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

[Vol. I.]

JULY, 1854.

[No. 6.]

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TORONTO:

PRINTED BY T. H. BENTLEY, FOR JOHN DONOH.

AT THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN STEAM PRESS.

Price Four Pence.

TO OUR FRIENDS & THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

CIRCULATE! CIRCULATE!! CIRCULATE!!!

FRIENDS and BRETHREN, we are sorry that our Subscription List has such a meagre appearance this month. We feel somewhat puzzled how to account for it. Has our Friends become "weary in well-doing," or has the *COTTAGER'S FRIEND* lost its interest. We hope not. During four months previous to this, we have been encouraged to work on, receiving, on an average, one hundred and twenty-five subscribers, from far and near. During the past month we have received only thirty-eight. Something must be wrong. If the fault is ours, let us know, and we will try and remedy it. We do not feel inclined to weary our friends with a long speech on the subject—all we have to say is this, if the *Cottager's Friend* is worthy of a place in the family circle, let us have your patronage, and we trust that the coming months will far out-do the past. "Put your shoulder to the wheel," and let your motto be— *onward!—onward!!—onward!!!*

List of Letters and Subscriptions received for the "Cottager's Friend," from the 20th of May, to the 20th of June.

Rev. Joseph McGill, rem for T. G., Jr., 2s 6d, Sparta P. O.; L. J. B. 2s 6d, Westminster P. O.; John Jefferson, rem for W. C. 2s 6d, London P. O.; E. S. 2s 6d; M. W. 2s 6d; Miss S. B. 2s 6d, Fairport P. O.; Rev. J. K. Williston, rem for W. T. 2s 6d, Amiens P. O.; Rev. Jas. Elliott, rem for Mrs. B. K. 2s 6d; Mrs. W. E. 2s 6d; Mrs. W. P. 2s 6d; W. H. 2s 6d, Brockville P. O.; G. D. Platt, rem for A. W. 2s 6d; 2s 1s 2d, Picton P. O.; Thomas Wheatley, 10s, Corcoran P. O.; County Lambton, River St. Clair; Rev. O. E. Elsworth, rem for Mrs. H. 2s 6d; E. B. 2s 6d, Vienna P. O.; S. E. Woodward, *has made the alterations*; Rev. R. Tyeedy, rem for T. H. 2s 6d, Stanley, Co. York, N. B.; A. F. 2s 6d; W. B. 2s 6d; T. H. 2s 6d; Campbell's War Office, Nashua, New Brunswick; Reverend T. Colby, rem for E. A. 2s 6d, Daytona P. O.; Rev. W. McCall, rem for G. L. Buckenham P. O.; G. L. 2s 6d, Carleton Place P. O.; Robert Eldon, rem for G. P. 2s 6d; C. C. 2s 6d, Thompson P. O.; S. H. 2s 6d; A. P. 2s 6d; G. L. 2s 6d; J. F. 2s 6d; J. H. 2s 6d, Clarendon P. O.; D. Tice, rem for G. L. 2s 6d, Carstor, Warner P. O. I feel greatly indebted for your kindness.... Rev. W. Coleman, rem. for Mrs. J. P. 2s 6d, Smith's Falls P. O.; have made the required alterations.

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MEMOIR OF SARAH TOYNBEE.

Sarah Toynbee was born in the hamlet of Coleby, November 17th, 1827. She enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a pious mother, who trained her from her earliest days to fear God. Before she could read the letters of the alphabet, she had committed many hymns to memory. It pleased God to afflict her whilst very young with a disease in her eyes. This was a matter of much grief to her, as it prevented her from indulging her love of reading. But though debarred from one source of pleasure, she knew how to value and to improve those which remained, and was often found upon her knees, pleading with God in the most solemn and affecting manner.

When she or any of her little brothers had gone wrong, she was not satisfied with obtaining her mother's forgiveness merely; but, being taught that every offence was against God, and that she needed his pardon, Sarah would kneel down with her brothers, and implore the divine mercy in the most penitent language and humble posture. Sarah was often heavily afflicted; yet she bore all with much resignation, having learned from her mother that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth:" and her sufferings were greatly alleviated by the delight which she took in learning and singing hymns. When five years of age, she entered the Sabbath-school under the care of Mrs. Penrose, the Vicar's wife. Here she learned to read, and was remarkable for her regularity and diligence.

When unable to attend the school, she was much grieved, and in order to improve the time, would earnestly request her mother to sit down, and "talk about the Lord;" for to converse on the Lord's mercy and goodness was her delight. Every morning, before leaving her room, she was accustomed with childlike simplicity and confidence to commit both body and soul to God's keeping, during the day. If family worship were delayed a little, she speedily reminded her mother

of it. Her engaging spirit, her fondness for hymns, and the pertinent remarks she had not unfrequently made on them, caused her to be a favourite companion with her neighbours. She sincerely loved God's house ; and when her declining health prevented her from going as usual, she would frequently remind her mother, that the hour of worship was drawing near. Great was Sarah's delight in reading the New Testament : it became her constant companion. The fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel affected her much, especially those gracious words of the Redeemer, "Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Often in her closet did she plead for a full preparation for one of these mansions. Though her sight continued feeble, she committed the entire chapter correctly to memory.

Sarah tenderly sympathised with her companions in sorrow, and kindly reproved them when they did wrong, warning them of the consequences of sin. At length she was obliged to be removed to the Lincoln Hospital ; and during her four months' confinement in it, she gained the affection of all her attendants, and added one more hymn to her former stock. Though she came out comparatively well, yet she soon relapsed. During her rapid decline, she still delighted in reading pious books, especially the lives of good people. When full of pain, she was remarkably patient, and often exclaimed, "It is the will of God, mother, that I should bear it : " and then she would sing,—

"Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame :
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall :
I give my mortal interests up,
And make my God my all."

A few weeks previous to her death, upon her mother asking her of the state of her mind, she replied, "I love all." To one of her companions she said, "If we never meet more on earth, I hope we shall meet in heaven, to part no more, and to be forever with the Lord : " and again, "I love my father and mother, and brothers and sisters ; but I feel that I love Jesus Christ the best of all, believing that he died for me." Generally when questioned as to her prospects, she gave the most prompt and satisfactory replies ; in the midst of acute pain, declaring that she was "happy in the love of Christ." The Lord was evidently her support and comfort ; her strength and salvation. On the day before her death, observing her little brother begin a meal without asking a blessing, she immediately and affectionately reproved him. In her whole spirit, she was a pattern to the young and old, to the living and dying. On the last night of her

life, after her mother had read and prayed with her, her father came in, and expressed his wish to meet her in heaven. She, knowing his besetting sin, gently warned him; and so deep was the impression of her words, as never to be effaced from his mind: and it is hoped they led him to prepare for his death, which occurred very soon, and very suddenly. After bidding farewell to each of the family, she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, in the ninth year of her age.

“ This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
 Call'd hence by early doom,
 Just came to show how sweet a flower
 In paradise would bloom.”

H. H. E.

U N C L E S A M .

Children. Uncle, we heard them talking at home this morning about something that was in the newspaper about what they called *the Northern Lights*. Some persons who were going up to London on the coach out of Kent saw them, and the paper says that they thought at first, from the light, that London was on fire. What is it?

Uncle. The proper name is the *Aurora Borealis*. The word *Aurora* is often used to signify the light that shines between daybreak and sunrise, and in this case is applied to a particular sort of *shining* not connected with the sun. The word *Borealis* means that which belongs to the regions of the *north*.

C. Why then, the hard words, after all, only mean the same thing as the plainer ones, *northern lights*.

U. Even so. And that is what it really is; a particular sort of light, pale and yellowish, which appears in the sky at night towards the north.

C. Did you ever see it yourself?

U. Very seldom in England. It is not a common appearance in that country; but I have seen it in colder countries, and sometimes shining most splendidly and beautifully.

C. Is it always alike?

U. No. And therefore, instead of giving you any description of it, I will, if you like, just tell you how it looked some three or four times when I saw it.

C. Do, uncle: that will be just what we want.

U. Well, then, at the end of my first voyage, we *made the land* one morning, a good many miles to the northward of our port; and as the wind was light, we got on very slowly, and it was bed-time long before we were where we wanted to be. However, as it was a fine night, in September, and I wanted to feel the pleasure of actually seeing that we were all safe in port, and knowing that the tossing of

the voyage was really over, I laid myself down in my clothes, and requested the Captain to call me as soon as we began to "turn in" to the harbour. He did so about four in the morning; and in a minute or two I was on deck, and sure enough there we were quietly gliding in by a narrow entrance between two moderately-sized hills. I was then a young traveller, and I shall never forget the thankfulness and pleasure I felt when I saw our situation. It was true: the voyage was over; the inconveniences and dangers of a life on shipboard were passed. We were as good as on land. If small things may be compared with great, something of this sort (but O, how much higher!) will be felt by the Christian when he first experiences the consciousness of the blessed reality,—Life, and all its trials, conflicts, sorrows, pains, are now over, and I am safe in heaven for ever. God grant, my dear children, that this pleasure may be ours. Your hearts will say *Amen*, I am sure.

C. Thank you, uncle: they do indeed.

U. And now I go on with my true story. A trifling circumstance added to my pleasure. I suppose the sailors made a little noise on board, and disturbed a dog in a little cottage by the water-side, and *he barked*; and that disturbed a cock, for one immediately *crew*.—The bark of that dog, and the crowing of that cock, the first land-sounds we had heard for a good while, seemed to me to be the sweetest sounds I had ever heard. It was a bright starlight night; and looking upwards, that by seeing the pole-star, I might see the direction in which the vessel was moving, I saw towards the north-west what looked almost like sunbeams, as they sometimes appear through a break in the clouds, except that they were paler, looking more like thin clouds that the moon shone upon, only they shot so straight down from the upper part of the sky to the horizon. They were like thin clouds of pale yellow light, through which I could see the stars as plainly as if nothing were there. And I soon saw that these seeming clouds were formed of numerous dartings or pencillings of light,—I hardly know what to call them,—in perpetual and rapid motion as it were downwards. I then remembered the "Aurora," and also that one of their names is, (taken from this peculiar motion,) the "merry dancers." It was as if every darting vanished, and yet there was another in its place, so that the beamy appearance was not for a moment interrupted. There were several of these beams, and they continued as long as I remained on deck, which I did for about an hour, and then went below and threw myself on bed to get a little sleep before going on shore in the morning.

C. Now tell us of another, uncle.

U. My next description may be given in few words, although the appearance was one of the most splendid sights I ever beheld. It was one night in autumn, about eleven o'clock; the sky was perfectly cloudless, and full of stars. With the exception of about a fourth part,

towards the south and east, the hemisphere was covered with *Aurora*. It was at once a sheet of gold-like, transparent light,—perfectly transparent. I could see the smallest star through it just as plainly as where it was not : and yet this sheet was perpetually in motion ; not with the wave-like motion of a cloud, but the darting upwards or downwards of innumerable *spiculæ*, fine lines of light. I never saw anything like it. I at once felt what a benevolent provision it was for the arctic regions in their long winter's night, lasting for months. It was as if, instead of light issuing from the moon, it had been formed into a transparent cloud, and spread over the sky. But I must make haste to tell you of two other forms of the *Aurora*. You have seen the sky just before the rising of the moon, in that quarter where she rises ?

C. Yes, uncle, we have.

U. Well, and I have often seen, exactly in the north, a similar appearance ; so like, that I could have fancied the moon was really coming. The only difference was that it was equally bright throughout, reaching about a tenth part of the way up to the zenith, in the form of the segment of a circle. Now and then the light was pure white, mild, colourless brightness. Once only I saw it in the *shape* of a rainbow, about the same height as I just now said above the horizon, and apparently four or five handbreadths in width. The edges, both above and below, were quite clear and sharp, and between the arch and the horizon all was as dark as above the arch.

C. But, uncle, before we go, can you tell us what it is ?

U. No, my dear children : there have been many conjectures, but as yet the matter is not settled. I can only tell you of its *appearance* : its *cause* I know not. It is one of God's wonderful works.—When you are older, and come to read many books, you will find many other descriptions of it. Its appearance is sometimes much more grand than any of those I have seen ; but what I *have* seen, that I tell you.

C. Thank you, uncle, thank you for telling us this.

U. And praise God, your Maker, my children. It is He who has made all things, and the more we know of his works, the more reasons shall we find for adoring his infinite wisdom, power, and goodness.

"MY HUSBAND IS WITHOUT GOD AND WITHOUT HOPE."

This was the language of Mrs. W. ; and is the language of many who might have been ornaments in the church, but for an unhappy marriage. They had the apostolic injunction, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," but they disregarded it ; and have, as a necessary consequence, to bear a cross for life. This was the

case with Mrs. W., of M. She was called in early life to seek the Lord, and for some time walked in the light of his countenance. Her father left her in easy circumstances. She was addressed by a young man. He was not decidedly religious; but she hoped he would become so, and accepted his hand. For some time he was affectionate and attentive; and this raised her expectations. But she was deceived. She had married a man of the world; and "men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." He soon neglected the means of grace, frequented houses of unlawful pleasure, and there spent *her* substance in riotous living. Protracted and severe affliction followed. The writer visited her, and found her in distressing circumstances, dying, abandoned by her husband, reduced to poverty, and bitterly impressed with the fact, that she had married, but not in the Lord. She lingered for some time, and God graciously pardoned her iniquity, and saved her soul. But she died a warning to all Christian females who are tempted to reject the holy commands of God.

L. L.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

A HUGE TERRIFIC MONSTER.

"After this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it: and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns.—Daniel vii. 7.

This beast is the very personification of the rum trade. "It is, allowed on all hands," says a celebrated commentator, "that this beast was the Roman Empire." Now, as Rome took the world, so rum usurps universal dominion. It invades the whole man,—body, intellect and soul. It aims at the destruction of every family circle, the subversion of all society, and thirsts for the blood of every human being.

In this night-vision Daniel saw four savage-looking beasts rise out of the sea, which we will use as the representative of four dreadful evils which have swept over our world—war, pestilence, famine, and intemperance—and shall endeavour to show that the latter, like this fourth beast, is not only diverse from the rest, but the most dreadful in its consequences.

War has its periods of destruction. But although the strife is terrible, it is soon succeeded by a long and tranquil reign of peace. It has also rules of honour. A flag of truce in the hottest battle is a signal for a cessation of hostilities. It is also a mark of dishonour to destroy females or helpless infants; and a cry for *quarter* is the cry of hope.

Pestilence "walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day," sweeping its hundreds from the stage of life as with the besom of destruction.

But the miasmatic cloud passes away, and blooming health returns. And where a few months before naught was seen but desolation, and the black pall of death, now we behold the busy hum of business.

Famine settles down upon a country, and far as the eye can reach, from valley to mountain-top, stretches one blasted, withered field. But again the rains descend upon the thirsty earth, the mellow rays of the sun succeed, and soon the whole face of nature is changed.—Flowers of a thousand different hues clothe the landscape with beauty, the mellow blushing fruit ravishes the most exquisite taste, and the empty granaries once more groan beneath the golden harvest.

But *rum* is ever destroying, without regard to truce, or the cry of *quarter*, and fattens on the blood of females and helpless innocence. Its pestilential breath, like the fatal *Bohon-Upas*, is ever felt, and poisons all within its reach, and its withered fields ever increase in desolation. This rum-plague is not only diverse from other evils, but appears to be the very embodiment of all evil, and is fitly represented by this "fourth beast." If I were to gather up all the evils consequent upon this inhuman traffic in rum, and embody all in an image, I would make it just like this beast. Let us then examine some of its characteristics.

I. ITS FRIGHTFUL APPEARANCE.

Daniel had given a description of the first three beasts.

"The first was like a lion, and had eagles' wings, and a man's heart was given to it." The second was like a bear, with three ribs between his teeth. And the third was like a leopard, with four heads, and four wings of a fowl upon its back. But the fourth beast was indescribable. Mark his attempts at description. It was "dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly;" with "great iron teeth," and "ten horns," and was "diverse from all the beasts that were before it."

I fancy that I behold this rum image advancing, clothed with fevers, inflammations, dyspepsia, scrofula, and eruptions; with gout, rheumatism, consumption, and *delirium tremens*. In its left hand are vials filled with poisonous wrath, labelled wine, brandy, rum, gin, &c. In its right hand are seen opium, arsenic, halters, razors, daggers, and various other instruments of death. From its coat of mail shoots out ten thousand poisonous stings, and as it stalks forth it scatters fire-brands, arrows, and death, and its giant footsteps are marked with *blood ! BLOOD !! BLOOD !!!*

Behold that bloated, loathsome mass of organized, animate matter, with trembling limbs and blood-shot eye, and matted hair, his garments tattered, filthy, and thin. He quails before the piercing blast, and seeks a shelter in some hayloft, or perchance among the swine, besmeared with dust and blood, the fruit of frequent falls. Gazing, you instinctively ask, *Is that a man? Yes, a man!* Well, what is the matter with him? Why, he has received a deadly thrust from this "fourth beast." Enter yonder rude hut. See that dejected wife and

those squalid children, in tattered garments, sunken to the lowest depths of misery and degradation, huddling wildly together, like frightened sheep, at the approach of a husband and father. What's the matter *there*? It is the mark of the beast. Behold that ghastly corpse weltering in his gore. A horrid gash appears, or frightful pistol-shot, while a crowd gather round horror-stricken at the sight. What's the matter *there*? This beast has left its mark. Once more. Let us ascend that scaffold, where a victim stands with rope adjusted, waiting a blow which will suddenly launch him into the abyss of eternity. Do you ask the cause? It is the mark of the beast. Well may we exclaim with Daniel, "*Dreadful and terrible.*" Why, then, is it not more dreaded? Because its real character is hid.

Suppose every rumseller, when he commences the traffic, should advertise truthfully what he will do, what would be the result? Let him say that he will make wives widows, and children orphans, change industry to idleness, wisdom to folly, strength to weakness, intelligence to insanity, friends to enemies, wealth to pauperism, quietness to discord, beauty and loveliness to squalid wretchedness, virtue to vice, and as it were, turn a paradise into a hell; and that, in order to accomplish this object, he would enter, if possible, every family and tear away the dearest of the group. Then let the man prepare his show-window, with polished glass, clear as a crystal, reaching from floor to ceiling, and there in full view of every passer-by put up a *real specimen of his business*; bloated, loathsome, haggard, and diseased: in a word, a "*finished job*," a "*premium drunkard*." Then place over this specimen in large gilt letters, that all may read and understand, these words: "SUCH THINGS AS THESE MADE OUT OF MEN HERE." Who, after such an exhibition, would enter such an establishment and offer himself as raw material, to be made up? But lest this outside notice might escape the eye of the unwary, let him place in full view of the customer, at the entrance of that store, a sign painted in most attracting style, with this inscription: YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE. Then let him label his decanters in attractive style, as follows: Discord, distilled misery, tincture of serpents, oil of scorpions, drops of hell fire for the soul, delirium tremens, second death. But what are the facts in regard to these establishments? Just what the Bible declares: "Wine is a mocker." And so are its agents. "Ask for a fish, and they will give you a serpent."

Mark the character of the signs put on these *rum dens*. Many are wholly destitute of a sign, except loafers, who are gathered there like crows around a dead carcass. Others are inscribed, "Traveller's Home," &c. One of the lowest specimens of rum shops that I know of has a stick nailed on the side of the door, and a pair of bcots and shoes hung there for a sign. And I presume if *some men* should enter and call for *shoe-blacking* or *codfish*, they would get *rum*.

II. ITS EXCEEDINGLY GREAT STRENGTH.

The rum-traffic will disarm a giant warrior, and render him impotent. It will bind the hands of the pilot and engineer, dashing the flying train into fragments, and driving the vessel upon the rocks.— It will drive the mechanic from his shop, the merchant from his store, the judge from his bench, the minister from his pulpit, the king from his throne, and the Spirit of God from the heart. It even rivets the chains of bondage on those who are engaged in the traffic. How strong the cords with which alcohol binds men! J. M., a prominent citizen of the State of New-York, told the writer that before his reform he had often walked eight miles over Shawangunk Mountain to get a drink of rum. One went four miles, carrying a back-load of stolen hoop-poles to purchase a *good drink*, but not selling them for enough to meet the demand of his thirst, went back for another load, carrying at last, to his wretched home, a still heavier weight, to crush anew an already broken heart. About one year ago, in the State of Connecticut, an inebriate entered a tavern and called for rum. The landlord refused. "Well," said the poor man, "I hope you will never let me have another drop, for I know it will ruin me; but," continued he, "I feel that I cannot possibly live without it: and," said he, "*I want to vote for the Maine Law.*" There are others of a like character who would do the same thing, but they are seized and bound on the day of election by the traffickers in rum.— Rev. Dr. H., of N., has given an account of a dying girl in a wretched hut in midwinter, who had been sheltered from the piercing blast by the benevolent act of her physician, who had brought a blanket from his own house, and added to it his own overcoat and spread it over her. But the inhuman father, driven to desperation by this inhuman traffic, took the garments and sold them for rum. And there have been cases authentically reported, where the pieces of money have been taken from the eyes of deceased friends to satisfy the thirst for rum. But more still. This monster forces its *enemies* to build its prisons and almshouses, and support its criminals and paupers. Friends of temperance and humanity, think of this! It is "*strong exceedingly.*"

III. ITS WORK OF DESTRUCTION.

1. "*It devours.*" Houses and lands, ships, stores of goods, stock-in-trade, mechanic-shops, rich salaries, sparkling jewels, and the most precious mementoes, not excepting the precious Bible, are seized and devoured by its voracious appetite.

2. "*It breaks in pieces.*" It ruins the best constitutions. I have known a man from my youth, who for many years has been a slave to alcohol. A score of witnesses could testify, that have seen him drink a gallon of rum a day in the store; then filling his wooden bottle the second time, and placing it in the bag in which he was wont to carry it, would walk as straight to his home as if he had drunk

nothing. But his iron constitution at last gave way, and broke with a crash like a giant oak, and not many months since he came near freezing to death in the gutter in a state of beastly intoxication. It breaks-up the most lovely families. A man now in state-prison, who once dwelt quietly with his lovely wife and little son, became addicted to habits of intemperance. One day, while reaping his field, he became excited from drinking cider, went to his house, sent his little son to the fields, and seizing an axe, pursued his wife through the apartments till he dealt the fatal blow, and left her weltering in her blood. I, myself, beheld the deep cuts in the ceiling, where he had struck and missed his victim. Soon that family was scattered : one in the grave, one in prison, and the more than orphan boy, now the son of a murdered mother, and murderous, drunken father, a lone wanderer. Thus this traffic goes on, breaking heads, and limbs, and hearts, and the fondest ties of affection, till at last, severing the cords of life, it hurls its victim over the frightful precipice of time into a premature drunkard's grave. I would here reiterate the language of Dr. H. in a recent address : "I don't say," said he, "that the rumseller will turn pirate, or slave-dealer, or highwayman, or murderer ; but I ask, *What won't he do ?*"

3. "*It stamps the residue under its feet.*" What, we ask, is left, when property, character, and influence are devoured ; when the brightest hopes of earth are broken up, and the man ruined and writhing under the horrors of *delirium tremens* ? We answer, The soul. Yes, that wretch has a soul redeemed by the blood of Christ, and of which he said it would profit nothing to gain the whole world and lose it—a soul that will live as long as the throne of God endures—a soul that will swell the loud anthems of the paradise above, or groan beneath the influence of the "worm that dieth not, and the fire that is never quenched." This priceless gem is stamped beneath the feet of this monster *rum*. A man may fall on the battle-field, and rise from the din of battle to a land where there is no strife.—One may die of pestilence, and pass quickly to a world where

"Chilling winds and poisonous breath
Are felt and fear'd no more."

Famine may sweep its victim from a land where not a green thing is visible, yet he may, on angels' pinions, mount upward where verdure, and flowers, and blushing fruit are perpetual. But alcohol sweeps away every bud of hope on earth and every hope of heaven. Thus what is devoured or broken, is stamped under foot by this traffic.

IV. HOW MAY ITS POWER BE BROKEN ?

Various schemes have been devised for this purpose, which have signally failed.

1. *Moral Suasion.* This is like the tufts of grass which were thrown by the "old man" at the boy who stole apples.

2. *Regulation.* This was like the slumbering of a volcano. The monster slept at one point only to gather strength to burst forth in ten-fold fury in another direction.

But the motto of temperance men, which in the past has been "*Excelsior*," is now changed to "*Eureka*." I behold inscribed upon the banner of those who have sworn eternal hostility to this traffic, waving from every fortification, and amid the din of battle, as in words of living flame—PROHIBITION! Let this then be the watchword of the land. Pass it on! Let Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, wives, and children, roll on the joyful notes of *prohibition*! Let every man rally to this standard, till we shall crowd the monster to some steep place like that down which the swine possessed with devils ran, and here let there be a deadly charge, and from this mountain-cliff hurl the monster, pierced with ten thousand darts, overwhelmed beneath the same element whence Daniel saw his beast arise—*cold water*. Then shall our land have "rest from war."

SUBJECTS FOR REFLECTION FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT MANY BOOKS.

[We shall endeavour to make this department as instructive and as interesting as possible. Extracts shall be given from various writers, and of different lengths: so that the monthly papers will be a sort of "miniature library;" illustrating both the *matter* and *manner* of the authors. Sometimes the pieces will be without names, in which case, they will be either original or suggested.]

Many things which men desire, appear to be desirable, not because they are valuable in themselves, but because our own sinful dispositions and wandering fancy invest them with the colouring that, as we think, adorns them. Did we see them just as they are, our estimate of them would be very different. In the same manner, spiritual and heavenly things are so contemplated by us, as to be divested of the beauty which really belongs to them, and which, were it rightly beheld by us, would make them powerfully attractive. We should study to see things as they really are, and in their true relations to our unchangeable interests. There is a world *within us*, as well as a world *without us*. Let Christ dwell in our hearts, as a holy conqueror, fashioning them according to his will, and we shall live amidst outward things so as to share in His victory who said, "I have overcome the world." We shall see them as they are, and use them as not abusing them.

In former times, it was customary to brand some kinds of ill-doers with a hot iron. Surgeons now sometimes apply the hot iron as a remedy. The same act may bear opposite characters. It may be punishment; it may be correction: it may be the chastening hand of a wise and tender parent; it may be the stroke of a justly-offended and angry God. Let us take care that we are reconciled to God

through Jesus Christ, and that we walk in his fear. There is no condemnation to them that are truly in Christ. They may suffer, indeed, but so did Christ; and they who suffer with Christ, with Christ shall be glorified. God has always an ark for his Noahs; and if it does not land them on any earthly Ararat, it shall bring them to the Mount of God, even the heavenly Sion.

Exertion fatigues, and therefore the traveller goes on from strength to weakness. But they who follow Christ, are strengthened by Christ. They therefore go from strength to strength; and though at the end of their journey they meet "the last enemy," not only is it the last, but in nature's weakness is shown the strength of grace. They obtain the final victory, and pass from the latest contest to receive the crown of eternal life.

WHICH WAS THE GREATEST FOOL?

Bishop Hall, in a sermon preached upon his eightieth birth-day, relates the following story:—There was a certain lord who kept a fool in his house, as many great lords did in those days, for their amusement; to whom this lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he met with one who was a greater fool than himself; and if he met with such a one, to deliver it over to him.

Not many years after, his lordship fell sick; sick unto death. His fool went to see him, and was told by his sick lord, that he must now shortly leave him. "And whither will you go?" said the fool. "Into another world," was the reply. "But when will your lordship come again? within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "But what provision have you made for your entertainment when you go hence?" "None at all," was the reply. "No! none at all! Here, take my staff then, my Lord. Are you going away *for ever*, and made no provision for your journey? Take my staff; *for I am* not guilty of such folly!"

"O Thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who died'st thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show *me* the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when Thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear!"

ETERNITY.

Eternity! Ah! know you what it is? It is a time-piece whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats, two words only, in the silence of the tomb; *ever, never—never, ever—and for ever*. During these fearful vibrations, the lost soul cries out, "What is the hour?" And the voice of a fellow-wretch replies, "ETERNITY!"—*Bridaine*.

TWELVE REASONS FOR NOT USING TOBACCO.

Vice is a monster with such frightful mien,
 As to be hated needs but to be seen.
 But seen too oft—familiar with its face—
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace !

1. It is an *unjustifiable expenditure* of money : which should be employed in doing good. We are stewards and are held responsible for the use or abuse of our Lord's money ; the small sums as well as the great. We are children of God, or ought to be, and should *love* to save money to do good with ; especially in this age.

2. It is the gratification of a *vitiating appetite*. Neither nature nor nature's God ever gave us a relish for this poison. Who was ever born a tobacco chewer, smoker, dipper or snuffer ? A relish for this narcotic is no more natural to us than a relish for opium, strong drink, assafoetida or arsenic. The relish is acquired by a mighty struggle—a fierce war and self-infliction. The whole man, at first, rises up in violent opposition ? Can we create an unnatural appetite and gratify it and be innocent—especially when results so fearful and disastrous are sure to follow ? It is suicide—self-murder !

3. Tobacco is *poisonous*, in the extreme. 'Two drops of the oil of tobacco,' says Dr. Mussey, 'was sufficient to destroy life in cats, in three or four minutes.' Drs. Warren, Clark, Robbins, Fisk, Alcott, Mussey, Lee, Morgan, Hooker, and a *host* of the most eminent physicians, have testified to the exceedingly poisonous qualities of tobacco. 'It ranks with arsenic, prussic acid, and poisons of a most deadly nature.' It is the cause of various diseases—dyspepsia, epilepsies, apoplexies, cancers, jaundice, insanity, depression or sinking of the spirits, and sudden deaths.

Never did a more poisonous drug issue from the bowels of God's earth. It is estimated by physicians, that more than twenty thousand persons die, annually, a premature death, from the effects of this poison !

4. The use of tobacco manifests and strengthens *selfishness and disrespect of others*. What greater selfishness and disrespect can there be, than to poison and stenchify God's pure, sweet atmosphere, to the great annoyance of others, to gratify an unnatural appetite ? Yet one can hardly enter a hotel, a post-office, or turn the corner of a street, without meeting a puff, full in the face ! The first thing that meets you on entering a house where any of the dwellers use tobacco, is a foul stench ! '*Murder will out !*'

5. The use of tobacco seems to *destroy a respect, even for decency*. Christian ladies have frequently informed us that while sitting at the communion-table of our Blessed Lord, they were compelled to pass the cup of wine, emblematical of dying love, from the fact that it was so strongly defiled after passing the lips of some foul-mouthed tobac-

co sot! Is not this too shocking to relate? 'Let all things be done decently.' Can God's Holy Spirit possibly dwell in a carcase so vile, filthy and polluted?

6. To use tobacco is *extremely inconvenient*. What habitual tobacco-chewer does not often find himself in a sad dilemma—on entering a fine parlor, with a large *quid* in his teeth! As his mouth fills with amber-juice—does he not feel at a loss how, when and where to unload—throw off the insufferable filth? To be sure, some of these 'old sodgers' are so lost to all decency, and self-respect, as to defile the most beautiful carpets, grates and fenders! Ladies, what think you of this?

7. Another reason for discarding tobacco, is, its *intolerable filthiness*. 'Filthiness of the mouth and fog of the mind.' Look into some of our village and county churches—what a spectacle! Language fails, here! Even the pulpit, the *sanctum sanctorum*, wears visible marks of the beast—completely saturated! Instead of a whip of small cords, to drive out these filthy dreamers, ought there not to be a whip of scorpions—or the cat-o'-nine-tails? 'My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.'

The Israelitish camps were clean;
Such were their institutions;
And why should not a meeting-house
Be guarded from pollutions?
Religion is a cleanly thing,
And decency befits it;
But spitting is a nauseous thing,
And every one admits it.

Very many bar-rooms, lawyers' and doctors' offices, and even students' rooms, are much in the same keeping, worse than pig-pens!—Many are so exceedingly filthy in the use of tobacco, that even their best friends manifest a strong reluctance on receiving them into their houses—no wonder.

Churches have often been refused, on public occasions, on account of these common defilements. Sextons ought to receive double compensation for their services, where this dirty tyrant is allowed to enter.

Our steam-boats, rail-cars, omnibuses, post-offices, hotels, stores, shops, and other places of public resort, are rendered exceedingly uncomfortable and nauseating by these slaves of appetite.

Look at the mouth, the lips, the teeth, of a real old *suigger* of the pipe and quid! Awful! What a sepulchre of corruption!

Conductors of passenger-cars say they are far more annoyed by tobacco victims than by the victims of alcohol! How frequently are ladies compelled to turn away with sickening disgust, from the stinking breath of the tobacco-chewing or smoking minister or physician! Horrible!

 O WHAT a breath! Dreadful! dreadful!

Come old and young and hear me tell
 How strong tobacco-smokers smell,
 Who love to smoke their pipes so well.
 They always scent the atmosphere,
 And you may know when they are near—
 Though not a word from them you hear.

8. *Its impoliteness* is another reason for avoiding this filthy habit. This idea has already been hinted at. Still, we cannot refrain from showing a few more striking facts on this point, which come daily under our observation—the gross insults offered to gentlemen and ladies, on the sidewalks, in post-offices, hotels, and in all the public conveyances! Is there one lady in a thousand, of refined taste and delicate sensibilities, who does not abhor, from her very soul, this vulgarity, this sickening, disgusting effluvia? Is it not as good breeding to spit in another person's face as to smoke in the face of a gentleman or lady who does not use the vile weed? The bare smell of tobacco, to many persons, particularly those in feeble health, is most egregiously offensive and sickening. We have seen persons of that description gagged, and even vomiting, simply from meeting an embryo gentleman with a cigar in his mouth. Many persons there are who puff in hotels, steamboats, cars and along the streets, as cool and unconcerned as if every one else smelt as villainously as themselves.

'I knew by the smoke that so lazily curled
 From his lips, 'twas a loa'er I happened to meet,
 And I said, "If a nuisance there be in this world,
 'Tis the smoke of cigars in a frequented street."

'Twas night and the ladies were gliding around,
 And in many an eye shone the glittering tear,
 But the loafer puffed on, and I heard not a sound,
 Save the short, barking cough of each smoke-smitten dear.

9. The use of tobacco *tends to strong drink*. Who ever knew a toper, or a drunken sot, who was not at the same time a slave to the 'Indian weed'? Rum and tobacco are sworn allies—as each of these stimulants induces a demand for the other. Thus tobacco is one of the greatest hindrances to the temperance reform.

'Tobacco and rum are the annoyances of modesty, the spoilers of civility, the destroyers of reason—the brewers' agency, the alewife's providers. Also the pests of society, the wife's sorrow, the children's trouble, the strongholds of lust and of Satan. And their victim is below the beast, a walking swill-tub, the fool's scorn, the good man's pity, the monster of a man.'

10. *The example* is pernicious in the extreme.

Why do we see dirty boys, urchins, ragamuffins, the very dregs of society, puffing and strutting through the streets, with a stinking cigar in the mouth, to the great annoyance of humane—not to say human—beings. Why this childish folly and wickedness—this juvenile nuisance and depravity? Why are these boys led to acquire a habit so unnatural, so vile, so pernicious; which is almost sure to cripple them

for life, make them idle, lounging, dissipated sots! a perpetual *stench!* a disgrace to themselves and to their parents, and a laughing-stock in community? Is not this *shameful, villainous* practice induced, in a great degree, by imitation—by witnessing other biped tobacco-worms of a larger growth, and in 'higher standing'? Thus we see, here, as in other instances, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners', and 'One sinner destroyeth much good.'

11. Tobacco *leads to infamy*. 'Where is there a dram-shop, a gambling-house, a den of robbers, a place of filth and vermin above ground or beneath, where tobacco does not find lodgment?

'Where is there a dandy, a libertine, a rake, a dunce, a pirate, a robber, a blackleg, a scape-gallows, a scoundrel of any name or shape, who does not use tobacco?'

12. And finally: tobacco *blunts the moral sensibilities, sears the conscience, and hardens the heart*. Who ever knew a servant of the pipe, snuff-box or quid to be a consistent, holy, sanctified Christian, with a soul on fire of heaven—breathing an atmosphere of love, self-denial and benevolence? *Impossible!* What! a Christian and a slave to appetite, to fleshly lust—grossly intemperate. (?)

If some who sin ignorantly in this thing may repent and be saved, 'so as by fire,' are there not thousands so wedded to their '*pigtail*' that they will sooner renounce their Bibles and all hope of heaven than give it up? '*Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.*'—Hos. 4: 17.

A TRUE SKETCH.

The following faithful picture, drawn by James H. Smith, Esq., associate editor of the *Wilmington Free Press*, actually transpired in our own city of Raleigh. We well remember the soul-thrilling cries and harrowing shrieks of the heart-broken mother. We stood near the gallows as the unfortunate victim was prepared for the fatal drop, and warned the multitude around to beware of strong drink, the foul demon that had brought him to his awful end. Anxiously he looked for, and seemed to expect the approach of a courier bearing the Governor's reprieve, and, writhing under terror and suspense, he would cry, "It is hard; it is hard for one so young to die the felon's death! O, whiskey! whiskey! cursed whiskey! it has ruined me." The last five minutes of his time had come; the sheriff adjusted the rope and death-cap; the fatal cord was cut; and poor Madison Johnson hung between heaven and earth, the disgraced and lifeless victim of strong drink.—*Spirit of the Age*.

In the days of my boyhood I knew a young man who was in the eighteenth year of his age, or thereabouts. The healthy blood flowed in his veins, and he bid fair to live many years. But, although nur-

tured by tender parents, and taught to avoid evil practices, he mingled in evil company, and at last he began to drink liquor. His father, who kept a grog-shop, ascertaining that he drank to excess, forbid the clerk from letting his son have any, on pain of being discharged. A few days after this order, the young man entered his father's shop, and demanded a drink of brandy.

"Your father has positively forbade me letting you have any," said the good-natured clerk.

"I don't care what he or you says, either!" shouted the young man, for his passion was becoming ungovernable.

"You can't have any liquor from this place, sir."

"I can not?"

"Not a drop."

"Then I'll have something else," said the young man, fiercely, drawing a pistol from his pocket, and presenting it at the frightened clerk.

"Give me liquor!"

"I'll die first."

"Then die! I'll have liquor!"

A report—and the clerk fell a corpse on the floor. The murderer was arrested. Mad with the effects of brandy, he raged the more as those around him endeavoured to pacify him. He became the sole occupant of a dismal dungeon—the felon's home, and too often the poor drunkard's home. The unfortunate youth was left alone; alone with his own conscience, and with no eye to watch the operations of remorse, when he became sober, but the eye of the Eternal.

The awful day of his trial is at hand. He is put upon his trial, and pleads, "Not guilty!" Counsel use every stratagem to clear him; but, after a patient investigation, twelve honest and capable men pronounce him *guilty of murder*. The Judge, with a sad heart, yet an unyielding sense of duty, pronounces the dreadful sentence of death upon the doomed man. He is remanded back to his dungeon-home, where, cut off from hope in this world, he might prepare for eternity.

The revolving wheels of time bring the fatal Friday; the crowds of men are gathering here and there—every pulse beating wildly. The law will be enforced. But what grief-stricken group is this who are wending their way to the Governor's mansion? They are the parents of the doomed youth. They are making another soul-moving appeal to the Governor. See! they are kneeling at his feet, and are pleading for the first pledge of their early love. The wild screams of the heart-broken mother ring out clear upon the air, and reach even the cell of her beloved son. But there is a voice far louder than the terrific wail of that mother. Justice thunders to the officer, "See thou pardon him not! Blood for blood!" Hope has fled; all is lost!

With the crowd we hasten to the prison. The time has come to proceed to the place where the horrible tragedy shall terminate. Behold him! O, God! save me from a scene so overwhelm-

ingly appalling. He comes out of his slimy cell dressed in the habiliments of the grave. His mother, his once beloved mother is there, waiting to give him one parting embrace. He kneels down and asks her to forgive him for breaking her poor heart, becoming a drunkard, and, consequently, a murderer. Weep, ye angels, over a scene like this ! O, youth of America, be warned by his confession. It was rum that did it all. The sheriff proceeds to the fatal spot. The agitated crowd follows. They reach the place. After a short prayer, the criminal ascends the scaffold. The rope and cap are adjusted ; a short pause, and then a dull, heavy sound falls upon the air, and the stillness of death comes over the assembled multitude.

Justice says, "I am satisfied !" The victim was slain. Rum had done its work.

A GOOD HEARER .

1. He is sure to be in season at church. His goodness would be marred were he a loiterer. He would aid in spoiling other men's good hearing, were he to disturb sanctuary services by late attendance.

2. He *appears* to hear, as well as really hears. When people's heads are down, or askew, looking out of the windows, or at other worshippers, or examining ceiling and walls, &c., perhaps they can hear, and perhaps they do. But it appears as if they did not. The preacher doubts it, and so do others. But the good hearer looks to where the preaching comes from. He hears the better for it ; and he thus seems to others to hear, which is worth something in the sanctuary.

3. The good hearer does nothing else but hear. Some investigate the psalm-book, some inspect post and pillar, especially every late comer, as if life depended on knowing who he was. Some turn in for a nap, and some turn out their imaginations on a cruise all over the creation. Thus many do anything but hear. But the good hearer does nothing else ; he came for that purpose, and he does it.

4. He helps others to hear ; his example sheds a happy influence around him. It interests and affects them to see how interested he is, and they insensibly catch his spirit, and become good hearers too.

5. And he makes, or helps others to make, good preachers. The pulpit fires up when the pew is wide awake to catch every word. It makes the preacher feel as if he were doing something to some purpose, when he can gaze upon a whole sanctuary full of upturned faces and fixed eyes. It sends the life-blood quicker through his veins. The hearers warm him up, and then his augmented ardour and energy warm them up, and they have a good warm time of it, helping one another.

'PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF.' O WHAT A DRAWBACK!

What a hindrance, what stumbling blocks, what standing monuments of disgrace are the ungodly sons and daughters of ministers, baptised infidels, growing up in stubborn rebellion against God and his cause!

PREACH! a minister preach on family government, the domestic relations, exhort his people to train their children for God, in the way they should go, while his own children are sons of Belial, ungodly sinners! '*Physician heal thyself;*' will be cast in his teeth, on every side. His mouth is closed. And can there be a greater stumbling-block to the church and the world? Besides, how is it possible that any minister can take care of the church, when he knows not how to rule his own house?

Without deep, heartfelt, *gushing* repentance, and reformation, will not the curse of Eli rest upon these unfaithful ministers?

Wherefore did the judgments of heaven fall upon Eli with tenfold vengeance? His sons were vile, and he restrained them not!

SPIRITUAL GLEANINGS.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." A man may live in a deep mine in Hungary, never having seen the light of the sun; he may have received accounts of prospects, and, by the help of a candle, may have examined a few engravings of them; but let him be brought out of the mine, and set on the mountain, what a difference appears! The change in real conversion is fully known only by them who are the subjects of it.

"My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee."

If two angels came down from heaven to execute a divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to change employments. O no!

"For who by faith their Lord receive,
They nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin they live;
Their creature love is crucified.

"Their real life with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as their Head reveal'd,
They soon shall meet him in the skies."

Doctor Taylor, of Norwich, once said to an eminent Divine, "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of atonement, which you hold,

should not have been found by me." "I am not surprised at this," was the reply : "I ouce went to light my candle with the extinguisher upon it. Now prejudices from education, from learning, &c., often form an extinguisher. It is not enough that you bring the candle : you must remove the extinguisher."

"When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee ?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise !

"Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below ;
Only guided by thy light ;
Only mighty in thy might !

"So I may thy Spirit know ;
Let him as he listeth blow ;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one."

When some people talk of religion, they mean they have heard so many sermons, and performed so many devotions ; and thus mistake the *means* for the *end*. But true religion is an habitual recollection of God, and intention to serve him ; and this, like the fabled philosopher's stone, turns everything into gold. We are apt to imagine that we need something splendid to evince our devotion ; (look at the Popery introduced into some of our churches of late, for example ;) but true religion equalizes things. Washing plates and cleaning shoes is a high office, if performed in a right spirit. If three angels were sent to earth, they would feel perfect indifference who should perform the part of prime-minister, of parish-minister, or of watchman. The saint says,

"Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim ;
My offerings all be offer'd through
The ever-blessed Name !
Jesus, my single eye
Be fix'd on thee alone ;
Thy name be praised on earth, on high ;
Thy will by all be done !"

I have many books that I cannot sit down to read. They are good and sound ; but, like half-pence, there goes a large quantity to a little amount. There are *silver* books, and a few *golden* books ; but I have one book worth more than they all, called the Bible ; and that is the book of *bank-notes*.

The following testimonies have been borne to the Bible :—

"I am of opinion," says Sir W. Jones, "that, independently of its divine origin, it contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty,

more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."

"Had Cicero," says Addison, "lived to see all that Christianity has brought to light, how would he have lavished out all the force of eloquence in those noblest of contemplations,—the resurrection, and the judgment that will follow it! How would he have entered, with the force of lightning, into the affections of his hearers, upon those glorious themes which are contained in the Bible!"

"It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth for its matter, without any mixture of error," said the immortal Locke.

Reader, revere the Bible; read it with attention and prayer; obey its precepts; keep its statutes: this shall be your life.

EVILS OF MARBLE-PLAYING.

Marbles, marbles, marbles, are all the rage, at certain seasons, day and night. Children, youth, lads, big boys and little boys, of all colors, grades, forms and shapes, are seen at this silly, pernicious game: this initiatory step to the gambling-table and grog-rooms.

[Keep them at work, busy as bees, at something good and useful. Regular, stated employment is the only safeguard for boys and girls. The very *moment* you let them run loose, idle about, do as they please—that moment Satan begins. Thousands are ruined in the street school, soul and body, for time and eternity.

* While Satan finds some mischief, still,
For idle hands to do.*]

These idle, dirty, foul-mouthed chaps are a perfect nuisance to our cities and villages. [Where are our city officers?] The side-walks are literally thronged, blocked up, by these urchins and ragamuffins. Ladies are frequently insulted and abused.

Swear? yes, all kinds of lewd ribaldry and profanity belch forth, from these vile lips! The very offscourings are here! the filth of creation!

Parent, are you doing a fine business!—if so, go on! Your children take lessons rapidly in Satan's school! The cup of wrath is filling fast! Sow to the wind, by and by you reap the whirlwind!

Beloved youth, can you not engage in something for relaxation or amusement more noble, decent, manly, elevating, than marble-playing? Do you not know, dear friends, that the most degraded in our cities are among these groups? swearers, pilferers, sabbath-breakers, idle vagabonds? This marble business often terminates in hard speeches, disputings, wranglings, fighting and blood! Time is lost, precious, golden moments, for which God will call you to account. Besides, here is your reputation? Who ever saw a respectable youth, a boy of distinguished worth and gentlemanly deportment, engage in the

low, mean, dirty business of marble-playing? Was such a thing, ever? Seest thou a lad in the streets, in the fields, at his marbles? What the conclusion? In the road to ruin? most certainly. A scared conscience, a callous heart, a turning away from the path of life to the path of death, is sure to accompany these games, sooner or later.

‘My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not!’ ‘Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men.—Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away.’—Prov. 1 : 10. Also 4 : 14, 15.

God, who formed the laws of nature, formed also the human heart, and has so adapted the one to the other, as to promote in every variety of mode, the enjoyment of the beings he has made. There is no end to the kinds of enjoyment, which God has thus opened to us everywhere.—*Abbott*.

When a book raises your spirit, and inspires you with noble and generous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the work by; it is good and made by a good workman.

THE BALL-ROOM.

Miss — was lovely and accomplished, and from a child feared the Lord. She enjoyed the advantages of a good education, and highly respectable connexions; her grandfather and father holding successively responsible situations under the crown. In early life she communed with God's people, and great hopes were entertained of her happiness and usefulness in the church. But she was prevailed upon to attend a ball, given by Sir —. She doubted the propriety of going, but was told by her relations, if she did not she would know nothing of life; treat the distinguished individual who invited her with disrespect; and, above all, many good people would be there, and there was no harm in going. She did not enjoy herself whilst there; returned home unhappy; and resolved no more to visit so unhallowed a place. She was faithfully reprov'd by a Minister, who had been one of the guides of her youth; but being convinced of her contrition, he again admitted her to the Lord's table, and can never forget her demeanour on that solemn occasion. Shortly afterwards she was seized with a disease, which ended in death. For some days she had no comfort: the visit to the ball-room affected her mind exceedingly; but God in mercy manifested himself to her: and she died happy. Almost her last words were, “I am happy; all is well; but, my dear mother, keep my sisters away from the ball-room.”

THE DELIGHTS OF BENEVOLENCE.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress ; if there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.—*Bacon.*

SOLEMN INQUIRIES.

In what state did my soul come into the world ?
 What condition is my soul in now ?
 What will become of me if I should lose my soul ?
 What would be my doom if God should this night require my soul ?
 Ought not the salvation of my soul to be my chief business and concern ?

LONGING FOR GOD.

Of a small handful of outward things, I am ready to say, "It is enough." But that which I long passionately for, is a large heart, full of God in Jesus Christ. Thou art my sun ; the best of creatures are but stars, deriving the lustre they have from thee. Did not thy light make day in my heart, I should languish for them all in a perpetual night of dissatisfaction.—*Dr. Arrowsmith.*

Poetry.

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

'Twas a beautiful morning, a bright, calm sea,
 And the boat to the shore drove mournfully ;
 I saw the poor wretches, like sheep from a fold,
 Dragg'd forth to the market, like beasts, to be sold ;
 And I mark'd their distracted and hopeless air,
 As the tear stood in many a dark eye there.
 But one couple I watch'd more than all the rest,
 For to me they appear'd the most distress'd ;
 And as oft as a buyer's slow steps came near,
 They would gaze on each other with silent fear,
 Which look interchang'd said, in frenzy's tone,
 "If they rob me of thee, every hope is gone."

They appear'd to my eye as a late wedded pair,
 Now join'd in the wedlock of pale despair ;
 And I fancied she haply had left her home,
 And to share the sad fate of her husband had come,
 Little deeming the villains that tore him away
 Had doom'd them a cruel parting day.
 But it came in its horrors, and heart from heart,
 By man's cruel mandates, was doom'd to part ;
 Though a rock might have melted to see their embrace,
 As they kiss'd the big drops from each tearful face.
 Yes, I saw them asunder by rough hands torn,
 And I saw their last lingering look forlorn,
 Though the wretch who had stol'n them stood silent by,
 With no pang in his breast, and no tear in his eye.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

Instructed oft with patient zeal
 By those who love the young,
 Before the Lord we humbly kneel,
 And try with all our heart to feel
 The language of our tongue.

And when each infant voice in praise
 Attempts the simple hymn,
 Imperfect though the strain we raise,
 He smiles, and listens to our lays,
 Who hears the cherubim.

To read, to love the sacred page,
 While taught by Christians' care,
 Who thus the Sabbath hours engage,
 We often, though of tender age,
 Remember them in prayer.

Our Teachers, like their blessed Lord,
 Seek not themselves to please ;
 Eternal be their vast reward,
 From Him who fails not to record
 Such acts of love as these.

Their friendly toll will soon be o'er ;
 We too shall die ere long :
 By faith, to heaven O may we soar,
 And sing with them for evermore
 The hallelujah song !

ELIZA W. BRADBURN.

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