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

VOL. II.]

DECEMBER, 1855.

[No. 12.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

Many years since, when I was quite a youth, I resided for some months with a gentleman to whom I was partly given in charge by a widowed mother; and who, therefore, claimed to exercise some authority over me. He was a person of very agreeable temper, and was reputed to be a remarkably clever man of business. He was just beginning the world on his own account, and had the prospect, so far as outward appearances indicated, of brilliant success. One Sabbath-morning he asked me to assist him in a matter of business which, he said, would not admit of delay. I pleaded the sacredness of the day, and the danger of displeasing God, and advised him to postpone the matter until Monday. This he said he either could or would not do, and repeated his demand upon my assistance, putting it now, however, in the form of a command rather than of a request. I saw it was a moment of peril,—that my eternal destiny might probably turn upon the issue of the trial; and silently lifting up my heart to God, I replied in great fear and trembling, but with firmness and explicitness, “*I cannot* do what *I know* will be displeasing to God.” Never shall I forget the fearful outbreak of scorn and enmity to which this refusal gave occasion. The habitually good-tempered man seemed, for a time, transposed into a very fiend, and uttered words not to be repeated, both against me and my God. He declared that such narrow notions were unsuited to the present constitution of society, and pronounced me incurably infatuated and lost to all hope of worldly advancement. My course in life was at that time undecided; but

I had just tasted the Saviour's love, and was willing to risk all for His Name's sake. I repeated my refusal, and here for the time the affair ended.

Years passed over; and God, who had brought me to choose Him in my youth, had not forsaken me. I was now one of the Ministers of a large and beloved flock in the town of Sheffield; the father of a precious little family; and had daily cause to bless God for that gracious providence which had watched over both mine and mine.

One morning a message was sent up to the study that a person wished to see me below. On coming down I beheld a pale-faced, hunger-stricken looking man, with clothes that had once been respectable, and an address which was out of keeping with his present appearance, and betokened better days. Judge of my surprise when, in the squaïd, destitute-looking being before me, I recognized the active, energetic, and sprightly gentleman, who, on the occasion above referred to, had lectured me on the worldly folly of keeping holy the Sabbath-day. Unhappy man! though born and bred like myself in Scotland, where he had been taught better things, he had continued to desecrate the Sabbath; preferring his own carnal wisdom to the revealed will of God. But who ever hardened himself against God and prospered? A blight had come upon him. He was now reduced to absolute beggary, and the youth whom many years before he had endeavored to frighten out of his allegiance to the Lord of the Sabbath, by the terror of worldly ruin, was able both to feed and to clothe him, and tenderly but faithfully to remind him of what he had said against the law of God; and to testify, after years of trial, that his godliness was indeed "profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is," as well as "of that which is to come." "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord: and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the living heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

JOHN MACLEAN. Th
e e.

THE BACKSLIDER'S DEATH-BED.

Extracted From Barr's "Recollections of a Minister."

"Do you feel," said I to the dying woman, "more comfortable in your mind, in the prospect of death?"

"I do not," she replied.

"Then have you no hope that God will, for the sake of Christ, restore you to the joys of his salvation

"No!"

I then endeavored to point her to Jesus; and exhorted her again to venture on his atoning blood. I repeated several of the promises of God to backsliders, in which he has declared his willingness to receive them graciously, and to love them freely. I also called her attention to some examples recorded in the sacred Scriptures, to whom those promises were verified.

"Alas!" she sighed, "I am an awful exception. I fear the Lord has given me up to the hardness of my heart. I cannot feel as I ought to feel, the burden of my sins."

"But did you not feel your need of a Saviour, when you sent for me to converse with you about him; and to encourage you to seek him afresh?"

"I did feel it, and I still feel it; but he will not regard so vile a sinner as I have been."

"But hear his own language: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!'"

"Ah! those promises are not for me. There was a time, when I might have secured the favor held out to backsliders. But the opportunity is gone for ever. In my former illness, when brought to the brink of the grave, I vowed, and promised my God, that if he would spare my life, I would, immediately on my restoration to health, repair to his house, and there express my sense of his goodness. I declared, in the face of heaven, that the subsequent period of my existence should be devoted to him. But I fled to a *hell*, from the presence of the Lord; and ever since, I have been living according to the course of this world. My days are numbered,—eternity is at hand,—and I have not a glimpse of hope to cheer my departing spirit."

Then, with a look and emphasis which pierced me to the soul, she exclaimed, "O! Mr. Barr, never forsake the Lord; for if

you do, you will feel a hell kindled within your breast, as I feel at the present moment!"

I then knelt down by her bedside, and fervently wrestled with God on her behalf; and, soon after, took my departure. Alas! poor Ellen! I never saw her more.

Such is a brief history of Ellen. Lovely and happy in the morning of life, but wretched and hopeless in its decline.

I have seen the death-bed of the weeping *penitent*, while his stifled groans and dying cries for mercy have ascended to the throne of grace; and have rejoiced with him, when the Saviour has whispered in his ear, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." I have seen the death-bed of the *Christian*, when, in the very precincts of glory, he has cried out in an ecstasy, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But never shall I forget the *backslider's* death-bed, when the expiring Ellen exclaimed, "Never forsake the Lord; for if you do, you will feel a hell kindled within your breast, as I feel at this moment!"

LETTERS FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS.

Written many years ago by the Wife of a Wesleyan Minister.

LETTER VIII.

ON DOMESTIC QUALIFICATIONS (*continued*).

The concerns of a family require investigating throughout by that person who has the superintendence of them; but if the mistress of a family has neither ability nor inclination to inspect her own affairs, it is no wonder if extravagance and disorder prevail in her house. Delicate health may make it very difficult to perform what is known to be necessary; and exempt cases may occur, rendering it impossible. But every young housekeeper will find herself much assisted by an early application to the minutest parts of family order. To prevent hurry and fatigue of spirit, endeavor to have a clear view of what you propose to engage in during the day: assign to each portion of it such work, and such a proportion of work, as you can comfortably perform; remembering always to allow yourself stated seasons for religious retirement. As far as possible adhere to the plan you form: should you be occasionally

interrupted, do not let it agitate you; do the best you can at the moment, and resume your regular method as soon as is practicable. Thus you will avoid that very careful and cumbered state of mind, which not only prevents the pursuit of the "one thing needful," but which renders the lawful occupations of life hurrying and distressing.

A few observations on cleanliness, frugality, and conduct towards servants, will comprise what I have further to say on family order. With regard to the *first* of these, listen to Herbert; and

"Let the mind's sweetness have its operation
Upon the person, clothes, and habitation."

Clean and well-aired apartments conduce not only to comfort, but to health; and the frequent and plentiful application of cold water to the skin invigorates and refreshes: it also opposes that effeminacy which encourages low and nervous habits. Cleanliness is the first preparation to neatness which children can be taught.

By *frugality* I do not mean that penuriousness which almost petrifies the beholder, but such an attention to this part of order as shall make your expenses keep a due proportion with your income; as shall adjust the appearance you make to your situation in life, and yet leave it in your power to deal out a portion of your bread to the hungry, and to cover the naked with a garment, and enabling you to make some provision against emergencies, sickness, and the decline of life. The frugality I recommend will be much facilitated by your being able to form a correct judgment of the various articles you have to purchase, so that you may not be imposed upon, either in quality or in price. A perfect knowledge of all the practical parts of cooking will also be included; and this being a part of good order which is in daily request, you will do well to bear in mind that your own daily comfort, and the daily comfort of all your household, stand connected with it.

It is not so easy to maintain at all times a proper *conduct* to *servants*, as at first sight appears. Endeavor to unite unremitting vigilance with deep prudence, much consideration, and great patience; and let there be such a happy mixture of dignity and mildness in your manners towards them, as shall make you at once respected and feared. But here, I confess, it is much more difficult to practice than to dictate: and therefore I must still direct you to the Fountain of all wisdom for those supplies which you

will need in this part of your duty, as through all the rest. If the force of example is requisite to show the propriety of your attending particularly to the subject in hand, it may be derived in numberless instances, both from sacred and profane, from ancient and modern, history; from all which we may infer the importance which was attached to such conduct in old time by the female worthies of renown.

Such a course of life as I have pointed out to you in these few hints, will give you present satisfaction, make you useful members of society, and better qualified to encounter the vicissitudes of life. May you grow up holy, happy, and useful!" till, having finished as a hireling your day, you may enter into the regions of repose, and receive from your blessed Lord that transporting testimony of His approbation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

For this blissful consummation, daily prays

Your unworthy but truly affectionate

MOTHER.

THE WAY TO MAKE CHILDREN SABBATH BREAKERS.

It is Sabbath-morning. Let us enter your habitation: it is the residence of a father and mother who make a profession of religion: they have three children, who belong to the Sabbath-school. We say *belong* to it, because their names stand recorded on its books; though from their *occasional* attendance it might be inferred that they were only visitors. Here we are at the door. Hark! do you hear a confused running about within? They are scarcely up; and although it is nearly eight o'clock, everything about the house is in confusion. Here they come at last.

As they are all "*en deshabille*," we will sit in the parlour alone a few minutes, and for once, as the door is left open, will violate the rules of good-breeding, and listen, Hark! Mr. Hawes is speaking: "Shall we go to meeting this morning, Mrs. Hawes?"

"I hardly know what to do. It is very dull over-head, and looks a little like rain."

"True it is a little dull; but I do not think it will rain to-day; and you know, my dear, we did not go out last Sunday."

"Well, never mind. It is now so late, we cannot get ready

If very well; I guess we had better stay at home to-day. You worked hard all the week, and need a little rest to-day."

"But, mother," said the eldest girl, interrupting this *unchristian conversation*, "shall we not go to Sabbath-school?"

"Not to-day, child; we cannot get you ready. You must stay at home until we all go to meeting."

The girl turns away, with a tear standing in her eye. She is disappointed and sad; for she loves the Sunday-school.

Now, we beg leave to ask those Christian parents what they will say, if those children will become habitual Sabbath-breakers? Do they start back at the painful thought? Nay, start not; for *you are* making Sabbath-breakers of them. Every such scene as the one above described creates in them a disrespect for that holy day. Your example will make an impression which nothing will ever erase. You are Sabbath-breakers yourselves every time you are guilty of such a self-indulgence, and nothing short of the infinite mercy of God will save your children from treading in your steps; and remember, professor, that the steps of the Sabbath-breaker lay hold of hell, whether he violate that day by lounging in idleness at home, or by wandering the streets in pursuit of pleasure.—*Sunday School Magazine*.

DANGERS OF YOUTH FROM AGE AND STATION.

"Young men exhort to be sober-minded." They are generally wild, careless, full of passion, imaginative and visionary, devoid of sound judgment and experience, opinionative, heady, apt to trust the world, and to expect great things from it. "The Apostle's idea is, that they should be entreated to be prudent, and discreet, and serious, in their deportment; to get the mastery over their passions and appetites; and to control the propensities to which youth are subject; and that there should be such self-government, under the influence of religion, so as to avoid excess in everything." A well-governed mind, superior to the indulgence of those passions to which the young are prone, will express the meaning of the word here. They should be steady in their behaviour, superior to sensual temptations, and constant in the exercise of every part of self-government.

You are now in the midst of danger. Your passions are in their greatest force. You are full of hope and joy. At this period of life, you are in danger of intoxication from the pleasures of sin.—

Sensual pleasures are rendered attractive, deceitful, seductive, hardening, ruinous, beyond all precedent. There is a refinement in sin that did not belong to olden times, and which renders the distinctions between vice and virtue less striking and impressive than formerly. Sins are baptized with new names; and old and decrepit vices are decked out in purple and fine linen. There is a great change in men's moral feelings in respect of what plain Christianity denounces as dishonourable and sinful. We are benumbed and indifferent. The greatest danger is in the beginnings of evil. Sin is specious; and is always most successful when it commences in what is lawful and good. It first deviates from that which is clearly innocent to what is doubtful, and then to what is guilty and ruinous. Shall I illustrate my meaning, and thus warn you of the beginnings of sin?

What can be more innocent than music, as a domestic recreation and enjoyment? Yet by a gradual descent of abuse, it may soon become associated with great evils, ending with the dissipations of the concert, and the ruinous theatre.

Again. There is, first, a known suppression of truth, or a designed colouring of facts; then a slight equivocation, accompanied with a blush of conscious guilt. The painfulness of falsehood wears off, and we have habitual dissimulation; and the young man ends with the odious wicked character of a confirmed liar.

Here is a young man who seeks pleasure on the Lord's day.—He falls into the company of some who have more money, or less principle, than himself; and whose extravagant habits he has not the means of following; but, for various reasons, he wishes still to keep their society. What shall he do? With some scruples, he borrows from his master's till, with the full intention of soon repaying it. But the fine bloom of virtue is gone; he has entered into temptation; the fatal act is done. How can he repay who is spending beyond his means? and that in order to keep pace with companions who do not limit themselves after this sort. This borrowing becomes theft; and either detection, with disgrace, and loss of place, character, and virtue, produces recklessness or despondency; or temporary success petrifies all moral feeling, and one act of misappropriation becomes the parent of felony, remorse, and ruin.

Another, perhaps religiously educated, has accustomed himself to talk lightly on sacred subjects; and soon he learns irreverently to speak of God. He then substitutes some slang word as a sort

of conventional oath. But this soon leads to swearing and profanity, so habitual that he is unconscious of its frequency; and he ends a blasphemer.

Once more. A young man is fond of companionship; he dreads sobriety and seclusion, and has depended so much upon society for the oblivion of serious thought, that he has no resources in himself, his books, or his home. He seeks kindred spirits; hilarity leads to wine and the tavern for unrestrained jocund mirth; wine leads to occasional drunkenness, and that to the neglect of business, to recklessness, sottishness, debauchery, and uncleanness; and he is also ruined.

'The beginning of *sin* is as when one letteth out water. "Vice is first pleasing,—then it is easy,—then delightful,—then frequent,—then habitual,—then confirmed;—then the man is independent,—then he is obstinate,—then he resolves not to repent,—then he dies,—then he is damned?"

Your dangers are insidious and fearful; and the more so because of your buoyancy of spirits, your love of companionship, and your inexperience in the ways of the world, and the deceitfulness of sin. I think I am one of the last to discourage cheerfulness, and a due relaxation from toil; and I would have you form virtuous and pleasing associations. But beware of their dangers. Fix your bounds, both of time and place, in your retired, considerate moments. Do not leave such decisions to the effect of circumstances; or suppose that, when surrounded by temptations to go beyond the line which experience and religion dictate as safe and happy, you are in a fit state either to consider a moral question, or to act out a self-denying determination. Only fools will laugh at your "stubbornness" in what is right; and if you save yourself from the reproaches of your conscience, you can afford to be laughed at.—You must have recreation; but you must also keep yourselves unspotted from the world. No physical or moral excess will yield permanent enjoyment. Pursue not amusement for its own sake: make it not an end, but use it as a means. Do not substitute pleasure for work, or work merely that you may have the means of enjoying pleasure.—*Rev. F. A. West.*

EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

We have often remarked on the impropriety of exciting the fears of children, for the purpose of more easily managing them;

but never have we heard of anything so truly horrible as the following. The subject being too delicate to allow of the mentioning of names, we shall avoid such an exposure; but at the same time we pledge ourselves for the correctness of the narration.—Some time ago, a lady in a certain considerable town in Yorkshire, went to a neighbor's house to take tea, along with her husband, and left her little family to the care of her servants. In the course of the evening she felt very uneasy; and being impressed with the idea that all was not right at home, she left her friend's house early. On arriving at her home, she found that her servants, in the exercise of high life below stairs, had collected a social party. This she passed over without observation; and, proceeding up stairs, to the nursery, she was surprised by a terrific figure at the bottom of the bed of the youngest child, which was but three years of age! The fact was, that the nurse-maid, finding the child not very ready to get to rest, and being loth to be disturbed in her evening's enjoyment by its crying, had dressed up and placed the figure alluded to, at the bottom of the infant's bed, with a view of frightening it to sleep.

The contrary effect, however, had been produced: the child had been horror-struck, and appeared to its mother with eyes fixed in an idiotic stare upon the image. Astonished and distressed, she rang the bell, and then proceeded to take up her infant; but, lo! it was a lifeless corpse. The fright occasioned by the nurse's folly had been too much for the little innocent. In the extreme of fear the pulse had ceased to beat, the vital spark had fled, and the mother was left to mourn in unutterable anguish the credulity which induced her to trust to such a servant, and the perfidy of the unprincipled nurse, in whom she had confided. To add more is needless; and to describe the subsequent sorrow of the parent is impossible. It is a melancholy story; but it is not more strange than true: and we give it with no other view than to place parents upon their guard with respect to those to whom they may entrust the care of their innocent and helpless offspring.

"THEY SAY."

"They say" tells me that which is not true, at least three-quarters of the time. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely was there ever a suspicious report put in circulation, but this Mr.

They say was the author of it ; and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because, living just nowhere, he can never be found. Who said that Mr. E., the merchant, was supposed to be in a falling condition ? Why, "they say" so. On what authority do they affirm that neighbor F. has been in bad company ? Why, "they say" so. Is it a fact that Miss G. is not so chaste and circumspect as she should be ? Why, "they say" so.—Plague on this Mr. *They say*: he is half brother to that Mr. Nobody, who always does all the mischief, and lives nowhere but in the inventive brain of those who, undeserving of respect themselves, are desirous to pull down others to their own level. We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority of "THEY SAY."

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS.

There is one part of a mother's duty to her children, that I fear is too often neglected ; it is praying with them, and teaching them to pray. By teaching them to pray, I do not mean the senseless repetition of certain words, but impressing on their minds the *meaning* of the different forms of prayer they may be accustomed to use. To the Christian mother, such advice may seem to be useless ; but I have often been pained to find even their children as utterly ignorant of the spirit of prayer as the poor Heathen of Africa. It is true they can, parrot-like, repeat the Lord's Prayer ; and, perhaps, many of the other excellent petitions for children ; but it is as an empty sound. The feeling, that they are addressing a heavenly Parent, whose ear is ever open to their cries, that every sentence should be breathed with an earnest spirit of entreaty, is absent ; and its place is usurped by that fatigue and aversion so common to children when repeating an uninteresting task.

Is your child a daughter ? Mother, can you paint, ay, and glowingly too, from your own experience, the trials and temptations that await her future life ? You can feel for her ; for a woman's cup must ever be mixed with bitterness, although all that the tenderest affection can do, to shield her from life's ills, may be done. Then can you answer it to your conscience, and to your God, if you do not, to the best of your ability, begin early to teach her to look to Him who alone can protect and guide ? Can you lie down to your long, last sleep, with calmness, knowing that she is like a bark tossed on a troubled sea, with rudder shattered, and anchor gone ;

void of a full dependence on God, deprived of the consolation of pouring into his ear, as into that of a father, all her sorrows, all her woes, and soothed by the knowledge that he is ever ready to hear all that come in sincerity and truth? Such full and child-like dependence on God, is only to be obtained by early prayer; and, mother, remember it is yours to form or to neglect that habit.

Has God given you a son, to gladden your heart, and perpetuate perhaps, a time honored name? When you look on that boy, full of life and energy; when your spirit is gladdened by the contemplation of that lofty and intellectual brow, and the bright glance of his clear eye falls on you like a ray of sunshine; then, I entreat you, call to mind the many temptations to which he may be exposed; and, O! as you value the temporal, as well as the eternal happiness of your son, teach him to pray.

Amid the syren voice of pleasure, the words of the simple prayer, repeated nightly at your knee, will make themselves heard; when the wine-cup is mantling, even to the brim, with its sparkling death, the memory of that season of holy calm will intrude, and the song of the syren will have lost its melody, and the glow of the wine its fatal beauty. He will turn away chastened and subdued; for who, with the memory of a Christian mother's prayer in his heart, can give himself up to sin? No one!

Do not think my picture overwrought; for the following case is but one in thousands. In one of our Atlantic cities, it was my lot to become acquainted with one, who, although of a fine and highly cultivated mind, was more noted for his strict morality, and quiet, unobtrusive piety, than even for his mental qualifications.—One evening, speaking of a mother's influence, he remarked, "I may say that I never knew a mother's love; and yet I may, under Providence, thank my mother for having preserved me from many temptations." I said, the remark seemed so singular, that it needed an explanation: to which he replied, "I will tell you what I mean. I was deprived of my mother when very young, so young that I retain but a dim recollection of her personal appearance; but I never have forgotten how, every morning and evening, she called me to her side, and, after hearing me repeat my prayers, knelt and prayed for me, in simple yet earnest language, such as I could easily comprehend. She explained to me every petition in the Lord's Prayer; and although I am more than thirty years old, every word of that explanation is as familiar to me as when first I heard it. I have been exposed to great temptation, much of which

is known only to myself. Once I was led away by the eloquence of a popular speaker, to the very verge of infidelity. Like most young men, my Bible had been neglected; and I was, from my natural temperament, rather sceptical. The doctrines he inculcated were such as well suited the fallen and depraved appetites of man, and I was well-nigh persuaded of their truth.

“After attending a lecture, where, with the most captivating eloquence, he had been attempting to prove, from the Bible itself, the many inconsistencies of its systems of religion, I happened, in search of one of the passages he quoted, to see the Lord’s Prayer. Strange to say, my eye fell on the petition, “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;” and in a moment a tide of almost overwhelming recollections rushed upon me. I was again a little child; again I knelt by the side of my sainted mother, with my little hands clasped in hers, and her low, sweet voice was endeavouring to impress on my mind, that whatever evil thoughts entered my mind, I was to recall that sentence, and, with full faith in my heavenly Father, to breathe that simple prayer. The effect was electrical. In a moment I felt that the spacious arguments, and well-turned sentences, I had so long listened to with so much pleasure, were but dangerous sophistries. Nor was this all. From that time I was never on the eve of committing any sin, but that voice of melody would ring in my ears; and who could resist the appeal? I could not; and I soon sought, and I hope not without success, a deeper interest in His blood who died for all sinners.— I often tremble when I think of what I might have been, had I not been blessed with a praying mother.”

If I have occupied too much of your time, I hope the vast importance of the subject may serve as an excuse; and if, by my appeal, I may direct but the attention of *one* mother to the subject, I shall be amply repaid. Once more, I entreat you, mothers, teach your children to pray.

UNEDUCATED WOMEN.

There is no sight so truly pitiable as that afforded by a rising family of children under the guardianship of an ignorant mother. I would be understood, in the use of the term ignorant, as wishing to convey the picture of a mother whose maiden days were devoted to the acquirement of fashionable accomplishments, to the exclusion of solid mental culture and acquirements. The woman

who reigns the Queen of the ball-room is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children ; and the time spent at *soiree* and rout will be bitterly regretted when age brings experience, and consequent remorse for the evil she has inflicted, and her incapacity to discharge properly the interesting and important duties of her station, when it was her natural duty to be at once an instructor and example. The maiden who casts aside her book for the *cotillon*, will never win the love and esteem of a sensible man ; and should she select a partner for life among her partners in the dance, she will find that her choice has been as unfortunate as the place where she first attracted his notice was injudicious — I ever look with pain upon that young wife who enters upon her second era with fashionable ideas of society. Her first era has been devoted to the attainment of certain rules and systems which are scarcely pardonable in the girl, certainly censurable in the wife, and criminal in the mother.

The following remarks by Hannah Moore so forcibly express my views on the subject, that I give them in lieu of anything farther from myself:—

“ When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance ; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him, one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate ; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a help-mate to a man, and to ‘ train up a child in the way it should go.’ ”

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

There is in some households no family government, no order, no subordination. The children are kept under no restraint, but are allowed to be what they like ; their faults are unnoticed and unpunished, and their tempers allowed to grow wild and headstrong ; till, in fact, the whole family becomes utterly lawless, rebellious against parental authority, and unamiable to all around them.— How many have had to curse the over-indulgence of fond and foolish parents ! How many, as they have ruminated amidst the

desolations of poverty, or the walls of a prison, have exclaimed, "O, my very-fond parents, had you exercised that authority with which God entrusted you over your children, and had you checked my foolish corruptions, and punished my boyish disobedience; had you subjected me to the salutary restraint of wholesome laws, I had not brought you with a broken heart to your grave, or myself with a ruined character to the jail."

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

A MOTHER'S FAITH AND LOVE.

At length on the third day, when the bloody procession was over, Leclerc was made to stop at the usual place of execution. The executioner prepared the fire, heated the iron which was to sear the flesh of the Minister of the Gospel, and, approaching him, branded him as a heretic on the forehead. Just then a shriek was uttered; but it came not from the martyr. His mother, a witness of the dreadful sight, wrung with anguish, endured a violent strug-

gle between the enthusiasm of faith and maternal feelings ; but her faith overcame, and she exclaimed in a voice that made the adversaries tremble, "Glory be to Jesus Christ and his witnesses."— Thus did this French woman of the sixteenth century have respect to the word of the Son of God, "Whosoever loveth his Son more than me, is not worthy of me." So daring a courage at such a moment, might have seemed to demand instant punishment ; but that Christian mother had struck powerless the hearts of priests and soldiers. Their fury was restrained by a mightier arm than theirs. The crowd falling back, and making way for her, allowed the mother with faltering step to regain her humble dwelling.— Monks, and even the Town-Sergeants themselves, gazed on her without moving ; "not one of her enemies," says Beza, "dared put forth his hand against her."—*D'Aubigne*.

HAYDON AND THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Having dissected man and animal for two years, having taken a course of his own, founded on his early conviction that the process of early Greek and Italian study was the same, with a mind thus comprehending the construction of the frame, it was nothing miraculous that, seeing in this sculpture every tendon, bone, and muscle distinguished from each other in substance and shape, and always indicated where nature indicated them, it was nothing but natural he should at once recognise their superiority to all other sculpture, because in no other sculpture was this system of nature so distinctly clear. There was a vitality wanting in the Appollo (majestic beauty as it is) he here found : he was no longer ashamed of copying fine nature as it existed ; hour after hour, day after day, night after night, did he dwell, and live, and inhale his being amidst these sublime fragments. "Often has he remained fifteen hours in the pent-house, Park-lane, which sheltered their beauty, with his lantern, and his drawing-board, examining every foot, every hand, every limb, every breathing body, by moving his solitary candle about, above, or underneath them ; and when he has placed his glimmering light on the ground beneath the mighty back of the Theseus, a vast, broad, and silent shadow, dark and dim, has stretched across the whole gallery ; whilst here and there a transcendant limb, here and there a shattered head, or fighting figure, instinct with life, have trembled into light, and seemed ready to move, so evident was their life and circulation."—*Haydon's Lectures on Painting and Design*.