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JUN 1 1854

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

Vol. I.]

MAY, 1854.

[No. 4.

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THE
COTTAGER'S FRIEND,
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Vol. I.]

MAY, 1854.

[No. 4.

SKETCHES IN GENERAL BIOGRAPHY.

[Are we mistaken in supposing that those who have read the preceding numbers of "The Cottager's Friend, and Guide of the Young," will be glad to have, in most of the Numbers of the work which is prepared for the purpose of giving them both pleasure and information, biographical sketches and memoirs of eminent persons, in all ages and countries? What our object is, and what our plan, this first article will show. We promise our readers that no pains shall be spared to make our little monthly work as interesting and profitable to them as is in our power. All the recompense we ask is, first, that they themselves endeavor to profit by our labors; and secondly, that if they think "The Cottager's Friend" will be a useful work to be brought monthly into a family, they will become co-workers with us, by endeavouring to increase its circulation. Can they not say, "Do you read the Cottager's Friend?" And if they find it is not known, can they not describe it, and recommend it? In asking this recompense, we ask nothing for ourselves. We only desire to have along with us many "fellow-helpers to the truth."—Ed. C. F & G. Y.]

DR. ALEXANDER ADAM.

And who was Dr. Alexander Adam? Why should we read anything about *him*? The question is very proper. We have no spare room in "The Cottager's Friend;" no room at all, except for those who will pay for their lodging by affording some useful lesson or other. Let us see, then, what Dr. Alexander Adam has to say for himself. He was a Scotchman, and born rather more than a century ago,—in June 1741. He lived nearly seventy years, as he died in December, 1809. He was for a long time a teacher of youth, as Rector, or Head Master, of the High School, Edinburgh. He published some very useful works, for the purpose of assisting others to obtain the learning

which he had himself acquired. In 1772, "Principles of Latin and English Grammar;" in 1791, "Roman Antiquities;" in 1794, "Summary of Geography and History;" in 1800, "Classical Biography;" in 1805, "A Compendious Latin Dictionary." Dr. Adam was not an idle man. He not only taught while he lived, but, by his writings, he became one of those teachers to whose labours even death does not put a stop.

But he deserves a place in our Magazine, not merely because he published useful books, but because, in acquiring the learning which enabled him to become an author, he furnished an example of persevering and successful industry which the young will do well to imitate.

His father, John Adam, was a small farmer, in the north of Scotland; a cottager, with a numerous family, and very poor. Alexander was one of his youngest children; and as he discovered, when quite a child, a great love of books, he was sent to the parish school to learn Latin. He was very diligent, and made such progress in learning, that when he had entered his seventeenth year he went to Edinburgh, to study at the University, resolving to maintain himself while doing so by private teaching. He had one pupil, for whom he received a guinea for three months; and on this he lived, as his father, however willing, was unable to help him. He lodged in a small room about two miles from the University, for which he paid *fourpence per week*. For his dinner, he purchased a penny loaf, and eat it while walking for exercise and warmth. For his other meals, he had oatmeal-porridge. He was at no expense for cooking, and used neither fire nor candle; for he always had some companion, not quite so poor as himself, along with whom he could prosecute his evening studies. Through these rigorous circumstances, however, he manfully struggled, and soon so established his character as a superior scholar that he became one of the ushers of Watson's Hospital, and in 1761 he was chosen Master. This situation he resigned in 1764, on becoming private tutor to the son of Mr. Kincaid, afterwards Lord Provost of the city; and in 1768 he was appointed Rector of the High School, in which situation he remained till his death, fulfilling its duties with such distinguished ability that he raised the reputation of the school to a point far beyond what had been reached for a long period by any similar seminary in Scotland, and ably sustained its character to the last. And though, since his death, the researches of learned men have brought to light much additional information on the subjects to which Dr. Adam directed his attention, yet it may fairly be said that no British writer has ever done more to assist the young student of Latin, or to aid him in connecting the study of Latin with the attainment of classical, historical, and geographical knowledge.

Have we not answered the question satisfactorily, who was Dr. Alexander Adam, that we should find room for him in this our limited

biographical department? The son of a poor cottager, resolved to climb the steep ascent of classical learning, and obtaining a position at once comfortable and respectable; winning the highest literary honours, and becoming one of the undying teachers of youth: and accomplishing all this by untiring diligence, and unflinching self-denial. It is believed that at least for one session of his attendance at the University, he was excused, by reason of poverty, from the payment of the usual fees. At all events, he was willing to be known to be poor; willing to sustain the hardships to which poverty exposed him: but, at the same time, knowing there was no cause of shame in all this, he was resolved to persevere in the path which Providence had marked out for him, till the intervening obstacles were surmounted, and the prize was secured. And what prize? Not one of learned ease. He succeeded in gaining a position in which he might, while he possessed a competency, spend his life in honourable, because useful, toil.

UNCLE SAM.

BE THANKFUL EVEN FOR DISAPPOINTMENTS.

So said Uncle Sam to his nephews and nieces one summer morning, when they were expecting to take a walk with him, but were prevented by the weather, which turned out to be very rainy. They were to have walked into the country; and uncle was to have shown them the prospects, and talked to them about the trees, and the flowers, and the birds, which they might see while they were out. But the weather was not favourable, and the young folks were disappointed; and though they did not say much, yet their countenances expressed their feelings: so uncle Sam said to them, "Be thankful for everything, even for disappointments." "Nay, uncle Sam," said one of them, "we know we should be thankful for good things; but is it not enough to be patient when we are disappointed?"

Uncle Sam was now getting old. He had travelled a good deal in his day, and worked hard; he had seen much, and he had read much; and as he had always been accustomed to think about what he saw, and what he read, he had now a good many thoughts stored up in his mind. And though he loved to be quiet sometimes, yet he was not selfish and ill-tempered. He liked to have the children about him, and to walk with them, and talk to them; and though he could not put his old head on their young shoulders, yet he often tried to put some of his thoughts into their minds, and thus, as he said, to make them a present of the experience that he had often paid a good price for. So, on the morning in question, when they looked rather gloomy, because they could not spend their holiday as they expected, he endeavoured to make them satisfied by telling them to be thankful

even for disappointments. And when they said they thought he was carrying matters rather too far, he told them a true story about an American Captain of a ship, both to explain his meaning, and prove that he was right.

The name of this Captain was Cleveland; and he sailed from America to France, (about fifty years ago.) with a small cargo, to trade with it, and by turning an honest penny, to take more home than he left home with. In France, he bartered for another cargo, worth more to him than the one he had taken, and sailed with it to the Cape of Good Hope. There he traded again, and again increased the value of his stock. He then sailed with this to the islands between India and China, and by trading at Batavia, then belonging to the Dutch, he made another advance. He then heard that there was an American vessel at Canton in China, whose Captain wanted a first Mate: and he thought if he could obtain the situation, he would sell his own vessel and cargo, and take in a stock of goods from China, and go home with them in "The Ontario," where he would have his passage free of expense, and leave to take his cargo at a small freightage; so that he expected to be in America all the sooner, and a much richer man than when he left. So he made haste to get to Canton; but when he arrived there, *he was disappointed*; the Captain had engaged a first Mate only the day before. Well, what does he do but make the best of it? He exchanges his cargo for suitable articles for another kind of trade. He resolved to run across the Pacific Ocean to the north-west coast of America, and barter his cargo for the skins which the Indians there collect, and which generally sell at Canton for a good profit. He did so, and soon disposed of all that he had taken for the purpose, and filled his vessel with skins, and returned with them to Canton, where he sold them at a price which made him richer than he was when he sailed from the port, and with the opportunity, therefore, of purchasing a more valuable cargo for the market at home. But this was not all. One of the first things he heard was, that "The Ontario," the vessel in which he wished to have returned with the property he had acquired, soon after she left Canton, met with a storm, in which she went to the bottom, and crew and cargo all were lost. So that his disappointment was the means of saving both property and life, as well as of giving him the opportunity of realizing a greater profit. "Now, children," said uncle Sam, "would it have been enough for him to be patient under the disappointment? Was it not, also, matter for thankfulness?" "But then, uncle," was the reply, "he did not know beforehand that he would be the better for it." "No," said uncle Sam, "he did not; but when a Christian man resolves to do right, and to persevere in duty, leaving the disposal of his affairs in the hand of Providence, he is justified in *believing* what he cannot *see*. 'All things work together for good to them that love God;' and in reference to the mysteries of Providence, as well as to the invisible realities of another world, we must 'walk by

faith, not by sight.' And if we thus walk, knowing that all our 'steps are ordered of the Lord,' we shall 'in every thing give thanks,' and therefore in disappointments."

The children spent the day with their uncle, and spent it so pleasantly that they forgot the disappointment of the morning. They looked at his curiosities, and listened to his stories, and it was time for them to go home almost before they were aware. The weather had then cleared up, and the evening sun shone very beautifully; and some of the clouds which seemed to rest on the western horizon, presented a rich and glorious spectacle. The children quite enjoyed their homeward walk. "Look, uncle," they said, "how green the grass is, and the bushes and trees smell so sweetly!" "Yes," said uncle Sam, "the rain that disappointed you has done all this. Yesterday the grass was dry and brown, the trees looked as if they were withering, and the very ground was thirsty. There is no telling how much good has been caused by the heavy shower that kept you indoors this morning. The disappointment has passed away, and to the rain that occasioned it you are indebted for all the additional pleasure which you now enjoy. What say you, my children?" "O, uncle Sam," was the ready reply, "in future we will endeavour not only to be patient in disappointments, but thankful for them."

And if our good friends like to hear more of these conversations between uncle Sam and his young nephews and nieces, we doubt not that he will very willingly gratify them.

SUBJECTS FOR REFLECTION FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT MANY BOOKS.

If little impulses set the great wheels of devotion at work, the largeness and height of that shall not at all be prejudiced by the smallness of its occasion. If the fire burns bright and vigorously, it is no matter by what means it was at first kindled: there is the same force, and the same refreshing virtue in it, kindled by a spark from the flint, as if it were kindled by a beam from the sun.

It was part of Abraham's sacrifice, not only what he should offer, but where. When we serve God in his own house, his service leads all other secular affairs in triumph after it. They are all made to stoop and bend the knee to prayer, as that does to the throne of grace.

That eminent hero in religion, Daniel, when, in the land of his captivity, he used to pay his daily devotions to God, not being able to go to the temple, would at least look towards it; advance to it in wish and desire; and so, in a manner, bring the temple to his prayers, when he could not bring his prayers to that.

If we allow God to be the Governor of the world, we cannot but grant that he orders and disposes of all inferior events; and if we allow him to be a wise and a rational Governor, he cannot but direct them to a certain end.

How much of seeming casualty was there in the preservation of Romulus, so soon as born exposed by his uncle, and taken up and nourished by a shepherd; and yet in that one accident was laid the foundation of the fourth universal monarchy.

If Ahab be designed for death, though a soldier in the enemies' army draws a bow at a venture, yet the sure unerring directions of Providence shall carry it in a direct course to his heart, and there lodge the revenge of heaven.

Whosoever that man was, that said he had rather have a grain of wisdom than a pound of fortune, as to the things of this life, spoke nothing but the voice of wisdom and great experience.

The sun shines in his full brightness but the very moment before he passes under a thick cloud. Who knows what a day, what an hour, nay, what a minute, may bring forth? He who builds upon the present, builds upon the narrow compass of a point; and where the foundation is so narrow, the superstructure cannot be high and strong too.

Possibilities are as infinite as God's power; and whatsoever may come to pass, no man can certainly conclude shall not come to pass.

Of those many millions of casualties which we are not aware of, there is hardly one but God can make an instrument of our deliverance; and most men who are at length delivered from any great distress, indeed find that they are so, by ways that they never thought of; ways above or beside their imagination.—*Dr. South.*

A CRUEL FATHER.

An accomplished and amiable young woman, in the town of——, had been deeply afflicted by a sense of her spiritual danger. She was the only child of a fond and affectionate parent. The deep impressions which accompanied the discovery of her guilt and depravity, awakened all the jealousies of her father. He dreaded the loss of that sprightliness and vivacity which constituted the life of his domestic circle. He was startled by the answers his questions elicited; while he foresaw an encroachment on the hitherto unbroken tranquility of a deceived heart. Efforts were made to remove the cause of disquietude; but they were such efforts as unsanctified wisdom directed. The Bible at last—O how little may a parent know the far-reaching of a deed, when he snatches the word of life from the hand of a child!—the Bible and other books of religion were removed from her possession, and their place was supplied by works of fiction. An excursion of pleasure was proposed and declined; an offer of gayer amusement shared the same fate; promises, remonstrances, and threatenings followed. But the father's infatuated perseverance at last brought compliance. Alas! how little may a parent be aware that he is adorning his off-spring with the fillets of death, and leading to the sacrifice like a follower of Moloch. The end was accomplished; all

thoughts of piety, and all concern for the immortal future, vanished together. But, O how, in less than a year, was the gaudy deception exploded! The fascinating and gay L—— M—— was prostrated by a fever that bade defiance to medical skill. The approach of death was unequivocal, and the countenance of every attendant fell as if they had heard the flight of his arrow. I see, even now, that look directed to the father by the dying martyr of folly. The glazing eye was dim in hopelessness; and yet there seemed a something in its expiring rays that told reproof, and tenderness, and terror in the same glance. And that voice,—its tone was decided, but sepulchral still,—“My father! last year I would have sought the Redeemer. Fath-er—your child is ——!” Eternity heard the remainder of the sentence, for it was not uttered in time.—*Henry's Letters to a Friend.*

THE DYING BOY'S REQUEST.

Miss J—— gathered around her a group of poor children to instruct them in the Scriptures. Among this neglected company was Willie McI——, six years old, and a rude, thoughtless child. After a painful trial with his disobedience, it was decided to dismiss him from the school. But the kind teacher could not yet leave the little stranger to perish by the way, with none to guard his erring, tender feet. With more fervent prayer, she again talked to him of sin, and the Saviour.

Willie became attentive, submissive, and thoughtful. The tear would often moisten his eye, and he seemed grieved because he had been so wicked. Suddenly he was taken sick, and so rapidly did his fatal disease advance, that in a few hours he lay gasping on the brink of eternity. When Miss J—— came to see him, he faintly breathed a request that she would sing for him, as she had done when he was well. At other times he signified his wish to have Christians who were in the chamber of death, pray for him, while he closed his fading eyes in silent devotion.

When his tongue could no longer form words, and death was finishing his work, he started with a strange earnestness, and a new light spread over his features. He tried in vain to express his desire. Every motion was watched with intense interest. At length his *money-box* was brought to his side. With a look of joy he saw the lid raised, and a single half dime, which he had treasured, taken out of it. After repeated and exhausting effort to make known his last *will* respecting *all he possessed*, he was asked if he wished to have the money given to the Sabbath School missionary collection. His countenance brightened as he assented, and, with a sweet smile, he expired. Who can say that He who accepted the widow's mite was not with Willie in that pleasant departure: a more glorious death than that of the richest worldling, or the greatest hero on the field of battle.—*Child's Paper.* *

THE PRAYING COLLECTOR.

Two little girls, sisters, were collectors for a Missionary Society, and, at the end of the year, they brought to their mother more than \$30, which they asked her to send to the treasurer of the society. She was a pious woman, and pitied the poor heathen, and wished, above all things, that her dear children should be trained up in the way of wisdom and usefulness. You may suppose, therefore, how gratified she must have been at the success of her two girls. But there was something which pleased her even more than the large sum of money which they had collected. It was a conversation she overheard between them, which was as follows :

"You have got much more money than I have," said Helen to her eldest sister, "but that is not very wonderful, because you are older than I am." "That is quite true, Helen," answered her sister, "but you *might* have collected quite as much as I did, if you had done all that you ought." "How is that Jane?" said she; "for I am sure I took quite as much trouble as you took, and asked as many people." "Very likely; but there is one thing, Helen, which you neglected. You did not pray to God, before you asked your friends for their money." "Pray! No I did not. I never saw the good of that. God could incline their hearts to give without our asking." "No doubt, he could," said Jane; "but you know we ought to undertake nothing without prayer." "Have you prayed, then?" quickly enquired the younger sister. "Certainly, Helen; for every morning before I went out to collect, I begged of God to direct my steps where to go, that I might get something for the heathen. There was only one morning when, unhappily, I did not pray; *but that day I collected nothing.*"—*English Missionary Magazine.*

A STORY FOR BOYS.

"Be faithful to your employer, and honest to every one," said Widow Freeman to her son George when he left the charity school to go an errand boy to a respectable shoemaker in the neighbouring town. "Remember that the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good;" and if you seek to please him in all your ways, you may humbly expect his blessing wherever you go. But if you should take to bad courses, you will break your poor mother's heart, and bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

George felt something rising in his throat which prevented his speaking, and the tears came into his eyes; but he thought it would be unmanly to cry, so giving his mother a hearty kiss, he nodded good bye, and ran down the lane as fast as he could; while the good woman continued to stand by her cottage door watching him till he

was quite out of sight, and praying that the God of the fatherless and the widow would protect her darling boy and keep him from all the snares of sin.

After a week or two it was seen that George was likely to do well at his new place. He remembered what he was told, and did as he was bid : he gave his mind to fulfil the duties required of him, and would make no acquaintance with the idle boys who were playing about the streets, and sought to persuade him to loiter on his errands. His master praised his good memory ; and his mistress liked him for his civility and readiness to oblige. Every night he went home to his mother's cottage. It was two miles to walk, but George did not mind that ; he was young, and healthy, and strong ; and if he was sometimes tired with running about all day, he always forgot his weariness when he saw his mother standing to look out for him at the cottage door. On Saturday night he did not come home until ten o'clock ; but then he brought his wages in his pocket ; and a half-a-crown a week was a great sum to the poor widow, who had to work hard for her living. Now, that she had no longer her boy's entire maintenance to provide for, she was able to procure many comforts which she greatly needed ; and happily and thankfully were their Sabbaths spent in praising God for earthly blessings, and seeking the richer gifts of his Holy Spirit to fit them for his rest above.

George had been in his place nearly twelve months, and his obedience to his mother's parting advice had secured for him an excellent character as an honest and faithful servant. One evening he was sent by his mistress to purchase various articles at a grocer's shop in the next street, for which he was to pay, and receive a sixpence in change. He was served by the grocer himself, but had scarcely left the shop, when he perceived by the bright light in the window that a half-sovereign had been given to him in mistake for the sixpence. Here was an opportunity for a dishonest boy to have committed a theft, without much probability of being found out. But I do not suppose that the thought of such a wicked action once entered George's head. He directly turned back into the shop and simply saying, "You have made a mistake, sir," he laid the half-sovereign upon the counter, and stood waiting for his proper change.

The grocer looked with a smile in George's honest face, and, after a moment's thought, taking two sixpences from the drawer, inquired if he was not in the employ of Mr. Barnes, the shoemaker, round the corner. On hearing George's reply, said he should inform his master of his good conduct—and giving him the sixpence that was due, with another for himself as a token of approbation, he told him to practice the same integrity through life, and he need not fear finding friends. George felt grateful, both for the gift and the advice : and perhaps he betrayed a little self-gratification when relating the matter to his mother, for she thought it needful to warn him against trusting in his own strength, reminding him that he had a sinful heart, which nothing

but Divine grace could restrain from the way of evil. And she entreated him to read his Bible, with constant prayer for his Saviour's mercy and assistance, since they are safe whom He keeps, but there is help in none beside.

The next morning, when he arrived at the shop, early as it was, George found Mr. Brown, the grocer, standing talking to his master at the door. He made his bow, and was passing on, but Mr. Brown put his hand upon his shoulder, and his master, bidding him stop, asked him if his mother would object to his taking another place. George turned first red and then white, when he heard this question. He feared his master was displeased with him, and all the consequences of being dismissed rushed upon his mind. But before he could reply, Mr. Brown told him that he had come to the determination of taking him as an apprentice, if his mother would consent, and his present master was willing to give him up. The truth was, that the grocer, having been lately defrauded to a large amount by one of the persons in his employment, was willing to set aside all other considerations for the sake of obtaining a really honest boy, and was looking out for a lad of this description at the very time when George's conduct, with regard to the half-sovereign, called forth his notice and commendation.

Mr. Barnes, the shoemaker, though sorry to lose his steady errand-boy, was too much his friend to stand in the way of his promotion; and as there could be no doubt that Widow Freeman would thankfully give her consent, it was soon settled that George should go to his new master as soon as a successor could be met with for his present place. How the happy boy got home that night he could scarcely tell. He hardly allowed himself time to take breath; and when he saw his mother waiting at the cottage door, it seemed to give wings to his feet. What joy and gratitude were felt under that humble roof when his tidings were told, no words of mine can express; and it was with a full heart that they both knelt down, before retiring to rest, to give thanks to God for his goodness in thus providing for their wants, and raising up friends for the time to come.

George had now been three years in the family of Mr. Brown, and the worthy grocer has been heard to say that he could trust him with untold gold. Reader, let this example encourage you to be strictly honest in all your dealings. You may not, like George, meet with an immediate reward; but such conduct will be sure in the end to procure for you the good opinion and confidence of others, and it will bring to your own mind a peace and satisfaction worth more than treasures of silver and gold.—*Child's (London) Companion.*

LINES.—This expression refers to the mode of measuring land with a cord or line, and is the same as if it was said,—“My portion is in a pleasant place.”—*Brown's Dictionary.*

MY MOTHER—MOTHER—MOTHER !

It is said that these were among the last words of the great and lamented Henry Clay.

Mothers, learn here a lesson. Look at your sons and daughters, and realize this important truth, that in the nursery is laid the foundation of your child's future life. Instead of teaching them to play the empty-headed coxcomb, and to *tele-a-tele* a lifetime away in nonsense, teach them the path of true greatness and usefulness. Who are the men who have adorned human nature, and reflected a halo of glory upon their country? They are, with few exceptions, those who in infancy learned to clasp their tiny hands and kneel at a mother's side, and dedicated their hearts to the Father of spirits.

A mother's hallowed influence never dies. The boy never forgets his mother's love. Though he may wander far from home, and engage in many vices, yet that mother's voice, soft and tender, that fell upon his ear in infancy, is borne upon many a passing breeze, and whispers, "My son, my son, remember a mother's love; how she has taught you to pray, and reverence the God of mercy."

Seventy-five long years had been numbered with the past; scenes, political and national, warm and exciting, had passed away; near fifty years had marked the resting-place of that Christian woman, when her noble son, upon a bed of death, is heard calling for "my mother, mother, mother." Sweet words for the lips of one who owed his greatness to the maternal care of a mother's love!

Mothers, do you wish your sons to honour you in the busy conflicts of life, to be ornaments to society, to call upon you in the cold hour of death? Then act to them a mother's part—teach them the way of virtue, of morality, and of religion.

Our cities and country have too many young men and boys destitute of the first principles of virtue, who are strangers to good breeding, and know nothing of the means of usefulness. They have been brought up in idleness, the mother of vice; foolish and silly mothers have instilled in their minds false ideas of what constitutes a gentleman, and they are taught to look with disdain upon their betters. Had such characters met with a Franklin or a Clay, when the former was a poor, honest apprentice at the printer's trade, or with the latter in the slashes of Hanover, riding his father's horse to mill, they would have curled the lip of contempt, and turned away from so unsightly an object. To converse with such is impossible. Their words are as wind, their minds as chaff, and their souls as vapour. They have no moral nor intellectual form nor comeliness. Their views, if they have any, are of the lowest order. Why is this? Is it owing to their natural incapacity? No; but it is traceable to a defective early education. No mother was there properly and duly qualified to take charge of the infant mind. Instead of teaching them the means of usefulness, that woman who gave them birth would tell them of "their

blood," which, if honestly traced, had run through the veins of many a culprit or penitentiary convict ; or of their riches, which, if the truth were known, were obtained by extortion and many other unlawful means. They grow up with such impressions, and soon find a disgraceful end. Then the mother weeps over the disgrace her son has brought upon the memory of the family, and blames his associates for it, not thinking that she, and only she, is to blame for the whole of it. Mothers, the destinies of your children depend upon *you*. Watch their infant minds, properly cultivate their moral sensibilities, and walk yourselves in the paths you would have them to walk.—*Christ. Rec.*

PREMATURE EDUCATION.

That the education of children should not be forced, like lettuces, in hot-houses, is become a popular idea. The more haste, in such business, the worse speed. We find the following opinions of learned authorities on this important subject :—

Often infants destined for different vocations of life, I should prefer that the one who is to study through life should be the least learned at the age of twelve—*Tissot*.

Intellectual effort, in the first years of life, is very injurious. All labour of mind which is required of children before their seventh year, is in opposition to the laws of nature, and will prove injurious to the organization and prevent its proper development.—*Hufeland*.

Experience demonstrates that of any number of children of equal intellectual powers, those that receive no particular care in infancy, and who do not learn to read and write until the constitution begins to be consolidated, but who enjoy the benefit of a good physical education, very soon surpass in their studies those who commenced earlier and read numerous books when very young.—*Spurzheim*.

Dr. Adam Clarke was a very unpromising child, and learned but little before he was eight or ten years old. But at this age he was "uncommonly hardy," and possessed bodily strength superior to most children. He was considered a "grievous dunce," and seldom praised by his father, except for his ability to roll large stones—an ability which I conceive a parent should be prouder to have his son possess, previous to the age of seven or eight, than that which would enable him to recite all that is contained in all of the manuals, magazines, and books for infants that have ever been published.—*Dr. Brigham*.

If a parent were seen urging and tempting and stimulating his child to the performance of an amount of labour with legs and arms, sufficient to tax the health and strength of a full grown man, all the world would cry, "Shame upon him, he has crippled his child with excessive work." Yet everybody seems to think, that though the limbs of children cannot, without injury, be urged and tasked to do

the work of a man's limb, yet that their brains may be tasked to any degree with impunity. What is there in the brain and its powers essentially differing from the leg? Nothing whatever. But people seem to look upon the brain as some extraordinary, mystical, magical something or other, which is exempt from the ordinary laws governing all the other organs of the body. The principal business of a child's limbs, is to grow and acquire strength daily. Thought, reflection, study; these constitute the natural work of a man's brain, and ploughing and sowing are the natural work of a man's limbs.—*D. E. Johnson.*

THE TONGUE OF TIME.

Reader! You have often heard the clock strike. Have you ever thought upon its meaning? Monotonous as its sounds may be to a careless ear, they have language. Not an hour but carries its lessons. Far-reaching in its scope, every stroke of that ponderous hammer summons before you the three grand attributes of time. From each tower and belfry, time calls to you with solemn but benignant voice, as if unwilling that you should lose sight of your privileges. It speaks of itself; it speaks also of you. It declares, "I was. I came to you, Christian, as a friend sent from a loving hand, to be an instrument of good to your soul, and a promoter of its everlasting peace. Whatever you have done with me is past. If good, thank God; if evil, "be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain;" for I am. As the plastic clay in the potter's hands, you may mold and impress me as you will. I am come to bear the record "of works, and charity, in faith, and patience." O, then, "give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Use me well, and you will not hereafter blush at my report; for I shall be. Brief is the appointed term; but yet a little while I am with you. While, then, you look back to the past for experience, lay hold upon the present as a treasure, and look onward with the patient and steady eye of hope. Behold! the bridegroom cometh at an hour when you know not. Expect him, and be ready; your loins girded, and your lamps burning; least, after a round of many unheeded hours, you should be forced to cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Such, reader, is the meaning of that measured sound, which, it may be, you daily hear proceeding from some sacred pile: and, indeed, there is as much of truth as of fancy in the statement; for time is like a merchant's capital—ventured it must be, if we would live. If used with judgment and skill, profitable indeed will be its harvest, repaying us in proportion to our exertions, thirty, or sixty, or a hundred fold. And why not a hundred fold for us all? For time is the universal talent, subjecting every man living to charge and an account. Within its circle all our other talents turn. They are the wheels within this

great wheel, whose united movement causes it to revolve ; for as they are duly exercised, time is successfully employed. Lastly, it is the entail of humanity, come down to us an inalienable heritage ; and, as in the law of primogeniture, unincumbered with our father's debts.

God grant, reader, that you and I may prove each wise occupants and inheritors of this invaluable property, that, whatever may be the passing anxieties of its tenure, we may realize its profits in the kingdom of heaven !

THE FIVE KERNELS OF CORN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Those who form a new colony, or establish a new government where there was none before, have need of patience to endure toil, and wisdom to overcome difficulty. The first settlers of New-England had many dangers to meet, and hardships to sustain. Their voyage over the ocean was long and tempestuous.

They approached the coast during the cold of winter. At their first landing on the rock at Plymouth, December 22nd, 1620, the whole appearance of the country was dreary and inhospitable. The thick forests looked dark and gloomy, and the tangled underwood and brambles had never been cleared away, to make a comfortable path for their feet. There was no shelter from the cold winds and storms of snow. Some of their number were delicate women and little children, who had been accustomed to comfortable rooms and soft beds. But here was not a single house, or even a board with which to build one. They were forced to cut down logs, and with them and the branches of trees, to construct rude huts for the refuge of their families. The Indians, who were numerous, lived in simple dwellings called wigwams, and were astonished at the arrival of the white strangers. At first they fled away, and viewed them at a distance. Then they became acquainted, and were sometimes friendly and supplied them with corn. But they grew suspicious, and were disposed to consider them as intruders and enemies. So that wars with the natives were among the troubles of our forefathers. They were an industrious and pious people ; patient under hardships, and anxious for the right education of their children. Their sufferings were so great, from cold weather, and coarse food, and storms, from which their habitations were too poor to shelter them, that many of them died.

It was not the least of their domestic privations, that for four years no cows were brought to the colony. It is almost impossible for us to realize the inconvenience and suffering which would ensue if no milk was to be procured, even though our tables should in other respects be well provided. But there the weaned infant pined ; and the aliment best adapted to its sustenance could not be obtained. The little shivering child hungered and wept for the bread and milk which

it used freely to eat in its home beyond the sea. The feeble sick woman languished, and there was no means of preparing for her what might tempt the decaying appetite. There was neither milk, nor sugar, nor eggs, nor chickens. Coarse bread, made of pounded corn, was what they depended upon for nourishment. But they were patient and thankful. And these circumstances are mentioned, that children may remember what our ancestors endured, and may learn not to complain if their now food is not always according to their fancy.

But there is a greater evil than being obliged to eat coarse food, namely, not being able to obtain food enough to support nature. This is called famine. This also came upon the colonists at Plymouth, or the pilgrim-fathers, as they are styled in history. In 1621, the year after their settlement, they were exceedingly distressed for provisions. For two or three months they had no bread at all. Their friends across the ocean, three thousand miles distant, knew not of their distress, and could not therefore relieve it. Many of the less vigorous were not able to bear it. The flesh wasted away from their bones, and they died. Children with dry and parched lips asked their parents for a little bread, and they had none to give. But they prayed to God, and besought him to have pity on his people in the wilderness. Vessels arrived from England bringing them aid; and summer ripening the corn which they had planted, once more supplied them with food.

In 1623 was another distressing famine. Scarcely any corn could be obtained. At one time the quantity distributed was only five kernels to each person. *Only five kernels to each person!* These were parched and eaten. This should not be forgotten by the descendants of the pilgrim-fathers. The anniversary of their landing at Plymouth is commemorated by public religious exercises. On the 22nd of Dec., 1820, was its second centennial celebration,—that is, the day on which two centuries had elapsed since their arrival. Great pains were taken by pious and eloquent men to impress the minds of a happy and prosperous people with a sense of what their ancestors had sustained in the first planting of this land. At the public dinner, when the table was loaded with the rich viands of a plentiful country, by each plate was placed five kernels of corn, as a memorial of the firm endurance of their fathers.

I have sometimes seen young people displeased with plain and wholesome food, when it was plentifully provided. I have even heard little children complain of what their parents or friends thought most proper for them. I have known them to wish for what they could not have, and be uneasy because it was denied them. Then I regretted that they should waste so much precious time, and even make themselves unhappy for such trifles, and forget the old maxim, that we should “eat to live, and not live to eat.”

My dear children, if any of you are ever tempted to be dainty, and dissatisfied with plain food, think of the five kernels of corn, and be thankful.

THE GOOD CHILD.

The good child reverenceth the person of his parent, even though he may be old and poor. As his parent bore with him when a child, he bears with his parent, though that parent may be a child twice. When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor of England, and Sir John, his father, was one of the Judges of the King's Bench, he would, in Westminster Hall, beg his blessing of him upon his knees.

He observes his parent's lawful commands, and practiseth his precepts with all obedience. I cannot therefore excuse St. Barbara from undutifulness, and occasioning her own death. The matter was this: her father being a pagan, commanded his workmen, building his house, to make two windows in a room. Barbara, knowing her father's pleasure, in his absence enjoined them to make three; that, seeing them, she might the better contemplate the Holy Trinity. Her father, enraged at his return, thus came to the knowledge of her religion, and accused her to the Magistrate, which cost her her life.

Having practised them himself, he entails his parent's precepts on his posterity. Therefore such instructions are by Solomon (*Prov. i. 9*) compared to frontlets and chains.—not to a suit of clothes, which serves but one person, and quickly wears out.—which have in them a real, lasting worth, and are bequeathed as legacies to another age.

He is patient under correction, and thankful after it. When Mr. West, formerly tutor to Dr. Whitaker, was by him, then Regius Professor, created Doctor, Whitaker solemnly gave him thanks before the University for giving him correction when his young scholar.

In marriage, he first and last consults with his father. He best bows at the mark of his own contentment, who, besides the aim of his own eye, is directed by his father, who is to give him the ground.

He is a stork to his parent, and feeds him in his old age. He confines him not a long way off, to a short pension, forfeited if he come into his presence; but "shows pity at home," (as St. Paul saith, *1 Tim. v. 4.*) to requite his parents. And yet the debt—I mean only the principal, not the interest—cannot fully be paid; and therefore he compounds with his father, to accept in good worth the utmost of his endeavour.

Such a good child God commonly rewards with long life in this world. If he die young, yet he lives long who lives well; and time mis-spent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of better value.

As for disobedient children, if preserved from the gallows, they are reserved for the rack, to be tortured by their own posterity. One complained, that never a father had so undutiful a son as he had. "Yes," said his son, with less grace than truth, "my grandfather had."

I conclude this subject with the example of a pagan's son, which will shame most Christians. Pomponius Atticus, making a funeral oration at the death of his mother, did protest that, living with her three score and seven years, he was never reconciled to her; because—take the comment with the text—there never happened between them the least jar which needed reconciliation.—*Fuller*.

HONEST LABOUR.

It is the will of God that every one should have a calling, or occupation in life; and it is better to be the meanest workman, or day-labourer, than live in idleness. It is the duty of those whom Providence calls out to do it, "to work with their hands the thing that is good," (Eph. iv. 28.) and to be diligent in their proper business. Our Lord Jesus Christ, when he was in a private character, was far from being slothful; and herein he hath "left us an example that we should follow his steps."

His example is peculiarly proper for the imitation of young persons, of servants and apprentices, who ought carefully to mind their proper business, and labour after skill and proficiency in their respective trades. Let them especially guard against a habit of indolence, or trifling over their work; and employ themselves diligently in something that may turn to good account. It should be their desire and care that they may not be unnecessarily burdensome to their parents, but rather support and assist them; being in this respect subject to their parents, as their Lord and Master was to his. Let not young persons think any honest employment too mean, or too laborious, when they reflect upon the occupation of the Son of God, who appears to have wrought at the business of a carpenter. Children delicately brought up are generally ruined for both worlds. If habits of diligence and self-denial are not early contracted, they are seldom or never obtained. Thus so many persons become the burdens of society, and are ready to do any wicked or mean thing to support themselves, because they have never been used to labour and endure hardship. I have often, says Dr. Watts, pitied the descendants of honourable families, of both sexes, the unhappiness of whose education has given them nothing to do, nor taught them to employ their hands or their minds. Therefore they spend their hours in sauntering, not knowing whither to go, or what to do. Hence they often give themselves up to mean and scandalous play, spending their hours in chatting and merriment. They make the business of their dress the study and labour of half the day; and spend the rest in trifling discourse and laughter, scattering jests upon their neighbours and acquaintance. All these instances of folly and immorality would be rectified, if they would find out some daily and proper business to be employed in. Solomon, at his leisure hours, studied natural and moral philosophy.

Paul wrought with his hands, to be an example to others : so did Christ. And that the younger women may not want an example how they should employ their leisure time, we read of good Dorcas, who, when she had no business of her own, "made coats and garments for the poor." (Acts ix. 39.) Such honorable examples deserve imitation. Thus would all the mischievous consequences of idleness be prevented : especially those mentioned by the Apostle : "They learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house ; and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." (1 Tim. v. 13.) Let the example of our Master teach us all, in our respective stations, "not to be slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*O-rtou.*

CONTROL THE TEMPER.

Who is he that says, he cannot help being angry, or sullen or peevish ? I tell him he deceives himself. We constantly avoid being so when our interest or decorum requires it, when we feel near those whom we know are not bound to bear our whims, or who will resent them to our injury ; but what strangers will not endure, we cast upon our friends. That temper can be corrected, the world proves by thousands of instances. There have been those who set out in life with being violent, peevish, discontented, irritable, and capricious, whom thought, reflection, effort, not to speak of piety, have rendered as they became mature, meek, peaceful, loving, generous, forbearing, tranquil, and consistent. It is a glorious achievement, and blessed is he who attains it. But taking the argument, to lower ground, which I do unwillingly, you continually see men controlling their emotions, when their interest demands it. Observe the man who wants assistance, who looks for patronage, how well, as he perceives coldness, or hesitation, does he crush the vexation that rises in his throat, and stifles the indignation that burns for expression ! How will the most proud and lofty descend from their high position, and lay aside their ordinary bearing to earn a suffrage from the meanest mind ! And surely those who hang around us in life, those who lean on us, or on whom we lean through our pilgrimage, to whom our accents and our deeds are words, to whom a word may shoot a pang worse than the stroke of death ; surely, I say, if we can do so much for interest, we can do something for goodness and for gratitude. And in all civilized intercourse, how perfectly do we see it ourselves to be recognized laws of decorum, and if we have not universally good feelings, we have generally, at least, good manners. This may be hypocrisy, but it ought to be sincerity, and we trust it is.

If, then, we can make our faces to shine on strangers, why darken them on those who should be dear to us ? Is it, that we have so squandered our smiles abroad, that we have only frowns to carry

home? Is it, that while out of the world, we have been so prodigal of good temper, that we have but our ill humours with which to cloud our fire-sides? Is it, that it requires often but a mere passing guest to enter, while we are speaking daggers to beings who are nearest to us in life, to change our tone, to give us perfect self-command, that we cannot do for love, what we do for appearance.—*Giles' Discourses on Life.*

KEEP THE SABBATH HOLY.

In order to do this, ordinary business and pleasures must be laid aside, and duty of a strictly religious nature performed. But this is not all. When we are taught to "call the Sabbath a delight," it is important for us to possess such a frame of mind as to exhibit a holy joy whilst we are engaged in solemn exercise. If we would make the impression that the righteous is more excellent than his neighbour, that

"Religion never was designed,
To make our pleasures less,"

we must be so heavenly-minded, so filled with love to God and Divine things, so under the influence of gratitude and joy, as to convince intelligent observers that we experience a pleasure which the world can neither give nor take away.

Much harm may result, both to ourselves and others, by neglecting to remember the Sabbath day, or by omitting that preparation for its important exercise, by which we may be "in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

If pious parents and heads of families produce the impression, by their appearance and manner, upon children and others, that holy time hangs heavy on their hands, how unhappy the result. If then, we wish all our families, and all within the reach of our influence, to love the Sabbath, to remember to keep it holy; and if we desire holy time to be, in the highest sense, a blessing to ourselves, let us mingle the exercise of the Sabbath with grateful songs of praise, or some other manifestations of holy cheerfulness and delight, as to give to all about us evidence of the language of our hearts: "This is the day which the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad."

"In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

NEGLECT NOT THE BIBLE.

It is surprising to notice how this sacred book is neglected by sinful men. The votaries of taste and fashion will spend their days and nights poring over the morbid pages of sensual and fictitious narrative; yet if their God were to ask them if they had read the book which he

sent them from heaven, where would they look? How could they say that they had never read the precious book throughout? Wherever you go, learn not of those. Take your Bible in your hand; make it the companion of your way. In the thirsty desert of this world it will supply you with the water of life; in the darkness of doubt and apprehension it will cast a gleam of heaven over your path; in the struggle of temptation and the hour of affliction it will lift up the voice of warning, encouragement, and comfort. Never let the Bible be by you unperused. It is the only helm that can guide you through the ocean of life, and bring you safely to the immortal shores. It is the only star that leads the wandering seaman by the rocks, and breakers, and fiery tempests of utter destruction, and points him away to the heights of everlasting blessedness. The Bible contains the only food that can satisfy the hungerings of the soul; it presents us with the only laver in which we can wash ourselves and be clean; it alone tells us of the garments that are worn in the courts of heaven; it is from the Bible alone that we learn to prepare a torch to conduct our footsteps throughout the valley of the shadow of death; and it is the Bible alone which can introduce us at last to the glories of immortality.

—*Dr. Pollock.*

FASHIONABLE STEALING.

It grows out of an abominable thirst for gold; it appears in broad-cloth and in 'good society'; it comes to church, and even lays its hands upon the sacred vessels of the Lord.

Its names are numberless, and some of them are very specious, and have come to be almost as common as the 'circulating medium' of the country; such as 'speculating,' 'saving one's friend,' 'ruining one's self,' 'selling off' at cost, 'giving goods away,' 'accommodating,' 'sacrificing,' and a hundred more, adroitly used, to cover up deception or to render it venial in the public eye.

Under such false colors this fashionable kind of stealing now contaminates the whole current of trade; and things have come to such a pass, that many think they cannot live long in doing things honestly; many, indeed, go on so far as to suppose, that because the human law cannot grasp hold of this iniquity, the divine law will not; yes, go on so far as to make a boast of their own abominations.

But, it must be evident to you, my friends, that taking property deceitfully, in any way or in any place—taking property deceitfully though it be under a fair speech and fine exterior—though it be done in company with the great ones of the world—though it be put under the flattering name of 'shrewdness,' 'tact,' or 'speculation,' or whatever else you please to call it, clashes as directly with the law of God as taking it by false keys and dark lanterns in the dead of night.

The man who takes advantage of my ignorance, to overreach me

in a bargain, or of my poverty to wrench from me usurious interest ; that man who sells adulterated goods to me, or gives me stinted measure in my wood, or coal, or milk, or groceries : the man who sells me 'stuff' to steal away my brains ; that man who 'shaves' my note, or unjustly alters his 'account' against me or against my estate when I am gone ; that man who refuses to pay me when he can, or makes me take an 'order' when I bargained for the 'cash' ; that man who fails in trade, and pays me but ten per cent. of what I worked so hard to earn for him, and lives in princely style for the remainder of his life : that man who 'boards' with me and never means to pay for it ; who borrows money of me which he knows he never can return ; who pretends to more than he is worth and thus induces me to indorse his paper, or to less than he is worth, and thus avoids the payment of his taxes ; the man who deceives me by his false advertisement, informing me that he is selling 'cheap' when he is selling dear ; that man who imposes on me damaged goods for sound ones—' wooden shoes' for leather ones—or cheats me any way, whether by fair pretensions or by 'low-browed knavery' ; whether in broadcloth or in homespun ; whether I have sense to find it out or not ; that man breaks the law, 'Thou shalt not steal,' as certainly as the thief who robs a bank beneath the cover of darkness—that man is really as amenable to God's eternal justice as the ruffian that plunders 'while the watchmen sleep.'

He takes deceitfully what does not belong to him, and that is breaking—whether done by himself or his agents, by wink or by nod, above the counter or beneath it, by pen-craft or by tongue-craft, by false label or false way-bill, by counterfeit coffee, in State Street, or Natick—in mercantile, agricultural, mechanical or professional life—that is breaking the eighth commandment of Almighty God !

There is, my friends, a sad mistake among us on this point. We are deceived by names, misled by outward show, disposed continually to forget that law, that dreadful law, which underlies the human law and binds us close and tight where this can never reach.

The doctor forgets it when he prolongs disease that he may lengthen out his bill against his victim ; the lawyer forgets it when he advises men to go to law in cases which might be adjusted peacefully at home ; the minister forgets it when he preaches anything 'but Christ, and him crucified ;' the layman, also, forgets it when he refuses to pay his proportion to support the gospel ; the school-teacher forgets it when he neglects that poor and bashful scholar in the corner ; the farmer forgets this statute of eternal rectitude when he removes an ancient landmark, or permits his cattle to destroy his neighbor's garden ; the mechanic forgets it when he does his work unfaithfully ; the milkman, when he sells his 'watered milk ;' the painter, when he adulterates his paints ; the traveller, when he neglects to advertise the purse he finds, or rides upon the railroad farther than he pays for ; the publisher forgets it when he overstates the circulation of his paper ; the quack

forgets it when he advertises his destructive medicines ; the school-boy, when he mars the public building ; and the girl, who spends her time in idleness, while her poor old mother overtasks her strength or over-serves any reasonable hours in the household affairs ; and every conceivable method or imposition by which the time, talents or property of another is deceitfully or unjustly taken away, is, in the Hebrew acceptation of the word, in the meaning God himself has put upon it—downright stealing.

I said, when I began, that I should not condemn you, but if your consciences are doing it, I ask you to remember that 'God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things' ; and if any of you have taken what is not your own, in this fashionable way, to which I have referred, I ask you Zacheus-like to give it back again: I ask you to abandon totally and forever the whole system of dishonesty in your dealings: I ask you to live uprightly, even to the very thoughts and intents of the heart.

Put away that miserable principle, which is now hurrying its myriads of deeply deluded souls to ruin, that an honest man, as trade is, now, cannot obtain a livelihood. I ask you to do precisely right, and leave to God the consequences: and if you cannot 'live' by rectitude, then die, and enter heaven at least an honest man—not a *thief!*

I ask you to suffer wrong, rather than to do wrong. I ask you in the name and by the blessed love of Jesus, not to STEAL !

TO OUR EXCHANGES.—To those of our cotemporaries who have favored us with an exchange, we would return our hearty thanks; and feel it our duty to make some little recompense for the kindness we have received. The only way in which we can make any return is to give them a short notice as we pass along.

REVIEW OF PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL is thankfully received by way of exchange. It is a large and beautifully printed sheet, and contains an abundance of original and selected articles. It is certainly one of the cheapest and best papers that a family could take. It is published by the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York, at the small sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents per annum.

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER is another splendid paper, published in connection with the REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH, New York. It is also well filled with a choice collection of family reading, the greatest part of which is original. The price is only Two Dollars per annum.

THE CHRISTIAN CASKET for April is before us. It contains, as usual, matter of the best description, and is well calculated to help the Christian traveller on his way. We wish it, and all similar publications, great success.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER, AND BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.—This is the title of a neat and well-conducted paper, published weekly at St. John's, N. B., for the General Conference of Free C. Baptists, New Brunswick.

Those of our friends who would like to know how the work of the Lord is progressing in that part of the country, could not do better than to subscribe for this valuable paper. It is very cheap—only *one dollar* per annum.

THE AMERICAN MESSENGER.—Published monthly by the American Tract Society, at New York. This is a paper which should be in every family; and it is within the reach of all. The price is only Twenty-five cents per annum. This is certainly cheap enough.

THE CHILD'S PAPER is another monthly paper, published by the same Society. It is beautifully illustrated, and its contents are varied and interesting. By a notice in the April number, we perceive that "this little journal has excited much interest among the printers in London, Edinburgh, Paris and Leipzig, as a work of art." It is probably the cheapest juvenile paper in the world; the price is *Ten* copies to one address for one year, ONE DOLLAR.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE is thankfully received. This little juvenile is certainly one of the handsomest productions in either the New or Old World. "In the line of beautiful illustrations, elegant typography, and wholesome matter, there is nothing to equal it."—Published by CARLTON & PHILLIPS, 200 Mulberry Street, New York. Price 50 cents per annum.

THE CLASS-MATE AND REVIVALIST, is the title of a very neatly got-up pamphlet, printed and published in Centerville, Indiana. "It is an uncompromising advocate and defender of Class and Love-Feast Meetings, and it also pays particular attention to the best method of conducting them, and speaks of the office, duties, and difficulties of class-leaders. It also contains articles of a miscellaneous religious character—such as tend to stir up the pious energies of the old veteran, instruct and build up the young convert, and lead the trembling penitent to Christ." Price \$1 per annum.

THE JEWISH CHRONICLE.—This monthly periodical, published under the direction of the Board of Directors of the American Society for meliorating the condition of Jews, is devoted *exclusively* to the communication of intelligence respecting the Jews, and the Proceedings of the American Society, and other similar institutions, in the great cause of promoting Christianity among that people, together with the discussion of Prophecy, bearing on their history and prospects.

Published in the City of New York, in pamphlet form of twenty-four pages, octavo, at \$1 per annum.

THE GOLDEN RULE is the name of a small monthly paper published in Cleveland, Ohio. It is an avowed enemy and opposer of slavery, intemperance, sabbath-breaking, smoking and chewing of tobacco, or using it in any form so as to ruin the system. It is a paper that is well calculated to do good. Price 50cts. per annum.

Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S DEAD.

I'm very, very lonely ;
 Alas ! I cannot play ;
 I am so sad, I sit and weep
 Throughout the livelong day.
 I miss dear mother's welcome,
 Her light hand on my head,
 Her look of love, her tender word ;
 Alas ! my mother's dead.

I have no heart to play alone ;
 'To-day I thought I'd try,
 And got my little hoop to roll,
 But ah ! it made me cry ;
 For who will smile to see me come,
 Now mother dear has gone,
 And look so kindly in my face,
 And kiss her little sou ?

I'll get my blessed Bible,
 And sit me down and read ;
 My mother said that precious book
 Would prove a friend in need.
 I seem to see dear mother now,
 'To hear her voice of love ;
 She may be looking down on me,
 From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her—
 She cannot come to me ;
 Our Father, teach a little one
 How he may come to thee ;
 For I am very lonely now ;
 Our Father may I come,
 And join my mother in the skies ?
 And heaven shall be our home.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MISSIONS.

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them a taste for knowledge, and a love of true information on all subjects likely to do them good; to guard them against those errors which are peculiarly exposed; and so to intermix amusement, as at once to gratify their curiosity; to give them rational entertainment, and to profit them in their various interests.

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