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THE
WOMAN'S FRIEND,
AND
VOICE OF THE YOUNG.

JUNE, 1854.

[No. 5.]

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

VOL. I.]

JUNE, 1854.

[No. 5.

SKETCHES IN GENERAL BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Some years ago, the *Spectator* was more generally read than it is at present. It is a book, however, which has taken its place among the *English classics*, and will always be read so long as the language in which it was written endures. Now that what may be termed the *dashing style* is with many so much in favour, with others, the *style of passion*, and perhaps with most, the exciting articles on *party politics* which are furnished by the editors of party newspapers, (and how few newspapers are now to be found which are not devoted to the interests of party,) the simple, calm, yet truly elegant, and English style of the *Spectator*, in which are given discussions on questions of criticism, or such as belong to what sometimes are termed *minor morals*, are considered, will find comparatively few admirers. Still, the *Spectator* will always be an English book for English readers. Even in cottages, odd volumes (now and then, complete sets) may sometimes be found; and, as age increases, and the judgment improves, and the conviction becomes stronger, that as London streets are not paved with gold, so likewise the politics of society will always furnish matters of complaint to those who search for them, the papers of the *Spectator* will, almost unawares, increase in the interest felt in their perusal; and if the education movement goes on, and produces the effects which are anticipated from it, (and we hope that it will do both,) the day of *Spectator* reading will come round again, and often, after, perhaps, a hard day's work, or a day of fatiguing and anxious attention to business, will a little quiet relaxation be sought, in the perusal of the unexciting, but instructive and interesting, papers of the *Spectator*. At all events, it is one of those English books of which *odd volumes* are often found, even now, on the cottager's shelf; and a brief account of the principal author will not, we think, be unaccep-

table to our readers, and *friends*, we were going to add,—and why should we not? Our only object, in our monthly labours, which occupy more time, and more *headwork*, than might at first be thought, is the benefit of our readers. Often, if, through continued labour, we sometimes feel a *little flagging*, we think of the first week of the month, and of the *hundreds*, (we hope in a few months to be able to say *thousands*) of families which at that time receive their *Cottager's Friend*, and sit down in the evening, young and old, to read its contents, and we are animated again. We think we are introduced to our readers personally, and that we are permitted to converse with them. And if we can convey pleasing and useful information to them, if we can afford them an improving relaxation after their daily toil, (upon which may God's blessing ever rest, and may they have for it what the heathen poet considered as the grand object of prayer,—alas! he knew no better; he saw no farther; he had not had the advantage of being a student in *the book of books*,—*mens sana in corpore sano*, “a healthy mind in a healthy body,”) very thankful shall we be, and more than recompensed for all our labour of preparation. But now to the *Spectator*.

Joseph Addison was born May 1st, 1672, at Milston, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire, of which parish his father, the Reverend Lancelot Addison, a Clergyman of considerable learning, and who was subsequently made Dean of Litchfield, was Rector. He was first sent to school at Amesbury, and thence to the Charter-House, London, from which place he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford, when he was about fifteen years of age. Two years afterwards, obtaining a scholarship, he removed to Magdalen College, in the same University. He soon became an accomplished scholar, and obtained the notice and patronage of Lords Somers and Halifax. In 1699, he obtained, through Lord Somers, a pension of £300 a year, and set out on a tour to Italy, and addressed from that country his beautiful and (to all who are acquainted with his writings) well-known poetical *letter* to Lord Halifax. Returning to England, he became Under Secretary of State, and was for many years engaged in public affairs, though still attending to his favourite literary pursuits. In 1709 he began to assist Sir Richard Steele in the publication of the *Tatler*; and in March, 1711, the *Spectator* was commenced. In 1716 he married the Countess-Dowager of Warwick; and in 1717 he became one of the Secretaries of State: his health, however, having been injured by attacks of asthma, he left office in March, 1718. For a short time he seemed to be relieved by his freedom from the cares of public life, but the relief was but temporary. His disorder returned with greater power; and, after lingering some time, he died at Holland House, Kensington, June 17th, 1719, having just entered on his forty-eighth year. In his last illness, he sent for the young Earl of Warwick, his wife's son; who, asking him what he wished to say, received the memorable reply, —rendered more so by the recollection of the fact, that it was a *free-*

thinking, that is, an *infidel*, age, and that the young lord, with little restraint, was entering into the spirit of the day,—“I sent for you, my lord, *that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.*”

Justice to the reader, and to truth, requires that we should add, that while Addison was evidently a firm believer in the truth of Christianity, (indeed, he wrote some excellent pieces on the evidences of the Christian religion, as well as some on the general doctrines of religion, which evince his reverence for sacred things,) he does not appear to have at all emerged from the obscurity which, in his day, rested on the peculiar and characteristic doctrines of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. To the bulk of society, high and low, it was an age of darkness, darkness that might be felt; and they who dwelt, comparatively, at a distance from its deeper shades, though they enjoyed more light, had that light mingled with a melancholy obscurity. Better days, indeed, were coming. The son of the Ripworth Clergyman was, when Addison died, completing his preparatory studies, where his own had been completed; and the following year, removing from the Charter House to Christ Church, John Wesley became an Oxford student.

U N C L E S A M .

LIGHT WITHOUT FIRE.

“O, Uncle Sam,” said the children to him one morning, “we saw such a curious sight last night.” “What was it?” the uncle asked. The children, it seems, being out after dark, saw something against the wall of a neighbour’s house shining with a pale light; but when a lantern was held up to it, the light disappeared, and they saw nothing but a piece of fish, which had been hung up there to dry. “But, Uncle,” they continued, “though it was so light,—at least whilst there was no other light there,—it was quite cold. It was not warm at all.” “Did you think, then,” Uncle Sam asked, “that because there was light, there would be heat?” “O yes,” they replied, “we thought that light belonged to fire.” “But you see that you were mistaken,” their uncle continued. “There are many things that shine in the dark without any fire.” This was quite enough to rouse their curiosity, and they at once cried out, “Do tell us something about things that shine as if they were on fire, without burning.” “Well, then,” said uncle, “there is the glow-worm; a little insect, about half an inch long, which has the power of emitting a palish green light, from near the end of the tail. The light is about the size of a small pea. When I have been coming home, on a summer night, after dark, I have seen scores of them on the hedge-side, shining like so many beautiful little stars. And in some countries larger insects shine in the same way. In the East Indies, an officer who was engaged in a campaign, as he was travelling one night through one of the mountain-passes of the

country, observed a very curious insect crawling along the ground, every part of which presented a luminous appearance. It was about two inches long. The body was of a pale-blue flame-colour, with yellow streaks down the back. Its legs and antennæ (or *feelers*) were also of a bright yellow." "That would be a pretty sight," said the children, "to see little streaks of fire moving along the ground." "Yes," said Uncle Sam; "but would it not be prettier to see beautiful little sparks flying about in the air?" "Why, Uncle," they replied, "are there such things as fire-flies?" "Yes, my children," he said; "there are many in South America. It is a sort of beetle; and on each side of the breast is a small yellow spot, from which so bright a light is emitted, that persons can even see to read by it. Several are sometimes put into a small glass phial for this very purpose. And ladies will confine them in muslin, and use them as ornaments on the head. But they appear most beautiful when flying about. But," added Uncle Sam, "this light without fire is seen to greatest advantage in connexion with living fishes. Some of them shine so brightly, as to furnish what might almost be called, 'water fire-works.'" "Did you ever see any yourself, Uncle?" asked the children very eagerly. "If I had not," he answered them, "I could readily believe it, especially after I had seen glow-worms shining in the hedge-bottom, and pieces of fish shining against the side of a wall, when hung up to dry. But I have seen these water fire-works, and it was one of the most splendid sights I ever saw." "O do tell us all about it," said his little friends; "we shall so like to hear it." "I was crossing the Atlantic Ocean," replied their Uncle, "and we were about midway between England and America. The day had been fine, and the night, though clear, was very dark. I was sitting on the deck, and admiring the long train of pale light which the vessel seemed to be drawing after it; just as if there had been a number of cabin-windows in the stern, (and our vessel was not large enough for that,) and candles shining from them all. We had a fair wind, but light; and were going along about five or six knots an hour." "*Knots?* What are they, Uncle?" "O, *miles*, my children. They say *knots* at sea. But there was this beautiful pale light, reaching several hundred yards behind us." "What could it be, Uncle?" "Why, some say that it arises from a very very small sort of insect; so small as scarcely to be discernible, except when it thus shines, which it is said to do when disturbed by the passage of a ship through the water, or by the agitation of the waves in a storm. And this seems most likely. So that, as what is called the *milky way* in the sky, is nothing but the blended light of an innumerable quantity of stars, so distant as to be separately invisible; in the sea this *milky way* is occasioned by millions of *animalcules*—" "What are they, Uncle?" "*Little animals*, my children; so small that hundreds will float in a drop of water, as if it were a large pond for them. They can only be seen by the help of the microscope." "Some time or other you will tell us about these, Uncle: but go on,

and tell us about your water fire-works." "Well, then, my children, as I was saying, this *milky way* in the ocean is produced by millions of these minute living creatures, each having the power to emit light like the glow-worm. But this, beautiful a sight as it is, is not what I referred to. The Captain was walking near the middle of the vessel, when he suddenly stopped, and called me to him. 'Look there,' said he, pointing over the side of the vessel. I *did* look; and certainly there was the most splendid sight I ever saw. 'There were some twenty or thirty porpoises, darting backwards and forwards, their paths crossing each other in all directions.' 'But did you not say it was a dark night, Uncle Sam?' 'Yes, my children,' he replied, 'I did.' 'Then how could you see them, and know what they were?' 'You think you have caught me,' he said: 'but Uncle Sam is not caught so easily. *The whole surface of each fish was luminous, so that we could not only see them, but their exact shape.* And, as a proof, we saw among them *an immense shark, with his sharp nose; and his shape, likewise, we could clearly perceive.* When they darted about very swiftly, we could only see as it were flashes of light;—not dazzling light, but pale, yet clear, and beautifully soft. When the fishes descended into deeper water, the light was *less distinct; more so, when they came nearer the surface.* And when they rapidly darted about in various directions, the appearance was that of flashes of light crossing each other, or parallel to each other. In short, for nearly an hour we stood admiring this beautiful and wonderful exhibition."

"Well, my dear children," now said Uncle Sam, "you seem quite astonished. What are you thinking about?" "Why, Uncle, how can light be without fire?" "Nay," he replied; "but why should light be *with* fire?" "Why, Uncle, it is so, is it not?" "Yes," he answered them, "because such is the Creator's will. But though fire gives out light, light is not fire. He who made the light, collected it chiefly in the sun, and the beams of light are associated with heat. But as light can come from fire, so He has connected the property of emitting it, with certain dead substances, and certain living animals. You may see the glow-worm some summer evening. You saw the luminous fish last night. And there is a chemical substance, called *phosphorus*, which not only shines in the dark, but which, if you rub it on the wall, you see a light wherever it was rubbed. Only, by the way, this said *phosphorus* easily takes fire, and easily sets some substances on fire; so that it is a very dangerous article. But you must learn one lesson from such facts as these. The works of God are very wonderful. He has made the sun to be a vast collection of light, so strong as to be quite dazzling. He has given the power of shining to little insects. Nay, some living beings, so small as to be themselves invisible, yet when their light is blended, they cause a pathway of light to appear on the surface of the ocean, in the darkness of night. Who can tell how it is in the depths of the ocean, where sunlight can never come? Yet even there, for all the purposes for which light shall be

required, by the wonderful contrivance of making certain bodies luminous, as much light may be present as is needful. He who made the vast body of the sun luminous, gave the power of shining to these almost inconceivably minute living creatures. All his works are made in wisdom. All his works praise Him. Men can see this wisdom, and refer it to its source. And this is their duty. If his works are so wonderful, what is He himself? While you admire the creatures, adore the Creator. Fear him, and love him : bless him, and serve him. He, but only he, is the happy man, who, looking to heaven through the Lord Jesus Christ, is able to say, ' O Lord, thou art my God !'

SUBJECTS OF REFLECTION FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT MANY BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S VICTORIES.—The Christian is a soldier ; and he wars " a good warfare." His cause is righteous, his alliance is almighty, his success is sure: and he " joys before the Lord as men rejoice when they divide the spoil."

Nothing, perhaps, strikes us more powerfully than military grandeur. Johnson has remarked, that were you in a room with a company of philosophers, and there came in Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, or Frederick the Great, every eye would instantly be drawn off from the former, and fastened on the latter. Indeed the glory that attends the conqueror is so dazzling, that it unhappily prevents our observing sufficiently the wickedness of his character, the injustice of his means, the wretchedness of his exploits. But it is the *moral* hero the Scripture calls upon us to admire ; it is that man that subdues *himself*. " He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." There is no skill like this ; no valour like this ; no glory like this ; no joy like this. Have you ever been enabled by divine grace to subdue a rebellious passion ? For instance. When stimulated to revenge, have you resisted, and " overcome evil with good ?" What a serenity filled the mind ! What a delicious sensation of kindness spread through the heart ! It was a proof by dignified feeling that " it is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression." It was a little approximation to Deity,—to Him who " is slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

We may say the same of every other moral conquest. Such victory nothing can embitter. It yields a pleasure the most pure, the most generous, the most durable. It will bear examination and review. It will abide a dying hour. It will live in eternity. It is an angel that brings the wreath. It is God himself that approves and applauds. " He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.—The question is, Who may lawfully claim the honour of this apostolic descent? We most surely exclude from it all that are heretical in sentiment, all that are infamous in character, all that are wicked in practice, whatever title they may wear, or to whatever ancient Councils or ecclesiastical authorities they may appeal. And we think *they* have the best claim to the distinction, and that *they* are the truest successors of the Apostles, who are one with these men of God in the belief of the same truth, in the possession of the same principles and dispositions, in the display of the same zeal, and in being able to claim a measure of the same success: for surely they are most apostolical who have most of the Apostles in them, who most decidedly tread in their steps, who most fully breathe their spirit, who most strongly remind us of their lives and labours, and who can say of their converts and charges, "Do we need epistles of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you? Ye are our epistles, written in our hearts, known and read of all men.—Forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart: and such trust have we through Christ to God-ward."—*Jay*.

THE DOWNFALL OF GIRLS, UNDER THE PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

"O that every young girl might realize, that when her professed lover makes dishonorable proposals he is rotten at heart. Does he succeed in his base design, he probably no longer seeks her company, but leaves her to suffer alone all the disgrace and anguish of soul resulting from such transgression. Would that a warning voice on this subject might echo through this land and through all lands. Would that every young lady could believe, that when he, who professes regard for her, offers her an insult, he is no longer worthy of her confidence and affection. Would that she would flee his society, and discharge him forthwith.

"But whether they are eventually married or not, how preposterous, how degrading, vulgar, criminal, and fearfully hazardous, under such circumstances, to yield to temptation!

"Mothers generally seem to act a very unwise part in relation to this subject. They not only neglect to give proper instructions, but allow their daughters to indulge in *night-sitting*. Marriage is 'honorable,' and it is right that those who expect to be united in this sacred relation should become well acquainted with each other. Then surely the preliminaries need not be attended to under the covert of night. Let there be nothing inconsistent with the light of noonday in their conduct and conversation."

We clip the above from "The Friend of Virtue," edited by highly distinguished and eminently pious ladies of Boston. We rejoice to see it. Against 'night-sitting,' or midnight courtships, so common in this country, we utter our decided protest. Their tendency is recorded in the bitter history of thousands! They lay the foundation for untold evils in this life. They hasten imprudent marriages, which are followed by dissatisfactions, heart burnings, and scalding tears, and even worse. They afford great facilities to vicious and depraved persons, for imposing upon the innocent and unsuspecting, and tempt the pure. But for this, many whose faces are now crimsoned with shame, might have been virtuous and respected husbands and wives! And many whose names have been dis severed from the church, can trace their fall and ignominy to this cause.

For years we have beheld these desolations, and wept. If ever there was an artful stratagem of Satan to destroy virtue, the peace and happiness of families—surely these midnight courtships cap the climax! Facts have come to our personal knowledge, from base, corrupt, unprincipled, licentious young men, that might cause angels to weep!

Parents, we warn you in the name of *God*, break up this abomination, this artful stratagem of the devil! Virtuous ladies, we beseech you by all that is modest, pure, virtuous, lovely and of good report, veto this practice: place your foot upon it, as upon a serpent's head! Resist it even 'unto *blood!*'—*Golden Rule.*

THE GULF OF ETERNITY.

We see that our youthful joys were but this morning; we see them withered ere 'tis night; withered to be green no more. The grass can be turned in one hour to hay, but the hay can never return to its former freshness. We look back on our early joys and say, they are "as a dream when one awaketh." How short was the vision, and whither has it fled! We were just preparing to live; but now we have awoke, and found that we have nothing to do but to prepare to die; for what has happened to the joys of life, will soon happen to life itself. "In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up—in the evening it is cut down and withereth" in the grave. We have already passed the greater part of life's comforts. Every hour is carrying us still farther from them. We cannot return; but an irresistible current is bearing us down into the gulf of eternity. There is no return—there is no stop. It will be but a moment, and we must go to our long home, and leave the mourners to go about the streets. We cannot be younger, but soon shall be dead—and on a dying bed we shall feel the truth of our text, and the propriety of its figure more than ever. All our life will seem but a day. And having passed the short day of dreams and shadows, we shall disappear. We shall take an eternal leave of earth, and wing our way to the bar of God. The

places which now know us will know us no more. Our lands and houses will go into other hands. Strangers will occupy our substance, and walk over our graves, without knowing that we are buried there. Our names will be forgotten on earth. The world will go on as before. The sun will rise and set as usual. Mirth and diversion will be as bright as ever. None will take thought of our pleasures or pains; while we shall be either mounting the regions of life, and soaring high in salvation, or shrieking to the ear of hell, and sinking into the pit that has no bottom.—*Dr. Griffin.*

A GREAT AND SOLEMN THEATRE.

The following was written by the Rev. John Wesley, of London, in 1774; a copy of which was sent to the King of England, which has ever since put a stop to the play called, "*The Day of Judgement*," which was about that time being performed in the London Theatres.

"By Command of the King of Kings, and at the desire of all those who love his appearing, at the Theatre of the Universe, on the *Evening* of time, will be performed *The Great Assize, or Day of Judgement*.

"The scenery, which is now actually preparing, will not only surpass every thing that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just representation of all the inhabitants of the world, in their various and proper colors; and their customs and manners will be exactly and minutely delineated, that the most secret thought will be discovered, 'For God will bring every work into judgement.' This Theatre will be laid out after a new plan, and will consist of *Pit* and Gallery, only; and contrary to all others, the gallery is fitted up for the reception of people of high (or heavenly) birth; and the *Pit* for those of low (or earthly) rank. N.B. The Gallery is very spacious, and the Pit without bottom.

"To prevent inconvenience, there are separate doors for admitting the company; and they are so different that none can mistake that are not wilfully blind. The door which opens into the Gallery is very narrow, and the steps up to it are somewhat difficult; for which reason there are seldom many people about: But the door which gives entrance into the Pit, is very wide and commodious, which causes such numbers to flock to it, that it is generally crowded. N.B. The strait door leads toward the right hand, and the broad one to the left.

"It will be vain for one with a tinselled coat, and borrowed language, to personate one of *High Birth*, in order to get admittance into the Upper Places; for there is One of wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual; and all who cannot pronounce *Shibboleth*, in the language of Canaan, or has not received a White Stone and a New Name, or cannot prove a clear

title to a certain portion of the land of Promise, must be turned at the left-hand door.

“The principal performers are described in first and second Thessalonians, Matthew, Daniel, Jude, and Revelations. But as there are some who are much better acquainted with the contents of a *Play-Bill* than the Word of God, it may not be amiss to transcribe a verse or two for their perusal. ‘The Lord Jesus will be revealed from Heaven with his mighty Angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that obey not the gospel, but to be glorified in his saints. A fiery stream issued and came forth before him. A thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him. The judgment was set and the Books were opened, and whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the Lake of Fire.’

“Act First of this grand and solemn piece, will be opened by an Arch-Angel, with the Trump of God. (1 Cor. 15, 52.) Act Second will be a procession of Saints in white, with golden Harps, accompanied with shouts of joy and songs of praise. Act Third will be an assemblage of the *unregenerate*. The music will consist chiefly of cries, accompanied with weeping, wailing, lamentation and woe. To conclude with an Oration by the Son of God. It is written in the xxv. chap. of Mat. from the 34th verse to the end of the chapter.—But for the sake of those who seldom read the scriptures, I shall here transcribe two verses. ‘Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall he say unto them on his left hand, Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels.’ After which the curtain will drop!

“Then! O, to tell!
Some rais'd on high, and others doom'd to hell!
These praise the Lamb, and sing redeeming love,
Lodg'd in his bosom, all his goodness prove:
While those who trampled under foot his grace,
Are banish'd now forever from his face.
Divided thus, a gulph is fixed between,
And [everlasting] closes up the scene.

“Thus will I do unto thee; O Israel; and because I will do thus unto thee, prepare to meet thy God. Amo., iv. 12.

“Tickets for the *Pit* at the easy purchase of following the pomps and vanities of the fashionable world, and the desires and amusements of the flesh; had at every flesh-pleasing assembly. ‘If ye live after the flesh ye shall die.’ Rom. viii. 13. Tickets for the Gallery at no less rate than being converted, forsaking all, denying self, taking up the cross, and following Christ in the regeneration. To be had no where but in the Word of God, and where that word appoints. ‘He

that hath ears to hear, let him hear, and be not deceived ; God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

"N.B. No money will be taken at the door, nor will any ticket give admittance into the Gallery, but those sealed by the Holy Ghost, with Emmanuel's signet. Watch, therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.'"

Should this article fall into the hands of any Theatre-going persons, let me advise them to read it carefully, and think of the Great Theatre of which it speaks, and secure a ticket to the Gallery, and not the Pit.—*The Class-Mate.*

MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN.

1. Mothers have the immediate care of their children in their early helplessness. This is by the appointment of the God of nature, constituting such a guardianship of infancy as it needs ; such as it needs not only for direct sustentation, but for general support, health, and cleanliness ; calling forth the powers of the body, cultivating the affections of the heart, and teaching "the young idea how to shoot."—The child is thus made immediately dependent on the mother, for these necessary purposes, in the very beginning of its existence in this world, so that she gains the earliest notice of the child, and lays the first foundations of influence over its heart and understanding. Such, at the commencement, is the care involved in the maternal relation.—That which attaches to the paternal relation is less direct ; it is of a more general kind, especially at the first. The advantage, then, which the mother possesses is great, and, in this respect, greater than is enjoyed by the father, as to the preparation of the child for its future allotments. She can mould it from the earliest dawn of infancy.

2. Mothers, in consequence of their domestic character, and constant habits of association with their children, are fitted to exert over them a good and lasting influence. This is an advantage of incalculable amount, and every mother should be anxious to make the best use of it possible. God has placed them in the situation which they occupy, with those tendencies that make home dear to them ; dear, if they are not perverted by false views or an erroneous education, or if perchance they are not driven from its enjoyments by peculiar trials from those in whom they ought to find satisfaction. And even then there are few women who do not cleave to the wreck of their domestic hopes and happiness. As long as the tender objects of their care remain, so long are they willing to be the tutelary genius even of the cheerless fireside. Their domestic character, then, is formed by the wise constitution of the Creator, and their habits of association with their children grow out of it, and are congenial to the genuine and unsophisticated feelings of woman. These are powerful influences,

and they tell on the hearts of the young. We cannot love domestic life, and we cannot associate constantly with any human beings, especially with children, without impressing upon them, in a measure, our own peculiar feelings and character. These things give us a control, and as they are peculiarly characteristic of mothers, they give them especially a control over the tender and susceptible hearts of their offspring, of incalculable importance; a control which God designed should be of a most salutary nature.

3. Mothers, from their native delicacy, and the circumscribed sphere in which they are called to move, are fitted to exert exactly that influence over the young which is the most efficacious. Females can never safely step out of their appropriate sphere. Their modesty and delicacy, their unpretending and unobtrusive pious cares, are the great means of their usefulness. Their influence from these sources surpasses our conception. When these engaging characteristics are laid aside, women cease to have that influence which God designed they should exert over human society, in refining and softening it; in making it virtuous and happy. They no sooner invade the province of the other sex, than they experience a loss of influence for which nothing can compensate. No gifts, or talents, or virtues, in other respects, can make up that loss. Nature, reason, and the Bible, have, therefore, guarded against their occupancy of the ground which belongs to men, by subjecting them to the certain loss of their influence if they attempt it. But the qualities which unfit them for the peculiar responsibilities of the stronger sex, are precisely those by which they are fitted to do the work for which God designed them. The purity, and the delicacy, and the retirement which they should cherish, are perfectly adapted to the training and management of the tender and susceptible minds of the young. The delicacy of the mother harmonizes with the susceptibilities of the child. She can do what the father cannot, at least cannot so perfectly do; and that is, lead by an influence so gentle, and at the same time so strong, that the keenest sensibility of young minds will not be offended or injured.—The control of youthful appetite and passion is then best committed to those whose nature and situation best prepare them to enforce by example what they teach by precept.

4. It is a facility which mothers enjoy for the most beneficial action on young minds, that they are endowed with peculiar tenderness and affection. This is their characteristic both as females and mothers.—Their constitutional kindness and softness of spirit, combined with their peculiar parental love, admirably fit them for their important vocation, as the guardians and instructors of the fresh and unfolding minds of their helpless charge. By means of these qualities, they are enabled to gain the confidence and affection of a child in an eminent degree. Through divine grace, they often win over the heart to virtue and piety. With an aid so efficient, the plastic hand of maternal

affection moulds the susceptible being after the likeness of its own loveliness. This constitutional character is not possessed or manifested in so distinguished a manner by the other sex. It is an advantage which God has more uniformly confided to the mother. The unfeeling and unkind mother is a rare spectacle, and as shocking as it is rare. The most important agencies in forming the disposition and character of the rising generation, are connected with the above-named quality of mothers.

5. It is characteristic of those who hold this relation, that they commonly have a quick discernment of the tempers and character of their children. Their situation and employment lead them to make nice and accurate discriminations of this kind, to say nothing of a superior native power of discernment in that respect. Of the causes that modify character and reputation, females are allowed on all hands to be the most accurate judges. This is no slight advantage put within their reach, in their vocation, as the divinely constituted guardians of the young. It enables them to shape their actions to a wise control of those whom God has committed to their care. It enables them to adapt suitable means to effect their holy and beneficent purposes. It enables them to counsel and advise as often as the instructions of a heavenly wisdom are needed, (and when are they not needed by erring childhood?) in the most efficacious and successful manner. This is a facility for making impressions on youthful minds which ought to be highly estimated.

6. Mothers are eminently fitted to wield a desirable influence over the young, from the superior devotedness to God and religion which they are known in very many instances to possess. The history of piety, and the condition of evangelical churches attest the fact, not only that greater numbers of females are apparently gathered into the kingdom of God than of the other sex, but that examples of distinguished piety oftener abound among them. To what can this fact be traced, but to the grace of God, and to his mercy for a lost world, inasmuch as he causes those who are in the situation to exert the largest amount of influence over the moral principles and character of children, to feel the strongest desire to exert it? And since such is the fact, how seriously ought the obligations of mothers to be realized, in regard to thair children! Indeed, they will realize their obligations in this particular, if they are pious, and in proportion to the depth of their consecration to God. That they have often, in ages past, acquitted themselves faithfully in respect to their precious charge, the frequent conversions of their children have shown.

IMPRESSIVE FACTS.

There is nothing in history that is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons,

and of their behaviour in that solemn season. A few examples are subjoined.

Philip the Third, King of Spain, seriously reflecting upon the life which he had led, cried out when laid upon his death-bed, "Ah, how happy should I have been, had I spent in retirement those twenty-three years during which I have held my kingdom! My concern is not for my body, but my soul."

Cardinal Wolsey, one of the greatest Ministers of State, poured forth his soul in these sad words:—"Had I been as diligent in serving my God, as I have been to please my King, he would not have forsaken me now in my grey hairs."

Cardinal Richelieu, after he had given law to Europe for many years, confessed to M. Du Moulin, that, having been forced upon many irregularities in his lifetime, by what are called "reasons of state," he could not tell how to satisfy his conscience upon several accounts; and being asked one day by a friend, why he was so sad, he answered, "The soul is a serious thing. It must be sad here for a moment, or be sad for ever."

Cardinal Mazarine, having made religion wholly subservient to worldly interest, discoursing one day with a Doctor of the Sorbonne, concerning the immortality of the soul, and a future state, said, weeping, "O my poor soul, whither wilt thou go?" Afterwards, seeing the Queen-mother, he said to her, "Madam, your favours undid me; and were I to live my time again, I would be a Capuchin Friar, rather than a courtier."

Sir John Mason, Privy-Councillor to King Henry the Eighth, upon his death-bed addressed himself to the people around him to the following effect:—"I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and been present at most state transactions for thirty years together: and I have learned this, after so many years' experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom; temperance, the best physic; and a good conscience, the best estate: and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister; my Privy-Councillor's bustles for a hermit's retirement; and the whole life I lived in the palace, for one hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things forsake me but my God, my duty, and my prayer."

Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, a few months before he died, sent for his friends, the Bishops of Winchester and Worcester, entreating them to draw for him, out of the word of God, the plainest and exactest way of making his peace with Him: adding, "It is a great pity that men know not to what end they are born into this world, till they are ready to go out of it."

Sir Philip Sidney left this as his last farewell to his friends: "Govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator. Behold me behold the end of the world, and all its vanities."

Dr. Donne, a man of great parts and learning, being upon his death-

bed, and taking a solemn leave of his friends, said, "I repent of all my life, but that part of it which I spent in communion with God, and in doing good."

Only a year before his death, to a person who asked, "What is the shortest way to obtain a true knowledge of the Christian religion, in the full and just extent of it?" John Locke returned the following significant answer:—"Study the Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author; salvation for its end; and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

"At my death," says Sir Thomas Browne, "I mean to make a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph: not so much as the memory of my name to be found any where, but in the universal register of God."

"When I look upon the the tombs of the great," says Addison, "every emotion of envy dies in me. When I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion. When I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them; when I see rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes; I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some of six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

A FEW PLAIN HINTS TO THE POORER MEMBERS OF CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

[We have received the following communication, which we insert with pleasure. The necessity of economizing our very limited space, has obliged us to omit a few lines here and there: with this exception we give the piece as we have received it, and thank our kind correspondent, whose "Plain Hints" will, we trust, be useful to hundreds of our readers.—Ed.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

As the poor constitute so large a portion of the flock of Christ, and as upon them depend, to a considerable extent, the happiness and prosperity of the Church, I have taken the liberty of addressing a few plain hints to you on some very important matters, in the hope of promoting your piety, and avancing the interests of true religion.

First, then, as professing Christians, you are expected to live in the practice, and cultivate the spirit, of prayer. The following things may assist you in this duty :—1. Try, by a rigid and faithful examination of your hearts and states, to ascertain your real wants ; that you may not rob yourselves of blessings by a blind and ignorant devotion. 2. Having ascertained what you most need at that time for yourselves and families, temporally and spiritually, make your necessities the subject of your prayers ; and plead with earnestness and faith to have them supplied. Attend to these two things, and your prayers will not be profitless and incoherent. With these rules before you,—

Secondly,—Begin and end each day with secret prayer. In this duty it is desirable that you be alone with God, away from your employments and families, in order that you may, with freedom, mention to your Father, who hears in secret, all the easily-besetting sins from which you desire deliverance ; the temptations by which you have been assailed, whether from within or without, to overcome which you need divine assistance ; the afflictions under which you are suffering, and to bear which you crave supporting grace ; the mercies you wish continued, and the evils you desire averted. Have set times for private prayer, if possible, and let nothing interfere with them. We can make arrangements if we wish to meet an earthly friend : why should we be less attentive and careful when we are to meet with God ? You have no right to look for God's blessing on your daily labour if you do not ask it ; and it is his blessing, and not your labour alone, " which maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it."

Thirdly,—Read a portion of Scripture, and pray in the family, every morning and evening, when practicable, taking care that every member of the family be present. It is to be feared that by too many this duty is overlooked ; they have not even the form of family devotion ; and even with those by whom the form is observed, it is anything but what its name denotes. Is it to be wondered at that many children grow up without piety ? How could it be otherwise, without a miracle of mercy ? If you wish to have your children pious and dutiful now, and the support and joy of your declining days, every day of your life gather them round the family altar and pray with them. So long as they remain under your roof, even when they have grown older, you should insist that, in the evening at least, (which is perhaps the only time for the older members of the family, who may go to work in the fields,) they shall all be present at family prayer. And when, as in manufacturing districts, all are at home twice a-day, have all with you at the throne of grace. You must let your children see your concern for their welfare, and your desire to serve God, or they will not believe either. In order to make these services interesting, as you may have time, encourage questions from the younger branches of the family ; only take care that you do not weary, instead of profiting, them. If these things be attended to, I do not despair of seeing a blessed re-

vival of religion, a very great extension of the work of God, among the masses of the poor by whom you are surrounded, and a great and growing evil removed.—I mean the ungodliness of the families of professing Christians. May God help you to make the trial!

In addition to these things, which properly concern you in a private and domestic manner, you will find it of great service to you to meet with your Christian friends, as often as you conveniently can, for the purpose of social prayer. Whenever you thus meet to pray, see that you do not compliment each other; neither find fault with each other, by praying *at*, instead of *for*, each other. You go to pray, to ask blessings of God; let your duty occupy your whole attention. Pray then especially for the descent of the Holy Spirit on your Ministers, that they may be made a blessing to you and all to whom they preach; on your own society, that you may be knit together in love; on the whole Church, that it may be more holy, united, zealous, and useful; and on the world, that it may be saved. If you will pray more for those who minister to you, you will always be ready to hear words by which you may be saved, and they will always be a means of good to you; so that while the glory of God is advanced, your interest will be secured. Pray, in your closets, your families, and socially with those who are united with you in Christian membership, and you will be happy, and holy, though poor, and daily preparing for the paradise of God.

M. E. Y.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS.

BY DR. SOUTH.

He that has to do with a liar, knows not where he is, nor what he does nor with whom he deals. He walks upon bogs and whirlpools; wheresoever he treads he sinks; and converses with a bottomless pit, where it is impossible for him to fix, or to be at any certainty. In fine, he catches at an apple of Sodom, which though it may entertain his eye with a florid, jolly, white and red; yet, upon the touch, it shall fill his hand only with stench and foulness; fair in look, and rotten at heart, as the gayest and most taking things in the world generally are.

A lie is like a vizard that may cover the face indeed, but can never become it; nor yet does it cover it so but that it bears it open enough to shame. It brands a man with a lasting indelible character of ignominy and reproach; and that indeed so foul and odious, that those surping Hectors who pretend to honour without religion, think the charge of a lie a blot upon them not to be washed out but by the blood of him that gives it.

In the charge of ingratitude is comprised all evil. It is one great blot upon all morality. It is all in a word. It says Amen to the black roll of sins. It gives completion and confirmation to them all.

When a man is besotted in sin, and lost his reason, what can there be for religion to take hold of him by ?

There is none who acts a friend by a deputy, or can be familiar by proxy.

If we justly look upon a proneness to find faults as a very ill and a mean thing, we are to remember, that a proneness to believe them is next to it.

Charity commands us where we know no ill to think well of all ; but friendship, that always goes a pitch higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.

It is a true and happy observation of that great philosopher, the Lord Verulam, that this is the benefit of communication of our minds to others, that sorrows by being communicated grow less, and joys greater : and indeed sorrow, like a stream, loses itself in many channels ; and joy, like a ray of the sun, reflects with a great ardour and quickness when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend.

Whosoever has Christ for his friend, shall be sure of counsel ; and whosoever is his own friend will be sure to obey it.

Friendship is of a noble make, and a lasting consistency : it resembles marble, and deserves to be wrote upon it.

God knows our thoughts before the very heart that conceives them. And how then can he who is but of yesterday suggest any thing new unto that Eternal Mind ? How can ignorance inform omniscience ?

THE DEFINITION OF A LIE.

BY DR. SOUTH.

A lie is properly an outward signification of something contrary to or at least beside, the inward sense of the mind ; so that when one thing is signified or expressed, the same thing is not meant or intended, and the nature of it consists in its being a false signification knowingly and voluntarily used. It is properly a sort or species of injustice, and a violation of the right of that person to whom the false speech is directed.

The wages that sin bargains with the sinner to serve it for, are life, pleasure, and profit ; but the wages it pays him with, are death, torment, and destruction. He that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin thoroughly, must compare its promise and its payment together.

So far as truth gets ground in the world, so far sin loses it. Christ saves the world by undeceiving it ; and sanctifies the will, by first enlightening the understanding.

Sorrow being the natural effect of sin, that which first brought sorrow into the world must by necessary consequence bring in sorrow too.

No sad disaster ever yet befell any person or people, nor any villainy or flagitious action was ever yet committed, but, upon a de-

inquiry into the causes of it, it will be found that a lie was first or last the principal engine to effect it ; and that whether pride, lust, or cruelty brought it forth, it was falsehood that begot it : this gave it a being, whatsoever other vice might give it birth.

FRESH AIR.

Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every cranny of his bed chamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvium from his cellar and larder, and form a patent little modern aquarius in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of the night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's overflowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate wren and tender little robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh, and vigorous, and joyous they arise amid the surrounding dew drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly born bear without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful, under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of the night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry tree, and is always in the prime health the year throughout. Three dunghill fowls, preferring this cherry tree to the warm perches in the hen house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never since gone to any other roosting place.

The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, or the dewy mountain top. I myself can sleep all night long, bare-headed, under the full moon's watery beam, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an over-heated room to a cold apartment ; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were attended to—a precaution little thought of now-a-days.—*Watson's Essays on Natural History.*

TO YOUNG MEN.

Young men in the country, who are making a comfortable living, commit a fatal error in giving up their situations at home to seek a livelihood in a large city. To rush to already over-crowded communities, never for a moment taking into consideration, that there, if anywhere, there is the least possible chance of employment—where every

situation has a dozen or more applicants for it—is folly indeed. This seems all to be lost sight of by young men brought up in the country, in their fond anticipation of the delights they are to enjoy. They, perhaps, have seen or heard letters read from some of their acquaintances in the city, in which exaggerated accounts are given of the pleasures of life as enjoyed there. Immediately, then, the youthful imagination takes fire, and they resolve upon leaving home.

The delusion is often fatal. The rustic leaves home, confident in his own resources, and, after arriving in the city, first sets about “seeing the sights,” before making any effort to get business. His curiosity being gratified, he wanders from street to street, vainly seeking employment, where all the avenues thereto are overflowed. It is then, and only then, he begins to realize the falsity of his hopes and the vanity of his imagined splendour. Want and misfortune, perhaps, overtake him, and, if unable to bear the fierce torture, or too proud to reveal it in plain, manly terms, or escaping it by returning to his family and friends, the chances are that he becomes a beggar or a criminal.

If young men having comfortable homes, could only be made to realize that the city presents to the stranger, in search of employment, a barren, miserable desert, parched up by heat and jostle, crushing ambition, they would pause long and earnestly before they left their country homes.

MEETINGS AT THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

Christians will meet the *Heathen* there. Millions have gone to judgment unprepared since the Church had the power to give the Gospel to the world. Every man who has not done his whole duty in the work of publishing salvation to those lost millions, has a part of the guilt of their destruction on his soul. The Heathen are perishing now while Christians are doing little for their rescue. Their blood will be required at the hands of those who might have saved them but let them perish. And when the world is summoned to judgment Christians will meet, face to face, those Heathen. What a meeting! What soul, saved by grace, and prepared to enter on the joys of heaven, would not feel a pang of anguish as he meets before God those whom he put forth no efforts to save; whom he knew to be on the brink of ruin, and left to perish, without lifting up an arm, and saying a prayer, for their deliverance? Perhaps this may be a thought worth considering when the subject of Missions is before the mind. The Christian is in doubt as to the amount of sacrifice he ought make for the support of Missions, let him ask himself how much he will wish he had given, when he comes to *part* with the Heathen at the judgment-seat of Christ: and let him act accordingly.

The Christian will meet his *neighbours* there. They are dying in sin around him. Multitudes are hurrying on the broad road; and what is the Christian doing to stop them? Is he warning them dis-

and night with tears? Is he faithful in his appeals, holy in his example, and earnest in his prayers? If the Christian should meet all his unconverted neighbours at the judgment-seat this night, would he meet them without shame? Could he stand up before the Searcher of hearts, and say, "Thou knowest, O God, that I am clear of the blood of these men: I besought them unceasingly to prepare for this scene, and I set before them an example that condemned their sins?" What a change would come over the Church and the world if every Christian thus laboured, walked, and prayed! But where is the spirit of Him who went about doing good; where of Paul; where of Baxter; where of David Brainerd? The great Teacher has left his example on record, and those who followed, though afar off, have come down to us in the history of their deeds of love; but where in the church are they who walk in their footsteps, and, like them, are daily winning souls to Christ? What a meeting, what a parting, when the Christian beholds, at the judgment of the great day, his nearest neighbours, between whom and him the wide gulf is to roll eternally! His fidelity might have saved them: his unfaithfulness may have ruined him.

UNINSPIRED PORTRAIT OF EARLY CHRISTIANS.

1. A Christian has received the Holy Spirit. "If any man have of the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."—Rom. viii. 9.

2. A Christian has experienced a great change within. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John iii. 3.

3. A Christian has a teachable, child-like spirit. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matthew xviii 3.

4. A Christian has a distinct and transforming view, through Christ, of the infinite excellence of God. "We all, with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into, the same image, glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

5. A Christian has a deep sense of his sins. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. v. 3: "I abhor myself."—Job xiii. 6.

6. A Christian trusts in Jesus Christ.—"Whosoever believeth in me shall not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

7. A Christian loves Jesus. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha."—1 Cor. xvi. 22

8. A Christian loves all the children of God. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."—1 John iii. 13.

9. A Christian looks to God as his father. "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."—Rom. viii. 15.

10. A Christian loves the Word of God. "His delight is in the law of the Lord."—Psalms i. 2.

11. A Christian prays much to the Saviour. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved."—Rom. x. 13.

12. A Christian is made holy and devoted to God. "Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."—Heb. xii. 14.

13. A Christian counts all he has done worth nothing in comparison with Christ. "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord."—Phil. iii. 8.—*Bickersteth's Treatises on the Lord's Supper.*

MAXIMS ON INDUSTRY.

He that has a trade in his hand is a vineyard that is fenced.

He that teaches not his son a trade, is as if he taught him to be a thief.—*Rabbi Judah.*

He that shall walk with vigour three hours a-day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Probably the man who deserves the most pity is he who is most idle; for as there are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen, there are certainly miseries in idleness which only the idle can conceive.—*Todd.*

He that neglects his own duty, and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with something that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does anything but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favor.—*Ibid.*

He who is most industrious has really the most of leisure; for his time is marked out into distinct portions, to each of which something is assigned; and when the thing is done, the man is at leisure; but a dead calm settles over him who lives an idle life.—*Ibid.*

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.

HINTS FOR PARENTS.

Many parents make idols of their children, set them up in God's room, and so provoke him to take them away. If you lean too hard upon a glass, it will break: many break their children by leaning too hard upon them.—*Thomas Watson*.

For want of the bridle of family-discipline, youth runs wild.—*Ibid.*

The mother of Augustine is said to have planted the precepts of life in his mind by her words, watered them with her tears, and nourished them by her example.—*Temple*.

He that gives proper precepts, and then sets improper examples, resembles him who labours hard to kindle a fire, and when he has done it, throws cold water upon it to quench it.—*W. Secker*.

It is not enough that in baptism your children are dedicated to God, but they must be educated for God.—*T. Watson*.

Season your children with good principles betimes, that they may, with Obadiah, "fear the Lord from their youth."—*Ibid.*

Some parents discourage the good they see in their children, and nip virtue in the bud, and help to damn their children's souls.—They have their children's curses.—*Ibid.*

Children's ruin is often owing very much to parents' indulgence.—*H. Henry*.

Children are travellers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore endeavour to lead them in the way everlasting.

It is equally unwise to treat children as if they were men; or as if they were never to be so.

It is of the greatest importance to season the capacities of a child with the heaven of divine truth. (Prov. xxii. 6.)

 Poetry.

INVITATION TO THE YOUNG.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. viii. 17.

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
 Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
 Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
 And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy rays;
 Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
 Waken rich feelings in the careless breast;
 While yet thy hand the' ephemeral wreath is holding,
 Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
 And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown ;
 Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
 Will to the' embraces of the world have gone ;
 Those who now bless thee will have pass'd for ever ;
 • Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee ;
 Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
 As thy sick heart broods over years to be !

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die,
 Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
 Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
 Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
 Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray ;
 O, touch the sceptre! with a hope in heaven,
 Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
 Seem airy nothing to thine ardent soul,
 And shining brightly in the forward distance,
 Will of thy patient race appear the goal ;
 Home of the weary! where, in peace reposing,
 The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss:
 Though o'er its dust the curtain'd grave is closing,
 Who would not early choose a lot like this ?

OUR EARLY VIOLETS.

How simple, yet how beautiful, these sense-entrancing flowers,
 That first appear to welcome spring, in lanes, and meads, and bowers
 In modesty enwrapt they rise, in loveliness they grow,
 Enamoured sunbeams leave the skies to dwell with them below.

The east may boast its stately plants, effulgent in their pride,
 The south of matchless gaiety, extending far and wide ;
 But fairer, sweeter, lovelier flowers no cline hath ever grown,
 Than these much cherished violets we proudly call our own.

Like them the flowers of social life, who breathe its sweets around,
 Add grace to humble, cheerful paths, and in such paths are found.
 They make not nature slave to art, and thus a truth explain—
 That those who covet praise the least, the highest praise obtain.

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