

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE
COTTAGER'S FRIEND
AND
GUIDE OF THE YOUNG.

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

FOR THE YEAR 1855.

VOLUME II.

TORONTO:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DONOGH,

AT THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN OFFICE, NO. 9, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS,
KING STREET.

1855.

INDEX.

A Bar to Success in Life.....	159
Blessed Prospect.....	226
Dialogue on Behaviour in Church.....	229
Advice to a Young Man.....	151
Advice to the Newly Married.....	117
A few Plain Hints to Cottagers.....	185
African Proverbs.....	22
A Good Wife.....	201
A Heavenly Reward.....	44
A Keen Argument.....	225
A Scene at the Judgment.....	117
A Mother's Faith and Love.....	281
Amusements of the Primitive Christians.....	172
An Appeal to Mothers.....	275
A Needful Exhortation to Young Professors.....	52
An Evil under the Sun.....	202
An Ungrateful Son.....	164
A Parental Example.....	44
Awful! Awful!! Awful!!!.....	113
A Word of Stimulation to the Young.....	152
Beginning Family Prayer.....	138
"Be not conformed to this world".....	63
Bishop Beveridge on the Choice of a Wife.....	200
Card Playing.....	84
Choice Sayings.....	203
Choir Singing.....	3
Co-operation of the Wife.....	131
Consecration of Wealth.....	208
Counsels for the Young.....	15
Dancing.....	157
Dangers of Youth from Age and Station.....	271
Do you Pray?.....	166
Directions for the Observance of the Lord's Day.....	95
Disobedient Children.....	133
Dreams.....	208
Dress.....	256
Effects of Fright.....	273
Eternity! O Eternity!.....	204

Evening Colloquies between a Father and his Children.....	24
Everybody loves him	25
Family Government	26
Family Religion.....	27
For Young Gentlemen	28
Happy Sunday.....	29
Haydon and the Elgin Marbles.....	30
Here are the Mouths but where is the Meat.....	31
Hints for Nursery Discipline.....	32
How Prayer is sometimes answered.....	33
" to spend the Sabbath.....	34
" to treat a Wife.....	35
"In a Minute"	36
Is it a Sin?.....	37
Is it right?.....	38
" Kiss the Son"	39
Lessons learnt in a Glass-House.....	40
Let me pray first	41
Letters from a Mother to her Daughters, 67, 77, 102, 127, 150, 207, 236, 260.....	42
Loss and Gain.....	43
Manufacture of Green and Black Tea.....	44
Marriage Ties.....	45
Masters and Servants.....	46
Matrimonial.....	47
Maxims for Youth.....	48
Maxims to guide a Young Man.....	49
Men with Tails	50
Monday Morning Reflections	51
Motives to thankfulness	52
New-Year's Gifts.....	53
Notice of Publications	54
"Not yet" and "Not Quite".....	55
On Dancing.....	56
" The Existence of the Devil and his Angels.....	57
" Listening to Evil Reports.....	58
Our Choir—Robbing God.....	59
Out-of-door Exercise.....	60
O Voltaire! Voltaire!.....	61
Parental Example.....	62

Prayer for the Fallen.....	158
Slavery unconstitutional.....	220
Prayer.....	254
Justifications of Parents.....	193
Reasons for not Dancing.....	11
Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.....	137
Representation of Religion in the best Novels.....	218
Re-Taking the Pledge, or an erring Husband and an affectionate Wife.....	195
Rules for Young Ladies.....	132
Rum and Tobacco.....	131
Sabbath Rain.....	65
Saturday Evening.....	205
Scriptural Conversion.....	8
Should Children learn to Dance.....	178
Smokers and Chewers, take notice.....	45
Teach Children to help themselves.....	160
Tick of a Monkey.....	197
The Austrian Settler.....	241
Backslider's Death-Bed.....	267
Closing Year.....	1
Death of Absalom.....	222
Death Watch.....	57
Difference.....	42
Dying Mother.....	55
Father and Son.....	121
First Death in the Family.....	174
Golden Chain of Thankfulness.....	43
Haunted House.....	249
Lesson of Death-Beds.....	234
Maternal Education of Infants.....	189
Missionary Idea.....	37
Mother's Calling (Continued).....	16, 38
" Gift.....	21
" Parting Kiss.....	217
Parental Relation.....	53
Period of Youth : its Importance and Danger exhibited.....	154
Power of a Little Book.....	94
" of Gentleness.....	165
Prayerless Home.....	31
Pulpit in the Family.....	97
Sabbath Day.....	265
Slanderer.....	70
Spiritual Merchant.....	183
Successful Mother.....	176

The Tree that never Fades	1
“ True Reformer	24
“ Two Funerals.....	181
“ Voice of the Seasons.....	7
“ War.....	7
“ Way to make Children Sabbath-breakers.....	7
“ Wife	132
“ They Say”.....	274
Time and Eternity.....	23
Tobacco and the Paper.....	208
Two Dialogues between a Corporal and a Private Soldier	88, 135
To Young Ladies.....	27
Unconscious Falsehoods.....	131
Uneducated Women.....	27
Useless kinds of Religion	135
Use of Tobacco.....	135
Warning to Blasphemers.....	114
When is it time to think of Eternity?.....	135
Where are my Mother's Prayers?.....	50
Which is the Way?.....	168
Who are your Companions?.....	115
Woman.....	155
Young Ladies.....	205
Youth Cautioned against Worldly Pleasures.....	24

 POETRY.

A Hymn for the New Year.....	2
April.....	12
Feeje.....	7
Morning.....	11
Mother and Child.....	21
Mutual Assistance.....	28
Tears of Love.....	21
The Bygone Year.....	2
“ Harvest Home.....	21
“ Indian's Inquiry.....	21
“ Lost Soul.....	13
To my Brothers and Sisters in the Country.....	16
To my Mother on her Birth-Day.....	16
Verses addressed to a beloved Sister.....	4

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

Vol. II.]

JANUARY, 1855.

[No. 1.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news."

YOUNG.

Another year, worn out with age, has just shared the fate of its ancestors, and mingled with them in the grave of eternity. What a multitude of reflections rush in upon the soul on an occasion like this! The flood-gates of the past are open on the mind; the pleasing and the painful alike are present to our meditations. The sunshine of joy has out-burst from the heavens of prosperity to cheer us in our passage to the skies. Social intercourse with the friends of our hearts, domestic bliss by our own fire-side, special outpourings of the Holy Spirit's influences, the realization of divine love in the heart, times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, while engaged in the devotions of the closet, the family altar, or the great congregation, "how sweet their memory still!"

But every day has its clouds; and so the past year, reader, has not been *all* sunshine. The clouds of sorrow have darkened the fairest skies. The winds of adversity have blighted our fondly-cherished hopes. The rod of affliction has pressed heavily upon our fragile frame. Within the career of one short year, death with cruel vehemence has flung his fatal dart into our family circles. The eyes that a year ago sparkled with the brilliancy of joy, have now become dim. The cheeks that then bloomed in all the loveliness of youth and beauty have faded beneath the withering touch of death. The voice that then sounded like music in our ears, is now hushed in the stillness of the dead. We have mourned beside the loved one's bier, and have buried our dead out of our sight.

The grave, that enemy of earthly joy, has robbed us of our dearest treasure, and drunk the hallowing tear of friendship and affection. Thus year after year passes away, reminding us that all things earthly are subject to change. And soon our turn will come.— Soon we must bid adieu to this ever-varying world, and lie down to moulder in the house appointed for all living.

O what a chequered page does the record of the past present! Every action, every thought, has been described with minute faithfulness in the registry of heaven, and now the recording angel is about to present his yearly register before the court on high. Deep stillness reigns above, beneath, around; all nature seems awaiting with breathless silence the verdict of heaven's great Arbitrer. Reader, what report is registered concerning *you*?

Let us endeavour to improve the present solemn season by looking back on the past year. What is the record it bears in reference to ourselves? Omissions of duty, Christian privileges slighted, opportunities for improvement neglected, the Bible closed, the throne of grace unfrequented, fragments of time wasted in idle unprofitable conversation: reflections like these, rushing into the mind with overwhelming force, surely cannot fail to awake thoughts of a most solemn and impressive kind. And yet how few are there against whose name one at least of these charges has not been recorded during the past year! Were it possible, how gladly would we snatch the registry from the hand of time, and bury it in oblivion! Let the past, then, teach us a profitable lesson for the future. Time is a talent given us by the wise Disposer of all things for the best of all purposes,—the salvation of our immortal souls. It is a talent for which we must give an account at the bar of God, where its right use will be rewarded with unfading glory, while its misappropriation will be branded with everlasting shame.

The new-born year is before us. We may live to see its close, or we may not. In answer to our interceding Redeemer, we may be spared another year, to enjoy another year's privileges, and opportunities of getting good to our own souls, and doing good to others. Let us be solicitously careful that we have our fruit unto holiness, that the end may be everlasting life. On the other hand, as soon as another year shall have begun its course, the declaration may be uttered, "This year thou shalt lie." Before the close of this year, you, reader, may be reading the secrets of eternity, your soul appearing in its real, undisguised character in the world of spirits, either with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, or with the reprobate man in everlasting perdition.

That we must all die, and be as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again, is a fact none will dispute. It is equally certain that this may be our lot very soon. Seeing, then, that there is one event that happeneth to all, whether monarch or plebeian, that this event may be but a few pulses from us now, and that every moment of our time is given us with reference to preparing for that event, is it not our highest wisdom to examine ourselves, and see to it that we so improve our time in securing an interest in the Saviour's atonement, that when he shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation, we, too, may appear with him in glory?

CHOIR SINGING.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

1. Choir singing, as now practiced in many churches, is *unauthorized*; the inspired penman gives us no examples on record in the New Testament.

2. The most consistent, and devotedly-pious, in all ages, have been grieved at this departure from gospel purity and simplicity.

3. Choir worship, as a general thing, is *not spiritual* worship—how can it be, when those composing our choirs are not spiritual worshippers—but the gay, the thoughtless, the worldly-minded, the fashionable! Is it meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs? See Matt. xv. 26.

Can the wicked sing—make melody in their hearts to the Lord?

“Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.”

The artistic performance of a beautiful piece of music will produce feeling—is it therefore devotional feeling—the music or melody in the heart? The opera of a French troupe will excite feeling; but is this feeling a devotional feeling? “Be not deceived, God is not mocked.” “My son, give me thy heart.” “That which is highly esteemed among men, is abomination in the sight of God.”

4. Choir singing, as now generally practised in some churches, is a *popish imitation, a daring innovation and usurpation*—a bold push of Satan! Hark! hear the voice of the Holy One:—Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows to the Most

High. But to the wicked, God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth; seeing that thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee." Psalm 50: 16.*

5. Choir singing *deprives God's people* and the audience of one of the most interesting, profitable, joyful, soul-kindling, soul-reviving exercises of God's house.† Go into any church where the whole congregation join in singing God's praises, making melody in their hearts to the Lord, and who can doubt the desirableness of congregational singing? Except an entire congregation on their knees in prayer, I know not of a more beautiful sight than is presented when all the people rise to sing. Instead of gazing coldly and with a critic's eye at a choir, as at a company of musicians performing for their especial amusement, (for as far as the music is concerned, many churches are little better than divine opera houses) to mark whose voice excels, and how the parts are maintained; proud of their professional skill they exert their powers to please a fastidious audience!

How different this from mingling harmonious voices with grace in the heart—each with a book, intently earnest to do his part in singing the high praises of God. The sweet voices of childhood are mingled with those of riper years, all blending in one grand choral harmony; giving us a blessed foretaste of that praise, which

* Do we close the lips of the unregenerate?—object altogether to their singing in our congregations? Not a syllable of this. If they choose to sing, let them sing. God searcheth the heart. It is unquestionably the duty of all to sing, of all to repent, pray, and praise—to lift up holy hands, everywhere.

Nor do we object to the proper cultivation of music as a science, an elevated standard of it in the house of God. This important and solemn act of worship in God's house has been greatly abused, even where choirs are not tolerated. The ear and the soul are often pained. And whence this abuse? Has it not arisen from confining it to a select few? Let music, *especially* vocal, sacred music be more generally cultivated. Let singing be a part of the regular exercises in all schools; common schools, public schools, select schools, Sunday schools, the higher seminaries of learning, around the family altar, in the prayer and social meetings, and in the sanctuary of God—let the wide world resound with the high praises of our God. Then the unauthorized, unscriptural, wicked usurpation of fashionable choirs (opera houses) will cease—be as a thing that *was* and *never will* be.

† Who sing in the house of God, save the choir, the fashionable few? The lips of God's people, as a general thing, are closed! the soul dumb.

will be rendered to God, when *all voices*, and not a select few, shall join around the throne, in singing the song "of Moses and the Lamb."

"Oh! could I hear those good old songs—
The songs my mother sung,
As round the fire her loved ones sat,
In days when I was young;
But ah! those songs are out of date,
I ne'er may hear them more."

6. The *indistinctness of enunciation*, of many choirs, renders it utterly impossible for those in the congregation, who would otherwise unite, to do so! Why not as soon speak in an unknown tongue? "Things without life, giving sound, whether pipe or harp, except they give a distinction to the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?" Very often not a word or a syllable can be traced or understood; and this is especially the case when a large organ and other instruments of music are ringing in our ears.

7. *Levity* in choirs, is a prevailing evil, a matter of common notoriety and complaint. This besetting sin is a disgrace to the house of God and his holy worship. So great and glaring is this evil of levity and light-mindedness in choirs, that many pious persons have declined uniting with them: knowing they could not do so without great annoyance and spiritual loss. Others have left the choir to avoid backsliding.

Will this levity, trifling, and solemn mockery in God's house ever cease, 'till a system of congregational singing is adopted?

8. Whence the *apples of discord and disunion*? the roots of bitterness, springing up in the churches of God, by which many are troubled and many defiled? In nine cases out of ten, originate they not from the choir? God has spoken once, twice, *three times*, "Beware of this unhallowed leaven!" "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Mark the testimony of the Rev. A. S. Robertson, who has travelled and preached for many years, and whose praise is in all the churches. After long experience and careful observation, what is the final conclusion?—Touching the choir system he speaks thus: "We shall never find language to utter one half of our astonishment at the tame submission of so many pious minds, under the ruinous and evil workings of the *choir system* in our churches in the cities, and elsewhere. Never was so great an evil tolerated in Zion, sustained at so great a cost, and resulting in so little good. The mind can grasp no other thing in the church more prolific of

unsought mischief! Envy, evil speaking, disdain, pride, ostentation, vanity, ambition, division, wrath, strife, and hatred, are almost invariably the result of choirs, sooner or later. Not unfrequently the leaven spreads like wildfire through the congregation, and involves the minister and all the members in the difficulty. Nor is it strange that such should be the result, when we call to mind the class of persons of whom choirs are generally composed. Three words tell all: *young, thoughtless, irreligious*. But why, in view of so powerfully distracting results, is it still supported? Is it because the goddess of fashion must be worshipped at all hazards or wherefore?"

9. We object to choirs and instrumental music in the house of God, for the very important reason, that, in our opinion, Christian union, or primitive Christianity will never be fully restored so long as they are continued in use. They are clogs to the wheels of salvation, and greatly retard millennial glory.

10. They *retard growth in grace, hinder revivals*, the conviction and conversion of sinners.

Spiritual singing, or singing with grace in the heart, making melody to the Lord, is not only soul-cheering and soul-elevating to the Christian, but very often sends conviction to the heart of the sinner. Many a rebel against God has dated his first serious abiding impressions from the heavenly praises flowing from sanctified hearts. Did choir-music ever produce these happy and glorious results? Exceedingly rare, if ever.

11. Choir singing *tends to backsliding and cold formality*.—How can it be otherwise when Christians disobey God, refuse to open their mouths in praise? "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me." Psa: 50: 23.

12. No Christian who fails to sing praises to God as an act of worship, complies with *God's command*. The command of God to sing praises to him is equally positive with that in respect to prayer or supplication.

"Sing unto the Lord, all ye lands," "sing praises, sing unto him, sing psalms unto him." "Sing unto the Lord a new song and his praise in the congregation of the saints." "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

13. Have we any more right to sing *by proxy*, (by the mouth of sinners,) than to pray by proxy? Why not employ some one of fluent speech to do our praying—while we look-on and gaze with wonder at the marvellous gifts! Will our souls be benefitted? Is God well pleased?—

How was singing attended to in the apostolic churches? Did Christians *then* sing by proxy? When the hymn of praise was sung, who were the *choir*? Knew they of praising by proxy? No, indeed—*themselves* sang, and sang “with grace, making melody in their hearts unto the Lord.” The choir were they—they each, they all—and like the church in heaven, the church on earth herself did sing, in strains so sweet and fervent, the praises of the Lamb. In every act of worship “they served the Lord” themselves. None asked to be excused, nor thought of delegation or proxy, but themselves prayed and praised, and that with fervency of spirit.

Such were the churches then. Are such the churches now?

Would the apostles, first preachers, and first Christians feel at home in the churches now? Would they admire the change that has come over them? Would they pronounce them improvements? We think not; but would be moved to tears at the sight of our silent, “close-lipped” professors, and our proxy worshippers, together with the cold, lifeless formalism which pervades the churches; and would exhort them to an immediate return to the spiritual simplicity and fervency of first Christians and first Christian churches.

No one need wonder that the churches grew and multiplied under such preaching, and amid such living, practical Christianity as that which distinguished and was the glory of the first Christian churches. Nor need wonder exist that things now are as they are in the churches, when so much that is vital in itself, and life-inspiring, is found to be wanting.

That there should be a *leader* and *leaders* in public acts of prayer and praise, who can condemn? But proxyism in either, who would not? Do they in heaven by proxy worship? Did Christ by proxy die? Or does he now in heaven by proxy pray for us? Till this primitive, this personal, this individual fervency of spirit in the worship and service of the Lord shall again distinguish the pulpits and the pews, the pastors and the churches, “*Iehabod*” shall stand written upon them in characters of DEATH.

Churches of Jesus Christ! come back; come back to first principles—first practices—“*your first love*.” “Remember how you [then] heard and received, and hold fast and repent.” Then you prayed, you sang his sounding praise, not by proxy, but you yourselves; and served, and sang, and prayed with a “*fervent spirit*.” Do again your “first works.” Return to your first love, first simplicity, first humility, honesty, zeal and fervency in the service of God, and he, the Lord, will return and dwell among you, bless you, and make you blessings to untold multitudes.

Away, away with a show and parade—with cold, stiff forms, and formalism, in the service of God! Such were not to be found in the Church in her first and best days, and such must disappear, before she be “terrible to her enemies as an army with banners.”

In the day of conflict, what combatant thinks of the polish, but of ‘ne strength and keen edge of his sword? These, not the polish, do the work required—gain for him the victory.

SCRIPTURAL CONVERSATION BETWEEN GEORGE AND HIS MINISTER.

George. I shall be thankful, Sir, now, after our attention has been for some time directed to one class of scriptural subjects, if you will allow me to trouble you for a few miscellaneous illustrations. I trust that those with which you have furnished me, have assisted me to acquire a better understanding of the word of God; and I find that the better I understand it, the more I admire and love it, and the more thankful I feel for it as an invaluable gift of God.

Minister. And that will suggest to you one important argument in favor of the divine origin of this wonderful book: *it will bear repeated perusal, and thorough examination.* The first will discover to you fresh beauties and excellencies; the other will not only remove difficulties, but convert into an additional reason for belief, what at first threatened to be a stumbling-block. I do not say that this argument belongs properly to the demonstrative class; but there are some minds on which it is adapted to operate with peculiar force, and, as a corroborative reason, it will always be efficient in proportion to the intelligence and honesty of those to whom it is presented. But, amongst these miscellaneous illustrations to which our attention is to be directed, what particular passages have occurred to you for notice in our present conversation?

George. Well, Sir, one or two have occurred to me, not so much as presenting any difficulty,—for I anticipate your reply,—but as capable of what is, strictly, *illustration.* What I want is, not so much the *general reply*,—which, as I said, I anticipate, and which could be given in two or three words,—as that more detailed explanation which shall show the *beauty*, as well as *accuracy* of the expression. I want them putting in the microscope, with a strong light upon them.

Minister. Yes; and, connecting the allusion with what I just now said, it is not every thing that will do for the microscope.—The finest muslin appears then like coarse canvass; but the butterfly's wing, the rose-leaf, indeed any of God's works, shows more beauty than ever. There is, however, another light; and as we are beginning our conversations for the year, we must not neglect that. Reach down the Prayer-book,—it is not on the top shelf.—and read the well-known, but not exhausted, collect,—the one appointed for the second Sunday in Advent.

George. “Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace, and ever held fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.”

Minister. And, amen. The Scriptures were not given, we should always remember, for the vain disputations of a merely human criticism, but to make us wise unto salvation. This object, in all our examinations, let us always keep in view. Now for the passages you wish to see illustrated.

George. I have been thinking, Sir, of those which refer to the top or roof of the house. Our Lord says, “Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house.” (Matt. xxiv. 17.) And Peter is said (Acts x. 9) to have gone up “upon the house-top to pray.” Their houses must have been very different from ours. And then, why did they select this particular locality for such purposes as are referred to?

Minister. It is scarcely possible to take up the work of any traveller in Palestine without having your questions answered.—Instead, however, of referring to older travellers, or even to that invaluable work, (for so it is when properly used,) “Harmer's Observations on divers Passages of Scripture,” I will give you the opportunity of reading the statements of one of the most recent writers. This volume is just published. Read its title-page.

George. “Letters from Palestine: written during his Residence there in the Years 1836, 1837, and 1838. By the Rev. J. D. Paxton.”

Minister. An American Missionary, who writes *sensibly, Christianly* and *agrecably*. Now that you have the book, turn to the seventh page, and read. It is his second letter, dated shortly after he had landed at Beyroot.

George. “I have met with such things which struck me with some force, as illustrating Scripture. The roofs of the houses are flat, and a way is made to ascend to the top, which is a most pleasant place for a walk in the cool of the evening. ‘Samuel called Saul to the top of the house.’ (1 Sam. ix. 26.) A number of the houses have a kind of tent on the top, made of reeds, &c., in which they sit, and I believe sleep. ‘They spread Absalom a tent on the top of the house.’ (2 Sam. xvi. 22.) There is usually a small railing, or elevation, round the edge, to prevent any from falling over, and the law of Moses required them to make a battlement for this purpose. (Deut. xxii. 8.)”

Minister. Here is the Bible. Turn to that last passage, and read it.

George. “When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof; that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence.”

Minister. See the sacredness which the law of God attaches to human life, and the fences with which it was guarded. They who are under the law of God, are not allowed so much as to be careless on the subject. He whose negligence occasioned the loss of life, brought the guilt of blood upon his house. But turn to the thirteenth page.

George. “Most, if not all, of the houses here are of one story:—a few, indeed, that stand on the hill-side, have a small room under the elevated side of the main floor. The floors are uniformly, as far as I have seen, made of clay, as is also the roof. They wet it, and make it into a kind of mortar, and have a heavy stone roller with which to make it smooth. For the roof, pieces of timber are laid across, mostly a few strong beams, then across them smaller pieces of boards, and flat stones; and on these the earth is laid, in a wet state, and the roller made to pass over it, until with that and their feet, they make it hard and smooth. All the roofs are flat, having some little channels to collect the water, and a low place on one side to let it off. There is a way of ascending to the top, which, in large houses, is a fine place for walking and taking the air. These roofs do very well in dry weather; but in the rainy season the water, it is said, comes through, and gives much annoyance to the inmates.”

Minister. It would not be very difficult, you perceive, for the friends of “the sick of the palsy,” mentioned by St. Mark, to take

of the covering,—whether clay or tiles,—and let down the man into the presence of Christ.

George. I perceive, Sir, that in hot climates the roofs would be pleasant for the air, and that they would afford opportunities for retirement. But a text just occurs to me in which the house-top is mentioned for a purpose the very opposite to retirement. Christ says, “What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops.” (Matt. x. 27.)

Minister. A person advancing to the front, the house being one story high, would have a great advantage in addressing person in the street. How common it is now, I need not tell you, for persons to address a crowd from a balcony; or from the window of the room above the ground floor. But there are a few lines more, I think, illustrative of another passage.

George. Yes. Mr. Paxton says, “These flat roofs and their earthen materials illustrate what was meant by the grass upon the house-tops. Grass does often spring up in the wet season; but the heat of the sun withers it, and it comes to naught.”

Minister. Thus Isaiah says of those whom God had delivered into the hands of Sennacherib; “They were as the grass of the field, and as the green herb, as the grass in the house-tops, and as corn blasted before it be grown up.” And the Psalmist, of the opposers of Zion: “Let them be as the grass upon the house-tops, which withereth afore it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves, his bosom.”

George. I see the importance of understanding even these more minute allusions of Scripture. Perhaps I shall have some others, if you allow me the opportunity of another conversation.

Minister. I shall do it with pleasure. I assure you that I look with as much gratification as you can do, on the texts thus placed in the microscope.

REASONS FOR NOT DANCING.

1. Dancing would lead me into crowded rooms and late hours, which are injurious to health and usefulness.
2. Dancing would lead me into very close contact with very pernicious company, and evil communications corrupt good manners.
3. Dancing would require me to use and commit freedoms with the other sex, of which I should be heartily ashamed, and which I believe to be wrong.

4. My parents and friends would be anxious about me if I were out late, keeping company with they know not whom.

5. Ministers and good people in general, disapprove of dancing, and I think it is not safe to set myself against them. If a thing be even doubtful, I wish to be on the safe side.

6. Dancing has a bad name, and I mean to study things that are pure, and lovely and of good report.

7. Dancing is generally accompanied with drinking, and I see that drinking produces a great deal of evil.

8. I am told that dancing is a great temptation and snare to young men, and I do not wish to have anything to do with leading them astray.

9. Dancing unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer, and I mean to do nothing that will estrange me from my God and Saviour.

10. There are plenty of graceful exercises and cheerful amusements, which have none of the objections connected with them that lie against dancing.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

The beginning of a new year is always a season of deep interest; and the observances by which it is commemorated exert over the mind and habits an influence of great potency. Most then feel, as though they were commencing life over again. To the young, indeed, it is often a period of hilarity and hope. They have not yet begun to reckon the probabilities of duration, nor to grudge the expenditure, of moments. "A man until thirty seldom feels practically that he is mortal; he knows it indeed, but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June he appropriates to his imagination the freezing days of December." And yet the season naturally suggests a train of pensive musing. It seems to arrest attention to the silent footstep of time as the tread of immortality. As years diminish, we are led to make more count upon their periods; and sensible that we are unable to "lay an inefficual finger upon the spoke of the wheel which moves irresistibly onward, the mind is turned to that future world towards which it rolls; and thus the opening year sometimes becomes, under the influence of the divine Spirit, a season of reflection and prayer; and is passed in serious and pious resolve. The voice of admonition

heard in it, saying, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." But in all ages, and almost every country, the period has been distinguished by the exercise of humanity and benevolence. Even the dim rays of truth that beamed upon the minds of the unenlightened Roman Pagans induced them at this time to abstain, where an enemy was concerned, from even a reflection that might express malevolence: and amongst this people we have traces of the good-will which was then manifested, in our earliest historical notices of *New Year's gifts*, denominated by them *Strenæ*; from the circumstances of *vervain*, consecrated to *Strenua*, the goddess of strength, being the favourite offering made as the intimation of their benevolent wishes.

It is no object of the present article to trace the history of such gifts. Under the name of *tokens*, they obtained in this country, from an early date; serving to soften down the distinctions of worldly precedence; and affording at the same time an opportunity of conveying upward, in a form where nothing offensive could escape the disguise that covered them, sentiments and feelings which could have had otherwise no expression. So sovereigns sometimes rewarded the merit, that like the violet would have wasted its perfume in the shade; and in a similar way, the subject sometimes transmitted his hints to the throne. The licentiousness of Henry VIII. was thus rebuked by Latimer, who presented to him a New Testament, richly illuminated, with the page folded to the text in Heb. xiii. 4, "Fornicatores et adulteros judicavit Dominus;" a reproof which even that bold Prelate might under no other license have dared to convey to the ear of a tyrant, who could not but be keenly sensible of its intended application. The custom was, it is true, often abused; sometimes indeed to be an instrument of bribery. Judges themselves, when less independent in their office than is now wisely ordered, have not escaped the temptation it offered; and cases have occurred, where justice has been prostituted to repay the obligations of gratitude. In most cases however, the learned men placed in such important situations have risen as far above suspicion as they have been careful not to merit it. The great but unfortunate Sir Thomas More may be cited as one instance. A lady in whose favour, as Lord Chancellor, he had awarded a decree, availed herself of the first New Year's day, to present to him a pair of gloves, containing £40 in angels, as a token of her gratitude. The gloves, as the offering of the heart, he received; the gold he peremptorily refused. "It would be

against good manners," was the message he returned to her, "to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves: the *lining* you will be pleased otherwise to bestow."

Gloves were very common tokens on such occasions. For many hundreds of years after their introduction into England in the tenth century, they were worn only by the most opulent classes of society, and hence constituted a valuable present. They are often named in old records. Exchange of gloves was at one period a mode of investiture into possession of property, as amongst the ancient Jews was that of a shoe or sandal; and *glove-money* is to this day presented by High Sheriffs to the officers of their courts, upon occasion of a maiden assize,—or one in which no cause is tried. Pins, which at the commencement of the sixteenth century displaced the wooden skewers previously in use, became a present of similar consequence; and at their first introduction were considered of so much importance in female dress, that *pin-money* grew into the denomination of dower, which by the caution of parents or justice of a consort was settled upon a lady at her marriage.

I had written thus far, when the wish occurred that this article could be made the means of conveying some gift,—aye, a *New Year's gift*, to each of my young readers. Accept then a few closing admonitions.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

"So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and decline, to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces."—*Bishop Taylor*.

A Jewish Rabbi said to his disciples, "You should be always prepared to die one day before death arrives." But they replied, "We may die to-morrow." "That," said he, "is what I mean; you should be prepared to die *to-day*."

My young friend, betake yourself at once to the Saviour of sinners, and entreat for forgiveness and a change of heart, with all the

confidence and earnestness which the promise of God and the importance of the blessings demand. Connect yourself without delay with some portion of the church of Christ. Rise early, and read daily some portion of the sacred Scriptures. Beware what companionships you form. Devote to God every successive act and every passing moment, of your life. "Live, while you live." Then, with the late-lamented Coleridge, you may say,—

"The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death :
 In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
 Of the true life ;—let then, earth, sea, and sky
 Make war against me ! On my heart I show
 Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.
 Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies ?
 Yes, but not his,—'tis death itself that dies."

Happy they who can thus, with satisfaction and confidence, contemplate the flight of time, and the certain approaches of eternity. They are the people that properly enjoy life.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, he will mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you ; keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop for ever ;
 The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars ; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air :
 A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling, that will stay
 When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist

it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that revenges knows no rest :
The meek possesses a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick :
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more ; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, and bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

THE MOTHER'S CALLING.

(Continued from Page 276.)

The mother is called of God to labour. Her work is an arduous one, untransferable, incessant, oftentimes perplexing and wearying. Many entertain the mistaken opinion that the possession of wealth excuses the mother from her peculiar work, and gives her the right as well as the ability to transfer her duties to other hands. But hers are duties which *cannot* be delegated. God has made her the *mother* of the child, and by this indissoluble bond of nature has commissioned her to be its guardian and educator all the way up from infancy to manhood. She may not say, "The task is too hard, I have not energy sufficient to accomplish it." She must

rouse herself to action, and seek supplies of strength and vigour from everlasting fountains. She may not think to excuse herself on the ground of unfitness. She must qualify herself for the part assigned to her—by the help of divine grace educating herself that she may educate her child. Unless God himself in his holy providence, by any sad, unforeseen calamity, separates her from her offspring, thus taking her work out of her hands, she has no right to relinquish or forsake it. Money, social position, foreign philanthropic claims, however intrinsically important, confer upon her no privilege to neglect the watch and discipline of her little ones, or intrust them to other fashioning, moulding hands. She may have helpers, as many as she finds it necessary to employ. Nurses may wait and tend upon weak and helpless infancy—seamstresses may be at hand to set the many-needed stitches—teachers, in every department of knowledge, may daily minister to the opening intellect. But the designing, directing, controlling hand, and watchful, loving eye of the mother must be always there, upon and over all: hers a constant presence. Her example must be the hourly illustration of Bible principles and teachings, and furnish to the child a comprehensible model for every good habit, right motive, and generous affection. The management, the discipline, the entire moral training in the family must emanate from her. Her gentle voice must administer the remonstrances, reproofs, and exhortations; her tender hand inflict the necessary chastisement, or bestow the promised reward. If her course be a different one, does she not peril her own and her children's welfare—for what hireling can fill a mother's place? Of low birth, in almost every respect untrained and ungoverned, without refinement, intellectual culture, of conscience, impulsive and selfish, regardless of the welfare of others, only as it subserves their own advantage, destitute of Christian principle, and with ambition stimulated only by the lowest propensities, they come into our families to assist in the nurture of our little ones. The mother puts her babe into their hands, but the love implanted in her bosom in its behalf, for the very reason that she needs this most powerful of all prompters to make her its patient, tender, gentle, unwearying guardian and guide—this holy *mother's love* she cannot impart. Alas for the little ones doomed to grow up without it, unblest by its warming, health-giving rays. Neither can she transfer her knowledge, judgment, taste, refinement of mind and manners, her moral culture, and last but not least, she cannot pass over to her servant the sacred responsibilities which God put upon her, when he placed that immortal spirit in her human keeping. She may

suffer her hired help to perform every office of necessity and love for her child—to discover and deal as she pleases with its opening traits of disposition—to crush for very want of knowledge the bud-dings of good within him—to chide, threaten, tantalise, punish, deceive, bribe, and reward at the dictation of her own freaks and irritabilities; but who shall bear the curse of his manhood's crimes and vices? The servant has trained the child, but her interest and care goes no farther than her salary, and she will neither care for his future virtues, nor blush and suffer for his misdeeds. And who shall meet the final account? When the last great day shall come, and the mother and child shall stand together before the bar of God—when the question is asked, “Have *you* trained this child for me?”—what shall she answer? Can she turn to the poor, untutored, illiterate menial at her side, and reply, “*She* trained the child, and I paid her wages. I had money to purchase ease and self-indulgence for myself, and I employed her as my substitute with my little one?” The poor girl who had done what she could, and as well as she knew how, may be excused on that dread occasion, but the mother, the negligent, ease-loving, pleasure-seeking, fashion-following mother, will never, through unending ages, be able to pronounce absolution on herself for her wicked indolence, her culpable neglect. She may by virtue of her own trust in an atoning Saviour find a place among the ransomed, and her son, through a personal accountability, be assigned for his sins to everlasting misery. What a blemish in that mother's crown of rejoicing when she sees the spirit which she introduced into this immortal existence, sinking deeper and deeper into endless woe, and crying in the bitterness of his anguish, “Oh, my mother! my mother! I might not have been here had you done your DUTY.”

No, the mother cannot shake off her responsibilities. A necessity is laid upon her, to execute her commission by the exercise of her own powers. The pastor, unfitted by circumstances to meet the duties of his vocation, employs a substitute, and transfers to him his work, his responsibility, his emoluments, and his final account. He is no longer the labourer in the vineyard, the steward of the household, the shepherd of the flock. The lawyer passes over his client to a brother professor, and is no longer answerable for any sentiment that may be uttered, or stratagem which may be employed. He is not applauded for success, admired for ability, or censured or commiserated for failure. The king who through imbecility allows his empire to be ruled by his chief minister, is not the monarch but in name. These may all, under the pressure of

circumstances, give up their cares and duties into other hands, and no one will suffer by the change. Their respective labours may be carried forward even more skillfully than before. But the artist can never impart to another mind the ideal of beauty which his own has conceived, nor the taste, or skill, or genius, to bring out that ideal from the marble or the canvass. If that creation of his imagination is ever embodied, it must be by the patient labour of his own hands. So the mother is God's artist. In her hands is placed the material, to her is showed the pattern of the heavenly, upon her are bestowed the needed implements of labor, and *she* must fashion from perverse and wayward infancy the noble, god-like manhood. As long as her relation cannot be annulled, her work can never be assigned to another.

Her work is unlike all other labours in yet another respect—it is never done, unless God takes it from her by a special providence, until her children are old enough to stand and act for themselves on the stage of mature life. From the birth of her eldest to the maturity of the youngest, she must work, work, work, watch, watch, watch, by day and by night, week in and week out, for months and years, following each other in long succession. We speak not here of material work; of the labor of the hands to supply the wants of the physical nature; the answering of "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed." Money can accomplish all this, if we have it; and if not, we will not sigh, or fret, or covet, for the heart-work, the solitudes of a good mother for a virtuous and honourable character in her children, walks forth with a bolder, steadier step by the side of frugality and daily labour, than it is apt to do if separated from them. It is a well-known fact that almost all the true greatness, the noble virtues, the heroism which the world has seen, have arisen from the lap of obscurity, poverty and toil. But the work to which we now refer is that which every mother, whether rich or poor, whatever the advantages or disadvantages of her circumstances may be, is required by the most sacred and rigid obligations to achieve, the assiduous cultivation of the inner nature, of that which makes the true man or woman, that which shall live for ever and ever. For this she must be always at her post, with never so much as a recess from her maternal care and solicitude, toiling on, breaking up the ground, sowing the seed, training the tender plant, enriching the soil, watering, nourishing, stimulating every good and pleasant growth, until the flowers begin to bloom, and the fruits to ripen. Then there comes a hey-day of enjoyment, of rest and comfort to

the mother, in the golden autumn of her life, when, surrounded by a group of affectionate, dutiful, virtuous, and noble sons and daughters, she sits among them in beautiful repose, her face radiant in the glow of her own heart's ever-burning love, and the smile of heaven as a halo of light about her head--a spectacle to be admired and envied of all. But this season of comfort, this "Indian summer" of maternal life, never, *never* comes to those who evade their responsibilities, forsake their trust, and leave their work for others to do, for the sake of personal ease, sensuous indulgence, or selfish gratification. The very thing they seek, they lose by a lamentable and hopeless mistake, verifying the words of our Lord: "Whoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

(Continued in our next.)

EVENING COLLOQUIES BETWEEN A FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.

Child. (1.) Father, I saw on your desk the other day, a book with this title, "Luther's Table Talk." What sort of a book is it? and what does the title mean?

Father. Perhaps I had better take the last question first. A few words may be sufficient for the other. We are to take for granted that among those who talk at their meals, there are some whose conversation is not unsuitable to the character of rational beings. The discourse, indeed, may not be continuous; and detached sentences will seem to suit best those intervals that admit of sentences at all. These may be pointed allusions to subjects of general interest; or they may be replies to questions suggested at the time. Then, when the business of the table is concluded, conversation may proceed, and opinions may be given, not undeserving of being recorded in "the tablets of memory." Now, to a collection of remarks, either made at such times, or being such as might have been so made,—remarks incidentally occurring in the course of conversation,—opinions thus pronounced, as it were, by the way,—the learned have given this title. Works thus designated, therefore, are miscellaneous collections of detached, and almost aphoristic sentences; which, though not perhaps actually spoken at table, yet carry with them the appearance of having been first uttered in the course of such familiar colloquies as might take place among friends, seated at table, or forming the domestic and neighbourhood circle.

Child. I think I see what a volume of "Table Talk" will be. Paragraphs, illustrating certain subjects, though not having much connexion with each other, will form the work.

Father. There will be much *immediate* connexion, at all events; though when the mind is occupied by one great subject, there will not only be a frequent reference to it, but whatever other topics are introduced will receive a colouring from it.

Child. Luther would thus talk of divinity, and chiefly on the points in discussion between himself and the Papists.

Father. Yes; and Sir Isaac Newton would have some astronomical or mathematical allusions. But we have another book of "Table Talk," without the name,—Boswell's Life of Johnson.—In this, the Doctor's observations on all subjects, carefully caught up and preserved by his friend,—I had almost called him "his satellite,"—are, often with a most amusing exactness, faithfully recorded. As, however, we have been speaking of Luther, let us open the volume, and take a few instances at random. Each of you will read the sentences which may thus occur.

Child. (1.) "When God's word is by the Fathers expounded, construed, and glossed, then, in my judgment, it is even like unto one that straineth milk through a coal sack, which must needs spoil the milk, and make it black; even so, likewise, God's word, of itself, is sufficiently pure, clean, bright and clear; but through the doctrines, books, and writings of the Fathers, it is very sorely darkened, falsified and spoiled."

Father. There is only too much truth in the remark; but it must be taken with some limitations. They often wrote well, and they often fell into very serious errors. They were accustomed to speak about *merits*, for instance, as if they had never read the Epistles to the Galatians and Romans. But now for another.

Child. (2.) "No better dying than as St. Stephen died, who said, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;' to lay aside the register of our sins, and of our deserts, and to die relying upon God's mere grace and mercy in Christ Jesus."

[To be continued.]

THE MOTHER'S GIFT.

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee," said the miracle-working apostle to the poor cripple at the temple-gate. The gift bestowed was the gift of healing; to the wretched sufferer of a lifetime it was more welcome than a purse of glittering coin.

Peter's gift has had its parallel since; nay, more precious ones yet than his have come from the poor in this world's gear. I have in my recollection at this moment one who, like Anna of old, "served God with fastings and with prayers night and day." To her a son was given, a son of many hopes. He was the subject of baptismal vows and consecrating prayers. She set him apart for God. As he grows up to man's estate a parent's eye beholds with joy the rising staff on which her old age is to lean when "desire shall fail, and the grasshopper become a burden."

But at length a voice comes from heathen lands—the death-cry of dying souls. And with it comes the command of God unto her as she waits for the redemption of Israel, "Take now thy son, thine only son whom thou lovest, and send him to the place of which I shall tell thee; the Lord hath need of him." These words, like those once uttered to Abraham, are at first stunning words. The struggle is a struggle of life and death. This is more than her heart "bargained for" when she made the consecration in infancy. But the answer of faith is "Here he is. Do with him, Lord, as seemeth thee good." The gift is made. The parting word is spoken amid heart-wrung tears and sobbings, and he goes away, "bound in spirit," to heathen shores.

When many weary months and years have rolled on, the tidings come to that mother's ears from those distant lands, that God had owned the labors of that son by a copious return of blessings. Benighted souls have been enlightened. Satan's maimed children have been healed. The spiritually dead have been restored to life. Broken-hearted penitents have been guided by the poor widow's son to the Saviour—his mother's Saviour. That stripling whose her faith laid on the missionary altar has become the spiritual father of many souls, and in "her seed" a whole heathen province may yet be "blessed." "Merciful God!" she exclaims with streaming eyes, and her poor old heart breaking with joy, "It is enough! it is enough! Let now thine handmaid depart in peace, for mine eyes have witnessed thy salvation!" For such gifts as hers the seats in our theological seminaries are waiting. For the want of more such maternal offerings the guilty world is perishing. Notice have you no gift to offer?

T. L. C.

AFRICAN PROVERBS.—He who disappoints another is not worthy to be trusted. He who claps hands for a fool to do as he is no better than the fool himself. All men are related to another.

Poetry.

THE BYGONE YEAR.

For whos this that engageth his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord. Jer. 30 : 21.

A YEAR, another year, is fled ;

Its issues who can tell ?

Millions of voices of the dead

Reply from heaven or hell.

All these were living at the birth

Of the departed year ;

They all have vanish'd from the earth,

We fill their places here.

Though to the eye, the ear, the mind

Of man their speech is seal'd,

The eternal meaning each may find

In two plain words reveal'd.

Lost spirits, from the dark abyss,

Cry mournfully "*Beware!*"

Spirits in g'ory, and in bliss,

Sing joytully "*Prepare!*"

Thus timely warn'd, and moved with fear

Of wrath, let us beware ;

For life or death in this new year,

For earth and heaven prepare.

Who then of those with us this day,

In childhood, youth, or age,

"To love the Lord our God" can say,

"We all our hearts engage?" [Montgomery.]

A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. DR. RAFFLES.

YESTERAY is past and gone,

Numbered with the things that were :

And to-morrow is unknown ;

None its story can declare.

None can what is past recall :

What is future none secure ;

One event awaits us all,

Only that event is sure.

'Tis the present moment, then,
 This alone is surely mine ;
 To improve it wisely, when
 Shall I learn the art divine ?
 For, what mighty interests may
 On that single moment press—
 All a dread eternity—
 All its woes or blessedness !

Should this moment be in vain,
 Should it pass unheeded by,
 Not another may remain ;
 Ere another I may die.
 Then the past, unheeded yet,
 No repentance can repair ;
 All the beyond is vain regret ;
 All the future is despair.

Then awake to serious thought,
 Deep reflection, calm review ;
 Let me ponder, as I ought,
 All I've done or have to do.
 Ponder well my business here,
 Look with anxious eye at home,
 Lest a loiterer I appear,
 When the righteous judge shall come.

Lo ! he stands before the door ;
 Brief the warning he may give :
 In the solemn midnight hour
 I the summons may receive :—
 “ Where is now the vast amount—
 Time and talents lent to thee ?
 Render up thy great account ;
 Give my own, with usury.”

O, for mercy in that day ;
 Day of vengeance and of fear,
 When these heavens shall pass away,
 And the judge of all appear.
 In his righteousness array'd,
 Trusting in his faithful word,
 May I meet him undismay'd !
 Reign forever with the Lord !