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THE

COTTAGER'S FRIEND,

AND

GUIDE OF THE YOUNG.

VOL. II.]

FEBRUARY, 1855.

[No. 2.

HOW PRAYER IS SOMETIMES ANSWERED.

AN OLD SAILOR'S ANECDOTE.

The cause of my choosing the sea for a profession was this.—My father had dealings with sea-captains in the way of business; and when I was a slip of a boy, I used often to go with him to the docks; and while he was attending to his affairs, I was at liberty to roam over the vessels, of which we were on board, pretty much as I liked. It was not long before I ventured up the rat-boards; and being nimble and clear-headed, I was soon expert enough at that part of the business.

One day my father came on deck with the captain of a fine Inman, out of the cabin; and looked round for me; but I was nowhere to be found, till at last, casting his eyes aloft, he saw me perched on the cross-trees. He soon made his voice heard; and the next minute I was standing beside him.

"You shouldn't have ventured there, George," said my father. "I don't know how soon an accident might happen."

"Oh, father," I said; "there is not any danger: it's only good to get up into the rigging."

"Good fun, you call it, my boy, eh?" interposed the captain, wagging my head, good-naturedly; "well, now, I shouldn't wonder if you would like to be a sailor."

"I don't believe that I had ever thought of it before: I had always expected to be brought up to my father's business; but without much hesitation, I answered that I thought I should like it.

"Very well," said the captain; "get your father's leave, and I will all go out with me next voyage."

This was all that passed at that time; but the offer fastened on my mind; and to make short work of this part of my story, I got my father's leave, and, what was harder, my mother's, to go on board as a mid.

I never had reason to repent this; for I really like the sea, and always did. But I should be far from recommending a lad to come to so sudden a determination as mine was. In fact, the circumstances under which I became a sailor, were peculiar. The captain who took me under his charge was a remarkably kind and considerate man, and a Christian. It was this that made my parents willing to yield to my wishes; for they were Christians. The captain was also under some obligations to my father, which he was glad of an opportunity of returning in double kindness to me: he always treated me as a son. Nevertheless there were hardships to be borne and work to be done, on which I had little calculated, and though our ship was a marvel of regularity and sobriety, compared with many others, there was much to drive away from a young mind like mine the serious impressions which, by God's blessing, had been made upon it in childhood and early youth, by my parent's instructions, example and prayers.

I was becoming careless. Who can tell what the end would have been, if God, in his mercy, had not interposed, and, in saving my life from destruction, brought me also to determine that my father's God should be mine, and my guide, even unto death!

It was in this wise:—

I had been several voyages, when my old friend, the captain, died, and other changes were made in consequence, which induced me to relinquish my berth. The ship sailed again without me; and I was for some time unemployed. This was a great disappointment and vexation, for though sailors are glad enough to see land after a long voyage, they soon tire of life on shore. So, at any rate, it was with me. And besides this, having chosen my profession, I had to live by it; and I was losing both time and interest, and that at an age when, if I did not get on, perhaps I never might.

I was at home a good many months without finding anything to do, and was beginning to think of giving up the sea altogether, when I was sent for by the owners of a vessel lying in the Dock, waiting for a fair wind to proceed on her voyage to India. I was tried for a berth in her while she was freighting, but, as I thought, unsuccessfully. You may judge of my delight then, when I was told that I was appointed third-mate of the Burhampooter;

that to make sure of the appointment, I was to be at Portsmouth on a certain day, to wait her calling there for final orders, when she would take me on board.

I was not long reaching home that afternoon, to report what I called my good fortune, and to make preparations for my departure.

My parents were pleased too, though my dear mother shed a few tears at the thought of parting again, so that I almost reproached myself for being so elated at what gave her some pain. And yet, it was not that I wished to be separated from my mother or father; we understood each other there, I think: and that was a comfort.

For a day or two, I was busy in making preparations for the voyage, and packing up; and then the last evening came.

"George," said my father to me, as we sat round the fire—my father and mother, sister Lucy and brother Charles, and myself—it was getting late; but it was my last evening at home, and none of us seemed to like to break up the small party—"George," said my father, "it would be an unspeakable happiness to us all, if we could feel assured that you, my dear boy, had given your heart to the Saviour. We could part with you then, not without regret, but without the weight of anxiety your mother and I now feel."

I do not remember what reply I made to this. I fear it was something light and evasive, to the effect that I could not make myself better than I was; for my father looked gravely concerned and distressed, and my mother wept silently. I was sorry for this, for I really loved them both; but I was vexed, too, that the last evening should be made gloomy.

"What can I say, mother?" I asked somewhat impatiently; "you would not have me be a hypocrite, and pretend to what I don't feel, would you?"

"No, George, no," she answered; "anything rather than that: but, George, you know the guilt and danger of rejecting the Saviour; and that he is ready and waiting to be yours, and to make you his; why do you keep back from giving your heart to him?"

Much more passed than I can or need set down. On my part, I was putting off with promises that I would think more about religion than I had lately done, and with hopes that some day I should be all that they wished. On theirs, it was urging me not to delay, while in health and safety, seeking my soul's salvation.

At last my father said, "We cannot do what we would for you, George; but we *can* pray for you."

“Yes, father,” I said, and I felt melted a little with seeing his evident sorrow; “and I wish you to pray for me.”

“Well,” he said, “I should like to pray for you, and with you now.”

We had knelt together an hour before, at family prayer; but we all knelt again; and my father prayed very earnestly and very touchingly for his “dear sailor-boy,” as he spoke of me to his God.

Now, I have sometimes heard persons in family prayer, and in public as well, who have been very much excited and very eloquent, and perhaps very sincere at the time, who yet have not made much impression on my mind—partly, I believe, because I knew their lives were not consistent with the expressions they have uttered. It was not so with my father. His life and his prayers went together; and every word he uttered made itself felt, because there could be no well-grounded suspicion that it did not come from the heart.

Well, my father prayed for me with many groans and tears; he seemed to be wrestling with God for me, and he continued praying long, as if he would have said, “I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me!” He prayed much for my soul, that it might taste and drink deep into Christ’s precious salvation; that I might no longer delay, nor halt between two opinions as to whom I would serve; that in the voyage on which I was entering I might be kept from following the evil example of the careless, profligate, and profane. He prayed that I might be kept from danger, be prospered in all my ways, and be returned home, in God’s own good time, in safety;—that God would bless me indeed.

There was not much more said that night: we soon separated; and none of us went to bed, I think, with dry eyes, or thoughtless minds.

(To be continued.)

ON DANCING.

It may, perhaps, be the case, that some children have often wondered that their godly parents should have prohibited them from taking part in this amusement. But a few minutes’ serious thought may enable any one to see the propriety of such a prohibition. You know that your parents wish you to avoid whatever may incline to the immoral: they would have you engage in recreations suited to an intellectual being; the desire to prevent you

from indulging in a practice which belongs to the lowest stage of worldliness; above and beyond all things, they long that you should become Christians indeed, and of a truth. They cannot, therefore, consent to sanction what may hinder a work of grace in your souls. Whoever else may dance, it is clear from the following pithy paragraphs of Dr. Yale, a devoted minister in the United States, that a Christian cannot dance.

Shall Christians dance? (he asks.) Why not *Christians*, if anybody? We would not advise a *sinner* to dance. A sinner is an enemy to God; and shall he dance? A sinner must repent or perish; and shall he dance? A sinner is on the way to hell, and may be there in an hour; shall he dance? There is something supremely shocking in the idea of a dancing sinner. What fearful declarations those are of Job!—"They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave.—(Job xxi. 11, 13.)

But a Christian is a redeemed sinner. "He is bought with a price." "He is washed, he is sanctified, he is justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." "He is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." The Christian is the image of Christ, and is to show to the world that he has been with Jesus, and has learned of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart," and "went about doing good." The Christian is "crucified to the world, and the world unto him;" so that "he rolls round his dying eyes upon a dying world." The Christian is, in a little while, to be in heaven, beholding and enjoying, and forever to enjoy, the glory of God. Let him sing for joy, and dance, too, before the Lord, as David did, if such an exercise be suited to his present condition, and adapted to promote the glory of God, and the salvation of men. For this is the apostolic exhortation: "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have a *time* to dance. At what point of time between one communion-season and another shall it be? Just before, or just after, they sit down at the table of the Lord? Is it the kind of preparation which fits them for that scene which Calvary beheld? Will the dance help them to "examine themselves?" Will it enable them to deny themselves as they should, after they have been anew to see Christ crucified? Or, will they fix the time equally distant from the celebration past and the celebration to come: so that they may *forget* or

almost forget, the command, "This do in *remembrance* of me?" Can they, at the dance think intensely upon the scenes in the garden; in the palace of the High-Priest; in the hall of Pilate; on the way to Calvary; at the nailing of the victim; and at the innocent Sufferer's cry of agony, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" This cry, under almighty wrath, crushing Him to death for our sins, makes the ears of Christians tingle. How can they forget it, so as to find a *time* to dance between one communion-season and another?

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have *leisure* to dance. "Wot ye not," said Jesus, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He began early and continued to the end to be about His Father's business; so that in the end he could say to His Father, "I have glorified Thee upon the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." Then He was ready to depart, and with His last breath cried, "It is finished." Duty and suffering were completed. Are Christians, the followers of such a Saviour, at leisure, so that their work is done long before their sun is set? Do they understand God's word so well, that they need study it no more? Are all their duties to God in the closet, in the family, and in His house, diligently and faithfully performed? Do they perform all that is needful for the young, for the aged, for the church, for the world, and then find leisure to unite with gay companions in moving to the sound of the viol, amid the mazes of pleasurable dissipation? Is the soul duly cared for? And from the dance can they return home to commune with God, to pray for all saints and the Ministers of Christ, with all prayer and without ceasing? Can they "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and "keep themselves unspotted from the world?"

Shall Christians dance? Then they must be *initiated* by others. Allowing that Christians have *time*, *leisure*, and *money* for the dance, and that it may be proper for them to dance, still the question remains,—is it expedient? If it be lawful in the sight of God, does it tend to edification? Is it attended with danger to others! Will the gay and the thoughtless be likely to derive benefit from such examples of Christians? Did the Apostle Paul say, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend?" Should we not also look to the welfare of others? If it be not perilous to ourselves, yet if it be to others, charity requires us to abstain. If we would not advise sinners to dance,

certainly should not set the example. If but one member of a church be found in the ball-room, who will not know it? Will not every eye be fixed on that individual? Will not some be ready to say in heart, "Did I not see him *at the Lord's Table*?" Will it not be reported the next day? And will not the echo fly among the circles of the lovers of pleasure? Will not the thoughtless urge this example, as a plea for the indulgence which conscience forbids? And will not many be emboldened, not only near by, but far off, to do what no sinner should venture to do, as it must be at the peril of his soul? And will not those gay companions of yours despise you for your vain indulgence?

Professing Christian, how can you have any delight in this vain amusement, or in any other pastime in which they delight who are strangers to holy and refined enjoyments? When all the sweets of paradise are before us, need we covet the forbidden tree? Can you recommend Christ and Him crucified to your jovial companions? Can you converse seriously on the salvation of the soul, while on the way with them either to or from the merry meeting? Allowing that it is no worse than any other vain amusement, is this the criterion of your duty?

THE PRAYERLESS HOME.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"I have a good offer for my farm," said Mr. Earl to his wife, and I think I shall sell it."

"Why do you wish to sell it?" said Mrs. Earl.

"The land is stony and partly worn out. I can go into a new country where land is cheap and fertile, and realize a much larger return for the same amount of labour."

"If we go into a new country, there will be no schools for our children."

"Our children are not old enough to go to school; by the time they are old enough, it is most likely schools will be established wherever we may go."

"We may also be deprived of the privilege of attending the house of God."

"We can take our bibles with us and can read them on the ship, if we should happen to settle at a distance from a place of worship."

"It will be far better for us to remain here, where we can educate our children; and bring them under the sound of the gospel."

“ I must do what I think is required by the interests of my family.”

“ Pray remember that property is not the only thing needed by our children.”

A few days after this conversation, the bargain was concluded and the farm became the property of Mr. Hale. Mr. Earl was to put him in possession of it early in the spring.

Mr. Earl was descended from one of the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. His ancestors for many generations had been devout members of the church of Christ. He was the first alien from the commonwealth of Israel. His mother was an amiable but not a pious woman, and some thought that it was owing to her that he had not profited by the instructions of his pious father, and had turned a deaf ear to the gospel which he had heard from his infancy. He loved the world, and in order to secure a larger portion of its goods he was willing to leave the home of his childhood and the graves of his fathers, and to take up his abode on the borders of civilization.

His wife was one who preferred Jerusalem to her chief joy. The old time-worn house of God, with its high square pews and huge sounding-board, was as beautiful to her as the most faultless specimen of architecture to the connoisseur. She desired that her children might grow up under the influence of the truths which were proclaimed in that house. Her chief desire with respect to them was, that they might become rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom. In the spring she was constrained to bid farewell to her native village. After a wearisome journey, she found herself and family in what was then a wilderness in the western part of New York. The gospel was not preached in the vicinity, nor was even the log school-house erected. For a time Mr. E. observed the sabbath so far as resting from labour was concerned. He even spent some time in reading the bible, but he did not pray. In consequence, that blessed book was gradually laid aside.

The climate, and perhaps the labours incident to a life in the wilderness, caused Mrs. E. to fall into a decline. When, after lingering illness, she bade her husband farewell, she charged him to send her children to her native home, that they might there be taught, in the school-house and the church, truths which could make them wise unto salvation. Mr. Earl complied, in part with his wife's request. He sent his daughter Julia, who was now ten years of age, and her younger brother. The older one he detained to assist him in his labours.

It was six years before Julia returned to her father. She had spent that time among the pious friends of her departed mother. She found the home of her childhood greatly changed. A neat village surrounded the tasteful dwelling now occupied by her father. The spire of the village church rose aloft, and the school-house was not far distant. She rejoiced to return to her home, though she was to meet its chief charm no more. A check was soon given to her joy. When she sat down to the evening meal, the blessing of God was not invoked. It was with difficulty that she could eat. When the hour for retiring came she was still more unhappy, as the family separated without prayer.

Mr. E. soon perceived that his daughter did not feel at home in his house. It made him sad at heart, for he had long looked forward to her return with hope that she would restore, in part, at least, the loss he had experienced. He said to her one day, "Julia, you do not seem to feel as much at home as I could wish."

After some hesitation, she replied, "I do not feel safe here."

"Do not feel safe!" said he, in astonishment.

"I am afraid to live under a roof where there is no prayer."

The remark went to the father's heart. He thought of all the mercies he had received, the protection he had experienced, unasked! He continued to think of his ways till his soul fainted within him. He looked at his oldest son, a sabbath-breaker, and ignorant of God, and could not conceal the truth that it was owing to the want of removing him in childhood from the means of grace, and exposing him to influences that, in all probability, would prove his

In a few days he asked Julia to read the scriptures, and pray in the family. It was with joy that she heard the request, but with great difficulty that she complied with it. It was not till she was reminded of the joy it would give to her mother, could she be a witness of it, that she consented to make the attempt. In a few weeks, on a sabbath morning, the father himself took the bible, and began to read a portion kneeled down, and, with tears, besought God to teach stammering lips how to pray. Light, peace and joy took up their abode in a dwelling now no longer prayerless.

THE EXISTENCE OF THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS.

As to the devil," says the Rational Christian, "he is entirely diabolical character; and what is said concerning those who were

possessed of the devil, it were irrational to suppose that it could mean anything further than that 'they were mad, or had hysteric fits.' When Jesus, therefore," continues the Rationalist, "was tempted of the devil in the wilderness, it was only an *allusion to a fictitious being*; and the proper and most rational meaning is, that he was fighting with some good and bad thoughts which alternately possessed him: such were the eastern metaphors and oriental figures then in use."

Thus the so-called rational Christian makes Satan and his angels to be nothing more than an *eastern metaphor* and *oriental figures*.

We shall now give a few passages of Scripture, where the real existence of evil spirits is positively asserted, with the Rationalist's exposition of these passages, in order that he may see the absurdity of his scheme:—

1 Chron. xxi. 1. "And Satan," an eastern metaphor, "stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel."

Job, i. 6. "When the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan," an eastern metaphor, "came also among them."

Matt. xii. 24. "This fellow doth not cast out devils," oriental figures, "but by Beelzebub the Prince of devils:" by the Prince of eastern metaphors.

Matt. xiii. 19. "Then cometh the wicked one," an eastern metaphor, "and catcheth away that which was sown in the heart."

Matt. xiii. 38. "The tares are the children of the wicked one:" the children of an eastern metaphor.

Matt. xiii. 39. "The enemy that sowed them is the devil;" an eastern metaphor.

Matt. xxv. 41. "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" prepared for an eastern metaphor and his oriental figures.

Mark v. 9. "And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many." My name is an eastern metaphor, which contains many oriental figures.

2 Cor. iv. 4. "The god of this world," an eastern metaphor, "hath blinded the minds of them which believe not."

2 Cor. iv. 3. "As the serpent," an eastern metaphor, "beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ."

Eph. ii. 2. "In time past ye walked according to the Prince of the power of the air," an eastern metaphor, "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience."

Col. ii. 15. "And having spoiled principalities and powers," eastern metaphors, and oriental figures, "he made a show of them openly."

1 Thes. iii. 5. "I sent to know your faith, lest by some means the tempter," an eastern metaphor, "have tempted you, and our labour be in vain."

Heb. ii. 14. "That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil:" an eastern metaphor.

1 John ii. 13. "I wrote unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one:" ye have overcome an eastern metaphor.

Jude 6. "The angels," the oriental figures, "who kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."

Rev. xii. 7. "The dragon fought and his angels:" an eastern metaphor and his oriental figures were engaged in warfare.

The above is a specimen of the wisdom of those whose creed will neither permit Satan nor his angels to exist. But will they tell us how it was that our Lord could cast out a whole legion of eastern metaphors from the man among the tombs, and how it was that the same set of eastern metaphors or oriental figures drove the wine into the sea?

EVENING COLLOQUIES BETWEEN A FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN. (*Concluded.*)

Father. That will do. The recollection of sin will alarm; obedience will appear too defective; but God's paternal, yet holy love, manifested in Christ, giving his children the provided inheritance, will be an object which the departing spirit may contemplate with assured and delightful hope. Only, remember that I speak of those who had "kept themselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus unto everlasting life." Let the third be read.

Child. (3) "When Prince George" (of Saxony) "saw that his son drew near to the last gasp, and needs must die, then he comforted him with the article of justification by faith in Christ, and did put him in mind only to have regard to the Saviour of the world, and utterly to forget all his own works and deservings; that he should also banish out of his heart the invocation of saints. Now when the son felt great comfort in his conscience by these his father's admonitions, he asked his father why he did not cause the same comfortable doctrine to be preached through all his country? His father answered and said, 'My dear child, we must say these things only to the dying, and not to the sound and healthy.'"

Father. And thus it is reported of Bellarmine, that being asked on his death-bed, "To which of the saints wilt thou turn?" his memorable reply was, "It is safest to trust in the merits of Christ." And Father Paul Sarpi, the Venetian, and historian of the Council of Trent, in his mortal illness requested the 25th verse of the third of Romans to be read to him, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood."

Child. Father, cannot we have our table-talk? We should like to ask your opinion on different subjects, without any particular order. If we obtain any information, we can put it into its proper place in our mind, to be ready for use when occasion calls for it.

Father. Very well; let it be so. And sooner than have nothing to say, we can take up a book and open it; and either its general tenor, or some particular passage, will suggest some observation, approbatory, or otherwise. Only, let us keep in view *the actual increase of our stock of knowledge.*

Child. But what knowledge?

Father. Why, only let it *actually be* knowledge,—that by which we really know something. You must always distinguish between words which possess nothing beyond grammatical arrangement, and words which have their counterpart in some actual existence. The memory may be stored, even to oppression, with the former, but there will be no knowledge.

Child. Give us an instance.

Father. Take the old axiom,—*Nature abhors a vacuum.* Here you have grammatical correctness, and the proposition expresses its meaning with sufficient clearness. But if you were now told, very solemnly, for the first time, "*Nature abhors a vacuum.*"

and were to go away, inwardly gratulating yourselves on the attainment you had made, what real advancement in knowledge would there be? Just as bank notes are so far valuable as they do really, and in good faith, represent value, so propositions, thus representing value, add to the riches of the mind. All others are like those *flash notes* which serve for the amusement of children, and are sometimes wickedly employed for the delusion of the ignorant and unwary. Suppose that you had learned all that the Hindu sacred books teach, of terrestrial geography, how much wiser would you be? Observe, I do not mean that it would not be knowledge to know the fact, that the Hindu books do teach so and so,—but that if you had, as scholars, committed the whole to memory, you would have a number of imitation bank notes, gratifying your own ignorant vanity, but leaving you in an intellectual poverty as complete as ever.

Child. Then you wish to teach us that there are too many pretenders to knowledge?

Father. I do; and these are of two classes. Those whose memory is stored with words without any real meaning; and those and they constitute the most numerous division—who hold in their memory words that have both a meaning, and a good one, but who hold them *only* in their memory. The conditions of knowledge are two. First, that the propositions refer to real existences; and, second, that they be deposited in the understanding, the living, active intellect,—becoming a portion of that entire intelligence which the individual has acquired. I have often been amused with the pompous enunciation of collected common-places, never ruminated on, never digested, never made part of a man's self. The food you take is, indeed, all from without; but, digested, and taken up into the system, it is made alive by that one which belongs to the entire person of the individual. Take care that the words you receive are possessed of meaning and value; and then, that that meaning be conveyed into your own intellectual system. In this way, but in this way alone, you will increase your stock of knowledge.

THE MISSIONARY IDEA.

The idea of the world's redemption is the most sublime conception of the Infinite mind that has been revealed to man. We know not what thoughts exist in the depths of the Godhead, or what thoughts the Holy One has revealed to other beings who

dwell nearest the eternal throne ; but we do know that no other thought, so awful and sublime as this, has ever fallen upon the ears of listening mortals. To fully develop this grand idea of Heaven our blessed and holy Saviour " trod the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." And He, who thus suffered for the establishment of this cause, gave the great commission to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. The sublimity of the idea is seen again in the scenic representation of the Apocalypse: " And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue and people." But it is not only sublime in thought ; it is also sublime in its practical operations. A commission from Christ to preach the gospel to every creature carries with it the assurance that every creature may receive it, and be blessed by its holy mission. It contemplates with an eye of benevolence this great prison-house of sin and death, and possesses the power to rend the cells, and let in the light of eternal day, assuring its inmates that they are prisoners of hope. And the results of the missionary enterprise, many of which are already before the throne, are worthy of our God. Has the missionary work proved a failure ? Ask the millions redeemed from the earth.

THE MOTHER'S CALLING.

(Continued from page 20.)

Every mother, without doubt, wishes her children to be virtuous and happy. She talks well about it, and prays earnestly for it, but here the energy and zeal too often terminate. These are not strong enough to grapple with the difficulties, carry the crossed thread a way through the perplexities that abound in a mother's pathway. She who would do well the work assigned her, must shake hands with discomforts and sacrifices innumerable. She is not found at the fashionable entertainment, for late evening hours will unfit her to rise betimes in the morning. She foregoes many social enjoyments lest they infringe upon that hallowed hour when her little ones go to their repose. Of all seasons in the day, these two the mother and child should invariably meet. If she welcomes the bright, happy face of her child, freshly awakened from its refreshing slumbers, with a pleasant good-morning smile, and superintends herself its toilet, she has a golden opportunity to gain the affections and impress the heart. She talks with them

simple manner of their duties and pleasures, their companions and temptations; instructs, encourages and warns them. She plies them with holy motives, unveils before them the ever-present, loving Saviour, and so sends them forth into their little day-world, consciously engirded with her love, her counsels and entreaties, and the restraining presence of a watching and sin-hating God. Then, when the day draws to a close, and she bends over their couch, she talks with them of the occurrences of the day, of their sins, trials, and child-victories, and in the hallowing, subduing influence of that quiet hour, she has a power untold to win and bless them. Aside from these special seasons, the mother should always know the whereabouts of her children, their companions and occupations.— She cannot watch them every moment, but (like a guardian angel,) she hover about them that they cannot be long in contact with evil, that she shall know it and spring to the rescue. To her, as to a rock of refuge, they must be able to flee in all their little distresses and troubles, and her ear must ever be open to receive their confidence. This constant watch, during the years of infancy, is necessary, in order that the mother may *herself* learn the character and detect the faults of her children. It is a commonly-received maxim, that parents are blind to the faults of their own children. The reverse of this ought to be true; for while a stranger would be repelled by their waywardness, the parental instincts and benevolence will overleap the sin and embrace the sinner. With true Christ-like pity and compassion will the mother stoop to lift her child out of its errors and its sins into purity and right. And no fault should be suffered to pass unnoticed. It is not requisite that a child should be always spoken to at the moment, or before others. Nothing will discourage him more than incessant upbraiding, or a public notice of misconduct. More can be accomplished in correcting a bad habit by taking the transgressor alone, and gently, but plainly explaining the evil of his course, its unhappy consequences, and setting before him the opposite excellence. Kind words in season will always do good. A mother must be interested, too, in her child's studies as well as his sports, in his school exercises as in his amusements, and stand ever ready to encourage and help him. Instruction must be drawn from every occurrence of life, and motives, feelings, sentiments, words and actions brought up to the rigid standard of God's holy truth. To meet the unceasing demand, a mother must be ever on the alert. She must have constancy of purpose, stability of character, mental clearness, sound judgment, firm principle. *Can she rest while such a child lies before her yet incomplete?*

Yes, mother, there is a vest.—Fainting, wearied, perplexed, disheartened mother, weighed down by a sense of personal insufficiency, of stupendous responsibilities, fly to Jesus, the sympathizing friend, and hide thyself in the shadow of his wings. “Virtue shall come out of him,” to refresh and recreate thy weakness, and from this daily, hourly retreat, thou shalt come forth with heavenly strength and vigor to thy life labour, until with its successful accomplishment, thou shalt receive the satisfying plaudit, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

(To be Continued.)

EVERYBODY LOVES HIM.

That is, every body that knows him. He is an apprentice-boy about seventeen years old, the son a poor widow, and of course has not a very large circle of acquaintance. But he is a modest, quiet boy, industrious and faithful to his employer, who confides in him, knowing that his work will be as faithfully performed in his absence as in his presence. His evenings are spent generally at home, with an occasional interruption of an hour or two at the house of God. He is fond of books; not light, trashy novels, which dissipate without informing or strengthening the mind, but histories, biographies, travels, popular scientific works, religious memoirs and treatises. His Bible lies constantly upon his table, and a portion of it is perused every day. From his active daily labours, he finds in these rest, recreation, and enjoyment. His Sabbaths are to him days of rest, but not of idleness. He has a little class on the Sabbath, and he is interested and delighted in instructing them. His bright face is always seen in the accustomed place in the sanctuary. He is always cheerful, furnishing a model for a picture of quiet, peaceful enjoyment. His widowed mother lays her hand upon his head, and smooths his glossy hair with maternal pride and comfort. He promises to be the solace and support of her declining years. There is a smile for him on every face, and every eye grows brighter when he enters the home his presence always makes happier. All who know him love him.

THE CONTRAST.

I know another youth, a little older. He, too, is an apprentice, and his mother is a widow. He hurries from his work in the evening, and mutters his impatient displeasure, if his supper is a little delayed. He is in haste to be out again among his companions.

He is reckless and boisterous. He has no taste for reading, beyond an occasional glance at a newspaper. His evenings are uniformly passed in the streets; as often as he can get the means, at the theatre. His conversation is always low and vulgar, often obscene, and generally interspersed with horrid and senseless oaths. He thinks it manly to be able to toss off a glass of liquor at the tavern-bar. He affects the bully, and is often threatening to fight. He delights in rude and mischievous pranks, and finds a pleasure in tormenting others. He helps to "make night hideous," with his boisterous laugh, his ribaldry, and blasphemy.- At a late hour, he seeks his bed, more wearied by his amusements than by his labour. His work indeed is irksome to him, and frequently neglected or slighted. His Sabbaths are his gala-days. He is out upon wild excursions, or roving the streets in search of amusement. His mother's heart is oppressed whenever she thinks of his wayward life. He is no comfort to her now, nor is there any probability that he ever will be. His home, never happy, is more wretched when he is in it. For boisterous as is his mirth in the streets at home he is sullen and grumbling. He is cauterising all his social affections, and leaving uncultivated his intellectual powers. Few love and none respect him.

THE PROBABLE FUTURE.

It does not need a Prophet's foresight to predict the future course of these two young men. In all human probability, the one will be a respected, useful member of society, the other a scourge and a curse in the community, or at least will find a level among the lowest and most debased classes. The one may look forward to the confidence and regard of men; the other to their scorn or derision. The one has already begun to rise, the other to sink. The influence of the one will be beneficial, of the other baneful. These characteristics and habits of youth must mould the future man, and prove a blessing or a curse. Even if there were no eternity, the young man is a silly fool who fritters away his time, and forms habits that are necessarily unfitting him to fill any position of influence or respectability among men. But there is an eternity! What then?

THE DIFFERENCE.

Principle rather than appearance should ever influence us in all our words and actions. And yet how many, even among the young, are governed in all they do by what others say or think;

or make some silly display of their independence of the opinion of others, rather than be guided by a fixed *principle* of action!

We have in our minds three young ladies, all of them lovely and interesting, so far as we can judge from their appearance. But these three are very unlike in their characters, and very unlike in the motives which direct and control their conduct.

Mary is a timid girl; but she is governed wholly by the opinions of others. The inquiry ever present to her mind in regard to all she does or says, is, "How will it appear?" or, "What will others think of it?"

Laura is a bold girl. She despises the opinions of others, and often adopts a course of her own, not because she prefers it, but for the sake of showing that she dares to be singular. She prides herself on her independence of what others say or think.

Amelia is a girl of *principle*. She neither idolises nor contemns the opinions or the examples of others; but her first concern is with herself. She has a standard of her own,—the unerring and undeviating rule of truth.

Now, what young reader does not see a very great difference in the character of these three young ladies? Amelia alone is a girl of *principle*. Mary and Laura are girls of *appearance*. The former only is in the path of safety, and even of true respectability. How can we respect one whose every action is prompted by an idolatrous regard to the principles of others, or by a proud and reckless disregard, a false and affected independence, of those opinions?

GOLDEN CHAIN OF THANKFULNESS.

The past is forever receding—the present eluding our grasp—the future hastening on. Is there one bond of union between them all? Is there a golden chain which can bind together things so dissimilar?

When we remember what has been, when we think of what is when we strive to realize what shall be, is there any one of the bright Christian graces which can throw its heavenly splendour on all?—It is even so.

THANKFULNESS.

Shall we thank God for the *past*? Are we to forget its many sorrows, its many trials, its many sins? No! forget not these. Yet do we bid you thank God. Thank him that he has pardoned those sins, the

he has softened those sorrows, that he has sustained you under those trials; and looking beyond yourself think of what he has done for his Church and people.

Shall we thank him for the *present*, too, as we return to our work conscious of great unworthiness, great weakness, great unbelief, great difficulties? Yes! thank God for your opportunities? Thank him that he graciously permits you to labour for him, and ask that you may delight to do his will.

Shall we thank God for the *future*? the future yet far off, distant, dim, uncertain? O, it is none of these! It is not distant, for to-morrow is part of it, and you know what work to-morrow will bring with it, unless indeed it land you in eternity. It is not dim, save to those whose eyes are either fixed on worldly things, or filled with unbelieving tears. It is not uncertain; the promises of God in Christ are yea and Amen; and "the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."

Look back then! look around! look onward! all by the light that streams from the eternal city! and in all these thank God; and while you thank him take courage, or, as the dying teacher said:—"CLING TO CHRIST, AND GO ON WITH THE WORK."

A PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

"My dear and honoured father," writes Joseph Williams, of Alderminster, "has been dead now two years. His memory blessed, and will be for ever dear and precious to me. In him I have lost, not merely a loving father and friend, but a wise and able counsellor, a faithful guardian and monitor, and an excellent pattern of sobriety, watchfulness, self-denial, and diligence, particularly in his heavenly calling. He redeemed a great deal of me from his bed, rising commonly by four, and spending two or three hours, till the family rose, in reading, meditation, and prayer. He was a man of a hot, passionate temper, but through his great watchfulness and close walking with God, it very seldom broke out; on the contrary he was remarkable for his meekness, calmness, and stability. As he lived generally beloved by persons of all denominations, so he died much lamented. I have great reason to say God I had such a father. Oh! that I might more and more prize his excellent virtues! His death greatly impressed my mind, and roused me out of that spirit of sloth and slumber into which my prolonged marriage had betrayed me. Upon serious reflection, I became more sensible of the great loss I had sustained—was

deeply humbled for my sad neglects of secret religion ; and renewed my resolutions for a more constant, conscientious discharge of the several duties of secret prayer, meditation and self-examination

A HEAVENLY REWARD.

What a transport of delight must it create, to meet with the acceptance of the great Judge, the eternal King, the fountain of all perfection ? to be admitted into his immediate presence—to be favoured with the brightest manifestations of his divine attributes—to love him with all our souls, and to be infinitely more beloved of him—to be conformed to his glorious, his most amiable image, and so much the more, as ages in an endless succession roll on ages. This is life—this is blessedness—this is heaven. And this life is purchased by his Son—this blessedness is purchased for us sinners by the obedience of Christ—to this heaven Christ is the way, the door, the passport. O ! let us not doubt but he will make us meet for his Spirit for the inheritance which he has obtained by his blood

SMOKERS AND CHEWERS TAKE NOTICE.

The *Western Christian Advocate* says :—“ In connection with the announcement in the Davenport, Iowa, journals of the opening of a new Episcopal church, the following notice was given :—‘ N. B. The chewers of tobacco are earnestly requested to avoid the use of the article in the church, or else spit in their hats. We have often wondered that among all the other inventions of the day there has not appeared a pocket spit-box ! It could be made of gutta percha or gum elastic, and would save a deal of dirt. Ministers of the Gospel who *can not* dispense with tobacco in the pulpit, should by all means have neat but well-built India rubber spit-boxes in their coat pockets.’ ”

MONDAY MORNING REFLECTIONS.

In thy judgment and esteem of man, constantly prefer the good temper of their minds, and honesty of their actions, above all the excellencies of their eloquence or knowledge.

If thou desirest ease, in the first place, take care of the ease of thy mind ; for that will make all other sufferings easy ; but nothing can support a man whose mind is wounded.

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition tempt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee, to anything which thou knowest to be evil.

Recollect often what thoughts, purposes, temper of mind and spirit were upon thee, when thy afflictions were upon thee, or deliverances freshly given unto thee.

MAXIMS FOR YOUTH.

Those children that are best beloved by their parents, should be most obedient to their parents; and then their love is well bestowed, and well returned.—M. Henry.

Whoever hates his brother, or sister, is a murderer; for he will kill one, if he have an opportunity.—*Ibid.*

Young people should take their good parents for their best friends, and be advised by them, and not by flatterers, who seduce them to make a prey of them.—*Ibid.*

Reverence your own mind; receive the nurture of instruction, and the man within you may grow and flourish.—Barbauld.

Young persons have need of strong reins; they are sometimes apt to be ruled, easy to be drawn aside, and apt to be deceived. — May.

No one can pursue solid learning and frivolous pleasure at once. — Thornton.

The eye of the great God is ever upon you; and your eternity hangs upon the conduct of an hour.—Todd.

Those are never likely to come to good that are undutiful to their parents.—M. Henry.

Early religion lays the foundation of happiness both in time and eternity.—Dr. Doddridge.

Young boys are born with talents that excel; but all are capable of doing well.—Cowper.

Prayer is not only the best safeguard of youth, but also its bright ornament.—R. B.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

—, beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing I may be palsied in mind, and having entered upon that course of intemperance from which I have not resolution to flee, do make and publish this my last will and testament:—

“ Having been made in the image of my Creator, capable of rational enjoyment, of imparting happiness to others, and of promoting the glory of God, I know my accountability ; yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, and my utter indisposition to resist temptation, that I give myself entirely to intemperance and its associate vices, and make the following bequests:—My property I give to be dissipated, knowing it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with ardent spirits. My reputation, already tottering on a sandy foundation, I give to destruction. To my beloved wife, who has cheered me thus far through life, I give shame, poverty, sorrow, and a broken heart. To each of my children, I bequeath my example, and the inheritance of the shame of their father’s character. Finally I give my body to disease, misery, and early dissolution ; and my soul, that can never die, to the disposal of that God whose commands I have broken, and who has warned me by His word that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.

Drunkard, this is your will.

Affliction is the only blessing that the Lord gives without requiring us to ask for it. And he gives it as a special token of his love.—*Bridges.*

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

We have received a copy of Mrs. Traill’s new work entitled **THE FEMALE EMIGRANT’S GUIDE.** The first number which contains:—Introductory Remarks ; Address to Husbands and Fathers, Wives and Daughters ; Dress ; Canada, a field for younger working Females ; Adornment of Home ; She-Plants ; Furnishing Log-House ; Temperance ; Female Emigration ; Borrowing ; Choice of a Vessel—Luggage ; Advice to Emigrants—Extract from Mr. Vere Foster’s Advice to Emigrants, to ship stores, and other essentials for the Voyage, Ticket Outfits, &c. ; Postage ; Description of a new Settlement, (from Major Strickland’s Work) ; Security of person and property in Canada ; Natural Productions of the Woods ; Hints on Gardening Apples, Orchards, planting and grafting, &c. ; Official information for Emigrants ; Table to Calculate equivalent value of Currency and Cents.

The second part is equally interesting. We cordially recommend it to our readers, and bespeak for it a large circulation. See advertisement 4th page of cover.

Poetry.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A BELOVED SISTER.

BY MISS LUTTON, OF MOIRA.

There is a something in poetic strains,
 Which lines prosaic never can convey—
 There is a noble inspiration reigns
 Where solemn truths require the solemn lay—
 And through the meanest channel, heavenly Day
 Quick penetrating, can transfuse its light—
 Oh! that by me, one soul enlivening ray
 Might reach my sister—clear her mental sight—
 And put remaining doubts, like morning clouds to flight!

Almighty Sovereign of the earth and sky—
 Inspirer of the work thou deign'st to approve!—
 Oh! sanction mine! and whilst I feebly try
 To show the fulness, freeness of Thy love;
 Grant I may never from my subject rove,
 But from experience, point the path to peace—
 In Thee, and for thee, may I think—write—move—
 Invigorated by Thy strengthening grace—
 My aim Thy glory be, till life and being cease!

True—I am but a reptile—from the clod
 Lately emerged to feel the warmth divine—
 But tell thy creature, condescending God!
 Hast thou not deign'd to call that reptile Thine—
 To bid my deadness live—my darkness shine—
 My fetter'd spirit, rise and follow Thee?
 Then take my thoughts—my motive—my design—
 And send a blessing by the weakest, me—
 Clay by Thy hand applied, can cause the blind to see.

My Sister?—art thou guilty? dost thou dread
 The day of judgment as a day of woe?
 I charge thee, mourner—lift thy drooping head—
 God hath commanded, and it shall be so—
 Thy sins tho' scarlet, shall be white as snow—
 Mountains may totter, promises are sure!
 Art thou polluted? to the Fountain go—
 There drop thy burden—wash thee and be pure—
 And feeling thy disease, accept the offer'd cure.

Thou canst not doubt the virtue of that stream,
 Or if thou dost, remember *I* was there—
 Pardon—peace—life—are found in *Jesu's* name,
 More full than thought can reach—more free than air—
 Dost thou enquire on what conditions?—where?
 What depth of sorrow?—with how sad a brow?
 Join to thy present grief, believing prayer—
 This moment, at His footstool prostrate bow—
 This is salvation's day—the time accepted *now*.

Thou can'st not purchase what's already bought—
 The mere idea is absurd as vain?
 Nay—worse—'tis impious—at least in thought—
 Works cannot merit—pilgrimages gain—
 What cost our great Redeemer so much pain—
 For which he suffer'd—bow'd His head—and died.
 The crimson current cleanses every stain—
Faith is the hand by which it is applied—
 Faith is the only means—“by faith” thou'rt “justified.”

“All things are ready now”—the Father stands,
 Beaming compassion, whilst He cries, “my child”—
 For thee, the Son extends His wounded hands,
 Prays and beseeches thee—“be reconciled”—
 And hark! the whispers of His Spirit, mild,
 “Arise—why tarriest thou?”—d disdain to dread—
 Spring forth, my Sister—be no more beguiled—
 Angels might weep, had angels tears to shed,
 To see the hungry soul, refuse the Living Bread.

Art thou afraid to trust Him?—Oh! beware—
 There's something selfish in a servile fear:
 Cast self away—to *Jesu's* feet repair—
 Tell Him “I'll perish, if I perish, here!”
 Stretch forth thy hand—He brings the sceptre near—
 “What wilt thou *Esther*”—what wouldst thou receive?
 “Lord! as a guilty rebel I appear—
 “Or send me from Thee—or my sins forgive—
 “I venture on Thy Word—I must—I do, believe.”

Dost thou? then wondrous truth! the cherub throng,
 With deepen'd rapture, hallelujah's sing!
 Dost thou? then catch the theme—the notes prolong—
 Cry, “endless glory to the Eternal King!”
 Shout the full triumph 'till thy soul takes wing,
 And feels a transport never felt before—
 Fly—break the willow—strike each joyful string—
 Thy harp shall know a plaintive sound no more—
 But all within rejoice—love—wonder—and adore!