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THE
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MAGAZINE
AND
FRIEND,
OF THE YOUNG.

APRIL, 1854.

[No. 3.]

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THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN STEAM PRESS.

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

VOL. I.]

APRIL, 1854.

[No. 3.

LIFE OF WICLIFF.

(Concluded from page 30.)

At the proper time he appeared before his judges, but as he was protected by the Duke of Lancaster, (who virtually governed the kingdom for a short time after the death of Edward, and in the youth of his grandson, Richard.) the proceedings came to nothing; and soon after, Wiclif presented to the Parliament a powerful paper against the Papal tyranny and exactions. Another citation having been issued from Rome, he appeared before a synod at Lambeth palace early in 1378; but the Queen-mother fearing there would be a disturbance among the people, sent directions that no definite sentence should be pronounced. This time, therefore, the Reformer escaped.

In 1378 the great Papal schism occurred. Urban VI. having been chosen Pope, the disappointed party withdrew, and chose another, Clement VII., who retired to Avignon. For many years there were two Popes; and the disputes thus occasioned, prepared the way for the just appreciation of the value of the Papal claims. The question, which of the Popes was head of the Church, prepared the way for another,—whether either of them were so?

In the meanwhile, Wicliff proceeded in his work, preaching faithfully, and embracing every opportunity of disseminating the truth. His very health suffered from his labours; and at one time, in 1379, it was thought he would have died. But he was spared for a greater work than any in which he had yet engaged. He himself habitually referred to the sacred volume, and he wished the whole flock of Christ to do the same. For this purpose he undertook, and with much labour completed, the translation of the entire Scriptures into the English language. His defence of this great work rested mainly on this principle, that as every one must answer for himself at the judg-

ment-seat of Christ, every man must judge for himself here ; and in order to this, he must read the book in which God himself speaks to man, and makes known to him his will.

Soon after this great boon had been conferred on the nation, Wiclif wrote on a subject on which the people were not as yet prepared to accompany him. In 1381-2 he spoke and wrote against transubstantiation. The Bishops now took courage, and petitioned the King against "the errors and impieties" (as they termed them) of the Lollards. The result was a royal ordinance which, in effect, so far as heretical pravity was concerned, made the civil power the servant of the spiritual. This law was actually placed upon the Parliament roll, though neither Lords nor Commons had consented to it ; and though the following year the Commons protested against it, on the roll it remained, a monument of the love of freedom which the Roman clergy possess, when the power is in their own hands. All constitutional forms were to be set aside that they might procure what should only look like a law, enabling them to root out heresy by fire and sword. About the same time, the enemies of Wiclif procured from the King his banishment from Oxford. He retired, therefore, to his rectory at Lutterworth, where he spent the short remainder of his life in peace, but not in idleness. His time was occupied in attention to pastoral duties, and to the toils of his study. To the last, though obliged to employ a Curate to assist him, he continued his personal ministrations as far as his strength permitted. He almost died in his beloved work. On the 29th of December, 1384, while assisting to perform divine service, he was mortally seized with paralysis. He lingered two days, deprived of speech, and then, on the last day of the year, in the sixty-first year of his age, he sank quietly to rest.

A serious examination of Wiclif's *intellectual* character, will place him before the reader as a man of great acuteness and decision, and of untiring energy. He was likewise an eminently *honest* man. His views of truth are somewhat obscure ; but he possessed sufficient light to discern the errors of the prevailing system, and these he attacked with all his might. He walked in the imperfect light of the morning, and is not to be appealed to as a standard of correct theological opinion ; but he was plainly a man who feared God, adhered to truth, and diligently sought the salvation of his fellows. He sent forth principles which continued to influence the minds of men, till Europe was ripe for the glorious Reformation. In England, especially, his principles spread widely, and took fast hold of the public mind. And the Bible was abroad, never again to be permanently imprisoned.

Soon after his death, his enemies began to attack his principles, and to persecute his adherents. The accession of Henry IV., and his doubtful title to the throne, threatened perilous consequences to the incipient Reformation. He, wishing to secure the Clergy, allowed

the infamous statute, *de heretico comburendo*,—for the burning of heretics, to be passed. And while the Clergy had power, the statute was not a dead letter. The hatred to Wiclif's principles was shown, when thirty winters had passed over his grave, by the memorable faith-breaking Council of Constance, which decreed that his bones should be exhumed, and burned, and the ashes thrown into a brook, that ran by Lutterworth; "to be conveyed," said Fuller afterwards, "into the Severn, thence to the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

In 1409 the Synod of Pisa attempted to heal the schism which distracted the Church, and to effect other reformatations. Deposing the existing Popes, it elected a third; but the only result was, that now the Roman Church became a three-headed monster. In 1414, however, circumstances allowed a Council to be called which both possessed power, and was willing to exercise it. The Council of Constance then assembled, deposed the schismatic Popes, and by the election of a Roman Bishop, (after some delay and negotiation,) appeared to heal the schism that had threatened such fatal consequences. The same Council did more:—John Huss, who had preached against some of the errors of his day, (though he does not appear clearly to have understood the wonderful harmony of divine truth,) was summoned to attend, and came with an explicit *safe-conduct* granted him by the Emperor Sigismund. Disregarding this, the Council both condemned and burned him as a heretic; and then, solemnly declared to the world, that *safe-conducts*, granted under such circumstances, were not to be respected; that is, that faith is not to be kept with heretics. And this was done, not indirectly, and by inference, but with unblushing explicitness. This celebrated decree ought never to be forgotten. It is the decree of an unchanging Church; and when future concessions shall have deceived unthinking Protestants into a fatal security, they will be revoked as readily as the *safe-conduct* of the Emperor was violated by the fathers assembled at Constance.—"The Holy Council declares that *no safe-conduct* given by the Emperor, by Kings or by other secular Princes, to heretics, or reputed heretics, thinking thereby to reclaim them from their errors, *however binding the instrument may be considered, shall be of any force, or ought to be, to the prejudice or hinderance of the Catholic faith, or ecclesiastical jurisdiction*; so as to prevent the proper ecclesiastical Judge from inquiring into the errors of the party, and otherwise proceeding against them as justice may require, should they obstinately refuse to renounce their errors: although they may have come to the place of trial, relying on the said *safe-conduct*, and otherwise would not have come. Nor shall he who gave the *safe-conduct* continue to be bound thereby in any respect, seeing he has done all that is in his power."

Thus were truth and righteousness, as well as mercy and compas-

sion, boldly set aside ; and a General Council of the Church advocated falsehood, to enable it to commit murder. But the reign of darkness was drawing to a close. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the final disruption of the Greek empire, by the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, sending a number of learned men into exile, was the proximate occasion of the revival of letters in the west ; while the invention of printing, about the same time, prepared the way for the free communication of thought, and discussion of opinion. When the press declared that all systems must be investigated, the Roman system was doomed, and the preparation commenced for that wonderful revival, in the beginning of the following century, of which Martin Luther was the great and providential instrument, but the seeds of which had been sown a hundred and fifty years before, by JOHN WICLIF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CHRIST AND THE TROUBLED SOUL.

(Concluded from page 39.)

THE SOUL.

[Suffer me again, O Lord ! to speak to thee, that if thou canst give me encouragement to hope thou wilt. If I could once see that my conduct was uniformly as thy holy word requires, I should be satisfied that I was one of thy children, for whom thou didst shed thy blood : but, alas ! I find I fall so short of what I should be, that I am discouraged ; my strength is often enfeebled, so that my corruptions appear to gain the advantage over me. Often when I attempt to pray, I cannot, from the hardness of my heart, which I daily mourn over, and frequently when I would pray I have no words to express myself, but with broken sighs and groans I am compelled to address thee. In short, the contrite spirit, the melting heart, and that holy frame of mind I appeared once to have enjoyed, seem to have nearly left me ; often when I seek comfort from thy word, which I once enjoyed, I find it not. I am troubled with doubtings, and am greatly harassed with the enemy of souls ; armies of inward foes rise up to hinder me in my progress to the heavenly Canaan. My faith is weak, Lord pity me and increase my faith—be thou my director, my guide, and my deliverer, that I may be fully satisfied that thou art mine and I am thine, so that I may, with thy servant Thomas, (who once doubted) cry out in holy rapture, ‘my Lord and my God.’

CHRIST.

Let not the consideration of thy wants, defects and imperfections discourage thee. Remember, the increase of grace I have given my children upon earth, I have called an earnest or first fruits of the

Spirit, to intimate that whatever grace they enjoy upon earth, it is nothing in comparison of the happiness I have in reversion for them in my eternal kingdom; expect not therefore, that perfection and complete felicity in a world of sin and misery which I intend to bestow upon thee in a brighter and better world. Thy blessedness in this life stands not in a full enjoyment of that which thou wouldest have, but in an hungering and thirsting for it. If I had pronounced those only blessed who are now satisfied with my righteousness and experiencing the fulness of joy, in my more immediate presence, thy wants, thy hindrances, and thy distresses might most justly have discouraged thee; but I have called those *blessed already* who hunger and thirst after divine realities. [Matt. v. 6.] If therefore thou dost follow after sanctification, and art weary of the vanities of the world, and especially of the services of sin—if thou hadst renounced thy own righteousness and art cleaving to me with full purpose of heart—if thou dost seek comfort from my word, and makest use of all the other means of grace which I have appointed, and yet canst not rise to the summit of thy wishes, do not ‘despise the day of small things,’ but doubt not that I who have given thee a spark of grace intendest to fan it into a heavenly flame. Do remember I have promised to fulfil the desires of those who fear me, and to be found of them who seek me with all their hearts. [Ps. cxiv. 19.—Deut. iv. 29.—Ps. ix. 10.—Ps. lxix. 32.—Heb. xi. 6.—Ps. lxxxv. 9.] If it grieve thee that thou canst not pray at all times alike, recollect my children are often bad judges of themselves, and their state is not always to be measured according to their feelings; for many prayers may be made in them to me by my Spirit, with sighings and groanings only, which they themselves are not able to express, [Rom. viii. 26,] yet are known to me the same as though they were uttered with audible voices, and which I cannot but answer, yet the answers must come in my time, and in my way; so, though the blessing is delayed, thou art commanded to wait. [Hab. ii. 3.]

THE SOUL.

O Lord! make me content with all thy dispensations, and may I have faith to believe that all my spiritual wants and desires will be abundantly satisfied by thee in thine own time. May I ever remember how careful thou wast in the days of thy flesh to supply the temporal wants of those who followed thee: thou didst say, ‘Thou hadst compassion on them, because they had continued with thee already three days, and had nothing to eat; thou wouldest not let them depart fasting lest they should faint by the way.’ [Mark viii. 1 to 9.] O, how encouraging are these words! They sought not from thee yet thou wert careful to supply them. As thou wast so careful to supply their bodily necessities, surely thou wilt not neglect the spiritual wants of thine own children! The multitude followed thee three days, and thou didst think it a long time, and fearedst lest they should

faint by the way. May I from this history learn to trust thy faithfulness and care, believing that at length thou wilt satisfy me, who art seeking thee to supply all my needs out of thy fulness. Wilt thou not answer me who cry to thee from a real sense of a want of thy pardoning love? Wilt thou not care for me who have been waiting upon thee, not three days only but for a much longer time? Wilt thou let me faint who art following thee, and yet support those who were going from thee? O, blessed Saviour! happy are they who trust in thee. Lord, again would I entreat thee to increase my faith, that nothing may be able ever to separate me from thee.

CHRIST.

As for the weakness of thy faith, which I see is one of the chief grounds of thy trouble, it proceedeth either from the want of knowledge or the want of application of my promises. It is indeed a special mercy to have the mind enlightened with that light which I bestow upon my children; seek therefore a farther degree of it, by using the means I have put into thy hands, so shalt thou increase in the knowledge of me, and thou shalt in my own time experience the application of divine truth to thy conscience, that will do away all thy doubts and give thee a clearer view of thy interest in my love, that whenever thou art under the rod thou shalt be able to see that I chastise thee in love and not in anger, as thou often thinkest when the perception of thy interest in me is clouded. Remember that promise made to David who prefigured me: 'If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes; nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that has gone out of my lips; once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David.' [Ps. lxxxix. 30 to 35.] So then thou mayest, as one of my children, depend on this declaration, and rely upon it, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' [Heb. xiii. 5.]

THE SOUL.

These are words full of consolation and encouragement; may I never forget them! but may I always retain a sense of their importance so as to receive that comfort thou intendest they should afford thy children. Thy servant Job thought in his trouble that thou wast pursuing him for his sins, and making him to possess the iniquities of his youth; so have I thought many times that the burdens thou didst lay on me proceeded from thy wrath, as if thou hadst shut up thy tender mercies in displeasure from me for ever, forgetting likewise where thou hast said that those who are the objects of thy peculiar regard, thou chastisest and scourgest every son whom thou receivest. [Heb. xii. 6 to 8.] But, Lord, let thy grace ever preserve me from distrust-

ful thoughts, as well as from every thing else which may have a tendency to darken my mind, and draw me aside from thee, to whom I owe my every blessing, both of a temporal and spiritual nature.

CHRIST.

Now, concerning the weakness of thy faith, in the apprehension and the application of my promises, recollect I have promised 'not to break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax.' [Matt. xii. 20.] Consider how small a grain of mustard seed is; yet though thy faith be as small as that seed, yet being of my bestowing, I have not excluded it from a participation of my promises. [Luke xvii. 5, 6.] Remember, my beloved, that like as a father spareth his only son, so will I spare them that fear me. [Ps. ciii. 11 to 14.] Hast thou not read, that though the faith of my servant Jacob was very weak, as thou mayest perceive by the great fear he entertained of Esau, yet his weak faith was able to hold me till I blessed him? Be not therefore discouraged; for though thou canst not at present lay hold on me with the head of strong faith, if with thy finger thou dost but touch the hem of my garment, thou shalt draw virtue from me. [Matt. ix. 20 to 22.—xiv. 36.] Consider also that the faith of my children is often greatest when their feeling is the weakest and least perceived. It is easy for a person to believe in the midst of great manifestations and unspeakable joys; but when a person can feel no sensible comfort in me, and yet believeth and waiteth on me, certainly the faith of that individual is great; and such was the faith of my servant Job, who, in his greatest trouble, gave me this answer: 'though thou slayest me, yet will I trust in thee, [Job xiii. 15,] notwithstanding it is against sense and feeling; in other words, his faith was strong enough to exercise hope, though apparently against hope, so that he was determined to trust my faithfulness to my promises, though present appearances seemed to discourage him. So it was with the woman of Canaan, she discovered invincible faith to cause her to cleave to my mercy, even when she had no feeling sense of it, and I gave her then no favourable answer; but for which, in the end, I called her's great faith; [Matt. xv. 22 to 28,] therefore be encouraged and wait patiently in the means I have appointed, and in due time I will strengthen thee with strength in thy soul; 'thou shalt mount up with wings, as eagles; thou shalt run, and not be weary; thou shalt walk, (in my commandments, and in the light of my countenance) and shalt not faint.' [Isa. xl. 41.]

THE SOUL.

O my Saviour; thou art the strength whereby I stand in the hour of temptation. If I trust to any power of my own I must inevitably fall, as I am convinced I am weakness itself without thee, 'for in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.' Lord enable me at all times to cast my burden upon thine arm—never let the malice of my

enemy prevail against me—may I not forget that this is now my time of warfare—oh, may I ever fight in thy strength against sin, the world, and the devil. In a short time I humbly trust that the happy period will arrive when I shall be triumphing for ever; therefore may I look to thee for grace to rely upon thy strength, thy love, and thy faithfulness, to bring me through every trial, knowing that thou hast promised that thou wilt not suffer me to be tempted above that I am able; but will with the temptation also make a way for my escape, that I may be able to bear it. [1 Cor. x. 13.] May I consider farther, that the victories I have already experienced are so many pledges of that final victory I hope soon to enjoy, when thou who art the God of Peace shall have bruised Satan under my feet for ever, so that I may never more doubt of thy paternal care. Help me, O my God and Saviour, to sing with the Poet—

“ Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows, and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.”

THE SOUL REJOICETH IN THE LORD.

O Lord! if such comfort be in thy cross, what must there be in thy crown? and if I experience such joy at times under thy correcting rod, what superior joys shall I feel when I am placed far beyond the reach of sin, sorrow, and suffering, in thy presence, where there is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand where there are pleasures for evermore. [Psalm xvi. 11.] Trials, however heavy, appear light in comparison, when thou art pleased to shine upon the soul with some of thy heavenly beams; therefore, O, my God! thou blessed Sun of Righteousness! my light! my life! my joy! my crown! my glory! my strength! and my help in every time of need! stand thou by me, and I shall have no cause to fear what my enemies do unto me. O, happy time! when first I was brought to know thee! I now possess pleasures which are solid and substantial, and which the world knows nothing of! I leave the gratifications of time and of sense to those who can relish and enjoy them; I now am sensible that earthly joys will not satisfy the vast desires of my immortal spirit. Nothing short of the presence of my God will suffice; and whenever I experience this blessed privilege my soul is happy.

I can now say to all my worldly connections, alluding to their pleasures:

“ Your joy is all sadness,
Your mirth is all vain;
Your laughter is madness,
Your pleasure is pain.”

But to true believers in Jesus, I can (from blessed experience) affirm of their pleasures :

“ Your’s are the joys which satisfy
 And sanctify the mind ;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.”

Well may I exclaim with the Psalmist, ‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.’ He hath visited me in my distress, and poured into my soul a large supply of his consolations ; I will therefore praise him as long as I live ; I will daily call upon him to continue to feed me with this heavenly manna, and to daily refresh my soul with renewed springs of the water of life.

Reader, if your soul, from perusing this dialogue, should be brought out of trouble, and encouraged to go on thy way rejoicing in the finished work of your Redeemer, my end will be answered. Give God the glory, as it is he alone who brings his people out of their distresses ; and never forget if you should at any future time be bowed down under a sense of your sins and unworthiness, that the same almighty power is ever near to deliver you again and again.

Remember that He who has promised, is not only able, but willing to answer the petitions of all who call upon him in the hour of trouble, so that you may unite with the Psalmist, and say ‘ why art thou cast down O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope in God : *for I shall yet praise him* who is the health of my countenance and my God.’ [Psalm xliii. 5.] O the boundless compassion of the adorable Saviour ! every thing is treasured up in him that his people stand in need of, and out of his fullness they may receive it by asking in prayer for a supply. If you want *mercy* to pardon your sins and deliver you from guilt, as well as to relieve you under all your complicated miseries, he is ever ready to bestow this incalculable blessing upon you. If you want *wisdom* to direct and guide you, (through the intricate mazes of this sinful world,) to your eternal home, as well as to cure you of your ignorance, he is ever nigh to impart this blessing also.

If you want *holiness* to subdue and conquer your inbred depravity ; *riches* to chase away your poverty, and *plenty* to supply your wants, He is an omnipotent, omnipresent, and faithful friend, who will never withhold any good thing from you, or finally suffer you to perish, but having promised you eternal life, he will be sure to bring you at last to shout victory over all your enemies, and cause you to triumph in redeeming love through eternity. Such a prospect as this is, (as Dr. Watt’s describes it.) ‘ a heaven began below,’ and nothing short of perfect bliss can satisfy the desires of a heaven-born soul.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Will you permit me, my dear young friends, to speak to you freely as to daughters? You doubtless need no argument to convince you of the excellence of industry. We will devote a few thoughts only to those branches of it which belong peculiarly to our own sex. It is one of our privileges that we have such a variety of interesting employments. Time need never hang upon our hands, who have it continually in our power to combine amusement with utility. If we leave any vacancy for ennui to creep in, it must surely be our own fault.

Needle-work, in all its countless forms of use, elegance, and ornament, has been the appropriate occupation of women. From the shades where its simple process was to unite the fig-leaf, to the days when the most exquisite tissues of embroidery rivalled nature's pencil, it has been their duty and their resource. The most delicate efforts of the needle claim a high rank among feminine accomplishments.—But its necessary departments should be thoroughly understood. The numerous modifications of mending are not beneath the notice of the most refined young lady. To keep her own wardrobe perfectly in order, she doubtless considers her duty. A just regard to economy, a wish to add to the comfort of all around, and a desire to aid in the relief of the poor, will induce her to become expert in those inventions by which the various articles of apparel are repaired, altered, or renovated. A very sensible, rational self-complacency arises from the power of making “auld claihs look amaist as well as new.”

I regret that the quiet employment of knitting has become so nearly obsolete. In many parts of Europe it continues a favourite branch of female occupation. It is so among the classic shades of Greece; and Russell, in his *Tour in Germany*, speaking of the Saxon ladies, says, “They are models of industry, whether at home or abroad; knitting and needle-work know no interruption. A lady would think little of forgetting her fan; but could not spend half an hour without her implements of industry.” Knitting is adapted to those little intervals of time when it would be scarcely convenient to collect the more complicated apparatus of needle-work. It is the friend of twilight, that sweet season of reflection so happily described by a Scottish writer, as that brief period “when the shuttle stands still before the lamp is lighted.” Neither are the productions of the knitting-needles so valueless as those who take no part in them are disposed to pronounce. Yet, if there are any who consider so humble a branch of economy unworthy their regard, they may still be induced to patronize it for the sake of the comfort it administers unto the poor. Their laborious occupations and limited leisure often preclude their attention to this employment; and a pair of thick stockings in

winter will be usually found a most acceptable gift to their shuddering little ones. Knitting seems to have a native affinity with social feeling; it leaves the thoughts at liberty for conversation, and yet imparts just enough of the serene and self-satisfied sensation of industry, to promote a good humour, and prepare for the pleasant interchange of sympathy.

I recollect in my early days, sometimes seeing a number of most respectable elderly ladies, collected for an afternoon visit, all knitting, all happy, all discussing the various topics of neighbourly concerns, with friendly interest and delight. I saw benevolent smiles beaming from their faces, and formed a fancied union between knitting and contentment, which perchance is not yet broken. I observed that the fabrics which they wrought, to protect the feet of their household, were often composed of yarn, manufactured by their own hands.—And here permit me to advert to that almost forgotten utensil, the large spinning-wheel. From the universal yet gentle exercise it affords the limbs, the chest, and the whole frame, it is altogether the best mode of domestic calisthenics which has hitherto been devised. It is well adapted to those periods when, from a succession of storms, ladies are prevented from going into the open air, and begin to feel the lassitude of a too sedentary life. By a change of habits in the community, and by the introduction of machinery on a larger scale, domestic manufactures are become a less prominent branch of economy. Still some degree of alliance subsists between them. Materials for winter stockings might be profitably prepared in families. Durable flannels, and even handsome carpets, have been often the productions of delicate hands. Among a large family of sisters, the cheerful operations of the spinning-wheel assume the character of an amusement, and are said to promote a happy flow of spirits. Were my own sex as great admirers of antiquity as the other, I might bespeak a more creditable chronology for the same science of spinning; and present a formidable list of Princesses, and women of high degree, who patronized it by their example. Yet, inasmuch as there are but few lady antiquarians,—and I have not the temerity to undertake bringing an exploded thing into fashion,—I plead for the great spinning-wheel solely as a salutary mode of exercise, and not one inconsistent with domestic economy. To females who suffer from want of muscular action,—and there are many such among the higher classes,—Physicians have prescribed a variety of substitutes, such as sweeping, polishing furniture, jumping the rope, playing at battledore, modifications of calisthenics, &c. In some of these the effort is too violent; in others it may be carried to excess, through excitement or competition; but regular exercise upon the spinning-wheel has been known to give the valetudinarian strength, and to remove incipient tendency to pulmonary disease.

With regard to the culinary art, I should be pleased to persuade my young ladies to become somewhat adept in it: not that I believe

to tempt the palate with high-seasoned dishes, and induce indigestion and debility among one's guests and dearest friends, is true benevolence, though some benevolent ladies may practice it. But that superintendence of a table, which unites neatness with comfort, consults health, and prevents prodigality, and the power of personally supplying it with salutary or elegant preparations, is an accomplishment of no slight order. It need not follow that a thorough knowledge of house-keeping is incompatible with intellectual tastes and attainments.— There is indeed no native affinity between them; but she will display the greatest mental energy who can reconcile their discrepancies, compose their welfare, and become adept in each. This may be effected; we have had repeated examples. It will suffice our present purpose to cite one. The accomplished Editor of the "Juvenile Miscellany," whose prolific pen enters almost every department of current literature, to instruct and delight, is also the author of the "Frugal Housewife;" and able practically to illustrate its numerous and valuable precepts. You will probably think, my young friends, that an essay on such homely and antiquated subjects might have been spared. But while home continues to be the province of woman, nothing that relates to its comfort, order, and economical arrangement should be held of slight import. That these complicated duties may be well and gracefully performed, some foundation should be laid for them in youth.

It has been alleged as an objection to the present expanded system of female education, that it creates dislike to the humble occupation of the domestic sphere. It becomes those who enjoy these heightened privileges to disprove the argument, and to free themselves from the ingratitude of repaying the increased liberality of the other sex with disregard to their interests and happiness. This responsibility rests much with the rising generation. We, therefore, who are almost ready to pass off the stage, entreat you, our daughters, not to despise that domestic industry which walks hand in hand with respectability and contentment. We pray you to show that love of books is not inconsistent with what primitive simplicity expects of its daughters, and that knowledge need be no hinderance to duty.

A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintances. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased.

I gathered with them around the grave, and when the plain coffin

was lowered down the child burst forth into uncontrolable grief. The little boy had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave, and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with a customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and in turning to the child, he added—

“She is not to remain in the grave forever. As sure as the grass, which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few short months, so true shall your mother rise from that grave to another life—a life of happiness, I hope.”

The attendants then shovelled the earth upon the coffin, and some one took William, the little child, by the hand, and led him from the lonely tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighbourhood of the same burying-ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time reading the names of the dead; when, recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends.

To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre—little William sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently at some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place. It was long before I could induce him to tarry; and, indeed, I could not win his confidence until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

“Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come out of this grave?” interrogated William.

“I did.”

“It is true—is it not?” asked he, in a tone of confidence.

“I most firmly believe it,” said I.

“Believe it!” said the child, “believe it; I thought you knew it. I know it.”

“How do you know it, my dear?”

“The minister said that, as true as the grass grew up, and the flowers bloomed in spring, so true would mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seeds on the grave. The grass came green in the burying-ground long ago: and every day have I watched for the flowers, and to-day they came up too. See them breaking through the ground! By and by mother will come again.”

A smile of exulting hope played upon the features of the boy, and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But, my little child," said I, "It is not here that your mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with earnestness; "here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was seen this year."

I looked around, and saw the tiny foot of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been its attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper! What mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her son bending in tearful but hoping trust over her grave?

"But William," said I, "it is in another world that she will rise;" and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mother is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do, I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of scripture; "you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go, then," said William; let me go, that I may rise with mother."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which was sown there would not have come up if it had not been ripe; so you must await till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then shall I see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait, then," said the child; "but I thought I should see her soon. I thought I should meet her here."

In a month William ceased to wait. He died, and they opened his mother's grave and placed his little coffin on hers. It was the only wish the child expressed when dying. Better teachers than I had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and, young as the little sufferer was, he had already learned that all the labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are profitless and vain.

A GOOD WIFE.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." The regard that arises from colour and complexion is transient and unsteady. Beauty is deceitful;

a fair face may cover a deformed mind, and is at best a short and uncertain recommendation; but piety and virtue are sure and lasting perfections, which will always entitle the woman that is blessed with them to veneration and esteem.

A good wife is not only to relieve her husband under his household cares, by the kindness of her humour and the cheerfulness of her conversation; but is likewise to lighten those cares, by dividing them with him, and bearing her part of the burden. The least that is to be expected from a wife is, that whilst the husband is busied abroad, or in affairs that call off his attention from the care of his family, that care be supplied by her. This constitutes the true character of a good wife; at least, that part of it which is of principal and most universal use in life.

The good economy of a family is a business of a very distinct nature from that of making a provision for the support of it. The care of providing for the family, for the most part, rests upon the husband; because that is a business of more labour and fatigue than women are ordinarily able to undergo. But then the administration of what is so provided is the woman's province. Thus is the labour of life divided; and if either fail in their proper business, the affairs of the family are in a ruinous way. Upon this fact is founded that known observation.—That a man must ask his wife whether he shall be rich: forasmuch as few men are able to take sufficient care both abroad and at home; and foreign care will be of small use, if the domestic be neglected. Therefore it is that Solomon, in the character of a good wife, tells us, that “the heart of her husband shall safely trust in her; so that he shall have no need of spoil:” (Prov. xxxi. 11:) that is, she will manage his household affairs with so much prudence and fidelity, that her husband shall need no indirect methods of fraud or oppression to support her luxury and extravagance. “She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.”

Now as the care of the house and the family is the immediate and direct duty of the wife, it is evident that this duty cannot be discharged if she be addicted to rambling and going abroad, and do not delight to dwell with her family. Indeed a disposition to run abroad, and neglecting the care of her household, is an argument of a light and a vain mind. All women that would be deemed modest and virtuous should avoid this character of neglecting their husbands and homes, as an instance of ill conduct, that will lead them into many others.

Solomon has observed, that the ant is a fine emblem and example of industry; and the observations of modern naturalists have made this emblem yet more instructive to us, in the distribution of conjugal care. The male ants, they tell us, are, at a certain age, furnished with wings, to facilitate their acquisition of food; whereas this advantage is denied the female, inasmuch as their province is the distribution of what is acquired.—*Delany.*

ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.

1. Having selected your profession, resolve not to abandon it ; but by a life of industry and enterprise to adorn it. You will be much more likely to succeed in a business you have long studied, than in that of which you know but little.

2. Select the best company in your power to obtain ; and let your conversation be on the things which you wish to learn. Frequent conversation will elicit much instruction.

3. Obtain a friend to select for you the best books on morality, religion, and the liberal arts, and particularly those which treat of your profession. It is not the reading of many books that makes a man wise, but the reading of only those which can impart wisdom. Thoroughly understand what you read ; take notes of all that is worth remembering, and frequently review what you have written.

4. Select for your model the purest and greatest characters ; and always endeavour to imitate their virtues, and to emulate their greatness.

5. Serve God ; attend his worship ; and endeavour to set an example of piety, charity, and sobriety, to all around you.

6. Love your country ; respect your rulers ; treat with kindness your fellow-apprentices ; let your great aim be usefulness to mankind.

7. Get all you can by honest industry ; spend none extravagantly ; and provide for old age.

8. In a word, think much, act circumspectly, and live usefully.—
American Paper.

 HOW TO TREAT A GOOD SERVANT.

BY DR. DELANY.

As the small pittance which is paid to servants under the name of wages is but a poor reward for fidelity and diligence, it is the duty of a master to remember a good servant in his last will ; to make the best provision he can for him against that time when it will be no longer in his power either to reward his fidelity or relieve his wants ; and therefore I would have a dutiful and conscientious servant always considered in the next degree to a dutiful child, and before a child that is undutiful, agreeably to the wise man's rule : " A wise servant shall bear rule over a son that causeth shame ; and shall have part of the inheritance." (Prov. xvii. 2.)

I think there cannot be a greater instance of cruelty and inhumanity than to suffer an aged servant, who has spent the vigor of his youth and health in our service, to be reduced to misery and want when his infirmities have disabled him from farther labour. Humanity would

prompt us to take some care even of a brute in the same circumstances ; for a brute that had laboured out his strength in our service, that he might not want pasture and shelter for the poor remains of his life : and surely much more should it oblige us to take some care of our poor fellow-creatures, of an aged and faithful servant, in the decline of life. I imagine I hear the old servant crying out to his master, in this condition, as David does to his God : "Cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth." (Psalm lxx. 9.)

Instances of sickness, or accidental loss of limbs, in our service, which disable from labour, are rather more calamitous than the case of old age ; and consequently call at least for equal compassion and humanity at our hands ; and therefore the cruelty of those masters is never to be forgiven, who make the misery and misfortunes of their servants reasons for casting them off. With what face can such persons cry to God in their own calamity, as David does in his distress : "Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me ; for I am desolate and in misery ! O go not far from me ; for trouble is hard at hand, and there is none to help me."

Servants who are indolent or dishonest, and who are perpetually changing their places, have no right to expect such treatment as this. They possess no just claim upon any man's regard. The diligent and faithful, who gain the permanent confidence of their employers, are seldom forsaken ; for God is their guardian.

HINTS TO LITTLE FOLKS.

When your parents tell you to do any thing, do not whimper, and say you "don't want to," or "you will in a minute," but do it immediately and cheerfully ; for when your dear parents are laid in the grave, the recollection of your disobedience will reproach you.

When your parents dress you nicely on Sabbath and bid you go to Sabbath-school, do not run away and play, for one day a mother's voice will chide you from the cold gloom of the tomb.

Don't fret and murmur when you are sent to school, but look around you at the many little boys and girls who are forced to beg or work for a living, and believe that you possess peculiar advantages, and that they must be improved.

When your parents reprove you, do not reply with impudence or in anger, but know that it is for your good, and that some day the gentle hand that now seeks to guide your little steps aright will be stiff beneath the valley's sod.

If you are told to keep out of the streets, or to relinquish the company of an associate, do not think it hard, but believe that you possess no more stability than thousands who have been led away, and that in an evil hour you may forsake the path of rectitude, and be hurled away in the stream of destruction.

Avoid bad habits. Do not think it manly to drink, smoke or chew. This is a mistaken idea ; they only indicate bad family government, or a fickle, unstable disposition.

Be kind to one another. There is nothing that reproaches one so bitterly as an unkind word in a moment of passion. When your little sister lies cold in death, the little causes of displeasure which you have given her will cluster around your heart and wring many a bitter tear. In your journey through life, there will be nothing so grateful to your thoughts as the pleasing conviction of your obedience to your parents while they lived. O ! obey them, then, little friends, while they are with you ; think that you can never do enough for them. We have been an orphan for nearly twelve years, and we have often thought that if our parents could once more be restored to us, they would never again be pained with our little faults. Oh, trifle not with a mother's heart ; there is a stream of affection within a mother's breast that, however ill you use her, however often you may cause her bitter tears to flow, will ever continue to nourish and protect the wayward fancy, and recall every wish to step aside from a mother's influence.



SUBJECTS FOR REFLECTION FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT MANY BOOKS.

[They who read many books well know that there is often much in them not directly conducing to profit, but which may be necessary for connecting together, or illustrating, or completing other matters : just as in the ear of corn, there is the *chaff*, and in the grain of wheat, the *bran* ; all necessary in their place, but it is only the flour which makes the nourishing bread. They who have not libraries, may yet be furnished with short extracts, and pithy sayings, which may be like the "finest of the wheat," (Psalm cxlvii. 14,) from which the chaff and the bran have been taken away. We shall try to give our friends, old and young, a few sayings of this sort, in which they will often find the substance of whole pages, so that they may read in a few minutes what may serve them to think about for whole days ; and which, if properly received and digested, will serve to nourish and strengthen them in the best life, the life of God in the soul.—EDITOR.]

The yokes that the world, the flesh, and the devil lay upon mankind, are manifold. Christ's yoke is but one : all duties in the Gospel are reducible to one head,—Faith working by love. And this yoke, though at first it should seem heavy, as soon as a man understands it, becomes light, and is no more a burden than wings are to a bird, with which she flies wheresoever she lists. And that which makes it easier is, that He who puts the yoke on us, puts his Spirit within us, and thus gives us strength in the inner man ; for the Spirit helps our infirmities.

As we ought to imitate Christ's *moral works* by a real doing, as we have him for an example, so must we imitate him in his *mediatory works*, by way of similitude. This is done by transferring to the actions of our spiritual life what he did as our Mediator. We must *die* to sin, *rise again* to newness of life, *live* to righteousness, *ascend up* to God with our desires, and *sit down at his right hand*, living in heaven, with our affections.

Christ nowhere bids us learn of him how to create a world, or to raise the dead, but how to be meek and lowly, and to love one another; to follow him, not in his power, but in his self-denial and cross-bearing. And it is our comfort, that if our souls be made like him in the spiritual resurrection, he will change our vile bodies, and make them like to his own glorious body, in the resurrection of the dead.—*Christopher Ness.*

THE FARMER—A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by its power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit-tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his fathers and forefathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart—they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.

NEGLECTED CHILDHOOD.

The neglect of children in our large cities is fearful. The Rev. Mr. Dewey, says :—According to the presentment of a grand jury in New York this year, four-fifths of the complaints have been against minors!—and full two-thirds of all the complaints for *crime* acted on, during a law term, have been against persons between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one ! There is not a plea on earth so piteous and touching as that cry of neglected childhood—saying, “Take care of us, watch over us, keep and guard us from the evils that *we* know not of, but that *ye* know ; save us from the dark and sorrowful years, teach us betimes what is good ; teach us obedience, teach us truth and wisdom : lead us in the way in which we should go.” Oh ! the hopes of coming years ; shall they all be crushed down in the mire of city vice and vileness ? While all other youth are bright and fair, shall *this*, the youth of man alone, be marred and ruined ? This poor, crushed childhood ; shall it experience a life-time of misery, ere it blossoms into life ?

LUTHER'S DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD PREACHER.

1. He should preach orderly.
2. He should have a ready wit.
3. He should be eloquent.
4. He should have a good vein.
5. A good memory.
6. He should know when to make an end.
7. He should be sure of what he advances.
8. He should venture and engage body and blood, wealth and honor, for the world.
9. He should suffer himself to be buffeted and mocked by every one.

A PREACHER TO PLEASE THE WORLD.

1. He must be learned.
2. He must have a fine delivery.
3. He must have neat and quaint words.
4. He must be a proper person whom the women may fancy.
5. He must not take, but give money.
6. He must preach such things as people willingly hear.

I would not have preachers, says Luther, torment their hearers with long and tedious preaching. When I am in the pulpit, I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom above forty are here in the church ; but I have an eye to the multitudes of young people, children and servants, of whom there are above two thousand.

Christ taught by parables, that all could understand, and this is the

art of speaking. Philip Melancthon and Justus Jones are learned men, and well skilled in the Scripture. I would not make a step into the pulpit for them.

It is said that Melancthon on some occasion arose to preach a sermon on the text, "I am the good shepherd." On looking around upon his numerous and respectable audience, his natural timidity overcame him, and he could only repeat the text over and over again. Luther, who was in the desk with him, at length exclaimed, "You are a very good sheep!" and telling him to sit down, took the same text, and preached an excellent discourse from it.

A DRUNKEN BLACKSMITH CONVERTED.

At a Bible Society Meeting, held in the Town Hall of Henley-upon-Thames, the Rev. Mr. Rowland stated the following fact, which had fallen under his own personal observation :—

There was a blacksmith, with a wife and five children, a skilful workman, and, as such, valued by his master, but, unhappily, addicted to drinking. This sinful propensity proved very injurious to himself, his wife, and children : all was disorder and wretchedness in the family. But it providentially happened that two kind ladies, connected with a Bible Association, called and entered into a friendly conversation with the wife, and ascertained that neither her husband nor herself could read, but they had a daughter who could. After much friendly conversation, they prevailed on the wife, and she upon her husband, to subscribe a penny per week for a Bible. When they got it, the girl was very fond of reading it in the hearing of her father : by degrees, he attentively listened, felt interested, accepted the offer of his daughter to instruct him in reading, and finally succeeded in his efforts. He began to attend a place of worship ; became enlightened, and convinced of the sinfulness of his practices ; a true penitent, and a sincere believer in Christ ; broke off his sinful habits ; made his wife and children comfortable ; and so adorned his Christian profession that his change produced a favourable impression in his neighbourhood ; so that, by degrees, no less than three other families derived lasting benefit from his friendly admonitions and bright Christian example.

DRUNKENNESS.

A habit of drinking ardent spirits cannot be guarded against with too great care and assiduity. When once this most pernicious habit is formed, then farewell happiness and hope ! The drunkard is already miserable ; and he is prepared for every crime. The burning thirst for drink torments him ; and he is in the direct road to beggary and death. In the south of Ireland, such is the conviction of the intimate connexion between drunkenness and poverty, that a common

answer to the beggar is, "I am able to drink my money myself." Dr. Adams, of Dublin, on questioning the first twenty applicants for soup in the parish of St. Peter, found that eighteen of them had that morning paid for spirits to a greater amount than the value of the soup which they came to beg. Another gentleman of the same city, during the evening of a day on which one hundred and sixty beds had been distributed to the poor, in the prospect of cholera, found that in one lane forty of them had been sold, and their price converted into whisky!

WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR.

I can conceive of no reason why he should, but of ten reasons why he should not.

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as to swear.

2. It is vulgar; altogether too mean for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man, well bred—refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the streets, to throw mud with a clod-hopper.

5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."—*Pope*.

7. It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out of his head.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

VISIT TO KEW PALACE.—ANECDOTES OF GEORGE III.

"Here", said Betty, when I paid a visit to the palace at Kew, "is His Majesty's walking-stick; this is the chair he sat upon; and in that small room he every morning and evening said his prayers. I used to hear him when I was in the next room, and he prayed very earnestly. Do you know, Sir," said she, "that in his own private prayer-book he had scratched out 'our most religious and gracious King,' and had written instead, 'a miserable sinner.'" The old house-

maid showed me a harpsichord which had belonged to Handel, on which the King sometimes played. His fondness for Handel's music never left him, and it was an instance of his fine taste. Among other anecdotes of the good old Monarch which were related to me, the following affords a proof of his kind consideration for his old servants. Sitting by himself one day in the library, the King rang the bell for some coals; it was answered by a page, who, on being told what was wanted, rang the bell himself. On being asked his reason for doing so, he said it was for some one (naming an old footman) whose duty it was to bring the coals. The King immediately got up, and desired the page to show him where the coals were kept. On coming to it, he took up a coal-scuttle, carried it himself to the library, and threw some coals on the fire. "There, Sir," said the King, giving the page the coal-scuttle. "Never ask an old man to do what you are so much better able to do yourself."—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

MONDAY MORNING REFLECTIONS.

Think whether ever any man, by sinning against God, did gain something that is better than heaven, or that is worth going to hell for.

Never assent merely to please others in matters of moment: for it is not only flattery, but often falsity; and discovers a mind liable to be sordid and base.

Take no part with people that thou knowest addicted to the dispraise of others. Thou knowest not but thou mayest have thy turn amongst them.

When thou goest forth upon business, consider with thyself what thou hast to do; and when thou returnest, examine what thou hast done.

Of all things, endeavour to settle peace in thy own breast. If thou canst not find tranquillity within thyself, 'twill be to no purpose to seek it elsewhere.

R E V I E W S.

THE YOUTH'S CASKET.—This is the title of an Illustrated Magazine for the young, edited by J. C. Breyman, and published by E. F. Beadle, Buffalo, N. Y. Price 50 cents per annum.

Nos. 1, 2 & 3 of the third volume of this publication have been received. The illustrations are of the first order, and the typographical appearance does credit to its enterprising publisher. We cannot, in justice to our own good taste, do otherwise than comment upon its tasteful appearance, and the pleasing variety of its choice selections, suitable not only for the young, but persons of riper years might also benefit by its perusal.

THE CHRISTIAN CASKET.—A religious periodical, published monthly by Mr. E. A. Dunham, Napanee; contains 24 large sized pages of the choicest reading, and is "designed as an help to all in the way to Zion." As this magazine promises efficiently to occupy an important field of public utility, we commend it to the attention of our readers. The price is only \$1 per annum—decidedly cheap.

Poetry.

HOW PLEASANT IS THE OPENING YEAR.

BY DELTA.

How pleasant is the opening year !
 The clouds of winter melt away ;
 The flowers in beauty re-appear ;
 The songster carols from the spray ;
 Lengthens the more refulgent day ;
 And bluer grows the arching sky ;
 All things around us seem to say,
 " Christian ! direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the dreary length
 Of winter, slept both bud and bloom ;
 But nature now puts forth her strength,
 And starts, renew'd, as from the tomb ;
 Behold an emblem of thy doom,
 O man ! a star hath shone to save,—
 And morning yet shall re-illumine
 The midnight darkness of the grave !

Yet ponder well, how then shall break
 The dawn of second life on thee,—
 Shalt thou to hope, to bliss awake ?
 Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee ?
 Then shall pass forth the dread decree,
 That makes or weal or woe thine own ;
 Up and to work ! Eternity
 Must reap the harvest Time has sown !

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Thrice happy he who goes not young astray,
 By Wisdom guided in his early way :
 Her radiant lamp shall light his footsteps on,
 Where all the good and great are safely gone.
 Though Wisdom's summit we ascend with pain,
 The labour ceases when the point we gain ;
 Revolving doubts no longer then retard,
 When hope is swallow'd in the vast reward.
 Go on, my friend, the' exalted palm secure,
 Who seeks a crown must gen'rous toils endure.

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