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

[II.]

JUNE, 1855.

[No. 6.]

THE FATHER AND SON.

"I TRIED the grape's oblivious power ;
Alas ! the power was vain :
My brain was madden'd for the hour,
Then felt its woes again."

A respectable part of the gay metropolis, there resided, many since, a gentleman of independent property ; who, with his family, moved in the highest style of fashionable life. Though not say he was "clothed in purple and fine linen," yet the bonies of the numerous guests who were invited to share the pies of his table, prove that he "fared sumptuously every day." had several daughters, and one son, William. The latter, from an early period of life, gave unequivocal indications of a love pleasure ; and long before he arrived at the age of manhood, he changed into all the excesses of folly and dissipation ; so that, in various circles in which he pursued his ungodly career, he was regarded as a perfect libertine. To the voice of parental duty he invariably turned a deaf ear ; and the reproaches of conscience were alike disregarded. The theatre, the ball-room, the tavern, and other places of immorality and vice, were alternately successively visited. He seldom returned home till after the chime of St. Paul's had tolled the hour of midnight. And the neighbours, who were compelled to sit up and wait for his return, usually found him in a state of intoxication.

It is no wonder that these dissolute habits, in one so young, should impair the health of the unhappy victim. Nor is it surprising that such an uninterrupted course of iniquity should prove the ruin of the peace and order of the family circle.

It is thus that domestic happiness is often interrupted ; and there

are instances innumerable upon record, in which the delinquencies of a single member have plunged a whole family in irretrievable wretchedness; causing the cry of lamentation to be heard, where the voice of joy and gladness had filled the bosom with delight.

On a cold frosty night, about the middle of December, William left his father's house for the purpose of attending a ball, agreeably to an arrangement which he had previously made with some of his profligate companions. The stars glittered in the heavens, and the air was remarkably bracing. Anticipating the pleasures which awaited him in the ball-room, he paced rapidly along the slippery pavement. On passing through — street, situated in a densely populated part of the city, he was attracted by the lights in the Wesleyan chapel. Supposing that the chapel was opened for divine service, and seeing a number of decently-dressed persons flocking towards the door, he involuntarily paused at the entrance of the building. He listened to the singing, and was charmed with the melody of the voices. A feeling of curiosity, which he could not withstand, induced him to mingle with the congregation; and for the first time in his life he found himself seated in a Methodist chapel. To the sermon he listened with marked attention: the language was chaste and classical, and the arguments were clear and forcible. During its delivery, the audience appeared to be deeply affected; and the most solemn stillness pervaded the whole assembly. But the vital doctrines of the Gospel, which formed the more prominent part of the discourse,—the guilt and depravity of man, the love of Christ in dying for the chief of sinners, and the necessity of a personal application to Him, through faith in His blood, in order to secure the remission of sins,—these were the truths which produced the most powerful impression on the heart and soul of William. He felt that he was a sinner; and more than once he was observed to raise his handkerchief to his eyes, to wipe away the tears which had been running from a broken and contrite spirit.

When the service had closed, instead of proceeding to the ball, as he had previously intended, he retraced his steps homeward; and with a heavy heart, he sought the retirement of his chamber. The agitation of his mind, arising from the deeply-solemn truths which he had heard, the load of guilt which he felt to be an almost insupportable weight upon his conscience, and the painful apprehensions of the judgments of the Almighty overtaking him, tended effectually to banish sleep from his eyes.

Most of the following day was spent in the seclusion of his

partment, where the youthful penitent employed the lingering hours in reading the sacred volume, which till now had been a sealed book; while, with bitter tears, and in broken accents, he fervently implored peace and pardon to his afflicted soul. He continued the same devout exercises for several successive days.

As yet his friends were unacquainted with the latent workings of his mind; for to no one, save his God, had he disclosed the sorrows of his breast. It is impossible, however, that this moral improvement, so sudden and so agreeable, could long be concealed from the several members of the family. All contemplated the change, which was so visible in his deportment, with feelings of complacency; and all felt equally anxious to ascertain the primary cause by which it had been produced.

William was one morning seated alone in the parlour, reading the Bible, when his father entered, and thus addressed him:—"William, I have observed, with much satisfaction, the recent improvement in your general conduct. Formerly you were wild and dissipated; and I became painfully apprehensive that your dissolute habits would lead you to a premature grave. You seldom returned home till midnight, and generally in a state of intoxication. The servants used to sit up for you; and your continued profligacy occasioned the greatest uneasiness to the family. But of late your conduct has been the reverse of this. You have forsaken your sinful associates; you have abandoned the vice of intemperance; and the servants, no longer required to wait so many hours for your return, have been enabled to retire to rest at a seasonable hour. Tell me, my son, who it is to whom I am indebted for this salutary change. I have talked to you faithfully and repeatedly; I have often warned you of the awful consequences of your guilty practices; and with the affection of a father have urged you to forsake your evil ways. But all my remonstrances have been in vain. I could never make the least impression on your mind. I am sure, therefore, that some friend, commiserating my misfortune in having such a disobedient son, has kindly interested himself in effecting the pleasing change, which I am happy to discover in your character and proceedings. Tell me his name, William, that I may thank him."

William, knowing his father's intense dislike of the Methodists, and indeed of all who are not in communion with the Episcopal church,—respectfully declined an answer. The father insisted; and the son as peremptorily refused. At length, a frown gathering on his countenance, the former exclaimed, "As a father, I command you to tell me."

“Well, father,” said William, “the change which you perceive in my conduct, and which you confess has afforded you so much satisfaction, was occasioned by an awakening sermon which I heard in a certain chapel, which a feeling of curiosity alone induced me to enter.”

“What chapel?”

“A Methodist chapel.”

The proud spirit of the father was instantly roused. “What,” he exclaimed, “have you been amongst that people? Never go there again.” Then kindling into a most turbulent passion, he continued, “If you go there again, I will dismiss you from my house. It would be a disgrace to my family were it known that you associated with that degraded people.

The distracted youth trembled under the rebuke of his father; and fearing the effects of his anger, he exclaimed despairingly, “If I go not there, I shall go to hell!” and rushed out of the house.

Cold blew the wintry wind, as he hurried through the crowded streets; but it could not cool the feverish heat of his excited mind. The beautiful sun rode majestically along the azure sky; but its beams could not disperse the gloom which hovered over his burdened soul. The splendid buildings which he passed, some of them rich in Gothic sculpture, and others displaying the elegance of modern architecture, failed to attract his attention; for they could not restore peace to his agitated bosom. There was One alone, who could heal his stricken heart, and diffuse peace and joy over his troubled spirit; but to Him he failed to look; to him his prayer was no longer directed. And he desperately resolved to seek an alleviation of his melancholy in the cup of intoxication. Entering a tavern, where he found several of his former associates already assembled, he grasped with avidity the inebriating goblet. Once more he mingled in the maddening roar of merriment, and echoed to the laughter of fools!

By this desperate expedient he effectually stifled the convictions of conscience; and every serious impression was effaced from his mind. In a short time, he died in a state of brutal intoxication!

* * * *

1. In the case of this young man we have a practical comment on a portion of our Lord's parable of the Sower:—“He that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when tribulation or persecutions ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended.” Under

the preaching of that word, William felt the force of divine truth; and was awakened to a sense of his sin and danger. But in the hour of "tribulation" and "persecution," he was "offended."— Instead of seeking strength from above, by which he would have been enabled effectually to stand in the evil day,—instead of trusting in the merits of the Redeemer, as the only efficient means of healing his wounded spirit,—he fled from the presence of God, and assayed to drown his sorrows in the cup of intoxication!

2. With respect to the conduct of his father, I need not say a word. I leave the reader to make his own comment. "*Nulla discordia major quam quæ a religione fit.*" The melancholy result of his deeply-rooted prejudice, as witnessed in the lamentable state of his only son, and which was obviously accelerated by his proud and turbulent spirit must be greatly deplored by all heads of families whose judgments have not been warped by a selfish, narrow-minded bigotry.

J. T. BARR.

USELESS KINDS OF RELIGION.

Reader, there are two ways by which a man may loose his own soul. What are they?

He may loose his soul by living and dying without any *religion at all*. He may live and die like a beast, prayerless, Godless, raceless, faithless. This is a sure way to hell. Mind that you do not walk in it.

He may loose his soul by taking up some useless *kind of religion*. He may live and die contenting himself with false christianity, and resting on a baseless hope. This is the commonest way to hell there is.

Reader, what do you mean by useless kinds of religion? Listen and I will tell you.

The first thing I wish to say is this. A religion is entirely useless *if which Jesus Christ is not the principal object*, and does not fill the principal place.

There are only two many baptized men and women who practically know nothing about Christ. Their religion consists in a few vague notions and empty expressions. "They trust they are no worse than others. They keep to their Church. They try to do their duty. They do nobody any harm. They hope God will be merciful to them. They trust the Almighty will pardon their sins, and take them to heaven when they die." This is about the whole of their religion.

But what do these people know practically about Christ? Nothing, nothing at all! What experimental acquaintance have they with his offices and work, his blood, his righteousness, his priesthood, his intercession? None, none at all! Ask them about a saving faith,—ask them about being born again of the Spirit,—ask them about being sanctified in Christ Jesus. What answer will you get? You are a barbarian to them. You have asked them simple Bible questions. But they know no more about the experimentally, than a Buddhist or a Turk.

And yet this is the religion of hundreds and thousands of people who are called Christians all over the world!

Reader if you are a man of this kind, I warn you plainly, that such Christianity will never take you to heaven. It may do well in the eye of man. It may pass muster very decently at a vestry meeting, in the place of business, in the House of Commons or in the streets. But it will never comfort you. It will not satisfy your conscience. *It will never save your soul.*

I warn you plainly that all notions and theories about God being merciful without Christ, and excepting through Christ, are base delusions and empty fancies. Such theories are as purely an invention of man's invention, as the idol of Juggernaut. They are all of this earth, earthy. They never came down from heaven. The Father of heaven has appointed Christ as the one only Saviour and way of life, and all who would be saved, must be content to be saved through Him, or they will never be saved at all.

Reader, take notice. I give you fair warning this day. A religion without Christ will never save your soul!

But I have another thing yet to say. A religion is entirely useless *in which you join anything with Christ*, in the matter of saving your soul. You must not only depend on Christ for salvation, but you must depend on Christ only and Christ alone.

There are multitudes of baptized men and women who profess to honour Christ, but in reality do him great dishonour. They give Christ a certain place in their system of religion, but not the place which God intended him to fill. Christ alone is not "all in all" to their souls—No! It is either Christ and the Church—or Christ and the sacraments,—or Christ and his ordained ministers—or Christ and their own repentance,—or Christ and their own goodness,—or Christ and their own prayers,—or Christ and their sincerity and charity, on which they practically rest their souls.

Reader, if you are a christian of this kind, I warn you plainly, that your religion is an offence to God. You are char-

God's plan of salvation into a plan of your own devising. You are in effect deposing Christ from his throne, by giving the glory due to him to another.

I care not who it is that teaches you your religion and on whose word you build. Whether he be Pope or Cardinal, Archbishop of Bishop, Dean or Archdeacon, Presbyter or Deacon, Episcopalian or Presbyterian, Baptist or Independent, Wesleyan or Plymouth Brother, whosoever *adds anything* to Christ teaches you wrong.

I care not what it is that you add to Christ. Whether it be the necessity of joining the Church of Rome, or of being an Episcopalian, or of becoming a Free Churchman, or of giving up the liturgy, or of being dipped—whatever you may practically add to Christ in the matter of salvation, you do Christ an injury.

Reader, take heed what you are doing. Beware of giving to Christ's servants the honour due to none but Christ. Beware of giving the Lord's ordinances the honour due unto the Lord.—Beware of resting the burden of your soul on anything but Christ and Christ alone. Beware of having a religion which is of no use and cannot save.

It is an awful thing to have no *religion at all*. To have an immortal soul committed to your charge and neglect it, this is dreadful.

But it is no less an awful thing to be content with a religion *that can do you no good*.

Reader, do not let this be your case.—*J. C. Ryle.*

LETTERS FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS.

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

LETTER IV.

ON MODESTY IN DRESS AND BEHAVIOUR.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

WHEN I review what I have already written, when I consider my own inability, and yet more, when I think how many abler persons have been engaged with success on the same subjects, I am ready to give up my little undertaking, and leave the imperfect and unfinished plan as a melancholy testimony of my imbecility. But, on the other hand, when I look upon you, my dearest children, in your helpless and dependent state, and survey the evil world in which you live, I feel impelled to hazard every disadvantage, in

hope that maternal advice will have some weight with you ; and that, should it please Providence to call me hence, these letters may serve as small evidences of that affection which has prompted my conduct towards you. Here, then, I leave apologies, and endeavour to prosecute my theme.

But I must now stretch my views over some years, and imagine you entering upon life, standing in your own persons as real characters, in which you are to act your parts on the theatre of time.—The apostle Paul not only enjoins *shame-facedness*, but *modest apparel*, as the adorning of the christian woman ; and if an inspired writer did not think it beneath his dignity to mention such subjects it cannot be beneath a mother to enlarge upon them.

It would seem as if the Apostle intended the whole of the external to indicate the state of the internal ; that the looks expressive of shame-facedness, the apparel indicative of modesty should unitedly bespeak that purity of mind which is the perfection of the Christian. I would premise, before I enter more fully upon the subject of *dress*, that neatness and cleanliness are immediately connected with modest apparel ; and that negligence in either of these is not in the least intended by me in my animadversions upon either the vanity or the extravagance of dress. Custom has converted into a cause of pride and folly what ought to be a source of humiliation and contumeliousness. When man was created in the image of God, he needed not these veils of shame : no, it was only when by his transgression he had lost the glory in which he had been enshrined, that he first perceived that he was naked, and gladly sought to hide his shame under a few fig-leaves. Here is the origin of dress. Reflect on it, my dear girls, and judge whether there is any cause for exultation or vanity in it. I have long been ashamed of that littleness of mind which betrays itself in the minute investigation of every punctilio of dress, as though indeed it were a science. Assert the dignity of your understanding, which was given you for nobler purposes, and pay that difference to the immortality of your souls which will cause such trifles to appear in their proper point of view.

The present* mode of dress is shamefully indecent,—I mean what it approaches what is deemed fashionable ; and custom must be the most arbitrary tyrant indeed which can impose upon a young woman of delicacy such a violence to her feelings as she must undergo to appear like one of our modern fair ones.

* These strictures were made during the regency of him who afterwards George IV.

To a flimsy, tawdry exhibition of finery, or a studied display of the person, numbers of unfortunate young women date their destruction. Too great an attachment to dress, even though becoming, involves many evils; but I will only just touch upon one,—loss of time and waste of money.

Time is one of those inestimable talents for the use of which a strict account will be required.

“And what its worth, ask death-beds,—they can tell.”

“Redeeming the time,” says the Apostle: and surely it is very easy to redeem it from the labours of the toilet; and even during those exercises the mind might be usefully employed in thinking upon the superior adorning of the hidden manna of the heart, and how those ornaments may be best attained which are in the sight of God of great price.

Waste of money.—You do not intend this; but if you acquire a love of fine clothing, you may soon exceed your means; and “ostentatious apparel” is forbidden in the word of God. I refer you to Mr. Wesley’s Sermon on Dress; and how ardently do I wish for your excellence in every department, and how much I have made the constant subject of my thoughts and object of my desires, the Searcher of hearts is witness!

But supposing your dress to be perfectly consistent with my old-fashioned ideas of feminine propriety, still I must remind you that there must be modesty in your looks, your words, your actions.

Be jealous of your *looks*. Our thoughts are often betrayed through the eyes: these are the windows of the soul. Would you have your looks innocent? Let your thoughts be so. That countenance which is enjoined in Scripture has its seat in the heart. Reverence yourself; dare not to taint the mind with any imagination that will not bear the flaming eye of Omniscience.—Sometimes, for want of due caution on our own part, our looks are misconstrued. But as I would not have you misunderstand me, I would say, be very careful of your eyes in the streets: do not look at persons as they pass you, much less turn round and gaze after them; and on no account let your eyes be caught wandering over the faces of men. There is a certain carelessness of look and manner, which young women are apt to get a habit of, and which is prejudicial to them and to young men: by the latter it is deemed an encouragement to familiarity. Whenever, therefore, you are in public places, let your looks be expressive of modesty and reserve. But as the eyes ought ever to be on the side of virtue,

there are some circumstances in which they must oppose vice. you should at any time be in company with any who dare to insult your ears or eyes, let your own be animated with the fire of virtue look vice out of countenance. The lightning of a modest eye will instantly repel the vicious, who, indeed, are generally cowards.

Words are less equivocal than looks: therefore, particular care is requisite here. But you will be in less danger of transgressing in words, if you have paid a proper attention to the hints before given, and if to these you add the habit of speaking little, especially before strangers. A noisy, brawling, loquacious female is even a disgusting object. You will find the character described in striking language in Solomon's writings. It seems the voluptuous Monarch had found an antidote to his fatal propensities in the violence which the abandoned women in his court had done to the feminine virtue. Silence is particularly enjoined in the New Testament. It is a kind of outwork, or fence, to the mind within, peculiarly suited to the weak and dependent state of our sex; favourable to observation, to recollection, and retention. Let me here caution you, dear girls, against that levity which too frequently discovers itself in loud laughter, silly tittering, and giggling. When I have seen a company of young females thus making their voices to be heard in the streets, I must own the most favourable opinion I can form of them is, that they are very thoughtless. I can hardly persuade myself that they are not worse.

Let me add to the above precautions,—Be careful as to your *actions*. Avoid those attitudes, and gestures, and airs that are masculine or awkward: anything unfeminine in a female is unamiable. Amongst those who are not lost to decency, how many are there who, by a careless behaviour, have excited suspicion inimical to their credit and character, which have been barriers to their success in life, in point of business, promotion, or settlement.

“Reflect that lessened fame is ne'er regain'd.”

As, therefore, my dear children, you value peace of mind, and success in life, strive for purity of mind, and cultivate modesty in dress and in behaviour. When I look around, I tremble to think in what a world you live! How is your little bark launched upon an ocean full of dangers, seen and unseen! May the Blessing of the storms direct your course, and conduct you safe through every peril, to the port of eternal peace, “where the wicked cease to labour, and the weary rest.” This is the daily prayer of my dear loved children's truly affectionate mother.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.

No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labours with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for this voyage who has but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

RUM AND TOBACCO.

REWARDS AND PENALTIES.

1. Do you wish to be robbed of your senses, your reputation, and your purse? Drink rum and chew tobacco.
 2. Do you wish to unfit yourself for rational intercourse, for decent, respectable, honourable society? Drink rum and chew tobacco.
 3. Do you wish to become sottish, brutish, dumpish, more stupid than an ass? Drink rum and smoke tobacco.
 4. Are you determined to expel all comfort from your family and friends, become a nuisance, a dead weight—a perfect *pest* to the whole community? Drink rum, chew and smoke tobacco.
 5. Do you wish every cheering, hopeful prospect in life clouded and blasted; your conscience seared, your soul destroyed? Drink rum and chew and smoke tobacco. The use of strong drink, and foul, poisonous stinking Indian weed, persisted in, are sure to destroy body and soul, and consign them to everlasting misery. All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as rum and tobacco!
- RUM AND TOBACCO—expel reason, drown the memory, deface the countenance, diminish strength, inflame the blood, sear the conscience, burn the heart, pollute the soul, cause internal, external, eternal, incalculable wounds and diseases. They are a witch to the body, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse; the beggar's companion, and wife's wo, the children's sorrow. They make a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool.
- The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: uncleanness, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which

I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." See Gal. 5:19-21, &c.—*Golden Rule.*

THE WIFE.

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing."

"A prudent wife is from the Lord."—SOLOMON.

The influence of a wife for good or evil is immense! Her power must first be felt at home, around the domestic fireside. The law of kindness and love dwell upon her lips. Her motto must be neatness, order, *dispatch*. A good wife to a man, wisdom, prudence, courage, strength, might, endurance, salvation. Two is better than one—a two-fold cord is not easily broken. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses wisdom, firmness, decision, economy—when her soul mounts up "on eagle's wings."

"There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure but domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but needs, to sustain him, a tranquil mind, and a whole heart. He expends his whole power and force in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort, and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigour to encounter the labour and troubles of the world. But if at home, he finds no rest, and there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, or complaint, or reproaches, the heart breaks, his spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into despair."

"The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping."—G.

RULES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

1. Never marry a man who has no trade, or is too proud or lazy to work. Such a man will surely make a slave of his wife.
2. Never marry a man who places his mind upon fine clothes that is positive evidence of scarcity of brain.
3. Never marry a man who is fond of "fashionable drives" the Sabbath, as his road is clear for a "drive" to ruin.
4. Never marry a man who smokes or chews tobacco, as your efforts to keep a tidy house will prove fruitless.
5. Never marry a man who visits coffee-houses, &c., as there is little difference between a pig and a hog.

6. Never marry a man who is in a habit of "hanging" around corners, and making remarks on the lady passers by, as he may some day hang from a more elevated position.

7. Never marry a man who indulges in profane language, for God's wrath will be visited on the head of the swearers.

8. Never marry a man who lounges about taverns, groceries, or any public resort, when he ought to be at home or engaged in some useful employment.

"A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." Proverbs 26 : 3.

DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN,

Are the worst kind of children, the most unlovely! And how does God look upon them, especially when disobedient to parents?

Children, have you ever read the account of those children who mocked Elisha the good prophet, saying, "Go up thou bald head?" See 2 Kings, ii., 23, 24.

Have you read the fearful and awful judgments of God denounced against disobedient children in Deut. xxi., 18; also Deut. xvii., 16?

Tremblingly fearful! Thought shuddering! Disobedient self-willed children do not consider that the God of their parents remembers their wickedness, that it is recorded in heaven, and that they will meet it in the judgment of the last day.

They must repent, or this sin will ruin their souls. God's word requires respect and obedience to parents. "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." If they will not comply with this, they cannot be saved, God must be obeyed, or man will be lost.

Disobedient son or daughter, pause and repent speedily, lest Thou mourn at the last, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!" Honour thy father and mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."—*Golden Rule.*

WHEN IS IT TIME TO THINK OF ETERNITY?

I was much shocked, on lifting the newspapers one morning, to see among the deaths—"At his mother's residence, ——— street, on the 15th instant, Frank Elliot, aged 28 years."

I had first met Mr. Elliot at the country-house of his cousin,

Mrs. Ellesmere, where I had accompanied a party of city friends to spend a holiday among the green fields and sweet spring flowers. He was the picture of health and manly beauty, open, generous, intelligent, and full of life and spirits. He seemed equally a favourite with young and old; for his arm was as ready to support the aged invalid as the youthful beauty. The very children claimed their full share of his regards, as he tossed them in the air and helped them to deck their hats with wild flowers. On our way home in the evening every one was loud in his praises; but I could not help sighing deeply as I joined in them, for I felt I lacked that "better part," without which all earth's gifts and graces are vain, and that the talents so richly bestowed were only employed in the pursuit of worldly pleasures.

I had been standing in the piazza a short time before we left vainly trying to reach a cluster of rosebuds that were twining round one of the columns, when he came to my assistance. The sun was setting, in more than its usual splendour, behind a heavy cloud of rich purple fringed with gold. I pointed to it, and said,—"How very beautiful!" He gazed a moment, and then turning hastily away, exclaimed—"Yes, it is very fine; but, somehow such a sunset always reminds me of death, and I hate all dark and gloomy subjects." I replied that I thought death was neither dark nor gloomy to those who looked beyond the grave, and saw with an eye of faith that land of rest and peace, too bright for human thought to image, and which our Saviour had promised would be the abode of those who loved him. "Oh, my dear madam," was his response, "pray do not talk about anything so visionary. I find this world quite beautiful enough for me, and have no desire to change it for another; I am perfectly content. But do not look so reprovingly at me; I intend, one of these days, to become more serious; but there is plenty of time to think of these great subjects yet." I was about to say that none of us knew when we might be called to that unseen world, when the rest of the party joined us from the parlour, and prevented further conversation.

I met him several times after this, but it was always in company where he made all around happy by his own kind, joyous disposition. Alas! to think that the love which he bestowed so freely on his fellow-beings, he denied to his Saviour and God. We shortly after left that neighbourhood, and I had heard nothing of him for many months, when I was startled by seeing his death in the paper. Our conversation on the piazza recurred to me, and I wondered he *had* found time, before he was called away, to think of future

and prepare for his great change. I learned afterwards, from his cousin, that time had been given him, but the warning was unheeded, and he passed into eternity with his heart full of earth's hopes and wishes, refusing to believe that his sun was setting. I will give the account of his last illness in Mrs. Ellesmere's own words :—

“ I had been from home for some time, and on my return found Frank very ill. He had been seized with hæmorrhage from the lungs one very sultry day, after fatiguing himself with too violent exercise. Dr. Varney, an old family friend, was called in, and he said there was no danger if he would take care; but Frank scarcely knew the meaning of the word; he was determined, as he said, to enjoy life; and he no sooner felt a little better than, in spite of his mother's and sister's prayers, he joined his young companions in their usual amusements. The consequence was, that the bleeding returned a second and a third time, and reduced him so much that when I saw him he was so much altered that I scarcely knew him, and he had been close confined to bed for some time. On leaving his room, I asked my aunt what the doctor thought, and she told me, between broken sobs, that he considered his case a very serious one—there was no saying how suddenly he might be cut off if the bleeding returned; and he had thought it his duty, as an old friend of the family, to warn Frank of his danger, and point out to him that he might already be trembling on the verge of eternity. Anything, however, that was said to him on this subject had only the effect of displeasing him, and my poor aunt begged me to try if I could say something to lead him to consider how uncertain his life was. I returned to his bedside, and taking his hand, remarked that I thought he was looking very ill. He started, and looking coldly at me, said, in a tone of bitterness I had never heard him use before, ‘ To be sure I am ill, or I would not be lying here; but you do not think I am dying, do you?’ I replied, that the doctor thought his case very serious. ‘ Oh! my mother has been telling you what he says,’ he exclaimed; ‘ you didn't say anything about thinking me so ill when you were before. It's too bad in Dr. Varney; he frightens my mother, and comes to my bed and shakes his head, and talks about eternity. I wonder that he has not the sense to see that it's the worst thing he can do to talk so to a patient.’ I answered, ‘ He does it because he is a *true* friend, my dear Frank, and does not wish to deceive you, as perhaps many doctors might do.’ ‘ Well, I believe he means it kindly,’ he responded; ‘ but I am just in the

prime of life, and I believe a happier fellow did not exist than I was before I took this illness. All life's brightest prospects were opening up before me; and I will not believe that I am to be cast down thus suddenly. I do not think Varney understands my case. I will not see him again, but will call in Dr. Fillmore.'

"He kept his word: I was beside him when Dr. Fillmore came on approaching his bed, Frank exclaimed, 'Now, doctor, they are all wishing to persuade me that I am dying, but it's all nonsense. See what you can do for me, my dear sir, and I will cheerfully pay whatever you charge, if you set me on my feet again.' Dr. Fillmore gave no opinion, but I thought from the expression of his countenance that it was not a favourable one. But, however that might be, the new medicines he gave seemed to have a beneficial effect on him, and he appeared to gain strength daily. Any attempt at serious conversation he always laughed off, and I almost began to hope that he might yet be spared. One forenoon (it was Sabbath), about a month after Dr. Fillmore's first visit, on entering his bedroom, I found him up, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, and reclining in an easy chair, which was drawn close to the window. His mother and sister were beside him, and a vase full of fresh-gathered and brilliant autumn flowers stood on a little table by his side, while the sun was pouring his glad beams through the room. But though all looked so bright, something chill seemed to strike upon my heart as I looked at him; for the hectic flush of his cheek was equally bright. He held out his hand as I entered, saying, 'Come, come, Fanny, no more long faces, I feel so much better to-day that I have been able to rise for the first time; you see I am going to cheat you all yet; it's not just time for me to die. I wonder what Dr. Varney will say when he hears I am better?' And he laughed gaily. But the joyous tone was stopped by a severe fit of coughing. He put his white cambric handkerchief to his mouth—in a few moments it dropped, stained with blood, and he fell back in his chair—*dead!*"

I need offer no remark on this sad scene. It is but one of a thousand warnings, that we know not the day nor the hour, and that the *present* is the *only* time God gives us to prepare for future life.

My readers may perhaps think it is fictitious: the names are not the facts; and though it occurred in a land far distant from this, man's heart is alike everywhere too ready to put death far from him, though he sees thousands falling by his side, cut down in youth as well as age. The angel of death passes on, laying the young sapling as well as the withered oak.

“REMEMBER THE SABBATH-DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY.”

“IN it,” says the command, “thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates.”

In the first place, then, neither heads of families, nor others who act for themselves, may do any work upon the Lord's Day. We ought to be diligent in our respective callings. Idleness is a great sin; but we may not take God's time for doing our work. He has given us six days out of seven, which when rightly used, are quite sufficient for our secular employments. We may not encroach upon the Sabbath. It is holy time. If we have been idle or dilatory we must bear the loss. If we have undertaken more than we can do in one week, we must defer a part to the next. If we have been sick, or providentially called away from business, we must never attempt to redeem the time by breaking God's law, but trust in his bounty for the supply of our wants.

Again, we may neither require, nor permit our children, or servants to labour on the Lord's day. We may not *require* it. If they have been faithful six days, it is cruelty to deprive them of their rest and religious privileges on the seventh. And whether they have been faithful or not, we have no right to command them to violate the Sabbath. In saying *they shall not do any work*, God has excluded the exercise of that authority which he permits us to exercise on other days. The parent or master who commands what God forbids, does it at his peril. As we may not *require*, so neither may we *permit* our children and domestics to work on the Sabbath. God has made us, in this particular, answerable for our conduct. Let us not forget the woes which were denounced and executed upon the house of Eli, because his sons “made themselves vile, and he *restrained* them not.”

We cannot dismiss this topic without reminding unfaithful parents, that this page should ever meet the eyes of such, what a fearful account they will have to render at the last day. Let those especially, who profane the Sabbath themselves—who go with their children into the field of labour, or who send them out alone—remember that God will vindicate the honour of his sacred institutions, by sending indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon such flagrant transgressors.

Again, the law of the Sabbath goes further. It is merciful to animals as well as men. It stands a strong and sacred barrier, for the protection of those animals which God has, under important

limitations, subjected to our authority. We have an undoubted right to employ our horses and cattle in moderate labour, on weekdays; but when the Sabbath comes this right is suspended. The command is positive, that they *shall not do any work*. We neither subject them to labour in our own business, nor let them out to others. How then will those impious contemners of God's law, who keep horses and carriages, and let them more on Lord's day than any other, answer for their conduct? We who are the proprietors of stages incur a tremendous responsibility throughout this country; and what an amazing aggregate of guilt is contracted by thousands of others, who compel their teams to labour on the Sabbath!

Again, as heads of families, we are in no small degree answerable for the conduct of those who may spend the Sabbath *within our gates*. The same authority which enjoins upon us oversight and control of our children and domestics, makes us, the time being, keepers of all other persons who may choose to abide under our roofs. No relaxation in favour of the friend, the boarder, or the passing stranger, is admissible. Should any be so lost to decorum, as well as to the fear of God, as to insist on doing their own work, and finding their own pleasures on the Sabbath, they must be dismissed. Not even the nearest relation may be permitted to remain with us and violate the sacred rest. We must vindicate the honour of our Master, at least in our own houses. If we love our father or mother more than Christ, we cannot be his disciples.

BEGINNING FAMILY PRAYER.

The commencement of this sacred and delightful duty must be attended by difficulties, where the head of the family has years neglected it. "I have never done anything since I became a Christian," writes one, "which required so much self-denial, which was so truly a bearing of the cross, as beginning family worship. I felt that it was a duty, from the time that I devoted myself to the service of Christ; but I shrunk from its performance painfully, that day after day and week after week passed without my attempting it. At length conscience remonstrated loudly, and my conviction that it was a sin to neglect it was strong, I determined to make the effort to perform it the next morning, cost what it would. It occasioned me a wakeful night, and again and again I implored strength from on high. I was con-

tionally timid, and when the morning came was much agitated. Before breakfast I said to my wife, 'I feel, C——, as if we ought to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, and need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it.' 'No,' she replied; but the tone in which she said it was not encouraging. When we rose from the breakfast-table, it seemed to me the children had never been so noisy before, and it required an effort to request them to keep silence and be seated. They did so, but I felt that their eyes were fixed wonderingly upon me. I took the large Bible from the shelf and sat down. I wished to preface the service with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and I opened the book and read the first chapter that presented itself. I then knelt, and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. My hesitation soon passed off. I knew not why it was, but during the performance of this service, my soul was so filled with thoughts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach and to place myself and those dear to me under the shelter of His protecting love, that I forgot the presence of others, and poured out my heart in supplications for his blessing with as much freedom and fervour as I had ever done in secret. When I arose, I perceived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears.

"The conflict was over—the duty was entered on—and the peace which follows the consciousness of having done right, came to my heart. Prayer with my beloved ones was no longer a burden, but a delightful privilege; and ere long I had the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full communion with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak freely in my family of the value and sweetness of this service, and to many of them I believe the hour of prayer has become one of the most highly prized of all the day brings us."

Poetry.

THE LOST SOUL.

DEATH BED REPENTANCE OF A YOUNG LADY.

My mind has been engaged of late
 Reflecting on the fate
 Of sinners that are called away
 In an unholy state.

I thought, in visions on my bed,
I saw the gate of hell,
And thither was a being led,
Methought I knew her well.
An angel had conveyed her there,
Commissioned from on high ;
So mild his countenance, and so fair,
I ventured to draw nigh.
The being that in charge he had,
Far other sight displayed ;
Her pallid cheeks, her countenance sad,
Her inmost soul displayed.
Her haggard eye she roll'd around,
She seem'd with horror fill'd ;
For help she cried, no help was found,
With grief my soul was chill'd.
Upon the ground she fix'd her eye,
Her wasted form she bent ;
She sigh'd, she uttered plaintive cries,
And to her grief gave vent.
Cursed be the day wherein 'twas said,
A child of man was born ;
But now on me the curse be laid,
Why did I mercy scorn.
I heard of mercy, yes, I heard,
But, ah ! I heard in vain ;
Sin and destruction I preferred
To everlasting gain.
Dear friends I had, while on the earth,
Who warn'd me o'er and o'er ;
And she from whom I had my birth,
How oft would she implore :
And weep and pray, and cry, " my child,
My child be wise and good ;
Oh think, my child, thou hast to die,
And give your heart to God.
Think there's a death will never die,
And wrath that knows no bound ;
Think that thy soul must in it lie,
If pardon be not found."

In vain she wept, in vain she pray'd,
My soul despised her prayers ;
But woe must on that soul be laid
For having mocked her tears.

Her heart I broke yet ere she died,
Her murderer was forgiven ;
For me once more to God she cried,
She died and went to heaven.

Ah ! wretched being that I am,
Why did I shut my ear ;
Why did I good advice contemn,
And scorn a mother's prayer.

O that I could to earth return
To life my life again ;
But, ah ! it is too late to mourn,
Repentance is in vain.

Methinks if tears of blood could save,
I'd weep my life away ;
How would I wrestle, pray, and crave,
To shun this dire dismay.

For O what anguish rends my soul,
For ever doom'd to mourn ;
While countless ages endless roll,
Oh, God ! can this be borne.

Great God ! thy mighty arm stretch forth,
None can thy power control ;
Let loose exterminating wrath,
Annihilate my soul !

Let me forget that e'er I had
Existence from thy hand ;
Let me forget there is a God—
Forget my soul's condemned.

In vain, in vain, poor soul thou'rt lost,
For ever thou must live
In floods of fire tempestuous toss'd—
For ever thou must grieve.

Saved are thy friends, thy mother, too,
Before the throne they stand ;

Ah! me, my dreadful weight of woe,
They are saved, but I am damned.

Ah! how can it be otherwise;
I heard the Judge declare
The awful curse—Depart, he cries,
To misery and despair.

My doom is fix'd, the die is cast,
For closed is mercy's door;
Mercy is gone, poor soul thou'rt lost,
Thou'll ne'er see mercy more.

She paused when thus the angel spoke,
I cannot longer stay;
My Lord's commands must not be broke,
Press onward to the gate.

I dare not stay beyond the time
Appointed by my God;
For time is his—it is not mine—
I tremble at his word.

Ah! stay, she cried, one moment more,
'Tis all my soul would ask;
A moment's respite give before
Thou finish thy sad task.

And tell me, blessed spirit, tell,
Canst thou no comfort give;
Is there no way to shun this hell,
May I repent and live.

Poor soul, he cried, thy dreadful state
Cannot be altered now;
For here repentance comes too late,
Here Justice hears no vow.

Look upward, dost thou see that Lamb,
Did he not die for thee?
He did, the unhappy soul exclaims,
This seals my misery.

I know he died, I know he bled
To save my soul from hell;
But, ah! I ne'er to Jesus fled,
With shame this truth I tell.

Then condemnation is thy due,
 The angel straight replied ;
 For when he stretched his hand to you,
 You basely turned aside.

No other way can I reveal
 By which thou canst be spared ;
 The sentence God will not repeal,
 No prayer will now be heard.

Did all the angels round the throne,
 Conspire to save the soul ;
 And all their strength unite in one,
 God could their power control.

Just as he uttered this last word,
 An angel from on high
 Proclaimed, your presence is required ;
 Delay not, quickly fly.

Poor soul, he cried, I now must haste
 Before the throne of God ;
 Urge forward to thy destined place—
 With that they onward trod.

And now before the gate they stood,
 The angel cried aloud,—
 Ye portals of the fiery flood
 Obey the word of God.

Expand your gates, a soul receive,
 By Justice doom'd to die ;
 A soul not fit in heaven to live,
 Condemned in hell to lie.

And now upon the brink of hell,
 Poor soul, she trembling stood ;
 I heard the bitter sighs and wails
 Of those within the flood.

The dreadful gates wide open flew,
 The fiery gulf I saw ;
 The souls that tossed to and fro,
 In wretchedness and woe.

The smoke in awful columns black,
 And flames burst through the gate ;

The wretched soul would fain go back,
But, ah! it was too late.

Move on, the angel cried, move on,
And enter on your state ;
For help again she looked around,
But, ah! it was too late.

The angel saw her griefs and ears,
He saw her wring her hands ;
Say not that angel shed no tears,
I saw him drop one then.

Upwards she gave her last sad look
Toward the realms of bliss ;
Her falling tears whole volumes spoke,
Their meaning none could miss.

Farewell, ye blest abodes, she cried,
Thou Lamb of God, farewell ;
That thou for me shouldst e'er have died,
Is torment worse than hell.

Mother, farewell, no more thou'lt see,
The child thou lov'st so dear ;
Blest parent, think no more of me,
I am not worth thy care.

Through flames and smoke she urged her way,
And sank to rise no more ;
And swiftly on its wretched prey,
Hell closed its hurried door.

The angel filled with grief, retired,
This awful task complete ;
Before the throne of God required,
Some fresh command to meet.

I also quickly left the spot,
The scene was at an end ;
What can describe my state of heart,
I mourned a ruined friend.

Reader, beware that this should be
Thy dreadful case at last ;
Fly now to Jesus ere the day
Of Gospel grace be past.