in a tropical climate, are occasionally greatly astonished and delighted with the magnificence of the setting sun. One evening in particular, the almost full moon was ascending to the eastward of the ship, at the moment when the sun was descending below the horizon, enveloped in clouds of various forms, and partaking of many brilliant as well as deep colours, all heaped together in the most picturesque and wonderful manner. They imagined that they beheld mountains, bays, promontories, towns, castles, &c., all resplendent in, I may say, golden magnificence; but what surprised them most was, that the immense objects before them were incessantly assuming new and extraordinary forms, tinged with still greater variety of shades and colouring. I had often seen such scenic imagery in former voyages, but I never had beheld it so diversified, grand, and beautiful, as upon this occasion."

Then follow some references to the

DANGERS OF THE MOON BY NIGHT.

"How delightful are the nights in these latitudes! But no persons ought, upon any account, to lie down or sleep upon deck; and therefore every half hour the officer has to rouse up the watch on duty, and make them walk round the masts for a few minutes. This may ap-

near to an inexperienced person as if it were merely done to annoy ; but there is nothing so seriously affects people's health as allowing them to sleep exposed to the night air, and especially to the baneful influence of the moon. If this is permitted, colds, fevers, dysentery, and other diseases quickly follow, as the certain consequences of such imprudent exposures. This ought always to be carefully attended to by those who have charge of troops or emigrants going to distant parts of the world."

We have afterwards an account of a

C O U P - D E - S O L E I L , O R S U N - S T R O K E .

"On the 26th of March we crossed the equinoctial line, when the thermometer was 83 degrees at noon in the shade, on deck 86 degrees, in the sun 104 degrees, and the temperature of the sea, of which I kept a daily register, 84 degrees. One of the soldiers, from going about without his cap, received a *coup-de-soliel*. In a moment he became delirious, and madly attempted to throw himself into the sea, a number of sharks constantly showing themselves at the time close to the ship. The surgeon being at hand, he was instantly profusely bled; and powerful medicine being administered, he, in a few days, entirely recovered, and without suffering from fever, which usually follows a *coup-de-soliel*."—*Excursions, &c., in Ceylon, by Lieutenant-Colonel James Campbell.*

R U N I C M A X I M S .

Whilst we live, let us live well ; for be a man ever so rich when he lights his fire, death may perhaps enter his door before it be burnt out.

Flocks perish, relations die, friends are not immortal ; you will die yourself ; one thing alone is out of the reach of fate, and that is the judgment which is passed upon the dead.

I N F L A M M A B L E E F F E C T S O F D R I N K I N G S P I R I T S .

Moragui and others have furnished us with many instances of the dreadful effects of drinking, on the brain : yet one of the most awful effects is that of combustion, or being burnt by the fumes arising from the stomach. I will insert a few as a warning. Sturmius says, "That in northern countries flames often burst from the stomachs of drunkards. Three noblemen, of Courland, having laid a bet which of them could drink the most spirits, two died in consequence of suffocation by the flames, which issued in great violence from their stomachs." We are told, by Batholin, "That a soldier who had drunk to excess died, after an irruption of flames from his mouth."

Le Col mentions the death of Madame de Boison, "She had drunk spirits for several years ; she was sitting in her elbow chair ; the maid seeing her mistress on fire, immediately gave the alarm, and some people hearing, came to her assistance, and endeavored to extinguish the flames with the hand, but they adhered to it as if they had been dipped in brandy, or oil on fire ; water was brought and thrown upon the lady in abundance ; yet the fire appeared more violent, and was not extinguished till the whole flesh had been consumed."

"The Countess Cornelia Bondi, of the town of Cevena, one evening experiencing a drowsiness, retired to bed, her maid remaining with her till she fell asleep ; next morning, when the girl entered to awaken her mistress, she found nothing but her remains in a most horrid condition."

"A woman, about fifty, who indulged to excess in spirituous liquors, and got drunk every day before she went to bed, was found entirely burnt and reduced to ashes."

"A woman of Paris, who had been accustomed, for three years, to drink spirits of wine, was one day found entirely reduced to ashes, except the skull and the extremities of the fingers."

The baneful effects of ardent spirits are pervading many parts of our country, and even infants following their mothers to those destructive haunts, wine-vaults, and gin-shops, there suck in the poisonous drugs, and thus destroy health, long before they arrive even at a period of youth.*

CHRIST AN UNCHANGEABLE FRIEND.

Parents may die ; friends may drop off ; riches may make themselves wings and fly away ; flesh and heart may fail : but Jesus Christ is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother ! a friend that loveth at all times ! an everlasting Father ! The riches of his grace are satisfying and durable ; and when all sublunary things shall fail, He will be the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever.—*Rodda.*

T H E C O N T R A S T .

Whose is that palace-dwelling, these rich and tasteful gardens, the costly equipage ? They are a small part of the property of a *millionaire*, who, in the enjoyment of health, and surrounded by troops of friends, has said to his soul ; "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." A week passes, and from that noble mansion two mourning processions come forth, directing their march to the solitary cemetery. And who

* This one lamentable fact calls loudly on the legislature to investigate, and prompt to remedy, this rapid and destructive contagion of morals.

the dead that are carried forth? The rich man and his wife. Are they now objects of envy? Are any of those who would have gladly exchanged conditions with them a few weeks since, ready now to make the exchange? Alas! the wealth which appeared so inviting as for them lost its lustre, and what is its value if it could not purchase a reprieve from the grave? Seek not for riches. It is an uncertain and an unreal possession. It soon changes hands, and if it does not wane the heart from God and Heaven, it at least furnishes no qualification for the higher and holier enjoyments of a better world.—*Phil. Presbyterian.*

NOVEL READING.—FIFTEEN REASONS AGAINST IT.

1. *Those who write novels*, especially the popular novels of our day, are known to be lax in principle, and loose in life. As is the tree, so be the fruit. 'Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'

2. If any good there be in novels, there is *no good which can not be obtained elsewhere.*

3. Their general tendency is to evil. They often present virtue and vice in *false colours.*

4. Novel reading is a *wicked waste of time*; which should be employed in the acquisition of useful knowledge. Precious hours, more precious than rubies, which God has given for noble and holy purposes, are wasted in ministering to the morbid appetite of a depraved heart. Will not he who has thus squandered time,

'That stuff that life is made of,
And which when lost is never lost alone,
Because it carries souls upon its wings,'

mourn at the last, when his flesh and his body are consumed, and say, how have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof?

5. Their *cost*, is another objection. True, very many works of fiction and romance are put at a low price—but the cost of these, during a lifetime, amounts to a large sum. Miss W. paid \$70, in one year, for novels, including the fashion plate magazines, Godey, Graham, Harper, &c. And whose money was this, expended to gratify a vitiated taste? hers or God's? 'Ye are bought with a price.'

Is this laying up treasure in heaven, with God's money? or heaping fuel to feed the flame of immortal woe? Beware, novel reader, BEWARE!

6. Novel reading *begets a vain, volatile, trifling, frivolous mind.* Are not most habitual readers of fictitious works, excessively fond of gay and expensive clothing—external decorations, ornaments of jewelry, of 'gold, pearls, and costly array,' which God has strictly forbidden?

'The imagination becomes wild and extravagant, like a ship in a storm without compass or helm. A distorted imagination unfits hu-

man beings to live and think and act, in this common-sense, matter-of-fact world of ours. Hence the many disappointments, the discontents, the misery, the broken-hearts, the insanity, and the suicides among novel-readers.'

7. 'The *knowledge* stored away in the mind of novel-readers, is *nothing* more than a huge, unsightly mass of *errors* ! The memory having nothing to do, must wear out in its own indolence.'

8. 'The *judgment* becomes *weakened*, the reasoning powers unhinged, and all the perceptive faculties destroyed or greatly vitiated. More than this, all the generous affections of the heart, and all the noble sensibilities of human nature, become blunted and seared under the blighting and withering influence of novel-reading !'

9. 'It also *injures the intellect*, by creating a distaste for nobler and more solid reading. Men do not like to go from the splendid palaces of kings—from the soft and lascivious saloons and drawing-rooms of dukes and counts, into the common walks of life—no, they would rather luxuriate amid the splendid castles and enchanted scenes of the novel writer !'

Who ever knew a novel reader, or one who spent, daily, whole hours, in pouring over the pages of Graham, Harper, Godey, and the like sugar-coated poisons, who was an ardent lover of God's book, a diligent student of the Bible ! a devout Christian, a holy, self-denying follower of Jesus Christ ?

10. Novel reading *unfits the mind for devotion*.

11. 'Novel reading produces *indolent and sluggish habits of thought*. The habitual novel reader unfits himself for intense mental application as the history of literature abundantly shows.'

12. 'Novel reading *poisons the soul* in all her faculties. 'The whole head becomes sick, the whole heart faint,' the native depravity is fed and fostered, and like the sickly plant of a hot-house, rapidly forced to maturity. The Bible, that 'dread wondrous book, the Author, God himself ; the subject, God and man,' that book which is a transcript of the Eternal Mind—that book which has 'God for its author, truth without error for its subject, and heaven for its object,'—that book has no charms for the novel reader ! No, it deals in truth and not in fiction ! and he has no soul to enjoy the beauties of truth.'

13. Novel reading *destroys the principles of virtue*, especially of female virtue. As evidence of this, look at the late Richmond, and other tragedies.

14. 'It lays the foundation of *mutiny and piracy*. Look at the unfortunate case of young Spencer, and others.'

15. *It lays the groundwork for gambling and stealing*.

Young men that have their minds vitiated, and their moral sensibilities perverted by novels, will not endeavour to procure wealth the ordinary way, by labour and patience ; this is too slow a process.

satisfy the fevered and excited mind. Fortune must be made at once. It drives young men to the theatre, the intoxicating bowl, and the house of ill fame! No language can portray in colours strong and dark enough, the moral evils of novel reading—it is a growing and unmixed, and an enormous moral evil.

It is one of the most potent engines the devil has ever been able to plant upon our earth, to undermine the principles of virtue, and subvert the morality of the Bible. It drives the individual from the sanctuary, closes the Bible, alienates the heart from God, and plunges the soul into temporal ruin, and eternal death! The habit grows with its growth, and if permitted to run on, will pollute the soul even in the world to come!

I would say in conclusion, especially to the young, *turn from them, shun them, fear them*, as you would the miasmata of the deadly upas. Oh! that I had the pen of a ready writer, I would spread out in *living and burning characters*, on widely-extended leaves, the physical, intellectual, and enormous moral evils of novel reading! Novels are sharp rocks just beneath the smooth surface of the moral sea of life, around which float in shattered fragments, the wrecks of lost and ruined millions! And yet others will still venture in that treacherous sea!

PARENT, in the name of God, we warn you, *beware* what your children read. A bad book, a bad periodical, is poison!

YOUNG GENTLEMEN, YOUNG LADIES, we warn *you*, we entreat *you*, we beseech *you*, touch not, taste not, handle not, these literary serpents—these popular works of fiction.

EDITORS, PUBLISHERS and BOOKSELLERS, in the name of God, as you value the soul immortal, on our bended knees we implore you, put up your swords, sheathe your daggers.

MINISTERS of the sanctuary, will you cease to cry aloud! spare the rags? Nay, lift up the voice like a trumpet! save the rising youth from the serpent that biteth, the adder that stingeth!

'Man that is in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.' 'This their way is their folly, yet their posterity approve their sayings.' P's. 49 : 12, 13.

NOTE.—The above are a few faint glimmerings of the awful, delirious, ruinous, soul-destroying consequences of this morbid appetite, this ruinous mania! Whence comes it—where the stepping-stones, this artificial, unnatural craving for mortal poison, deeply rooted in the soul, stronger than death?

Where was the relish first acquired—from a corrupt Eugene Sue! From a filthy, licentious novel? Or from the light popular readings, the fashionable literature, the religious romances, the miscellaneous, the sed, weeklies and monthlies, which flood our land? We have never classed the fashion plate magazines, the 'Harpers,' 'Godey's,' 'Petersons,' the 'N. Y. monthly,' and others of similar cast, with the

rotten literature, the vile, disgusting, polluting trash of the day. Far from it; but are they not infinitely more dangerous? Wherefore? Many articles in these popular works are of an elevated character, highly commendable, contain valuable precepts, good theology, strains of ardent piety, correct 'portraits of living ministers,' &c.; while the larger portion of them is made up of romance and romantic local tales, imaginary scenes, transporting the reader into an ideal world, gradually and imperceptibly vitiating the mental taste, relaxing the grasp on the pure, the holy, the infinite! The mind is thus prepared for stronger meat, larger and deeper draughts of the impure and visionary. The snare is concealed, the sweet is mingled with the bitter. Here the danger, here lies the serpent coiled. Beloved, the path is smooth and slippery. These steps also take hold on hell. Once taken, we are gone; gone! *forever* gone! How is it with the intoxicating bowl? Do we most fear the brothel, the low, dirty, filthy grogshop, where bloated cheeks, greasy pates, and red noses congregate? where, nightly, oaths and blasphemies ring? Will our amiable youths enter these hell of hells? Nay, but the genteel restaurant, the popular hotel, where sit the polished decanters of cordials, the sparkling, tempting wines. Drunkard-making commences in the fashionable circle of honor and polite etiquette. So with novel reading—Satan is 'moveable.'

Satan was the first author of novels, and his followers have been quite successful in carrying out the principles of his school. It was he who first addressed the imagination and passions of Eve in the garden of paradise; and was it not a deceptive and unfounded temptation that 'brought death into our world, and all our woe?'—*David Newton, Ed. 'Golden Rule.'*

TRUE GENTILITY.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar superficial way of understanding the word, is the devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself, in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate; not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen, I trust, are to be found; and many more would be, were the true meaning of the name borne in mind, and duly inculcated. But, alas! we are misled by etymology; and because a gentleman was originally *homo gentilis*, people seem to fancy they shall lose character unless they act as Gentiles.—*Guesses at Truth.*

B E G E N T L E .

Violence ever defeats its own ends. When you cannot drive, you always persuade. Few people will submit to coercion. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you. In the domestic circle especially, kind words and looks are most essential to connubial felicity. Children should never be spoken to harshly. It does them no good. If they commit a fault they should be corrected for it in a mild but firm manner, and the impression it makes upon them is sure to prove salutary.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST PRIDE.

Remember what thou wert before thy birth.—Nothing. What thou wert for many years after.—Weakness. What in all thy life.—A great sinner. What in all thy excellencies.—A mere debtor to God, to thy parents, to the earth, to all the creatures. Upon these, and the like meditations, if we dwell, and frequently retire to them, we shall see nothing more reasonable than to be humble, and nothing more foolish than to be proud.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

OUR DUTY TO GOD.

Fear God for his power ; trust him for his wisdom ; love him for his goodness ; praise him for his greatness ; believe him for his faithfulness ; and adore him for his holiness.—*Leighton.*

MAXIMS ON INDUSTRY.

A busy man is troubled with but one devil, but the idle man with thousand.—*A Turkish proverb.*

Men are usually tempted by the devil, but the idle man positively tempts the devil.—*A Spanish proverb.*

How much corrupting company, how many temptations to do wrong, how many seasons of danger to your character and to the peace of your friends, would you escape, by forming the habit of being steadily industrious every day ?—*Todd.*

Diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to greater enterprises.

LITTLE SINS.

We are saved from nothing if we are not saved from sin. Little sins are pioneers to hell. The backslider begins with what he foolishly considers trifling with little sins. There are no little sins. There was a time when all the evil that has existed in the world was comprehended in one single thought of our first parent; and all the present evil is the numerous and horrid progeny of one little sin!

MONDAY MORNING REFLECTIONS.

Let the faults of others excite thy pity towards them; thy caution as to thyself; and thy thankfulness to God, if he hath hitherto preserved thee from the like.

Beware of discovering (among grave men especially) any affectation of being pert or witty. They will think thy stock consists of all trifles and fool's baubles.

Tell not thy opinion before required; it will look as though thou upbraided others' ignorance, and overvalued thy own sufficiency.

Make an even account with Heaven by repentance at the end of every day; so shalt thou have but one day to repent of before thy death.

Poetry.

ALBUQUERQUE.

"ALBUQUERQUE died at Goa, in 1515. He was the greatest of all the Portuguese. Long after his death the poor and oppressed Indians repaired to his tomb as to the shrine of a god, to pray for his protection against the rapacity and injustice of his countrymen and their own."—"Memoirs of India."

A race of glory he had run,
 And grasp'd the wreath of fame.
 The conqueror's meed had proudly won,
 Bright victory and a NAME!
 The martial glance, the brow of pride,
 The lofty mien that death defied,
 The eye of quenchless fame,
 Proclaim'd a spirit born to show
 A warrior's deeds,—a patriot's glow.

He pass'd from earth :—yet o'er his sleep
 Beneath an eastern sky,

Bent long the wounded soul to weep
 'Mid wrong and cruelty ;
 For he had loosed the captive's bands,
 Had waked the lyre in sorrow's hands
 To deep'ning songs of joy,—
 And caused the sad, pale brow of care
 A brighter, gladlier look to wear.

Now drooping 'neath the' oppressor's rod,
 They sigh'd and wept in vain ;
 They knew not that their Maker, God,
 Beheld their grief and pain.
 A darkness as Egyptian gloom,
 O'erspread their pathway to the tomb,
 And check'd each joyful strain
 That fain would image prospects fair :
 Would it had lingered only there !

Around his tomb they slowly bend
 Who oft had hush'd their grief ;
 But, vain and powerless to befriend,
 He lends no kind relief.
 The chieftain plumes his lofty brow,
 His eye hath lost its fierceness now,
 It asks their sorrows brief ;
 And the fond mother clasps her child,
 In speechless agony and wild.

O had they known of One above,
 Who lists the softest sigh,
 Who views the stricken soul in love,
 And, touch'd with sympathy,
 Can pour the balm of heavenly peace,
 And hope inspire for heaviness,
 And joy for misery ;
 Then had they breathed to heaven their prayer,
 Nor wept unheard, unheeded there.

ADELINE.

P O P E R Y .

Ages have gone since first thy mystic name
 Appear'd in P'atmos to the saint of old ;
 Thy lying wonders, and accursed fame,
 Were then in heavenly vision darkly told,
 As through a vista deep we might dim shade behold.

How like a cloud, not dark at first as now,
 But gathering blackness as it journey'd on,
 Didst thou disperse thy gloom above, below,
 Till those fair beams of light and peace were gone,
 Which on our fallen world in healing rays had shone !

O Antichrist, thou art a fearful thing !
 What desolation in thy track appears !
 What records foul and stain'd can memory bring,—
 Of blood, and death, and wounds, and groans, and tears,
 Wrought by thy ruthless sway through slow-revolving years !

Man's deathless soul, born to expand on high,
 When ages infinite have gone their round,
 Thou sought'st to fetter down,—didst vainly try,
 With impious zeal, to throw thy chains around
 That to whose lofty range no limits can be found.

And when it spurn'd thy rule, what torture dire
 The quivering flesh with vengeful malice tore !
 The deadly rack, and slow-consuming fire,
 With many a hellish art untried before,
 Were all for them who scorn'd thy idols to adore.

The martyrs' bones lie bleach'd on many a plain ;
 By mountain-torrents and the Alpine flood
 Nobly they fell, nor shrunk from death nor pain ;
 But all thy rage with dauntless zeal withstood,
 Deeming the truth they loved bought cheaply with their blood.

O who could love thee, when thy treacherous hand
 Snatch'd from the hungry soul what God had given
 To feed its cravings in this barren land,
 And lead it on through toil and woe to heaven,
 From whose bless'd fields of joy all hurtful things are driven ?

Who would not wish the time foretold to come
 When thy long reign of falsehood will be o'er ;
 When thou wilt hasten to thy destined doom,
 Nor with thy arts deceive the nations more,
 But all our God will love, and God alone adore ?

Merciful God, send out thy light and truth ;
 Unsheath the Spirit's sword ; thy banners wave !
 Restore thy Zion to her pristine youth,
 And conquer all who would the soul enslave :—
 The long-doom'd system crush ; but them that hold it, save !

CAROLINE.

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