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

VOL. I.]

MARCH, 1854.

[No. 2.

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L I F E O F W I C L I F .

(Continued from page 4.)

JOHN WICLIF was born in the year 1324. The place of his birth was a village of the same name, some five or six miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire. From the Conquest, to the end of the sixteenth century, a family, taking the name of the place where they resided, were lords of the manor, and patrons of the rectory; and it is generally believed that the Reformer was one of its members. No records of this, indeed, is found in the extant documents of the household of the Wiclifs; but this may be accounted for, by supposing that, when he put himself in opposition to the dominant head of the Western Church, his relations, if they went not with him in his more enlightened views, would feel themselves disgraced by the connexion, and would, as far as possible, endeavour to destroy all evidences of its existence. One of his latest biographers, (Dr. Vaughan,) quotes from his writings what certainly seems very much like an indirect allusion to a fact with which the writer was feelingly acquainted: "If a child yield himself to meekness and poverty, and flee covetousness and pride, from a dread of sin, and to please God, they say that he shall soon become a man, never cost them a penny; and they curse him *because he liveth well, and will teach other men the will of God to save their souls.* For by so doing, the child getteth many enemies to his elders, and they say, *that he slandereth all their noble kindred, who were ever held true men, and worshipful.*"

But whatever was the parentage and early education of Wiclif, he becomes first known to us as a scholar of Queen's College, Oxford; a seminary which was established in 1340, partly from the munificence of Philippa, the Queen of Edward III., and partly from that of her Chaplain, Robert Eglesfield, a native of Cumberland. Wiclif was

one of its earliest members. For reasons not now known, he very soon removed from Queen's to Morton College, the society of which was even then illustrious for the celebrated names connected with it.

The young student was resolute and diligent in the pursuit of knowledge. He devoted himself, with intense application, to the scholastic philosophy, and committed to memory some of the more intricate portions of Aristotle. To the civil and canon law, as well as to the common law of the land, he applied himself carefully; and soon obtained a high character for steady and successful diligence.

His chief studies, however, were theological. Among the ancient Fathers of the Church, he principally acquainted himself with Augustine, Jerome, Basil, and Gregory; while of the more modern Divines, the two whom he appears most highly to have esteemed were, Robert Grossete, Bishop of Lincoln, in the early part of the preceding century, and Richard Fitzralph, Chancellor of Oxford, and Professor of Divinity there, and promoted to the see of Armagh about the year 1347.

But that which most honourably distinguished him in his theological pursuits, was the close attention which he gave to the word of God. He studied the Scriptures, and gradually acquired the habit of making them his ultimate standard of reference and appeal. Nor was this a trifling circumstance, either as to the decision which the acquirement implied, or as to the effects which it produced. The sentences of the *irrefragable* and *seraphic* Doctors were of greater avail in controversy, than the declarations of Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles; and through the established modes of thought and feeling, Wiclif had to struggle, before he attained the eminence which won for him, at last, the highest title that had yet been conferred,—that of the *evangelical* Doctor.

In 1356 the first fruits of his studies appeared. He then wrote and put forth a small tract, entitled, "The Last Age of the Church." The occasion of its composition was remarkable.—In the year 1345 a most destructive pestilence appeared in Tartary, which gradually passed on to the west, till in August, 1347, after a season in which the country had been almost deluged by incessant rains, and several earthquakes had been felt in various parts of Europe, the scourge broke out in England, affecting even the brute creation. The courts of justice were closed, the labours of husbandry suspended, commerce was suspected, and an opinion became common—that the end of the world was approaching. By these wide-spreading calamities, the mind of Wiclif appears to have been deeply affected. He saw in them the evident tokens of God's displeasure against the sins of the age; and he felt himself pressed in spirit to bear his testimony, especially, against the corruptions of the existing priesthood. What the Ministers of Christ ought to have been, as a student of holy writ, he well knew; as one who was not unobservant of passing

events, what their actual character was, he likewise knew; and against these evils he began now to set himself, believing that they were the occasion of those judgments of God, which he believed to be abroad in the earth. Many of his views are, as might be expected from the circumstances of the age in which he lived, very imperfect and obscure; but it was plain that his heart was right, and that he already saw that the church and the world could only be benefited by a decided opposition to error and sin, and by the zealous promotion of truth and holiness.

In 1360 Wiclif engaged in the disputes which then ran high between the mendicant Friars and parochial Clergy. The order of "Begging Friars" had been established early in the preceding century; and for a time, appeared to give new life to the languishing, because most corrupt, system of the Papacy. By the Popes the Friars were more favoured than the Clergy, because of their more complete insulation, and more perfect dependence on the Holy See, and devotion to it; and it seemed as though the general confidence of the Catholic world were about to be transferred from their established guides, to these Professors of primitive sanctity and perfection. But the corruption of the entire body was too strong for assailants who rested on the same foundation, and partook of the same mental aliment.—Symptoms of degeneracy had, long before Wiclif's time, developed themselves among these new societies. Their numbers had become immoderate; and these barefooted brethren, to whom property was as an accursed thing, became the lords of stately edifices and ample revenues, and appeared in a fair way to rival the hierarchy in wealth, as they had already rivalled them in authority and influence. And it was this manifest and shameless abandonment of the original spirit of their system, that furnished their adversaries with their most formidable ground for complaint and opposition.

The abuses connected with this mendicant system became so intolerable in the reign of Edward III., that, in 1357, Richard Fitzralph fearlessly arraigned them before the Pupal court. He died in 1360. Wiclif seems to have taken up the cause; and the remainder of his life may be described as one continued protest against the Friars and their practices. The pestilence, of which we have spoken, had given both depth and power to his religious feelings, and his careful study of the Bible had shown him what true religion really was; and thus armed he entered into a contest, in the course of which light appears to have increased in his own mind, so that from opposition to the Friars, the transition was neither long nor difficult to opposition to the Papacy; just as, a century and a half later, Luther, similarly prepared, began by opposing indulgences, and ended by opposing the Pope, their patron.

In 1361 Wiclif was presented by the society of Baliol College with a valuable living in Lincolnshire, and soon after, on a vacancy,

chosen to be their Warden. Four years afterwards, Archbishop Islip having founded a new institution (Canterbury Hall), he resigned the Wardenship of Baliol, and was appointed to the Headship of the recent establishment. A secular Monk had first been appointed, but was removed by the founder himself. On his death, however, Wodehall, the removed Head, obtained from Archbishop Langham, successor to Islip, a decree of restoration. Against this decree, Wiclif appealed to the Pope. While the appeal was pending, in 1365, Urban V. demanded of the English Monarch the annual payment of a thousand marks, as a feudal acknowledgment for the sovereignty of England and Ireland; those kingdoms being held in fee, it was said, of the successors of St. Peter. Edward III. laid the claim before the Parliament, by whom it was indignantly renounced. This decision was attacked by a Monk, who challenged Wiclif to defend it. He promptly answered the challenge, though he had then an appeal lying before the Pope, whose claims of civil superiority he thus publicly repudiated. In 1370 the Pope decided against his appeal, and thus, virtually, identified himself with the object of Wiclif's decided condemnation. The consequence it is easy to anticipate, when a man of such clear-sighted and fearless honesty is concerned. Instead of regarding the monkish fraternities as purified by the accession of Papal approbation, he saw at once that the power which thus willingly and knowingly supported corruption, was itself corrupt. Henceforth his blows were struck at the root, as nearly as the comparative obscurity in which he dwelt allowed him. Sometimes, indeed, his arguments were mistaken, and his assertions ill-founded and extravagant; and it is easy for the subtle, and not very scrupulous, advocates of the Papacy, in modern times, to select and insulate the instances of mistake or extravagance, and to present them as though they were the characteristic marks of the system;—a mode of observation about as consistent with historical veracity, as if the historian were to select some extravagant Antinomian illustration of the doctrine of justification by faith, and remark concerning the discussion, as Dr. Lingard has chosen to do of Wiclif's battling with the Mendicants, "He was engaged in a fierce but *ridiculous* controversy," about obscure theological dogmas! In point of *clearness of evangelical perception*, Wiclif was not to be compared to Luther. He was the morning star of the Reformation; but the day was not yet.

One instance of the advancing spirit of the age occurred in 1371, when the Parliament petitioned the King for the exclusion of ecclesiastical persons from state offices. During "the dark ages," these officers had acquired a degree of knowledge which the Barons, more skilful with the sword than the pen, possessed not; but these times were now passing away. Wiclif, however, looked at the matter in another light. He seems to have had a strong and vivid conception of ministerial duty, and of the one great object of the ministerial office. He saw that the Clergy were appointed for this very thing, to

be the spiritual instructors of the people, and their guides to eternal life, both by precept and example. By him, their secularization was on principle condemned.

In 1372 he was promoted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and to the Theological chair of Oxford. What divinity he would teach may easily be inferred, from the following brief extract from his exposition of the Decalogue:—"But many think, if they give a penny to a pardoner, they shall be forgiven the breaking of all the commandments of God, and therefore they take no heed how they keep them. But I say to thee for certain, though thou have Priests and Friars to sing for thee, and though thou each day hear many masses, and found charities and colleges, and go on pilgrimages all thy life, and give all thy goods to pardoners, all this shall not bring thy soul to heaven. While if the commandments of God are revered to the end, though neither penny nor halfpenny be possessed there shall be everlasting pardon and bliss of heaven." Wiclif was getting towards the truth. If he did not thoroughly understand the doctrine of "the strait gate," he had discovered that of "the narrow way."

In 1374, in the declining years of Edward, the burdensomeness of the Papal power was so keenly felt, that an embassy was sent to procure some alleviation of the weight. Wiclif's name is second on the commission; a fact that shows his opinions to have been well known, and his integrity such as to win the most perfect reliance. Wiclif would thus have the opportunity of seeing what Rome was when at home, and his spirit would be moved to a yet stronger conflict with her abominations. As a reward for his services he was presented by the Crown to the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury, and some time afterwards to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

A parliamentary remonstrance, in 1376, stated that the taxes paid to the Pope yearly out of England, were five times the amount paid to the King; also, that the richest Prince of Christendom had not the fourth part of the income received by the Pope out of England. Such facts as these are well calculated to draw forth the declaration found in the same document, "that God had committed his sheep to the Pope to be pastured, and not to be shorn or shaven." Wiclif's opinion on this subject was known. As might be expected, therefore, a blow was struck by the hierarchy. At whom was this aimed? Not at the Parliament, which was beyond their reach; but at Wiclif, the representative of the opinions of the Parliament, whom they thought to be in their power. Besides, he struck a yet more effectual blow at the whole Papal system; for he taught that man's salvation was of God's grace. He who could speak thus, deserved to be called the morning star of the Reformation. "We shall know that faith is a gift of God; and so God gives it not to man, unless he gives it graciously; and thus all good things that men have are gifts of God.

And thus, when God rewardeth a good work of man, he crowneth his own gift. And this is of grace; for all things are of grace that men have of the will of God. And God's goodness is the first cause which giveth men these good things."

The English hierarchy felt themselves called upon to silence and chastise this pernicious heretic. Accordingly, in the convocation held in February, 1577, a citation was issued for his appearance at St. Paul's, on the charge of maintaining and publishing a variety of erroneous doctrines.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

JOKTHEEL, OR MODERN PETRA.

It was the capital of Idumea, and one of the most magnificent of the ancient cities. It was situated near the base of mount Hor, about three days' journey from Jericho, and the same distance from Sinai; and must be regarded as the most singular spot in all Arabia, perhaps in the whole eastern world. Its remarkable character and history, which have been but recently disclosed, and its close connexion with prophecy, require a more extended article than would otherwise be given to it.

"This city appears to have been coeval with the birth of commerce; and there is indubitable evidence that it was a flourishing emporium seventeen centuries before the Christian era. It was the point to which all the trade of northern Arabia originally tended; and where the first merchants of the earth stored the precious commodities of the east.

"With the decline and fall of the Roman power in the east, the name of Petra almost vanishes from the page of history. About the period of the crusades, it was held in such esteem by the sultans of Egypt, on account of its great strength, that they made it the depository of their choicest treasures; and, in the course of these religious wars, its possession was strenuously contested by the Turks and Christians, who regarded it as the key that opened the gates of Palestine. From that time it was known only as the seat of a Latin bishop. Its once crowded marts ceased to be the emporium of nations. The obscurity of nearly a thousand years covered its ruins. The very place where it stood became a subject of controversy.

"The accounts of recent travellers, who have discovered the ruins of this great city, tell us of the utter desolation which now reigns over those once celebrated regions, described by an inspired pen as *the fatness of the earth*. It is scarcely possible, they say, to imagine how a wilderness so dreary and desolate could ever have been adorned with walled cities, or inhabited for ages by a powerful and opulent people.

The aspect of the surrounding country is singularly wild and fantastic. On one side stretches an immense desert of shifting sands, whose surface is covered with black flints, and broken by hillocks into innumerable undulations; on the other are rugged and insulated precipices, among which rises mount Hor, with its dark summits, and near it lies the ancient Petra, in a plain or hollow of unequal surface, (Wady Mousa.) enclosed on all sides with a vast amphitheatre of rocks.

“The entrance to this celebrated metropolis is from the east, through a deep ravine called El Syk; and it is not easy to conceive any thing more awful or sublime than such an approach. The width in general is not more than sufficient for the passage of two horsemen abreast; through the bottom winds the stream that watered the city. As this rivulet must have been of great importance to the inhabitants, they seem to have bestowed much pains in protecting and regulating its course. The channel appears to have been covered by a stone pavement, vestiges of which still remain; and, in several places, walls were constructed to give the current a proper direction, and prevent it from running to waste. Several grooves or beds branched off as the river descended, in order to convey a supply to the gardens and higher parts of the city. On either hand of the ravine rises a wall of perpendicular rocks, varying from four hundred to seven hundred feet in height, which often overhang to such a degree that, without their absolutely meeting, the sky is intercepted; scarcely leaving more light than in a cavern, for a hundred yards together. The sides of this romantic chasm, from which several small streamlets issue, are clothed with the tamarisk, the wild fig, the oleander, and the caper plant, which sometimes hang down from the cliffs and crevices in beautiful festoons, or grow about the path with a luxuriance that almost obstructs the passage. Near the entrance of the pass a bold arch is thrown across it at a great height. Whether this was the fragment of an aqueduct, or part of a road formerly connecting the opposite cliffs, the travellers had no opportunity of examining; but its appearance, as they passed under it, was terrific; hanging over their heads between two rugged masses, apparently inaccessible. Without changing much its general direction, this natural defile presents so many windings in its course, that the eye sometimes cannot penetrate beyond a few paces forward, and is often puzzled to distinguish in what direction the passage will open. For nearly two miles its sides continue to increase in height as the path descends. The solitude is disturbed by the incessant screaming of eagles, hawks, owls, and ravens, soaring above in considerable numbers; apparently amazed at strangers invading their lonely habitation. At every step the scenery discovers new and more remarkable features; a stronger light begins to break through the sombre perspective; until at length the ruins of the city burst on the view of the astonished traveller in their full grandeur; shut in on every side by barren, craggy precipices, from which numerous recesses and narrow valleys branch out in all directions.

“The entire face of the cliffs and sides of the mountains are covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs, private dwellings, and public buildings; presenting altogether a spectacle to which nothing perhaps is analogous in any other part of the world. ‘It is impossible,’ says a traveller, ‘to give the reader an idea of the singular effect of rocks tinted with the most extraordinary hues, whose summits present nature in her most savage and romantic form; while their bases are worked out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, adhering to the perpendicular surface.’ The inner and wider extremity of the circuitous defile by which the city is approached is sculptured and excavated in a singular manner; and these become more frequent on both sides, until at last it has the appearance of a continued street of tombs.

“About half-way through there is a single spot, abrupt and precipitous, where the area of this natural chasm spreads a little, and sweeps into an irregular circle. This had been chosen for the site of the most elaborate, if not the most extensive, of all these architectural monuments. The natives gave it the name of *Kazr Faraoun*, the castle or palace of Pharaoh, though it resembled more the sepulchre than the residence of a prince. On its summit was placed a large vase, once furnished apparently with handles of metal, and supposed by the Arabs to be filled with coins; hence they denominated this mysterious urn the *Treasury of Pharaoh*. Its height and position have most probably baffled every approach of avarice or curiosity; from above it is rendered as inaccessible by the bold projection of the rough rocks, as it is from below by the smoothness of the polished surface. The front of the mausoleum itself rises in several stories to the height of sixty or seventy feet; ornamented with columns, rich friezes, pediments, and large figures of horses and men. The interior consists of a chamber sixteen paces square and about twenty-five feet high; the walls and roof are quite smooth, and without the smallest decoration. The surprising effect of the whole is heightened by the situation and the strangeness of the approach. Half seen at first through the dim and narrow opening, columns, statues, and cornices gradually appear as if fresh from the chisel, without the tints or weather-stains of age, and executed in stone of a pale rose colour. This splendid architectural elevation has been so contrived that a statue, perhaps of Victory, with expanded wings, just fills the centre of the aperture in front, which, being closed below by the ledges of the rocks folding over each other, gives to the figure the appearance of being suspended in the air at a considerable height; the ruggedness of the cliffs beneath setting off the sculpture to the greatest advantage. No part of this stupendous temple is built, the whole being hewn from the solid rock; and its minutest embellishments, wherever the hand of man has not purposely effaced them, are so perfect, that it may be doubted whether any work of the ancients, except perhaps some on the banks of the Nile, has survived with so little injury from the lapse

of time. There is scarcely a building in England of forty years' standing so fresh and well preserved in its architectural decorations as the Kazr Faraoun, which Burckhardt represents as one of the most elegant remains of antiquity he had found in Syria.

"The ruins of the city itself open on the view with singular effect, after winding two or three miles through the dark ravine. Tombs present themselves not only in every avenue within it, and on every precipice that surrounds it, but even intermixed almost promiscuously with its public and domestic edifices; so that Petra has been truly denominated one vast necropolis, or *city of the dead*. It contains above two hundred and fifty sepulchres, which are occasionally excavated in tiers, one above the other; and in places where the side of the cliff is so perpendicular that it seems impossible to approach the uppermost, no access whatever being visible. There are besides numerous mausoleums of colossal dimensions, and in a state of wonderful preservation. Near the west end of the wady are the remains of a stately edifice, the Kazr Benit Faraoun, or Palace of Pharaoh's daughter, of which only a part of the wall is left standing. Towards the middle of the valley, on the south side, are two large truncated pyramids, and a theatre, with complete rows of benches, capable of containing above 3,000 spectators, all cut out of the solid rock. The ground is covered with heaps of hewn stones, foundations of buildings, fragments of pillars, and vestiges of paved streets,—the sad memorials of departed greatness. On the left bank of the river is a rising ground, extending westward for about three-quarters of a mile, entirely strewn with similar relics. On the right bank, where the ground is more elevated, ruins of the same description are to be seen. In the eastern cliff there are upwards of fifty separate sepulchres close to each other. There are also the remains of a palace and several temples; grottoes in vast numbers, not sepulchral; niches, sometimes excavated to the height of thirty feet, with altars for votive offerings, or with pyramids, columns, and obelisks; horizontal grooves, for the conveyance of water, cut along the face of the rock, and even across the architectural parts of some of the excavations; dwellings scooped out, of large dimensions, in one of which is a single chamber sixty feet in length and of a proportionable breadth; many other habitations of inferior note, particularly numerous in one recess of the city, the steep sides of which contain a sort of excavated suburb, accessible only by flights of steps chiselled out of the rock. In short, the outer surface of the strong girdle that encircles the place is hollowed out into innumerable artificial chambers of different dimensions, whose entrances are variously, richly, and often fantastically decorated with every order of architecture; showing how the pride and labour of art has tried to vie with the sublimity of nature. The effect of the whole is heightened by the appearance of mount Hor, towering above this city of sepulchres, and perforated almost to the top with natural caverns and excavations for the dead.

“The immense number of these stupendous ruins corroborates the accounts given, both by sacred and profane writers, of the kings of Petra, their courtly grandeur, and their ancient and long continued royalty. Great must have been the opulence of a capital that could dedicate such monuments to the memory of its rulers. Its magnificence can only be explained by a reference to the immense trade of which it was the common centre from the dawn of civilization.

“These magnificent remains can now be regarded only as the grave of Idumea, in which its former wealth and splendour lie interred. The state of desolation into which it has long fallen is not only the work of time but the fulfilment of prophecy, which foretold that wisdom and understanding should perish out of mount Seir; that Edom should be a wilderness; its cities a perpetual waste, the abode of every unclean beast. (Isa. xxxiv. 5, 10, 17.) Nowhere is there a more striking and visible demonstration of the truth of these divine predictions than among the fallen columns and deserted palaces of Petra. The dwellers in the clefts of the rocks are brought low; the princes of Edom are as nothing; its eighteen cities are swept away, or reduced to empty chambers and naked walls; and the territory of the descendants of Esau affords as miraculous a proof of the inspiration of Scripture history as the fate of the children of Israel.”—*Brown's Bible Dic.*

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CHRIST AND THE TROUBLED SOUL.

CHRIST.

O my beloved child! why fearest thou? and why art thou cast down, and disquieted within thee? dost thou well to be angry with my chastisements? why art thou offended that I should make thee like myself, causing thee to walk in that way of inward, and outward griefs, which I trod before thee? why art thou so backward to take up my cross and follow me, and to taste of that cup which I drank before thee and for thee?

THE SOUL.

O Lord! if thy Spirit is but with me, all trouble with thee, or for thee, will be sweet. Whatever thou didst suffer, it is my prayer that I may know it was for me. When this is known, methinks I could bear with whatever thou art pleased to lay upon me; but, alas! the want of my knowing my interest in thee, and being borne down with a sense of my inbred corruptions, make me think thy cross my burden. Do thou Lord uphold me with thy *special* grace, that I may count thy yoke easy, and find joy in the midst of all thou hast called me to suffer.

CHRIST.

I know the chief cause of thy grief and terror is on account of thy sins; but why lookest thou so to them, and not also to my mercy? Why wouldst thou extol thy evil deeds, and thereby extenuate my rich mercies, or in any way compare the one with the other? Remember that when I first entered into friendship with thee, thou wert ungodly. So thou wouldst ever have continued, had it not been for my *special* grace imparted to thee; but thy grief, on account of thy sins committed against me, is a strong evidence that I have redeemed thee by my blood, so that I can "never leave thee nor forsake thee," but perfect the work I have began in thee. I like to see thee grieved for the sins thou hast committed against me, but I would also have thee to take comfort in the mercies I have shown thee. Call to remembrance, my beloved child, my works of old, and what I have done to thee, and for thee, since thou canst remember—how I cared for thee in thy young and tender years. Look back now and see; did not the angel of my presence lead thee when thou hadst no wisdom or strength to govern and direct thee? Did I not then begin to acquaint thee with the knowledge and fear of my name? Canst thou deny that my providential mercy preserved thee from many dangers, and my preventing mercy from many sins that thy evil nature is prone to? and when thou sinned against me, what patience and forbearance did I exercise towards thee? and now I have given thee grace to repent of thy sins, and have promised to manifest myself to thee in the pardon of them; wilt thou not trust to my faithfulness, and love to carry thee through every difficulty and trial, and bring thee at last to my eternal kingdom?

THE SOUL.

I should be a most ungrateful wretch indeed, if I did not acknowledge that thou hast been my protector and guide; and many times, in the multitude of my thoughts, thy mercies have comforted me; but, alas! I have not made those returns for thy loving kindness and gracious care over me, as I ought to have done. I have sinned against thee, contrary to that light and knowledge thou hast afforded me. My sins are now witnessing that I am totally unworthy to taste of the sweetness of thy mercy any more.

CHRIST.

Is my mercy only for a day, or a year, or is it for ever and ever, towards those who love and fear me? Wilt thou restrain my mercies, and limit them within so narrow bounds, as to think they cannot be extended over all thy transgressions; remember, "I save to the very uttermost all that come unto God by me." [Ileb. vii. 25.] Wilt thou measure my mercies with so narrow a span, as to think I have no more to give than thou hast a heart to receive? Is it not also

amongst my promises to my children, that I am able to do exceeding abundantly above all that they can ask or think? [Eph. iii. 20.] Knowest thou not that as the heavens are above the earth, so are my thoughts above thine? hast thou not considered that my mercy is above all my works? how much more then is it above thee, and if so, how much must it be above all thou canst do? why then wilt thou attempt to match thy sins with my mercy? If I require such mercy in my children, that I expect they will forgive each other, not only seven times but seventy times seven, what dost thou think my pity, compassion, and readiness to forgive thee must be? therefore my beloved, despair not on account of the multitude of thy sins, but take encouragement, and be comforted with my promises of mercy. Recollect I have made them without any exception of time; for at whatever time a poor sinner truly repents of his sins, and comes to me for the pardon of them, I have promised to put them all away out of my remembrance. [Isaiah xliii. 25. Heb. viii. 12.] I have made them without exception of sins, as I have promised, 'If thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.' [Isaiah i. 18.] I have made them likewise without exception of persons; for whosoever in any age, or at any time, desire to forsake his sins and return unto me with true sorrow of heart, 'shall find mercy, as well as abundance of pardon.' [Isaiah lv. 7.] Let this three-fold universality of my promises sustain thee, that thy unbelief may not contract my mercies into narrower bounds than I have intended.

THE SOUL.

Be merciful, Lord, to my unbelief. I believe in part, O help me to believe with stronger, and more confirmed faith, establish and settle my unstable heart, in all thy blessed truths, by the influence of thy Holy Spirit. My conscience condemns me, so that I often stand in fear of thy judgments; but Lord, give me faith to believe, that when thou didst satisfy thy Father's justice for thy people, I was included in the number.

CHRIST.

O my beloved! consider the cause of thy present distress: thou lookest to thy sins, and my Father's justice with one eye, without looking upon me with the other, in whom his justice is satisfied, and thy sins atoned for. Remember thou art a sinner; but at the same time recollect that I am thy Saviour; that I have paid down the ransom price for thee. I have cancelled all thy debts, and blotted out thy transgressions, [Isaiah xlv. 22.] for thou hast come to my Father by me, and my promise is, 'that none who come shall be cast out.' Dost thou now consider all my wounds as ineffectual? that there is no force in my sufferings, or virtue in my blood. Surely thou countest not thy sins so great that my power cannot cure them? Will a physician give a valuable medicine, either where no need is, or

where it cannot profit? and thinkest thou that my Father would have had my blood shed in vain? be not faithless but believing. If my Father's justice terrify thee, remember, (I repeat it again) that his justice was satisfied in me, and that he made this declaration himself: 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' I came into the world not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. They that are *whol* need not a physician, but those who are sick. [Mat. ix. 12, 13.] Keep not therefore from me because thou art convinced by my Spirit that thou art a sinner, but for this very reason come unto me, that I may shew thee my salvation, that thou mayest rejoice in me as thy Saviour, and thy Redeemer.

THE SOUL.

O Lord! I know there is a cleansing virtue in thy blood; that life is in thy death; that thy righteousness imputed to the sinner is justification; and that sanctification is the meetness for the enjoyment of thy presence in heaven; but still I fear my sins are of such an aggravated cast, that thou wilt not apply thy virtue, or thy merits to me; for, alas! I find the old man, my corrupt nature, is yet strong and lively in me, and to my apprehension, will gain the advantage over me, so that the motions of sin will so overcome me, as to bring forth fruit unto death.

CHRIST.

Be not, I pray thee, injurious to the work of grace within thee; complain not so of thy corruptions, but that thou mayest praise me in some measure, at least for subduing them. Canst thou deny that though thou hast felt my power working in thy soul, have I not sprinkled thy conscience many times with my blood, from which thou hast derived an evidence that thou art interested in me; such a sense of mercy as hath filled thy heart with joy, and thy mouth with gratitude and praise? Have I not stirred thee up to great fervency to call on my name? Have I not made thee to bear a public testimony to my truth, and that to thine own temporal disadvantage? and how often hast thine heart been effectually moved at the hearing of my word in such a manner that it has wrought in thee a holy remorse, and an inward contrition for thy sins, which has occasionally broken out into tears? have I not made thee a wrestler against thy inordinate lusts? have I not given thee strength many times to stand against Satan's temptations? whereas if I had left thee to thyself, how often wouldest thou have been made a prey to thine enemy. Rememberest thou not, that when the tempter has assailed thee, how often have I withdrawn the occasion of sin? and when the occasion served, have I not often restrained and held back the tempter? yea, when both the tempter and occasion were present, have I not filled thy heart with the fear and love of my name, and so kept thee from sin? and remember that when I have permitted the tempter to get the advantage over

thee, it has been with a view to shew thee more of thy weakness, and to teach thee to depend more on my strength for succour. When thou hast swerved from my commandments, dost thou not recollect that I have often manifested myself unto thee again, having reclaimed thee and caused thee to walk more circumspectly than thou didst before, so that thou canst say from the first hour I began to renew thee, that I have never suffered thee to *continue* in sin. Are not these some of the tokens of my grace in thee? These things be assured never were performed by thine own power, so that thou shouldst know by these proofs of my love to thee, that I have begun to apply my atoning blood to thy conscience for the remission of thy sins, and my influence for quickening thee to a newness of life. Thou mayest think of thyself as basely as thou wilt, but at the same time acknowledge that I have begun a work of grace in thy heart, otherwise Satan may tempt thee to despair. If there was nothing in thee but what thou hast by nature, thy case would be truly deplorable; but as thou mayest discover my workmanship in thee, be comforted and encouraged from a consideration of my faithfulness, that the work I have begun in thee shall be carried on and perfected. [Phil. i. 6.] I am the author and finisher of faith. [Heb. xii. 2.] Art thou at present so in darkness that thou canst not discover any light in thee? or doth sin so possess thee that thou thinkest thou hast *no* will to good, *no* love to my ways? Remember, my beloved, if thou hadst no light in thee, thou couldst not discover the darkness of thy mind; if thou hadst not a will to do good (which thou hast not by nature) thou wouldst not act as thou dost contrary to thy nature, and if thou hadst not a love to my ways, thou wouldst not lament thy backwardness to be found walking therein, or feel grieved at my displeasure. For it is the strongest evidence of thy love to me, when thou art desirous to please me, and to walk agreeably to my directions; therefore, listen not any longer to Satan or thy own corruptions, nor take their testimony against me, neither let them make thee think that my pledges, which I have given thee, are not worthy of credit.

THE SOUL.

I cannot deny, O Lord! but that many times I have felt that sweetness in the enjoyment of spiritual consolations which nature could not afford me; but, alas! my grief now is so much the greater, that by my own folly I am now deprived of them; for I have grieved thy Spirit, yea I cannot but think I have done what I could to quench his motions; and therefore it is that the Comforter, who was wont to refresh me, is far from me.

CHRIST.

Remember, O distressed soul! that this truth is applicable to thee: 'Because I change not, therefore the sons of Jacob are not consumed.' [Mal. iii. 6.] And recollect for thy comfort, that many are the changes

to which my children are liable, but I remain the same, 'for there is no shadow of a change in me.' [Heb. xiii. 8.—James i. 17.] Be not therefore afraid I shall ever reject thee, for as I died for thee when thou wast an enemy to me, dost thou think I shall cast thee off now thou art my friend? [Rom. v. 6, 10.] Never think, because I sometimes hide my face from thee, that I have totally forsaken thee. Remember that all my ways are mercy and truth to my children, so that when thou art mourning my absence, my love to thee is the same as when thou art rejoicing in my presence. [Jer. xxxi. 3.—Romans viii. 39.—John x. 28, 29.] But lest the greatness of my consolations should exalt thee to disdain thy brother, and produce in thee spiritual pride, I withdraw myself from thee as to comfortable manifestations, and thereby teach thee to prize my presence more when I visit thee again. Allow me to know best what is expedient, and be satisfied with my conduct towards thee, that every thing, however dark and mysterious, shall eventually work together for thy good. [Romans viii. 28.] Consider if my servant Paul needed to be humbled, and that a thorn in the flesh was sent to buffet him lest he should be exalted above measure by the greatness of the revelations, that thou standest in need of humiliating dispensations as well as he did. [2 Cor. xii. 7.] If thou hadst always experienced my consolations, thou wouldst have thought thy heaven was on earth, and cease to seek for that permanent state of perfect happiness in my immediate presence, which I am now preparing thee for by the different methods I use for that purpose. Surely thou wouldst not wish that the place of thy banishment should be considered as thy home, and the earnest I have given thee, the principal sum I have promised thee. And further, to show thee my immutability or unchangeableness towards my people, recollect if I smile not on thee alike at all times, neither afford thee always the same confidence in me, yet I love thee notwithstanding, 'for whom I love, I love to the end.' [John xiii. 1.] Again, notice the case of Joseph; was he not so wise as to conceal his tender affection from his brethren till he brought them to a humble acknowledgment of their sin, and so loving, that when he saw them humbled, his affection was increased, and he was compelled to reveal himself to them; and thinkest thou that I am less wise, less kind, and less faithful to my word, in dealing with thee?

(To be continued in our next.)

"THE DOOR WAS SHUT."

Two young men, who were pursuing an academical course of study together, had their attention, with several of their schoolmates, called to the subject of religion. They continued for some time deeply and similarly impressed, and were brought apparently near to the kingdom of God. To all human appearance one was as likely to become a Christian as the other.

At length one of them yielding the controversy, accepted of salvation through grace, and was made partaker of the heavenly gift. He is now a beloved and devoted Minister, near Lake Michigan.

The other continued to resist, though the tears and entreaties of his friend were now added to other influences. He had been a votary of worldly pleasures, and he still looked with longing eyes to the ball-room. At length, as they walked one moonlight evening, and the powers of the world to come were set before him, they came to a large stone, upon which they sat. While Mr. K—— pressed his friend to an immediate decision, he arose, and lifting up his hand to heaven, exclaimed, "*I swear I will have the pleasures of this world, come what may.*" All Mr. K—— could do, was to note the progress of his friend in silent anguish. He had rejected God, and God rejected him. He cast off fear, and restrained prayer—gave himself up to the riot and the dance with redoubled eagerness. But he was smitten with a disease that crippled one of his limbs. He would then hobble to the ball-room, and dance upon his crutches. The Lord smote his other limb, and disabled them both. He would then beg to be carried to the room, that he might see the gay company, and be a spectator of their mirth. The Lord sent the same disease to his eyes and destroyed his sight, so that he was obliged to be confined in a dark room for several years, where every beam of light was like a lance piercing his head. There he lingered, a poor, blind cripple, till he died, reckless about eternity—all his chastisements having made no impression upon his obdurate heart.

The same point was strikingly illustrated in the history of two brothers in Massachusetts. Together they were seeking salvation. They continued for several weeks, and often renewed a covenant, never to give over till they had obtained the religion of Jesus. Suddenly, one of them neglected meetings, and shunned the company of his brother. Soon he received an invitation to a ball, and determined to accept it. His brother with tears endeavored to prevail on him to change his purpose and attend a prayer meeting, which was to be held on the same evening. He still adhered to his determination to attend the ball, but expressed a decided resolution to make a business of seeking salvation as soon as it was over. The time came and the brothers went; one to the prayer meeting—the other to the ball.—Soon after the meeting commenced, the one that was present was brought to rejoice in hope of pardoned sin. About the same time his brother was standing at the head of the ballroom, prepared to lead down the dance with the hand of a young lady; and, while the musician was tuning his viol, without a moment's warning, he sallied back and fell dead on the floor! "The door was shut" to both—the one taken, and the other left.

How *critical the position of a serious, reflecting sinner!* He stands upon the summit of a hill, pondering which side he will descend. It is said that the waters of the Missouri and Columbia ri-

vers originate within a few yards of each other, upon the top of the Rocky Mountains. As the rain descends upon that rocky point, but slight a breath of air from east or west will waft the drops to one side or the other; but when they have commenced their downward course upon the mountain side, how hard to arrest their progress.—They mingle with other streams, dashing and foaming over precipices, and through dark ravines, till they are merged in the deep current of a mighty river, rolling with resistless power towards the ocean.—Those upon the West side are borne out to be rocked upon the ever-heaving bosom of the broad and calm Pacific. Those upon the east, are hurled into the raging billows of the stormy Atlantic, to be made the sport of a thousand tempests. At their commencement, how near and how much alike; but in their end how widely separated!

Impenitent friend, in whose bosom a faithful monitor is now heard, saying, "Listen to the voice of wisdom; enter while you may the gate of life;" it may be that you now stand upon the top of that mountain. On the one side of you, far out of sight, lies the ocean of God's love with which the river of life is connected—an ocean, shoreless, cloudless, pacific; on the other side, the foaming billows of his wrath, equally shoreless, sunless, tempestuous; and a muddy stream rushes from your feet into that bottomless abyss. A breath may convey you now to one of these streams or the other. A heedless word, a look, a laugh, a sneer, an amusement, a trifling book, a business call, may waft you to the declivity towards that boisterous ocean. A tear, a sigh, a kind word, a pressure of the hand of Christian sympathy, a verse of the Bible, a page of pious reading, under the blessing of the Spirit may bear you to the other side. O, beware, for your soul's sake beware, to what influences you yield at this moment. Decide for God and heaven while you may. Embark on that river of life, and drink of its soul-refreshing waters. Linger not on that fearful summit, where one step may plunge you into that tide whose dark waters will bear you to a hopeless, relentless distance from God, from peace, from HEAVEN!

And how responsible the position of those associated with a sinner at these crises of his being. The weight of a finger may push him over the brink of endless woe. A word, an act, a look of Christian solicitude, may win him to Glory and to God. At such a moment how cautiously should the Christian guard his life, his tongue, his heart, that no movement of his may weaken the claims of God upon the sinner's conscience. How agonizing to the Christian will be the reflection, "My son, my daughter, came to the open door of heaven, and were just ready to enter in; but my levity, or worldliness, or silence, discouraged them. They have passed by, and that door is shut for ever!" "My impenitent husband, or friend, was almost persuaded; he seemed dejected and reserved, and I attempted to cheer him, but not with pious counsel and tears. He has passed the crisis, and is shut out of the kingdom of God!"

May the Holy Spirit awaken you, dear reader, to know the time of your merciful visitation, and attend to the things that belong to your peace before they shall be hid forever from your eyes!

GOOD ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

Set a value on the smallest morsel of knowledge.—These fragments are the dust of diamonds. Of these fragments the mass of learning is composed. "It is true," as poor Richard says, "there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see the great effects,—for continual dropping will wear a stone, and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks." A man may learn that in two minutes which may be valuable to him all his life. Even if you see no use in the thing learned, do not despise it. Learn all that you can, and you will live to see it valuable. Never let slip an opportunity of gaining a new idea. And remember that the beginnings, even of the most sublime sciences, are often so simple as to seem worthless.

Redeem time for study.—The busiest workmen can spare some moments. If you mean to get wisdom, you must learn the value of moments. Great attainments have been made in these little snatches. —Whether you work or play, do it in earnest; but never be unemployed an instant. Unstable and indolent people lose much in life in thinking what they shall do next. Always have a book within reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. It is incredible, until trial has been made, how much real knowledge may be acquired in these broken scraps of time. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. The man who pursues this method will infallibly become learned. Take a little time for reading from each end of your night's rest. If you can get fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the close of the year. I have sometimes thought that the time acts with double vigour when forced into these brief periods of application.

By degrees you will learn to save moments from recreation, from idle talk, and even from work. And in the long winter evenings, you will certainly be inexcusable if you do not devote an hour or two to your books.

Regulate your thoughts when not at study.—A man is thinking even while at work: why may he not be thinking about what is useful? Study is intended to discipline the mind: let your mind be kept under check and rein, while your hands are employed. Revolve in your mind what you have been last reading. Commit useful things to your memory, and turn these over in your thoughts while you ply the hammer or the wheel. Remember that most of the matchless effusions of

Robert Burns were conceived while he was toiling after his plough.— Moreover, there is such a thing as study without books. Keep your mind in an inquiring mood, and you cannot be in any situation where you may not be learning.

THE PEN OF IRON.

When Bishop Latimer was on his trial, he at first answered carelessly. But presently he heard the pen going behind the tapestry, which was taking down his words—then he was careful what he said. There is an all-recording pen behind the curtain of the skies, taking down our words and acts, for judgment. It is a pen of iron. “The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and the point of a diamond.” It graves deep its records on the imperishable tablets of eternity—a record of every thought, word, and act. How ought we to live, since we can almost hear the all-recording pen going every hour, since we know that every day we are filling a page in the books that shall be opened at the Judgment, and the record is imperishable as eternity.

A rich landlord in England, once performed an act of tyrannical injustice to a widowed tenant. The widow's son, who saw it, became a painter, and years after succeeded in placing a painting of that scene where their oppressor saw it. As his eye fell upon the picture, the rich man turned pale and trembled, and offered any sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of his sight. If every scene of wickedness through which a man passes, should be painted, and the paintings hung about him, so that he would always see the portrait of himself, with the evil passions expressed on his countenance, and himself in the very act of wickedness, he would be wretched. Such a picture-gallery there is; and in eternity the sinner will dwell in it; for every feature and lineament of the soul, in every feeling and act of wickedness, is portrayed imperishably and will be exhibited to the gaze of the universe forever.

By the discoveries of modern science, the rays of the sun are made to form the exact portrait of him on whom they shine. We are all living in the sun-light of eternity, which is transferring to plates, more enduring than brass, the exact portrait of the soul, in every successive act, with all its attendant circumstances.

Interesting to the antiquarian is the moment when he drags out from the sands of Egypt, some obelisk, on which the “pen of iron, and the point of a diamond,” have graven the portraits, the attitudes, the addresses, the pursuits of men, who lived and died three thousand years ago. But none can utter the interest of that moment when from the silence of eternity shall be brought out tablets thick-set with the sculptured history of a sinful soul, and men and angels, with the sinner himself, shall gaze appalled on the faithful portraiture of a life of sin. Remember, then, Oh, transgressor, you may meet the record of your sin in eternity.

THE BIBLE ON HAIR.

HAIR. (Num. vi. 5.) The Hebrews were accustomed to cut the hair very much as we do, except that they used a razor or knife, and not scissors (Isa. vii. 20, Ezek. v. 1); and excepting also in the case of a vow or religious obligation to let it grow, as in the case of the Nazarites. (Judg. xiii. 5. Samson and John the Baptist were perpetual ones. Judg. xiii. 4, Luke i. 15, vii. 33. Paul made the vow of a Nazarite. Acts xviii. 18. See also Amos ii. 11, 12.) The precept (Ezek. xliv. 20) requires an avoidance of extremes; so that the Israelites should neither resemble the priests of the heathen gods, who shaved their hair close, nor yet the Nazarites, who did not cut the hair at all. It was prohibited (Lev. xix. 27) to round the corners of the head; that is, as it is generally understood, to shave off the hair about the temples. The hair (especially black or dark hair) was doubtless considered an ornament, and it was anointed with aromatic oil, particularly on festivals and other joyous occasions, (Ps. xxiii. 5, xcii. 10, Eccl. ix. 8,) and perhaps daily, (Ruth iii. 3.) and decorated with jewels and precious stones. (1 Tim. ii. 9, 1 Pet. iii. 3.) Some Eastern travellers of modern days tell us, that for men to wear long hair is regarded as effeminate, and even infamous. (1 Cor. xi. 14.—See also Isa. iii. 24, Ezek. vii. 18, Lev. xiii. 40, 2 Kings ii. 23.)

The hair is spoken of by the apostle as a natural veil or covering to women, which it is a shame to put off. (1 Cor. xi. 15.) It was plaited or braided, as is the custom at this day among the Asiatic women. In India the hair is never cut off by the women, except as a sign of widowhood.

The practice of shaving the head, in token of great affliction and humiliation for sin, was common among the Hebrews even as early as Job's day. (Job i. 20.) So that the exhortation to cut off the hair is equivalent to an exhortation to begin a course of deep mourning and sorrow. (Jer. vii. 29.)

Two of the eastern modes of dressing the hair are; the one is plaited, and the other hangs loosely upon the neck.

A change in the colour of the hair was one of the earliest indications of the leprosy; and hence the removal of the hair, as the seat of disease, was particularly enjoined. (Lev. xiii. 4, 10, 31, 32, xiv. 8, 9.)—*Brown's Bible Dic.*

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

It is a common saying, with some people, when they are in trouble, "Well, it will be all the same a hundred years hence." They are right, so far as relates to the things of this life; but they are wrong

as to their never-dying souls. A hundred years hence, and you will be either in happiness or woe, in heaven or in hell. A hundred years, did I say? it may not be a hundred days, or hours, or minutes. Say, then, are you pursuing not only those things that "perish with the using," and the value of which death will entirely destroy? or, are you seeking the salvation of your soul, which will live forever. You would blame the folly of that man, who, for the pleasure of a moment, would sacrifice a large estate; but he is wise compared with the person who gives up eternal happiness for all the pleasures of the world. Pray then for the promised gift of the Holy Spirit, to turn you from these perishing joys to Christ, who has brought life and immortality to light; believe on Him who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification; seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near; then a hundred years hence you shall be with Christ, to abide with him forever. Oh, my soul, a hundred years hence, or perhaps in a few days, I shall be either in heaven or in hell!

USEFUL SAYINGS.

Many men are fond of displaying their fortitude in bearing pain.—But I never saw any one courting blame, to show how well he could stand it. They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

He who looks upon religion only as an antidote, may soon grow to deem it an anodyne: and then he will not have far to seek before he takes to swallowing it as an opiate, or, it may be, to swilling it as a dram.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, insuperable ones to the vain.

Forms and regularity of proceeding, if they are *not* justice, partake of the *nature* of justice; which, in its highest sense, is the spirit of distributive order.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides,—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

The only way of setting the will free is to deliver it from wilfulness.—*Guesses at Truth.*

L O V E .

(1 John iv. 8, 16.) This term signifies one of the constituent principles of our nature; and in the perfect exercise of it is comprehended the whole of our duty to God and to our fellow-creatures. (Matt. xxii. 37—40, Rom. xiii. 8, 10, Gal. v. 14, James ii. 8.) Hence it evidently comprehends all holiness of heart and life. The highest and most glorious display of the divine character which has ever been made to man, is the love of God in Jesus Christ, (Rom. v. 8.) and the great principle and fruit of both faith and obedience consist in the possession and exercise of love. (John xiii. 34, 35.)—*Brown.*

“IT FELL AND WAS GONE.”

A few years ago there was a young man in a southern college who was very fond of novel reading. He spent a great deal of his time in devouring exciting tales of fiction, and, as a consequence, lost, to a considerable extent, his relish for patient and severe study. One night he placed his candle just back of his pillow, and lay down, as usual, to read a new and fascinating novel. He became deeply absorbed in the story; hour after hour sped by; he was in the midst of an exciting scene, when suddenly as a flash his light was extinguished. Not a second's warning that it was on the wane. It fell in the socket, and was gone. There he was in a highly excited state of mind, left suddenly to his own reflections. The thought rushed with terrific power upon him. “*Thus unexpectedly, suddenly thou mayest die, in the midst of the exciting scenes of life.*” The Holy Spirit deepened the impression upon his mind. He became serious from that moment, changed his course of life; repented of his sins, and gave his heart to God. He is now an able and useful minister of the Gospel, in one of the Southern States.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

The righteous Lord sits upon that throne: but his face has no frown upon it; his voice has no terror in it. On whatever part of that throne you cast your eye, you see it inscribed with grace in all its variety of application to your circumstances. There is grace to blot out your trespasses, though they may be “red like crimson.” There is a grace to purify your hearts, though they may be full of all uncleanness. There is grace to subdue your enemies, “though they come upon you as a flood.” There is grace to console you amidst all your sorrows, though they be great and multiplied and protracted.—There is grace to guide you through life, to cheer you in death, and to carry you to heaven; and as surely as God sits upon the throne of grace, so surely will he listen to the prayers that you prefer at his footstool, and uphold the character which he himself has entamped upon it, by freely tendering and imparting to you whatsoever you ask in sincerity and faith.—*Rev. Dr. A. Thompson.*

A LEARNED SKATER.

Dr. Green, of St. John's College, trying to skate, got a terrible fall on his back. “Why, Doctor,” said a friend who was with him, “I thought you had understood the business better.” “Oh,” replied the Doctor, “I have the theory perfectly. I want nothing but the practice.” How many of us, says Bishop Horne, when relating this adventure, in matters of a much higher and more important nature, come under the Doctor's predicament.

Poetry.

THE COTTAGER'S HYMN.

Offer unto God thanksgiving.---Psalm l. 11.

THANKSGIVING I offer, Jehovah, to thee;
Unbounded thy goodness and mercy to me;
My head and my heart most sincerely agree,
To offer myself and my praises to thee.

Thanksgiving I offer, Jehovah, to thee;
Thy Son thou hast given a victim for me;
My ransom is paid by his death on the tree,
And fully accepted, Jehovah, by thee.

Thanksgiving I offer, my Saviour, to thee;
For love so immense, so transcendent and free.
Thy love, with amazement and wonder I see,
Display'd on the cross, for a sinner like me.

Thanksgiving I offer, my Saviour, to thee,
Salvation and glory thou boughtest for me.
Oppress'd with my guilt to thy merits I flee,
And gratefully owe my redemption to thee.

Thanksgiving I offer, my Saviour, to thee;
My sins thou hast cast in the depths of the sea:
Blest change for a slave; I enjoy liberty,
Devoted in life and affection to thee.

Thanksgiving I offer, my Saviour, to thee;
And this while I live, my employment shall be:
But O if thy face I'm permitted to see,
Thanksgiving more ardent I'll offer to thee.

JOSEPH LISK.

MISSIONS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Light for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador!
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more:
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
An outcast though he be,

From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
 And the country of the free :
 Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
 For what home on earth has he ?

Light for the hills of Greece !
 Light for that trampled clime
 Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
 Ere it wreck'd the boast of time :
 If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
 Can ye grudge your boon sublime ?

Light on the Hindoo shed !
 On the maddening idol-train ;
 The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
 And the Fakir faints with pain ;
 And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
 By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky !
 The Sophi's wisdom fades,
 And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
 Armour when death invades :
 Hark ! hark !—'tis the sainted Martyn's sigh
 From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales !
 For the islands of the sea !
 For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
 With sighs of agony !
 And her kidnapp'd babes the mother wails
 'Neath the lone banana-tree !

Light for the ancient race
 Exiled from Zion's rest !
 Homeless they roam from place to place,
 Benighted and oppress'd :
 They shudder at Sinai's fearful base,
 Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth !
 Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
 Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
 Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
 Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
 And clear the tomb
 From its lingering gloom,
 For the aged to rest his weary head.

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