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THE AGE'S FRIEND, AND OF THE YOUNG.

OCTOBER, 1854.

[No. 9.]

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TORONTO :

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It is our intention to close the present volume of the *Cottager's Friend* with the December number; we shall therefore issue a double number for that month, and by this means give our subscribers the twelve numbers, which compose the Volume, in eleven months, thereby enabling us to commence the 2nd Volume with the new year.

We would also say, that although we have received during the past eight months a large number of subscribers, yet our SUBSCRIPTION LIST is far below the figure we aim at. We would therefore most respectfully solicit your patronage and assistance during the coming year. Let each subscriber and agent which we now have, use their influence during the succeeding two or three months, and, we doubt not, but before the end of the Volume, we shall have such a subscription list as will enable us to commence the second Volume with a firmer basis than any similar publication in the country.

APOLOGY.

In consequence of the disarrangement of the machinery of the paper mill from which we receive our supply of paper, we have been unable to issue this number as early as usual.

NOTICE!

Agents wanted in all parts of the country, to whom a liberal discount will be given.

List of Letters and Subscriptions received for the "*Cottager's Friend*," from the 20th of August, to the 20th of Sept'r.

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

VOL. I.]

OCTOBER, 1854.

[No. 9.

TRACES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

I.—THOMAS A BECKET.

THOMAS A BECKET was the son of a citizen of London, and of a Syrian woman. He was educated in the schools of London, and in early life was known to King Henry only as a clever, active young man, who loved pleasure, and was useful in business, and whom it would be wise to attach to his service.

When the high office of Archbishop of Canterbury became vacant, Henry thought he could not do better than bestow it on Becket; for in him he thought to find one who would make the Clergy more manageable, and would be more eager to oblige his master than to consult the interests of the Church.

But Henry did not know Becket. No sooner was he made Archbishop, than he left off all his gay and splendid habits; he seemed to have left off all disposition to please his royal master, and to desire nothing but to promote the power of the Church; while he took unwearied pains to please the people; washing the feet of the poor, and ministering to the sick.

One of his Clergy having committed a very shocking crime, the King insisted upon his being tried by the civil Magistrate; but Becket stiffly opposed this trial, as contrary to the usages of the Church.

The King then, greatly annoyed, called a council of the nobility and Clergy, and begged their assistance in reforming these laws, and passing some ordinances which should render Clergy men liable to be tried for wrong-doing in the same manner as laymen.

And after some consideration, these proposed laws were subscribed to by the Bishops and nobles; Becket himself agreeing to follow the example of the rest.

But in this compliance he was either rash or insincere; for the Pope of Rome having disapproved of these laws, Becket immediately repented; and putting on his episcopal robes, and bearing the crosier

in his hand, he went to the King's palace, and marching straight into the room where Henry and his Barons were assembled, he protested against the new laws, and revoked his late assent to them.

This conduct astonished and irritated the King, who now bitterly repented having placed Becket in so high a position; and yet further was he irritated when, a few days afterwards, news came that Becket had crossed the water on a mission to the Pope, and when this was followed by a sentence of excommunication against his chief ministers and all whom Becket considered as particularly his enemies.

It would take much time to relate all that passed from this period between the King and Becket. Both were wrong, and both in some points were right. The King gradually became more and more exasperated against Becket. Becket himself could not, or did not choose to yield in the least to the King, but rather seemed to take pride in thwarting him.

They were, however, at length outwardly reconciled, and had a meeting, at which the King forgave the Archbishop, and the Archbishop gave his blessing to the King; and Becket, after this, went over again to England.

But the manner in which he carried himself on his return, provoked Henry exceedingly. Instead of quietly retiring to discharge the duties of a Christian Bishop in his diocese, Becket made a journey through Kent, with all the splendour and state of a Sovereign, and proceeding towards London, he there excommunicated the Bishops of London and Salisbury, and suspended the Archbishop of York.

He also excommunicated one man for having spoken against him and another for having cut off the tail of one of his horses.

While this passed, King Henry was in Normandy; and when he heard of Becket's behaviour, and when the Bishops whom Becket had denounced came over from England to complain of their ill treatment, the King's anger passed all prudent bounds, and he hastily exclaimed, "Have I then no true friends among the cowards who eat my bread, not one who will rid me of this turbulent priest?"

His words were heard; and though no one dared to make answer there were those in his presence who inferred that the King would be glad Becket were murdered.

There is no reason at all to believe that Henry had any such idea, though he was doubtless bewildered at the difficulty of dealing with this man: his words only expressed his wish that any one would devise a way by which he could conquer Becket's obstinacy.

Four, however, of the King's knights, catching at his words, hastened to Canterbury, with the full purpose of murdering the Archbishop.

And they executed this bad purpose but too soon. The appearance of these men in Canterbury occasioned immediate remark, and the Archbishop was advised to keep close within doors.

But he refused, and prepared as usual to attend vespers at the

hedral. He was ascending the steps of the choir, when the four knights, with twelve companions, all armed, burst into the church, exclaiming loudly, "Where is the Archbishop? where is the traitor?"

"Here is the Archbishop," answered Becket, looking loftily on them; "but he is no traitor." At that moment the knights fell upon him, and knocking him down with repeated blows, he expired at the foot of St. Bennet's altar.

Thus died Thomas a Becket; and his death, besides being an act of murder and sacrilege, was productive of very unhappy consequences to both the King and the people. The Clergy threw all the blame of Becket's death upon Henry; and the people, believing them, were henceforth less inclined to think favourably of their King than before. The next act was to rank Becket with the saints and martyrs, and to build a sumptuous shrine in Canterbury cathedral to his memory: here wonderful cures were said to be wrought; even dead men, we are told, were brought to life by touching the sacred tomb.

And for three or four hundred years afterwards troops of pilgrims constantly resorted to the tomb of St. Thomas, kneeling, and making confession of their sins, and appealing to him for help, as if he was their intercessor with God.

Richer people brought with them gifts, which they offered up at the shrine, and which amounted to a very large sum in the course of a year; in one year to as much as eight hundred and thirty-two pounds, and in another to nine hundred and fifty-four.

The shrine of Thomas a Becket is still standing in his cathedral; at the time for pilgrims to kneel and pray and offer gifts there, is one by; and those who now visit the place may well be thankful that it is so: they have the clear language of the Bible to guide them, and they know that "there is but one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

And no monks stand about the shrine now, persuading the people to believe in the miracles performed there; but the beautiful building remains, and every one who goes may still lift up his heart in silence to God, and pray to be cured of his infirmities: and where is he who does not believe that those prayers, if offered in faith, will be heard?
England and its People.

SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

No. I.

THE FEW MINUTES.

In the night-season of the cold, dreary month of February, a Minister, in a populous town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was roused from his peaceful slumbers by loud rapping at the door of his dwelling. On opening the window to inquire who was there, the voice of a female, evidently in great distress, imploringly said, "O do, Sir, come

and see my husband ! for I fear he is dying." Though the night was dark, the weather wet, and the hours of a Sabbath that was to be devoted to arduous duties had commenced, yet the Minister dared not to refuse. There was the opportunity of endeavouring to be useful ; there was an immortal soul in peril, a soul for which the Saviour of men had spent hours of an eventful night in agonizing prayer ; and it was the duty of the Minister of that Saviour to be " instant in season and out of season," to serve his Master's pleasure. Having therefore inquired where the dying man was to be found, he commenced dressing. While thus employed, he reflected that the voice of the female was known unto him ; that she had once been a member of his charge, and that he had visited her to rebuke her for her lukewarmness, and warn her of the consequences of withdrawing from the advantages of church-membership, as being likely to be followed by a departure from God. He also recollected that on that occasion he had heard something of the character of her husband ; that though he was the son of a pious mother, who was living to pray for him, he was careless about, if not an opposer of, the things of God ; and was seldom, if ever, to be found in the sanctuary of the Lord. These thoughts tended to hasten his steps to the dwelling of sickness. Leaving his house with feelings deeply affected with the object of his mission, he had to pass through streets which a few hours before had been crowded with a teeming population, but now unbroken silence prevailed ; not a sound was to be heard ; it seemed like the stillness of death, which increased the solemnity of his thoughtful mind. On approaching the abode of sorrow, he required no other guidance to the door than the voice of distress, which he could distinctly hear while in the street, calling on God for mercy. He entered the house, and found his way into an upper room, where he saw, standing by the bedside of the dying man, a solitary female, who, like himself, had been suddenly roused from sleep to render neighbourly kindness. The weeping wife was in pursuit of medical assistance. On the bed was laid the wasted form of a once-robust frame, evidently in the convulsive throes of death, but yet sensible ; for when the Minister requested him to add to his loud and unceasing prayer, " for Christ's sake," he immediately prayed, " For Christ's sake, Lord, forgive me, and give me a few minutes." He acknowledged, as far as he was capable, that he had been very negligent about his best interests, and intimated his sorrow for his sin ; and continued, with fervour, his prayer for pardon and for the grant of *a few minutes*. The Minister pointed him to the willing Saviour, repeated some of the promises given to sincere penitents, and pleaded with the Lord in prayer to have mercy at the last hour on one now sensible of his awful danger, and desirous of divine forgiveness. The word of instruction and of promise was again repeated, and prayer a second time offered, in which the dying man engaged. Then his own petition was renewed, " Lord, for Christ's sake, forgive me, and give me a few minutes ;" and while these words

were being uttered, the tongue faltered, the voice failed, the eyes closed, and the spirit fled. It was a solemn moment, an impressive sight, that cannot, will not, soon be forgotten. The silence of the chamber of death was broken by the wailings of the bereaved widow. She had returned with the prepared medicine, designed to revive, if not expected to restore, the husband of her love, and father of her child; and when informed that human means were forever unavailing, the bitterness of her grief may be better imagined than expressed, and yet the intensity of her sorrow yielded to a more overwhelming anxiety to ascertain what hope there was of his happiness in the eternal world. The Minister who witnessed this afflicting scene pronounces no opinion on the final state of the departed; he saw and heard him die in the act of prayer, and he presumes not to draw aside that curtain which now veils the state of the dead from the view of the living. This, however, he does know, that the request for the *few minutes* was but literally answered; for the period of the transactions named was very limited. The family had retired to rest after the noon of night, the afflicted one had fallen asleep in much the same state he had been in for several previous days, a sudden change had come upon him, and before the hour of five had arrived he was an inhabitant of eternity. The facts are admonitory; they illustrate the well-known sentiment, that death-beds know the worth of time. Here a few minutes were requested to seek what might have been attained years before; here we find a work delayed to the last hours of life, which ought to have been the first great business of life. Reader, delay not the work of salvation: if thou hast not done so, now acquaint thyself with God. Weeks, months, and years may yet be given thee; but the period will come when only a few moments will remain. Dare not to number thyself with those who, in the agonies of death, have to unite with their prayer for mercy the request for a *few minutes to be given* to have the opportunity to offer that prayer; but rather now let thy language be with sincerity, "Lord, so teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom." N.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE, AND THE TRUE SOURCE OF SUPPORT IN THEM.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."—Psalm xxxiv. 19.

"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." In the course of his changing life, seasons arrive which he trembles to survey with a steady eye. Under their painful influence the bravest spirit groans; and were it not for the awful realities of eternity, man would sometimes long for death to end his misery, that he might find a resting-place in the grave.

The principal trials which tend to embitter life are *temporal loss*, *separation by death*, and *bodily affliction*.

Temporal loss. Behold the man on whom prosperity used to smile. Friends were his, plenty was his, and no earthly blessing was needed to make his bliss complete. The sun shone brightly on his path; his bark glided smoothly on life's sea; his days passed over marked by no sorrow. But, alas! some huge calamity swept away all his treasures at once, or a series of lesser ills carried them off one by one, and now he is forsaken by his friends, and he lacks the necessities of life. His sun is dimmed by a cloud; his bark is driven by the storm; his days are full of woe.

Bereavement by death. Look at man in other circumstances. His fortune may have spared his wealth, but it has inflicted another and a deeper wound. His heart was once linked to another's by the bonds of fraternal love or hallowed friendship. Whether the union was that which binds husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, or even not related, their affection was holy, sweet, constant. But disease attacked one of them: then death ended the conflict, and severed the bonds which no weaker power in the world could slacken. O, it is a terrible blow to the parent when his loveliest flower is smitten; to the family, when he who was its support is the victim; and to the friend, when he who was as his own soul is buried out of his sight. Man feels as if his last earthly source of joy were gone; or, if he have others left, their supplies of comfort fail when needed most.

Bodily affliction. View man when the victim of another trial. He is the inmate of a sick chamber, and is seldom removed from a suffering bed. Many circumstances combine to render his a pitiable lot. He is shut in from the world and from friendly association; or, if a friend call to beguile his wearisome hours, new pangs of grief are awakened by the contrast which he draws between his visitor's enviable and his hapless situation. Pain racks his limbs; or, if a mild disease possess him his mind is more at liberty to ponder his wretchedness through the livelong day. His business declines, owing to his protracted absence from it; or, he looks at his family, which, if he does not soon recover, will be supported he knows not how. All nature seems to sadden and wither. His day of prosperity darkens, and a dismal cloud overhangs its close.

Now what can yield to man the needed support in these painful trials? Can *worldly toys* buoy up his drooping spirits, the glitter of the drawing-room, the luxuries of food, the society of merry associates, the soothing tones of music, the enrapturing visions of poetry or the enchanting scenes of the theatre? Alas! these might afford freshness to his joy, and stimulate his ardour when things went well with him, and his soul was imbued with pleasurable excitement; but in these his sober moments, and under these afflictive sorrows, he discovers their nothingness, and exclaims, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" He wants a firmer prop to rest upon; a surer hope to trust in; a more substantial portion to feed his spirit with.

When the good man is placed in circumstances like these, he applies to the "Captain of his salvation," and receives this answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee." This brightens his dark hours, composes his troubled spirit, banishes his desponding thoughts, and transforms all his trials into blessings. When he is suffering *temporal loss*, the inspired volume tells him of One who once "had not where to lay his head," but is now "highly exalted," and ever lives to minister to him sympathy and succour; and thus enables him to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." When the Christian is suffering *bereavement*, the Gospel points to a Saviour who changes never; a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother; and his contented, thankful, adoring spirit says, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." When he is the subject of *pain*, the promises of God assure him that this "light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for" him "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." They moreover point him to his future home, where he shall never say "I am sick;" and his resigned spirit says in reference to every pang he feels, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good."

"When their sorrows most increase,
Then his strongest joys are given;
Jesus comes with their distress,
And agony is heaven."

S.

SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS

Free radiators of heat: Wood, leaves, and grass part with or radiate their heat very quickly; on the other hand, metal which is polished, smooth stones, and woollen cloth, retain their heat for a long time. But all leaves do not radiate heat freely, such as hard smooth ones, but rough woolly ones do.

Reason why a saucepan which has been used boils quicker than a new one: Because the bottom and sides of the old one are covered with soot, and the soot absorbs the heat of the hot coals very readily.

The reason why a flint and steel produce fire: Because the blow impresses the parts which are struck together, and disturbs some of their latent or hidden heat, which passes off, in the form of a spark.

The sea is often luminous in summer: The reason of this is because the remains of small jelly-fish decay, and the phosphoric acid which they contain, being destitute of oxygen, turns to phosphorus, and in turn unites with the oxygen of the air, and becomes inflammable.

Why there is more rain from September to March, than from March to September: Because the temperature of the air is continually on the decline, and consequently its capacity for holding vapor becomes less, on which account it discharges some of its vapor in the form of rain. But from March to September the temperature increases, and so does the capacity for retaining vapor; therefore a smaller quantity of rain is discharged.

Freezing of running water: When running water is frozen, the ice is frequently very rough, because the small flakes or particles of ice when they are first formed, are carried down the stream by the force of the water, till they are stopped by some obstacle; other flakes are in turn stopped by them, and the edges of the various flakes overlapping each other, make the rough ice.

Why shallow water is frozen quicker than deep: Because the entire volume of water must be cooled to a temperature of forty-two degrees before its surface can be frozen, and it must necessarily take a longer time to freeze deep water, because there is a greater quantity of water to be cooled.

Why water freezes quicker than milk: Milk contains particular salts in solution, in consequence of which it requires a greater amount of cold, and longer applied to freeze it.

How flies walk on the ceiling: The feet of flies are formed nearly in the same manner as the leather-sucker used by boys. When they place their feet on the ceiling, they exclude the air from beneath them, and the atmospheric pressure upon the outside sustains their bodies.

Why heat warps wood: The heat draws from that part of the wood facing it all the moisture, which causes that side to shrink. As the heated surface shrinks, it becomes smaller than the cold surface, and draws it into a curve, and this is called warping wood.

Why the sprinkling of water cools a heated room: The heat of the room causes a rapid evaporation of the water, and as this water evaporates, it absorbs the heat, thus making the room much cooler than it was before.

Hard water: Hard water is so called because it is so laden with foreign matters, that it will not readily dissolve substances placed in it. When it filters through the earth it becomes impregnated with sulphate of lime, and many other impurities in the earths and minerals through which it passes, and thus becomes what is called hard. *Arthur's Home Gazette.*

A SHORT SERMON UPON DIOTREPHES.

"I wrote unto the Church; but Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not."—John iii. 9.

Macknight's translation reads, "I should have written," etc. Fitch's translation sufficiently shows us the mischievous influence of this ambitious spirit in that Church.

In the one case, he prevented an inspired Apostle from sending the Church a letter. In the other, he nullified the letter actually sent.

Doctrine : Many a minister's labours are nullified by a Diotrephes in his Church.

I. I shall first show who is not Diotrephes.

1. He is not, whose godly walk and conversation secures for him the entire confidence of the brethren, and thus gives him great influence.

2. Nor he, whose talents and education necessarily make him a man of influence.

3. Nor he, whose well-known and oft-proved wisdom and prudence make him much sought unto in counsel.

These men generally do not seek influence. It is unavoidable. It follows them as their shadow.

II. I proceed, in the second place, to show who Diotrephes is.

1. Sometimes, he is a man who never had his will broken. As a child, he expected the whole household to give way to him. As a Church member, he expects the household of Christ to give way to him. He is wilful and headstrong ; often, as unreasonable as a mere animal.

2. Sometimes, he is a man of wealth. His riches give him authority in the world ; and he takes it for granted they ought to do so in the Church. He can't at all comprehend the idea, that the vote and the opinion of his poor brother are worth as much as his own. He is verily persuaded that because he has been a great worldling, and craped together much wealth, the household of Christ ought to defer to him.

3. Sometimes, he is a man of some learning, and much volubility ; who fancies that his capacity ought to give his opinion authority.

III. In the third place I proceed to set forth Diotrephes in action. If the minister do not take him for counsellor, he is his enemy. His teaching is not right. His measures are not right. " His usefulness is at an end." In questions of policy in the Church, he never respects there are others whose opinions should carry as much weight as his own. The will of the majority is no rule for him. With every movement does he find fault, unless he originated it.

IV. In the next place I remark upon Diotrephes' character.

1. He is very unlike Christ, who was meek and lowly.

2. He is very disobedient to the word, " Let each esteem others better than himself."

3. He was against that equality which Christ established in his church.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Diotrephes is most of the time in trouble ; always looking for assistance, he is always liable to think it wanting.

2. The Church can take no surer road to trouble than to give way to Diotrephes.

3. Diotrephes will scarce be the friend of the minister. The natural influence of the religious teacher disturbs him.

4. It is best that each one look for Diotrephes in his own pew.—Perhaps he may find him in his own seat.

5. Diotrephes is sometimes *married*; and his partner is a true yoke-fellow. The mantle of the ancient troubler in Israel sometimes falls upon a sister in the Church.—*Ohio Observer*.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

Some years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village, in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a young lady apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow.

I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was, indeed, a creature to be admired; her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers, and her sunny tresses were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom; and she moved through the crowd with such floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of a pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful, and even gay; yet I saw that her gayety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told me that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear; and her eyelids at times pressed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars and laid her forehead down upon the fresh, green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of purity and life.

I have lately heard that the young lady of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream, gentle as the sinking of the breeze, that lingers for a time round a bed of withered roses, and then dies for very sweetness.

It can not be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It can not be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad, unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it?

the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings, that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.—*George D. Prentice.*

SCRIPTURE TRUTH CONFIRMED BY EXAMPLE.

“He that being often reprovèd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.” (Prov. xix. 1.)

There are few sins named in Scripture, committed by the ancient Jews, which were visited with more signal and speedy judgment, than the sin of apostacy from the worship and service of God. Faithful to him, he was gracious to them; but by allowing themselves to go after the gods of earth, they brought down upon their persons and their country the displeasure of the God of heaven; so that frequently, in national sorrows, they were given to feel the correct testimony of the word of truth, “Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God.” But the displeasure of God against this sin was not limited to them in their national capacity: against it, in reference to individuals, it was frequently displayed. David and Judas are admonitory examples: the former, it is true, bitterly lamented his fall, and was restored again to the joys of God’s salvation, yet he escaped not chastisement; for “the thing that David had done displeased the Lord.” Of the latter there does not appear “to be a hope to hang a rope upon.” He “fell by transgression, and went to his own place.” It may also be observed, that against the sin of apostacy, the displeasure of God not only stands forth in fearful examples of his righteous indignation, but equally so in alarming threatenings. We know of no crime more frequently the subject of divine caution, or more the object of terrible denunciation; manifesting the truth of that impressive scripture, If any man draw back from the service of God, his soul shall have no pleasure in him. That this sin retains all the malignancy of its character, and continues to be most offensive in the sight of God, is evident to the observing mind, from the numerous examples which now exemplify the truth of the scripture placed at the head of this paper; which for reproof and instruction in righteousness, will be confirmed by examples personally known to the

writer, though prudential reasons require that names be withheld.— His object in placing these examples on record is, to promote the stability of the faithful, and, if possible, to awaken concern and bring back the fallen to repentance.

• EXAMPLE NO. I.

In one of the most admired towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire, there resided an individual who was notoriously wicked. The sin of drunkenness had awful dominion over him, and subjected him to a train of other vices frequently attendant on habits of intoxication. He was not, it is true, chargeable with any disgraceful acts, which rendered him amenable to the laws of his country, but the laws of God were violated with audacious boldness. The sanctity of the Sabbath was disregarded, the name of the Lord was profaned, and the house of worship neglected. Indeed, so flagrant and so public was his wickedness, that he was known as a town sinner. In this low estate, however, he was not forgotten of God, nor overlooked by those who had themselves obtained mercy. By their friendly influence, this profane person was induced to attend the house of worship, and the word of truth he heard within its walls was applied to his mind with divine power. He was awakened to spiritual concern, convinced of the sinfulness of sin, and led to make the interesting inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" Having no refuge in self-righteousness, and no dependence on anything accounted good in himself, he was led to place all his trust and hope in the merits of the appointed Saviour; and soon found redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of sin. The change was very manifest; it was not only observed by his neighbours, but the town at large took knowledge of him; for "old things had passed away, and all things had become new." The drunkard became sober, the Sabbath was remembered and kept holy, the name of the Lord was revered, "all blasphemies were turned into praise." In this blessed state he continued for years, a wonder to many, a miracle of mercy, and a monument to the glory of grace. Happy it would have been, had he persevered in well-doing; but, alas! in process of time, he yielded to lukewarm disposition, religious fervour abated, prayer was restrained, and spiritual strength declined: and his besetting sin again overcame him. This occasioned great sorrow to his Christian friends, who reproved his folly, and faithfully warned him of his great danger, and there is reason to conclude that at the commencement of his downward course he also mourned over his unfaithful conduct. But the sin was repeated, and every repetition increased its strength until it ultimately led him a willing captive. The remembrance of what grace had done for him, the prayerful desire that he might be brought to do his first works, and recover the eminence from which he had fallen, led the church of which he was a member, to exert towards him a lengthened forbearance, that, if possible, he might

recovered again to repentance. By the ministry of the Gospel, by church-members, he was *often reproved*; but his once softened heart grew more and more callous, so that the power of religion and the purity of the church required godly discipline to be exercised, and he was separated from membership. Still yearning love followed him, nor were the courts of the Lord entirely forsaken by him. The word of God, the Spirit of God, the faithful of the Lord's people, and, in the seasons of sobriety, conscience, also warned and admonished; and the prodigal, as a penitent, would have been gladly received back into the Father's house, but no return was made. He "hardened his neck," and God maintained the truth of his word. His employment led him to go down into a deep well, and when there he was "suddenly destroyed;" the ground closed upon him, and he was entombed alive.

Verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth.

Bradford.

N.

ON PROVIDENCE.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

All nature has a cheering, a warning, or an instructive voice; and a careful study of the lessons which she teaches will seldom fail to have an invigorating effect upon the intellect, an awakening action upon the conscience, and an exalted and elevating character upon the soul.

We may gather consolation in trouble and adversity by the reflection, that if the flowers of the field bud and blossom in recesses where the eye of man does not behold them, and where his hand neither planted nor pruned them, the guardian care of a more skilful Husbandman is constantly over them, they have been reared and painted by his hand, watered by his rain, warmed and stimulated by his sun, and they exist and flourish as constant evidences of the grand truth, that "the eye of God is over all his works;" and hence we may take to ourselves the consoling assurance, that if the daisy and the cowslip in the open plain, and the modest violet in the shady and retired grove, so numerous yet so unheeded by man, have a claim upon the guardianship of the Creator; we, who constitute the noblest work of his hands, the last and best-beloved part of his creation, for whose enjoyment the flowers of the field, each succeeding spring, bloom and flourish,—surely *we* have an infinitely pre-eminent place in his affection and regard, and may rest assured that he will be ever willing and able to supply our necessities. "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin."

But the cloudless skies of spring are gone. The gorgeous and refreshing green which clothed the hills and valleys has disappeared.—The trees are putting on the "sere and yellow leaf," and the woods

no longer resound to the music and the voice of birds. But still you can hear the gentle flow and rippling of the water in yonder river.— It is near its source. As yet it is but a brook, yet ere long it will reach the sea, becoming a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom a large navy, and the wealth and produce of far-distant lands. It has flowed in the same channel for ages. Here and there you may behold a tree flourishing on its bank. Reader, may we not liken this brook to the stream of death : it is perpetual and inexhaustible ; whether we are by its side, endeavouring to improve the lesson it teaches and the warning it gives, or not, it still flows. As you gaze upon its clear and crystal water, bubbling along its pebbly bed, you perceive, here and there, a leaf which has fallen from the overhanging bough. The one that has just dropped, faded and withered as it was, might be compared to the man who died in old age, the tree refusing to bear it any longer. “ We all do fade as a leaf.”

But do you not see the effect of that breeze ? do you not notice that leaves, partially green, fall as well as those which are more yellow and decayed, and are carried by the same resistless stream to the ocean ? Let us from this truth endeavour to learn the great fact, that youth is no guarantee for life ; that the winds of autumn strip the bough of leaves which are only partially decayed, as well as of those that are completely withered. It has been truly said, we may discover, by reflection,

“ Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

It is delightful to receive, even from nature, that happiness which she is calculated to impart. It is animating to derive the comfort she is equally ready to bestow ; but above all, it is profitable to receive those lessons which the word of God can alone convey. “ If then God so clothe the grass, which to-day is in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven ; how much more will he clothe you ? ”

END OF A YOUNG BLASPHEMER.

In one of the principal streets of the city of New York resides a Jewish family, which recently met with a sad bereavement in the loss of a son, killed by the discharge of a pistol in his own hand. The morning papers speak of him as a promising youth, but the following sketch of this lad's history will show that he promised little that was good. For convenience I will give him the name of Jacob.

This lad had shown for years a particular interest in roguish things, annoying the neighbours in various ways : sometimes climbing into their back-yards on the Sabbath, and together with other boys, making a noise and disturbing the quiet of the Lord's day.

A lady who lived near, and had recently removed to the place, was

apprised of this boy's disposition, and soon had an opportunity to see for herself. One Sabbath, having exhausted all his stock of amusement at home, he mounted the high fence between the yards, and was about lighting down in the yard of Mrs. R., to cut up his pranks there, as he had been wont to before. Mrs. R. firmly resisted his encroachments, and drove him back, and he leaped down from the fence without saying a word. This was rather surprising; but he had not yet yielded; for the next Sabbath he came again, bringing several other boys with him, fully determined to take possession of the yard. But this time he was met with more determined opposition, and he and his young comrades in mischief were compelled to retire.

The Lord's day seemed to be selected because of his hatred to Christians and their holy day. He had been taught, apparently, to hate Jesus Christ, and therefore took pleasure in disturbing them on that day, which Christians regard as sacred to the memory of Christ's resurrection.

At the house of a Christian family, adjoining the one occupied by Jacob's parents, they were accustomed to have a prayer-meeting on the Sabbath. This was the especial object of Jacob's dislike, and he took pleasure in annoying them by playing on his accordeon in front of the house, and by other means interrupting their worship.

A little child belonging to the family where the prayer-meeting was held, spoke to Jacob one day about his conduct, and said, with a beautiful simplicity: "Jacob, if you loved Jesus Christ as much as we do, you would not come and disturb our meetings."

To which he replied: "Away with you! Jesus Christ was a rascal!"

Such precocious blasphemy could hardly fail of bringing the one capable of it to an untimely end.

A few days since, he went into a shop where the shop-keeper had a loaded pistol. Jacob had frequently been in there, and had been requested not to handle it, as it was loaded. But this day, unobserved by the shop-keeper, he took down the pistol stealthily, and to prevent being observed, put a newspaper over it and held it in his lap. By some means the pistol went off, and the ball penetrated his thigh.—The shot proved fatal; he lingered a few days in awful agony, suffering inexpressible tortures, and died. Such was the end of the boy who called Jesus Christ a "rascal."

ON LYING.

One of the earliest propensities of little children is to tell lies. A Christian parent is sometimes struck dumb, for a moment, with surprise, asking, Where could this child have learned to tell a lie? to tell so promptly—without hesitation, and so confidently? Ah! the end and discovery is nigh! That spirit which worketh in the children

of disobedience has been working in that child's heart. "In *him* there is no truth. When *he* speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own : for he is a liar, and the father of it." (John viii. 44.)

We have many examples of awful lying in the sacred word. *Jacob*, influenced and encouraged by his erring mother, feigned himself to be Esau : "Jacob said unto his father, I am Esau thy firstborn : I have done according as thou badest me." (Genesis xxvii. 19.) What may we imagine his feelings to be when he thus imposed upon his aged and sightless father ? Was there no dread of hell and of destruction in him ? Did he not feel as though the earth was ready to open and swallow him up alive ? He ought to have so felt : but sin possesses a hardening quality. Sinners, beware !

Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the Prophet, is amongst the liars which the holy word of God holds up to scorn and infamy. His master, under God, had healed Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, of the leprosy. The Prophet, to prove his disinterestedness and his disregard of money, refused such presents as Naaman was prepared to give him : but what said Gehazi ? "My master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hand that which he brought : but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him. So Gehazi followed after Naaman." On his return, having received presents, "he went in, and stood before his master : and Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi ? And he said, Thy servant went no whither." No ! not after Naaman ? No ! "thy servant went no whither." Ah ! "went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee ? The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed forever. And he went out a leper as white as snow." (2 Kings v. 20-27.) Secrecy is no cover for lying, any more than in any other vice. "He that planted the eye, shall he not see ? He that formed the ear, shall he not hear ?"

Saul the King of Israel was an audacious liar. He had received commission from Almighty God, through his servant, the Prophet, to "go and smite Amalek,—Utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not ; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass," was the command : ample reasons are to be assigned for this command. Did Saul obey ? No : "He spared Agag the King of the Amalekites alive, and the best of the sheep and of the oxen," &c. Yet, he boldly and daringly ventured to say, "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord." What a daring there is in sin ! How the eyes are closed, and the heart hardened, by it ! "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord." What ! did it not strike you instantly, Saul, that the bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the oxen, would be swift witnesses against you ? Such they were ! His sin brought its punishment. On that day his kingdom was taken from him, "and given to a neighbour of his, who was better than he." (1 Samuel xv. 1-28.) When will man be wise ?

Ananias and Sapphira, in the New Testament of our Lord

Saviour Jesus Christ, are pre-eminent characters in this catalogue of transgressors. They sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the feet of the apostles; wishing those holy men to understand that they had brought the price of *all* their property. Satan had prompted them to this transgression. Reader, peruse the address of Peter to Ananias, and to Sapphira, the wife of Ananias, as related in Acts v. 3-11. Is this affecting incident any recommendation of the sin of lying? Other examples might be given.

The sin of lying is attributable to various causes. *Innate depravity* is one cause. "Man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil." In accordance with this abasing fact, our divine Lord tells us, that "from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit," &c., &c. (Mark vii. 21.) Ah! sin and wickedness appear to be interwoven with our very being and existence. We live and move in it. It is the element which man naturally desires, and in which he delights to live. The hope of escaping some evil, or of procuring some good, is another cause of falsehood and of lies. These considerations influenced some of the persons just alluded to, in their transgressions. Jacob sought a good; Gehazi did the same; Saul sought to shun an evil. But the right hand of the Lord teacheth terrible things! He says, "A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape." (Prov. ix. 5.) "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." (Rev. xxi. 8.) Sin and suffering go hand in hand together.

A determination to be rich is often a fruitful source of lying.—They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." (1 Tim. vi. 9.) Can we reflect for a moment upon the artifices of many tradesmen without perceiving how distinguished a part in them falsehood and deceit take? What! is there not a God who "judgeth the earth? who will give to every man according to his works?" that man will dare deliberately to utter lies and falsehood? Perhaps another cause of lying may be a restlessness—a careless and indifferent state of mind about anything which respects God and man! "I shall have peace though I walk after the desire of my eyes, and after the delight of my heart,"—is language too common to men. To say, "*The Lord liveth.*" might be matter of no consideration and importance to them. With insouler Pharaoh of old, they individually think and say, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice? I know not the Lord; neither will I obey his voice."

To whatever other causes the sin of lying may be attributed, there is one more general and universal, perhaps, than all the rest, viz.:—ignorance of God's most holy word, or an utter disbelief of its truth. Men believed the Most High when he says, "All liars shall have

their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone : which is the second death," (Rev. xxi. 8.) with every other denunciation of his against liars, would they dare to utter a falsehood knowingly and designedly ? No more than they would throw themselves into the devouring flame !

Reader ! beware of lies and vanity. "Speak the truth in love." Remember God is the God of truth, and his laws require "truth in the inward parts." His word and truth say, for your comfort and that of the writer of these lines, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have *not* sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us." (1 John i. 9, 10.)

"Sinners, rejoice : your peace is made ;
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled ;
Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
On all his works again hath smiled ;
Hath grace through Him and blessing given,
To all on earth and all in heaven."

J. KERSHAW.

THE FRENCH WOMAN OF REDRUTH.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters ; for thou shalt find it after many days." (Ec. x. 1.)

A French woman, who obtained her livelihood from selling a few pincushions and some other little fancy articles of her own manufacture, called upon a Christian lady, who discovered that she was miserably ignorant of the great truths of revelation, and before she left her, begged her acceptance of a French Bible, finding she was unable to read English. She heard nothing more of the Bible or its owner until some time after, when she received the following letter, which cannot fail to be deeply interesting to every friend of humanity and religion, as well as a source of encouragement to all who are identified with the Bible Society, to go onward in scattering abroad the word of life, which "*shall* prosper in the thing whereunto it is sent :"—

MADAM,—The poor French woman who, in God's good providence met with a lady at Redruth many years ago, desires now to write and tell that dear lady of the mercy it was to her soul to have had that French Bible given her. At that time I was glad to have anything to read ; for I had no book of any sort : little did I think that *there* was the bread of my soul. I have found there the blessing of God both for my soul and body. It has been a great comfort to me.—Many hours I have sat and cried, and prayed and rejoiced. By that blessed book I shall escape the gate of hell, and find the straight and narrow path which leads us to that heavenly abode. I love the Psalms : indeed, I love all the riches I find there. It was a fortune I was astonished at every word I was reading ; I find there that

Jesus promises his presence with his people in health or illness. All his rich promises I love, and desire to follow him all the days of my life ; for his promises are like himself—they are love.

“ I cannot express in English all the words I desire to say ; but I shall never thank you enough for this great and good gift. I would not part with it. All the money in this town would never buy off that gift from my hands. I love God, and I love my Bible. I live now in Southampton. Here I have been three years. In my travelling way I took no notice of the Bible ; but when I settled I found myself one day in great sorrow : I was crying like a child with great distress. I had not the sense nor the knowledge to cry to God ; and when I opened the Bible, I saw all sorts of beautiful promises, and read till my heart felt quite comfort. The next day I went out with my little basket, and I took sixpence ; and I said at once, ‘ That blessed God has been my friend to-day : ’ so I read, and asked the blessed Spirit to give me understanding ; and so he did. He helps me now, not only to trust him, but to love him better than anything in the world. I pray to God to give comfort to your soul, that the Lord may be the comfort of all your family.

“ I am learning to read English, and get on very fast. I sit with my husband every evening, and he helps me to the hard words, and we get on very fast in making it out : then on Sunday after I go to an adult school, and I enjoy my book very much. I love to talk with God as I walk by the way ; and when I go out empty, he answers my prayers, and blesses me with all that I want ; blessings for my soul and blessings for my body. I am very happy, and often cry : it is often for joy. I cry sore for my sins ; but Jesus bears my burden. His comforts are great, whoever may have even a little taste of it. Nothing in all the world is to be compared to the love of God. I must now say, God bless you always.”

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

There is in some households no family government, no order, no subordination. The children are kept under no restraint, but are allowed to be what they like ; their faults are unnoticed and unpunished, and their tempers allowed to grow wild and headstrong ; till, in fact, the whole family becomes utterly lawless, rebellious against parental authority, and unamiable to all around them. How many have had to curse the over-indulgence of fond and foolish parents ! How many, as they have ruminated amidst the desolations of poverty, or the walls of a prison, have exclaimed, “ O, my over-fond parents, had you exercised that authority with which God entrusted you over our children, and had you checked my foolish corruptions, and punished my boyish disobedience ; had you subjected me to the salutary

restraint of wholesome laws, I had not brought you with a broken heart to your grave, or myself with a ruined character to the jail."

Over-indulgence is awfully common, and continually making shocking ravages in human character. It is a system of great cruelty to the children, to the parents themselves, and to society. This practice proceeds from various causes: in some instances, from a perverted and systematic sentimentalism; in others from absolute indolence, and a regard to present ease, which leads the silly mother to adopt any means of coaxing, and yielding, and bribing, to keep the young rebels quiet for the time; in others, from mistake as to the time when restraint should begin, a spirit of procrastination, which leads parents to say, "I shall take them in hand by and by: there is no time lost; when their reason is a little more matured, I shall lay upon them more restraint; and in some it is "mere animal affection," without the guidance of a particle of judgment,—a mere instinct, like that which in the irrational tribes, leads to a blind and busy care. It is not uncommon for parents to treat the first acts of puerile rebellion rather as freaks to be smiled at, than as faults to be reformed. "O," says the mother, "it is only play: he will know better soon. He does not mean any harm: I cannot chide him." No; and if the father, wiser than herself, does, she cries, and, perhaps, in the hearing of the child, reproves her husband for cruelty. From whatever cause it proceeds, it is in the highest degree injurious to the character of the children. Let those who are guilty of it read the fearful comment on this sin, which is furnished for their warning, in the history of Elisha and his family.—*Rev. John Angell James.*

THE THEATRE.

BY THE REVEREND SAMUEL DUNN.

Avoid the theatre,

"That Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk."

Those who frequent it are the thoughtless and dissipated votaries of fashion; idlers, who do nothing or have nothing to do, who resort to places of diversion that they may relieve their dulness and kill time, and profligates of both sexes, whose purpose it is to seduce the young and unwary. The players are in general some of the very worst of characters. One performer is so much addicted to habits of drunkenness that he frequently fails to appear, and sometimes presents himself in a condition which unfits him for acting his part. Another is notoriously living in illicit connexion with some debauchee, and yet appears before her audience as unblushingly as if she were known to be innocent and virtuous. And will you consent to place your feelings under the sway of a profligate or a prostitute? The plays that are acted are stained by impurity. Licentious characters are presented with

staring effrontery. Language is employed that would not be endured in any decent society. Scenes of indelicate humour are exhibited, at which the spectators are expected to laugh. Lascivious maxims, unchaste inuendoes, and wanton gestures are introduced, and sometimes an illicit amour, with all its vile and polluted accompaniments.

The theatre is the scene of unmingled impurity. Impurity forms the education of the actors, taints their language, disposes their costume, directs their oratory, and presides over the music. Impurity treads the boards, occupies the boxes, sports on the benches, and heaps her abominations in the lobbies of the house. You cannot, my young friend, frequent such a nursery of vice without great expense of money and time, nor without having your mind polluted by unchaste ideas, and your heart hardened against all that is good. Thousands have cursed the day that they first entered within its precincts. By the wisest and the best of men in all ages it has been condemned. Socrates says, that "plays are unbecoming and pernicious pastimes." Plato, that "they raise the passions, and pervert the use of them, and are, consequently, dangerous to morality." Plutarch, that "they are lascivious vanities and contagious evils." Tertullian remarks, "We Christians have nothing to do with the lewdness of the playhouse." Plays," says Archbishop Tillotson, "are intolerable, and not fit to be permitted in a civilized, much less a Christian nation." Sir Matthew Hale says, "Plays are pernicious, and corrupt youth." Judge Bulstrade observes, that "one play-house ruins more souls than fifty churches can save."

NATURAL HISTORY.

No. II.

THE LION.

Among the animals constituting the feline group, the lion, which has been called "the King of beasts," is the chief. Common consent has accorded the royal title to this noble animal. If, in any collection of animals, a lion is included, to him instantly, and first of all, does the attention of visitors seem to be directed. "The stern dignity of the lion, his enormous strength, his glowing eyes, his deep roar, and his destructive powers, all combine to render this terror of the desert one of the most attractive objects of a menagerie. The lion is now nearly limited to Africa and certain parts of Asia; but formerly it was more extensively spread, the eastern line of Europe being within its boundaries. Herodotus informs us that the camels which carried the baggage of the army of Xerxes, were attacked by them on their march to Thessalonia. He adds also, that these animals were numerous in some of the mountains of Greece. Aristotle gives the same locality as the abode of lions, and the fact is repeated

by Pliny. Pausanias also relates that the lions often descended to the plain at the foot of Olympus, between Macedonia and Thessaly. In Syria, likewise, lions were common, as we gather from numerous passages in the sacred records; and Oppian says that a formidable breed was produced in Parthia and Armenia. At present, the lion is nearly confined to the interior wilds of Africa, to some of the districts of Arabia and Persia, to the country bordering the Euphrates, and to some parts of India.

"The habits and manners of the lion have been detailed by many travellers, and no one can doubt its strength, its daring, or its ferocity. Near the precincts of civilization in Southern Africa, and elsewhere, where fire-arms are in use, it has learned by experience their fatal effects, and gained a consciousness that its powers avail but little against such weapons of destruction. He is not properly called the King of *forests*. His haunts are burning plains, and wide karrowas covered only with shrubby vegetation, and interspersed with tracks of low brushwood. In India, it frequents the jungles, and the luxuriant borders of rivers, among which it makes its lair.

"During the day, the lion usually slumbers in his retreat; he rouses from his lair when night sets in, and begins his prowl." And such are his habits, that we at once see, on noticing them, how forcible is the exhortation of Scripture, "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." "The nocturnal tempests of rain and lightning, which are of common occurrence in Southern Africa, are to him seasons of joy: his voice mingles with the roar of the thunder, and adds to the confusion and terror of the timid beasts upon whom he preys, and upon which he now advances with less caution and bolder step. In general, however, he waits in ambush, or creeps insidiously towards his victim, which, with a bound and a roar, he dashes to the earth.

"Of the strength of the lion, we have most extraordinary examples on record. To carry off a man, and this has too frequently happened, is a feat of no difficulty for this powerful brute. When we find that a Cape lion seized a heifer in his mouth, and though the leopard dragged upon the ground, carried her off with apparently the same ease as a cat does a rat, leaping a broad dyke with her without the least difficulty; that another, and a young one too, conveyed a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it; that a third, which had carried off a two-year old heifer, was followed on the track for five hours by horsemen, who observed that throughout the whole distance the carcase of the heifer had only once or twice touched the ground, we may conceive that a man would be an insignificant burden to him.

"The Indian lion displays the same courage as his African relative. Instead of retreating on the hunters' approach, he stands his ground

or rushes to meet them open-mouthed on the plain. They are thus easily shot ; but if missed, or only slightly wounded, they prove very formidable. They will spring on the heads of the largest elephants, and have, it is asserted, often pulled them to the earth, riders and all.

“The lion attains to maturity in his fifth year : its term of life is of considerable extent. Pompey, which died in the Tower, in 1760, had been there for seventy years ; and one from the Gambia died there, at the age of sixty-three.

“Excepting in the vast wilds of central Africa, untrodden by the foot of the white man, the lion, even in the region to which it is at present restricted, is much more rare than formerly. The ancient Romans procured incredible numbers for the arena. Sylla brought a hundred males at once into combat. Pompey gave six hundred, more than half being males. Cæsar gave four hundred. It was only in the times of the later Emperors that difficulty in procuring them began to be experienced.”—*Extracted and abridged from “Knight’s Pictorial Museum.”*

Regard not too much other men’s thoughts of thy actions, if they be good ; for *their cogitations* are not *thy works*. Only do thou govern thyself, and be constant.

Poetry.

MORNING HYMN.

My God was with me all this night,
 And gave me sweet repose ;
 My God did watch, even whilst I slept,
 Or I had never rose.
 How many groan’d and wish’d for sleep
 Until they wish’d for day,
 Measuring slow hours with their quick pain,
 Whilst I securely lay !
 Whilst I did sleep all dangers slept,
 No thieves did me affright ;
 Those evening wolves, those beasts of prey,
 Disturbers of the night.
 No raging flames nor storms did rend
 The house that I was in ;
 I heard no dreadful cried without,
 No doleful groans within.

What terrors have I 'scaped this night,
 Which have on others fell !
 My body might have slept its last ;
 My soul have waked in hell.
 Sweet rest hath gain'd that strength to me
 Which labour did devour ;
 My body was in weakness sown,
 But it is raised in power.

Lord, for the mercies of the night,
 My humble thanks I pay ;
 And unto Thee I dedicate
 The first-fruits of the day.
 Let this day praise Thee, O my God,
 And so let all my days :
 And O, let mine eternal day
 Be thine eternal praise.

J. MASON. (1690.)

EVENING HYMN.

Now from the altar of my heart
 Let incense flames arise ;
 Assist me, Lord, to offer up
 Mine evening sacrifice.
 Awake, my love ; awake, my joy ;
 Awake, my heart and tongue !
 Sleep not : when mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a song.

Man's life's a book of history ;
 The leaves thereof are days ;
 The letters mercies closely join'd ;
 The title is thy praise.
 This day God was my sun and shield,
 My keeper and my guide ;
 His care was on my frailty shown,
 His mercies multiplied.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
 Have made up all this day :
 Minutes came quick ; but mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
 New time, new favour, and new joys
 Do a new song require :
 Till I should praise thee as I would,
 Accept my heart's desire.

J. MASON. (1690.)

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